



GSWW—Moleside to Pritchards: Saturday 1 July

It rained for most of the drive to the end point of the walk on Glenelg Drive where it crosses the GSWW 3 km past Pritchards Landing. I managed to resist buying a profiterole at the Heywood Bakery. An 8 km bike ride in light rain was the “car shuffle” to the starting point for the walk at the Moleside Picnic Area. Here the flooded creek forced its dark water into the mud-laden Glenelg.

The bike was left and the 16 km walk commenced. It soon became obvious that having dry shoes was but a dream. Heaths provided some colour until the vegetation gave way to eucalypts. Later, occasionally, flowers were on banksias and wattles. The only rain on the walk was a short misty burst at Saunders Landing where I was lurching and being amused by the antics of blue wrens.

It was an enjoyable walk. Only a clear Glenelg would have given better views. As for the rainy drive home, no profiteroles were harmed at Heywood, something that can't be said for a Bee Sting.

Rob



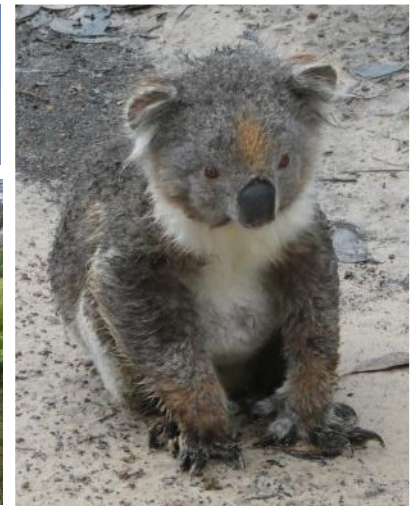


Mt Clay State Forest: Sunday 9 July

Walkers: Graeme (leader), Rob 📷, Lothar, Campbell

After an absence of three years, the club returned with a 13 km bushwalk in the Mt Clay State Forest and Narrawong Flora Reserve, north of Portland. In light of the weather forecast, the walk, originally programmed for the Saturday, was moved to the Sunday. Despite a few muddy, slippery and steep sections, walking conditions were generally good. As predicted by the Bureau of Meteorology (BoM), there were only a couple of light showers of rain, adding to my confidence in the BoM forecasts.

With the Sawpit Picnic and Camping Ground being closed for building upgrades and seasonal maintenance, four intrepid walkers set forth from the Mt Clay Rd outside the picnic ground. The first section of the walk took us to the “Whalers Lookout” with its views across Narrawong, Portland





and out across the Southern Ocean. Then we went along the road on the boundary between the State Forest bushland and private land. There were two seriously steep and slippery gullies on this road near the start.

The second section involved a loop on walking and four wheel drive tracks through the Narrawong Flora Reserve. Highlight was a young koala sitting on one road. Alas, being mid-winter, there were few plants in flower.

On reaching the boundary road again, the glimpse of water through the trees enticed us to visit the fence line. The Surry River was well and truly in flood. Lunch was had beneath large pines, the spot chosen to give us shelter from the rain that seemed imminent but didn't come.

To avoid having to re-negotiate the aforesaid seriously steep and slippery gullies, we were able to find other flatter and drier maintenance tracks for our way back to the picnic ground.

The day was rounded off well with Lothar, using his local knowledge, directing us to the "Bay of Whales Gallery and Coffee Shop" at Narrawong for coffee and cake.

Graeme



GPT—Griffin Picnic Area to Cassidy Gap: Sunday 16 July

Walkers: Coralie (leader), Rob 📷, Christine, Lothar 📷, Pauline, Khyll, Campbell

The decision to start walking at the Griffin Picnic Area rather than drive the sandy tract to the Griffin Trailhead proved to be a fortuitous one, as it was closed to vehicles. In any case, this part of the walk proved to be a gentle warm-up before the slightly more serious climb along the GPT to below the series of jagged, unnamed peaks near the southern end of the Serra Range.

The GPT here is relatively well formed, with less being on stone staircases than for other sections. Walking for the most part was easy though we took our time on a few parts where the track was steeper or less engineered.

Views to the east, west and south were a highlight.

The weather was fine and generally overcast though the sun did make the occasional short appearance. Drink and food stops were regular but usually short, as we quickly cooled when not moving.

There was a surprisingly variety of plants in winter bloom—pink, white and red variations of common heath (*Epacris impressa*), flame grevillea, white bushy hakea, and one of the yellow Guinea-flower varieties being the most dominant. Eagles were spotted and many other birds heard rather than seen. Rob and Lothar were lucky enough to see two brolgas on the trip home.



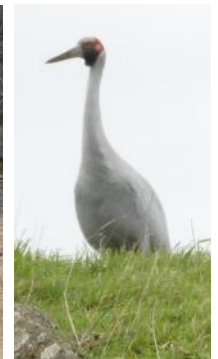
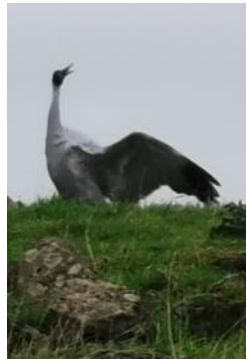


The last highlight was the hike-in camp at Djardji-djawara, near Cassidy Gap. It was admired for its architecture, functionality and wonderful siting— the large picture window showcases views of the Serra and Mount William Ranges to the north.

After walking 13.5 km the group was ready to complete the car shuffles and head to Dunkeld to enjoy the drinks, food and warmth of the Mountain View Café in Dunkeld.

Thanks to all, for providing the lively and cheerful company on this hike.

Coralie



The Progressive Lunch: Sunday 23 July

Participants: Coralie, Lothar, Rosalie, Mary, Christine, Mike, Liz, Irene, Linda, Jim, Rob, Ali and honoured guests Chris C, Herb & Lois. Special mention to Chris S for transport and that cheesecake.

It was billed as one of the “year’s special events” and it didn’t disappoint. The weather was fine, even sunny at times, the home-made food a delight and the company animated.

Starting at Queens Road on the newly created and much lauded deck, the luncheon began with a choice of Thai Pumpkin or Chicken and Vegetable soup, crusty French stick slices and condiments.

The group was then herded out and onto the Russell Creek footpath. We stopped to admire the new canoe/kayak launching ramp and then filtered in through the back gate to Rob & Chris’s completely transformed back shed. We were greeted by a pink table adorned with floating flower and candle centre pieces and on the walls of the recently tidied establishment, an array of Christmas lights twinkled warmly at us. Then came the food!





The good thing about a shared lunch is that everyone makes their favourite dish so we were spoilt for choice with the hot casseroles, lasagnes, steamed rice and bread rolls before us on the serving bench.

Conversation was a little muffled as the delicious food was consumed; the scrapping of chairs an indication many were returning for seconds. I did try to sound an alarm to leave room for desserts.

The main course was followed by a short walk beside the Merri River and along Manuka Drive to the *Lois Lane Estate* on the river. Here we were dazzled by the range of desserts: cheesecake, pavlova, hot apple pie, meringues, and a fruit and cheese platter. Well I did warn them! With plates piled high we set about the serious business of 'trying to eat for Australia'.



Despite being somewhat replete, most managed an after dinner coffee or tea and one or two of Jim's boxed chocolates. Lois entertained the group with a couple of songs on her piano accordion before we left holding our stomachs and vowing to not eat again before Christmas.

A huge thank you to all the contributors; whatever you did, it made the day a wonderful experience. Finally a special thanks to Lois & Herb for agreeing to host the last course, and for all those desserts.

Coralie



Tower Hill wattle walk: Sunday 30 July

Participants: Cam, Christine, Lothar (leader), Mabel, Mary, Rob, Rosalie

We all arrived in the picnic area at about 9 am. After observing a few emus, a koala and a few tourists, we headed in the direction of the steep Peak Lookout track. My meanness level was turned to low so about a quarter of the way up we diverged to my favourite lookout instead. Great views of the lake, the rim, the sea, Port Fairy, and beyond.

We then wandered around the reserve in a large loop—along marked and unmarked tracks, up and down hills, through open and overgrown terrain, past overfilled lakes and ponds—and had conversations along the lines of "where the bloody hell are we?". The wattles weren't at their peak but around many corners were clumps of them in full bloom. Just stunning.

After a couple of hours (and about 6 km) we arrived back at the picnic area. Then it was off to Noodledoof for hot drinks, rum balls, a large bowl of hot chips, and a lot of excited chatter.

No rain, and home by lunchtime! A very pleasant morning!

Lothar



Killarney to Port Fairy: Saturday 5 August

The timing of low tide meant we had an early start, setting off just after sunrise on our beach walk to Port Fairy. It also meant we were able to enjoy the soft light and the beautiful pink reflections in the clouds. It was an easy, invigorating walk along the beach, and I was pleased we chose to walk at low tide after seeing how high the tides had been lately with an abundance of kelp and, unfortunately, signs of significant beach erosion. We saw a little birdlife, the usual pairs of pied and sooty oyster catchers. It was gratifying to see a few of the vulnerable hooded plovers.

We interrupted our walk with a coffee and cake stop at Charlies on East before heading towards Griffith Island. Port Fairy was quiet, perhaps it was a tad early for the Saturday breakfast/brunch crowd. The sun shone as we made our way towards the light house for the obligatory group photo. Then we continued along the path via picturesque little bays to make our way back to the carpark.

A very pleasant morning walk enjoyed by Rosalie, Rob, Lothar, Mary, Campbell, and Khyll with great conversation and laughter.

Christine





Back of Lorne: Sunday 13 August

Walkers: Jen, Lothar (leader), Rob

We left Warrnambool bright and early and arrived in Lorne before 9 am. After a drink, we drove to the Sheoak Picnic Area and started our walk. Within a minute or so we were amongst beautiful ferns. Ah....

Won Wondah Falls didn't impress, but the giant Mountain Ash and Henderson Falls both did. Just magic!

We plunged into the Canyon, stopped briefly, then climbed upwards and out. At Phantom Falls we decided to head directly to the Allenvale carpark. From there we walked up the dirt road to our car at the picnic area.



We had lunch overlooking Lorne's beach and refreshments at Birregurra on the drive home. We were back in Warrnambool before 4 pm. Thank you Jen and Rob for a great day out!

Lothar



The Lake Linlithgow—Penshurst—Tabor Cycle Trip:

Saturday 19 August

Club riders: Coralie, Mabel, Rob, Linda

Guest riders: Jack, Fred, Elaine

Distance: 48–50 km depending on whose computer one referred to.

The weather on the drive up was not promising. “Oh well”, I thought, “We can always just ride around the lake then drive to the bakery”.

At Lake Linlithgow, we secured zips on raingear, prepared our bikes after travel and, in my case, scraped the mud from the brakes. A thick layer had been acquired on the route to the lake after driving along one of the proposed lanes near Penshurst. It was quickly deleted from the plan as I saw the narrow tyres on the road bikes of Fred and Jack.

Although we rode in misty cloud, the circumnavigation of the lake was relatively easy. For the leg along the northern lake edge we were gifted with a tail wind.

Linda left us at the Hamilton – Chatsworth Road to return to her car and chase some cheap petrol in Hamilton. Her plan was to then return and meet us at the Penshurst Bakery.

We rode on, turning left onto the Penshurst – Hamilton Road to avoid the mud bath/potholed back road on the original planned route. Occasionally we had a short burst of sunshine as we rode past the police and rescuers trying to return a large, bogged truck to the tarmac.

The bakery in Penshurst was ‘hopping’ but we quickly secured a table and set about the serious business of ordering coffee and beestings. Elaine found them so good she bought extra to take home. Unfortunately the road from Hamilton had been closed and Linda could not return that way to join us in time.





Riding into a westerly head wind out of Penshurst was less than fun but Jack and Fred gallantly took the lead and sheltered us from the worst. Before we turned north to take in Tabor and its Lutheran Church, we were amazed by the rows of foxes strung along fence lines. Rob counted over 180!

Back at the lake the weather was still overcast but not raining. Mabel, Elaine and Rob headed home while Fred, Jack and I enjoyed a picnic lunch on the grass. For the first time that day we were able to enjoy the views of the distant Grampians peaks over a very full Lake Linlithgow.

Coralie



Around Warrnambool: Saturday 26 August

Quizmaster: Rosalie. Contestants: Mabel, Graeme, Campbell, Rob, Gwenda (and Hugo), Dennis and Kathy

A prompt start at 8.30 at Cannon Hill, with everyone given a list of questions to focus their attention on various highlights of the walk instead of walking and talking blindly past.

So we took due note of the three pieces of artillery on Cannon Hill before walking along Merri St to the Ngatanwarr painting on the corner of Kepler St and then through the IGA carpark which now hosts four pieces of art by different artists (only three a couple of years ago). In Fairy St, no-one knew the history of the building that houses Robyn's School of Dancing, but there was quite a bit of discussion of historic facades of other businesses, especially those between Koroit and Lava St. Around the corner in Lava St is Jimmi Buscombe's painting of a girl looking over Lake Pertobe.

We ambled on to Kerr St where we identified and discussed a number of the former 'worker's' cottages which retain much of their original style. Turning up Hyland St, we passed the former Special School now located on Wollaston Rd and known as the Merri River School. The premises of Warrnambool's first high school was getting a new roof, and forms part of the WAVE school. The new Mens Shed is located on this campus as is 3WayFM, our community radio station.



The main highlights were in Victoria Park, firstly the West Warrnambool Water tower which artist Claire Foxton painted in 2018 with faces of Dora, migrated from Ireland during 'the troubles', Darshini, a refugee from Sri Lanka, and Kaninda, a refugee from Africa (Google 'Our Story Mural' for more info).



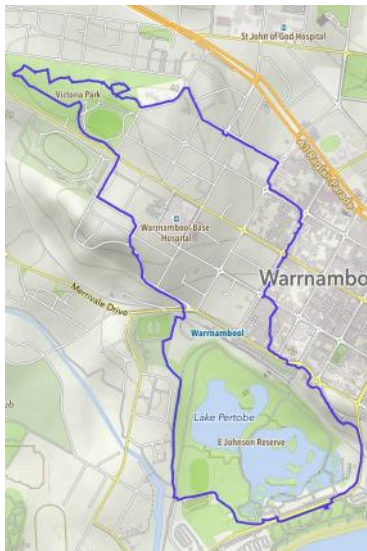
Then we negotiated a short bush track before emerging into the main expanse of Victoria Park. A new feature is the Orienteering Art Trail of ten bollards spaced through the park—this collaborative project by students from the WAVE School, Warrnambool Council’s Youth Services, and an artist facilitator is well worth investigating.

There are extensive views from this high point of Warrnambool, lots of wattles and native clematis were in bloom, and we found four seats in the park plus two in the Dog Park.

Back to Hyland St, along Timor St with its stately homes, along Hart St to Merri Cres, down the hill, across the railway line, past the still abandoned former Gas Manager’s residence, around the sports grounds to at last reach the Lake Pertobe precinct and two more examples of street art—by which time we were hanging out for coffee.

The Kiosk with its outdoor furniture provided a welcome respite before we returned to our cars. The list of questions generated much mirth as well as a focus for discussion. Many of the answers are provided in the above—all you have to do is work out the questions!

Rosalie



Working bee on the Manja and Billimina Art Shelter tracks: Saturday 2 September

WBW: Rob 📷, Ali, Rosalie 📷; Parks Victoria: Nick;
Grampians Walking Tracks Support Group: David, Graham & equipment;
Others: Chris (BBOC), Tran (BTAC), Brad, Mike, Jim

After coffee and sausage rolls at Cavendish we three from Warrnambool arrived at the Manja Shelter carpark at 9:31 to find the usual suspects plus five more volunteers from Ballarat, Melbourne and Halls Gap. After introductions, advice on cultural don't-disturb areas, and a safety talk, we set off with tools of all descriptions from the back of Graham's ute to rehabilitate drainage channels and trim overhanging vegetation. Which we dutifully did. A little after noon we had finished.



We then drove the short distance to the Buandik picnic area, had lunch, and repeated the morning's activities on the track to the Billimina Art Shelter and the Buandik Falls. We finished around 3:30, sowed the seeds of thinking that the Mt Abrupt track would be good for next year's working bee, nattered for a bit too long, and headed home by a novel route.

Weather perfect, lovely day, company terrific, thryptomenes in full bloom, and wattles too. Thank you all for helping.

Rob



Lake Bellfield, Sundial Peak, The Pinnacle, Halls Gap: Sunday 10 September

Participants: Lothar 📷, Alison, Katrina 📷, Rosalie 📷, Campbell, Rob 📷 and Mabel

After the severe storm with winds over 100 kph that buffeted this area the Friday before the walk we were not surprised that some track clearing was required to reach Sundial Peak. Many trees and branches had fallen over the track. However, after Sundial Peak the area had fared much better with little evidence of damage.

There was low cloud for most of the day but we were fortunate to have good views of Lake Bellfield and the surrounds from the viewpoint on the climb up to Sundial Peak and from the top of Sundial Peak. By the time we reached The Pinnacle it was in cloud and raining so our view was limited. Care was taken on the slippery rock at the beginning of the track to Halls Gap via Mackeys Peak. Soon after the sun came out and we had good views of the Halls Gap valley from the various vantage points on the way down. Lots of wild flowers but only one orchid was spotted.

The group was refreshed with ice cream or coffee before the trip home. An enjoyable day was had by all.

Mabel





Creating the Country

Over thousands of years, Budj Bim's tung att (teeth belonging to him) showered like rainfall, spreading his bounty and seeding our Country.

Budj Bim diverted the waterways to create our wetlands, gave us the rocks for houses and aquaculture systems, formed and shaped places and people, plants and animals.

In his travels across the land, the Creation Being performed ceremonies. The initiated learn these ceremonies as the Law and their continued performance ensures that the land and all it contains remains alive.



A venture to vanquish volcanoes: Saturday 16 September

Vulcanologists: Rosalie (leader), Graeme, Coralie, Rob, Pauline and Trevor

The plan was to walk around the crater rims of Budj Bim (meaning High Head, Mt Eccles) and Tapoc (Mt Napier) and then to stroll up Kolor (Mt Rouse).

Budj Bim National Park near Macarthur is co-managed by people of the Gunditjmara nation together with Parks Victoria and much information is provided on notice boards and plaques at the picnic ground and lookouts around the crater rim. Fine weather and good views of Lake Surprise and the landscape beyond made this an enjoyable walk, culminating in a short exploration of the Tunnel Cave using our torches. That completed the first 70 or so minutes.

Then we drove about 40 minutes to the access point for Napier, the last five kilometres along a well signposted but rough track, unappreciated by one driver! The wind on the summit was very strong, making scrambling around the rim a bit precarious at times, but the views on this 70 minute sojourn made it well worth the effort.





After that it was post-haste to the Penshurst Bakery by 1.15 pm, but alas the keenly anticipated beestings were already sold out! So we made do with take-away coffees and various pies and cakes. We took them to the Penshurst Botanic Gardens. After eating, we discovered a pretty little trail along the cascading creek that results from the 'unfailing' spring, well worth the detour from the main objective.

Finally we applied ourselves to the straightforward walk to the summit of Mt Rouse with its towers and lookout, and a staircase of 113 steps near the top. The strong wind did not stop us from enjoying the distant views including the Grampians. Down to the nearby picnic ground whose shelter is decorated with three relevant murals, then a short wander down to our cars by 3.15. A very pleasant day, but next time Mt Rouse will be first so the bakery and its beestings are reached earlier!

Footnote: no leeches, no snakes, a few kangaroos, wallabies, and koalas but no wildflowers, just a large patch of escaped weeds.

Rosalie



Yarram Gap to Wannan Camp: Sunday 24 September

Walkers: (WBW) Rob (leader), Ali, Katrina, Coralie, Rosalie, Campbell, (Camperdown) Bob, Cheryl, Gary, (Grampians) Gareth

A perfect day for walking along a perfect ridge. No need to say much else except for the editor's need to fill the newsletter.

One car was left at our end point where the GPT crosses the Dunkeld to Halls Gap Rd and the other three cars were left at our starting point of Yarram Gap. At the end of the walk all the drivers were taken to Yarram Gap, with some heading home eastward and the others heading westward to collect their passengers.

The view from the ridge was as grand as ever, both to the east over the plains and to the west and the Serra Range. A few old trees had fallen over the track but otherwise it was easy with only a few sections to slow one down.

Lunch was eaten, as always, on the last bump of the ridge. There was shade for those who wanted it and the superb panorama (below) for the rest.

Then it was downhill as we went to the Wannan campsite, the Christobel rehabilitation, the Wannan River, and the waiting car.





While not as floriferous as my other two trips to the Grampians this month, there were plenty of species flowering with special mention going to the bearded greenhood near the start and the *Calectasia grandiflora* at the end.



Rob

Every trip has to visit the site of the Christobel ruins and retell its saga to a new (and captive) audience. The property was one of several considered in the 1990s by Geelong College as a site for a school camp. Two reasons approval was not given for such use were the access road might be flooded in winter and there was no safe entry/exit in case of fire. The structural standards were an unknown and the building was demolished in 2018 and rehabilitation of the site started. Archival photos from Rosalie's 2018 collection.



Sep 2023



Wyperfeld: 29 September—1 October

Campers: Ali, Christine, Coralie 📷, Di D, Liz, Mike, Pauline, Rob 📷, Trevor, former members Di F and J and from the Grampians Club, Julie and DJ

Thursday 8:20, phone call from Lothar, his car was packed but his back had gone, he was pulling out. His car was unpacked into other cars, copious instructions were given about all the food he had prepared, and so the weekend began. The predicted 33° for Friday and Saturday had reduced numbers by two for what became both an active and a lethargic weekend.

We started arriving at the Wonga campground around 3 pm, choosing a treed site to the west of our usual one: shade took precedence over the distance to be travelled for 4 am forays. Much oohing over the moon rise.



Friday's breakfast of muesli then egg and bacon on a muffin was enough to sustain our Tykil Walk with the Dune Lookout add-on. As agreeable as ever but fewer flowers and birds.

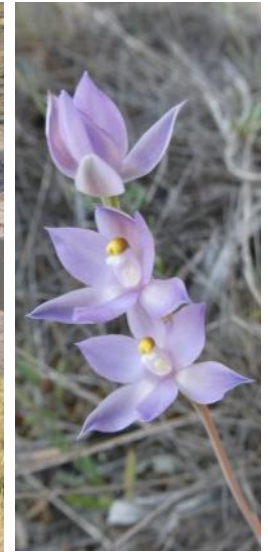
It was hot. We decided our torpor would end when Coralie's alarm signalled 4 pm and the start of the Discovery Walk. The usual shrieks of delight/fear/surprise when a large spider was found under the lid of an





information box. We decided against the Lake Brambruk extension but did crest the rise to look at the Devil's Pools. And mightily pleased we did: dad and his seven teenagers ran from the water hole but soon returned.

Tea was (eventually) Lothar's delicious vegetable and chicken soup followed by fruit salad minus the grapes, strawberries and watermelon, which were found the next day. Don't mention the blueberries. A full moon rose!



With **Saturday's** even hotter prediction we opted for a 7:40 am start for the 7 km 2½ hours Desert Walk. Every so often we saw a cloud of *Callitris* pollen erupting. The progress of revegetation since the bushfire 10 years ago is always of interest.

After lunch, the rationale for escaping the grand final was undermined. It must have been the heat! Nine headed to the Rainbow Pub to watch the match, stay cool, eat nibbles, text Lothar, etc. The other four did the tourist drive to the Eastern Lookout, the mallee fowl nest loop and the info centre where they chatted with four Melbourne Bushwalkers whose other club members had similarly decamped to Rainbow. They'd seen a mallee fowl on the loop walk that morning.

Lothar had changed the meal to a tuna salad (because of the heat) and poached pears. It was a late tea by the time the football addicts returned, with several very pleased with the result. An even [more spectacular moon rise](#) through light cloud.

Sunday dawned warmer. We headed home around 9 am after a most enjoyable weekend. The usual thank-yous from all of us to Lothar for organising the food and the weekend. It was a great pity that he had not been able to come.

Rob

