

## Griffith's Island Port Fairy: 2 July

The walk began following a picnic lunch at Martins Point. Walkers were Sandra, Ken and Marg, Peter, Judy and children and Barry and the young Eccles boys, Warrick and Rohan. New walkers Pat, Leah and Eve who have recently moved back to the area after living in Tasmania also came along and were made welcome.

In cold conditions the walk proceeded onto Griffith's Island via the causeway and then along the bank of the Moyne River. A short walk along the beach to the lighthouse resulted in the younger Eccles getting wet shoes from standing on a rock swamped by a wave. Near the lighthouse we found a number of 'Friends of Port Fairy'? having lunch and also clearing shiny leaf bushes from the site of the Lighthouse keeper's cottage, which will apparently be rebuilt in the future. At sea off the lighthouse were a small pod of dolphins glimpsed by Pat with his binoculars.

The walk continued on the worn track past Mutton-bird burrows onto the beach and then back to Martins Point. The more energetic walked to Rebecca's Restaurant for coffee, muffins and kid food.

A good time was had by all and thank you to Marg for organising the day.

*Barry*

## Carlisle State Park: 2 July

**Walkers:** Diane (leader); Warrnambool Walkers: Lothar, Stephanie, Linda, Debbie, Anne; Geelong Bushwalking Club members: Margaret, Janet, Peter, Allan and first time walkers Phillip and Denise.

A combined group of Geelong and Warrnambool Walkers enjoyed a cuppa before setting off on the sandy Old Carlisle Track. The area was a surprise to those who imagined the Otways to be all rainforest and leeches. This park is the only significant reservation of a sandy heathland on public land in the Otways. Wild flowers were in bud and we saw little patches of heath amongst the diverse vegetation, even between the wheel ruts, plants and fungi were abundant.

Leaders kept the tail-enders informed of all the creatures that had crossed the track. Unusual animals were imagined as mismatched paw prints went off in the same direction. We watched with interest a group of Gang parrots who totally ignored our presence. We had fine views west of the Carlisle River Valley from our lunch spot.

After lunch was the usual 'Big Hard Hill' and before long we were alerted by the thunder of hoofs as a galloping creature came bearing down upon us. We jumped for our lives as Allan with his size 12 clodhoppers collapsed in a heaving heap at our feet. Gasping he explained he has been running for three-quarters of an hour, following our footprints in a bid to catch us. With his local knowledge, Allan pointed out highlights we may have otherwise missed.

Another cuppa was enjoyed on the banks of the Gellibrand River before we parted company and set off for home.

*Diane*



## Cappuccino walk #2: July 16

**Walkers:** Lothar (leader), Sandra#2, Fiona, Bruce, James, Claire, Chris

It was a glorious sunny day. Sandra, Chris & I arrived early at FiSh Sails cAfe and had drinks. All the outdoor tables were taken so we had to sit inside. Fiona, Bruce and their 2 children James & Claire arrived and after checking that no other Warrnambool Walkers were also waiting, we left and headed east along the concrete path towards the Surf Club. Just before it we crossed Pertobe Rd at the traffic lights and headed to the swings and slides. Fiona stayed there with the kids while the rest of us did a loop around Lake Pertobe. We then met up with Fiona & the kids again before retracing our steps to FiSh Sails.

Needless to say we were so exhausted after our stroll strenuous walk that we had to have more drinks to quench our thirst - cappuccinos, bubbucinos, iced coffees, fruit/vegetable drinks, etc. A hard life!

Many thanks to all the participants for a most enjoyable Sunday afternoon.

*Lothar*



**Pallister's Reserve, Orford: 30 July**

**Walkers:** Trevor (leader), Jan & 2 boys, Rob, Merrin, Eve and Lothar



## All Peaks Challenge: 22–23 July

**Walkers:** Coralie, Steve, Herb & Diane

We found ourselves navigationally challenged 10 minutes into our walk as we crossed the fast flowing Wannon River. Forging our way through the high reedy vegetation and marshy surrounds, a compass check found us heading in the wrong direction. After wringing out our socks and removing a few leeches we hoofed off at a flying pace along the Ingles track, until Steve recognised a spot where he had left his scent when we came off the range last time.

As usual we had an interesting time getting up on the range. Climbing through open forest then up a gully N.E. of Mt. Nelson was time consuming as we clambered over rocks and around trees. Eventually we reached the top, and lunch with a view was our reward.

The changing seasons breathe new life into the range and surrounding countryside. Each time we return we are delighted with new found treasures. The distant golds, oatmeal and soft browns of earlier seasons have been replaced by vibrant emerald and brunswick greens, shaded by freshly washed trees, full dams and streams. Wild flowers have started to bloom and a garden of soft pink thriptamine, red, white and pink heath, orange grevillias under planted with purple and yellow flowers is a delight to behold. Many a time I have cursed as I remove broken hakea spikes from my scratched arms and legs, but after seeing the beautiful curly creamy white flowers I have a new respect for the vicious beast.

The shrivelled up mosses are now soft green pincussions and many different fungi are found in little nooks and crannies. Particularly interesting was a jelly like orange fungi.

The small knolls and saddles in this area were ideal for overnight walking with packs. Campsites were few and far between, but we eventually found a spot with enough room to accommodate our tents and bivvys.

Steve and Herb lit a warming fire and as we dried our socks, it was great to hear Coralie and Steve reminiscing on their earlier days of the Warrnambool Walkers. Their tales had me envious. Many of the earlier skilled adventurers have moved on, but their legends live on.

A civilised late morning start had us walking by about 9.30. The rocky outline was like fur to walk on. We passed a hidden Jimmys Creek campground and picked up the track that leads to Teddy Bear Gap.

Lunch was on a balcony where we realised how close we are now to the Plateau and Mt. William.

Join us on this great adventure and be part of “The Challenge”.

*Diane Drake.*

## Hopkins River Trek: 13 August

**Walkers:** *Marg (leader), Carolyn, Ken, Trevor, Sandra, Viv, Steve, Tanya, Kay, Claire, Helen*

On a gloriously sunny morning of Sunday 13<sup>th</sup> August, the intrepid group set out on this challenging expedition! Marg, our enthusiastic leader, cycled out to the Hopkins Falls with Carolyn, Ken, Trevor and Sandra. Their gruelling trip was fortified with a cappuccino stop at the Wangoom Store!

Seven more keen walkers- Viv, Steve, Tanya, Kay, Claire and I joined the group. Before starting, we enjoyed a cake for morning tea- thanks Carolyn.

We negotiated water and an electric fence to gain access to the river. This was a preview of other obstacles confronting us. An array of fences where Tanya's foot proved invaluable in lowering wires for us to scramble through, steaming cow pats, and a herd of cows. From time to time, Marg used her improvised whistle (mouthpiece off a recorder) to round up her unruly herd and steer them back to the river bank.

We all enjoyed a hearty lunch at the rapids, sitting on rocks and soaking up the sun. From there we continued around the river to the junction of the Mount Emu Creek. The return, by road to the Falls, was uneventful – though several motorists had to make way for us on the road!

The bike riders left to ride back to Warrnambool whilst many of us were happy to be driving. Thanks Marg for organising a thoroughly enjoyable walk.

*Helen*

## All Peaks Challenge: 13–14 Aug

**Walkers:** Coralie, Diane, Herb & Steve

### Report: “It’s all the Same”

A person can innocently express their opinion about the Serra Range All Peaks Challenge, never for a moment suspecting it will become a cliché that will be often repeated by members of the walking party during the day.

Yeah, the party is all the same: Coralie, Diane, Herb & Steve.

On departing from Teddy Bears Gap, the landscape began much the same, in the classic “Cuesta” shape of a typical Grampians Range. A Cuesta is an escarpment with one slope steeper than the other. In the Serra Range, the long gentle western slopes contrast with the cliffs and steep slopes facing east. However, once crossing Greens Gap, it was like walking on a serrated edged saw with steep slopes both east and west, punctuated by the huge granite tors (Thanks Herb I had to look that one up in the dictionary.) jutting out at strange angles resembling something from a surrealist painting.

After a long climb to Mt Lang, we paused for lunch at the summit. I have been on top of Mt Lang before, however fire has completely altered the vegetation beyond recognition.

Misty rain set in as we descended from Mt Lang, finally dropping below the cliff line into thick woodland still bearing the scars of logging many years ago, until our old friend Ingleton track appeared. We paused to observe and etch into our memories the starting point for the next walk before departing to waiting vehicles. (Herb’s vehicle had to wait a bit longer, it had a flat tyre.)

Thank you to the same walkers for the same teamwork, company & hospitality. And if it’s all the same to you, I think we should change the name of the All Peaks Challenge just to make it sound a bit different. Maybe “Serra All Mountains Expedition” or S.A.M.E. for short if you can’t stand it any longer.

Steve.

## Mt Eccles walk: 23 July

**Walkers:** Trevor (Leader), Jan & 2 boys

We arrived at Mt Eccles on a cold clear windy Sunday morning. The landscape was beautiful and green. At the car park the boys explored some interesting caves and crannies before we set off. Due to the extremely *fresh* winds of the day we decided to explore the lake circuit which was beautifully sheltered. Out of the wind the weather was very pleasant and we saw a number of birds along the path. Half way around the circuit we had an extensive morning tea and watched the pairs of ducks and crimson rosellas. Before returning to the car we stopped off and explored the tunnel cave **in the dark!** .

Thank you Trevor for a most enjoyable Sunday mornings walk.

*Jan*



## Half Marathon, Koroit to Warrnambool, Aug 20

**Walkers:** Ken, Anne, Val, Lothar; **Runners:** Stephanie, Margaret, Trevor, Carolyn

**Carolyn's running report:** The definition of the Warrnambool Walkers was broadened on Sunday, August 20<sup>th</sup> as Margaret, Stephanie, Carolyn and Trevor embarked on the 21.1 km journey from Koroit to Warrnambool as a running team. The tension was high as Trevor lined up at Koroit awaiting the starters orders. Trevor went out hard, busting his way through the sea of athletes, edging closer to the front of the pack, providing our team with a great start.

Stephanie was next to guide us along the track to Warrnambool. On reflection, Stephanie unfortunately encountered many hills and undulations over her 5 kms, increasing the challenge of the run. At times Stephanie could have been scaling Frenchman's Cap as the ascents became steeper. A jubilant Stephanie met Marg at the 10 km mark as Steph had broken her training time by three minutes!

After the conventional relay changeover Marg was on the road in pursuit of .... Not the 4 minute mile, but averaging the 6 minute kilometre! Marg looked strong as she traversed Caramut Road enjoying the idyllic conditions and the process of running.

Carolyn was able to release 15 km worth of built-up adrenalin as she set off in pursuit of Warrnambool, passing walkers, the odd runner and the encouraging kilometre markers on the asphalt. The lure of the finish line motivated Carolyn to pick up the pace, finishing strongly to enable the running team to finish in a time of 1.58.02, breaking the two hour barrier. Thankyou team for a great day.

**Lothar's walking report:** The walking team arrived in Koroit just as the running team members were probably waking up from their beauty sleeps. As the photo shows, Ken was there, arms folded, wearing a baseball cap, colder, tension obviously higher than for the runners, waiting for the starter's gun. Bang! And off they all went, watchers cheering them on. We hopped into Ken's car, drove ahead of the pack, waited for Ken, looked at the scenic views of Tower Hill just across the road, and cheered again as he went past. We then drove to the first drink stop and waited for him to arrive. Ken had kept up an excellent pace throughout and was near the middle of the pack.

Anne was the next to take over. The training she had done in the weeks before helped her maintain her position in the field. Again we drove ahead, parked, and waited. We may have had a hot drink from a thermos, I can't remember, we were so tense. We were also near Telstra's Exchange building with the toilet at the back - a fact that WE knew about but no one else did. What a relief! We cheered as Anne went past, and then drove to the 10km drink stop just after a corner, and waited.

When Anne arrived, Val took over. Again we cheered, drove ahead, waited and cheered some more before driving to the 15km stop. Anne had encountered a few hills but Val's leg was even hillier. You know the big ones I mean - before you hit Warrnambool, along Caramut Road. But they did not slow Val down one bit. Well done.

And now it was my turn. I donned my 18Kg (or was it 23Kg?) pack and slowly walked up the hill to meet Val. She arrived and we then walked streaked to the 15Km mark together. The rest of the walk was something of a blur. I don't think I've ever walked so fast with a pack on before. At one stage Carolyn sped past and for about 20 feet I was actually running trying to keep up with her! But she wouldn't slow down. I think I also caught up to and passed another walker a few kilometres further on, but the poor guy had done the whole walk and I was still fresh. Anyway, after what seemed like ages, I finally reached the finish line, the tents, oranges in quarters, and excited runners and walkers. I don't remember our finishing time, we didn't win any prizes, but we all had a ball! Thanks team for a great day.



## The Fortress, Grampians: 26–27 August

**Walkers:** Margaret (leader), Lothar, Carolyn , Anne, Ros & Peter

**Peter's Report:** A very enjoyable expedition was lead admirably by Margaret. After meeting in Dunkeld at 9am in a very synchronized fashion we proceeded to the Buandik Camping Ground approximately 48 k north of Cavendish. Upon arrival Margaret suggested that the group walk from the camping ground rather than the walk car park to provide Lothar and myself with a few more K's training for our Nepal Trek. The added 6 ks to our journey was met with varying degrees of enthusiasm within the group (especially on the return leg).

After approximately 4 hrs , which included a lunch stop and a fairly lengthy shelter from rain under a rather conveniently located rock ledge, we reached our camp site. With very small detours from the track we took in some spectacular views. I for one became a bigger convert to the Grampians.

A very pleasant dinner was had by all around a camp fire, diligently built and attended to by Ros, despite the natural rock fire place exploding during the night and sending out a (large) rock fragment. The fire was to provide a fair bit of further drama as our leader supplied Ros with a map to start the camp fire. Regrettably this map turned out to be of some considerable value to one of her charges, namely, her daughter Carolyn. I think it would be reasonable to report that this was to result in a fair few protestations from Daughter to Mum over the remainder of the trip.

The next day we advanced part of the way to the summit of Cave Rock but due to poor visibility and lack of time we didn't continue to the top. After taking in some great views we got back to the car park all fairly tired but contented with a successful walk. Incidentally at lunch on the return trip as the "map " subject surfaced again a somewhat mischievous Ros revealed that the "Map" had in fact survived the previous night's fire to provide quite a chuckle to all.

**Anne's Report:** After reaching the Buandik picnic area, it was decided that we would go along Harrops track to the start of the walk. After a short rest and a drink we started along a sandy flat track, a sign post indicated our hill climbing was about to begin.

After a steady climb up we had our lunch in a cave. Further up the track the packs were put down and we went on a side track to admire the superb views. With our packs on again we continued on flat ground, but the prickly plants were numerous and hard to avoid. A shower of rain we included hailstones started, so we found shelter in an overhang and got out of the worst of it. A steep descent lead us to a creek which was followed until the camp site was reached. Due to another group being there, our group was well spread out. Tea was prepared and eaten. A fire was lit which allowed us to keep warm and to dry our clothes and other items. The heat from the fire caused a piece of overhead rock to break off and gave us a bit of a fright as it made quite a loud noise. Carolyn's cup accidently found its way into the fire and was pulled out in time so that it was still functional but quite distinctive. Once the wood supply was depleted, we all went to bed.

Next morning , the packs were left behind and we went exploring further up the track. It was quite misty and you didn't get a clear view. Our packs were collected and the homeward trip began. After the steep hill was climbed and a little further down the track, the packs were put down and another view point provided us with excellent views of Castle rock and the surrounding area. Later, lunch was eaten on a scenic clearing. Carolyn was obviously pleased when her notes and map were given back to her by Ros. The variety of wildflowers were quite good and the flowering insect eating plants were impressive. Once back onto Harrops track (which seemed to go on forever), we were forced to take a break under some pine trees whilst another shower of rain passed shortly after the cars were reached.

## Tower Hill Circuit: 2 September

As a conclusion to the VicWalk country Council meeting weekend, two walks were conducted at Tower Hill on Sunday morning. The Melbourne contingent met our members at 10am where the options of the two walks were discussed.

All walkers were suitably kitted out to contend with all weather conditions - jackets, gaiters, thermals, under shorts & beanies. We were hopeful when we started out at 10:15am that only light showers would occur. Stephanie was leading the more strenuous walk - Lothar's training walk for Nepal - whereas mine was the more leisurely circuit walk.

Shirley (Melb), Anne, Trevor, Jan, Tim, Ben, Gloria (new walker) and myself enjoyed the peaceful conditions, chatting quietly as we walked. We were lucky that the showers were brief and didn't make walking uncomfortable. The track was quite damp but luckily a vehicle had driven along the route, flattening the waist-high hemlock. Plenty of birdlife was observed, especially along "the channel" to the north of Tower Hill. Many swans were nesting and ducks were swimming leisurely on the lake. The vegetation, in places, showed the result of too many Koalas living in a confined area.

A photo opportunity of the group was on the spur to the south of the "white eye" crater. Lovely views towards Killarney beach over the countryside were worth the stop to see. Due to the weather deteriorating, we decided to walk back to the picnic area on the track adjacent to the road.

On our return, Lois was waiting for us with the extra gear for the barbeque lunch. Unfortunately a heavy shower of rain caused some hassles just as meat was put on the barbie and salads were being set out on the table. Luckily it was brief and everything was ready when the second group arrived back from their walk. Everyone had an enjoyable meal with plenty of conversations about other walks they'd undertaken. The meal was topped off with a slice of Lois' delicious sponge cake and a warm drink.

Overall, it was a very successful outing, enjoyed by all.

*Helen*

## Federation preparation w/e, Halls Gap area: 9–10 September

*Walkers: Lothar (Leader) & Ros*

### Report 1: Hall's Gap Circuit – Boronia peak - Devil's Gap – Pinnacle 14 km. 9/9/00

On the drive to Hall's Gap, we experienced beautiful, brooding slate blue skies and the first double rainbow, appreciated from the comfort of a vehicle but an ominous preview of the weather ahead. Light drizzle greeted us in Halls Gap where we joined Coralie, Herb and Diane for a cup of coffee before embarking on our respective track reconnaissance.

We headed off about 11.30 am, north towards Delley's bridge and turned right onto the Boronia trail, following Fyan's creek through pretty forest, eyes down to avoid the rain for about 40 minutes. The wide track rose up, the sun came out and off came the waterproofs. The trail to Boronia peak veered off to the left through tall trees, 2 km's of moderate uphill. No sooner had we stripped off, the rain came down and back on went the waterproofs, thus introducing the pattern for the rest of the day. The rain got heavier the higher we climbed and the winds cut through us on the saddle, the track led us along a ridge overlooking the Eastern plains and Lake Fyans, past interesting rock formations and scrubby dry forest. On and on we strode tempted by false peaks to a final rocky scramble to the top where the wind whistled and we perched precariously on the edge of an overhang. As a treat for our efforts the sun came out (briefly albeit) and delighted us with views above Hall's Gap and the Wonderland escarpment seen through a near perfect circular rainbow with sunny haze and steely sky over Lake Bellfield. Within minutes it had disappeared replaced by familiar icy drizzle, so we made a hasty descent to the Boronia trail and an easy stroll alongside Fyan's creek and through meadows filled with kangaroos and kookaburras for very welcome hot soup and sandwiches at the National Park's centre.

At 2.30 pm, filled with after lunch laziness, we embarked on the most difficult leg of our walk, a 2.5 km steep uphill section in relentless rain to Devil's Gap, but first to find the track! Our instructions were ambiguous and a premature left-hand turn off Pinnacle road took us nowhere. A second attempt through what appeared to be someone's driveway led us to a narrow and obvious track zigzagging steeply up towards the escarpment. We passed a group of youths, drenched to the skin; ill prepared and lost (having wandered down the wrong track from the pinnacle) who confirmed our route. From the look of incredulity on their faces they obviously thought Lothar was mad to attempt a steep track ( now a waterfall in parts ) for 2 hours in the pouring rain with a pack containing all but the kitchen sink on his back, and they were probably correct ! However we hikers are perverse creatures and I found it nothing but enjoyable. For an hour at least we clambered up steep slippery pitches and then the track turned into a watercourse, passing through dense ferns and lush vegetation, pretty gully's with smattering's of wild flowers. Every now and then, from our rain sodden viewpoint we would get tantalising glimpses through the trees of Lake Bellfield basking in sunshine and the odd faint rainbow.

After almost 2 hours of hard slog we reached Devil's Gap, fine weather and a well-earned mug of tea and biscuits. By now it was 4.30 pm and a newfound enthusiasm took us happily along the Wonderland escarpment. A calm in the atmosphere and an

evening peachy glow settled over the area as we passed the rock that looks like Gothic angel's calling and on to the pinnacle. I felt peaceful and fit looking out to Boronia peak and a sense of achievement as to the distance we had walked.

Our final 3 kms directly down the face of the escarpment, past Mackey's peak had my poor old knees squealing for rest. It is a steady descent through pretty trees and shrubs, past colourful rock slabs with many natural viewing spots of Hall's Gap and the Fyan's valley ending at the campground. The sight of a wallaby out for it's evening feed concluded a fantastic, full day's workout. I highly recommend this, varied circumnavigation of Hall's Gap for those wanting a strenuous walk.

### **Report 2: The Tunnel. 10/9/00**

The restorative powers of chicken and chips a bottle of red and a much needed sleep in a tent have been little documented, but believe me they can even mend blisters on feet! We awoke to sunshine, and a fresh new day ready for the next walk. I cheated and disappeared to the café for my obligatory Sunday treat, a bacon sandwich, strong latte and the newspaper. By the time we had packed up, the drizzle had begun and the weather closed in.

Undeterred we set off across Lake Bellfield dam wall, which gave a spooky, mist enclosed vista of the Fyan's valley. Lothar led the way around a fence and negotiated a route up the walls of the spillway to a grassy section, complete with grazing goats, through some trees to join the Boronia trail. We followed this four-wheel drive track for quite sometime, through pleasant forest. I can't say I really enjoyed this walk, as it followed a rollercoaster route with steep uphill pitches directly followed by equally steep downhill, which proved torturous for my knees. Eventually the track evened out to follow the lake's edge and the weather became sunny and warm, however, as is usual in the Grampians, signage and maps generally do not correlate precisely and we pondered our route. Almost immediately we stumbled on the signpost and an easy walk took us to the base of the water-tunnel where we stopped for a pleasant lunch, listening to the birdsong and the wind rustling the leaves.

We decided to return via the shores of the lake, even though there was no obvious route along the steep lake wall. It seemed a quicker option and would give my knees some respite. It was pretty easy going along the sandy shore past the desiccated and exposed remains of tree roots which to me looked like huge black spiders. For the most part we had good views across Lake Bellfield and up towards Sundial peak with grey clouds skimming by. The shore became steeper and we picked our way along rocky steps for an hour. Only one section of cliff face would have proved a challenge, however due to the low level of the lake it was possible to step carefully around sinking sand and continue on. A rocky scramble near the outlet tower led us back to the dam wall and the same misty drizzle of 5 hours earlier.

Thank you Lothar for a great weekend.

*Ros*

## All Peaks Challenge - The September Edition

*Walkers: Diane, Herb, Wayne, Sandy, Coralie*

It is a law of overnight bushwalking that you always forget something. Diane forgot her boots; fortunately this was discovered before Koroit was reached. Herb forgot fuel for his stove - this, however, was not a true disaster as Lois had provided him with enough sandwiches to last two weeks. Various other minor pieces of equipment were left behind but nothing that quite matched the absence of a sleeping bag that one nameless individual decided she could live without for a night. As good as the vet's body bags are it can be reported that they are definitely not as cosy as a down bag!

As always, the talk at the bottom of the range centred on whether or not water would be found on top of the range. Wayne and Sandy decided to play safe and carted four litres of water each. I carefully selected an extra water carrier only to find it leaking down my back before we had left the Ingleton Track. Oh well I was confident that water would be available after the recent heavy rains.

The climb to the top of the range was short but very steep. The gully between Mt Lang and the ridge line to Mt Frederick was followed until we reached the cliff line. Diane and Herb made a frontal assault whilst the rest of the party took the easier route sidling around the precipice and reaching the top of the cliff via the gentler western slope.

Reunited we made our way across the range, rock hopping and scrambling through, over or around the vegetation. Mostly, we wore protective arm and leg wear to avoid falling victim to the probing hakea thorns and had to watch our footing but when we glanced up or stopped for nourishment the views were breath-taking. Much of the length of the Serra Range already traversed was visible, as was the Mt William Range to the east and the Victoria Valley and the Victoria Range to the west.

Early afternoon we came across a delightful gully which afforded protection on all sides for inclement weather. Despite the hour, Herb our honourable leader, declared it a rest stop. Packs came off rapidly and before long a gentle snoring sound added to the rustle of the wind and the cheeping of the birds. There being no pressing reason to continue and little likelihood of a better camping spot being found, it was voted to spend the night at this spot.

Within a short space of time, everyone selected a site to erect tent or bivy and the billy was boiling. Sandy, Wayne and Diane provided an amazing assortment of hors d'oeuvres which were devoured with our tea. A wonderful fire place was cleared between some small rock stacks, a pile of wood collected, comfortable seating arranged and we were set for the night! Our only point of regret was that water had to be tightly rationed as we had found little on our journey and needed to save enough for the next day's walking. No second cuppas this evening!

We were lured from our cosy retreat, however, by the most spectacular sunset we had seen in a long time. As we climbed a rock stack to gain an uninterrupted view, the sky was awash with reds and pinks. Cloud formations made magical shapes and figures and kept us enthralled until dark.

The next day saw us scale the heights of Mt Frederick. As we walked across the 'crown' of this mountain, we peeped over the edge of the rock platform like little 'jewels'. Nick decided he didn't trust the cracks in the ledge and kept his distance. Wayne, Sandy and Diane however, were happy to pose for photographs in precarious positions. All too soon we were clambering down the steep northern side of Frederick and then back down another gully to the Ingleton Track and the awaiting cars. Another 'challenge' was at an end.

*Coralie*

Footnote: Approximately one hour after returning to Warrnambool, I received a phone call from Sandy. On unpacking, Wayne had found two litres of **water** in the bottom of his pack!