

# ESPLASH

Young wombat. © Debbie Hibbert

END OF  
AN ERA

PUBLISHING OUR  
FINAL ESPLASH

# 300

STAR PSYLLID

INTRO TO WILDLIFE





# HIGHLIGHTING OUR AMAZING DISTRICT



## ARTWORKZ WEBSITE

[www.esplash.me](http://www.esplash.me)

We acknowledge the Traditional Owners of Country throughout Australia and recognise their continuing connection to land, waters and culture. We pay our respects to their Elders past, present and emerging.

## eSPLASH MAILING LIST

Receive the free eSplash via email

## CONTACT US

[contactartworkz@gmail.com](mailto:contactartworkz@gmail.com)

HIDDEN SOMEWHERE  
IN THIS ISSUE?



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ePhotoGraphic

**LATEST MAGAZINE**  
ePic (ePhoto Gallery)

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aPe (PhotoEssay)

Rainbow



Yea



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LATEST FREE  
WALLPAPER

Artworkz does not always agree with opinions expressed. The eSplash magazine is written by volunteers and made possible by contributors who freely share with us. It is free, unfunded, heavily photo-based, creative and politically independent. The right-of-reply is automatic.

We thank you for your understanding regarding the fact that errors will occur. We thank you – our readership – for allowing us the opportunity to share with you.



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# EDITOR'S NOTE

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## - END OF THE eSPLASH -

This is our final monthly eSplash issue. What started as an effort to help the local community after the 2009 Bushfires, turned into an epic 15 year journey. However, over time things have changed and many of those who helped start the project and many of our readers have since moved on.

We hope you have all enjoyed being on the journey with us and we appreciated everyone's efforts in making Artworkz an enjoyable venture for so many. A heartfelt thanks to all of our volunteers, contributors and readers, as well as the incredible team who worked tirelessly behind the scenes to keep the project professional and on track. People involved in Artworkz over the past 15 years range in the hundreds and are too many to mention, but you all know who you are and we appreciate you.

Artworkz projects will continue to be updated on our website as new information is received and time allows. Our magazines are ending with this final publication.

Visit our website [www.esplash.me](http://www.esplash.me) for updates to our other projects.







## YESTERYEAR

How we looked  
Carte de visite print  
Late 1800s

# EXPLORING SEASONAL CHANGES

*with a mobile phone*



Winter temperature inversion causing fog at ground level



Winter temperature inversion causing fog at ground level

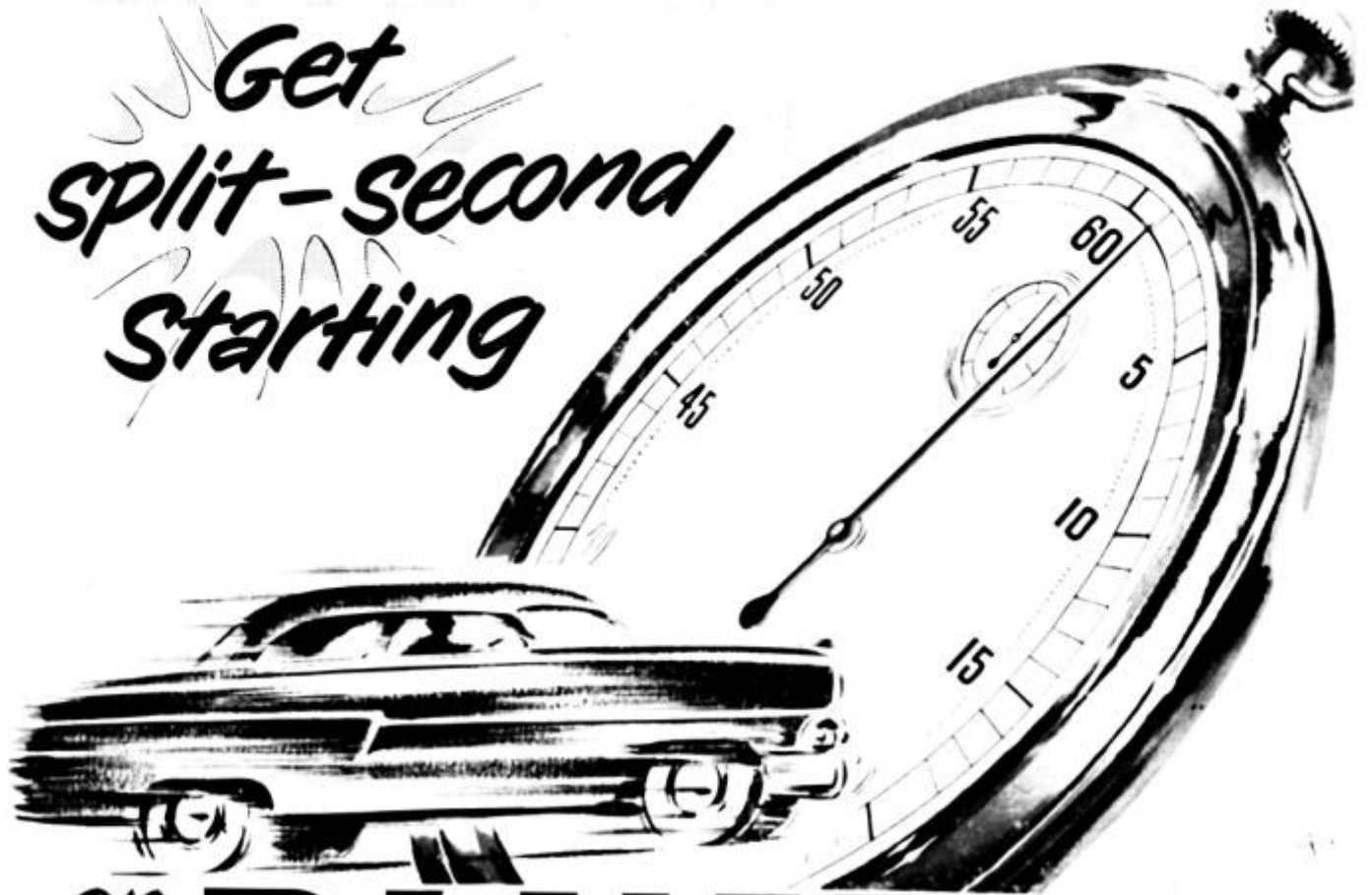


TAGGERTY



GET UP - GET OUT - GET EXPLORING

*Get  
split-second  
starting*



*on* **PLUME**

Gurr-urr-rr-rr. Maddening, isn't it, when your car just won't start on a cold, wintry morning? Don't suffer that this Winter. Change to Plume with Ci and Mobiloil Arctic and be assured of split-second starting even on the coldest morning. The balanced volatility of Plume, plus correct viscosity and low pour point of Mobiloil Arctic, makes this possible. Also, Plume with Ci and Mobiloil Arctic will give you greater power, extra mileage and longer engine life . . . all the essentials for economical and safe Winter motoring.

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**Ci**

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# STAR PSYLLID BUGS

EUROA - 18 AUGUST 2024



## A natural insect curiosity

After years of trying to identify this unusual insect which I often found on kurrajong leaves, contributor Denis Martin was able to correctly identify it. The nymphs, seen here with white waxy extensions, are star psyllid nymphs (*Protyora sterculiae*).



- KURRAJONG STAR PSYLLID BUG -



Nymphs and psyllid bugs with excreted honey dew visible on the leaf





Honey dew

Honey dew

Honey dew

Honey dew





The lengthy white growths are filamentous strings made up of waxy honey dew that has been excreted by the nymphs. They are sweet on the tongue – as is the honey dew on the leaf.





## - KURRAJONG STAR PSYLLID BUG -

The kurrajong tree is a native of Australia and was wide-spread across Victoria when white man arrived. However, due to leaves being edible for livestock, they were cut down en-mass during periods of drought as a food source for cattle and sheep. Wood was used on farms and as firewood. Today the tree is uncommon, but some have been planted in parks and gardens or as road nature strip plants.



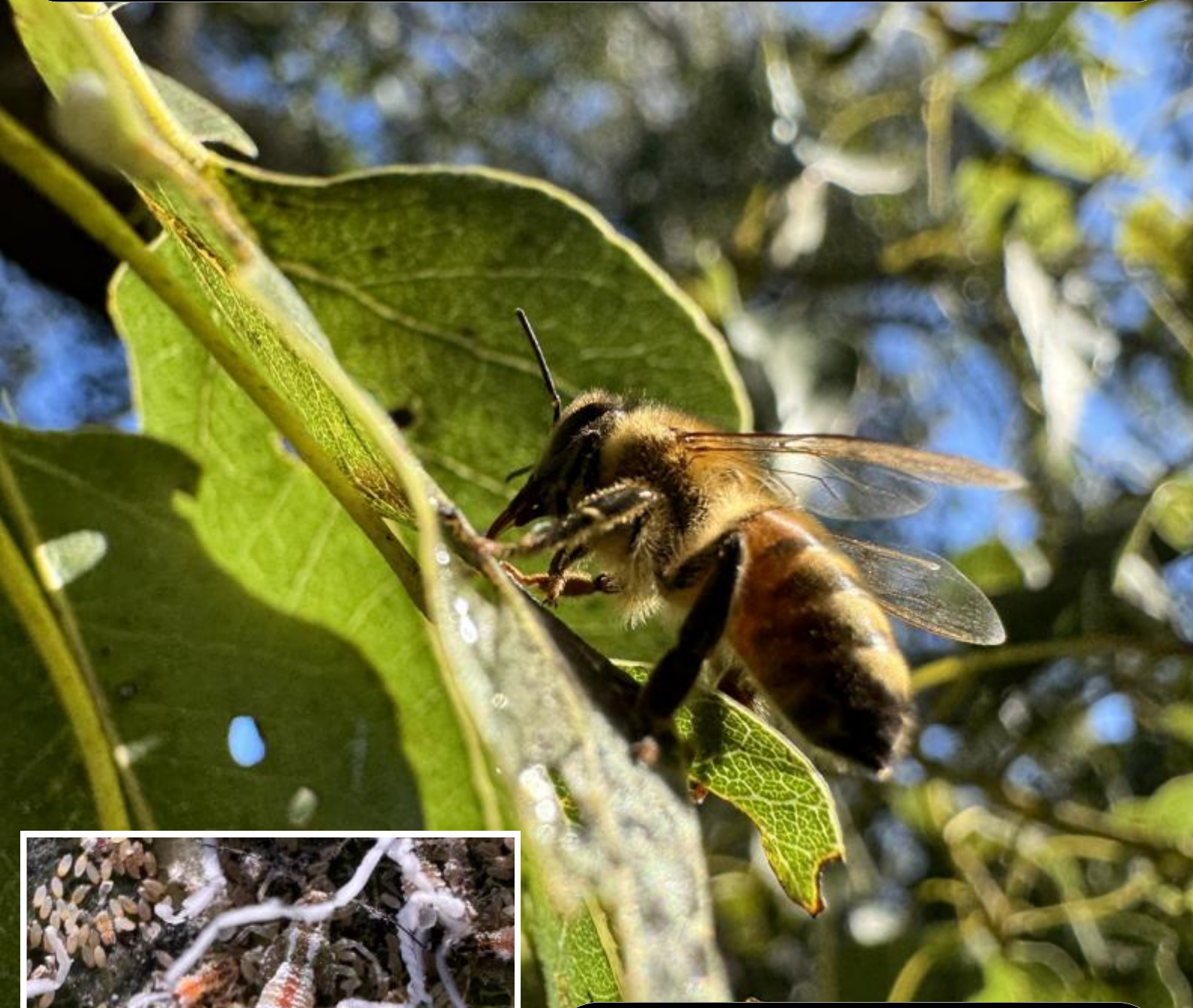
The tree was extremely useful to Aboriginals. They would eat the seeds and flowers, and make extremely strong cordage from the inner bark fibres. Kurrajong fibres produced some of the strongest cordage possible from naturally sourced plant fibres.

Psyllid bugs with eggs (inset)



## - KURRAJONG STAR PSYLLID BUG -

The parasitic psyllid bug damages leaves they are found on, and hinder the growth and development of targeted trees. The Euroa Showgrounds has a number of kurrajong trees which are in danger from this insect. We have also found the star psyllid bug on trees in other areas of Central Victoria. Once a tree is infested, the psyllids appear to attack the tree each year afterwards.

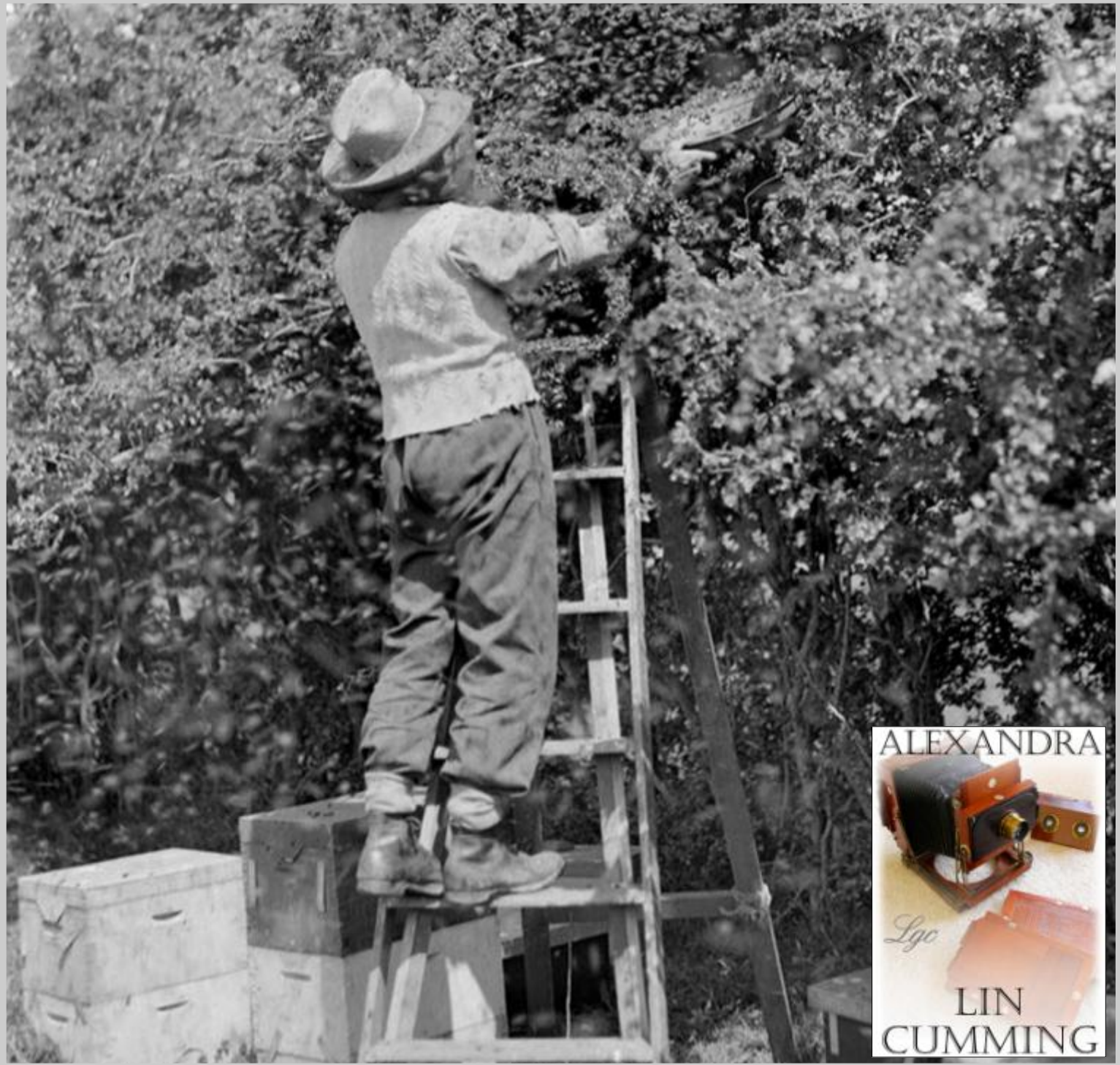


Ants and some insects such as bees and wasps, are attracted to the sweet honey dew. Black sooty mould grows on the honey dew droplets and eventually causes each infested leaf to turn dark. At this stage the leaf has reached its final stages of life and has become relatively useless to the tree's overall health.



# LIN CUMMING COLLECTION

District imagery from yesteryear!



## BEE SWARM RECOVERY

This photograph was taken by Alexandra based photographer Lin Cumming circa 1930 and shows the recovery of a bee swarm from a Hawthorn Hedge, using a large dish (left). The Hawthorn Hedge helped protect motorists on the adjacent road from being stung from bees through open windows.



BONNE DOON

MACH



# RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARK RANGER

## MY INTRODUCTION TO WILDLIFE

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Despite my former supervisor advising me to avoid wildlife matters – and wildlife rangers, I maintained a keen personal interest in wildlife. I felt that, as the local representative of a relatively new organization (QNPWS), I could not afford to do otherwise, particularly when the public came to me for assistance. I came to the belief that many people who complained about wildlife had ulterior motives; some complained about kangaroos but in reality were after dog food; some were somewhat paranoid; another cohort were genuinely affected financially.

The *Fauna Conservation Act* classified fauna – which included birds and some insects – according to rarity. A Section 25 Crop Damage Permit could be issued, allowing destruction of Protected Fauna, such as flying foxes, under specified circumstances. In the case of exotic and undesirable animals, most were declared as either Non Protected or Prohibited Fauna. Exceptions were water buffalo and deer, and these could be kept by special permit.

A neighbour of southern Cooloolo NP illegally caught rabbits and a wombat in NSW, then released them into the national park. Wild dogs and ticks are prevalent in the area and they did not survive.



My introduction to wildlife issues occurred in 1978, when two Police officers called at my home in Gympie one night wanting to know, 'Do pelicans sleep with their heads on the water?' At Lake Alford, the area known as the 'Duck Ponds' in Gympie, I used my canoe to retrieve dozens of dead pelicans, black ducks, coot, eastern swamp hens and dusky moor hens, with a sprinkling of domestic ducks. Next day, twelve dead pelicans were found on the nearby Mary River.



# RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARK RANGER

A resident living near the area confessed to shooting birds (of which I could find no evidence), but would not admit to using poison. Subsequent toxicology tests in Brisbane confirmed poisoning, but could not identify the particular toxin. A few years later, there was a second 'cull' of native waterfowl by the same person; it appeared he was offended by native birds eating the eggs and young of domestic geese and ducks he had released onto the ponds.

In 1979, I received a complaint about a small zoo in the Gympie district. An emu, a red kangaroo, a grey kangaroo and a whiptail wallaby were housed together in an enclosure 12m long by 6m wide. A whiptail wallaby was held in a pen measuring 2.4m by 1m by .6m high. There were about fifty native birds in cages. I passed the information to the QNPWS Wildlife Branch, but never heard anything further.

On another occasion, following a complaint, I interviewed an offender who had trapped 35 wood ducks west of Gympie, and a second person who had possession of them and had cut their wings to prevent them from flying. I enquired about cages to remove the birds onto my home dam, but when the offender appealed to a Member of Parliament (who, as a former bean farmer, hated wood ducks for they ate young bean plants), the person in possession of the ducks was told to cut the heads off the ducks and put them in the freezer.

In 1980, a local man came into my office complaining bitterly that he had been visited by two QNPWS Wildlife Rangers, who had called to inspect his aviary. They had released many birds, but left others, and he demanded to know why. I had no knowledge of any Wildlife Rangers in my district, and when I tracked them down, they stated that the complainant had no permits for the birds released, and they did not advertise their movements in advance to any QNPWS staff.

I was not impressed when, on a subsequent occasion, I was later asked to guide these two Wildlife Rangers to a remote address north of Gympie, and was then instructed to stay behind while they drove to the house. I learned nothing from them about wildlife issues, the techniques they used, even the reasons why they were there.

A former politician – and still a person of influence – once asked me to confirm whether the Tansey Lagoons, north of Kilkivan, were a declared Fauna Sanctuary. I checked; the lagoons were a declared sanctuary, and all shooting was prohibited. I travelled there to inform land owners that warning-off strangers, while allowing friends to shoot protected fauna, was out of order. A year later I was advised that shooting was continuing, so I travelled there to warn them again. Local hunters, offended at the owner sanctioning illegal shooting, demanded an investigation into the possible pollution of the sanctuary lake bed from lead shot.



# RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARK RANGER

On another occasion, I was advised that a high profile local character was hunting duck out of season on the Noosa River within the whole-of-Shire sanctuary. I contacted the head of the Wildlife Branch, asking what I should do if I happened to apprehend this person. The response was, 'In due course, we would hand his gun back with a bottle of scotch.'

Gympie Police once sought my assistance at a rural property, where, on an earlier visit, they had noticed some native birds. By the time I arrived, the remaining birds were two sulphur-crested cockatoos, for which no permit could be produced. The birds were claimed to be part of a deceased estate, and there was an acrimonious dispute among family members over ownership. I resolved the argument by seizing the birds and passing them temporarily to a reputable aviculturist.

Responding to a complaint about pale-headed rosellas eating strawberries, I found that one grower was using a Mesurol spray as a repellent, and pointed out that the withholding period for that chemical had been extended from 7 to 42 days. I lent him a noise generator I had borrowed from Mildura, where I had been seeking advice on problem fauna from large commercial growers. A neighbour was offended by the noise; the generator's electronics were stolen, and the grower reverted to using Mesurol. (The use of chemicals was not controlled by QNPWS.)

Despite the whole of the Widgee and Noosa shires being declared sanctuaries under old legislation, I found the most common form of wildlife control was to use firearms. I also became aware the use of poisons was widespread.

Following the untimely death of the QNPWS Director, other departmental bureaucrats jockeyed for his position. My supervisor of five years, considering predictions for the future, resigned. A new management system was imposed. At a 1983 meeting I was made responsible for wildlife matters in my district. Despite my lack of field experience, I became an instant 'wildlife expert'. My duties included fee collection, issuing permits to keep and move native fauna, and annual inspections of wildlife held in scores of licensed aviaries holding native birds. Senior staff told me of the need to react quickly to any issues involving dangerous species, such as crocodiles, or cute and cuddly types, such as koalas. This was a huge commitment, and it was now added to normal national park work. My new supervisor in Maryborough came from the Wildlife Branch.

Keeping wildlife was complex, as all privately held native fauna had to be legally accounted for. Most aviaries were too small for birds to fly about freely, but there were no specifications to control the conditions of keeping. Aviary inspections were not my cup of tea, and I would find myself looking at beautiful caged birds, wondering what they had done to warrant being locked up for the rest of their lives. Many of the birds came from across Australia, and some came from overseas. (Foreign and hybrid birds did not have to be registered.)



# RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARK RANGER

A register of bird numbers, including hatchings and deaths, and details of all birds moved to or from the aviary had to be maintained, together with Permits to Move. Failure to maintain records was an offence, and seemingly abnormal numbers of hatchings or deaths would raise a suspicion of illegality. At times, I hid my embarrassment at not recognising some birds by asking the owner to call out the names and numbers present, confirming this visually, and checking notations on the record sheet.

Once I had been given wildlife responsibilities, Maryborough passed more and more inspections and complaints onto me, with messages such as 'It would be nice if you could catch so-and-so' or 'Could you check out ...?' I was left to handle sensitive matters, such as confiscating an emu which was the sole pet of a wheelchair-bound man on a rural allotment. The bird collapsed and died as we tried to catch it.

My assistant in the Gympie office was keen on wildlife enforcement, and had always kept our office copy of the *Fauna Act*, with its frequent amendments up to date. My knowledge of the rather complex legislation was sound, as I had topped the State-wide entrance exams a few years earlier.

I had advised QNPWS staff working on-park to stay clear of wildlife matters, but interested staff were now to be offered extra training. My assistant attended a week-long law enforcement course in Brisbane, and then focussed her attention and interests on wildlife matters to the detriment of national park administration.

We were also receiving increasing numbers of enquiries concerning sick and injured wildlife. Really, this was generally nature at work, but we could not afford to be seen to be not caring. We compiled a dossier of helpful advice of formulae and tips for rearing these animals.

Trapping native birds in the wild was occasionally reported, and illegal. Sometimes owners would claim that particular birds, for example, the rare eclectus parrot, were New Guinea natives, and therefore did not have to be registered. However, I had heard accounts of these birds being taken illegally from Iron Range in far north Queensland, where a small population also occurred naturally.

My assistant and I were once reprimanded following a complainant's allegation that we had acted inappropriately in a wildlife interview, which we both denied. I responded that front-line staff were not getting support, and a Regional Director's reply was: 'The Service always supports its staff until the facts are known.' Fortunately – as a result of experience – I had recorded the incident on a pocket tape recorder (which I had started using for self protection.) It took several hours to transcribe the tape and type the text, which demonstrated conclusively that the complainant was out of order. We heard nothing more, not even an apology.



# RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARK RANGER

This reflects the lack of official support I found for wildlife matters. At times, we would receive verbal directives not to report any infringements, yet the public expected action.

## *Deer: Queen Victoria's Legacy*

At this time, deer were protected under our legislation – even though they aren't native to Queensland – because Queen Victoria had gifted a herd that were released in the Brisbane Valley, and allowed to spread. (The Queensland Coat of Arms is supported by a brolga and a red deer.)

On one occasion, I was advised to stay out of the nearby extensive Conondale Ranges within my area during Easter, as the Police Fauna Squad were going to carry out enforcement activities. Some time later, while at Gallangowan Forestry station in the northern Conondales, I was told that a senior QNPWS officer had called twice for refills of petrol during Easter. Pressing for more information, I learnt that this officer had talked about ballistics and weights of projectiles for different calibre rifles, the amount and type of powder used in muzzle loading rifles, and so on.

The mystery deepened when, some time later, I asked one of the Police Fauna Squad, 'How did you go in the Conondales during Easter?' This caused a puzzled look, followed by a denial that they had been there. I had been hoodwinked by an internal QNPWS instruction; only one senior person fitted the role described.



Above left: red deer, farmed for meat. Right: farmed red deer stag. the antlers were a valuable commodity.



# RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARK RANGER



Left: Red deer hind and fawn in the wild.

Legal deer farms were increasing and subject to inspection and record keeping. But illegal deer hunting was an on-going problem in the Conondale Ranges particularly close to the 'roar' or rut, and this approximated the Easter period. (This area was mainly state forest or national park, both of which are sanctuaries.)

Colin, one of my active Honorary Protectors (an honorary ranger except in name) living near these forested ranges would seek my involvement when he noted suspicious activity. I would carry out an overnight patrol in the ranges which often resulted in me sleeping in the cabin of my vehicle in the forests. (Theft of protected epiphytic ferns and orchids from national parks and state forests was not uncommon. A common method was for the thieves to collect dumps of plants after dark.)

Colin once had good information of 'something going on', and we were high in the ranges soon after dawn one Saturday. We came across an empty vehicle and decided to wait in cover and watch. Another vehicle approached with four men on board. I could see a rifle carrying case and requested it for examination. There was no rifle, and therefore no evidence of illegal possession in the State Forest sanctuary, so I sent them on their way. When they had departed, Colin told me he had seen a rifle on the floor under the feet of the men in the back of the vehicle. It was mostly covered with a blanket. Talking to the driver I had missed it, and the culprits had departed.

On Monday morning, I had a 'please explain' from head office: 'What was I doing in the Conondale Ranges harassing a group of men?' It appeared that one of the men had contacted a politician's father, and the MP's demand I be reprimanded was received at our head office. At least I had a witness!

## ***Reptiles***

An acquaintance phoned me to say she had been sent 'evidence' of a crocodile in the waterlilies in the Noosa River. Knowing that it was important to react quickly to reports of crocodiles, I was pondering my next move, when another call came: 'I think the photo is a hoax. I can see pink waterlilies in the photo.' My friend had hosted an overseas student, who, 'in appreciation', had pulled her leg. Waterlilies in the Noosa River are blue!



# RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARK RANGER

However, I once spent several fruitless hours investigating reports of crocodiles in the wetlands south of Tewantin, and I had unsuccessfully searched mangrove lined creeks on the western side of K'Gari (Fraser Island), seeking evidence of a reported crocodile. Despite this, I knew that crocodiles could be found in unusual places and that they had the unfortunate habit of eating people. (They were subsequently confirmed in the Mary River downstream of Maryborough, and are recorded historically in northern New South Wales.)

Even the 'Crocodile Man' once caught a freshwater crocodile in a dam near the Glasshouse Mountains close to the Beerwah Reptile Park (now Australia Zoo). Years later, he phoned me at Moggill, advising that he had captured a salt-water crocodile from the same dam. I measured this animal, and we agreed that he should pay royalty and legally keep it. I did not want to organise a suitable crate to transport the reptile 1500 kilometres back to north Queensland, where they are plentiful, when he had gone to the trouble of setting a trap and capturing it. (Some people illegally took eggs or caught baby crocodiles in north Queensland. When they grew too big or dangerous, they released them into local dams or streams in south east Queensland.)

I'm not particularly fond of venomous snakes and preferred to call on specialists to catch and release them. In January 1985, we were asked to do something about 'prolific' snakes that were coming across the road from one of the railway national parks near Nambour. The complainant was not at home, so I called at the house next door, enquiring whether the neighbour had seen any snakes. He left me with little uncertainty about the state of mind of the complainant, then went on to say that he had personally seen three harmless green tree snakes in fifteen years.



The beautifully camouflaged and quite harmless green tree snake often appears to be dull green, but in reality has a beautiful blue colour between the upper scales, blending into a yellow underbelly.

## ***The Net Fishing Fiasco***

In 1990 one of my staff called at the Gympie office in a quandary; he didn't know what to do, and said I was the only one he could trust. He then revealed that two other QPNWS employees had been net fishing from the

QNPWS boat for some months in a prohibited zone at the northern end of Lake Cootharaba.



# RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARK RANGER

The Noosa River within the national park was recognized as one of the best reservoirs of native bass (fish) in Australia. These fish would migrate south from the Noosa River into the saline water of Lake Cootharaba and beyond for breeding, and netting the estuarine area was particularly harmful.

I was in a quandary. I had found one of these men on duty and quite intoxicated at Noosa NP one morning, after a drinking session in the barracks with a senior Government Minister. Not wishing to involve other staff and not now trusting some senior QNPWS staff, I initially visited the Gympie Court House to attest a Statutory Declaration.

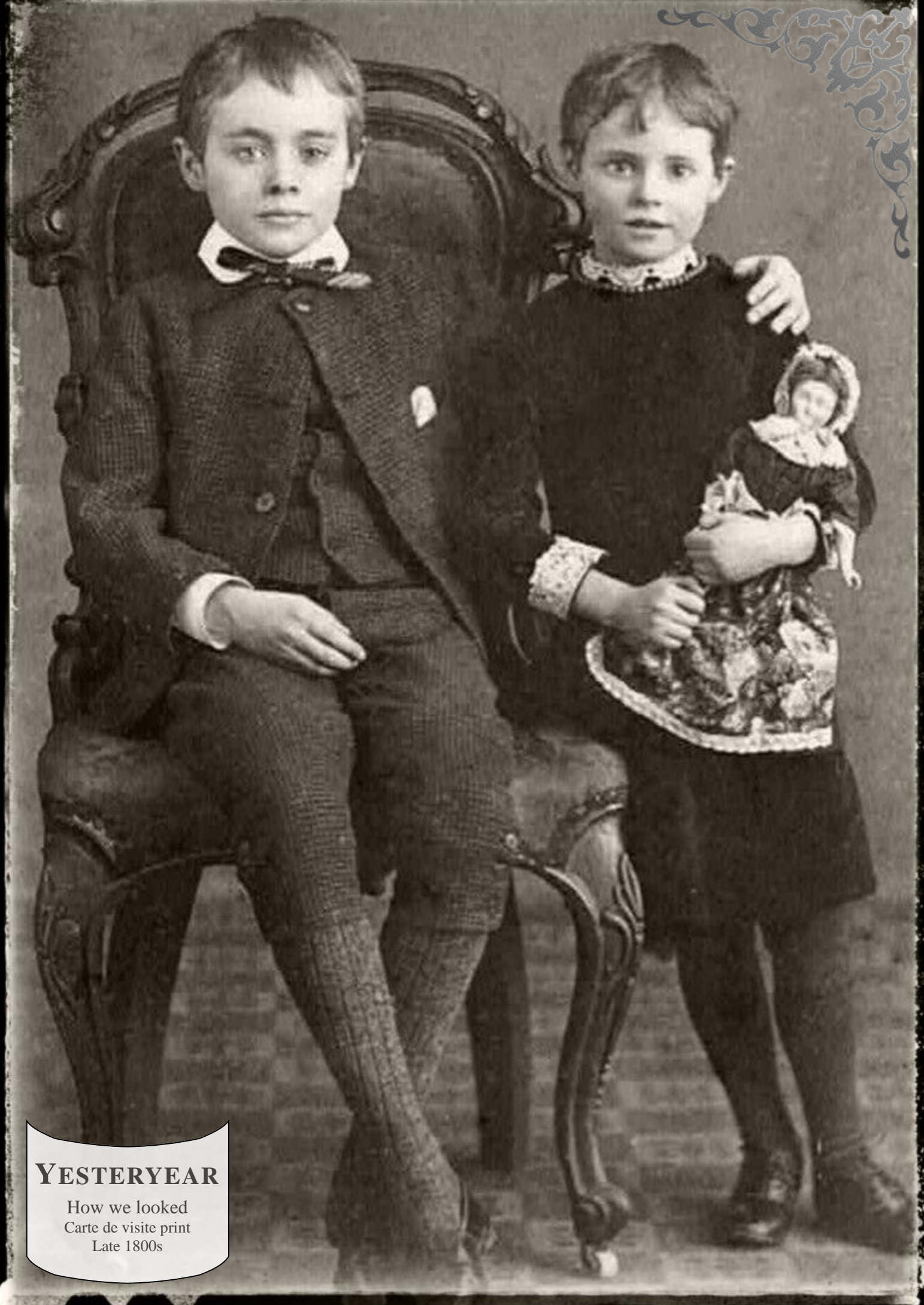
My proposed after-dark visit with two Honorary Protectors was inadvertently thwarted by a former staff member who was so offended when told of this matter that he telephoned our Minister at his private residence. The Minister passed the telephone to our new Regional Director who happened to be present and the cat was out of the bag. Not long after this, I received advice that a lone canoeist, paddling down the river and enjoying the after-dark, starlit solitude, had encountered two men net fishing in the prohibited zone of Lake Cootharaba.

I had already found myself 'out of favour' as a result of my attempt to establish control of camping along Teewah Beach in Cooloola NP and, despite my protestations, the advice of net fishing episode was turned against me with accusations I was seeking to denigrate another ranger; the Statutory Declaration was ignored. The source of my information was transferred within the region as far away from Gympie as possible.

In July 1990, and against my wishes, I was transferred to Moggill (Brisbane) as a Technical Officer (Wildlife) with responsibilities for co-ordinating wildlife activities across southern Queensland. I was now working full time in the sensitive area of wildlife, finding it was often also highly political. I was soon to experience the results of my previous successful control of escaped buffalo in my area: it certainly had not won me any friends in the wildlife section where I was heading.

© *Ron Turner*





## YESTERYEAR

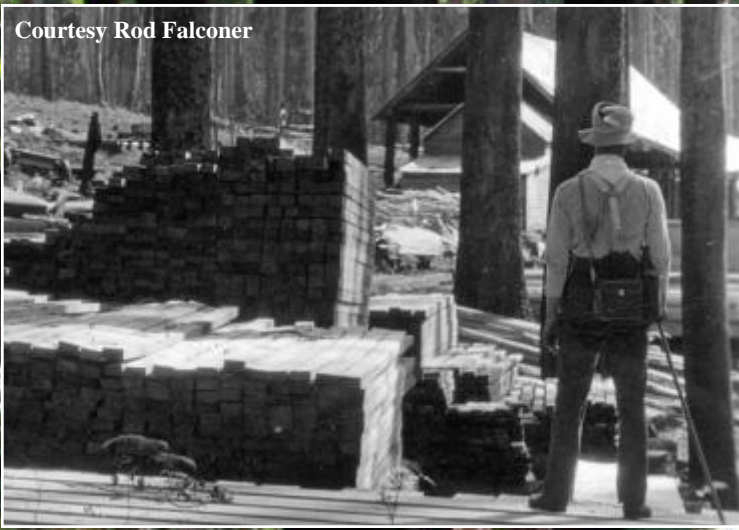
How we looked  
Carte de visite print  
Late 1800s



EILDON

# NO: 1 MILL SITE

Courtesy Rod Falconer



BACK TO THE START



# NO: 1 MILL SITE

<b>Access:</b>	2 km, 40 minute walk
<b>Rating:</b>	☀️☀️☀️☀️☀️
<b>Grade:</b>	N/A – Site not accessible due to undergrowth
<b>Facilities:</b>	N/A – Site not accessible due to undergrowth
<b>Start:</b>	Access the Rubicon Tramway at the 15000 Siphon Bridge

The No. 1 Mill site is located above and to the south of the aqueduct as you walk past the Rubicon Power Station, along the historic State Electricity Commission (SEC) tramway in the Rubicon State Forest. The relics are on private property and can not be accessed. The relics are no longer visible from the tramway due to the significant undergrowth. The location of the site is noteworthy.

No. 1 Mill was built by Clarke & Kidd in 1907 and was the first timber mill constructed in the Rubicon Forest. Construction of a timber tramway from the No. 1 Mill site to the small worker settlement of Tin Hut (below the range) was also constructed at this time. This pre-dated the hydro electric scheme which was established in 1926.

The historic tramway is on public land managed by the Department of Energy, Environment and Climate Action. However, the tramway is located beside property and electrical assets such as the aqueduct that are managed by an electricity generation company AGL. Please keep to the tramway line at all times and do not interfere with the operational components of the scheme.



<b>Forest:</b>	Rubicon State Forest
<b>Managed:</b>	DEECA
<b>Phone:</b>	131 186
<b>Web:</b>	<a href="http://www.depi.vic.gov.au">www.depi.vic.gov.au</a>





# GREAT TOWN NAMES

Featured History



## Cockatoo

Linked to the Puffing Billy Railway

Cockatoo is located 48 km south-east of Melbourne in the Shire of Cardinia. It has a population of around 4400 people and is 158 m above sea level. It is named after Cockatoo Creek and was first settled in the 1870s, with a post office opening in 1901. After World War I, large numbers of Italian immigrants settled the area and worked in the timber industry. A narrow-gauge railway between Upper Ferntree Gully and Gembrook was completed in 1900. Today this is the popular attraction called the Puffing Billy Railway.



Cockatoo is linked to the early days of the Puffing Billy Railway



COCKATOOS



GET UP - GET OUT - GET EXPLORING

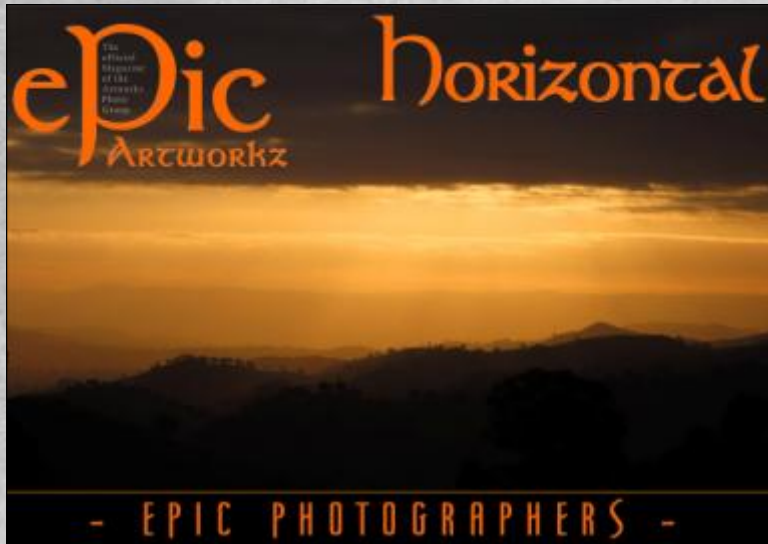


# ePic

The official Magazine of the Artworkz Photo Team

## ARTWORKZ

# SHOWCASING OUR DISTRICT'S EPIC PHOTOGRAPHERS



The 'ePic' is the free eMagazine of the Artworkz Photo Group, made up of Photographers who love to share their work while inspiring and educating others.

The ePic is designed for use in educational areas and for the iPad's platform.

The ePic Template is freely available to help promote photography and learning. Contact us for more information.

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# - EPIC PHOTOGRAPHERS -



# EXPLORING SEASONAL CHANGES

*with a mobile phone*



Thornton rainbow

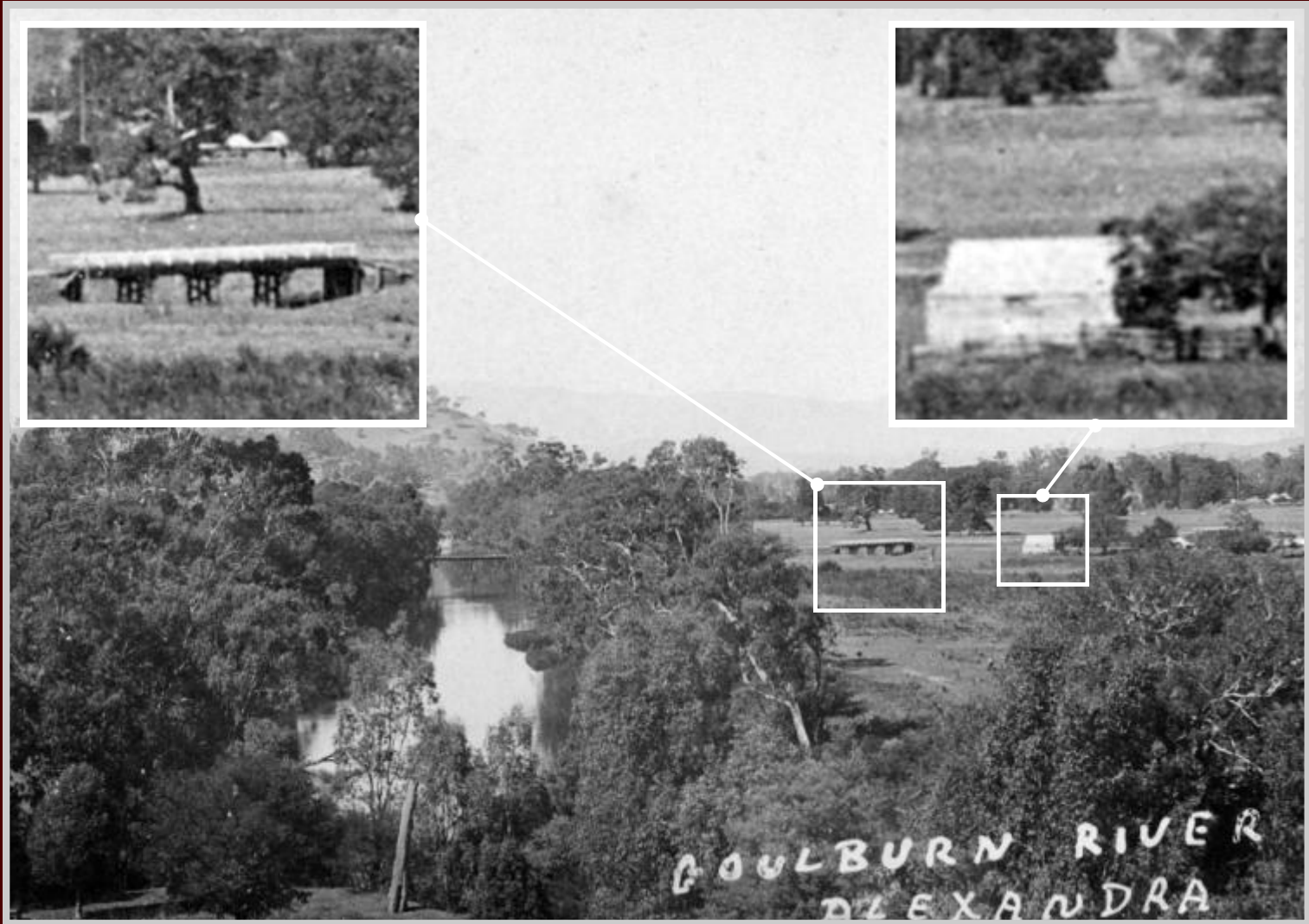


Thornton rainbow taken through a windscreen with rain on it



# JOHN & MAUREEN NORBURY COLLECTION

District imagery from yesteryear!



## RIVERSDALE BRIDGE AT ALEXANDRA IN THE 1930s

Taken in the 1930s, this image shows the old Riversdale Bridge at Alexandra from downstream near the confluence of the river and the UT Creek. A gravel bank that juts out into the river here makes for an excellent fishing spot, or spot for taking photographs.







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OUR HIDDEN MEMORIALS

# Building an eBook

In this growing series we introduce you to some of the hidden memorials that are scattered across our District, or are just outside of our District. We proudly provide you with the largest collection compiled locally.

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# HIDDEN MEMORIALS



*Press to download*

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This series is not comprehensive, and does not try to be so. It is simply a collection of memorials we have first showcased in the eSplash over the last ten years, and compiled into an eBook for your reference, and so you can travel to each of them and enjoy them as we have. Note that sites may change over time.



# OUR HIDDEN MEMORIALS

## AVRO ANSON CRASH SITE



Located 200 metres from the Summit of Mount Torbreck, on the north-east face, is a cairn memorialising the death of four military servicemen, who died when their plane crashed in bad weather on 16 May 1940. The crash site was not located until 23 January 1941. In 1966, at the instigation of Flight-Lieutenant Hyland, the father of one of the crew, a memorial was re-erected at a more accessible location after the initial memorial was damaged by a falling tree.



**IN MEMORY OF  
Pilot Officer A. Daniels  
Corporals F.E. Hyland  
F. Sass, I. Stowder  
Royal Australian Air Force  
Who Died Here Doing Their Duty  
16th May 1940**

**The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away.  
Blessed be the name of the Lord**

GPS: S37.351379, E145.939572





BAY OF FIRES, TASMANIA





# FUN SIGNAGE

From around Australia



AUSTRALIA



FUN  
SIGNAGE

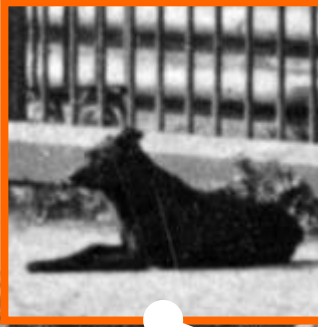
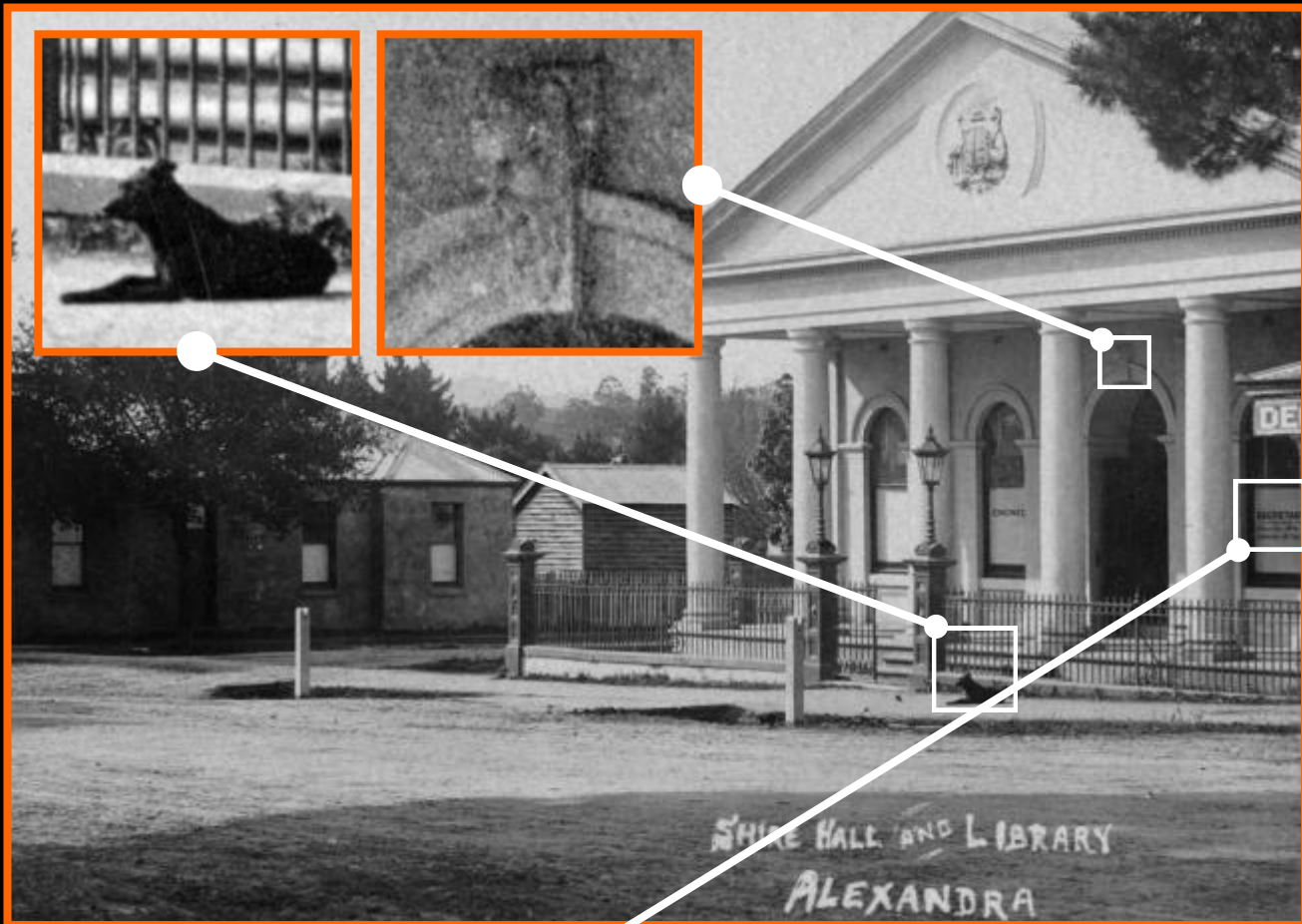
## Fun Sign

This fun sign shows a person shivering in water. The sign was spotted on the Murray River at Albury.

Download the latest update on the left.



## Alexandra Shire Hall Grant Street, Alexandra



Courtesy Kelly Petersen and  
David & Debbie Hibbert  
Photographer Herbert Vallance

The Alexandra Shire Hall was officially opened on 17 July 1882. Inspired by Roman Tuscan, it has a Coat of Arms that predates Australia's first Coat of Arms (1908) by 26 years and the second and current Coat of Arms (1912) by 30 years. Notably, the emu and kangaroo are reversed.

Prior to March 1870, a wooden building stood at the same site and a room in the building was rented by the Country Roads Board and used as a Clerks Office. In March 1870 the land and building was purchased for 125 pound by the Shire and the old building was eventually demolished.

This image was captured by then Mansfield photographer Herbert Vallance (1870–1949) who owned Vallan Studio. Herbert moved to Alexandra in 1930 and continued his career here as Val's Studio.

Y o u r   S u b m i s s i o n s   w e l c o m e





## YESTERYEAR

How pets looked  
Carte de visite print  
Late 1800s



# BRINGING ART TO LIFE

BY CREATING, SHARING AND INSPIRING



Car boot duco in scattered light blurred in field using focus lock



## Hydraulic gold sluicing near Big River circa 1926



Courtesy Gilbert & Lola Hickey



Don and Robyn Hewitt who formerly managed the Eildon Caravan Park, directed a travelling couple (Gilbert and Lola Hickey) to us. They had some local historic photos

they wanted shared with the District, so we scanned their images before they left and continued on their travelling adventures.

Most of the images were of the construction of the Sugarloaf Dam at Eildon. However, these two photos instantly became our best images of local hydraulic gold sluicing to-date. It was believed they were taken along the Big River and Lola's father is one of the workers in the bottom photograph.

Y o u r   S u b m i s s i o n s   w e l c o m e



# REMEMBERING WARRYN GERMON

Continuing on from eSplash298

Between Warryn's ten or twelve trips to Tasmania, he also fished many streams in Victoria and the Snowy Mountains area. There is little doubt he established contact with a wide coterie of friends and like minded colleagues when it came to fishing, always exchanging tips and techniques and 'good fishing spots'.



*A fallen log makes a handy bridge: on the way to the Central Plateau Tasmania.*

Warryn once surprised me with the seemingly professional appearance and 'commercial' title of one of his *A Paragon Production* series; this style prefaced all his Power Point productions. He explained to me his general ethics of travelling and living in a wilderness area, his no impact camping

(preferably well back from the water's edge) and his attitude towards a fishing technique of 'catch, measure and release' were such that, he stated, (quite modestly – and quietly smiling), he was 'a paragon of virtue'. In one of his Tasmanian reports, he wrote "... I assumed the fish was travelling away so I dropped the tag (cast the fly) to where I thought it would be. It came straight up and took it. Not bad if I do say so myself, being paragon of modesty."

In both his written and photographic records, Warryn commented on the forests and diversity of vegetation encountered on the approaches to and within the Central Plateau area. This was generally tough and scratchy stunted alpine scrub necessitating his wearing gaiters to protect his legs. The area is strewn with boulders and shattered rock and – especially – contains a myriad of small lakes. A potential fly fisherman's paradise, just waiting for the right person to come along!



# REMEMBERING WARRYN GERMON



*Quiet and curious, Bennets wallabys watch as Warryn moves by*

One night, while camping on the Plateau, Warryn is " ... visited by a native cat [quoll] but it doesn't damage anything. It moved my small metho bottle around a lot. [It] may be an alcoholic. The wallabys are numerous here and show little fear. I am able to approach to within two metres of some."

Warryn's photos and tales of the quiet wallabies he encountered reminded me of an ex Tasmanian national park ranger I met at Mt Buffalo (Vic). Apart from his fascinating memories of the supposedly extinct thylacine visiting the Cradle Mountain area when he lived there, I recall his story of the *One Armed Bandit*, a badly habituated Bennets wallaby that used to 'bale up' visitors' cars by standing on the side of the road holding up a paw, seeking a handout. Tourists would be fascinated by the unusual welcome, and open the car door to offer handouts, making the habituation worse. (This was the era of the movie *Skippy, The Bush Kangaroo*.) The 'bandit' would then scramble into the car after food, sometimes with scratching and blood resulting; complaints followed; action became necessary.)

According to national park notes, the Central Plateau is part of a World Heritage site managed as a remote area where there is maximum retention of wilderness values. There are no roads. Minimal facilities are provided and visitors must be prepared to look after themselves. The country is described as 'wild and beautiful – if you are prepared to look beyond the end of the road. Hiking routes are poorly defined or not defined at all; groups of visitors crossing the trackless country are asked not to follow each others footsteps and potentially define a 'route'.





# REMEMBERING WARRYN GERMON

Visibility may be impaired during periods of snow or heavy rain or sleet at any time of the year. (This is, after all, the zone of 'The Roaring Forties'). Warnings state that ironstone occurs in the area rendering compasses unreliable when visibility is poor. Hikers must be self reliant and are told to expect – and be prepared for – sudden, extreme changes in weather varying between heat and snow. Fuel stoves only can be used. (I recall, many years ago, a summer excursion by children from a Footscray (Victoria) school hiking on the nearby well defined Overland Track were caught in a blizzard; one died, others were frostbitten and lucky to survive.)

A park guide states: " ... there are some 4000 lakes in the Central Plateau area ... ". If smaller areas of water referred to merely as 'tarns' were added to this figure there would be many, many extra thousands of water impoundments potentially containing fish just waiting to be caught. (Trout are not a native fish.)

Managed by the Tasmanian Parks and Wildlife Service, the trackless wilderness of the Central Plateau – seemingly without limit – is situated in the 1200 to 1300 metre above sea level zone. It is quite rocky and devoid of the tall, impressive forests found elsewhere in Tasmania. A myriad of lakes abound in all directions and Warryn would visit many looking for a good, sheltered camp site and a lake edge without trees or shrubs that might obstruct his casting the fly fishing line back and forth. While there is little in the way of forests; he mentions some remnant pencil pines at one site that survived a holocaust type fire in 1961.

Occasionally there are fence posts and wire and perhaps an old hut, remnants of graziers who inhabited the area seasonally many years earlier. Warryn records: "Along the way I



came to a small hut in a beautiful setting against the pencil pine forest. It would have been a wonderful place to stay. Many of the surrounding pencil pines had trunks well over a metre in diameter. I think the beauty of this area is in the contrast. Beautiful alpine meadows flanked by forbidding dark crags. I was able to recognise a scar on the West Wall as what I had believed may be a waterfall when I had seen it from Lake Gwendie".



# REMEMBERING WARRYN GERMON



Together with an ancient fence post (complete with some wire), the re-built Ball Hut stands mute testimony to an interesting segment of Tasmania's history of pioneer settlement. These remnants had originally been erected by graziers from adjacent lowland areas who brought their flocks onto the plateau for summer grazing, or fur trappers who operated in the winter adding a smoke room for skin drying, but these activities had been phased out by the 1960–1970 period.

While camping not far from another hut (Ironstone), Warryn wrote: "Sometime early this morning, I had a visitor. I heard cooking gear rattling outside the tent but I wasn't really worried as it was all clean and there was nothing to eat except the pot cleaner but I thought I had better check. I grabbed the little torch, unzipped the inner-tent and stuck my head out under the tent fly. There, not more than a metre away was the biggest, most sleek Tasmanian devil I have ever seen. The fact that my head was at ground level and I was looking up at it made it look even bigger! I emitted the loudest 'shoo' I could manage and the devil scampered away a little, then walked back in the torch light, taking little notice of my yells and flapping and continued the search of my gear."



Next morning Warryn carried out a stocktake and found: " ... a small billy, which had only been used to boil water, and my full bottle of Shellite had been taken. I found the billy about ten metres from the camp but I was never to find the Shellite. So, here I am. It is Wednesday and I intend to go out on Monday. There is enough fuel in the stove to cook one meal! I went fishing." (I can image the 'what now' questions filtering through his mind.) He finally solved the problem by hiking on to the nearby hut to see if

anyone had left their spare Shellite. They hadn't, but there were a couple of bottles of methylated spirits. He continues "I went through the rubbish and found a small tin which I cut down with the tin opener on my knife and turned it into a small metho stove. I cooked tea on it tonight and had coffee afterwards."



# REMEMBERING WARRYN GERMON

"The tent is Fort Microlite tonight", Warryn continued. "Everything is in the tent or packed in the pack. I have placed the pack against the tent inner so I can feel if anything tugs at it. I left a small opening at the top of the door of the inner [tent] so that I could prod any intruder with my shortened trekking pole. Well prepared!!"



"What a night!!! I woke from a sound sleep to feel a heavy clawed foot land on my cheek and another on my chest!!! I yelled so loudly that people as far away as Deloraine may well have woken up saying 'What was that?!!!! I virtually threw the thing off me at the same time, the body feeling about as stout and heavy as a large Staffordshire bull terrier. Luckily it had not got into the tent but climbed over the top of the pack and was probably heading for the small opening at the top of the door. The thin nylon wall sagged and the devil was walking on me. I looked at my watch and it was 3 am. I slept fitfully after this and every time I woke I yelled and flapped the tent. This is the last night I will ever stay at this site. The devil was not savage or aggressive but appeared to be totally fearless ... maybe they are just devilish!", he concluded. Warryn speculated that careless hikers may have left food scraps lying about the hut and the devil was merely looking for another tasty morsel; an early stage of habituation.

On yet another of his trips to Tasmania, the risks and dangers associated with lone travel into wilderness areas came to the fore. He hiked in to the lakes, as usual – and started to feel unwell, then became violently ill. There was no one else in the vicinity. He could not establish voice communication with anyone by mobile phone, but could send and receive text messages to and from Alexandra in Victoria.



*"So still"*



# REMEMBERING WARRYN GERMON

Despite his feeling of being unwell, Warryn could still appreciate the wild beauty of this isolated wilderness paradise.

Warryn recalled to me later that he ate a pie on the trip to Tasmania and believed, as a result, he suffered food poisoning from that source. (Asking my nurse daughter about the effects of such poisoning, she advised of two personal experiences: a feeling of being increasingly unwell with a 'tummy ache' followed by vomiting and diarrhoea with really, debilitating general overall weakness. She experienced a feeling of being 'washed out' and suffered a severe bout of vertigo with 'everything' spinning. Combined with an inability to stand; she could only crawl.)

Warryn stayed in his tent for the day and deciding to seek assistance by initially returning to his vehicle. Exchanging information with a young couple he met along the track next day – the only people he encountered during this trip – they told him they now carried an EPIRB whenever they left camp, especially due to snakes.

This time, the inbound trip that had taken him a few hours now took some hours longer, being punctuated by his frequent need to stop and rest. Fortunately, water needed for re-hydrating was plentiful. Continuing to feel unwell, he abandoned this Tasmanian trip and returned to Victoria. Some after-effects of the food poisoning episode remained with him for years.

Warryn visited the Central Plateau area slightly to the east of the Walls of Jerusalem on a number of occasions during this period of his life and obviously came to love it for its wildness, its abundance of small lakes at which he was able to observe local insects, and hone his skills against the resident fish. It was in Warryn's nature to thoroughly research any proposed destination making adequate preparations prior to the trip. Having heard so much about the 'Walls of J', Warryn now wished to see them for himself, already planning the trip.

In the next chapter, Warryn visits the Walls of Jerusalem and encounters some cold weather.

© Ron Turner



# TAGGERTY



GET UP - GET OUT - GET EXPLORING



NEW SOUTH WALES

# CLARENCE RIVER

© Ron Turner



## FEATURED LIGHTHOUSE

Lighthouses in Australia come in all shapes, sizes and materials. This beautiful concrete light is this issue's featured lighthouse.



BACK TO THE START

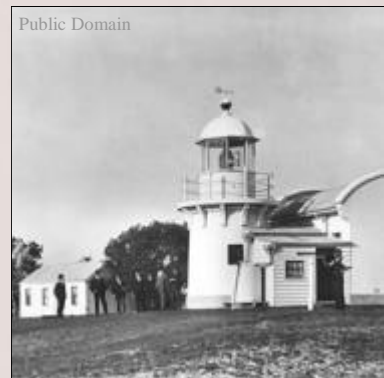
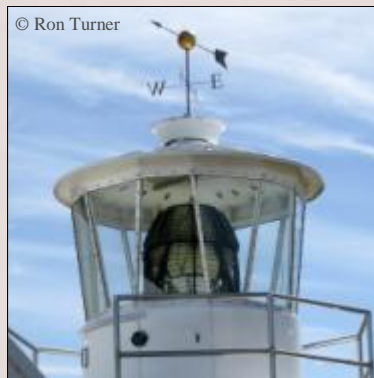


# CLARENCE RIVER

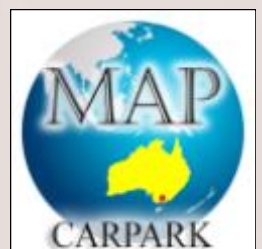
<b>Height:</b>	17 m tower / 41 m focal plane
<b>Location:</b>	Pilot Station Reserve, Yamba
<b>First lit:</b>	1955
<b>Construction:</b>	Concrete
<b>Flash:</b>	3 flashes every 15 sec.
<b>GPS:</b>	S29.432480, E153.364038
<b>Facilities:</b>	Carpark, public reserve grounds open to public



In 1866, a small wooden hut was built with a large kerosene lamp placed on a bench to guide shipping into the Clarence River. In 1880, a permanent lighthouse was built to the design of James Barnet, being one of five such lighthouses built along the NSW Mid North Coast. It was automated and demanned in 1920. As the light was being obscured by nearby building construction it was replaced with a more modern, fluted cylindrical tower in 1955. Mains electricity now lights a 12 V, 75 W quartz halogen lamp FA 251 beacon, with a battery reserve. The beam shines 30 km out to sea. A replica of the 1880 tower has been re-built by volunteers on the site of the original tower and is currently in use as the Yamba community radio station. An original Fresnel lens was donated by the Australian Maritime Safety Authority and can be observed in the former tower.



<b>Managed:</b>	Australian Maritime Safety Authority (AMSA)
<b>Phone:</b>	02 6279 5000
<b>Web:</b>	<a href="http://www.amsa.gov.au">www.amsa.gov.au</a>
<b>Address:</b>	82 Northbourne Avenue, Braddon, ACT, 2612
<b>Postal:</b>	GPO Box 2181, Canberra, ACT, 2601





# EXPLORING SEASONAL CHANGES

*with a mobile phone*



Kurrajong tree seedpod

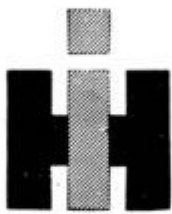


Kurrajong seed fibres that were previously used as itchy powder



# THEY'RE "STAMINEERED"

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Cost-conscious operators buy International Trucks year after year because they know quality pays off. They know that every new feature and improvement in the Australian-made Internationals is the result of "trial by torture", International Harvester's engineering and testing programme

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# FUN SIGNAGE

From around Australia



## Fun Sign

This fun featured sign shows a standard duck crossing sign with an extra eye added to the large duck.

Download the latest update on the left.

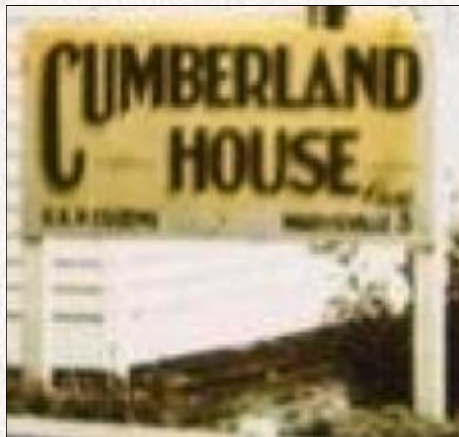


# HISTORIC SIGNAGE

Marysville



**Keppel's Australian Hotel**    Courtesy Peter & Aileen Tossol 2010



**Fryday's Australian Hotel (former Keppel's Hotel)**

Photographs © Copyright 2010 Jennifer Gilmore





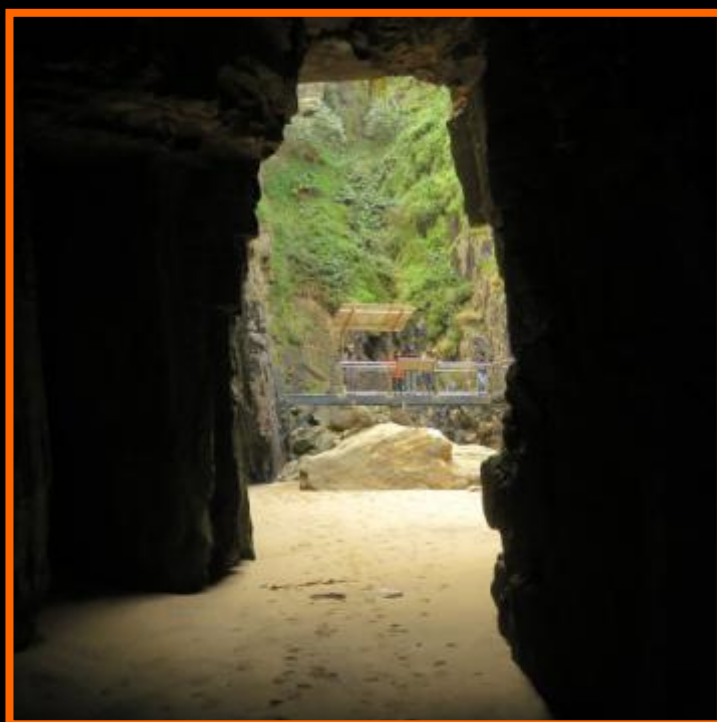
## YESTERYEAR

How we looked  
Daguerreotype print  
Late 1800s





## Remarkable Cave Tasman NP, Port Arthur, Tasmania



Remarkable Cave is rightly named for its remarkable natural beauty. The cave was carved out by crashing waves pounding the sandstone coast, as well as a wall collapse that opened up the cave.

The site is close to Port Arthur, Maingon Bay Lookout, Penguin Rocks and Salmon Rock. There are 115 steps that descend from the carpark to the viewing platform.

At low tide a secluded beach becomes available, so pick your visit time carefully. The drive from Hobart takes one and a half hours on good quality roads.

Y o u r   S u b m i s s i o n s   w e l c o m e



# EARLY AMERICA SERIES

*Australian life has been strongly influenced  
through the years by countries, such as America.*



**Hard times in New York**



# FEATURED BROCHURE

## BROOKES



Travel to the gate on Binn's McCraes Road, and travel to the top of the hill.

GOOGLE MAP GPS: S37.191850 E145.658040

## MURCHISON LOOKOUT



Located at Murchison Gap 6 km west of Strath Creek on Strath Creek Road.

GOOGLE MAP GPS: S37.248026 E145.169907

## GOSCHNICKS



Roadside viewing area on the Skyline Road, 4 km north of Haynes Saddle.

GOOGLE MAP GPS: S37.179230 E145.818800

## CAVEAT



Caveat Lookout is 5.8 km along the Caveat-Dropmore Road from Molesworth.

GOOGLE MAP GPS: S37.142050 E145.519400

The District has a variety of lookouts that are photographic and change with the seasons. Some are smaller that are a little harder to find, others are more significant.

Some District lookouts have become overgrown by trees and are not shown on this brochure.

On the digital brochure, you can click on the 'Google Maps GPS:' to open Google Mps in your default browser and determine directions.



*Always remember to take extreme care around all lookouts as many of them are dangerous. Ensure correct footwear is worn and always take appropriate precautions against snakes and spiders. Remember to respect private property at all times, as many of these lookouts are close to private property.*

## ARTWORKZ TOURISM WEBSITE

[www.esplash.me](http://www.esplash.me)

Visit our website for local Visitor Information Centres.

Brochures have been produced by passionate volunteers to help promote our District.

*Disclaimer: The authors have taken care to ensure this publication is correct, though please be aware that errors and omissions do occur.*

Brochure 010

## DISTRICT

## LOOKOUTS



*Shadowed by over 30 Mountains and on the banks of the beautiful Goulburn River and Lake Eildon. This is our playground*

## MOUNT PINNIGER



Off the road to Jerusalem Creek. See Mt Pinniger Lookout Brochure

GOOGLE MAP GPS: S37.227867 E145.940250

## ACHERON CUTTING



Roadside viewing area on the Goulburn Valley Highway, 6 km south of Alexandra.

GOOGLE MAP GPS: S37.238210 E145.683750

## EAST'S



Off Sugarloaf Road. See East's Lookout Brochure

GOOGLE MAP GPS: S37.218829 E145.915587

## KEPPEL



Off Keppel Road 5 km from Marysville. See Keppel Lookout Brochure.

GOOGLE MAP GPS: S37.538028 E145.753472

## MCKENZIES



Forty min walk from McKenzie Reserve carpark. See McKenzies Flora Reserve Brochure.

GOOGLE MAP GPS: S37.202500 E145.713472

## EGLINTON



Two min walk from the top of the Eglington Cutting on the Maroondah Hwy.

GOOGLE MAP GPS: S37.170850 E145.679850

## LUCKY MINE



Off the south end of Webster Street at the end of the road that runs to the east up the hill.

GOOGLE MAP GPS: S37.212139 E145.724944

## OLD FAWCETT ROAD



Viewing area from Old Fawcett Road at top of the Hill.

GOOGLE MAP GPS: S37.163700 E145.681650

## OLD CUTTING



At the end of the Old Cutting Road which starts from beside the Football Ground.

GOOGLE MAP GPS: S37.184830 E145.696810

## MOUNT PLEASANT



On Mount Pleasant Road, 500 m south of the Alexandra Tip.

GOOGLE MAP GPS: S37.212294 E145.724882

## TAYLORS ROAD



Located on Taylors Road, mid way between Haynes Saddle and Eildon.

GOOGLE MAP GPS: S37.209310 E145.844440

## DINNY'S



On Sonnberg Drive, near Bonne Doon.

GOOGLE MAP GPS: S37.102361 E145.870528



ECHIDNA



GET UP - GET OUT - GET EXPLORING



The logo for ARTWORKZ features the word in a white, sans-serif font. To the right of the text is a glowing white crescent moon. The background is dark with several large, semi-transparent circles and a bright light source creating a lens flare effect.

ARTWORKZ

It is always a good time to start,  
and never a good time to end,  
unless ending is to start anew

anonymous

*Working together  
to serve the Community*