

Sanderson's Gap: 6 Oct 2012

Participants: Lothar, Jim, Mabel, Helen, Diane D, Rob and Coralie

Fyans Creek was the first of many obstacles encountered on this trek to conquest Mt Rosea. Lead by Rob, a route was forged across a log; others choose to remove shoes and wade through the sandy creek bed. The way was a little overgrown but relatively easy to follow as Diane and I had walked the track earlier in the year. Not long after starting the climb, a gentle but persistent rain saw us donning wet weather gear. This made for steamy walking.

As we climbed higher, the temperature dropped and many fallen logs had to be negotiated. We plodded on as stopping for more than a few minutes risked mild hypothermia. See the photo of Mabel being 'helped' into her gloves.

Just before the Gap the rain eased and we found a spot among logs and rocks to eat our lunch. At Sanderson's Gap the cloud cover was too low to consider the final climb to Mt Rosea a worthwhile proposition. Retracing our steps, some views of Lake Belfield appeared through the trees and at times the Sun's rays even penetrated the canopy.

Back at Borough Huts by early afternoon meant that we had time for afternoon tea in Dunkeld. Coffees and a selection of cakes and slices were consumed and we were back in time for Mabel to attend her birthday dinner at Panmure.

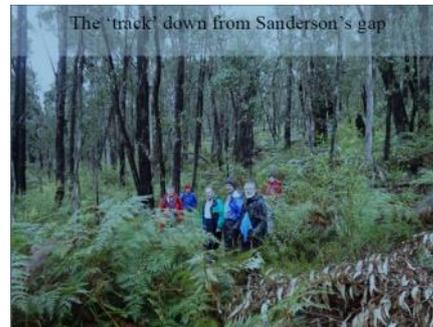
Coralie



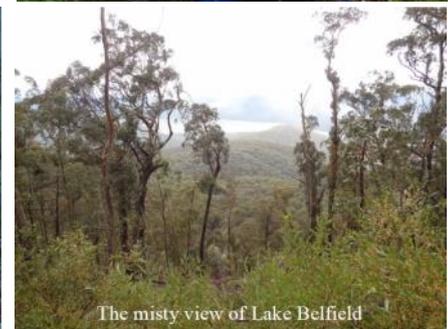
The obstacle course on the Cathcart/Chislett track



It takes 3 people to fit gloves on cold hands



The 'track' down from Sanderson's gap



The misty view of Lake Belfield

WARRNAMBOOL BUSHWALKERS GO END TO END: The Rail Trail 13–14 Oct

Participants: Mabel, Lothar, Mike, Liz, Coralie (photos), Helen, Diane, Jim, Peter, Rosalie, Linda (report), Irene.

Over the weekend a group of Warrnambool Bushwalkers walked the Warrnambool to Port Fairy Rail Trail end to end. The first day was approximately 20 kilometres which included a compulsory stop at the Bakery in Koroit before heading to Linda and Irene's for tea. This first section of the walk, which included going over Kelly's swamp, was full of waterbird life due to the wet weather.

For tea we had roast lamb cooked in the combustion stove, potatoes cooked in the camp fire while carrots, pumpkins and onions were cooked inside. Helen and Liz supplied pre dinner nibbles, while Rosalie and Coralie did a sweet each.

After tea some people went home while others stayed the night.

The following morning breakfast was supplied whilst we waited for more walkers to turn up for the final leg, approximately 15 kilometres.

All in all it was a most enjoyable weekend.



The new pontoon bridge across Kelly's Swamp



Mt Abrupt: 20 Oct 2012

Walkers: Di P, Jim F, Lothar S (leader), Marg F, Sandra D

We had a great walk up Mt Abrupt. Part of the track had received an upgrade after the floods and resultant landslips. An eye opener seeing the damage that had been done! At the top we had tea and coffee. Views were outstanding as always!

Had a late lunch in Dunkeld. It was their "Discover Dunkeld" w/e and there were lots of food and produce/craft/trinket stalls in the park and in the streets behind. Live music. A buzz in the air. The paella was delicious by the way...as was the Timboon ice-cream.

Afterwards we went to Sandra's place to see Tony's pictures of Antarctica/arctic/NZ/etc.

An excellent day all round!

Lothar



Briggs Buff and Mt Difficult : 3 Nov 2012

The planned overnight walk from Briggs Bluff to Plantation had to be amended to a day walk from Roses Gap to Beehive Falls, over to Briggs Bluff and across and down Mt Difficult. As there were only 3 walkers it was not an official club activity. As it was close to the Melbourne Cup many groups had decided on a 4 day trip to the Grampians so we encountered many large parties planning to camp in the available campsites on the Difficult Range. Although a little late in the season, the wildflowers were in abundance and made for an enjoyable and fragrant tramp.

Coralie



Old Beechy Rail Trail—Beech Forest to Gellibrand: 10 November

Walkers: Bryan O'M, Carole O'M, Colin O'M, Helen A, Jim F, Lothar S (leader), Mike H, Suellen O'M, Tamika O'M

We didn't have the numbers for an overnighter, but thanks to the O'M clan we had a large group for a day walk.

We did this 18.4 km walk in the gently downhill direction, dropping about 450 m along the way. The track was dry and in good nick with very little mud...and no leeches. In many sections we were able to walk 2 abreast. There were road, meadow and forest sections. Some great views. On this walk though you have to accept the reality of pine plantations and that the scenery might not be there the next time around...the intended lunch stop under the pines was no longer there.

Near the end the drivers left to retrieve vehicles from Beech Forest whilst the remainder walked the extra 1-2km into Gellibrand to get an early start on the refreshments. I can vouch for the quality of the vanilla slice and flat white!

Before leaving, we took a few photos...and drooled over the red Ferrari that pulled up nearby. Thanks to all for a great day out!

Lothar



The Grampians Working Bee on the Asses Ears Track: 1 Dec 2012

Workers: Coralie, Diane D, Helen, Linda and Mabel

The second working bee on the Asses Ears Track attracted five workers. We worked without supervision from Parks this time as one ranger had to fulfil a number of far-flung duties that day. After picking up tools we set about clearing the top end of the track. In two hours, the marked track had been 'refreshed' clearly to the base of the summit. The northern end and the side trip to the peak remain to be defined but without direction from Parks we could do no more.



Club breakup weekend at Lake Monibeong: 8–9 Dec 2012

Walkers: Coralie, Diane D (and grandson Jacob), Helen, Irene, Jim, Linda, Lothar, Mabel, Marg, Mike, Rob

Report 1

Most arrived at Lake Monibeong about 3-ish Friday. Pitching the size of tent needed for such an expedition proved strenuous and the rest of the afternoon was spent recovering on the jetty. After tea a stroll to the beach witnessed not one but two glorious sunsets—one presumably behind some clouds and the second, a narrow line of gold between the clouds and the sea. No snakes were encountered.

Saturday was forecast to be hot (but no fire ban), and so was made the best decision of the weekend: to suspend millennia of tradition and do the proposed walk anticlockwise, starting early.

Thus, at 7:50 on Saturday, an intrepid party set off along the track besides the lake. The nominal reason for doing this was to minimise the human-snake encounter potential. It proved successful, possibly because of the early hour, or more likely, the vast number of blue tongue lizards that frequented the track left no room for other reptiles. An even better reason for our counter clockwise journey was immediately apparent when we reached the beach a couple of hours later: a cool wind blew onto our backs as we strode along the firm sand.

The conversation often turned to the topic of a “crate” which apparently was carried a considerable distance clockwise on a previous trip. Doing the beach part of the circuit second reduces the distance to carry flotsam. The party immediately recognised this and started inspecting and unravel the rope from every buoy that it could find. Of the more novel methods of transport this booty home, Mabel dragged her large orange find squeaking on the sand behind her, and Coralie ... well let’s just say that a photo of how she carried her two buoys would give the newsletter a PG rating. We arrived back about noon laden with polystyrene and plastic treasures.

Where (or indeed if) to cook the evening meal was the next question. It was very hot, very windy, and dry grass was close by. The decision was deferred until later in the day and lunch



partaken. After which we adjourned to the lakeside to rest—heavy work carrying all those buoys—and made extensive use of Irene’s two inflatable canoes. They proved to be the highlight of the weekend. Despite a snake passing the jetty on (and in) the water side, swimming was also in order, and even diving for spoons, well, just the one of Helen’s that fell off the jetty, a task done with no success whatever.

But four o’clock was reckoning hour, and the decision was made to move to campsite 4, with its more protected fireplace. The party set up their spark-watching positions, containers of liquid in hand (for extinguishing any sparks of course), and watched Lothar start the fire. Almost immediately a few drops of rain fell.

Mister Kringle visited. I may be biased, but I think the most useful present was a packet of “Humperdinck’s Trail Finders”, which no bushwalkers who doubt their leader’s navigational ability should be without.

As each car approached, we practiced our feigned ignorance as to why we might be on somebody else’s site. Fortunately, no one claimed site 4 and several hours later camp oven-cooked lamb, salmon, and too many different veggies to enumerate, other than Linda’s dark home grown orange pumpkin was being joyfully consumed. Lothar’s best ever, it was widely concurred. The meal finished with fruit salad. Afterwards, cricket ensued with Jacob rounding up four players for the field, with the remainder taking their role as Bay 13 onlookers most seriously.

Sunday’s breakfast was muffins, bacon, egg and cheese cooked by Linda—very much appreciated—and leftover fruit salad. There only remained one undone activity: the bakery challenge. A side trip for seven of us, ostensibly to inspect the new Mallee campsite on the GSWW, provided a pleasant token stroll for the day, and conveniently saw us back at the Cape Nelson Lighthouse just after its café had opened for business.

It was a most enjoyable weekend for all. Even more thanks than usual for our culinary duo of Lothar and Linda.

Rob C



Report 2: A Lake Monibeong Poem by Margaret F

Many bushwalkers camped at the lake for friendship and fun, all easy to take
Overland hike to Noble's Rocks a back along the coast
We saw shy hooded plovers but seagulls the most
The walking was easy in the cool of the day
The effort was hauling the buoys gathered along the way
Nearby from a platform we watched the Sun sink
The sky turned yellow, golden, red then pink
In canoes some paddled, others dived in for a swim
A snake slithered past, we ignored him.
Breakfast on Sunday we ate bacon and egg muffins
So tasty – Linda was happy to serve 'em
Easy to roast in the camp oven, Lothar cooked up a treat
What more can I say, there was plenty to eat
Tender, moist lamb, vegies galore
The girls cut up fruit for sweets – there was more
On with the feasting, downing wine and beer
Santa arrived, there was good cheer
Night sky showed Jupiter rise in the east
Orion was bright, we all felt at peace
Great was the weekend at Lake Monibeong
Do I spelt the MONIBEONG, am I wrong?

Report 3

I really enjoyed the camp and walk on Saturday. Congrats to Lothar for organizing the walk, leaving early before the heat, and walking the inland track first, and then the beach. The track had been recently mowed, reducing the risk of snakes, and yet we saw blue tongue lizards, emus, wallabies, and many different birds. The walk was really interesting for me. When we arrived at the beach we were welcomed by a cool westerly wind that propelled us home along the firm sand. I had remembered to pack sandals, and changed out of walking shoes with much relief. Other walkers provided light entertainment as they picked up flotsam on the beach, ropes, coloured floats, and trudged back to camp with their spoils. I hope they were worth the effort. A great tradition of the Christmas break -up camp. Thanks to all who contributed and attended.

Mike H

