



# JILALAN

MONTHLY CIRCULAR OF THE BRISBANE

CATHOLIC BUSHWALKING CLUB

UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF OUR LADY OF THE WAY

- MAR 1985





# JILALAN

The Club's address is PO Box 151, North Quay, Brisbane 4000 and the telephone contact number is listed in the white pages Telephone Directory under 'B'.

Monthly meetings are held on the third Monday of the month at the Catholic Centre, Edward Street, City, beginning at 7.30pm. To enter the Catholic Centre, use the rear entrance. This is reached by entering the grounds of St Stephen's Cathedral via Charlotte Street (entrance nearest Edward St). From Charlotte Street the door is near a white statue. If the door is locked, please ring the bell. Visitors are always welcome.

Members of the Committee are:-

## CHAPLAIN

PRESIDENT	Cathy McHugh	(H)2813128	(W)2211977
VICE PRESIDENT	Geoff Egert	8484918	
OUTINGS SECRETARY	Mike Wood	3983018	8310128
GENERAL SECRETARY	Margaret Anderson	3982187	2263394
TREASURER	Geoff Dower	3712382	2295011
SOCIAL SECRETARY	Barney Tobin	2605065	
EDITOR	Justin Tobin	2605065	2605065
SAFETY & TRAINING OFFICER	Ken McCarron	3496046	339382
GENERAL COMMITTEE	Greg Endicott	3514092	339357
	Anne-Marie Schmitt	2052364	
	Peggy Rutter	3597517	
EQUIPMENT HIRE	Geoff Dower	3712382	2295011

EMERGENCY OFFICER: Where a trip is overdue, parents may telephone the Emergency Officer (as specified for each trip). Please do not ring before 9.00pm at the earliest.

EQUIPMENT OF EVERY TRIP: On every trip run by the Club all walkers, both members and visitors, are expected to take the following minimum equipment:-

torch; first aid kit; parka or raincoat;  
and at least  $\frac{1}{2}$  litre of water.

## ATTENTION!

ALL persons, adult or child, member or visitor, undertake all activities of the Club at their own risk. The Club is not in a position to even state that all care will be taken. It is repeated that all persons undertake all activities entirely at their own risk.



March:

16/17 Lightning Falls - Black Canyon - Leader: Tony Wood TW  
 16/17 O'Reilly's - Leader: Russ Nelson BC  
 18 Monthly Meeting  
 22 Squash Night  
 23 Bush Dance  
 24 Tibrogargan - FMR - Simulated Rock Rescue  
 29 Slide Night - 10 Tamarix St Chapel Hill  
 31 Knapps Peak - Leader: Tony Young DW

April:

5/8 Easter - Private Trip  
 13/14 Long Creek - Leader: Geoff Dower ON  
 15 Monthly Meeting  
 20 Annual Mass & Dinner  
 21 Safety & Training - Search Technique  
 22 New People's Night  
 23 FMR - Maintenance of Rescue Equipment  
 25 Anzac Day - Taylor Range - Leader: Greg Endicott DW  
 26/28 Mt Barney TW/BC

May:

4/6 Labour Day Weekend - Warrumbungles - Leader: J Tobin BC  
 11/12 FMR Training - Springbrook - Evening Training: BBW  
 18 Safety & Training - Radio Training  
 19 Beau Brummel  
 20 Monthly Meeting DW  
 25 Social - St Helena

June:

1/2 Mt Huntley  
 8/10 Queen's Birthday W/E - Richmond Gap to Numinbah ON  
 16 Safety & Training - Map Reading TW  
 17 Monthly Meeting  
 23 Golf Day  
 25 FMR - SES Regional and Search Organisation  
 29/30 Mt Michael TW

July:

6/7 FMR Weekend Training  
 13 Safety & Training - Bush First Aid  
 13 Car Rally  
 14 Mt May - Leader: Pat Lawton DW  
 15 Monthly Meeting  
 20/21 Federation Clean-up  
 26/28 Ramparts

August:

4 Flinder's Peak  
 11 Safety & Training - Basic Rope & Cliff Skills DW  
 14 Barney Mass - 25th Anniversary  
 19 Monthly Meeting  
 24/25 Clunie to Lindsay ON  
 27 FMR - Police Communications  
 28 Theatre Night

Legend:

TW Throughwalk  
 ON Overnighter

BC Basecamp  
 DW Daywalk



JILALANA MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Hello to everyone and welcome to the start of a new Club year.

I would like, on behalf of all club members, to thank Russ Nelson for all his work and effort as President for the last two years. He has done a big job very well and I'm sure his contribution to the club is appreciated by everyone. Thanks Russ.

Thanks also go to the outgoing committee and congratulations to the new committee.

We have lots of good things lined up for you in the next year, and the best of them are walks. The statistics in the Annual Report show that there has been a real drop in the walks done for the last year, as Russ pointed out at the last meeting. This year we're aiming to change that - with your participation, of course. So let's all get out into the bush, breathe the fresh air, see some new places, get some exercise, enjoy each others company, and have a lot of fun. We can make this the best bushwalking year in a long time if we want!

The committee is here to work for you and I'm sure that each one of you will give them your full support and co-operation to enable everything to run smoothly.

Look after yourselves and good bushwalking.

Cathy

COMING OUTINGS:

KNAPPS PEAK - Daywalk -  
Date : 31 March 1985  
Leader : Tony Young - Ph 262 3159  
Cost : \$8.00  
Emergency Officer: Mark Daly - Ph 264 3731  
Meeting Time : 7.45am at the back of the Cathedral

This is an easy/medium walk with superb views. Knapps Peak, outside Boonah, is a chance for all troops to avail themselves of the chance to climb and see the whole of the Scenic Rim. Views unlimited. Views not even seen on some of the most difficult walks. Your chance to bring your camera and catch the beauty forever.

Don't take my word for it; come and see for yourself. Nominate to me at the meeting.

Tony (Taxi)



## LONG CREEK - Overnighter

Date : 13/14 April 1985  
Leader : Geoff Dower (H) 371 2382 (W) 229 5011  
Cost : \$8.00  
Emergency Officer: Tony Wood - Ph 398 3018  
Meeting Time : 7.15pm on Saturday 13th in Cathedral grounds via Charlotte St.

A stroll along the border fence.

This walk will begin on the Saturday night as we drive south through Beaudesert along the Lions Road to Richmond Gap. Through the Gap we will continue a little further south to camp the night at the border loop picnic lookout which overlooks the looping interstate railway line in the valley below.

Early on Sunday morning we will start walking west from the border gate at Richmond Gap. The track follows the border fence along the top of a steep ridge, which at several spots afford wonderful views north of the Running Creek valley. Morning tea will be taken at an open spot along the way.

Our destination, the waterfall on Long Creek, should be reached shortly after midday. We will have lunch here in this picturesque waterfall setting surrounded by lush rainforest. People may go swimming here if they so wish.

After lunch we backtrack along the fence for along a few kilometres before veering off down from the ridge through a dairy farm to reach the Lions Road where our cars will be, at about 4.00pm.

This walk is of a medium standard. Please nominate to Geoff Dower at the March monthly meeting.

PAST OUTINGS:

CHOO CHOO TRIP - GRANDCHESTER - LAIDLEY AREA - 17 February 1985  
Leader: Geoffrey Egert

This "walk" commenced from the Roma Street Station at 8.45am when 31 people boarded the train bound for Laidley. We travelled via Ipswich and Rosewood and then alighted from the train at Grandchester at 10.10am. Here the walk began in earnest as we set off down the road to Laidley. After we had walked about 1½kms along the road, we left it and had morning tea (lunch?) on a track beside a farm. After morning tea, we continued along the track until we reached the hills above Laidley where we enjoyed magnificent views of same. We then dropped down from the hills to the Victoria Tunnel which is approximately 100 years old and which is reputed to be the oldest tunnel in Australia. After viewing the tunnel, we then proceeded to the Yarongmulu Station where, because of the somewhat hot and dry nature of the day, the troops proceeded to lighten the stationmaster's water tanks by several hundred gallons. From the station we then walked into Laidley where we arrived for a late lunch at 2.20pm. We then spent a rather relaxing 1½ hours in the park just behind the main street, and the leader would not deny that he heard some mild unaesthetic snoring during this time. The train left Laidley

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JILALAN

at 4.20pm and on the return journey we passed through the Victoria Tunnel. We arrived back at Roma Street Station at 6.00pm.

I hope all those who came enjoyed themselves and that they found this train trip to be a great panacea for power strikes.

Geoffrey Egert

BOLOUMBA CREEK - Overnighter - 23/24 February 1985  
Leader: Greg Endicott

Packed and ready to go, this party of 7 made its way up the north coast road to Maleny, and when "Greystroke" finished, moved onto our camp high in the Conondales. Sunday dawned overcast, but fine. After a healthy breakfast, the troops turned towards the twisting creek, followed the dusty forestry track to the causway, then off into the shady tree covered rainforest along and in the creek. After an hour the country turned into Eucalypt with the waterway widening and the large cool welcome pools of the breadknife waiting. Time was spent here, of course. Then off to scramble over the rock slabs and the assault on the breadknife. This overcome easily, the party commenced to contour high over Boloumba Gorge, making its way through the grass of the steep slopes. The roar of our Boloumba Falls grew louder as we progressed, and upon sighting the white water falling over the rock, I asked the troops to descend. This, I admit, was fun. Lunch, and a swim for the girls, was the order of the day at the top of these lovely falls. Steady rock pools, then a narrow chute as all the creek shoots into the pool below, only to cascade still further over the rock slab to the narrow crack below. Then back up to the top, and a stroll back to the cars.

Greg Endicott

LOWER PORTALS - Daywalk - 3 March 1985  
Leader: Barney Tobin

27 people left the Cathedral on Sunday morning for the Lower Portals; after a short goodie stop at Beaudesert, we were soon at the old quarry for the start of the walk. 10.30 saw us on our way.

After crossing one or two gullies, we were soon on the graded track which was followed into the lower portals. After a swim and morning tea, we headed up the creek. Some went swimming, and others, led by Pat, went over the ridge. Once above the Lower Portals, we met the others who had gone over the ridge. After a chat, Pat's group minus one headed back down to the Lower Portals for a leisurely lunch and swim, while 10 of us kept going up the Barney Creek to the Barney Falls, which when found had a little bit of water flowing over them, but not much. After a swim, we headed back to the Lower Portals.

As it was 2.30 by this time, it was a quick lunch and cup of tea, before heading down to the Club hut for a look and to meet up with the rest of the party. We then headed back along the track to the cars, arriving at about 4.45. After a short stop at Beaudesert, we headed back to Brisbane, arriving at about 7.15.

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JILALAN

This was a most relaxing day and very enjoyable. Thanks to all those who came on this daywalk and I trust that you enjoyed yourselves.

Barney

F.M.R. TRAINING

The next FMR day is at Tibrogargan where there will be a simulated rock rescue. It would be preferable if you could abseil, but not a necessity, as there are other jobs to do. More information will be available at the next club meeting.

Ken McCarron  
Safety & Training  
Officer

EDITOR'S SCRIBBLES

Welcome to your first Jilalan for 1985. The magazine is to keep you up to date with the Club's activities, and hopefully entertained. Yes, it is here you will read of the exciting walks coming up and of the great times of past trips; where the club socials are, present and past. And a few interesting articles put in by you, the reader. All articles accepted, the more the better.

Justin

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

As this is my first month as Social Secretary, I would like to say "Hi" to all visitors and members, and hope to see you all on the socials in the coming months.

Just to give you an idea what's on in the future, we have the Annual Mass and Dinner in April, while in the following months we have a golf day, car rally and a trip to St Helena Island.

Socials are the chance for people in the club to have a great time with other members while also giving the Club a chance to raise funds for the benefit of your club.

Thought for this month:

Maximum effort means maximum enjoyment, while minimum effort means minimum enjoyment also resulting in chaos, so, if you are called upon to lend assistance in any form, I hope you respond favourably. Cheers.

Barney

SLIDE NIGHT

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SLIDE NIGHT

Friday, 29 March 1985 - 7.30pm. 10 Tamarix Street,  
Chapel Hill. Bring a plate.



COMING SOCIALS

Each year the Club starts the official bushwalking year with a special Mass for the members and visitors to participate in, and afterwards to a nearby restaurant for dinner.

This year the practice continues with Mass being celebrated at St Cecilia's, Hamilton (50 College St) by Reverend Father Grice, with dinner afterwards at the Hamilton Hotel.

The Mass will commence at 7.00pm after the regular Saturday Mass on 20 April. The cost is \$20.00 and this covers your meal, but drinks will have to be purchased privately. The cost also includes a donation to Father Grice for his services.

After the Mass and Dinner, those who wish may join the rest of us who want to climb Mt Beerwah at night, and then watch the sunrise in the morning before heading off to the coast for the day.

Nominate to me at the meeting for the Mass and Dinner. Also, let me know if you wish to climb Mt Beerwah.

Barney

PAST SOCIALSProgressive Tea

Well, Ethiopia it wasn't when 38 people turned up for the progressive tea in February in all shades of pink, as pink was the theme for the night.

The night started off at Peggy's place for pre-dinner drinks and nibbles, and then off to Greg's place for entree. There was so much food I thought it was main course. Then off to Frances and Dave's place for main course - it definitely was main course. When we finished there it was off to Russ and Jan's residence for dessert and back to the Tobin's for tea and coffee (Yes, the Tobins do have coffee).

Well, it was definitely a great night watching all those people chomp their way through 5 courses. So good to see Mike Wood has lost none of his prowess in eating while overseas. Good to see so many people from the club have a good time. My thanks to all who came.

My thanks also to the members, Russ and Jan, Greg, Frances and Dave, Peggy, who lent us their houses for the evening and also their cooking skills. Also thanks to the people who helped them cook.

STOP PRESS

Barney

Tickets are still available for the Federation Bush Dance on March 23 at a cost of \$6 each. If you would still like to come or have a friend who would, please ring me or see me at the March meeting. Also, there are seven people who still owe me \$6 for tickets from February. Could those people please forward me the money.

Barney



SUBSCRIPTIONS:

Yes, it's that time of year again folks, as subscriptions as set out below are now due.

Single	\$15.00
Married	\$22.50

Please pay your subs as soon as possible by bringing your money to the March monthly meeting.

Remember, it pays to belong to the BCBC.

Geoff Dower

SQUASH NIGHT - Friday 22 March

Join me in raising a racquet - squash is on again on the 22nd March at Bardon Squash Courts - 92 Coolibar St Bardon at 7.30pm. Don't forget your togs. Coffee afterwards. For directions and nominations see Justin.

Barney

THE DISAPPEARING WILDERNESS  
by Bob Brown

Wilderness is suddenly a topic for worldwide discussion. Why? Because it is on the verge of extinction.

It is a sad irony in human attitudes that our fascination with Nature is galvanised by our success in destroying it. Witness the other contemporary examples of this terrible fact provided by the recent upsurge of interest in whales, pandas and Cape Barren geese. Yet I would say wilderness will be the first to be made extinct. Certainly it is the only example in which the rate of its misuse and destruction is accelerating as its quantity diminishes.

In fact, in the last decade, more wilderness was lost from the face of our planet than in any previous decade in history - despite the increase in interest and effort in protecting what remains of this valuable, vanishing resource. As things are going, we will all wake up in the dawn of the twenty-first century with not a scrap of wilderness remaining on the globe.

Unfortunately, wilderness - pure wilderness - is not readily identifiable to the world's public which has become separated from Nature in this era of concrete and plastic cities. Wilderness is not trapped and put in display cages, never looks the same in any two places and is defenceless and unresponsive in our presence. It can mean different things to different people. And the confusion about the meaning of wilderness provides an ideal smoke-screen for the misusers of wilderness while they proceed to exploit and destroy it.

Wilderness requires a double resolve from us if we are to protect it from misuse and destruction. A whale is a whale and a panda is a panda and a goose is a goose; we know without doubt what these things are and our resolve on their behalf is simply to protect them. But before protecting wilderness we need first to resolve to defend the very meaning of wilderness.

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JILALAN

We need to know what wilderness is and to stand honest and uncompromising about that definition.

Wilderness is a large tract of entirely natural country. It is a region of original Earth where one stands with the senses entirely steeped in Nature and free of the distractions of modern technology. Contrary to that which the developers would have us believe, there is no room whatever in wilderness for roads, quarries, buildings or machines.

So with a clear concept of wilderness, the next step is for us to stand in defence of its besieged remnants on Earth, against the aims of commercial exploitation, or as Sir Mark Oliphant has so clearly put it, against the "so-called 'development' of greedy men".

This stand calls for time, money and resolution. It also means meeting the developers on their own terms; beating them in their prime tactic of using economic and employment arguments to cut down, dig up, flood, burn or defoliate wild places; using technology, especially the media, as readily as they do; and above all, linking up our many environmental groups around the world to match the advantages which those multinational companies causing the destruction use so well. It calls for courage of mind and, sometimes, body. But it is vital that we make the stand and do not sit aside as the last forests fall, the last wild plains are roaded and stripped, the last natural valleys are drowned and the most remote of mountainsides are combed for quarries.

It is a stand for life against death, for beauty against blandness, for inspiration rather than desolation. The world needs wilderness: just knowing that it is there is a salve to the anxiety of an overcrowded planet. And protecting the last wild places we have is a statement of intent - that we can also tackle successfully the bigger, more horrifying problems which humankind faces.

We are less than the hundredth generation of technological humans set apart from Nature. Hundreds of thousands of previous generations of our human and pre-human species lived in the total wilderness of Earth. They were a living part of that wilderness, so it is no surprise that we are all deeply marked by an affinity, both physical and spiritual, for the wilds. There is no one on the planet who does not lose when wilderness is lost, who does not have a far greater potential for inspiration and fulfilment in life as long as wilderness persists and is protected on our small, crowded globe. As those who have been in wilderness can attest, it holds unique and positive values for each and every one of us.

Though there is undeniable enjoyment in modern travel and in facilities built in natural surroundings, this is not comparable with the fresh, pure dimensions of the wilderness experience. Words fail to convey why the experience of the wilds is specially, incomparably fulfilling - just as words fall short in a description of the universe, or of the fulfilment of love. As life is worth living, so wilderness is worth having - worth defending. The next twenty years will be crucial: and they are our twenty years.



THINKING CATHOLICTHE CRUCIFIXION

"The Light of the World"

by Henry Lawson

They sunk a post into the ground  
Where their leaders bade them stop;  
It was a man's height, and they spiked  
A crosspiece to the top.  
They bound it well with thongs of hide,  
To make it firm and good;  
Then roughly, with His back to this,  
Their enemy they stood.  
They held His hands upon the piece,  
And they spiked them to the wood.

They mocked Him then - the while He rocked  
In agony His head -  
With things that He had never done,  
And He had never said -  
With that which He had never been -  
And in His face they spat.  
They placed a plank beside the post,  
And they spiked His feet to that.

They pelted Him, but not with stones,  
Lest He should die too soon;  
They stayed to mock His agony  
All through the blazing noon.  
They did not pelt with stones, lest they  
Might kill Him unaware,  
But with foul things that lay about  
The filthy hovels there.

And this was how they murdered Him  
They killed Him in his youth  
Because He had been good to men,  
Because He told the truth,  
Because they did not understand  
The things He felt and knew:  
He only said the world-old words,  
"They know not what they do".

The flaunting harlots taunted Him;  
He only bowed His head,  
And prayed for public women then,  
While "Save Thyself!" they said,  
They went with soldiers to the camp,  
And the rest went by-and-bye,  
When they were weary of the sport -  
And they left Him there to die.

He lingered yet, for He was strong,  
But He shut His blighted eyes,  
And shuddered oft, for round Him swarmed  
The loathsome desert flies.  
His throat was parched, His temples throbbed,  
And when He drooped, the pain  
That shot from all His wounds tenfold  
Would draw Him up again.

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JILALAN

Two thieves were nailed beside Him there -  
 They raved, their wounds they tore,  
 And though they both were stronger men,  
 They seemed to suffer more;  
 And while with agony great beads  
 Of sweat stood on His brow,  
 He'd comfort them in words like these;  
 " 'Twill soon be ended now."

His friends had all deserted Him -  
 They fled in deadly fear  
 (As friends desert a friend to-day,  
 Afraid of jibe and sneer):  
 The same poor human nature now,  
 As it has ever been -  
 Small credit to be crucified  
 Beside a Nazarene.

But when the people in the town  
 And the drunken soldiers slept,  
 From some mean huts that stood hard by  
 Three wretched women crept;  
 Like thieves, across the stony ground,  
 They came with stealthy tread,  
 And they had water in a gourd -  
 But they found that He was dead.

They brought some still more wretched men,  
 And O their hearts were good:  
 In terror, and with pains, they wrenched  
 The strong spikes from the wood;  
 They washed His body hurriedly,  
 For they had lives to save,  
 And they bore it off and hid it well,  
 Where none might find his grave.

His name is known wherever the foot  
 Of Christian man has trod.  
 They worship in Cathedrals now,  
 They call Him Son of God.  
 They ask for aid in His dear name  
 When they suffer care and pain,  
 And if He came on earth to-day,  
 They'd murder Him again.

\* \* \* \* \*

QUOTES:

I believe that this generation will be the last to exist in any semblance of a civilised world or will be the first to have the vision to say "I will have nothing to do with the destruction of life, I will play no part in the devastation of the land. I am destined to live and work for peaceful construction for I am morally responsible for the world of today and the generations of tomorrow."

Dr Richard St Barbe Baker

When a man despoils a work of art we call him a vandal;  
 when he spoils a work of Nature we call him a developer.

Joseph Wood Krutch



~~YOUNG CHRISTIAN SAFARIS~~ is operated by the Bardon Young Catholics in the Bardon Catholic Parish.

Trip Details:

- WHEN: Saturday, 6th July to Saturday 13th July 1985  
WHERE: Carnarvon Gorge National Park (Qld)  
WHO: For anyone 16 years and over.  
COST: \$200.00 - This is all inclusive.  
- All meals and drinks  
- Bus trip to and from  
- All camping and cooking equipment (except personal sleeping gear)  
- All entrance fees to various tour stops we will be making on the trip to and from  
- Basically everything except personal effects.

Registration must include a \$20 non-refundable deposit and the remainder of the \$200 must be paid by Friday the 21st of June 1985.

For more information, see Pat at the meeting.

PUZZLES:

1. If 3 cats can kill 3 rats in 3 minutes, how long will it take 100 cats to kill 100 rats?
2. How quickly can you find out what is so unusual about this paragraph? It looks so ordinary that you would think that nothing was wrong with it at all and, in fact, nothing is. But it is unusual. Why? If you study it and think about it you may find out, but I am not going to assist you in any way. You must do it without coaching. No doubt, if you work at it hard, it will dawn on you. Who knows? Go to work and try your skill. Par is about half an hour.
3. (a) If PLANFEDM means FRIGHTEN, what does EFALEDDM mean?  
(b) If XAINPUZMO means BEAUTIFUL, what does ZMOZUO mean?
4. To solve this test of reasoning power, you must first make the preposterous assumption that black men always lie, and white men always tell the truth.

At twilight you are rowing towards a shore, on which you see, very indistinctly, three men. You shout to them: "Are you white or black?" A man answers, but his words are blown away in the wind. A second man cries: "He says he's white, and he is white, and so am I". The third man cries: "He's black, but I am white."

What is the colour of each of the three men?

Answers next month.



# 85 ANNUAL MASS and DINNER

don't miss it!  
Saturday night 20th April.

