

Ramble On

Newsletter of Redland Bushwalkers Incorporated

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P.O. Box 101 Cleveland 4163

June 2012

Next Club Meeting

Wednesday 11th July, 2012 7:00pm for 7:30pm start

President's Report

Hi Redland Bushwalkers, our wonderful president is overseas with his mum as his dad passed away. Our condolences to you and your family Mats.

Wow really feels like winter the last couple of days. It's a great time for Bushwalking, when it is not raining of course, as it warms you up all over. I hope that you are all enjoying your activities whatever they may be, walking, abseiling, camping, kayaking, cycling and photography. The club has a lot of variety and there is something for everyone, please enjoy and stay safe.

Thank you to all the people who came along and contributed to the July-December calendar planning. Steve held a great meeting and your responses were well received.

Excitement is building with only 2 months to go before our club, under the guidance of Hilary and Betty, run the pilgrimage. 'Hilbet' have put a lot of work into making it a huge success and with your help this is happening. If you can help in anyway please do not hesitate to talk to Hilary and Betty. It will be a fun packed weekend mixing and meeting people from other clubs who have the same interests as us. There will be walks, dancing, spit roasts, chats while sipping on a warm cup of tea all in the surrounds of Canungra show grounds. All the information is all on our website if you would like to take a look.

The website is there for us to use so please access it and if you think something could be different then let us know. We are a team, all of us, the complete membership of Redland Bushwalkers.

Don't forget to keep taking your photos as you could have the winning shot for the competition in November.

Next year is a celebration of our 10th year which actually starts at the end of this year and there is a committee working on the anniversary with a few varied happenings.

Take care everyone and happy walking,

Denise - Vice President

Upcoming Activities

BUSHWALKERS PILGRIMAGE 2012

A chance to walk & meet with other clubs.

Hosted by REDLANDS BUSHWALKING CLUB AT CANUNGRA SHOWGROUNDS

7th – 9th SEPTEMBER 2012

The cost for the weekend includes:

Camping, Free Hot Showers, Friday Night Soup, Tea, Coffee, & Nibbles all weekend, selection of 20 bushwalks from Hard to Easy, track and off track.

Saturday night: We are hoping that as many people as possible will be joining us under the Green Hanger, for the tasty Spit Roast Dinner at \$18.50 (BYO drinks) **Must be pre-booked.**

Bush band "Stone the Crows", and supper.

Sunday Breakfast: 'Sausage Sizzle'. AGM of BWQ, FMR presentation? Prizes etc. Long Australian Goodbye

**Early Bird until 31/7/2012 - \$36
From 1/8/2012 - \$42**

Pay on line or in Cash or Cheque to Betty at the July meeting to catch the worm!!

Check out our website <http://pilgrimage2012.weebly.com/index/html> to see full details of the weekend and photos of our venue, the Canungra Show grounds.

Contacts: Hilary Riley 0415 526 910 & Betty Murray 0408 129 241
Email: Pilgrimage2012@hotmail.com

The focus of the weekend will be camaraderie, bushwalking, dancing, eating and fun.

Redland members are poised to welcome you with smiling faces and their homemade goodies.

Please email us or catch us at the meeting in July; we need you to volunteer your smiles, helping hands and pre-cooked goodies.

The showgrounds are open to the public for camping, so if members would like to come before the 7th or stay on after 9th they just need to contact the onsite caretaker.

For those with caravans, powered sites are also available at a small extra cost.

Canungra is just over an hour's drive South of Brisbane and well placed for bushwalking on the Lamington Plateau, Mt Tambourine, Killarney Glen to name just a few.

Did we mention the Early Bird special \$36 before 31st July?????

Activity Reports



Where: Bigriggen Base Camp

When: 9-11 June 2012

Leader: Denise Mitchell

Base Camps are always such fun. The walks, the glow of the camp fire on everyone's face in the evenings, the friendships reinforced and the laughter bubbling out all over make for a wonderful time together.

The advance party arrived on Friday morning at beautiful Bigriggen Park. Heather, Denise and myself (Sue D) used our best knot tying and stretching techniques to get our fabulous new banner up high enough for all to see. Hilary and Betty arrived and once tents had been moved a few times to more salubrious positions we had a hilarious time erecting Rob's tarpaulin to provide a gathering point for our camp. Girl Power prevailed and we were proud of the resulting structure. Gerry, Norman and then Shane soon joined us around the camp fire for the evening. After much discussion and consulting of local maps, Betty and Hilary came up with 2 terrific short walk ideas for the next day.



Early on Saturday Rob and Laurel rolled in with Rob's roof top bristling with fire pots, lumps of wood and other equipment essential for our comfort.

We were soon on our way to Yellow Pinch at the base of Mt Barney, a great circuit with superb close up views of Mount Barney. We were also very interested to look down to where Hilary had formerly been hauled up a steep incline on a stretcher in an earlier FMR rescue training exercise.....impressive stuff!

Next we drove to nearby Mt Gillies and walked up the ridge past outcrops of huge boulders and steep rock columns with spectacular views across to Mount Barney and the McPherson ranges. Lunch was on a rocky outcrop gazing out over a splendid panorama. A couple of chocolate brown rock wallabies sat and watched us as we climbed up high enough to sit in a large cave. The setting provided a superb Aussie bush atmosphere! Our men looked after us, always ready with a helping hand or advice on the best way to navigate the more difficult rock scrambles. Marvellous!

On Sunday we climbed Mt Maroon. The weather was overcast and the top shrouded in clouds. Undeterred we had fun as always as we walked and scrambled up the mountain. Near to the top the wind was whipping down on us and we donned our jackets and hats. The moisture and wind had us feeling quite cold. Billies were boiled

for a warming drink as we huddled in a small clearing. We decided against going the last stretch over the rocks to the top. It was wet and probably slippery with no visibility so we climbed down into the sunshine and shelter and relaxed for lunch with more wonderful views and another wallaby nearby.



We spent lovely evenings around Rob's two glowing fire pots with possums scampering around us. A couple of drinks plus good food and even better company made for a very congenial atmosphere. Shane did an impromptu knot tying course with Hilary, Betty and Norman as his avid pupils and the rest of us looking on in awe at the complexity of it all!

A wonderful weekend was had by all of us. Many thanks to Denise for all of her efforts in organizing everything.

Sue Donnelly



Where: 17 June 2012

When: Mt Maroon daywalk

Leader: Ted Wassenberg

With Mats' day walk cancelled due to his absence overseas, there was an opportunity, at short notice, to put on a daywalk to Mt Maroon. A couple of people signed on at the meeting and others followed up with phone calls, and so it was that six of us set off on a brilliant morning for Mt Maroon. The drive down had us shrouded in thick patches of fog, but cleared as we drew near to Cotswold. The car park was nearly full when we arrived suggesting that there were many people on the mountain.



We set off on the climb at 0830h and were joined by a lone walker from Sandgate named Alison. She was invited to climb with us, which she quickly accepted, as she had not been on the mountain for about 8 years. We had in our party a new person named Jean who has lived in Switzerland for about 15 years, but is a Canadian. This was to be her first mountain in her newly adopted country. We took our time and stopped often for a drink or at a lookout. Morning tea was on the knoll just above the gully and an early lunch at the summit. At this stage we had met only two young women on their way down.

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After a leisurely lunch and naming many of the peaks and features for the group, it was time to descend. We met two parties that had come up the mountain after us but there was no sign of the larger group. The descent was slow going as Jean was unaccustomed to the steep and uneven terrain, but we were back at the cars by 1340h. We all said goodbye to Alison and said she was welcome to join us in the future if she wanted to join the club. A coffee stop was made at Beaudesert and we said our goodbyes. In all, it was a great day and everyone enjoyed the walk. Thanks to Hilary, Sue, Wayne, Richard, Jean and Alison for making it so.



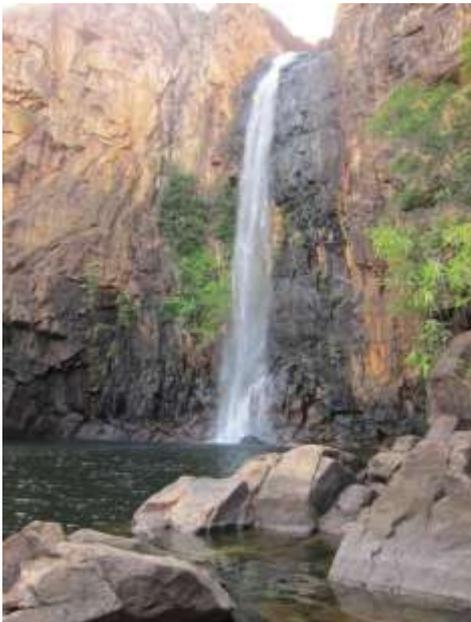
Where: Jatbula Trail – 5 day Self-Guided, Through Walk - In Nitmiluk National Park, NT
From Nitmiluk, Katherine Gorge to Edith Falls.

When: 24th to 28th May 2012

Great excitement mixed with a little disappointment, as we did our final check of our backpacks, prior to heading to the Visitors Centre to register, pay deposits and our camp fees.

Unfortunately, Don's foot wasn't completely mended, and he decided that he may not see the distance. A wise decision, Don did manage to fill in his time very happily intermixed with being able to tinker, repair some farm machinery and boys toys and spend time sightseeing and enjoying the warm hospitality offered at Steve and Mel's home.

After jumping through all the official hoops, Wayne, Mike, Kerrie, Christine and I began our adventure by taking a boat across the Katherine River to start on our 66km trail. We were officially, the first walkers for 2012. Equipped with mud maps from the Visitors Centre, it wasn't long until we were enjoying this wonderful adventure. It was easy walking as we settled into the different scenery, and we made our way to the first nights' stop. On route we lingered longer at Northern Rockhole where a lovely waterfall was crashing into a pristine pool at the base. Back on track, all eager to reach our first night's destination, there was great excitement when we spied our first 'loo' indicating our arrival at Biddlecombe Cascades. WOW. Beautiful as we were drawn to the watery sounds. Great spot to swim, find a niche where you could sit, letting the water massage your back as it swirled over the cascades. Very enjoyable!



Day 2 to Crystal Cascades. We started the day with boots off/on as we crossed the Biddlecombe Creek. Mostly walking on rock and large swampy crossings during the day, we came across a large boulder of Aboriginal Rock paintings. Most of the day was viewing lovely scenery across valleys. The approach to Crystal Falls was even more audible than the previous night. Our small campsite was on the edge of the water, again magnificent for swimming and relaxing. Late afternoon saw us perched on the top of the rise, viewing the gorge below.

Day 3 and onto Seventeen Mile Falls. Yet another watery crossing, deeper, wider and more daunting, was successfully accomplished. More views of the thundering Crystal Falls. Then off again across open gravelly terrain, then crossing a swampy area for approximately an hour. The approach to the Amphitheatre was a steep stairway and a mountain goat track. Well worth the effort as we viewed the aboriginal art under this subtropical canopy. Then it was onward with a detour to the east side of the escarpment to view the 17 Mile Falls and our next campsite. Great views and a wonderful photo opportunity! What's that in a back ground? Smoke and flames at our proposed campsite! It was ablaze! Two brave men went off to investigate the situation, returning to say "No go there". But they had found a safer, softer, sandy site beside the babbling stream, than the charred remains of the proposed site. Another very memorable night, with a fabulous Northern Territory star show and the gentle sounds of the babbling creek, as good as it gets!



Day 4 began with swamp bashing, stepping on huge clumps of debris and clumps of grass to avoid soaking boots. We signed off at the checkpoint then headed off toward Edith River. About an hour and a half into the walk, as we were heading west, we could see smoke and fire moving across the country from left to right across the track ahead of us. We retreated back along the track for about 15 minutes, and then stopped to assess the situation. Again the two brave men went to the fire head to investigate. A decision was agreed upon that we would walk back to the fire and through it, safest option. Back on track, enjoying the early afternoon we were stopped again by more intense smoke, again moving from left to right as we travelled west. This time we moved back to a fairly bare rocky outcrop. Where we spent two and a half hours, as the fire burnt the high grass undergrowth, with flames up to 3-4 meters, occasionally engulfing a gum tree or 3 as it burnt ways across the country.



Once the fire had passed and smoke had cleared, we continued on to Edith River. It was an eerie sensation, as we walked through what had been burnt through that afternoon. While perched on our rocky outcrop, apart from the fire, we were privy to enjoy a fantastic display by birds of prey, as they worked the smoke. There must have been 15-20 birds, swooping, flying, diving, through the smoke, catching insects as they tried to escape from the fire. Edith River was a welcoming site, which gave us an opportunity to flush the smoke from our eyes, enjoy the open air, fill our water bottles and complete the last 6 kms to Sandy Camp. We traversed through, swampy, grassy, sandy areas and large tree roots.

About 5.30 a rocky, slippery bar heralded the entrance to Sandy Camp. The best and most welcome campsite. Jacuzzi's formed into the sandstone on the edge of the water. Bliss!!! What a shame we didn't have more time to enjoy this wonderful campsite.

Day 5 and a little slow leaving this beautiful site at Sandy Camp and heading to Edith Falls. There was much evidence of damage from the last seasons wet and cyclone by the force of the water creating huge debris piles around this area. Again the walk had its surprises. In places at times, we squelched through swampy areas, balanced and stumbled on rocky terrain.



We walked beside many rapids until we came to a beautiful area where we had our last lunch and an enjoyable swim before our last 5kms walk to our promised ice-cream. Once we'd arrived at Edith Falls, where we had to deregister at the Kiosk, to our shock/horror, the Kiosk and ice-creams had been washed away! This was our last stop and a happy ending to our 5 day Jatbula trek, thoroughly enjoyed by Mike, Carmel, Kerri, Wayne, Christine.

Written by Carmel



Where: A solo winter tramp of the Heaphy Track - 82km.

When: Late May early June,

The Heaphy Track has been on my list of must do's for many years. It finally came about as a sequence of events fell into place. One was the presence of my son in Westport and the other was the chance meeting of Lisa, a lady from Takaka, while I was on the Wangapeka track. Lisa and Richard own Golden Bay Air operating between Wellington and Takaka. Lisa had invited me to stay and put me onto the track.

I decided to visit my son in late May early June, but do so via the Heaphy Track. The route in was through Wellington, connect with Golden Bay Air and stay overnight in Takaka and catch a bus to the start of the track. Most of that worked. Lisa met me at the airport and we went shopping for supplies then took me home to stay

with her family. Lisa informed me that the bus was not running and either she or Richard would drop me at the start of the track. Their hospitality was overwhelming.

Narrative

Day 1 of the tramp, weather sunny, temperature 4 to 11°C. Richard drove me out to the start of the Heaphy track at Brown River hut. From here it is a steady uphill grind of 800m over about 16 km, then down 1.5km to Perry Saddle Hut. The track resembles a forestry road, well benched and solid underfoot. It took me 4.5 h to reach the hut and I met several mountain bike riders on the way. I was surprised to see a construction site at the hut, as there were two huts. The old hut in which I stayed and a brand new hut, fresh with painters doing the finishing touches. The old hut will be removed over the winter months. Four bike riders shared the old hut with me that night.

Day 2 was a 12.5km walk to Saxon Hut. Weather cool 4 to 7°C with light cloud. I left at 0915 before the bike riders but was soon overtaken by them. Two of them were wet having fallen from their bikes in one of the numerous creek crossings. The scenery changed completely along the way from the dense beech forest to open plains of red tussock grasslands with patches of mist as I overlooked Goulard Downs. Lunch was at the Goulard Downs shelter - a neat little hut. The trail left the downs and climbed back up onto a wooded ridge to Saxon Hut where I caught up with the bike riders, but they soon departed for the next hut, as the weather was about to change. My companion for the night was another solo walker, Paul from Bundaberg, heading the opposite direction.



Day 3, 0130 gale force wind and short showers of rain are battering the hut. By dawn it is raining constantly with a gusting wind. Karen the hut warden appeared at 0730 and said if I left straight away I should make it to the James Mackey Hut (12 km) and not be caught in floodwaters. So I set off in full thermals and wet weather gear into the gale. The Saxon R was not over its banks yet so it was safe to proceed. However, on the Mackey Downs, at Monument creek, the water was lapping the planks on the bridge and the boardwalk beyond was ankle deep in water. In several places further along the track, on side creeks, I was mid-thigh deep in running water. By midday, I arrived at James Mackay Hut and had lunch. Lit a fire and dried off a little. Through the window and a break in the clouds, I had brief glimpses of the mouth of the Heaphy R and the Tasman Sea. As the weather appeared to be easing, I decided to walk on to Lewis Hut another 12 km but I would be off the plateau. I did not see another person and had the Lewis Hut to myself. A pretty hut set above the junction of the Lewis and Heaphy Rivers where several ducks were wallowing in the sheltered waters. With a roaring fire and hot meal I and my gear were soon dry and warm.

Day 4, sunny, few light clouds. I left Lewis hut at 0815 for the 8 km walk to Heaphy Hut. First I crossed the Lewis R on a large swing bridge and soon after crossed the Heaphy R on an even longer swing bridge. The track now is nestled between large limestone cliffs and the Heaphy R on the way to the coast and Nikau palms were soon evident on approaching the coast. As I neared the coast the booming noise of waves onto the beach became evident. Close to the Heaphy Hut I was surrounded by several small birds attracted to insect I had stirred up.



The Heaphy Hut sits 500m from the mouth of the Heaphy R with grand views down to the river and beach. I spent the afternoon fossicking among the driftwood and sitting on the beach and taking photos. My solitude was suddenly shattered by the arrival of 16 mountain bikes and mud splattered riders. This changed the atmosphere in the hut, but they were a friendly bunch and apologetic for disturbing the serenity. The evening was full of chatter and questions about the state of the track. Two late biking arrivals that evening had traversed the Heaphy Track in one day and were going back the next. They breed them tough in NZ.

Day 5, Sunny but cool. I set off before the bikers, heading for Kohaihai (17km) and the end of the walk. This is the most beautiful part of the track as it snakes in and out from the beach through Nikau palm forests and crossing several rocky points. I met a couple more biking groups and the first trampers I had seen since the solo Australian at Saxon Hut. I stopped frequently to soak in the scenery and take photos. At the end of the track there is a bit of a climb over Kohaihai Bluff before descending to the road end and shelter hut. I had arranged to call a shuttle bus from the free phone at Kohaihai to take me to Karamea for the night and then a bus to Westport in the morning. However, the phone was dead. I fiddled with the connections and tried to get it to work with no luck.



What to do? There is nothing at Kohaihai except a few cars belonging to the bikers and a couple of campervans and 16 km to Karamea. It is one o'clock, I can walk to Karamea and hope to catch a lift. I started walking and after about 2 km a car came from Kohaihai. It stopped for me, a young German tourist, who I had seen on the track, was heading south and offered to take me to Karamea. While chatting to him, I found he was on his way to Greymouth and was going through Westport, so I ended up in Westport a day earlier than planned and stayed with my son and his family for a week.

Ted Wassenberg



Where: Brisbane River Paddle, Esk Highway river crossing to Burtons Bridge.

When: Sunday 24th June 2012

Leaders: Mike Vose & Don Baxter



The bus dropped 22 RBWC eager members as close to Twin Bridges near Fernvale as access allowed.

Willing hands transported all of our canoes/kayaks to the water's edge and we launched without mishap.

Our first leg to Savages crossing went very well. We all settled into the paddling rhythm and negotiated our first gravel races, dodging the many trees and stumps. We were travelling well.

Bus driver Dave met us for our tea break. Hot drinks and cakes were devoured with relish. Yum!

Paddling along, cruising the smooth stretches then adrenalin pumping as we rushed through the gravel races twisting and turning, narrowly missing trees and stumps.

So far so good! Laughter and chat rippling across the river.

Then Oh dear! Carmel and Sue D were first to attempt the fast zig zag through narrow openings in the leftover flood debris. A sharp left turn around a long low branch did us in. Not enough power or skill. We cannoned into the branch. The canoe was sucked under and overturned.

Cold water!

Sudden shock!



Carmel went right under as I clung desperately like a limpet to the branch. Fast flowing water almost took me away then I looked over my shoulder and saw Carmel standing in thigh deep water.... Oh!.... I straightened my legs and found I could easily stand. What a laugh.



As we were pulling the canoe to shore, Pedro and Theresa hurtled past downstream to retrieve our lost gear floating away.

Chaos followed as one and then another and more canoes overturned. Helping hands where everywhere and then hilarity over the panicked expressions on those unfortunates who received a severe dousing in the river.

Some even went over twice! I guess they liked the experience.

We walked through one difficult section but Leisa thought she could paddle it.

No! She couldn't!

Kevin and Richard were quickly waist deep as they retrieved her jammed canoe.

Moving downstream again, glad of warm clothing. A little tension now as we approached more fast water. No need to worry. We were becoming quite accomplished by now.

For lunch we sat on a log watched by curious cows.

Onwards downstream and loving it all. Earlier than expected we reached our destination at Burton's Bridge. Swimming with a pig! Actually a disgusting foul smelling dead pig which inconveniently died right where we had to haul out. Yuk!

Undeterred we were all eager to change into dry clothes.

A major wardrobe malfunction occurred in the girls changing room. Sheltering in front of the bus and shedding wet clothing the bus door suddenly slammed shut exposing me in a state of semi undress to the men's changing room at the back of the bus. Also a rural fire truck drove past our change area 3 times in minutes. I wonder why.

Thanks to Don and Mike for all of their efforts in organizing a wonderful day out. Well Done.

Sue Donelly

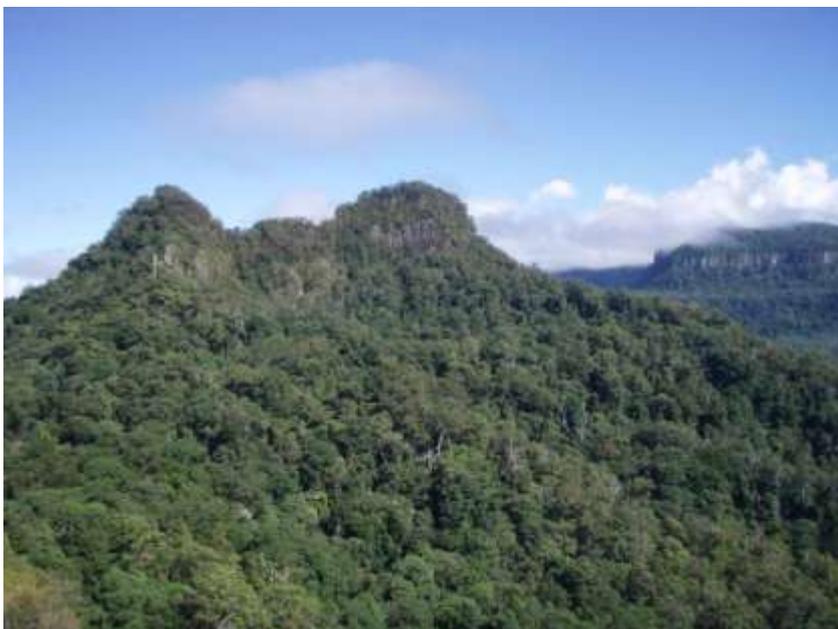


Thanks to Sue & Pedro for the photo's



Where: Boyd's Butte & Mt Cougal East Peak
When: 24 June 2012
Leader: Judy

This was my second attempt at the walk I had planned to do at the end of April but cancelled due to torrential rain the day before. Last weekend we were much luckier with the weather and 10 of us set off from the old sawmill at 8.00am. We crossed the creek and started heading up the ridge towards Boyd's Butte following an old logging road. This part of the route had been quite easy to follow when we did the survey but in the few weeks since that time has been heavily marked with pink tape so even I would have found it hard to go astray. We were able to avoid much of the wait-a-while we encountered on the survey by heading further up towards the butte before contouring round to the saddle.



Cougals from Boyd's Butte

After a short scramble through the lilies we were up on Boyd's Butte for morning tea and took turns to enjoy the views to Springbrook Plateau and down into Tallebudgera Valley – the butte isn't quite big enough for 10. We then headed back to the saddle and up the ridge towards the Cougals. I was hoping I would remember the exact spot where there is another short scramble to get on top of the ridge but again there was pink tape everywhere. We made very good time and were on



top of the east peak of the Cougals by 11.00 from where we could see our descent ridge. We had an early lunch and then set off to head down the rabbit fence stopping for a look in the cave on the way.

After reaching the carpark at the end of Garden of Eden road we had a gentle stroll back along a four wheel drive track to our cars at Currumbin Valley.

Thank you to my fellow walkers for a good day out and thanks again to Ken from Gold Coast Bushwalkers for arranging permission to access the private land.

Judy Moody-Stuart





Interesting Information

BUSHWALKIN CODE OF ETHICS

(Taken from the Guidelines of the Qld Environmental Protection Agency)

Camping Softly

- ☺ Plan your route carefully so you arrive at a prearranged site rather than creating a new campsite.
- ☺ Camp well away from walking tracks, lakes and creeks.
- ☺ Never dig trenches around your tent.
- ☺ Take your own poles. Don't cut them from the bush.
- ☺ Remove all rubbish. Never bury rubbish, animals always dig it up.
- ☺ Dismantle your fireplace. Check the fire is completely out.
- ☺ Leave your campsite better than you found it.
- ☺ Never camp on frontal sand dunes.
- ☺ Carry a fuel stove for heating food and water.

