

Lorne Waterfall walk: 7 October

Walkers: Lothar (leader), Doris, John, Glenda, Margaret and Carolyn

Our party met in Lorne at 10am ready for a walk of wonderment in the wilderness. Lothar, Margaret and Carolyn had left from a rainy Warrnambool. Doris had been collected in Camperdown and John and Glenda met us in the vicinity of Sheoak Falls. Plans were hastily revised by Leader Lothar as a "road closed" sign obscured the route to the Sheoak Falls. Plan B soon came into action.

From the Allenvale Mill Site we donned our daypacks and began our rainforest walk to the Phantom Falls. It would have been an apt location for an Opera; the music provided was the water lapping over the rocks and the chirping of the birds. We continued to meander in pursuit of the canyon until we reached a sign that contained three directional arrows-all heading down! Deciding there was only one option, down or nothing. We climbed over a large boulder and into the abyss of the canyon. Slowly and deftly we lowered ourselves between the rocks which opened up into a wet wilderness area, full of beauty and splendour. We continued onto the Henderson Falls and the Won Wondah Falls, completing our Waterfall Wander with lunch at the Sheoak Picnic Area.

Lunch was completed with fruitcake, kindly provided by Lothar. Refuelled, we strolled down the Sheoak Falls Road back towards the car. The reason why the road was closed soon became evident. The under layer of the road had partially caved in-even the combined weight of 6 walkers and the fruitcake could have been enough to potentially cause more damage to the road.

Back at the cars, John and Glenda prepared for their departure whilst Doris utilised John's mobile car phone to contact her husband. Doris had no difficulties hearing her husband's message, and neither did the rest of the occupants of the carpark for that matter!

Lothar, Doris, Margaret and Carolyn then drove to the Swallow Cave walk, enjoyed the scenery, finishing the day with a visit to the Lorne cappuccino shop. Thanks to all for the good company and a great walk.

Carolyn.

Major Mitchell Plateau - day walk: 13 October

Walkers: *Carloyn, Coralie, Lothar, Margaret (leader), Sandra, Tony*

Friday 12th October Tony and I drove to Dunkeld and settled in beside the Hotel's open fire, awaiting the arrival of Margaret, Lothar and Carolyn. Margaret was to tell us the meeting time for the over Major Mitchell Plateau walk next day. They arrived 6.30 told us 7.30 start at Mt William car park and then headed into Halls gap for the Echo Centre, where I believe they had salubrious accommodation.

Tony and I had a very good meal at the hotel and then proceeded to Jimmy's Creek campground for the night. Tony lit a fire and the weather cleared to a fine evening with plenty of stars out. Next morning at Mt William we met the others at 7.30 and by 9.30 were at boundary gap on time according to Margaret.

There was plenty of water under foot and the going fairly tough. No track work had been done in the area for quite a while. We arrived at First Wannon Creek too early for lunch, so continued on, as the weather was very cold, windy and looking very much like rain. There were plenty of flowers out but Coralie said she had seen it better, maybe we were too early. The clouds cleared for us to have quite good views over the mountains, and there was a bit of waving to Herb and Dianne over the other side.

We arrived at Jimmy's Creek around 4.15 wet and tired, myself filthy as I slid over a few times although I think everyone admitted to a fall that day. Tony fell over standing still! Major Mitchell is always a challenging walk. Thank you Margaret for putting the walk on and the others for all having a turn in leading us over and out.

Sandra.

Wilson's Promontory NP: 25–28 October

Oberon Carpark to Sealer's Cove, Refuge Cove, Little Waterloo Bay, and back to Oberon Carpark.

Walkers: Carolyn, Coralie, Diane, Doris, Irene, Linda, Lothar (Leader), Margaret, Naomi, Ron, Sandra, Tony

Naomi's report:

When my mother Doris suggested I join her on a back packing trek around Wilson's Prom my first thought was Yah, because it was a place I had wanted to visit. However, my very next thought was Ugh! Carting around food, clothes, and other camping items did not appeal. But I thought, treat it as a challenge and take it as it comes. I must admit I did have feelings of dread leading all the way up to the time the bus picked me up on Thursday evening.

Imagine how excited I was when the Leongatha Caravan Park was full and we made our way to stay at the Hotel. Yah! Comfort...for at least one night.

So we set out on the Friday after a tasty bacon and eggs breakfast (courtesy of Linda's organisation). As we were approaching Sealers Cove, we heard loud rumblings above. We speculated about whether it was an airplane breaking the sound barrier, maybe the start of WW3, I think we would have preferred anything but what it really was, and that was the sound of Thunder.

The weather was being a bit unpredictable that afternoon. When a group of us set out for a wander along the beach the weather was fine. However as we progressed the rain came down and we turned around to come back. And as quickly as the rain started it stopped and Lothar suggested we turn around again to continue our walk. But we were all a bit concerned about the level of the creek with the incoming tide. Sure enough, it had risen quite a bit. Doris and Coralie both got a bit more wet than what they had wanted. Now was the drying test between normal tracky pants and specially designed light pants. No contest really, you all know which pants won.

By 7pm most of the camp has retreated to their tents because the rain had set in. I must admit I was not overly comfortable with the thin rubber mat, but as mentioned I was treating the whole trip as an experience. What an experience it was that night, I heard another sound that most campers would not want to hear. Drip...drip....drip. What's that? Is that inside? Is it outside? Where is it coming from? Oh no, it dripping inside the tent and it's hitting my makeshift pillow. Okay I can work around that. So I move my whole body down the length of the tent. I get comfy and then drip...drip....drip. What's happening? It's now dripping at the base of the tent and hitting my sleeping



bag. Okay, this is not fun. So for the rest of the night I sleep in some sort of foetal position to keep dry. Well the next day more than made up for that night. The sun was shining and the views we saw were spectacular. I loved the idea of walking along with the ocean on one side and a semi rainforest on the other. What a great experience to be the first three people walking along the Refuge Bay beach for that day and leaving three sets of footprints where there were none.

When we settled in for lunch, Carolyn set a trend by jumping into the cool water. Diane jumped in with a sexy, black two piece and from what info came to hand, Sandra decided she didn't need clothes nor did the streaking Ron!!

It was extra hard that afternoon, scrabbling around the narrow crevices, low on fuel and legs shaking with each weary step. But to sit at Little Waterloo Bay and watch the clear blue waves come crashing in up against the shore washed away most of the hardship felt earlier.

A great part of the weekend was to sit around the imaginary fire and hear the group discuss the eternal search for the lightest tent, features of the new headlight, dehydrated food recipes and Ron's ingenuity with his coffee filters and replacing legs on his stool to reduce the weight. Ron sharing the written comments his daughter had scrawled over the contents of his pack, such as 'Lid' on the lid of his wine. Another highlight was hearing Sandra and Tony being affectionate towards each other. We were all wondering whether the tent could withstand what was in store that night after the many aphrodisiac items they had both consumed - such as Oysters (courtesy Doris), Dark Chocolate (courtesy Carolyn) and of course Orange Aid come B-Randy!!!

After howling at the Waxing Moon we all went to bed.

The next morning we woke to the noisy sound of birds going crazy in the trees above. A few of us went down to the beach to watch the sun rise. After having another lot of revolting sludge called porridge we set off for the bus. Doris and I were a bit excited about making our way to the bus, so we stepped out at a rapid rate. Coralie and Diane the seasoned walkers set a brilliant pace and it was great to know they were up ahead because then we knew we were heading in the right direction. I would dread hearing the words "Wrong way turn back" after power walking up that hill.

When we got closer to the bus stop, I don't think I have ever been so excited to hear the sound of a starting car. Ooh! Not far now! We made it! We completed the trek! Wow what a brilliant achievement!



We timed it perfect! We were all at the cafe at Tidal River when the rain started. Then it was pouring down as we drove through Leongatha. I have a little birdy who told me that the adventure did not end when I was dropped off. Just when you guys thought that the hard, physical work was over you needed to push start the bus!!! Cos, someone left the lights on to the bus, I won't mention any names but the clues are, that someone's name has three letters starting with the letter R, ends in N. Hmmmm, I wonder who that could be?

In summary, I say that my time at Wilson's Prom was both challenging and rewarding as was the passing phrase from the weekend, Difficult Pleasure. A good thing really, I'm sure with those two elements it will be an experience I will remember for a long time. I would like to extend a thank you to the entire group for making the newcomers feel so welcome. And I was impressed with the sense of camaraderie amongst the group from Margaret offering her new inflatable mattress to Doris in the hope that Doris may have a better night sleep, and when Ron and Lothar were re-inforcing the tent pole, Coralie buying us a yummy creamy ice-cream, to when the group offered words of encouragement. So thanks again to all and a special thankyou to my mother for offering the opportunity in the first place.

Lothar's report:

We left Warrnambool in our 13 seater Coles bus a few minutes ahead of schedule. We picked up Diane in Allansford, and Doris in Camperdown, and then headed for Geelong along the back roads via Foxhow. At the Corio Roadhouse we stopped for dinner and chatted to all the other Warrnambool people who invariably always happen to be there. We then headed for Melbourne and picked up Naomi in Laverton. We were now complete with 12 and on our way!

By the time we got to Leongatha at about 9:30pm we all agreed that we should abort the plan to get to Tidal River for the night and instead try and stay here. Cabins at the Caravan Park were all booked. Fortunately the Taberet had vacant rooms upstairs. After settling in and a quick drink in the bar we retired to our rooms for the night.

Linda & Irene had arranged eggs and bacon for breakfast but the electric BBQ in the park was absolutely filthy and not working. We drove to Tidal River and had our breakfast there instead. All the seagulls and parrots from miles around congregated in a circle around us or perched on our heads, shoulders and arms. This was annoying for us but they were hungry too.



After brekky and checking in at the NP office we drove to Oberon Carpark and started our 3 hr "easy" walk. The slow uphill walk to the saddle was followed by about 2 hrs of downhill. The last 1-2 kilometres were boardwalks - very slippery when you moved off their central sections of chicken wire. We reached Sealers Cove at low tide as planned, crossed the creek without taking off our boots, and set up camp.

That afternoon we went for walks along the beach and crossed/recrossed the ever rising (tidal) creek. Sealers Cove has a magic beach and we spent some time strolling along it. I stood on a bee - a very painful experience - but after taking out it's barb the throbbing pain subsided over the next hour or so. Ron & I were sharing and it was my turn to cook. The pasta, Dolmio, mushrooms and tuna went down well. Out came the wines and ports. We had a few showers of rain and by early evening were ready for bed.

Doris & Naomi had a rough night - their tent had leaked. We had breakfast and left camp in small groups. The 2 hr walk to Refuge Cove was interspersed with drink & snack stops, and rests on small beaches. We saw what looked like a seal in the water. At Refuge Cove we had lunch and dried our tents. As it was now sunny and getting warmer some even went in for a swim - in various states of (un)dress.

We left Refuge Cove without trying out the flush toilet. As predicted, the 2-3 hour walk to Little Waterloo Bay was the hardest section of the entire weekend. Along the track we dropped our packs and detoured to Kersop Peak, and later spent some time on another small beach. We reached Little Waterloo Bay somewhat weary.

We had lots of time for cuppas, walks along the beach, dinner, sitting around Tony's candle lantern (our pretend fire), and laughed our heads off. Ron cooked a delicious and filling Thai rice and spicy tuna dish. Yum! Afterwards we went on a moonlight walk along the beach. The sand was white and the figures dark - eerie. When the half moon came out from behind the clouds we all howled!

Next morning we all got up early. Even with losing 1 hr due to daylight savings time starting, we left camp before 8am. We crossed a small creek at the start of Waterloo Bay and then headed east - inland - towards Oberon Carpark. After about one and a half hours or so we reached the Lighthouse track and headed north. As usual we had a few pit stops along the way, and arrived at the carpark 4 hours after leaving Little Waterloo Bay. The last half hour had been uphill and it was good to finally



get the weight off our backs.

We gave a couple of fellow walkers a lift and all drove down to Tidal River to have showers and raid the canteen. Mmm...hot water and plenty of it! chocolate milk! Greasy foods! Ice Creams! Just before we left it started to rain.

At Leongatha - just after Ron & Linda swapped driving - there was a deluge. Hail & rain. As we got closer to Melbourne the rained eased, then stopped. We dropped off Naomi, and later stopped for tea at Corio Bay again. Another milkshake and hamburger for me! After a push start exercise we headed home.

Thanks all for a fantastic weekend. You all looked like you were having a great time inspite of the rain, leaky tents, etc, and I appreciated all the smiles and feedback. Many thanks to Linda & Irene for the yummy E&B spread that they put on at Tidal River, and last but not least, a special thanks to Linda and Ron for driving - a great effort particularly when everyone is tired and sore from the exertions of 3 days backpacking. Well done.



Devondale, Otways: 4 November

Walkers: John (Leader), Glenda, Lothar and Doreen

The day was quite warm and humid when we left Warrnambool at 12.30pm. This walk had something of everything except rock climbing and beach. It was a great introduction to the Warrnambool Walkers for me.

Devondale is a quiet little spot tucked away down the end of a 10 kilometre track off the Simpson-Laver's Hill Road. John grew up on a farm there so his local knowledge, and a previous trip to check out a path a few weeks beforehand made him an expert guide. His advice was to bring rubber boots and not to wear shorts even though the temperature was forecast to be 25 degrees. This proved to be good advice. John was a perfect leader – he had driven us there and very nobly offered to carry our second set of boots in his backpack. He also carried the thermos of tea and goodies, a machete and a range of maps.



We started from a farm neighbouring John's former family property. The setting was idyllic – the buildings are nestled on flat land that is surrounded by hills and ridges of typical Otways bushland. The owner came along and set the scene for us by saying that he had to change his socks after walking in one swampy stretch of our route the previous day. He had been wearing rubber boots too. So, we set off, in rubber boots, towards the bush passing through some slushy cattle yards, a couple of paddocks and a very dark and mysterious looking pool of still water that lapped the tops of our boots. We made it through with just a few dribbles down our socks. The first stop was a boot change stop and poor John lugged the gum boots for most of the rest of the trip. We were curious about his veiled hints at how much we would need them later on, and the machete – just how wild was this walk going to be?

The main track up the hills and along the ridges was an old fire escape route for the farm below but it had become overgrown in places. The bush was pretty dense and little semblances of paths branched off in many places. John's inbuilt navigation skills were excellent and we only had one short back track after taking the wrong fork at one stage. One of the prominent plants was a prickly tea tree so we were thankful for our long sleeves and trousers. Lothar was a little less comfortable



in his shorts and gaiters but he wasn't complaining, even when a leech later took a fancy to him. This part of the walk took about an hour and it was a relatively gentle climb all the way. The wildflowers were out - there were lots of dainty little yellow, white and purple flowers on the bush floor and there was also a very prolific white flowering bush that John called a Christmas bush. It was very hot and still in this part of the bush, so we had a few welcome drink stops along the way.

John's 'old' farm was on the top of the far side of the ridge so he told us a few stories about his times there, and the current owners, as we walked though a cleared section of it, past a dam with ducks and other birdlife and towards the path that he had planned for the return walk. The topographical map came out at this point so that John could identify the right point to start the curved, downward climb that would lead us to a creek crossing. The path we started on ran out after about 20 metres and bush was pretty rugged from then on. We inched our way down to a small flat area, faithfully following John as he bashed a path through the Tea trees and other spiky bushes. After about twenty minutes of this, at the point where the bush became almost impenetrable we stopped on a tiny piece of flat land to share a cuppa and some of Lothar's fruitcake with the mosquitos. We swapped out boots again and John pulled some gloves for all of us and his machete out of his backpack before setting off this time, to slash a path for us to follow. The gloves were a brilliant idea. We were in for a real treat when we got closer to the creek. A 10 metre deep and 2 metre high wall of wire grass, with 30 cms of sludge underfoot awaited us. The guys chivalrously slashed and pounded their way through making a matted bridge for Glenda and I to walk on.

We came out of this area into a magical type of strange fairyland created by a canopy of brown tree ferns that were taller than our heads. It was quite an eerie and still atmosphere. We crossed the Nariel Creek and began the final walk back alongside its banks and across several more soggy drains. The whole walk took three hours so we arrived back in Warrnambool in a healthily tired condition all agreeing that we would do it all again.

Doreen



2001 Great Victorian Bike Ride: 24 November to 2 December

Riders: Sandra, Carolyn, Marg & 3,000 odd bike riders

It was called a holiday. Six hundred kilometres riding from Rutherglen to Lilydale.

We were up at first light, 5:30am, to pack up our tents and head for the food tent. We waited in a long queue. After breakfast we queued to wash dishes, sometimes queued to clean our teeth and go to toilet, and often queued to load our luggage onto the van. Then we'd be on our bikes on the road to the next town.

Daily rides varied from 40km to 115km, over flat terrain, up the steep slopes of Tawonga Gap, and through the Kiewa and Ovens Valley. Long steep ascents, yes, but then followed the long free-wheeling downhill for several kilometres at a time.

It was a marvellous holiday and adventure as we cycled through the Victorian countryside in warm sunny weather. Only on the last day did it rain - all day - and by then the camping was over.

We swam in the pool at Mansfield as well as in the chilly mountain stream at Bright. We tasted shiraz at Milawa and took in views of the Victorian high country, and we rode into Melbourne through the Dandenong Ranges to finish at Lilydale.

The GVBR 2002 starts at Hamilton and concludes at Melton, taking in the Grampians and Daylesford. Some of us have started training, and it will be worth it.

Marg

Ed: ask Marg about the Cappuccino creations at Bright!



Christmas breakup at Lake Mombeong, Discovery Bay Coastal Park: 15–16 December



Great South West Walk - Tarragal Camp to Cape Nelson: 28–30 December

Walkers: Andrew, Coralie, Diane, Doris, Jeff, Lothar (leader), Marg

Marg's report:

Once we located the starting point opposite Tarragal Camp, Diane, Doris, Jeff, Lothar & I walked through the light coastal forest, and over stiles through farmed paddocks towards Bridgewater Lakes. From the highpoint behind the Tarragal Caves we stopped and viewed the scenic lakes and sea beyond. Our pace was again interrupted as we hit the main road - a tiger snake slithered across the warm bitumen towards the chicken coop of the farmhouse opposite. A few minutes later another snake crossed our path as we trod the sandy track to the lakes.

Diane delighted in a swim before lunch, and lunch under the cyprus trees was nice. We then took the path to the coast as we headed for our overnight camp at the Springs. We followed the track along the clifftops and looked out across the expanse of Discovery Bay. The sea was calm and soothing as the waves rolled in and broke gently on the shore below. Late afternoon we set up tents in The Springs Camp which, like the other campsites along the GSWW, is equipped with a table and bench stools, toilet, and tank water collected from the building roof. Walking back to the coast we hardly disturbed the blue-tongued lizard that nestled in the dry grass. It was low tide as we climbed down the cliff face to the actual springs where water flows out through the limestone and colours the rock face in an array of warm pastel hues. The water in the rock pools was tepid and refreshing to our feet.

Later in the evening we again returned to the coast as Jeff was keen to explore the rocky shoreline. We sat watching 5-6 seals pass, and then watched the sun set in a pink and orange glow. The sky remained coloured for some time.

Saturday was again fine but clearer and warmer. It was a delightful walk along the cliffs, the calm sea lapping the rocks along the shores of the bay. We had to imagine the spray coming out of the blowholes. We spotted small groups of playful fur seals close to the black volcanic rocks of the shoreline, swimming in the deep blue water below.

We took a small detour to the Petrified Forest, and shortly afterwards were joined by Andrew who came along just for the day. Familiar with the Otways, this was Andrew's first visit to this



area. As we turned the corner at the Cape there was the flat blue expanse of Bridgewater Bay glistening shades of turquoise, aquamarine and azure blue that would match the beauty of any glorious gemstone. A stunning seascape.

Around the Cape the Seal Cave vantage point was another opportunity for us to shed backpacks for a well earned rest. Noisy (and smelly) seals were swimming or lumbering on the warm rocks to the entertainment of us gathered on the high platform as well as sightseers in the rubber duckie on the water at the mouth of Seal Cave.

Another well planned meeting - Coralie joined us along the track and so we were now a group of seven. At the lunch stop at Bridgewater we enjoyed cappuccinos and ice cold drinks from the kiosk fridge! A treat. Another Cappuccino Walk put on by our leader.

The comradery that morning had been great and the weight of our packs was often unnoticed as we chatted. However I did notice the weight of Diane's pack when I tried to pick it up at lunchtime. It was no easy task - for Diane this was a training hike for next month's trek with Coralie and others in the south west of Tasmania's remote wilderness ...that will be another tale.

We bid Andrew farewell after lunch and whilst Coralie, Diane & Lothar took 'Kermit' - Diane's trusty 4WD - to the end point of our 3 day walk, the rest of us enjoyed the holiday mood and warmth of Bridgewater Bay. Then we all followed the orange triangular symbol of the GSWW walking along the beach and reaching Trewalla Camp late afternoon to tally 15 kilometres for the day. Again the campsite was situated away from the beach and reached by a meandering mown walkway edged with grasses and windflowers.

After hors d'oeuvres - which included tinned oysters, crackers, shortbread and fruit cake - came the serious business of tea. For the girls this meant cooking food that had been dehydrated - mindful of every ounce of weight carried in the pack. It was a different story for the men. Out came Jeff's cook's knife and he proceeded to slice fresh beans, peppers and carrot to add to his concoction, working at the head of the table in true Naked Chef style.

Later we wandered off in the direction of the beach to beachcomb and wait for the night. Collections of coloured bivalve shells and small tooth shells were scattered about , intact conch shells were a rare find. Sitting in a sheltered sandy spot we sipped port and waited to



watch the sunset. However the sun was almost invisible as the sky had clouded over. More eventful was the nearly fully waxed golden moon rising behind us and guiding us as we returned over the sand dunes to camp.

Sunday morning the track took us back to the beach along the path we'd walked the night before and when we hit the beach...we knew it. High tide! Our tread was heavy in the wet sand. It's hard to run laden with a backpack and some waves beat us to shore and saturated our socks and boots. It was cooler and for a while it was necessary to put on raincoats. Each walking at his own pace we spread out along the beach resisting the urge to souvenir the occasional length of rope with buoy attached.

At the end of Bridgewater Bay we were led steeply up through the sand dunes to the clifftops and we continued across the sandstone ledges of Cape Nelson which afforded stunning views of the sea in yet another mood. The turquoise waves crashed onto the rocky coast below us sending up showers of seaspray at times.

Not long after lunch we reached the majestic Cape Nelson Lighthouse, the end of our excursion but which has been the start of our quest...to complete the entire GSWW in 2002. As we sipped cappuccinos, milkshakes, and/or chilled beer at the lighthouse cafe we made plans for our next outing.

Some of us were dropped off at the little advertised Lion's Club Zoo in Portland whilst a car shuffle was completed. Here we were entertained by competing roosters each crowing louder than the one before. There were fifty odd roosters as well as ducks peacefully swimming on the pond, together with several wallabys, emus and various birds. We returned to Warrnambool where Ken put on the Kettle and we shared shortbread, cake and Stollen before we parted. Jeff was heading back to Queensland the next day.

Thanks to Lothar and Jeff for making their trek a club walk, to Diane and Coralie for offering us transport, and to Doris for sharing the tent and Trangia and lightening our load at the same time. Andrew will be backpacking with us when he has developed his 'slug' luggage transporter but in the meantime he'll be there only on day walks.

The Great South West Walk offers a great variety of walks for backpackers, with good campsites at various intervals. It also offers the opportunity to have day walks, base camps,



as well as hotel accommodation with restaurant service as we pass through Portland and Nelson. We invite all club members to join us along the way as we commit ourselves to a walk each month and to complete the journey which shows off the diverse beauty of nature that is in our region. We look forward to your company next time.

Doris's report:

Marg was kind enough to have me spend the night with her for an early start Friday morning. Lothar Diane and Jeff picked us up at nine A.M. We drove to Tarragal Camp, where Diane left her car "Kermie". There we had a cuppa with Xmas cake and shortbread (compliments of Diane's mother).

We walked along a sandy track and up to some small hills. Stiles over fences helped our progress. A couple of tiger snakes we gave a wide berth. We had a leisurely lunch at Bridgewater Lakes – a lovely spot for fishing, water skiing, or just picnicking. After lunch we went on to our campsite, disturbing a kangaroo on route. The site was basic but did have good water and a loo. Walking along the first section of coast was mostly limestone country and the track was good. We climbed down the cliff to explore the springs below. Lothar filled his water bottle. We watched some seals and watched the sunset from the cliff top.

Next morning we walked to the coast to see the "Petrified Forest" which according to the plaque originated from Manna trees. We also checked out the Blowhole where Diane picked up a wineglass. A memorial plaque mentioned a young chap who had lost his life there. We watched two ships passing one with containers on board. We caught up with Andrew one of our Cobden GPs - he had not been to that area before. We watched some more seals as well as some people in two rubber dinghies who were also viewing the seals. The scrub (mostly currant bushes) along this part of the coast is fairly low due to the sea breeze. The track was good with some crushed rock in places. There were quite a few dead Mutton birds (shearwaters) along the sides of the track, the reason a mystery. We saw a couple of old graves but did not see the inscriptions.

We enjoyed lunch at the Bridgewater Kiosk. After lunch Lothar, Diane and Coralie (who had caught up with us earlier) organised the car shuffle, so Jeff, Marg and I had a lazy couple of hours before they returned. Andrew left after lunch, and when the others joined us we



walked along the coast until we came to our next campsite at Trewalla. It was a nicely sheltered site surrounded by more currant bushes and plenty of bull ants. Thankfully there were no casualties from the ants.

After tea we walked a fair distance down to the beach. No fishermen in sight although it looked a likely place to hook a salmon or three. Instead we saw a few gulls. Jeff went looking for shells, and Marg thought there was enough sand to make some more sand soap. We all had a small port and 'nibbles' and went back to camp as the sun had now set and the moon was out. We howled at the 'blue moon' and probably woke Diane.

Next morning was another story. The formerly quiet sea was quite rough and lapping close to the dunes. Some of us got our feet wet. On the beach there was some good green rope and a large orange buoy, complete with stainless clip and swivel as well as a few smaller buoys, as used on crayfish pots. I brought the clip and swivel home. From there we had to climb a very steep and soft but high sandy slope. We all made it to the top where we had a rest. I had developed a large blister. Diane kindly gave me a big band aid.

The coast walk from here was very close to the edge of the cliff, in places I preferred to walk behind Coralie. Most of the track was good and wide. All the vegetation along here shows the effect of a hard time with the wind even though they must be salt tolerant. The view was great and we had a pleasant breeze on our backs. We stopped for lunch in a sheltered spot and then continued on with great views of the sea and coastline to Cape Nelson Light house. We read a plaque describing a shipwreck there, which had resulted in the loss of the cargo of cattle, but the people were all saved. We had lovely hot and cold drinks at the kiosk. Kermit was waiting and after being dropped at the playground, while the others went to get Coralie's car Marg was intrigued by some chooks. The chooks turned out to be roosters.

After returning to Warrnambool we had afternoon tea with Marg and Ken which we did appreciate, a nice finale to a good walk

Thank you all for making the walk so enjoyable. At some later date I intend taking my daughter Naomi back to that area with me so she can enjoy the hike and scenery as we did. Also I must thank Marg for sharing her tent.