

Riding the Timboon Rail Trail: Saturday 4 July

Riders: Jim (leader), Coralie 📷, Clive, Rob 📷 and Jack

Not an auspicious day to be outdoors if you were guided by the BOM's predictions plus rain overnight and on the drive to Naroghid. There, at the start of the ride, the depleted group of five wondered what the day would bring. **Muddy and slippery tracks?** You bet, especially where we had to walk into and out of Powers Creek, but no problems other than the skunk-like stripe of mud up our backs.

Cold? Sometimes, sometimes not. **Rain?** Not really, a heavy shower for our noon lunch in Timboon, and an imperceptible drizzle for the last few kilometres, but with perfect timing, heavy rain on the way home. **Things to see?** The Powers Creek falls and bubble bath were looking good. All in all a most enjoyable day. Thank you Jim.

Rob



Mount Clay: Saturday 11 July

Walkers: Graeme (leader), Coralie 📷, Chris M, Rob 📷, Rosalie, Lothar 📷, Ross and Noelene

As Coralie's [Facebook](#) post says "A group of walkers, lead by Graeme, meandered along tracks in the Mt Clay area. The walk started and finished at the Sawpit Campground traversing the beautiful Narrawong Flora Reserve. Revisiting with bicycles in Spring is in the pipeline." All that needs to be added is that a relaxing time was had by all, despite one steep muddy descent. A well chosen route by Graeme.



The lookout with a view of Portland;

the track became interesting;

typical vegetation;

a lake in farmland bordering the reserve;

lunch out of the rain beneath old pines; and a sundew.

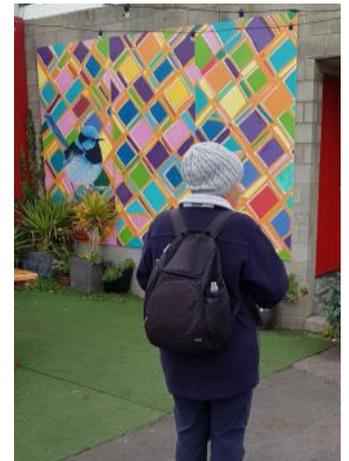


Warrnambool Street Art, Parks & Gardens: Saturday 18 July

Art buffs: Theresa, Louise (visitor), David (visitor), Viviane, Linda, Coralie, Graeme, Jim, Mary, Rosalie (leader)

We met opposite the Lake Pertobe Kiosk at 8, on a cold morning—no frost, but no sun either, and a chilly breeze. We all had masks, but maintained our distance and had no need to wear them (this week)! First stop was the maze by Lake Pertobe with its lively walls repainted recently by Warrnambool artists with input from local children. Then to the Welcome (Ngatanwarr) mural—the large face on the TAFE building on the corner of Merri and Kepler Streets—then through the TAFE campus with comments on the re-purposing of various buildings to Timor St. Here the feast of street art really began: Southern Ocean Dreams in Timor Walk, doubling back past the murals on Hai Bin Alleyway to Little Liebig lane with more murals than any other place in Warrnambool, and still growing/changing thanks to local artists and community members ranging from school students to senior citizens.

Back to Timor St and around the corner into Liebig St and down Patloch Lane to admire the Koontapool the Blue Whale Mother pavement and the Giant Fish. Next, across the Ozone carpark to a new painting of Tower Hill and into Ozone Walk with the yellow-tailed cockatoos, and opposite, Grizzly Adams Bear and Hidden Histories Trilogy. We continued across Koroit St to the lane down to the Coles carpark where Jimmi Buscombe (artist of the cockatoos and the rail bridge wombat) is decorating a vast wall with local birds. Then to Lava St near the corner of Liebig St to admire the Piece by Piece mosaic depicting many icons of Warrnambool and completed by over 100 people and students of Warrnambool under the direction of Renee Broders. The leisurely and admiring stroll through the CBD was completed by 9 am before too many people were about.



We picked up the pace (to keep warm) as we made our way through James Swan Reserve and on to the Botanic Gardens. Among other sights, we inspected the newly refurbished well and the Nature-based Play Space under development. Under bat-laden trees (which not everyone noticed), out of the Gardens to King, Henna and Kerr Sts. In Victoria Park we picked our way up to the water tower on which Claire Foxton painted the Our Story mural 18 months ago—three faces of refugees and immigrants, Kaninda, Darshini and Dora, whose stories are told in The Standard archives. A short wander through Victoria Park and Friendly Societies Park to reach Hyland, Timor and Hart Streets, and Merri Cres before crossing to Harris St reserve and thence to Lake Pertobe. Our last murals for the day were on the sewer pump station—a Water Wise mural and the Sandpipers, whose indigenous name is ‘pirtup’ mimicking the call of the sandpiper, and which may have developed into the name Pertobe. At the Kiosk, we were fortunate to be allocated two inside tables with social distancing to enjoy our coffees.

So many of us walk through town without really ‘seeing’ the art, hence it was a walk of discovery and enjoyment, taking about 2½ hours and 8 km. Further information on each of these artworks and more is given on www.warrnamboolstreetart.com/artworks, a site well worth visiting.

Rosalie



Christmas in July: Saturday 25 July

Acaciaphiles: Dina, Kate & Zac, Mike 📷 & Liz, Linda, Irene 📷, Ken, Coralie 📷, Graeme, Rob 📷, Mabel, Jim, Rosalie 📷, Christine, Mary and Kim—most for both walks, but some for just one.

With Lothar a late scratching due to health concerns, Rob and Coralie led the wattle walk, necessarily divided into two groups to stay within the current Covid-19 regulations. Each plotted a path taking in lake vistas, 'Lothar's Lookout' and the summit view. Lots of emus, kangaroos, wallabies and pouched joeys generally looked at us in disdain or shuffled out of our way as we meandered around the tracks that were festooned with brilliant yellow wattles.

For Christmas lunch in the picnic areas, the appropriately spaced participants enjoyed their own catering—Lothar's promised feast another sad victim of the restrictions. A range of foods could be spied including barbecued chicken patties, Thai green curry, ham and salad, fruit cake and an array of sandwiches. Rosalie, Kim and Liz made a special effort to dress for the occasion.

After lunch we again needed to have two groups. The 'hidden' lake was to be a feature, if only one could follow Lothar's directions. One group claimed victory and provided photographic evidence that it had been visited. The birds were active in the afternoon sun and Ken was busy identifying calls along the Lava Tongue Trek and the Last Volcano circuit.

Although taking different paths, the two groups finished their routes within minutes of each other. The Information Centre/coffee shop was closed so people departed soon after. As the last few walkers were preparing to leave, a large male koala ambled across the picnic ground. He was not interested in posing for photos and quickly found a tree to climb, entertaining the visitors nevertheless.

Thanks to Lothar for outing concept and ensuring the tradition continued in 2020 and to all those who came and made it such a pleasant day.

Coralie and Rob



Loch Ard Gorge: Saturday 1 August

with Coralie, Louise, Noelene, Mary, Christine, Linda, Lothar, Dina & Rosalie

The need to keep this walk to 10 people saw the participants' list fluctuate in the weeks prior to the event. 'Old' hands were asked to kindly stay away; others called in sick. Eventually 9 starters met at Port Campbell for the short drive to the Sherbrooke Walking Track.

Leaving the cars at the remote carpark, we trekked down to the Sherbrooke Estuary. Unfortunately, the leader had neglected to check the tides, so a few people collected bonus wet feet at the crossing. From here we made our way to the most westerly lookout at Broken Head. Passing Thunder Cave and The Blowhole en route, we made our way to the Muttonbird Island Lookout.

A visit to the cemetery was next on the agenda and we paused to reflect on the treacherous end that met most of the passengers and crew on the Loch Ard Clipper wrecked nearby in 1878. Descending the stairs to the beach at Loch Ard Gorge proper we speculated on where the only survivors Eva Carmichael and Tom Peace may have sheltered, and which route Tom may have clambered up in his efforts to raise the alarm.

After more photos, at the Loch Ard Wreck Lookout, the group undertook the Geology Walk out to the spectacularly coloured Razorback. Although lacking information boards, we could appreciate the forces that shaped the coastline in this section.

Returning to Port Campbell, lunch was eaten on the grassy slopes of the town beach. Alas by the time we were ready to cross the new \$3.2 million pedestrian bridge across Campbells Creek only 4 walkers remained and that included Graeme who had joined us for lunch. Undeterred we ventured over and up the escarpment stairway (Rosalie counted over 190 steps and then we went down the other side) that connected the town to the Port Campbell National Park. Wonderful views of the bridge, harbour, township and sea were features of the discovery walk that led eventually to another carpark along the Ocean Road.

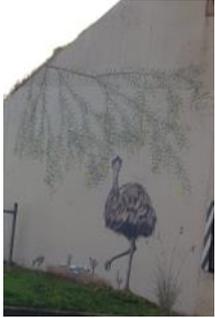
Thanks to all who attended for their enthusiasm and cheerful company.

Coralie



Street art and parks walk #2: Saturday 15 August

This walk was on the Activity Program. There had been one early booking and so it complied with the 'walk in pairs' directive. Kim and I started from Proudfoots at 9 am and first inspected Jimmi Buscombe's new art on the Simpson St rail bridge. Next to the Fletcher Jones Gardens where the flowers were few, followed by the large Southern Right Whale mural in Nicholson St.



Down Flaxman St to the rail bridge's Wombat and Emus. Next the Granny's Grave carpark and the path to Ritchies Point. We crossed the bridge to Blue Hole with its new mural depicting sea life swimming among discarded litter and a mosaic comprised of plastic waste picked up from the foreshore.

And so back to Proudfoots, a pleasant 2 hour 7 km stroll wearing masks as were the many people we passed between Granny's Grave and Blue Hole.

Rosalie



Rail trail working bee: Sunday 30 August, not

COVID19 had a drastic affect on this working bee, not because of illness, but because there are fewer aeroplane flights. "Huh?" I hear you mutter. Fewer flights, less data from pilots about weather conditions to weather bureaus, poorer forecasts. I read about it, so it must be true. Whatever the reason, my decisions based on the BOM forecasts for that weekend were total failures. Rosalie and Coralie benefitted, however, and earned a stay-home reward.

Despite this stuff up, over a week or two, Linda, Irene, Ross and myself managed in ones and twos to mow the grass, add to the burn piles, and torch same.

Rob

Our area always looks immaculate after a mow, the burn pile shrinks, and the trace of the 6.7 km walk with one's dog, Victa, to each west-side tree.





As Lothar points out every 2 weeks the tides are right for an early morning walk at Killarney Beach with a possible bonus of a spectacular sunrise. It was a bit like [loading Noah's Ark](#) at Killarney on Saturday 5 September. Guess which one of Lothar's photos is from the 4th.

Circumnavigation of Tower Hill: Saturday 19 September

The liberated: Rob, Mary, Lothar, Christine, Ken, Rosalie, Kim, Coralie, and an ex member, Helen R

The first walk after restrictions were lifted started at 9 am from the lookout south of Koroit and finished 10.2 km and 3 h 38 min later at the same spot. It was a glorious day of walking, because it indeed was and not simply because we now could.

As usual the blues of the echiums and forget-me-nots enhanced the walk under the eastern rim of the crater, despite their weed status. The usual high number of kangaroos were seen along the southern rim, with a few pouched young to oh at. The box thorn at the lowest point presented no problems. "16% less road walking" had been promised and was dutifully delivered near the end as we left the road to deviate along a slightly overgrown track through Lumsden's old quarry site.

Rob



Wyperfeld: 25–28 September

Twelve of us were well spread out in a not overly full Wonga campground. In anticlockwise camping order, we thought that:

Lothar 📷: It was really good to finally get out again for the weekend! Everyone seemed to have a great time and the weather couldn't have been better. The Park was looking its best—everything was green and the flowers looked superb.

Linda and Irene: It's a long way to Wyperfeld. However, the rewards are well worth it. Upon arrival there was a magnificent rainbow and of course with a rainbow comes rain. Walking in the Mallee is unlike anywhere else, its unique ecosystem, especially at this time of the year, comes to life after the rains, it's breathtaking.

Ken and Shirley: It was a great weekend for bushwalking with sometimes warm temperatures and T shirts. There were terrific views to distant horizons from the summits of sand dunes. I think the parrots won the bird competition—good views of the magnificently coloured Regent Parrot. Other contenders were Mallee Ringnecks and Mulga Parrots. For most walkers the wild flowers were on the top of their list. A riot of white tea tree flowers accompanied us almost everywhere and some spent happy minutes identifying orchids. Altogether a brilliant break from "lockdown blues".

Christine 📷: For those who haven't visited Wyperfeld N.P. it is definitely one to put on your to do list. With such a huge diversity of plant and bird life the bush walk turns into more of a bush meander with another amazing display to stop at, gasp and photograph. This walk was extra special due to the generous sharing of knowledge from our plant experts Michael, Rosalie and Rob, and from our birdman Ken. And many thanks to Lothar for organising and leading such a breathtaking beautiful weekend.





Mike and Liz: The highlight for Wyperfeld this year was the convivial atmosphere although we didn't have the usual drinkies and nibbles followed by Lothar's fulfilling meals. I also enjoyed the walks, particularly the Desert Walk and the Western Lookout without the long trudge along the entrance road. The drive around the eastern section was interesting, particularly the walk to the Mallee Fowl nest. Thank you Lothar for organising a worthwhile trip.



Rob 📷: As an added plus to the usual joys of Wyperfeld, I went a slightly longer way than usual on the way there—via Wannan Falls, Kiata Campground, and Lake Hindmarsh. Coming back via Wycheproof and Moyston meant seeing the whole length of the Grampians, often over brilliant yellow canola.

Janice: Cooking class from the maestro, flushes of wildflowers, elusive orchids, hooting owls, warm sleeping bag, COVID safe companionship, crispy morning with ice inside tent fly. Wyperfeld—what's not to like?



Coralie 📷: Once again the wonderful Wyperfeld National Park camp exceeded expectations. The desert blooms were in abundance, the birds were present for those with a keen eye and the fellowship convivial despite distancing and mask wearing requirements and the fact that we had to do our own cooking!

Rosalie: Fine (and frosty) weather, flowers, flowers and more flowers!, mallee forest, floodplains (between the dunes), fires, friendship and lots of fun!

