

Another look at Budj Bim: 16 May

Walkers: Rob, Mike, Rosalie (leader and scribe)

Budj Bim National Park—last Club trip before isolation and first trip after restrictions eased, because Rosalie wanted to check the impact of the summer fire. Just one degree at 7 am in Warrnambool on Saturday morning, but by the time we arrived at the carpark overlooking Lake Surprise soon after 9 am warmer. Rob packed his parka in case of wind, Mike had left his behind, while cold Rosalie kept her jumper on and parka handy. Sunshine all day, no wind, no cloud, only a bit of haze from hazard reduction burns.

Lake Surprise track remains closed, and our path detoured around the closed access to the lava tunnel to reach the Lava Canal track. The canal is the course of a lava flow from Budj Bim where the lava tube has collapsed making a fairly flat valley hemmed by huge walls of lava rocks and boulders on either side. The recent fire appeared to have burned slowly here, clearing bracken and shrubbery, now replaced by luxuriant weeds, mainly thistles. The track itself was easy to follow, defined by rocks on either side, but uneven underfoot. Stone ‘fences’ topped the rock walls on either side, and separated ‘paddocks’ along the way.

Eventually the route leaves the valley and we clambered up between rocks, past a small cave, to the top of the canal. Then Rob used his phone GPS to help identify the track running beside a stone ‘fence’ and through regenerating bracken to the Natural Bridge. The cave walls showed layers of several lava flows; the boulders we clambered around would have fallen from the ceiling aeons ago, but the steps out of the cave were new and in good condition. En route to Budj Bim we passed two smaller forested craters, before looking down into the main crater, Surprise Lake. As Rosalie puffed to the top of Budj Bim, a not-so-young local lady ran by on her two-times-a-week jog up and down the peak and part way around the rim!

Down to the carpark for lunch, and then a fairly quick walk around the Crater Rim where trees were recovering and the impact of fire was less spectacular than two months previously. Back at Budj Bim’s summit, Mount Sturgeon was visible beyond Mount Napier, as the haze had cleared. Two pleasant and picturesque rambles made for four hours of walking. And there was not a leech in sight!



Glenfyne ↔ Curdies River: 23 May

A group of 7 met at Glenfyne, being obedient citizens and maintaining our distance (no car shuffles to organise is perhaps a minor upside to lockdown) to start this return walk of 14 km. The weather varied from misty light showers to occasional bursts of mild sunshine. The walk progressed at a relaxed pace, with short stops to check steps down to concrete culverts, fallen trees, repair works thus needed, the gradual disappearance of the old trestle bridges being smothered by the greenery and to don/doff wet weather gear. A short break at



Curdies had some walkers venture onto the very slippery bridge to check the moderate flow of water in the river. The return walk was a little faster, despite the gentle uphill grade. There was a warning, from a jogger, about a snake on the path, but there was no evidence of same, though one walker discovered evidence of leech activity after getting home. Thanks to Jim, Mary, Lothar 📷, Rob 📷, Mike and Christine (visitor) for a very pleasant morning's walk.

Dina



Griffith Island: Saturday 30 May

Walkers: Lothar, Mary, Ali, Rosalie

Rosalie organised this short and easy ramble at short notice when bad weather for the weekend was not expected until late on Saturday.

We met at 9 am at the carpark at the entrance to the track. Only a few people at that time as we walked across the island —beautiful waves with spray coming off the tops in the northerly wind, very clear atmosphere, and Lady Julia Percy Island stood out clearly.

Ali had participated in rejuvenation working bees a number of years ago, making sure the track was in good condition and scrub areas were blocked off to protect mutton bird colonies.

Low tide made easy walking across the beaches, and so to the lighthouse which naturally required an inspection. Nice to see a bike with child seat leaning against the path wall and a mother and young child exploring amongst the rocks. Then we continued on the route back to the carpark where we enjoyed our takeaway coffees at the van. A pleasant one-hour ramble to start the weekend.

Lothar went on to Tower Hill for his regular walk and I joined him for one loop.

Rosalie



Childers Cove Circuit: Saturday 6 June

Chris M, Coralie G 📷,
Linda H, Graeme W,
Jenny G (Camperdown),
Jim F, Dina S, Rob C 📷,
Mabel M, Rosalie M,
Lothar S (leader, 📷).



Eleven walkers in eleven vehicles met at Murnane Bay at 8:30 on an overcast and drizzly day. The morning ahead offered Covid19 appropriate spacing, wet and muddy overgrown tracks, worn coral rocks, soft sand, steep sandy slopes, a creek crossing, barbed wire, and a coastline to rival the 12 Apostles and the Bay of Islands.

The overgrown management track meant that we couldn't use it to do the usual loop for accessing the coast further west. However that didn't deter us from going further west via a more direct one-way route past Childers Cove and past (and into!) the collapsed cave area. We didn't detour to the large sinkhole as, unfortunately, access to it is blocked by a newish fence and an exit track beyond it is too overgrown.

We'd all brought our own mugs for morning tea: once we got back to the cars out came the hand sanitizer, thermos flasks, milk and sugar, and out-of-date and motel-supplied coffees, teas, and hot chocolates.



After that we headed east to outstanding views of stacks and cliffs before a bit of bush-bashing followed by a steep sand-sliding descent onto Sandy Bay. After going 300 m further east we climbed up to the cliffs again. Later, on an overgrown access track, we encountered a group of 4 other walkers with 5 dogs, two of which accompanied us to the appropriately named Dog Trap Bay.

We returned via the management track along the fence line, crossing Buckley Creek then ascending to the bitumen road and completing the circuit.

Many thanks to all for a great morning!

Lothar

[Astute readers might guess correctly from the sky that some pictures came from Lothar's test walk a couple of days earlier.]



Lake Linlithgow 🚲: Monday 8 June

Riders: Rob (*scribe*), Linda, Irene, Mabel, Jim, Coralie, Graeme, Dina and Clive

Not many June days would be as good for riding as this one: no wind and while a little chilly when out of the sun, that was not often. Our 10 am arrival at Lake Linlithgow had the Grampians reflected in a still lake. The east sun ruined any decent photo of the first use of the club banner.

The morning's ride was south to Tabor and its well manicured Lutheran church with its new slate roof, then west past two railway sidings that exist solely as names on the map, before pedalling to Tarrington perched on its the hilltop. The café doesn't open on Mondays and so there was little else to do but return to the start along the ubiquitous Hamilton-Chatsworth Road, admiring the view of the Grampians as we went. All this amounted to a relaxed 36.7 km with only 228 metres up and down, done in 2 hours 32 minutes.

Three left for home after lunch. Just as we set off for the post-lunch ride, a phone call about an excavator meant farewell to a fourth. The 75 minute ride around the lake cannot be considered strenuous: 90 metres gained and lost in 19.3 km.

It was, as I said, a very pleasant day for riding with lots to see: mountains (Rouse, Napier, Abrupt, Sturgeon and many more), large lakes, and lambs occasionally gambolling but generally lying down enjoying the sun.



The burn pile meets its implicit fate: Sunday 14 June

Landscape artisans: Coralie 📷, Dina, Irene, Linda, Mabel, Rob 📷, Rosalie, Ross



A couple of hours of work on our section of the rail trail saw it restored from holding-up-pretty-well to true spick-and-span-ness. The predicted rain didn't come making it a most pleasant sunny morning. All the grass was mown. The fallen branches and dead trees made their way to the steadily disappearing pair of burn piles. Without doubt, one of the great pleasures of burn piles on a winter's day is tending to their demise. Thank you all for your help.

Rob





Mounts Napier and Rouse: Saturday 20 June

Walkers: Rosalie (leader, 📷), Ali, Rob 📷, Ross

To avoid the forecast rain, we left the Kepler St carpark at 8. The access track to Mt Napier's carpark was rough but navigable for Rosalie's small car. The local kangaroos observed our slower walk to the summit and raced each other to be first past the trig. We proceeded around the crags of the crater rim,



enjoying the views, and identifying landmarks to the west. After the hollow leading down to the crater floor, we sidled to the outside of the rocks, although a billy goat just jumped easily from the highest point down the slope to join his mate and kids disappearing into the bush. A little bit of a scramble past some rocks before a gentle grassy slope up towards the summit again. We were back at the

carpark in just 1¼ hours—Rosalie had expected the crater circumnavigation to be a bit more challenging.

Then we drove to Peshurst, found the popular bakery [Cafe/Bakery/Curiosities, 110 Bell, open weekdays, Sat 8 am to 2 pm, closed Sun] and bought lunch to eat at the foot of Mt Rouse. It was an easy walk up the track with views to the Grampians, a wedge-tailed eagle soaring



above, and people walking their four big spotted-dogs. At the summit platform, we discussed the names of peaks looming on the eastern horizon, then walked down to the picnic area where five horses were grazing while their riders enjoyed lunch. Back at the cars soon after 1 pm and then headed home. No rain, barely any wind, a little sunshine and good company.

Rosalie



East of the Antares Monument: Saturday 27 June

Walkers: Ross, Rosalie, Rob 📷, Mary, Lothar, Jim, Graeme, Christine, Coralie 📷, Ali

It was a sunny day and the sea was deep blue, with enough swell to leave white water at the bottom of the cliffs, still as impressive as ever. The kangaroo tracks went just where we wanted them to. As did the old vehicle tracks. Magnificent views, particularly of the Bay of Islands—much better than those the plebs see.



Extras were yellow correas, a swan on a nest, kangaroos, and a jet ski-pulled surfer. Plus the pleasant company.

What more could you want for a morning's walk?

Rob

