



# Ramble On

Newsletter of Redland Bushwalkers Incorporated

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## May 2013

### Next Club Meeting

Wednesday 8<sup>th</sup> May, 2013 - AGM

Indigiscapes Centre, Runnymede Rd, Capalaba

7:00pm for 7:30pm start

### Presidents Report



Autumn is upon us and we face two choices to beat the cold! Either rug up in front of the fireplace armed with a good book and a bottle of red or go climbing mountains and bash through rainforest. Not being an owner of a fireplace I know which choice I will have to make, Claret gives me a headache anyway.

We are still suffering from the consequences of the cyclonic weather back in January; there are gaping holes in our calendar as the numbers of cancelled walks are piling up. Please feel free to brainstorm up some suggestions to fill the gaps.

Lately there has been a drop in the number of people volunteering as leaders; the problem is most noticeable for social and easier walks. This is a worrying trend that needs to be turned around. Leading is not hard, especially not for the social and easier walks where navigation difficulty is not a factor. So if you enjoy walking with your fellow club members, please try leading a walk or two. The Brisbane area is full of parks and reserves crisscrossed with paths just begging to be used. If you need some ideas about where to walk, just ask any present leader or committee member, they will be very happy to help.

The new committee has had their first meeting for the year and got off to a running start, a number of items are in the process of being purchased on the club's behalf, major items being 2 new GPS units, abseiling ropes, abseiling helmets and mapping software. All these items will help us make our outings safer and more enjoyable. If you have any suggestions for club improvements, please grab a friendly committee member and let us hear your ideas.

Happy Walking,  
Mats



## National Park Information

The remnants of the recent cyclone have created many problems in our National Parks.

Peaks and tracks particularly affected are Mt Mitchell and Mt Cordeaux, Shipstern Circuit, Coomera Circ. and Bellbird Circuit to name some popular walks.

Mt Cordeaux will be closed for many months, perhaps years as many sections of the tracks are gone and many gullies are now 'ravines' (quoting rangers).

To check the status of a park you may have nominated to walk in refer to:

<http://www.nprsr.qld.gov.au/park-alerts/index.php>

### WALK GRADINGS:

Distance		Terrain		Fitness	
<b>S</b>	Short Under 10k, per day	<b>1-3</b>	Graded track or open terrain, no scrub	<b>1-3</b>	Easy. Suitable for beginners
<b>M</b>	Medium 10-15k, per day	<b>4-5</b>	Off track, bush, minor scrub, rainforest, rock hopping, minor scrambling	<b>4-5</b>	Medium, reasonable fitness required
<b>L</b>	Long 15-20km per day	<b>6-7</b>	As above + thick scrub. Major rock scrambling using hands.	<b>6-7</b>	As above + agility required
<b>X</b>	Extra Long 20km+ per day	<b>8-9</b>	As above + rope and technical ability required	<b>8-9</b>	Hard strenuous, fit walkers only

<b>AB</b>	Abseiling	<b>DW</b>	Day Walk	<b>TW</b>	Through Walk
<b>BC</b>	Base Camp	<b>SOC</b>	Social	<b>XT</b>	Extended Trip
<b>R</b>	Bike Ride	<b>TR</b>	Training		

### EXAMPLE:

The Albert River Circuit at O'Reilly's is 22km long all on graded track, it would be graded as: **DW X 3 5**



## New Members

Oops sorry, forgot to get them. I'll make up for it next time.



## Activity Reports



**Where:** Mt Somers – South Island NZ

**When:** 29-30-31 March 2013

**Leader:** Ted Wassenberg

Because it was an Easter weekend, Arif and I did not want to travel too far with the holiday traffic, so we opted to go to Mt Somers (1687m) rising up from the Canterbury Plains. This much underrated mountain, as first looks are deceiving, is very impressive with some very rugged routes on it. We arrived at the Sharplin Falls carpark at about 0900h and put on boots and packs and headed up a steep track. After about 20 min, we dropped our packs and detoured about 1 km along a side track to see Sharplin Falls, then continued over ridges and down steep gullies crossing several small streams to eventually climb up above the tree line to Pinnacles Hut where we had lunch. This hut is situated near the foot of a massive rock wall that is the western ramparts of Mt Somers and is a rock climbing area. A further 3h of walking on tussock grassed ridges and crossing several passes, we descended to Woolshed Hut – a bit of a tourist hut- where we managed to get a bed before the hordes arrived. Many people camped around the hut while others came in for a day walk from the carpark 2h away on southern side of the mountain. Arif could not stand the noise and took his mattress outside on the veranda and slept with the possums.



Next morning Arif and I set off early, crossing a large swing bridge to head up to a cave known as the “Bus Stop”. This was our turn-off point to head up to the summit of Mt Somers. From this point onwards there was no track nor any markers and the summit was about 4 km away. We stumbled through a maze of boulders and Spaniards (spiky plants) to reach waist deep tussock grass through which we waded for a couple of kilometres aiming for rocky patches where ever we could. As we got higher the grass became shorter and eventually we were on small scree. A false summit with a cairn on top fooled us for a little while but soon we were at the real summit where we settled down for lunch with clear views back to the port hills of Christchurch and the ocean to the east. We returned to the hut by mid-afternoon, the whole trip had taken 7h. There were fewer people at the hut as most had departed for Pinnacles Hut or to the Woolshed carpark. Later that afternoon, while exploring the gorges near the hut I found several rap rings bolted to the rock above some of the falls which proved to be abseil points for canyoning – something for the future.



Day three, Arif and I set off early just after first light for the 8h trip across the south side of Mt Somers and then along the eastern flanks of the peak back to Sharplin Falls carpark. Again we had to go up to the Bus Stop, this time with heavy packs and then up and down over numerous gullies and ridges running east from Mt Somers. We had lunch at Acland Shelter - a substantial new shelter hut. Here we were teased by the weather – it threatened to rain – a few on and off sprinkles-then nothing, we put away our parkas. After that there was steady grind up Staveley Hill before a knee-jarring descend down about 1000 m to the carpark. After stopping at the local café for coffee, a burgher and ice-cream for Arif, we returned

to Christchurch, very satisfied with having circumnavigated and climbed the mountain.

Ted

**Where:** St James Walkway New Zealand

**When:** 6-9<sup>th</sup> April, 2013

**Leaders:** David Rae

Walks in New Zealand need not be hard to be interesting and enjoyable. St James walkway located within in the Lewis Pass region is one such walk. Our plan was to take five days to explore this diverse scenery and vegetation.

The start and end points of the walk are 15 km apart so we used a service provided by Bolyle River Outdoor Centre for them to drive our car to the Lewis Pass end and then they returned our car back to the end point at Boyle River.



*Lewis Pass end of the walk*

The first part of the walk took us down into Cannibal Gorge, through lush beech forest and mossy ground. Normally in April the beech leaves are a golden yellow, but not this year as New Zealand has had a dry summer with mild temperatures. After 4-5 hours we reached Ada Hut, which is a 14-bed hut. As the afternoon wore on the number of hikers arriving at the hut slowly increased. In fact by 8:00 pm a group of 12 arrived giving a total of 24 people. Having no beds, the group of 12 decided to party on into the wee hours of the morning, which agitated a few people.

The next morning we rose early (surprise surprise) ready for our leisurely 4 hrs walk to Christopher Hut. At this point we knew that none of the 20 people in Ada hut were going on. In the hut 1 hr short of Ada hut we knew there were 18 people and we were hoping they were not going in the same direction as us. More on this to come.

The walk went over Ada Pass (blink and you will miss the saddle) and on into the flats of Ada River. On a couple of occasions we passed by a large flock of Canadian geese, which were introduced as a “game” bird in the early 1900’s.



*Ada River*

Arriving at a civilized time of 12:00 pm at Christopher hut we settled in and had lunch. Within 45 minutes we had company and then we were told there are 18 people heading our way. Oh No we said not another night of overcrowding and perpetual snoring. After some mumbling and grumbling a quick meeting was called. Its only

4 hrs to the next hut, it's the last day of daylight saving, we have plenty of time , Hilary looked at her leg, looked at us, smiled and gave the thumbs up – lets go for it.

Arriving at Ann hut at 16:45 our gamble paid off, a 20 bed hut, two bunk rooms and only two other people.

For the next two days we enjoyed the quiet and serenity of the flats of Boyle River with just a hint of rain on our last day.



*Boyle River*

Our next destination was Kirwans hut situated in Victoria Forest Park, which is near Reefton.

Foot Note – In future don't start a NZ through walk on a Friday or Saturday

David Rae



**Where:** Kirwans Track - South Island NZ

**When:** 10-12 April 2013

**Leader:** Ted Wassenberg & Dave Rae

Kirwans Track is in the Victoria Conservation Park west of Lewis Pass and close to Reefton. The track was built to support gold mines on the top of the mountain ranges.

We had spent the night at Westport to clean up, replenish our food supplies and some R&R after the St James walk. We departed town at about 0800 for the short drive to a defunct settlement (Capleston) and car park at the end of Boatman's Road. From here we crossed a new swing bridge and followed a good benched dirt road alongside a deep gorge. The track then left the road and entered a tunnel that led onto a long swing bridge after which it crossed two more wooden bridges before slowly winding its way up and up for about 5 h. The track was very good in places and badly eroded in others particularly at some side creeks, which gave our hobbling companion some difficulties. The day was quite humid and we were able to collect water along the way from some of these side streams. Along the way there were the occasional relics of the mining days.

Eventually we reached marker that stated Kirwan's Hut was only 1 km away. Not long after that the track branched and we set off for the hut. David and I reached the hut first and were amazed by the view as there were no views for the entire walk until now. Betty and Hilary arrived soon after. We settled into the hut, and admired the view from the new double glazed windows. There was one sleeping bag in the hut but no one was about. After



some refreshments, we went out to the edge of the clearing in front of the hut and watched the ever changing dance of the clouds that scudded past our hilltop hut (1294m) revealing glimpses of the distant Paparoa Range to the west.

Just on dusk a small thick set person appeared from the forest and proved to be the owner of the sleeping bag – she had been down to Montgomerie Hut, but grumbled during her repeated myoptic visits to the map on the wall, that she had not quite made it – a rural character from Nelson Way.



The next morning, after our local companion had departed, Betty, David and I set off for Kirwan's Hill (1315m) about 2 km away, along a narrow ridge. The walk was exhilarating with views all round and with almost clear skies. We could make out Mt Owen to the north, the Paparoas to the west and the rolling peaks of the main divide to the east and south. We returned to the hut for morning tea and to accompany Hilary who was resting her leg. After that we continued along Kirwan's track to the old mine site, where we found many artefacts from the mining days and an aerial ropeway with some buckets still attached. Still further along the

track were the remains and debris of Mrs Flannigan's boarding house. After imagining what it must have been like to live and work here we returned to the hut for dinner and lots more sunset photos.

Next morning, Hilary took off early just after first light and we followed about half an hour later to return to the car. The walk down was a lot easier and we had all day so took our time. It took about an hour before we caught up with Hilary and then we descended to reach the car about midday. We packed our gear, hopped into clean clothes and headed off to Murchison and the Lazy Cow Backpackers. The home cooking there was reportedly fantastic – so we checked the menu and promptly booked in for dinner. – The meals were fabulous as was the service.

Ted



**Where:** Nelson Lakes – Bushline Hut – Lake Angelus – Speargrass Hut

**When:** 13 to 16<sup>th</sup> April, 2013

**Leader:** Ted & Dave

### Day One Saturday 13<sup>th</sup> April

Sustained for the day with coffee and cheese scones in St Arnaud we left the carpark (800m) mid-morning to tramp the approx.. 3 hrs up to the **Bushline Hut** (14 bunks).

Initially the track skirts above the low bush line of Mt Roberts then after a short forest section begins to climb in a series of zigzags and finally reaches the hut tucked under the Beech Trees. The Bushline Hut & loos have a superb location with views over St. Arnaud and Lake Rotoiti. After a late lunch we all wandered in different directions to check out the Kea Hut and Bushedge Shelter. All afternoon the mist swirled up from the Lake in full view of the hut and as the sunset colours started to change the photo competition was in full swing.



By nightfall the Hut was full to overflowing and tinkled with the laughter of five pint sized walkers who had tramped up the mountain with their parents.

## Day Two Sunday 14<sup>th</sup> April

Early next morning we zigzagged up the steep slope behind the hut to the junction and started a most spectacular rocky traverse of **Roberts Ridge**.

The sky was clear and the sun shone on us as we climbed up and plunged down scree slopes and scrambled through boulder fields for 5 incredible and wonderful hours. We ran out of superlatives as we looked down the valleys to dark blue alpine tarns and across to mountain ranges. Vegetable sheep, a curious alpine plant offered a botanical diversion (and wet bottoms) in many places.

We lunched on an awesome saddle with views down both sides of the ridge.

Further on we had a view to the valley containing Speargrass Creek and a distant view of Speargrass Hut our destination for the next day. After clambering over more rocks we finally reached the end of the Traverse and passed the sign posted route to Speargrass Hut. A final climb up another scree slope to the saddle and we were at last overlooking the stunning Angelus Lake, mountain and hut.



Our highest point for the day was 1794m and we dropped down to the beautiful new **Lake Angelus Hut** (28 beds) at 1650m. After a cuppa we walked out to the nearby Hinapouri Tarn and the cascade and lay in the sun as David & Ted plotted new routes in the area. Later Ted and I even braved a very quick icy dip in Lake Angelus – brrrr!!!

## Day Three Monday 15<sup>th</sup> April

As the tramp to Speargrass Hut was only short we planned a later start to our day. Unfortunately David's long awaited sleep-in didn't eventuate as the other bodies in the hut arose at 5.30am however we did witness Ted's sleeping bag still on his bunk at **8AM**. After the weather forecast (rain for the next day) Ted led us out of the Lake Angelus basin on an old route over a scree slope and we popped over the top directly onto the Speargrass track. Another enjoyable sunny day as we dropped down to the Speargrass Hut traversing the lower edges of huge scree slopes as we crossed Speargrass Creek numerous times. The ground became muddy in sections as we reached the forest and some legs and socks bore witness to this as we crossed the creek again and reached the **Speargrass Hut** 1060m (12 bunks).

We had a few visitors in the afternoon but the hut was exclusively ours for the evening as we settled in, lit the fire, ate deluxe freeze dried dinner (again) and read by head-torch light.

## Day Four Tuesday 16<sup>th</sup> April

Luckily the forecast heavy rain didn't eventuate until later in the day and we walked out on the Speargrass Route through the forest to the Mt Roberts Carpark in a very light drizzle. The track kept us on our toes with its slippery roots to trip us as it wiggled up and down from the creek. The comedy for the day was when David's pole became stuck, he fell and disturbed a wasp nest, I was bitten four times and Hilary fought off a whole swarm as she came to my rescue.

We had sucked in enough Essence of Mountain to sustain us for some time to come and we walked into the carpark in our fourth day, stinky clothes and high as kites!!!!

Betty



**Where:** Sawcut Gorge (New Zealand)

**When:** 18<sup>th</sup> April 2013

**Leader:** Ted & David

Originally billed as an overnight hut walk, our final tramp was always weather dependant, namely rain. On the day our forecast was good; what no one had foreseen was the 12kms of unsealed, winding, slippery, muddy, cliff edged mountain road to the start of the walk. Taking the pragmatic approach we safely parked short of the car park and opted for a day

walk instead. Ted signed the book of intentions that was sitting on the veranda of the farm house adjacent to start of the walk.

We entered the pretty open creek floor, it was immediately apparent that for those of us who have yet to learn to walk on water, it was easier to wade in and accept a day of rock hopping in wet boots. The rocks were mostly dry, white and rounded – artistically sculptured in the creek bed and along the banks. A wild goat and her kid were spied up on rocks as we crossed and recrossed the creek. After morning tea we came upon the sign to Isolated Hill, here we clambered up Isolation Creek, surrounded by evidence of the waters' power to erode the rocks.



Our trail flattened out; around a corner we were greeted by Sawcut Gorge. The creek narrowed to a mere 2 metres, and the teeth of the gorge towered to 150m above us. We walked back and forth, marvelling at this amazing feat of nature. Shortly after we turned around and enjoyed the return trip through the gorge before lunch and a rock hop and scramble back to our extremely muddy car. We drove to Kaikoura stopping to be enchanted by seal pups on the way. Arriving a day early, gave us extra time to wander along the seashore, enjoy more seals and explore the town and spend 2 hours washing the mud off the rental car.

Hil R



**Where:** Eddie Santaguiliana Walk, Cleveland

**When:** Sunday 14 April, 2013

**Leader:** Denise & John Kolcze

The fresh, diamond-bright morning was a wow factor for all of us, as rain had hammered relentlessly the day before. So feeling very chirpy, Denise and John, Marnie, Karen, Don, Jen and Libby met in the carpark at the end of Middle St., Cleveland, prior to starting the Eddie Santaguiliana Walk.

The pretty, peaceful trek is over a wide path punctuated by raised wooden walkways and bridges over streams. These creeks were muddy and swollen although this did not bother the ducks, accompanied by cute and tiny ducklings. We also found ourselves stepping over, or through (for the hardy) some pathway flooding. And Don and Marnie didn't let our horticultural knowledge lapse, indicating tree types not usually noticed.

Variations of scenery help make this a beautiful and easy walk - there are high forest patches, glistening bay views, expansive parkland, some glossy suburbia, as well as the watercourses.

Returning, we tried the park gym equipment: enough said - before settling beneath a tree at Cafe Arabica for sustenance and more chat. Many thanks, Denise and John, for this very lovely walk.

Libby Westacott



**Where:** Long Creek Falls  
**When:-** Sunday 14<sup>th</sup> April 2013  
**Leader:-** Norman (aka “banksia man”)

.....and it came to pass that the long anticipated walk to Wagawn via the Bushranger caves in the Numinbah Valley did not happen because the Good Lord saw fit to send us ex-tropical cyclone Oswald and “He” knocked down trees and mountain sides and the leader, Malcolm, turned to the prophet, Norman, in the Beaudesert area and it was proposed to go elsewhere.

Email from Norman:-

*“I’m leading an unofficial group (who are training for Kokoda) on a walk along the border fence in the direction of Long Creek Falls. Again, not an official walk. Long Creek Falls is reached from Lions Road, turn right into Tartars Creek Road, Turn left into Philp (Mountain) Road, drive onto the plateau and walk onto the border fence”.*



*Saint Jillian*

Email from Malcolm:-

*“OK”.*

And so it was that Mats, Denise M, Tracy R, Judy, Alison, Jillian Rhonda, John (King), John (Kent), Wayne (Little) and Malcolm gathered in the gloom (06.30hrs) to meet with Norman at the Scottish restaurant at Beaudesert. For those of you that may remember, the Friday night and most of Saturday was mostly pelting with rain and general inclemency, but the Sunday dawned fine and clear.

So to strains of the Jamie Cullum song of

*“What a difference a day made, twenty four little hours*

*Brought the sun and the flowers where there used to be rain.....etc., etc. etc”*



We travelled in convoy via Rathdowney, the Lions road and up Philp Mountain road. Now Philp Mountain road is steep, very steep! At the point where “steep” becomes “vertical” we parked the conventional vehicles. A few of hardy souls, in particular the Greyhound and the Whippet (Jillian and Alison, who are training for the Mount Ararat marathon later this year) decided to leg it but the wise amongst us chose to travel in style in the 4WD’s.

At the start of the walk, where the rainforest begins on the Northern edge of Levers Plateau, we met up with local farmers Col and Tim and Tim’s son, Michael, who started with us and then vanished into the cloud forest as they trained for the Kokoda track and were never to be seen again. The rest of us took a more leisurely pace following the rabbit-proof border

fence East towards Richmond Gap for about 90 minutes to views of the falls. Those silly enough to scale the very well maintained fence were rewarded with a close-up view of the top of the falls after a short scramble down to the South.

We then retraced our steps and just past the point at which we first joined the track we popped out of the forest onto a sunny, freshly mown kikuku lawn at the top boundary of what must be the most remote Finger Lime (do your own research) farm in the world! The views to Mounts Lindsay, Barney, Maroon, the Main range etc. are to die for!

Now Norman, who has some strange idea of walking Kokoda (yet again) or The Black Cat (again, do your own research) likes to carry a really heavy pack. He obviously wants to compete with Judy for what can be hidden in a pack. But Norman, unlike Judy who carries the kitchen sink and all sorts of engineering and rock-climbing ironmongery, likes to carry the comforts of life! Out came the thermos of hot water, the tea, the coffee, the chocolate (someone else produced the jelly snakes) and the seersucker table cloth. Not to be out done, Wayne produced his very own folding chair!!

My only regret is that the ladies present were not able to whip up some pre-lunch hors d'oeuvres that featured the abundant lime produce that surrounded us but at least the farmer did not see what of his crop was being scoffed, by some.

So following lunch we tootled off down the hill (Greyhound and Whippet again choosing to walk the top bit) and finished up at the Scottish restaurant at about 3pm for a well-earned coffee and burger.

Malcolm



*Wayne and his Chair*

PS One can learn a lot from Norman – If you want to know how to keep a ripe banana in pristine condition in your pack then you will have to go on Norman's next walk.



**Where:** Social Walk – Redland Bay

**When:** Sunday 21 May, 2013

**Leader:** Marnie Thompson

7am was the meeting time for Marnie's walk. Having risen in pre-dawn darkness and seemingly driven past suburbs and bush for miles, the shimmering sight of Redland Bay was a feast for the eyes.

It was a cool, serene morning so this 10k plus walk leading south to Point Talburpin, in dappled sun and shade, was a delight. Marnie led Linda, Jen, Heather and Libby - having first ascertained the location of the cafe - via parks, bridges over ponds, scrub, roads and ridges, suburbia and forests, culminating in returning on a pretty coastal path.

The happy time continued over coffee, in a unique two- storey establishment from where the Bay continued to sparkle out the windows. A big thankyou to Marnie.

Libby Westacott



**Where:** Mt. Joyce

**When:** Sunday 21 April, 2013

**Leader:** Mats

We were six bushwalkers that turned up at Macca's in Beaudesert for a quick brew before driving in convoy to the Wyaralong dam for our first walk in the Mount Joyce area. The sides of the mountain and the shoreline of the dam are full of Mountain biking and horse riding tracks, ready to be explored.

We crossed the spillway below the dam and set off up the other side, the ladies were chatting away while rushing off up the hill without a care in the world. The only problem was that we were supposed to walk along the shoreline, not up the hill so they had to be called into line and pointed in the correct direction. The track along the shore was a delight to walk in the beautiful sunlight.

After a bit over seven kilometres we reached the campsite for morning tea. The campsite proved to contain two cottages with linked verandas and 8 rooms, all fittings removed and doorways protected by self-closing mesh doors. This may be a spot for a large group to spend a weekend?

After a break we back tracked about five hundred meters and took a left turn for the track up to the summit of Mt. Joyce, a task that got harder and harder for each false summit we crested. Finally we got to the real top, with commanding views all over the lake and the surrounding landscape.

But, what goes up must come down so we had to do a short off track section on a compass bearing, following a ridge down to the top of the bicycle tracks, and then on down a forest road back to the cars.

Walkers were: Alison, Jillian, Beatrice, Jacob, Wayne L, Mats.



**Where:** RBW Moreton Island Experience

**Where:** 26-28 April 2013

**Leader:** Steve Tolcher (who took over from Carmel Cash)

Moreton Experience has been run by Alan Gennings since 1983 where he personally hosts large school and special interest groups at Blue Lagoon, Moreton Island National Park. This weekend was the third time the Club has been there, 2009, 2010, 2013 and I expect many more.

Early Friday 24 excited souls arrived at the Micat Ferry Terminal, Port of Brisbane to be greeted Alan's assistant Lisa Dowatt. Steve climbed on top of Alan's 4wd Landrover Defender loading everyone's gear including Eskies and pillows. With a tarp over the lot the top heavy vehicle loaded onto the Ferry while the rest of us walked on. With an exciting trip ahead had us we discussed our itinerary, with the added delight of a full moon that night. But unfortunately on meeting Alan at Tangalooma beach he informed us that high tides will limit the driving on the beach, especially on the lower end of the island and the sand hills, so no tobogganing this time.



A plan was formed and 11 keen walkers were dropped off on the road to walk to Mt Tempest which is the highest point on the island. The view up the steep section passing many scenic grasstrees was worth the extra puff to get to the top. Luckily or unluckily depending on if you like snakes, one of the ladies went off track and behind a tree she discovered a beautiful Python hanging there. The cameras came out and lots

of photos were taken of the snake. Six keen walkers continued along the Old Telegraph track while the rest returned to the road where Alan arrived to take us to camp.

The camp is set up with plenty of tents and stretchers and kitchen, cooking and eating facilities for everyone. Power was available with a switchboard that required an electrical engineering degree to operate. After finding their tents and dropping off their gear many activities were undertaken with some beachcombing for jetsam and flotsam, fishing, sleeping or dipping in the cold but refreshing freshwater of Blue Lagoon for a swim.

Here was a photographers dream with honeyeaters flying around and sunset reflections across the lake, just magic. Then quick dashes to the sand dunes to watch the full moon majestically rise from the ocean horizon to light up over us as we imbibed in nibbles and drinks. Onwards to dinner and Alan's meals are always scrumptious and plentiful. On adjourning to bed that night the mozzies also had a feast on any bare flesh that hadn't been protected.

Next morning after a leisurely breakfast there was walking or beach weeding then we all piled into Heidi the 4wd bus for a trip to the top of the island. From there along a beach lagoon a Jabiru was spotted and as they are rare this far south we didn't leave the bus so that we didn't scare it away. Then a leisurely sand walk was had by all, amongst sculptured trees and seaweed, lakes and a good view of a big fire near the Glass House Mountains.

We reached North point where the views were wonderful, then a walk on the rocky headland before taking a steep track down to Boulder Beach below the lighthouse. Many enjoyed an exhilarating swim in the surf before climbing back over the rocks and up the steep embankment to the bus.



The bus then took us to the lighthouse and information centre with great views to the South. Fearing there was not much beach driving time left we took off back, but quite a few keen walkers did the last few kilometres along the beach.

There was yet another sumptuous meal, after nibbles and drinks on the sand dunes with again a beautiful moon-rising.

In the morning walkers went in various locations along the beach and Lisa took 11 intrepid explorers wading waist deep around the edge of Blue Lagoon through the reeds, along a nature trail and then to Honeyeater Lake where we met others who came the other way. It was so exhilarating going through the lake, another morning dip was had.

After Alan's usual aplomb of providing a great lunch the Defender was reloaded like a giant jigsaw puzzle to make everything fit in. After the bumpy ride back to the west side in the bus we went and checked how the Qld government had allowed so many trees along the Bulwar track to be cut down. This was not a favourable move for conservation on the island.

There was a long wait for the Micat Ferry as it was delayed. By the time we were loaded on board with the large crowd seats were at a premium and the kiosk line was never-ending. Before the departure there was a magnificent sun-setting towards the Glass House Mountains before the long trip home.

Everyone said that they enjoyed the experience with Alan being so organised.

Thanks to everyone for their great company and help. Thanks to Carmel, Steve and Denise for organising the activity and getting us all there and back safely.

Cheers, John K



**Where:** Gwyala Peak through walk

**When:** 27-28 April 2013.

**Leader:** Ted Wassenberg

**Walkers:** Judy M-S and Tracy R

A mere month ago I wrote a piece for our 10-year commemorative journal about the infamous Mt Barney Death March. At the time, and indeed as I wrote it nearly seven years later, I said "never again!"

Well so I thought, until Ted suggested a little stroll up and down Gwyala Peak, also part of Mt Barney, for the weekend of 27-28 April. And so I signed up, packed my kit and off we set: me, Ted and Judy. We left the car at Cleared Ridge at 9.10am, the late-ish start indicating our leader had a certain optimism about how long Day 1 would be. It was a beautiful day as we strolled down to the junction of Yamahra and Barney Creeks, crossed over and set off up the ridge immediately opposite.

It was a steep ridge but perfectly do-able. We did notice there was absolutely no evidence that a human being had passed that way before, not a broken twig, not a scraped rock: nothing. Somehow we all completely failed to entertain the possibility that there might have been a rather good reason nobody had been there before us for quite some time.

All went well for a while, until we came to some very thick, soft, leafy undergrowth about 2-3m high. But there was not a prickle to be seen, so we began to push through it, thinking it must end soon as even patches of the dreaded wait a while or lantana eventually end.

After a while, we were still pushing. And after another couple of hours, we were still pushing. By this stage the soft, leafy undergrowth was so thick we couldn't see more than about a metre in front of us, but we were so close to the first peak (Gwyala has two) that we kept going, utterly convinced that there would be a big open rocky slab for us to have our lunch on. We did find a rock, and we did have lunch, and we did eventually reach the summit, which was also completely covered in the thick, soft, leafy undergrowth.



Then it was decision time, and being geographically closer to our downwards ridge than the one we'd come up, we decided the sensible course of action was to keep going. So on we went, still vaguely optimistic that the scunge would eventually end. We were now on the west-facing side of Gwyala Peak, and on top of the scunge we had the sun to contend with. By mid-afternoon I was thinking fondly of a nice cup of tea, Ted of a coffee and Judy of a hot chocolate, and we were still pushing through the same thick, soft, leafy undergrowth.



After another few hours we no longer had the sun to worry about as we had a great view of it setting from our position about 500m above the creek we had been planning to camp next to. Suffice to say that there is something rather exciting about sliding down an unknown steep ridge with rock faces, gullies and other treats in the dark with just a head torch. We made camp on the banks of Barney Ck at the T-junction where I finally got my tea, Ted his coffee and Judy her hot chocolate at our campsite on the first flat spot we found just above Barney Creek at 7.30pm, 10 hours after we'd left the car. Needless to say, we were fed, watered and in our sleeping bags within an hour of dropping our packs.

Sunday morning allowed us to get a good look at the physical damage from the previous day. Ted's knees won the prize, although it was a tough competition with mine and Judy's shin bruises. I also had one leech, one tick and about a million scrub mite spots, putting me way ahead in the bite stakes.

Luckily it was another beautiful day, with a mere 4km of creek to walk down to get to the Yamahra/Barney Creek junction, and then back up to the car. The creek was absolutely beautiful, with clear water, plenty of rocks, and apart from a couple of giant tree falls across the creek, no scungy vegetation. There was just enough water to be interesting, which also meant wading. It also meant lots of rock hopping and balancing on slippery rocks, which slowed us down. Nevertheless, compared with the day before it was a doddle, which was just as well because my legs would have fallen off if I'd had to climb another Gwyala Peak.

After lunch at the junction, we all decided that even a fire trail (usually avoided at all costs) was preferable to anything that required lifting our feet more than 6cm off the ground, so we opted for the soft exit along a mowed track and up the dirt fire trail rather than the much more interesting ridge above the junction. We were back at the car by 1.30, and up at the Rathdowney shed for coffee and cake not long after.

So why the mention of the Death March? Sunday aside, Gwyala Peak is right up there with the toughest walk I have ever done. As I said seven years ago, Never Again!

Tracy



## Something to make you smile

This should have been in last months along with Malcolm's walk report on Bull Ant Spur, but I forgot, please forgive me Malcolm. Ed

I (Malcolm) was recently quizzing Karla as to how she felt when lost in the bush. Her response was thus:-

"Malcolm, I have never been lost. When I ask the girls where we are? They respond, 'we are here' Yep, so - never been lost"

(I have not come up with a response to this one so it must be good.)



## Important Information

### Club Equipment for hire:

- Oz Trail 3 man dome tent
- Outer Limits Backpacker Tent (2 man)  
Kovea Mini gas stove
- Rocket Billy 16cm
- Rocket Billy 12cm
- Black Wolf Bag 700 Hiking Pack
- Black Wolf Mountain Ash 65 Hiking Pack
- 2 walking poles.

### Guidelines for Club ethics:

- When nominating for a walk, members and visitors have an obligation to write legibly on the nomination form.
- Please contact walk leaders at least early in the week before a walk. If you leave it till Thursday or Friday night you may be disappointed to find that the walk has been cancelled, due to apparent lack of interest. Also dates, details etc. can & do change. Leaders give their time to organise walks and need to know if they are committed to lead a walk. The leader may assign you to a car for the trip.
- Read the walk description and note the rating. If you are unsure of your abilities, please discuss this with the leader before nominating. Neither you nor other walkers will have a good day if your fitness is not of a suitable standard.
- The leader of a walk has the final say on whether a person can come on a walk. Members and newcomers should be aware of this and accept it.
- Do you have a health problem that may affect your performance on a walk? It is important that you inform the leader of this and discuss the matter.
- If you have commitments after a walk please discuss this with the leader before commencing a walk. Leaders cannot guarantee the time of return, due to weather, terrain & the expertise of walkers.
- Arrive at the agreed meeting point before the set time. We try to be punctual. Late walkers can be left behind!
- It is a normal practise to share the costs of transport to and from a walk. This may vary between car owners and may be as simple as sharing the cost of the fuel among the passengers or a fixed amount for example: (10-20kms \$5/person, 20-50kms \$8/person, 50-100kms \$10/person 100-200kms \$15/person, 200-250kms \$20/person, 250-300kms \$25/person ) Discuss this with your driver.

- Please have a change of clothes and shoes available in the car for the return journey as a courtesy to your companions and the car owner.

#### DAY WALK CHECKLIST:

Please ensure you have the following items so you are prepared for any eventuality whilst on a day walk.

#### ABSOLUTE ESSENTIALS:

- Boots (must be fully enclosed – no sandals. Boots are preferable although joggers are suitable for most social walks).
- Gaiters or long pants (unless otherwise specified).
- Daypack of sufficient capacity to carry all your needs.
- Water – Minimum of 2 litres – (bladder or two separate containers).
- Torch/headlamp with spare batteries. (Lithium batteries are lighter and last longer than alkaline batteries).
- Raincoat or Poncho.
- First-aid kit
- Whistle
- Lunch and snacks.

#### RECOMMENDED:

- Light fleece or Thermal top.
- Pack liner and pack cover. (protects pack contents in case of rain)
- Sunscreen and insect repellent.
- Rubbish bag (we take out what we take in; also for wet muddy gear).
- Map and compass (ideally the leader is not the only one with these items).
- Toilet paper and trowel.
- Spare change of clothes in a bag to be left in the car for the return journey – be considerate of fellow passengers and those who provide the transport.

#### OPTIONAL ITEMS:

- Camera or binoculars.
- Walking poles.
- Gardening gloves or similar for off track walks.

#### IMPORTANT:

1. Trip leaders can choose to leave you behind if you are not properly equipped.
2. Keep to walks within the bounds of the walk grading as shown on the walk calendar.

