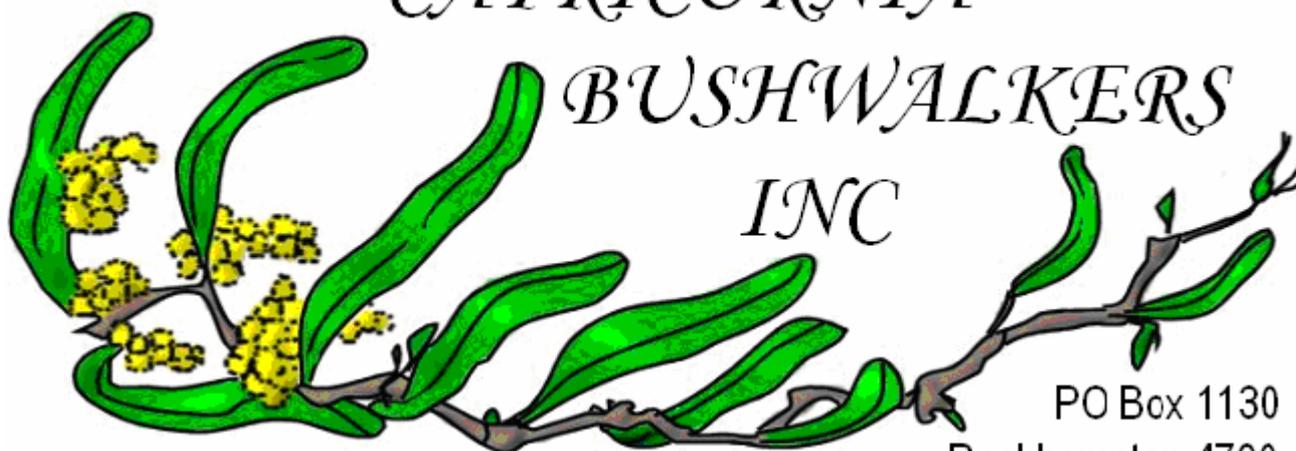


CAPRICORNIA

BUSHWALKERS

INC



PO Box 1130
Rockhampton 4700

No: 110

NEWSLETTER

November 2007

Sunday.....	21 Oct.....	Cabbage Tree Hill
Sunday.....	28 Oct.....	Barmoya area
Thursday.....	1 Nov.....	<i>Nominations close for Gt Keppel Island</i>
Sunday.....	4 Nov.....	Belgamba
Sunday.....	11 Nov	Moore's Creek
Saturday.....	17 Nov.....	<i>Nominations close for Christmas Party</i>
Sunday.....	18 Nov.....	Mt Archer
Sunday	25 Nov.....	Planning meeting
Weekend.....	1-2 Dec	Christmas Party
Weekend.....	26-28 Jan	Australia Day.....Great Keppel Island

President: Fay Mc Bryde 49223820
Vice President: Paul Graves 49388892
Secretary: Cheryl Gargan 49387375
Treasurer: Pauline Toop 49261131
Safety & Training: Steve Kerr 49361748
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Publicity: Margaret Graves 49388892

Management Committee: Alan Rogers
Graeme Dredge
Daryl Wright
Bevan Titmarsh
Social Committee: Dot Hyslop
Maxine Maunder
Ros Neilsen
June Dalliston

PROGRAM DETAILS

Closing date for nominations is normally at least **5 days** prior to the walk. If you require transport it is doubly important to nominate well in advance. If travelling with someone else, it is courteous to pay your share of travel costs. Some walks may have a limit on numbers.

Date: 21 Oct **Location:** Cabbage Tree Hill
Type: D/W,M,B,5,7 **Contact:** Cathy Pomare-Clarke 49362534
Description: A walk through pleasant eucalypt and Cabbage Tree forests. Some steep sections.

Date: 28 Oct **Location:** Coastal ranges & Mt Barmoya
Type: M, D/W, B, 2,4 **Contact:** Dave Larkin 49394916 / 0407131089
Description: Cross the coastal range to Adelaide Park Valley then climb Mt Barmoya. Excellent coastal views. All walking on private properties. Possible cooling swim at the end.

Date: 4 Nov **Location:** Belgamba
Type: D/W,M,B,2,4 **Contact:** Ian Herbert 49381818
Description: A walk around the Belgamba nature reserve.

Date: 11 Nov **Location:** Moore's Creek
Type: E, H/W, A, 1 **Contact:** Bevan Titmarsh 49227482
Description: An easy creek walk along Moore's Creek to Kershaw Gardens.

Date: 18 Nov **Location:** Mt Archer
Type: H/W, M, A, 1 **Contact:** Graeme Dredge 49282942
Description: Scenic views of Rockhampton. Start at the rear of Frenchville School. Swim afterwards.

Date: 25 Nov **Location:** Environment Centre
Type: Planning meeting **Contact:** Fay 49223820
 Meet at the Environment Centre (near Base Hospital) to plan walks for the first part of the New Year.

Date: 1-2 Dec **Location:** Henderson's Cabins, Barmoya
Type: Very Social **Contact:** June 49226042
Description: The club's Christmas party. There are rooms available in the 2 cabins, as well as the option of camping. Phone June by **17 Nov** to nominate. Space in the cabins is limited. Time for paddling (canoes supplied or BYO), easy walking or just chilling out.

Date: 26-28 January **Location:** Great Keppel Island
Type: Soc, H/W, ?? **Contact:** Marg & Paul 49388892
Description: What better place to be for a summer weekend. Time for walking, swimming snorkelling or just doing nothing much. See below for more information. **Bookings close 1 Nov**

WALK LEGEND

D/W	Day Walk	T/W	Through Walk or Car Shuttle required	O/N	Overnighter
H/W	Half-day Walk	4WD	Access by 4WD only	X/T	Extended Trip
B/C	Base Camp	N/F	No Facilities – no water, showers or toilets	TRN	Training
				SOC	Social

WALK GRADING

Fitness		Distance		Terrain	
E	Easy, suitable for beginners	A	Less than 5 km	1	Trail/Graded Track
M	Moderate, good fitness required	B	5 to 10 km	2	Off-track/Cross-Country
H	Hard, very fit walkers only	C	10 to 15 km	3	Not pre-walked
		L	15 to 20 km	4	Minor scrub
		X	Over 20 km (same day)	5	Medium or Heavy Vegetation
Total Uphill Sections				6	Creeks / Rock Hopping
ALT	in metres			7	Steep Scrambles

From the editor:

- ☺ You will notice a few changes to the office bearers this year. Thanks to the outgoing office bearers for their efforts over the last year, or more, and all the best to the new ones in their new roles. Special thanks to Fay for accepting the president's job for ***just one more year.***
- ☺ This newsletter again has kindly been printed free of charge by the office of Kirsten Livermore MP - Capricornia. We are grateful for this service and hope it will continue.
- ☺ Why not save a bit of paper and some postage and get your newsletter sooner than the rest by having it emailed to you. Thank you to those who have already indicated email is their preferred method of getting the newsletter.
- ☺ Please note my new email address ***h.mackay@aapt.net.au***
- ☺ Cut off date for contributions to newsletters is ***one*** week after each planning meeting.
- ☺ Don't forget, we have thankyou cards available for walk leaders to use as they feel appropriate- access to land or whatever. Give me a call if you need one for your walk.
- ☺ Chris Wright, who uploads our newsletter to the club's website, has again asked for photos suitable for the club's website. I know there are often cameras on walks so please take the time to send her some of your photos. If you're not sure how to get them to her, email Chris at ***coolgarra@gmail.com*** or call her and she will talk you through how to attach a photo or send a print.
- ☺ Web Page forum- Daryl has set up a web page forum at the club's website. Here you can post notices, questions or topics for discussion - of a bushwalking nature. The forum is available for all to read but is password protected so only members can post comments. Check out the forum at <http://www.geocities.com/capbushwalkers/> . Follow the link from the club's website and see what's there. If you want to post a comment (and weren't at the last meeting) Daryl can give you the password. Contact Daryl at dwrite7@yahoo.com.au
- ☺ On the topic of our web page, there are now various forms available there- leaders' reports, sign on sheets, the club's constitution, ideas of what to carry in a well prepared daypack... and more. Keep checking the website for these updates. Thanks Daryl & Chris for your efforts keeping us up with the techno age.
- ☺ Attached to this newsletter is a membership list - as discussed at the meeting before last. This will not be attached to the newsletter which goes on the net and is only available to members. Please let me know if there any errors or changes to the list.



Australia Day Weekend

It has been suggested that we spend Australia Day Weekend on Great Keppel Island again. We have tentatively booked The Keppel Lodge. It is a house on its own ground, and it accommodates up to 17 people. There are 4 large motel ensuite rooms and for up to 8 people it costs \$520 per night + \$50 per night for extra adults.

All interested please contact Marg and Paul Graves by 1 November with a deposit.

Midweek Wanders.

Dave Larkin is keen to hear from fellow club members who might be interested in midweek walks. Dave has volunteered to look at organising a midweek activity perhaps on a monthly basis if there are people out there who would like to join him. This idea might suit those amongst us who are retirees, shift workers or simply having a day off. **Dave can be contacted on 49394916.**

The Larapinta Trail (Central Australia)

Serious thought is being given to a trip to the Centre to complete part or all of the 230km long Larapinta Trail in 2008 (probably sometime between July/September). You can register a level of interest by contacting **Graeme Dredge** on **49282942**.



Easter 2008

Looking ahead- a couple of options for Easter: a 3-5 day through walk on the Mackay Highlands Great Walk or a trip to Goodedulla National Park.

The Great Walk - Mackay Highlands: Starts from Eungella National Park and finishes at either Moonlight Dam or Mt Britton in Homevale National Park. Vague plans at this stage but starting on Easter Saturday and still exploring options of leaving vehicles at each/some of the overnight campsites. You may need to take a day off after Easter (those of us poor working souls) to complete the entire walk or shorten it to suit. The invitation to join us will be extended to both Gladstone & Bundy clubs. Should be a good time of the year to be in that part of the world- after the worst of summer and before it gets too cool.

Check out the website www.epa.qld.gov.au/parks_and_forests/great_walks/mackay_highlands

Please email me at h.mackay@aapt.net.au if you're interested in this one and we can plan in more detail.

Goodedulla National Park: Closer to home, Goodedulla is located about 2 hrs west of Rockhampton. The park is mostly open eucalypt with some views. Phone Alan Rogers for more information closer to the time.

WALK REPORTS



Cania Gorge Weekend 9-12 June 2007

Fourteen people made their way to the Tourist Retreat at Cania Gorge near Monto between Friday and Saturday on the Queen's Birthday Weekend, full of anticipation for some good walking.



The weather was brilliant - cool nights and warm, clear, sunny days. The mornings were reportedly a crisp 4 degrees. I won't argue with that, as I personally didn't emerge from under my beanie until it was time to swap it for a walking hat and hit the trail each day.

By midday Saturday we had enough people settled in to the camp that we were able to spend the afternoon walking. There are some really interesting and beautiful walks in the area, and all quite close to the camping ground, so no need to take vehicles anywhere. We saw the Giant's Footprint (an amazing reddish imprint on the rock face), the Overhang, Fern Tree Pool, the Dragon's Cave (another astonishing black splash across the white cave interior, which did indeed look like a dragon in full flight) and a number of other interesting geological formations.

The campfire was very welcome by about 5:00pm as the cold air came in quite quickly. We had a roaring blaze going in no time, reflecting off the wine glasses and warming the tootsies. The ever-versatile Graeme did his magician thing, producing hot water bottles for the cold people, glow rings for the tent pegs so we didn't trip over them (although one person scored a 9 out of 10 landing over a guy rope

before the markers were instigated), boiling the billy over the fire on an ingenious contraption of his own making, and baking a most delicious damper in the camp oven (thanks Margaret!)

Sunday morning saw 13 walkers set out to find a "new" track which is in the process of being built. We got the "good oil" from the manager of the camping ground on the approximate whereabouts of the start of this track, but it took some detective work to actually find the place. We eventually located a number of rocks marked with blue dots leading upwards, so we followed them and sure enough came to some trees marked with orange tape, which in turn led to an area pegged out for the building of a new lookout.

Being adventurous souls, we didn't stop there but decided to follow a fire track far into the National Park. There seemed to be a criss-crossing of numerous fire tracks, all very wide and some numbered, so it was easy walking. However by lunch time we had wandered quite a way into the Park and it was time to decide if we were to plunge on in a new direction or make our way back whence we had come. Eventually everyone returned safely to camp down the same route from which we had left it, but with sore feet after a six to seven hour walk for the day.

Thankfully facilities at the camping ground were excellent, so we were able to have hot showers to sooth the aches and pains sufficiently for us to struggle down to the campfire for happy hour! Mind you, once down there we had to contend with Skippy and his mate Very Pushy Skippy (a couple of Eastern Grey kangaroos who live on site) begging for a bit of scratch behind the ears, and the odd chook jumping onto the table trying to pinch our chips!

On Monday we walked most of the rest of the trails in the area, the most memorable for me being the Dripping Rock. This is a most beautiful enclave in the rock face, filled with ferns and mosses in a fairyland scene, which invoked the "inner child" in some of us to picture fairies and elves peeping out from behind fronds and roots, and flitting to and fro in an absolutely enchanting wonderland. I'm quite sure Cathy's friend Malone the Gnome enjoyed the trip! (That's another whole tale in itself. Cathy brought along a garden gnome and took his photo at various places of interest, including happy hour).

Many people packed up and left on Monday afternoon, but there were a few "stayers" who hung around until Tuesday. We went up to the dam, and drooled across at Castle Mountain, which is closed to the public indefinitely due to a number of rock slips, and the dangerous shale nature of the rock. It was just calling us to climb it, but alas, we are law-abiding folk so we restrained ourselves.

The weekend was absolutely brilliant, and our sincere thanks go to Cathy for leading us, Graeme and Margaret for feeding us on damper and pikelets, and for all the happy campers who kept us entertained. There are some of us who are already discussing our next trip to the Gorge, so if you would like to join us, watch this space!

Mary Howard

Dot's Mystery Walk - Sunday 17th June 2007

The day started off with an early morning car pool session at the Dreamtime Centre for the Rocky contingent for the trip down to Dot's place "Ramamarra". After the introductions for members to new and old faces we car pooled to start the day's activities via Dot's block along Kelly's Landing Road to check out her new addition to the herd - a black calf named Georgie. This was also the pick up point for Breck who knew the area we were going to walk and had offered his guidance for the morning.

We set off again down Kelly's Landing Road to a spot that gave us a nice leisurely road walk before turning along a track to access to Kelly's Landing with a few wet spots to navigate around due to the wet weather earlier the week before. It didn't take long after that for someone to mention having a break.



So a nice spot was chosen and we all had a chance to soak up the scenery. Further on, we came across some old concrete slabs that would have been floors for a couple of fishing huts overlooking Sandfly Creek. I thought this was oddly named and must have been a



local thing because we did not see any sandflies. At this furthest point in our social walk it was decided smoko was a good option. A nice spot had been chosen and smoko retrieved from our packs and we settled down to eat. Then the mozzies also thought they heard the smoko bell and did the 'here is lunch served on two legs' alert, and invited all their mates and family members etc to our lunch in the bush. You guess what was on their menu - us. I don't know about the name Sandfly Creek but maybe the name should be Mozzie Pocket or something like that as they came in thick and fast. Our local guide Breck didn't seem fazed by them as he gathered up some leaves and branches and started a small fire in an old fireplace beside one of the concrete slabs which did help. The mozzies were an experience preferably not to have had. After smoko was quickly eaten we headed off to walk around a mangrove lined hill. From here it was a little cross-country walk back to the road on the other side of the hill where we re-traced our track back to the cars. Lunch was to be at Dot's new house site so Breck led us through a rabbit warren of roads and tracks. Local knowledge is a great thing to have on a walk in a new area. In no time we were back at Dot's block and sitting on her soon to be built dream home's veranda. What a perfect view and lunch spot.

Big thanks to Dot and Breck for a great walk from all who took part. After lunch we headed back to Dot's place where we said our good byes and headed back to Rocky via the car pool.

Graeme Dredge



Mount Stanley

Inside my head, I am screaming, FIVE O'CLOCK!!!!!! whilst mouthing okay, Alan, I'll see you on Saturday, 5am, right! Geez, a day off and I have to get up like I'm going to go to work. Oh well, I always like to go on Alan's walks so getting up early is no real drama except I did sleep longer than I planned, so a rather hurried departure from my bed, to shower, to last minute gear into car, and a quick pat on head, of dog in shed, I arrived at Alan's bang on 5 o'clock. [I think] Final farewells and good wishes to Del and we are following Graham and his passenger, Mary heading south to meet with Pat and Michael at the Calliope turnoff. How could I forget to mention the COLD. It was "TO THE BONE" cold. I can still feel it as I write.

After meeting the others at the turnoff, we drive a further 26kms to turn left at the sign Boyne Bush Camp. Having eaten the toast Del actually made for Alan, I am still hungry, so upon our arrival at the camp site and whilst Pat and Michael put their boots on, I am able to eat my own breakfast and complain again about the cold. The camp site is on the property of the Gladstone Water Resources, very clean, with several camp fire sites and some tables and benches are covered by giant fibreglass frames, which must be very shady in the summer. The view of Mt Stanley from the camp looked awesomely high and that was only a third of it that I could see.

Taking only two, of the three vehicles, and with Alan leading the way we drive x kms, open and shut one gate, park at the second one, and after some fine tuning of the [boy toys] 3 GPSs no less, how could we possibly not return. So with packs on backs, sticks in mitts, off we trudge down the road a ways before

eventually turning off and heading in the direction of our 1st heart starter of a climb. Within less than 30 minutes, some of us are removing outer clothing as we start to get warmer, I suspect from the steep as much as the body heat.

As always, when attempting these steep inclines, when my breathing is becoming more laboured, and thigh muscles are beginning to ache I really do start to question my sanity until, finally, having reached

the summit of the first hill top, when one has finally managed to get one's very heavy breathing down to a more respectable roar, do I then appreciate the awesome views displayed below, of the surrounding countryside near and far. All the grizzles, aches and pains seem to fade away, and my love hate relationship with climbing seems not to matter anymore.

That was only the first climb of several before we arrive at the base of the very last, [it was true] short and even steeper climb to the summit of Mt Stanley. Some rock climbing was necessary, clambering ever up. Resting to catch breathes, looking about gazing entranced at a pair of eagles hovering far above us, the silence broken occasionally by the comments of Pat and Michael as they discovered and named various flora. Of fauna, not a lot was seen, just the occasional scratchings of God's wee creatures, but throughout the day, birds, [who shall remain nameless through lack of knowledge] were plentiful.

At last we really are "There Yet" and the sheer beauty of the landscape before and below makes the trip so worth the effort. Away to the east, out on the ocean are 19 freighters at anchor waiting to be loaded at the port of Gladstone. To the south west, in the very far distance are the Kroombit tops. Further north through the haze Mt Larcom is barely visible. Up close and nearby the bright red flower of the grevillea, sway silently in the slight breeze. So watered, fed and rested we slowly gather up our gear and get ready to "walk in 5". Slowly and safely, we clamber, and slide down the very steep north/western [I think] side of Mt Stanley.

With slight adjustment of the 'boy toys' and some handy traditional navigational tips from Alan [compass in hand] we slowly but surely circumnavigate a steep mountain which I so badly wanted to climb because it was on the direct route to the cars, and seemed the shorter evil of the options. Instead we follow the creek, rock hopping and criss-crossing our way through perfect calendar scenery, mirror images of the overhanging foliage and sky reflected in still pools of water, the sound of water tumbling and gurgling its way downstream. I am truly "living the dream"

Eventually all good hard walks must end as this one did, walk sore and weary, glad to see the cars, glad it was all over and full of self congratulations, I along with the others head for camp, stopping long enough to gather wood for the fire. Almost dark at five o'clock the urgency to get the tents up, and have tea and sit by the fire is contagious as we scurry back and forth like busy wee rodents. Not for me to sit and chat, far too cold, I head for my warm bed.

Sunday morning is cold and everything in the camp is wet from the very heavy dew. After a late breakfast Alan, Mary, Graham and I, prepare for a shorter walk up Wild Horse Creek. We leave the tents to be packed up when we return for lunch, and set off for yet another steep climb.

From Kathy

Mount Ganter 12/8/07

Helen, Steven, and I left the Dreamtime Cultural Centre at 7:15 as planned, and stopped to pick up Cindi before turning onto the Old Byfield Road to continue our journey to Upper Stoney Creek. On our arrival at the National Park camping area we were greeted by Dave and Gerald and a light sprinkling of rain. After a few minutes Kathy arrived, and at 8:30 we headed off back up the road to find a route up to the ridge. A couple of hundred metres along we found a point which seemed to offer a suitable way up. After a short distance of open forest, the vegetation changed and we were forced to push our way up through hip high undergrowth over dead bushes and small rocks. Close to the top of the ridge we came to

a large rocky outcrop and climbed around to the left. On reaching the top of the ridge we veered right to follow the animal tracks between trees, clumps of grasstree, cycads, and patches of yellow flowering wattle.

The plan was to follow the ridge for one kilometre until it ended at a large rounded hill. From there we were to head straight to Mount Ganter by another ridge. When we arrived at what I thought was the hill, I tried unsuccessfully to obtain a GPS reading to verify our location. Unfortunately, it could not acquire any satellites, possibly due to the cloud cover and tree canopy. On hearing that we had only



travelled 900 metres since leaving the cars and not being able to see the ridge, I incorrectly assumed that the end of the ridge was 400 to 500 metres further on, and continued on hoping to find it. By the time my mistake was pointed out we were well below the ridge and traversing along another ridge to the right of where I had intended to go. This was the same mistake our group made several years previously when we attempted this route. We initially tried to traverse around the ridge but the terrain and undergrowth on Mount Ganter is very unforgiving, and on seeing that the slope on the face of the ridge was increasing, left us with no option but to drop down into the creek and climb up onto the correct ridge.

Once we made the top of the ridge we followed it towards the top. The further we went along the ridge the larger the rocky outcrops seemed to become. At about 190 metres from the top, Helen told us she had taken a fall a bit further back and had hurt her knee. After assuring her that we intended to return that way she decided to rest and wait for our return.

From there we slowly picked our way through the rocky outcrops to the top for the next $\frac{3}{4}$ hour and at 1:15 we were greeted by spectacular but cloudy views of the surrounding area. After a short time admiring the views, we headed back down to have lunch with Helen.

After lunch we returned to a large saddle we had passed previously, and headed downwards, pushing our way through the shoulder high vegetation and concealed rocks to the creek below. I do not know about the rest of the group but I took a couple of spills, luckily these were cushioned by the thick undergrowth. Once in the creek we were able to rock hop down it through open sclerophyll until the dead trees lying across the creek, and narrowing banks made the gently sloping spur on the left a better option. There, animals had trampled large areas of grass between the yellow flowering wattles making the spur a sensible route to the fire break. We then followed the firebreak around the pine forest over a low ridge to the main track that went around the plantation. This led to the road which we followed and we arrived back at the cars at 4:45pm.

On the drive back to Rockhampton we were treated with a spectacular orange sunset over Hedlow as a result of the clouds and streaks of light rain between us and the sun.

I remember it being a tough climb about ten years ago when I did it for the first, and only other, time and the mountain has not made it any easier since then.

Darryl Wright

New Zealand Gully - 16 September 2007

Having to be at Lakes Creek Hotel just after 7 am was a big enough ask by itself, but Alan was determined to have us all working at walking as hard and fast as possible - well he got his wish with me at least ☺. I've been in the Club longer than I can remember but to New Zealand Gully was an experience not to be forgotten, especially for an ex-pat Kiwi ☺ As it turned out there were just the

five of us, Alan, Glyn, Steve, Cathy (God be praised, another kiwi!) and myself. We set out in the clear crisp air but this rapidly warmed up - too rapidly for most of us - I'm sure the mercury went well past Rocky's official temperature of 32 for the day. Alan planned the walk well, the worst part being on the first part of the walk when one steep hill being triumphantly conquered, my heart sank at the sight of another, and then another, *ad nauseum*. However, the group waited patiently for the senior citizen, who lives to tell this tale. We saw quite a few signs of pig damage, including a couple of wallows with water still in them but oddly none of us stayed to take a dip or fill up our water bottles therein. We also saw some old yards high up on the hill, and a flock of black cockatoos told each other many times over that a strange bunch of walkers were intruding into their little patch of paradise. Some 8.62 kilometres (including up and down 500+ metres up and down) our trip was over - I calculated over 30000 steps! We were all glad to see our utes again. Thanks to Alan for a stimulating walk but I think I've had enough kiwiana to last me a while ☺

Peter Hallinan

Bartle Frere

Despite living in its shadow for 23 years, I never attempted to climb the impressive mountain until I was living in Townsville and had joined the Bushwalkers. On my first attempt with the club we made it to our intended campsite near the old miner's hut which is about 40 minutes from the summit and set up camp for the night. That afternoon, the clouds that engulfed us dropped below our campsite to provide us with a magical sunset over the cotton ball like clouds that stretched as far as we could see. The path to the top from there passes over large moss covered granite boulders which become very slippery when wet and unfortunately it rained during the night. Following the advice of our leader we descended the next morning without making an attempt on the summit.



I also tried again the following year but was beaten again when I cramped up and damaged one of my knees when I forced myself to continue. I had a terrible night at the old miner's hut with a swollen and painful knee. Some of the group made it to the top but I was forced to limp down with the aid of a crutch made from a tree branch.

I trained for about a month before the third attempt by running up and down stairs with a large pack full of books on my back. This attempt was planned as a day walk and the date chosen was supposed to be the centenary of when it was first climbed. I found out just recently the actual date was ten years later. We camped away from Innisfail the previous night and arrived at the base about 8:45 for a very late start. When we arrived at the base there were several adults waiting at the bottom as the scouts were climbing as well. The return trip usually can take 9 to 12 hours and the miner living at the bottom tried to stop us from doing the walk as it is advised to start the walk about 6:30 in the morning. It was agreed beforehand that I could make the attempt at my speed and after initially remaining with the group, picked up the pace. Somewhere along the way, the miner's dog which was walking with a group of scouts chose to follow me to the top.

I carried minimal amount of water and went straight to the miner's hut to have a break and refill my water bottle at the creek beside it. I did not want to do the last 600 metres alone but after waiting for over half an hour, I left the shelter of the rock walls with the dog and scrambled over the large rocks to the summit. I gave up waiting after about $\frac{1}{4}$ hour for the clouds to reveal the landscape before descending. The dog soon left me to return to the top with other walkers. I used two discarded sticks for a rapid run/walk down. The sticks helped to decrease the impact on my knees as I knew from past experience that the constant effort on the knees made them feel like jelly close to the bottom. On arriving at the bottom I was hounded by anxious parents wanting information on their children and the old miner who would not believe that I had made it to the summit in the time it took. I eventually gave up trying to sleep in the back of my car and ran to Josephine Creek Falls for a swim. The rest of the bushwalkers returned just on dusk.

30 years on and on the 11 September 2007

I decided to take the opportunity of Chris attending a High School Reunion that she was organising for Charters Towers to make an attempt on Bartle Frere again. I started watching the 4 day weather charts on the BOM site to determine if it was suitable for an attempt and fortunately the conditions seemed ideal. On the 11 September, Chris dropped me off at the base and I left with an overnight pack to spend the night near the old miner's hut. The drop off point at the bottom now has mowed grass, toilets, sheds, tap water and National Park Officers to maintain the popular tourist destination. The first 3 km of the walk is relatively easy through the rainforest and the track is well marked with red



spots of paint and reflectors. I did not see the first kilometre mark but the rest are stuck to rocks and help to indicate your location on the track. The first three kilometres cross about 11 creeks with three of them having a large flow of water. The track meets the first major creek at a fork in the creek with large moss and orchard covers rocks. There is a good campsite beside the next major creek just after the three kilometre mark. Here, the track divides just after the campsite with one going to the left up to Broken Nose. Broken Nose appears to be a large rocky outcrop that protrudes from the mountain usually below the clouds and is

visible a couple of times through the canopy on the way to the summit. From the campsite the track crosses the creek and starts to follow the spurs. Once on the spur, digital signal may be picked up with a mobile phone and increase in strength with height. Most of the track is over clay and broken granite soil held in place by tree roots. Considering the track has been used constantly for many years, initially by tin miners with their donkeys and more recently by walkers wanting to take on the challenge, it is still in good condition. From the creek, the track following the ridges steepens and it is not until the 5 km marker that it seems to level out. There is the occasional steep or almost vertical section but there are stretches between them to recover enough to keep walking without resting. From about the 6 km mark -which is behind a large rock on the way up- the clouds often cloak the trees in moisture making the trees shorter and the branches covered in hanging long growths of moss and fungus which constantly drip water. This time, the top of the trees showed evidence of severe damage from cyclone Larry and most of the fallen logs had only recently been removed from the path.

I knew that there was a helipad and rescue hut near the top but it was a shock to walk around a rocky outcrop to find them at the 7 km mark. I left my pack near the helipad and with camera and small amount of



water headed to the top. From the helipad it is about 500 metres to the top and a plaque claiming it to take about 30 minutes. I was also surprised to see the National Parks had attached foot and hand holds to some of the rocks to improve safety for walkers in the wet. I took it easy over the large rocks and it took me about 40 minutes to make the summit. There is now a small clearing at the top with a sign indicating it to be the highest peak in Queensland. All up, it took me about 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours to make the summit. I sat on the large rock which provides the only view from the top to take video footage of the scenery below and then headed back down to my pack to set up camp on the bare, hard, ground. I used the walking stick as one tent post and found a broken branch for the other. I used dead branches for pegs and strings from my pack to hold the tent up.

I went to bed at dusk to escape the cold but was kept awake most of the night by the cold, hard ground, and the noise of the tent buffeted by the wind rising over both sides of the ridge.



I snuck out of the sleeping bed once to look at the lights of the towns below and take some footage. Unfortunately the lights were not bright enough to be seen on video.

At sunrise, I took some more footage and



pictures of the sun rising above the clouds and packed up early for the walk down.

Just after the 5 km mark I passed three fit young men who were averaging about 22 minutes per kilometre for a rapid ascent. I also passed a lone

middle aged walker about 10 minutes later who had left 30 minutes after the group of three and making better time but seemed to be showing signs of the effort. I started the walk from the bottom with about 3.2 litres of water and still had enough to make it unnecessary to refill at the creeks on the way down. It took me about 3 hours and 10 minutes to walk down with several stops to take pictures.

I had morning tea at the picnic area with Chris and then walked to Josephine Creek Falls for a cold but refreshing swim. This was one of my favourite places during the hotter months and it felt good to relive my past and slide down the rock slide. This time I did it sitting down.

We took some pictures of the mountain as we drove away and the sky was surprising almost free of clouds.

Next time I am up this way I think I will try for the lower and shorter option of walking to Broken Nose with a possible campsite beside the creek just after the 3 km mark.

Darryl Wright

CAPRICORNIA BUSHWALKERS INC
MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION/RENEWAL

Membership will be provisional, until approved at the next General Meeting of the Capricornia Bushwalkers Inc.

- New member
- Renewal

(Please Print..... neatly)

NAME(S):

POSTAL ADDRESS:

Number of members included in this application form:

In which format would you prefer to receive your newsletter?

- Email
- Snail mail (post)

E-mail address:

Phone: (Home) (Work)

Mobile:

Sign..... Date:

FEES – (12 month membership until Dec 2007, or part thereof)

either	Single	\$25.00
or	Family	\$35.00
or	Student/Pensioner	\$15.00

\$

(Compulsory insurance is included in above.)

NOTE: Membership fees are due on 1 January each year.

Please forward to:



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Capricornia Bushwalkers Inc
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ROCKHAMPTON Q 4700

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