

Saturday 5th April: Progressive Day

Participants: Linda, Irene, Mabel, Chris, Jim, Helen and Rob.

We picked up Mabel and arrived at the Pavilion to find Lady Bay encased in a sea mist. The sun's rays were trying to break through but the mist was not going to let that happen. Horses were swimming in the water and galloping up the beach, it was a breathtaking sight [as Irene's picture shows]. Breakfast was beautiful, as usual. All, except Mabel, then headed off along the Promenade where Chris left us at the surf club and returned to pick Mabel up and take her home. The remainder of us continued to Granny's Grave and then returned.

At Tower Hill, after a delightful BBQ lunch on the new BBQs, we went for a walk around the Last Volcano, Wagon Bay Loop and the Peak Climb. It was then decided that a trip to the Koroit Bakery for afternoon tea was warranted.

Thanks to those of you who participated, it was a most enjoyable day.

Linda



The Apr 12–13th walk to **the lake without a monster**

Does Lake Corangamite have a monster like Loch Ness we wondered on approaching Victoria's largest natural inland lake? I can tell you now that Lake Corangamite needs no monster; it has plenty of other challenges.

Challenge 1: Getting permission

Our leader, Steve, spent a considerable amount of time driving through the area to reconnoitre the walk and speak with relevant authorities and local 'identities' to acquire the necessary permission to traverse the shores of the lake.

Challenge 2: Getting there

A drive down Hawks Nest Road is a thrill in itself. A narrow, winding lane with blind corners makes one hope all the milk tankers are back at the factory.

Challenge 3: Getting around (bogs)

Well of course there will be lots of creeks, springs and soaks draining into a permanent inland lake. You just have to find a way around them. This may mean walking a considerable distance out of your way to find a crossing point that is narrow and firm enough to ensure you do not sink without trace in the 'quick sand' lurking under these watercourses.



Challenge 4: Getting muddy dirty

What's a bit of mud I hear you ask? Try walking most of the day with boots several centimetres higher than usual because the sticky mud has encased your entire foot, curling up and over at the front and sides. To counteract falling flat on our faces, we developed a skating motion. However, several days later my hamstrings were still reliving the journey. Another challenge awaited us at home: many laborious hours spent removing all the acquired mud from body and gear.

Challenge 5: Getting a leg over (fences)

It is a well-known fact that all fences dividing land abutting a lake MUST be electrified to deter cattle and other marauding beasts from crossing boundaries. It is preferable that they also contain a measure of rusty, barbed wire. Naturally fences should be spaced at regular and frequent intervals.

Challenge 6: Getting a nose full

The lake had an aroma reminiscent of 'eau de fish'; odd because with no outflow the lake is currently hypersaline and incompatible with the survival of most fish species. Maybe it was dead brine shrimps or isopod species causing the offending odour.



Yuk!



Yum!



Challenge 7: Getting rid of duck hunters

The only challenge arising from our meeting with the lone duck hunter sitting on the lake's edge behind his 'hide' was politely extracting ourselves from his presence so we could make camp by nightfall.

Challenge 8: Getting past rocky outcrops

The 'stony rises' left from ancient lava flows coming from Mount Porndon to the south-west and Mount Warrion to the east did present something of an obstacle to our progress around the lake but more often than not these stone walls added another scenic dimension to the shoreline. Rocks forming them also provided tools for scrapping the mud from our boots and handy seats for rest breaks.

Challenge 9: Getting a 'monster'

We did see an object that could qualify as a lake monster (*probably helpful if one engaged in some form of substance abuse first*). In 1944, a training aircraft, a Wirraway [by the way, an Aboriginal word meaning "challenge"], crashed into the lake a few kms north of our finishing point. The remains re-emerged in 2005 as the water level in the lake receded.



We left happy and tired having met and overcome all challenges; universally agreeing it was a thoroughly unusual and enjoyable hiking experience.

Coralie

Some thoughts from the rest of the party:

Rob: Green vegetation across the grey mud means danger: wet feet alert; red vegetation means safety: firm mud, dry feet.

Diane: I loved the subtle colours: vegetation, water, sky. This walk was very different to any other walk I have done before. Thanks Steve for all the work put into getting permission from the landholders.

Kate: I have now experienced walking in mud all day! I need to work on my creek crossing skills. I thought the walk was quite interesting and definitely different. Campsite excellent.

Steve: Great views from Vaughan Island—definitely worth the reputed asking price of \$1.5 million. The numerous fresh water springs were quite drinkable. Duck hunters were friendly but then again we were friendly too, especially to men carrying guns. Mud skating was a different experience.



Chatting to a duck hunter, Kate crossing the creek from a spring; the **monster**, sorry Wirraway; lunch on a lava flow, (background) the green Vaughan non-Island

June 14th: Navigation course

Gwenda's house provided a comfy setting for Steve's army-based PowerPoint presentation. **GMS** or **GrandMa's Socks** was the most important take home message (to convert from **g**rid to **m**agnetic bearings, **s**ubtract). After lunch, it was heads down, bums up to plot the navigation route Steve had set. First chore out in the cold world was to use Steve's 8 m tape to determine how many double paces per 100 metres. Then, with compass bearing set, it was off into the very scrubby dunes near Levy's Point, pace counter being enthusiastically clicked on each right foot-fall. Flag 1 was soon reached, then flag 3. Oops, c'est la vie. Everyone learnt a lot.



Trip Reports



May 3–7: Autumn in the Ovens Valley

Coralie:

Our cycle trip began in Oxley at the home of former club members John and Di. Awakening early on the first morning, sandwiches were cut for lunch, tyres were inflated and colourful was clothing donned for the loop from Oxley, through Wangaratta, Tarrawingee and the gourmet region of Milawa.

The second day was spent exploring the historic buildings and gardens of Beechworth before the obligatory visit to the *Beechworth Bakery*. Although it was well past the main holiday season, business in the café was brisk and the wait in the queue allowed us time to finalise our selection of cakes and pastries.

Rugging up it was then back onto the bikes for the downhill run to Everton and Myrtleford. Here we loaded the bikes onto the vehicles and headed to Porepunkah for the overnight camp.

The next morning the glorious riot of autumn leaves left us gasping with awe as we cycled through Bright and on to the small hamlet of Wandiligong. Our last afternoon was spent returning along the trail to Myrtleford where Janice demonstrated the power of mobile phone technology by inducing the proprietors of the Myrtleford Butter Factory to open for us on a day when the doors were usually shut.

Bicycle café culture in Wangaratta; autumn display between Bright and Myrtleford



Back at Oxley, we feasted on the local produce and John's legendary chicken curry. Farewelling our generous hosts the next morning, we drove through the beautiful Victorian countryside as we made our way home.

Autumn is a marvellous time to explore the north-east corner of Victoria and the standard of the bike paths makes riding a pleasure. This area is well worth a return trip.

Marg F:

If Ararat is pretty in autumn, Beechworth and Bright are stunningly beautiful in autumn. The deciduous trees sparkle gold, orange and red in the sunshine. The vineyards are clad in those hues and emerald green grass in the valley looks mown short by sheep, lambs, black Angus cattle and goats.

Rail trail and tracks weave for miles and we were lucky to ride from Wangaratta to Wandiligong away from the traffic.

Thank you Coralie for planning our adventure and for the good company along with Janice and Diane.

Diane: the Beechworth Downhill Section

This section was so much fun, downhill all the way. The best way I can describe our morning's cycling is WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE.....



Rail Trail near Everton Upper Station

Warrnambool Bushwalkers — Minutes of the meeting held 6 pm at Macey's Bistro on 10/06/2014

Present: 12; apologies: 9 (5 explicit, 4 implicit)

Business: None—it was, after all, an eating meeting, despite much talking being done. The chicken parmigiana from the Seniors' menu seemed adequate. Drink coasters proved convenient recording devices for the final planning for the navigation course. The mystery of the non-delivery of one newsletter was solved with the discovery that there is both a Pertobe Road and a Pertobe Lane in Warrnambool. A pleasant time was had by all. The meeting closed when the final stragglers left at about 8:15.

10–11 May 2014: The Bundaleer and Calectasia Falls

John (leader, Geelong Bushwalking Club), Diane, Rob, Coralie

Saturday 10: A different start but just as spectacular

The rain from the night before was still dripping off the trees as we had a look at the Epacris Hills, the planned start. In the low cloud we could see that the track had long since disappeared in the scrub so we thought that we would move on to the Bundaleer before commencing walking.

A short climb took us to the top of the ridge. Here we downed packs and headed for the Stony Peak. We saw not much more from these craggy tops. Further along we could see why rock climbers were drawn to this face. We went around to the end and where there is a large “flat” ledge called the Ballroom. Views were only marginally better from here. After a quick lunch under the overhang we traversed down to the track and Rosea Creek. Here we came across the climber’s camp which was too good to pass by. We set up camp then grabbed our day packs and climbed up the ridge to Tower Hill. The cloud had lifted somewhat so views were much better. A rough pad and rock cairns led up down the ridge to the Calectasia Falls. (*Calectasia*, a genus of flowering plants in the family *Dasypogonaceae*, commonly referred to as *Tinsel Lilies*, are endemic to southern Australia.) We retraced our steps and walked back to the saddle and the track. A closer reading of the sign at the locked gate meant that we had a problem for tomorrow’s walk. This area was closed due to the reestablishment of endangered rock wallabies. We pondered this over dinner which included red wine with the canapes.



The Bundaleer’s overhang and Calectasia Falls



Sunday 11: Mt Rosea from the front

The morning was cool and somewhat overcast but milder than expected. We thought that we should do Mt Rosea from the old front track and return via the main ridge track while we were in this area. This was a pleasant climb and the mist was gradually clearing. Bagged the summit and donned jackets for the cooler descent. Made good time for lunch back at the car. Visited the new one way road and Silverband Falls on the way out to Halls Gap. marvelled at the power of the flash flood which reshaped this valley in 2011 and the new engineered works required to get the road re-established.

John descending Mt Rosea, Tower Hill in the middle distance



Saturday May 17: Back of Lorne

Lothar led *Jim, Dave, Janice* and *Rob* on a walk in two parts from the Sheoak picnic ground. The before-lunch circuit visited Swallow Cave, Sheoak Falls and the spectacular lookout above the mouth of the Cumberland River. The obvious defect with descending to the lookout was the ascent required for our return to the cars for lunch. After that it was off to see three more waterfalls (Wonwondah, Henderson and Phantom), The Canyon, and Allen Dam, before returning to the shuffle car left at Qdos. Unfortunately, the café there was closed for the season, so ice cream and coffee had to wait a few more minutes until we were back in Lorne. A pleasant day was had by all—thank you *Lothar*.

Rob



Saturday May 24: Mt Sturgeon

Dina (leader), Lothar, Jim, Mike, Liz and Rob

The light coastal drizzle soon gave way to a sunny morning. The sandy path became rockier as we started our not too steep climb. Enough plants were flowering to provide the occasional splash of colour: pink and white heath, *Astroloma*, hakea and grevillea were the more prolific of those on show. View superb. Who could want more for a morning walk! The highlight (and high-beep) of the walk was the successful inaugural test of the club's new PLB's ability to find satellites, done as a demonstration on the summit. Lunch at *The Old Bakery* in Dunkeld. Thank you, Dina, for a most enjoyable walk.

Rob



Wednesday May 28: Wangoom Circuit

The brilliant colours of Bright must surely have been but a pallid rendition of the vivid yellows and reds jackets on Diane's training ride to Hopkins Falls. A generally overcast day, with occasional drizzle and rainbows, saw ten members and non-members meet near the bottom of the Hopkins Point Road hill. That hurdle overcome, the cycling was less demanding. A coffee at Allansford, a photo op at Hopkins Falls, and lunch at the Wangoom general store. Thereafter the party split up with the larger rump of seven returning to the starting point via a shorter way to Allansford and the other three heading home more directly. A very pleasant day indeed—too pleasant in fact: the leader decided it was worth repeating the training on the following two Wednesdays! As indeed happened.

Rob



Trip Reports

June 6–9: Marg's thoughts on the long weekend at Wyperfeld

- W**onga campground at Wyperfeld was our campsite in June.
Skies were clear of rainclouds, the night sky displayed the moon.
- Y**ellow sulphur-crested cockatoos squawked overhead all day.
We saw kangaroos, parrots green, but mallee fowl failed to come our way.
- P**leasures were many, the weather stayed fine
Great company, good hiking, camping sublime.
- E**ach day our campfire burned to keep us warm and to cook on
You should have seen the meals we shared, just take a look on.
- R**efreshments were many, roasted lamb and vegetables, champagne
Chicken, veg and split pea soup, all brought Lothar fame!
- F**riends of Wyperfeld clear the tracks, name the plants, no mystery
They educate the campers, describe the park history.
- E**ucalypts, citrus pine, porcupine grass, burnt tree stumps
dry lakes, desert sand; no mountains, no lumps.
- L**overly orange sunsets lit the sky in the west
Pale pink in the morning, looking east.
- D**evils Pool, Cameron Track, Brumbruk Track we explored on foot
Tyakil Nature Walk and Black Flat Track we took.



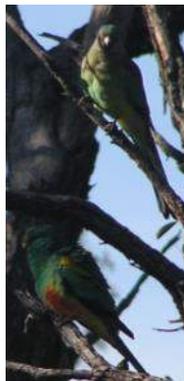
As you will have gathered from Marg's verse above, *Lothar and Chris, Mike and Liz, Marg and Ken, and Rob* had a most enjoyable time at Wyperfeld. The main reason for this was Lothar's choice of walks and his two superb camp-fire cooked meals, gratefully appreciated by all. Just in case you thought we might have been too slothful, we covered 20 km on Saturday, two lots of 7 km on the Sunday (one through lush green, the other bare sand and burnt trees), and a couple more km on Monday while waiting for the ice on the tents to melt.

While Wyperfeld is fairly flat, we did chalk up a named mountain and a named sand dune. The *Discovery Walk* was indeed that: a huntsman was waiting to be discovered under the lid of each information panel.

Despite being miles from anywhere, the need to listen to the footy compelled Liz to spend much time searching for the Swans' match on the car radio. She emerged with a good news/bad news result—no match result could be found because they were actually playing the next day. To emphasise this momentous fact, the heavens opened up with a short downpour, scattering us.

Rob

Ant holes by the millions, wide spider-webs, lots of flowers, and even pairs of parrots too lethargic to escape the camera lens were just some of nature's joys.



Saturday June 21: Cycling the Stony Rises

A joint ride with Graeme (co-leader and report writer), Jan, Steve, John, John, Alan, Gordon, Ian, Ken, Pat and Ed from the Geelong Bushwalkers and Diane (co-leader), Coralie, Helen R, Herb, Jim, Steve and Rob from the Warrnambool Bushwalkers.

The day promised to be an atmospheric one as we gathered from our various directions at a picnic spot (in a not particularly salubrious condition) beside the Princes Highway just west of Pirron Yallock. After introductions, a geographical perspective lecture and riding “rules” advice from the leader, it was good to stretch the legs as we trundled off along Hawk’s Nest Road towards Lake Corangamite in conditions which were ideal for riding – a slight mistiness but not a lot of wind. This section of gravel road provided lots of little ups and downs, views out across the lake, a multitude of rocks, some dry stone fences and a mixture of roughly cleared land and natural vegetation. The old butter factory at Pomborneit East and the remains of the little school that was former Victorian Governor Richard McGarvie’s alma mater provided the historic perspective; a deer, sighted beside the road and some others among the cattle in nearby paddocks, a few wallabies, and various varieties of parrots the “wild” life. After some 15 km we reached the highway again and morning tea was enjoyed by some and a “chin wag” by others.

Then it was a short distance along the highway through the fine “city” of Pomborneit with its couple of houses and a signpost to declare its existence, before we turned south across the railway line past the frowning hulk of Mt Porndon, the local eruption point that gave rise to these stony rises (somewhat indistinct through the heavier mistiness of a passing shower.) Our route now brought us round to Scoullers Road and entry to a new set of stony rises. Soon after, lunch was called for and a rocky spot among tall trees was a welcome choice.

Rejuvenated by a carbohydrate intake, it was off again through treed country which partly screened numerous “shacks” (not quite



sure what type of farming these were involved in!) We passed a beautifully made pottery model of an Eastern European/Middle Eastern village on a stump beside an entry track. The winding and up-and-down track re-entered open country and a tarred road provided us with a quick, smooth easterly cruise towards Swan Marsh. The edge of the stony rise country remained off to our left, as we left the tar for an unsealed road that took us across part of the drained marshland that gave Swan Marsh its name, over the main drainage ditch, back over the railway line, across Pirron Yallock Creek which follows the edge of the stony rise country, and up the short climb of the lava's edge to the highway.

A four km cruise down the highway past the Floating Islands (except they're not floating now but sitting on dry land!) and back to the cars. This ride of 50+ km through fascinating broken country, so different from most of the Western District, with friends from down the highway to share the experience was something for us all to remember on this winter solstice day.

Graeme

Lacking from Graeme's report (but of immense interest to WB members) is the fact that the bakery in Camperdown was visited on the way home and that the quoted 50+ km travelled depended very much on whose measuring device was consulted.



Navigation course follow up

These exercises test your ability to follow a bearing, to be honest, but not whether your pacing is correctly calibrated:

- 1: Walk 100 metres first at 153° , then at 273° , and finally at 33°
- 2: Walk 250 metres first at 296° , then 150 metres at 63° , and finally 200 metres at 153°
- 3: Walk 100 metres first at 107° , then 100 metres at 153° , and finally 184 metres at 310°

In each exercise, you should be back at your starting point.

where2walk

You must sign up to use this part of www.bushwalkingvictoria.org.au.

Being a member of an affiliated club, this costs nothing **if you enter our coupon code** at the required spot in the steps as you sign up as an individual member of Bushwalking Victoria. We'll add the coupon code to the back of your BWV membership card that we will send you after we receive them after we have paid the Club's membership of BWV, invoice expected in mid-August. Until then, you can use your 20013–14 card where needed.

Saturday June 28: A morning stroll at Port Fairy

Despite terrible weather conditions the week before, four Warrnambool Bushwalkers set off from near Pea Soup, Port Fairy, on a short 2 hour walk along the foreshore and then around Griffiths Island before being rewarded by coffee and cake in town. The evidence of the earlier storm was everywhere, especially where infrastructure had been significantly rearranged and where some tracks were washed away. The Forces of Nature were much appreciated on this walk, even though we were walking within a town. And happily, we finished just as the rain arrived!! Thanks to Mike, Coralie and Rob for an enjoyable morning's activity. *Dina*



Postscript from the editor: <http://www.standard.net.au/story/2410288/pea-soup-beach-clean-up-action/?cs=72> reports that it could cost \$280,000 to tidy up Pea Soup Beach. Smoked fish and potato soup proved an appropriate tea after the walk.

Smoked fish and potato soup

500 g smoked cod
500 g potatoes diced
1 onion, sliced finely
2 tbsp butter or oil
3 c milk
S&P

Stockpot

Simmer fish with two cups of water for 10 min

Keep fish-water, remove skin and bones from fish, flake fish, and return to stockpot

Add drained potatoes to fish and fish water

Add onions to fish and potatoes, and continue cooking until potatoes soft

Add hot milk, bring to simmer, season, serve with toast

Large saucepan

Peel and dice potatoes

Half cook potatoes in fast-boiling water (8–10 min)

Heat butter, fry onion until soft and golden

Heat milk