**Essays on Mount Crosby - Teachers' Picnic 1924**

In the early 1900s, Mount Crosby and [slightly later] Lake Manchester held an attraction to touring parties like that of well known tourist spots like Mount Tamborine or Lamington Plateau, where visitors were wowed by unspoiled and impressive scenery. Without doubt, part of the adventure was the difficulty of getting places - but our combination of mountains, river and cliffs was impressive enough - and besides that a visitor could see the enormous engineering effort being made to supply Brisbane with water.

Unfortunately, our 21st century familiarity with everything and the ease with which one can reach Mount Crosby has diminished the attraction, a little like having too much of a good thing.

Reading old reports by those who made it "out of their way" to Mount Crosby can help revive our own interest in the beauty of our district. One group who returned regularly to Mount Crosby was the Association of West Moreton Teachers. Every few years from about 1910 until the Second World War, they made their way to Mount Crosby for a re-union, and there were hosted by willing locals and the engineers of the Metropolitan Water Supply and Sewerage Board.

They wrote well, and it is a pleasure to read about Mount Crosby the way they first saw it - surprising, beautiful, industrious, welcoming. The excerpts below tell of their trip in 1924:

* *On leaving the river, a move was made towards the pump station. Here a nice little flower garden in full bloom is to be seen, and it was much admired.*
* *Here the water flowing over the aerator at the rate of 500,000 gallons per hour, was a beautiful sight, resembling the pictures seen of the Bridal Veil Falls at Katoomba.*
* *From this eminence, looking towards Ipswich, the scenery was exquisite. In the background Mt. Flinders, the Peak, and surrounding hills are to be seen, whilst looking the other way the beauty of the mountain slopes charmed the eye.*
* *The general feeling was one of awe at the immensity of the works at Mt. Crosby. About 4.30 o'clock, the hall was again reached and afternoon tea partaken of. Cheers were given for the Mt. Crosby people for their hospitality and also for Miss Hughes, secretary of the association.*

I can tell from their notes that our early visitors took their time and walked a lot, and in so doing they saw a lot. It has brought me to a little theory; that the human mind is designed to work at walking pace. Why not try out my theory with a little walk to the old weir or the Lower Blackwall (perhaps the most charming place at Mount Crosby)? Start at the Sportsground, cross the grid, and follow the little abandoned road until you see something you like.

Col Hester