

# PANDANI POST



NEWSLETTER OF THE PANDANI BUSHWALKING CLUB

P.O. Box 146 North Hobart 7002

[www.pandani.org.au](http://www.pandani.org.au)

*April 2011*

## *President's Report*

Welcome to the autumn edition of Pandani Post. From everything I've heard the club has had a great summer walks period. However the weather has been a case of four seasons in one with the usually warm summer weather being noticeable for its absence most of the time.

The AGM was held in January this year at Chauncy Vale and set a couple of Pandani records with an overall attendance of 44 and 29 members going on the associated walk led by Chris Wilson. It was a glorious sunny day and we all sat around on the grass in a circle for lunch and the AGM.

The new committee for 2011, elected at the meeting is:

President: Graham Wootton  
Vice President: Simon Kendrick  
Secretary: Pam Scott  
Treasurer: Susan Vanderheiden  
Committee Members: Chris Wilson, Rosemary Bruce, Susan Gardner, Andrew Bowen, John Counsel, and Terry Vince

Appointed rather than elected officers are:

Public Officer: Susan Vanderheiden  
Newsletter Editor: Robert Gardner  
Walks Coordinator: Chris Wilson  
Program Typist: Maureen Lum

Thanks are due to all the committee members, walk organisers and others who did a great job for the club in 2010 including our Pandani Post editor Robert Gardner and program typist Maureen Lum. Special mention was made at the AGM of Pam Scott who had overseen the club's transition to Internet based technology and a virtual doubling of the club's membership in her last four years as president. Sue Morgan was also thanked for her contributions to the club in many ways over the last few years and wished well for her new life in Queensland. Thanks are also due to retiring committee member Tony Rae for his valuable contributions to the workings of the committee.

The new committee was straight into work with our first committee meeting being held in mid February

(no long summer break like the politicians!). Topics currently under discussion include a review of walks gradings (yes, seriously this time), training in general, bookings for visitors on walks, a possible 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary magazine, updating of the club's website, a Facebook page for Pandani and guidelines for club kayaking trips. On the subject of visitors on walks the committee decided that members may bring visitors on club trips with the prior agreement of the trip organiser.

All members are welcome to come along to committee meetings to raise issues or just sit-in on the proceedings. For the venue and date of the next committee meeting contact any committee member.

Five Pandani members (Rob and Toni Hill, Therese Mulford and Cecilia and I) went across to Queenstown from 18-20<sup>th</sup> March to represent the club at the annual Bushwalking Tasmania Get Together. It was a magnificent weekend. Over 60 walkers from clubs all around Tasmania attended, the weather was perfect both days and there was lots of peak bagging - Mounts Murchison, Tyndall, Jukes and a number of other easier walks also. The Saturday evening dinner and inter-club competition was very informal and enjoyable. We didn't win the Interclub Trophy but came second to the Hobart Walking Club, which was still a pleasing result.

We have a very interesting and varied walks program in the months ahead and I hope to meet you out on the track sometime this autumn.

*Graham Wootton*

## *Stop Press*

**CHANGE OF COORDINATOR FOR HOBART RIVULET WALK, SUNDAY 5 JUNE**

John Counsell is now unable to be the Coordinator for this walk and Christine Wilson will take his place. Christine can be contacted on XXXXXXXXX.

All other details shown in the programme for this walk remain unchanged.

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## *Do You Know Tasmania?*

The Launceston Walking Club's 44th "Do You Know Tasmania" show will be presented at Hobart's "50 and Better Centre", 108 Bathurst St, on Friday 15th and Saturday 16th April 2011 at 7.45pm. A poster with details is on the LWC web site's DYKT page, that you can printed out.

Tickets will be available from **Mountain Designs**, 111 Elizabeth St, Hobart. Admission prices are \$15 Adults, and \$10 Students and concession holders. Our DYKT Movie collection DVD's Volumes 1 & 2 will also be on sale at the shows for the first time in Hobart, at our "show special" price of the set of two for \$30.

Enquiries -Ian Ross

LWC DYKT Committee Chairman

Ph XXXXXXXXXXXX

## *Editor's Rucksack*

Welcome to Graham as our new Committee President and everyone else on the new committee. Pam Scott, as the new secretary, plans to keep us updated with committee issues (see Secretary's Scrawl). This issue also includes a large number of trip reports, so many that I have reduced the font size to help accommodate them! Simon Kendrick has been particularly prolific over the summer, both as a Co-ordinator and a reporter. Thanks Simon!

We also have some statistical data on the Club's activities, including a listing of walks back to 2007. Useful for anyone looking for somewhere else to walk!

Once again articles are welcome for the next edition. Email to [pandanipost@pandani.org.au](mailto:pandanipost@pandani.org.au) or post (typed or handwritten) to XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX.

*Robert Gardner*

## *Secretary's Scrawl*

Some of the issues discussed at recent committee meetings are listed below. If you have any views/ideas/information on any of these that you think would be useful for future committee discussions please let me, or another committee member, know.

- Updating club information, particularly for trip organisers;
- Creating guidelines for club kayaking trips;
- Feasibility of a one off club magazine;
- Club page on Facebook;
- Insurance;
- Trip reports;
- Access to club library;
- Reviewing club website.

*Pam Scott*

## *New Members*

Welcome to the following new members of the club:

- Sam Begum
- Sabine Borgis
- Sandra Duncan
- Elizabeth Frampton
- Trudy Henke
- Anthony Hollick
- Ben & Fiona Kersten
- Anne Kovach
- Paul & Kaylene Little and son Christian
- Peter Lloyd
- Andrew MacDonald
- John & Margaret McDonald
- Lewis May
- Alison Morgan
- Kathryn Ragless
- Kate Roberts
- Debbie Satchwell
- Meredith Thurstans
- Ayse Toreci
- Lorraine Wright
- Matthew Blackburn
- Kerin Boud
- Gail Friswell
- Stephen and Anne George
- Duncan Hughes
- Del and Gemma Ibbs
- Emily Lee
- Isobel Smith (daughter of Sandra Duncan)
- John Vanderniet
- June & Tom Hutchinson
- Carol & Phill Isaacs
- Trish Kraatz
- Ian Lawler
- Mary Lincoln
- Christopher Tulip

## *Bushwalking Do's and Don'ts*

As participants in the activity of walking, hiking, bushwalking, tramping, day-walking or just messing about in the bush, we should all aspire to the ethos that, "A great walk is a safe one - and one where you leave the environment as you found it".

### **The Seven Principals of Leave No Trace**

1. Plan ahead and prepare.
2. Walk and camp on established tracks and campsites.
3. Dispose of waste properly - pack it in, pack it out.
4. Leave what you find.
5. Minimise campsite impacts. Use a lightweight stove. Where fires are permitted keep them small and use only fallen timber. Put out the fire completely.
6. Respect wildlife. Observe wildlife from a distance and don't feed them. Store food and rubbish securely.
7. Be considerate of the 'land managers' and other walkers.

### **Safety DO**

- Give complete route details to close relatives/friends/Police or, for Pandani Club trips, the Club S&R contacts (your emergency contact).
- Tell them when you are leaving and returning and any special medical conditions.
- Notify your emergency contact of your safe return.
- Take the correct map and compass. Know how to use them.
- Take appropriate clothing and footwear.
- Take waterproof matches, spare food and torch.
- Carry a first aid kit.
- Consider carrying an emergency beacon (P.L.B.)
- Phone your emergency contact (see above) as early as possible if overdue.

### **Safety DON'T**

- Don't overestimate your abilities. Allow time for the unexpected.
- Don't go faster than your slowest walker. At regular intervals do a group head count.
- Don't split up your group (except for below) during the trip. There's safety in numbers.
- Don't leave an injured person alone in the bush. A walking group of three or more will allow one to look after the injured while the other goes for help.
- Don't keep moving when lost. Remember your safety is dependent on your fitness, experience, trip co-ordinator (leader) and equipment.

### **The Environment**

- Always walk on the track - even when wet and muddy.
- Camp at least 100m from lakes and streams.
- Deposit human waste in catholes dug 20cm deep.
- Pack out waste and hygiene products.
- Preserve the past; examine don't touch cultural/historical structures or artifacts. Leave rocks, plants, fallen logs and other objects as you find them.

Refer: Leave No Trace Int.org.au and Bushwalkers Wilderness Rescue Squad bwrs.org.au.

Adapted from an article by Tim Macartney-Snape in GREAT WALKS February-March 2011

*Simon Kendrick*

## *Inspiring Gippsland Walks*



This is a very nice and well put together application, it is free to download from the iTunes store for those of us with Iphones, Ipads or Ipods if you do not possess any of the aforementioned devices, the web version is at:

<http://www.inspiringgippslandwalks.com.au/>

The application is very easy to follow, there are 40 walks listed and these are divided into the, South, West, Central and East Gippsland areas.

*Terry Vince*



## *Walks Reports*

### *South Cape Bay January 27*

*Rhonda Longuet and Lee*

*Stanelos*

A large group of walkers met at Banjos, Huonville at 9 a.m. ready to make the long drive to Cockle Creek and the start of our walk. The day was warm and sunny and we were away on the track by 10 a.m.

This is quite an easy walk, but one has to keep an eye on the many tree roots that criss-cross the track and we had to negotiate a couple of large trees that had fallen over, but otherwise the track winds through light bush and button grass plains with lots of board walking. However, it was sad to see a lot of discarded tissues etc. along the way. 11's were taken along the track (together with many many "bush canaries" - flies). We finally made it to the cliff top overlooking the beach where we were met by a very very strong breeze, but wow what a view. Around the cliff top we walked, down the steps, on to the beach and along to Lion Rock for lunch. This started off in lovely sunshine, but we were soon subjected to some wind gusts causing sand to be blown into our lunches and drinks, so we packed up and readied ourselves for the return trip. We did meet quite a few people using the track, both coming and going - a very popular area indeed.

We were back to the cars by about 4 p.m. and back in Huonville in time for that obligatory coffee before the last part of the drive home to Hobart. Thank you Rhonda and Lee - a lovely day was had by all.

Now the drive to Cockle Creek may be quite long and the road not sealed all the way, but the beaches, camping sites and various walks available in the area makes it a must-see place. So - if you haven't been there - to quote a certain tea producing gentleman - "DO TRY IT".

*Judy Hislop*

### *Smith's Monument February 3*

*Graham Wootton for Keith*

*Hewlett*

Graham Wootton took over as leader for this walk on behalf of Keith who was unable to lead due to family commitments. 17 walkers gathered at the top car park at the Springs and our walk started with a quiz from Graham - an interesting way to start a walk and certainly had the grey matter up and running. However we were soon ready to start the walk but not before one of our senior members (senior as in length of time in the club, not on earth !!! - phew, got out of that one nicely) had the temerity to ask if we were stopping for 11's - even before we had started - now really!

Anyway, off we trudged, up those killer steps which get me puffing madly every time, along the Milles track and on to the Ice House track. It was a warm day and it wasn't long before the group was spread out, however the front runners had frequent stops to wait for we back markers to catch up. 11's were taken (phew!) at the top ice house and then it was up and out to Smith's Monument for lunch. The Ice House track was quite busy with other walkers both coming and going and during our lunch break, a large group of Hobart Walking Club members came by, but passed on to negotiate another track nearby.

As we were ahead of time after lunch, some of our party diverted out to Devil's Gulch to have a look-see as there were some from the group who had not been out there. The rest of us started off down the Ice House track back to our cars. We all finished the walk safe and sound and retired to one of our favourite coffee establishments for our coffee "hit".

Thank you Graham, a good walk and thank you for the two "tail end Charlies" who waited for me to negotiate the rock hopping areas on the way to and from Smith's monument.

*Judy Hislop*

### *'Tasman Trail' - Waterfall Bay to Fortescue Bay Feb 26*

Fifteen club members met up at the Sorell car park at 7.30 AM under an overcast sky that looked like it was going to dump rain big time, we organized the carpool and proceeded to Fortescue Bay to liaise with a bus from Peninsular Coachs that was going to

transport us as a group to our start point Waterfall Bay. Walking the Tasman Trail from north to south is the best option; you climb the highest point on the trail - Tatnells Hill at the very start after which it is a gentle meander down through the trees and then along the cliffs. As you walk south you seem to be walking/looking into the better scenic views.



The Tasman trail is renowned for snakes and all of us were wearing gaiters, however snakes were not the issue - only one was sighted by a couple from the group, today the leeches were waiting to greet us and they were as ferocious and active as I have ever seen - no one missed out. We had morning tea as the rain started to fall at the highest point of the trail - Tatnells Hill. We all thought we were in for a wet one!!, fortunately it was only light and after about 15 minutes the rain ceased, revealing an over-cast sky with patches of blue.



There were 3 new members in our group and they were enjoying the experience - leeches aside !!! We arrived at Eagles lookout around 1 PM and had our lunch taking in the magnificent views northwards along the cliff line towards Waterfall Bay, south over to Cape Huay and The Lanterns, whilst out to sea a member of the group picked up the silhouette of the US naval destroyer heading up the coast having recently been berthed in Hobart Port.



About an hour on the trail after lunch Fortescue Bay came into view and some of us thought 'We are nearly there', but that was just a bit of a tease !!!, by my GPS we still had 5 K's to go in and around the cliffs and over a couple of small hills to reach our destination.



We were all glad to arrive at the northern end of Fortescue Bay beach and most of the group shed their boots and did some much needed foot therapy walking along the beach in the water and soft sand. All in all it was a wonderful walk, the rain was not a problem because we were in the trees and it made the bush smell ever so nice - is there a nicer scent/smell of the bush than when it has rained ?.

I have logged the trip on Everytrail and the link is; [http://www.everytrail.com/view\\_trip.php?trip\\_id=983758](http://www.everytrail.com/view_trip.php?trip_id=983758)

For those unable to access Everytrail, the vital statistics are:

Vertical up 688 m. Vertical down 731 m.  
Distance 17.5 kilometres

*Terry Vince*



## *By Boot and 4WD February 27*

### *Simon Kendrick*

Take four 4WDs, club members Shaz G., Graham F., Carol G., Nick G., Simon K., Tracy K., Tess K., Marilyn P., Ernest K. and visitors Bart R., Cloe R. and Jack R., plus one gate key, reasonable weather and you have the necessary ingredients for a fun day. The East-West trail was constructed across the Wellington Range after the 1967 bushfires to reduce the risk to Hobart.

After getting off to a shaky start with Simon making two wrong turns in Glenorchy we first drove up the Montrose Trail through beautiful forest before turning onto the East-West trail. During the day we stopped and climbed Collins Bonnet, Trestle Mountain, Mt Marian and Mt Charles before dropping into Crabtree and the Huon Valley via Jefferys Track. The three kids, Tess, Jack and Cloe, all climbed Collins Bonnet and Trestle Mountain.

These peaks form the iconic Huon Valley landmark known as Sleeping Beauty. Thank you to Graham, Nick, Bart and Simon for making their 4WDs available. An excellent activity and a great way to access multiple peaks in the West Wellington Range. Something that will be considered again in 2012.



On the summit of Collins Bonnet



Leaving the summit of Trestle Mountain

*Simon Kendrick*

## *Narcissus Bay and Cynthia Bay*

### *Track January 30 Terry Vince*

We all gathered at Granton Car Park early on Sunday Morning since our fearless leader was keen to get started at 6.30 am. We all turned up except one, so we waited for another 15 minutes before we decided to leave as Trudy was travelling from Ross. Terry took off at break-neck speed with Margaret following him hot on his tail.

It must have been a white knuckle ride for his navigator as we all thought that Terry was doing the Targa Tasmania, taking us the short way and we could not see him for the cloud of dust.

We all got to Derwent Bridge with just enough time to catch the 9.00am ferry. That was one experience. The ferry driver was an absolute cowboy without the hat and guns.

Our fearless leader ended up recruiting a hiker by the name of Anna who was waiting to catch the ferry back to Cynthia Bay. She was told that the next ferry may be at 1pm depending on the number of people, otherwise it would be at 4.00pm. So she made up the numbers for our group. The poor girl ended up walking almost 35kms.

It was a very pleasant, easy walk for the majority of the way except for a couple of places, however it was longish. We had morning tea at a spot on the banks of the lake; all the while Terry was consulting his GPS as to which way we were heading.

We stopped to have lunch at Echo Point which was very picturesque.

On the way we took photos and also spotted a snake lazily heading out, doing whatever they do.

Terry timed it very well as we did not get the rain, which was forecast for that afternoon. We had a snack at the visitors centre and then headed back home. It was a very enjoyable day's hike.



#### Everytrail link

Narcissus Bay to Cynthia Bay

[http://www.everytrail.com/view\\_trip.php?trip\\_id=983758](http://www.everytrail.com/view_trip.php?trip_id=983758)

*Sam Begum*

## *Needles and Thread January 30*

*Simon Kendrick*

Determined to rid ourselves of the excesses of the "silly season" as Simon had advertised, a group of 12, including Simon's 6 year old daughter, Tess, set off to do three short walks. Unfortunately the weather forecast was not good so Simon decided to postpone the trip to Elias Churchill's hut in the Florentine for another time.

First destination was the aptly named Needles west of Mt Field. Despite the wind and threatening rain, all reached the summit, led some of the way by valiant little Tess, who set a cracking pace. Wildflowers lined the track to the summit - great swathes of tea-tree at the bottom giving way to lemon scented pink boronia, white waratah and red blandfordia as we climbed higher. The views from the top were fantastic, as always, and not marred in the least by the impending rain. If anything, the somber greyness seemed to heighten the ragged mountain profiles.



On our return to the cars, we retired to a local park in Maydena for lunch, before heading back to Marriotts Falls. By this time, the weather had cleared, the wind had dropped and the sun was out. This is a beautifully restored track for the most part, with easy, pleasant walking along the Tyenna River to a very scenic waterfall.



There seemed to be a high proportion of keen photographers on the trip, and all took back photographic mementos of the falls, including young Tess who tried out her new camera. Unfortunately none of the cameras managed to snap Gayle as she



slipped with great aplomb into a rock pool at the foot of the falls to perform an inadvertent temperature check.

It was a great day, a little different in its composition to the usual bushwalk, with an interesting group of people. It's always revealing to talk to children of those we know, and Tess was no exception, sharing some of her pet names for her dad, including 'chat-a-lot' Simon, a very apt description for a congenial leader. Thanks, Simon!

*Annie Rushton*

## *Woody Is and Recherche Doug Beer and Simon Kendrick*

There were two sea-kayaking trips on the program in January, and Jan and I were lucky enough to be able to go on both.

The first was Doug's half-day trip to Woody Island, on a beautiful sunny sea sparkling morning. Eight of us launched from the boat ramp at Lewisham and headed across the channel to the dunes of Seven Mile, leaving the middle to the motor boats. The channel is very clear, with a sandy bottom and not too deep, so we could easily see stingrays gliding along below and beside us. After crossing the channel we turned towards Sorell and Woody Island. Andrew Bowen was a speed blur in the distance as he put his new kayak through its paces, but for the rest of us it was a lovely leisurely paddle to the island. We circumnavigated the island, not quite as grand as it sounds taking about 15 minutes all up, seeing a sea eagle and finding its nest on the way. Then we put ashore at the tiny beach, just enough room for all of us. Sitting in the sun eating cherries, having a drink and a swim in the lovely clear water, all with views of mountains and sandy shores, well it doesn't get much better than that. You have to pick the moment though. Looking to the south west, we could see the expected weather change creeping up on us, so we headed home. We'd landed and were just finishing loading the kayaks when the southerly hit with a vengeance. It gave us the last laugh on the power boaters, racing back to fight for positions at the boat ramp. Impeccable timing Doug! Thanks for a great morning.

Australia Day, saw us at Recherche Bay, on Simon Kendrick's trip. We put in at a pretty spot oddly called The Pigsties, paddled north and up the D'Entrecasteaux River as far as we could. En route we passed the remains of a sawmill and wharf, and saw a few old boilers and bits and pieces rusting away on the shore, which probably belonged to a coal pit that operated in the area. Our trip upriver ended when we literally ran out of water, or more correctly, when the water ran out on us. The leaders

paddled over a submerged log, but when the last of the party came to do this, the water had gone! We could see the level dropping before our eyes, so we hightailed it back to the bay before the tide went out entirely.

We then paddled along the far shore of the bay, pulling out to have lunch in the lee of Bennetts Point, named Observatory Point by the French. Simon's information revealed the French ships *Esperance* and *Recherche* pulled ashore here in 1792. Their log recorded they carried out boat repairs, made charcoal, restocked and did their washing. They also built a forge and an observatory for taking astronomical readings. Their botanist planted seeds of European plants nearby hoping they would flourish so future expeditions could use them to restock.

Having eaten, we wandered into the bush and stumbled across the stone ruins of the observatory. It was an amazing moment, finding such early Australian history lying quietly in the bush.

After lunch, we decided to go around the point into the Southern Ocean, to see if there was an entrance to Blackswan Lagoon from the shore, which there wasn't. The sea was picking up so we avoided going in too close in case we got caught in the beach break. Instead we paddled around some rocky 'islands' called The Images, and had a rest in their shelter before tackling the big swell between us and home. It was an exhilarating trip back, riding the waves with the wind and spray in our faces. Almost an anti-climax to reach the calmer waters of the bay, but a nice slow paddle back to the cars to end a lovely day paddling in the Recherche Bay area, and touching history on Australia Day. Well done, Simon, and thank you.



*Joan Lang*



## *Recipe for a photograph of Glen Dhu Rivulet:*



Over the course of nine hours:

- Start by walking two kilometres, add 400m height gain.
- Walk another kilometre, losing the 400m height gained.
- Fall into the rivulet.
- Wade 3-5 kilometres upstream in waters ankle-deep (60%), knee-deep (30%).
- And almost-intimately-deep (10%)
- Pussy-foot every single step, 'cos the surface underfoot either moves,
- Or is slippery. Or both.
- Whilst wading, gain 200m of altitude.
- Scramble over deadfalls, logjams and waterfalls countless times.
- Scramble under deadfalls that are too tall to scramble over.
- Do the Crazy Spider Dance after each scramble under a deadfall. (This is quite spectacular when performed in ankle-deep water.)
- At some point announce "I am taking a ----- photo before this kills me."
- Sustain at least nine leech bites. Possibly more.
- Reach the end of the allegedly navigable rivulet.
- Follow the exit track markings 50m up the hill.
- Lose the track markings. Go back to the rivulet, lose 50m, do not pass go, do not collect \$200.
- Commence scrub-bashing 150m of height gain through trackless wilderness.
- Periodically establish that you are not walking on the ground (but rather on two-foot-tall plants) by stepping onto a two-foot-tall plant that isn't there.
- Attempt to stimulate your intellect by inventing new profanities.
- Extract yourself from the shrubbery.
- Gain the final 50m of altitude by bashing your way through dense cutting grass.

- Sustain minor lacerations to any exposed flesh - including your face.
  - Who'd'a thought that would happen.
  - Gain the firetrail you've been aiming for, and immediately commence a 400m height loss over a two kilometre hike back to the car.
  - Lie about how much fun it was.
- hope that's useful to you sometime.

*Keith Carroll*

## *Tarn Shelf walk February 17 Gilli Fife*

19 starters registered for Gilli's first trip as a leader. A 9 a.m. start and car shuttle from Granton had us at Lake Dobson and ready to go by 10.50 a.m. Rain started falling, so wet weather gear was donned and away we went. By the time we were halfway to the ski lodges, coats were discarded as although the rain had stopped but still threatened, it was very humid. Due to many "thunder rolls" being heard, we decided to push on to the Rodway Day Shelter for 11s at 12 midday!!

No rain eventuated, so onward we went, across the tarn shelf. This was my first trip to the area and I was awe-struck. What a peaceful, wonderful, tranquil etc.etc. area. We didn't have any sun, but the low cloud and mist over the nearby hills made it all so mind blowing. Our party was spread out along the ridge, so the colours from coats, tops, hats, backpack covers etc. interspersed between the many tarns, made for most interesting photos.

Lunch was enjoyed at the Newdegate Hut at 1.45 and with the mist hanging low, the outlook was very surreal. After lunch we headed off downhill, past Twisted Tarn, but with the low cloud, our view of this tarn was not as good as we had hoped. Further on we diverted in to have a look at the Twilight Tarn Hut and its memorabilia. Very interesting indeed, they certainly did it tough in those early days.

Back on the track and by this time we were all feeling the heat. Still no rain, but the low cloud and humidity was taking its toll. We trudged on past Lake Webster, climbing steadily past the sign to Lake Seal and further on past the sign to Platypus Tarn (by this time we weren't diverting anywhere but back to our cars) then finally on to the road leading to the car park.

We were a group of very tired but very happy walkers who finished this walk at about 5 p.m. Well done

Gilli on your first walk as a leader, a wonderful walk with no traumas and no losses. I don't know if I will ever do the circuit again, but I am sure I will be going back to the tarn shelf itself some day. What a spectacular place, it certainly lives up to its reputation of being one of the "must see" areas in Tasmania.

*Judy Hislop*

## *Eastern Arthurs and Federation Peak from Scotts Peak January 22-28*

**Peter M, Sharon G, Adrienne M, Eric B,  
Graham F**

### **Day 1**

#### **Scotts Peak to Seven Mile Creek (19.5km)**

We've been walking for five hours since leaving Scotts Peak. It's hot and windless, the Arthur Plains hum with March flies and bees, the button grass heads hardly stir and the peat oozes a thick heat. We pass the spot where last year's trip was abandoned and press on to Three Mile Creek. Soaking our hats, shirts and (where applicable) hair in the cool water, we wash away any doubts and move on as the mozzies zone in.



**Sharon, Peter, Adrienne and Eric at Junction Creek in front of Western Arthurs**

Heavy packs, humidity, questionable fitness and a 5am start make for slower progress than required to make Cracroft Crossing in the day - despite the loads of March flies that cluster noisily around us if we

stop. We refocus on Seven Mile Creek, reach the pebbled campsite at 7pm and sleep to the competing sounds of tumbling water and discordant snorers...

### **Day 2**

#### **Seven Mile Creek to Pass Creek (14.3km)**

We oversleep and by the time we're back on the plains it's already hot and even stiller than yesterday. The Western Arthurs fringing the horizon to the south reveal Federation's tooth from the top of the benched track over the Razorbacks. For the next three days the peak draws us closer with a succession of changing views.

We divert to Cracroft and soak in water the colour of freshly sawn myrtle. Beside us lie huge gums felled to ford the river to the Huon Track. Celery top, leatherwood, myrtle and huon pine jostle on the river margin, their feet in the shallows. Tiger snakes too are attracted to the water, slipping away from our footsteps into the shadows between fallen limbs and ferns.

On the track, the harsh light from the white quartzite gravel under our feet mirrors the stretched clouds in a pale blue sky. We focus on reaching each successive creek to drink thirstily, refill water-bottles and soak our clothing. From the saddle on the Razorbacks we can see the semi-circular Dial crowning Luckman's Lead, the ramp into the Eastern Arthurs.



**Eastern Arthurs skyline with Luckmans Lead rising to rounded Dial to the right.**

By early evening we're at Pass Creek and it's still 20 degrees. Eric responds to the tropical conditions by pouring out formidably high proof rum and we enthusiastically lighten his backpack before tiredness, wind and light rain sweep over us, buffeting the ti-trees and rattling the tents. A boobook calls and reclaims its hunting ground as raindrops tap on the flysheet...

### **Day 3**

#### **Pass Creek to Goon Moor (5.3km, 800m climb)**

After a squally night we wake to a damp, cool morning. Pulses of wind roar through the valley and the trees crack and creak. We emerge into the rain where Adrienne tells how she was spooked by something hissing loudly at her on a forced trip to the trees before dawn. No-one confesses and the boobook hasn't stayed to bear witness...

Moving out of the sheltered valley we slog up the exposed ridge of Luckmans Lead, catching fleeting views back to the plains and across to the Western Arthurs before they are swallowed by rain flurries. Thick, swirling mist flows down the valleys, echoing the glaciers that originally smoothed the valley sides. We feel the throbbing pulse of a rescue helicopter punching south into the wind before glimpsing it skirting the West Portal through breaks in the cloud.

On the rocky ridge, christmas bells and clumps of trigger plants provide splashes of colour before we enter scrub and rainforest. The track is steep and flowing with water, requiring frequent hand-holds on roots, rock and branches until we're sidling round the Boiler Plates. The wind roars over the saddle challenging our balance and Peter hangs resolutely onto his wide-brimmed hat.

At Stuart's Saddle, Fedder is framed by cliffs, pandani and pines. Huge leatherwoods, king billies and gums cluster below us in the valley. We soak up the view, watching a distant water chute hiss down a cliff to the south and try to decipher the likely track route under the precipitous Needles and over the ridge to Goon Moor. Back on the boot, we skirt the base of the cliffs through wet, twisted rainforest, climb steeply into alpine vegetation of cushion plants and honeydews and crest the ridge revealing the East Portal. A pale green, almost translucent yabby bravely defends its burrow, raising its claws and swivelling to face each of us in turn.



Shards of evening sunlight over Bathurst Harbour

We reach the sheltered campsite in time to watch the sun sink, silvering layers of cloud above Bathurst Harbour and Mt Rugby. Feet, limbs and joints complain but we're uplifted to be in such a spectacular landscape, sharing it only with currawongs, bush-mice and yabbies.

#### Day 4

#### Goon Moor to Hanging Lake via Four Peaks (4.5km)

Our bush companions were a little *too* friendly overnight, breaking into Peter's food bag, nibbling Adrienne's guy ropes, chewing a hole in Sharon's mug

and running off with Eric's insulating lid. Humbled by mice, we leave them in possession of the mossy rainforest and emerge onto Goon Moor past an old blaze on a king billy.

After warming up on duckboards and a stepped track, we're on and over the ridge that reveals the notorious Four Peaks and begin a testing series of climbs and descents through gullies and notches with steep sides, narrow crevices and overhanging rocks. We hug rock faces, squeeze bodies and packs through chimneys and haul each other up steeper cliffs and onto narrow shelves. It's an exhilarating physical and mental challenge and we're grateful for the roots and limbs of small trees and scoparia that offer confident handholds.



Sharon, Adrienne, Peter and Eric beneath Four Peaks heading to Thwaites Plateau

Emerging onto Thwaites Plateau our reward is lunch and stunning views of Lake Bewsher, Fedder and the Devil's Thumb. We follow the line of sight up the ridge to the junction of the Southern Traverse and Hanging Lake tracks, turn south between huge boulders and down a scree slope to the glacial dam that holds back the lake and shelters the campsite.

After pitching tents and recharging with soup, we shin up Geeves Bluff and look north to Goon Moor, Stuarts Saddle and The Dial in pale evening light. The lowering cloud base hides Fedder but we phone home



from the summit for a weather update and share our plans to climb the peak tomorrow.

### Day 5

#### Hangar Lake to Stuart Saddle (6.2km)

Continuous rain through the night and a strengthening wind that whips the flysheet are ominous signs and by 6am, driving, heavy rain and buffeting winds call off the ascent. Braced into the wind, we retreat up the scree slope in minimal visibility, past the Southern Traverse junction and back down Thwaites Plateau. At the Four Peaks we engage the challenging drops and climbs in reverse, though wet hands, boots and rocks make holds slippery and uncertain. The rain finally eases to reveal spectacular cliffs and valleys, mist swirling around the peaks and up the slopes in the westerly winds.

We look back wistfully before heading over the rocky tops, crossing Goon Moor and retracing our steps around and below the Needles on steep, eroded slopes. Reaching Stuart Saddle's campsite we're tired but buoyed by seeing how far we've come from a distant Fedder. The Dial beckons as the light softens in late evening sunshine and from the summit we survey 360° views of the Southern Ranges and Precipitous Bluff, Fedder and Thwaites Plateau, the Western Arthurs and the Boiler Plates, Mount Anne, Wedge and Field and finally Picton and Burgess Bluff. The sun dips into pearlescent pinks and yellows over the west coast as the air cools beneath clear, still skies.



Summit of The Dial with Fedder and Precipitous Bluff on horizon [Sharon Grierson]

### Day 6

#### Stuart Saddle to Seven Mile Creek (17.9km)

Grey, windy conditions accompany us over Stuart's Saddle, round the Boiler Plates and down Luckmans Lead. Progress is rapid despite the wet and mud, rough scrub and tough terrain, although the incessant jarring of the descent hammers our feet and worsens blisters. Beautiful flowers and distant views only partially distract us from sore knees, ankles and feet. Other track users seem to be making better progress, soft mud revealing the night-tracks of wallaby, wombat, quolls and mice.

After lunch amongst the tea trees at Pass Creek, and encouraged by our progress and cool walking

conditions, we press on for Seven Mile Creek. The creeks run faster and deeper than before as we cross the buttongrass plains and wind and rain flurries sting our faces as we climb west on McKays Track over the Razorbacks. All-weather gear keeps out most of the rain and cold and we're still smiling as we plough through a series of small creeks fringed by deep, smelly mud.



Boiler Plates frame the Western Arthurs. [Sharon Grierson]

Camp is quiet, a combination of tiredness after 11 hours on the track, a sense of what might have been at Fedder and a mixture of sadness that the trip's almost over with a desire to be home. As we caught our last glimpse of the mountain heading down the Razorbacks I suspect we all wondered when, or whether, we'd be back...

### Day 7

#### Seven Mile Creek to Scott's Peak (19.5km)

Birdsong wakes us with repeated sweet, lilting calls from the canopy while the river burbles on beside us. We put on any remaining dry, clean clothes for the final day and Peter patches up his badly blistered feet that have made every step since Stuart's Saddle a battle between determination and pain.

We climb the river levee and onto the plains for the final stretch to Scotts Peak via Junction Creek. The rhythmic walking gives me time to reflect on some of the things we've shared including;

- tracing white quartzite patterns embedded in the rock like giant fossilised fishbones on the Dial's high slopes...
- admiring the early track-blazers who'd found a way through thick vegetation hiding steep rocky cliffs and gullies...
- inhaling the pungent smell of rainforest, rotting trees, fungus and resinous pines...
- deluding ourselves that if you run fast enough through the creeks the water won't get inside your boots...
- watching the swaying heads of button-grass, dancing in the breeze

- fighting the thick, glutinous mud that clutches boots and gaiters in the creek margins.



Spotted tail quoll forages at Junction Creek

Each person has brought their own personality, perspective and skills. I think of Adrienne's steely determination and resilience; Eric's resourcefulness and ability to solve any equipment failure; Peter's love for southwest Tasmania and refusal to complain at what it's doing to his feet; Shaz' laughter and storytelling. I've been privileged to share their company and a special experience.

*Graham Flower*

*Lake Myrtle*  
*December 11-12*  
*Simon Kendrick*

The rain started when we pulled into the car park at the end of the Mersey Forest Road and didn't let up till Sunday morning. Tess's first overnight hike was going to be a bigger test of character than planned. Urszula K., Sabine B., Tracy K., Tess K., Simon K., plus two visitors Greta R., and Alec R. set off with spirits high along the wet Moses Creek Track and then the old Jacksons Creek Track. As we climbed high, got wetter, suffered more leech bites, climbed over more fallen trees and made the occasional error at following the pad our spirits sagged. Tess being so short was bearing the full brunt of the wet vegetation and was 'not happy' by the time we walked into the grassy area alongside Lake Myrtle. With all the rain the camping area was awash, but we found enough dry islands to pitch our five tents. Everyone retreated to their tents and cooked dinner while laying inside the tent. It continued to rain throughout the night and early morning, but by mid morning the skies began to clear and the day warmed up. The improvement in the weather was enough to finish on a high note. Everyone coped well with the adverse conditions.



Campsite at Lake Myrtle



Urszula crossing the Lake Myrtle outlet creek



Tess & Simon on the Jackson Creek Track

*Simon Kendrick*

## *Lake Petrarch with Four Old Chooks and a Toy Boy*

(A moral tale.)

On Saturday March 5<sup>th</sup>, at 7 am four old chooks and a toy boy drove up to Lake St Clair. The aim was to reach Cynthia Bay and to walk up the lakeside and spend the night at a campsite on the Narcissus River. The weather was glorious, cool clear and crisp. The peaks in the southern end of the national park were all covered in snow and looked spectacular against the deep blue sky. We set off at 10, after coffee and biscuits from the visitor centre.

The walk up the side of Lake St Clair is easy but long. It is a seventeen kilometre trek, through beautiful myrtle forest, interspersed with sassafras and enormous eucalypts. The leatherwoods were in bloom and their white flowers lay on the track. It had been very wet and the track was boggy and muddy in places. Added to this, snow melt from Mt Olympus meant that every little gully had an impromptu creek flowing down it to the lake. This made it a bit more of a trudge than usual. We reached Narcissus in reasonable time to discover another creek flowing through our campsite, previously a dry flat marsupial lawn. The river itself was high. After an uneventful night we packed up and set off again at 9.30am to climb to the top of the Byron Gap. We retraced our steps on duckboards into the forest and then followed a faint track up through the myrtles. Every now and then orange arrows nailed to tree trunks confirmed that we were in fact on the right path.

For some reason, probably to do with personnel and finances, Parks have decided to let the Cuvier Valley track revert to its natural state. It was apparently the original route followed by the Overland Track, but no maintenance has been done on the track for at least thirty years and every time I return, the route through the valley back to Cynthia Bay has become more overgrown, particularly with the abundant rain of the last couple of summers.

One old chook found the climb especially challenging, though it has to be said that it was only 300 metres and not as steep as the climb up to the Walls of Jerusalem. However, we reached the top and had lunch. The forest opened up and there were wonderful views of a snow covered Frenchman's Cap and the other peaks nearby: Mts Byron, Manfred, Cuvier and Gould. By this stage the snow had largely melted. After a bit of a rest and a refuel, we descended through a completely different type of forest: more snow gums and groves of pandani. It was slightly more open and easier going, though because of lack of maintenance every now and then we would come to a morass which had to be carefully negotiated lest one find oneself in mud up to one's knees, or possibly thighs.

After a while we reached the open meadows near the northern end of Lake Petrarch. This is a beautiful grassy area with little creeks flowing through it. There are views of the Cheyne and Hugel Ranges and no trace at all of humanity. The track along the lakeshore had become hard to follow and the friendly orange arrows very sparse. Nevertheless we plodded on, shouldering aside the bauera and ti tree, at one point coming across a rather alarmed tiger snake. Our goal was to reach the southern end of the lake, where there is a beach and a beautiful sheltered campsite under pencil pines. We arrived to find it soggy and leech ridden. Most of the party decided to camp on the beach.

Leader Chook was worried about the exhausted old chook. What to do? Climb back out over the gap and risk missing the last ferry back to Cynthia Bay? Leader Chook had only a few miso soups and dry biscuits as spare provisions and the others didn't have much either. Some in the party needed to be at work on Tuesday. Leader Chook decided to button grass it out down the Cuvier Valley Track, which would at least end up back in civilization. We could take our time, she thought.

So, the next morning, Toy Boy set the alarm on his mobile phone and got us all up at 7. It was another beautiful, clear and windless day. The lake sparkled in the sun. Mt Olympus and the sunlit Twelve Apostles loomed above the valley. Off we went at 8.30, following the faint pad of the Cuvier Valley Track along a forested ridgeline. At one point we got lost, but fortunately, not for long. Toy Boy and Leader Chook marked the way with tape, a bit like a bushwalking Hansel and Gretel. Eventually this track led us out to the open buttongrass plain at the heart of the Cuvier Valley. To our right, a line of trees and mountain rocket in its red phase marked the course of the Cuvier River, flowing out of Lake Petrarch.

I always think button grass looks deceptively benign, but it is an absolute bummer to walk through. (For those new to bushwalking, it is large tussocky sedge that grows in swampy or poorly drained areas.) We had to follow the track fairly closely, falling into deep bogs every now and then. With a pack, it was impossible to leap from tussock to tussock. Poor exhausted old chook grew slower and slower. She had indeed bitten off more than she could chew, as Leader Chook's mother would have (unhelpfully) observed. Eventually, even though she tried to be brave and carry on, and allowed the other old chooks and Toy Boy to lighten her pack, she fell over three times in succession, and heard an ominous crack. She had broken a bone in her ankle. Fortunately we were near a large glacial erratic and could perch on this while we ministered to exhausted old chook, strapped up her ankle and had lunch. It was apparent that she had not a hope in hell of walking anywhere, let alone through the button grass. Toy Boy managed to ring 000 on his mobile and we were patched through to Search and Rescue and a helicopter



summoned. Poor old chook was embarrassed and chagrined but what choice was there?

Two hours later, there was the very welcome sight of the rescue helicopter coming up the valley. Two of the old chooks held up a bright blue tarp, which the helicopter swiftly spotted. They circled the group on the boulder looking for a place to land. Leader Chook found it mildly gratifying to see the paramedics leap athletically from the chopper and immediately fall over. Eventually a tag team of paramedics and Toy Boy carried injured old chook to the chopper and loaded her on board.

The other old chooks and Toy Boy watched it fly away. It was now 4pm and they had to get off the button grass plain and hopefully back to Cynthia Bay before dark. They put their heads down and their packs on and managed to reach the Visitor Centre by 6.30 pm. It had been a long day. Hot chocolate and chips were very welcome.

And the moral? Well, Leader Chook needed to ask far more probing questions, having not walked with Chopper Chook before. She needed to try to find out exactly when and where and what Chopper Chook had done and Chopper Chook should also have asked Leader Chook exactly what 'up to the Byron Gap' entailed (or checked it on a 1:25000 map) and she should have asked how long the button grass plain was. (Three kilometers, but it seemed like ten.) But it might still have been a rather painful learning experience. And the other moral? Take your mobile and a battery powered charger available, according to Toy Boy, from Anaconda for \$7.50.

*Chris Wilson*

## *Mt Ida Paddle and Walk*

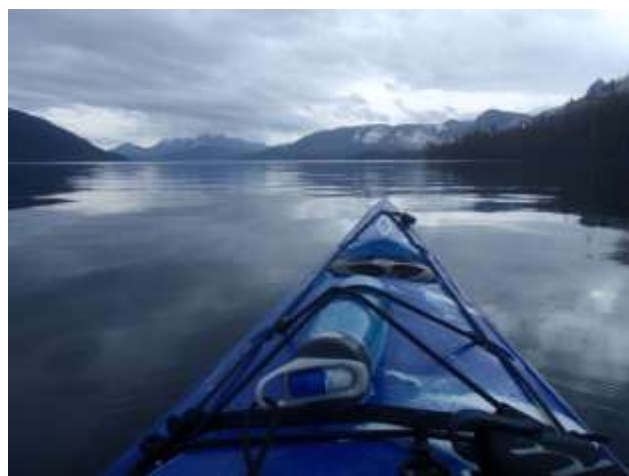
### *October 30-31 Simon Kendrick*

Three cars, seven kayaks and eight club members arrived at Lake St Clair to find calm water and ominous skys. Andrew B. and Shaz G. in a borrowed double kayak, Simon E., Val H. and Kerri W. all in borrowed single kayaks and Marilyn P., Terry V. and Simon K. all in their own single kayaks set off up the eastern side of Lake St Clair. everyone soon settled into a steady rhythm of paddling and we made excellent time. Our camp site was on a small beach in Ida Bay, overlooked by Mt Ida, and this proved to be an excellent choice with great tent sites, easy landing of the kayaks and even platypus in a nearby creek. Constant rain overnight and very low clouds made it unsafe to climb Mt Ida in the morning, so we paddled over to check out Echo Point Hut on the Overland Track before making our way down the west side of the lake back to the cars. Light showers and increasing strong winds added some variety to our

morning. The heavy rain and strong winds held off till we started to drive home.



Mt Olympus from Ida Bay



View up Lake St Clair from double kayak



Cars and kayaks

*Simon Kendrick*

## *Mt Weld November 27-28*

### *Simon Kendrick*

When I made my notes for the Walks Proforma for this weekend I started with, "This walk will not be for the faint hearted", little did I know how true this was going to be. Shaz G., Peter M., Graham F., Andrew B., Jane B. and Simon K. set off on a Saturday morning, little different from many other Saturday mornings. The trailhead is in the South Weld Forests and the walk up the pad and taped route included many of the 'delights' of Tasmanian walking - mud, cutting grass, horizontal, scoparia, bauera, poorly marked route, poor visibility (in cloud) and rain. It was a cold, battered, bruised and scratched group that finally set up camp on the banks of an un-named tarn at 1089m below the summit ridge. After a wet night the morning looked promising so we set out on what proved to be a rather circuitous route to the summit, until finally at 1345m we stood on the summit of Mt Weld....in cloud. The cloud would not lift so we left by a different route which, while a bit exposed, proved to be much better and after half an hour the cloud lifted to reveal great views of Mt Weld, Huon and Weld River Valley(s) and the surrounding area. The trip down was equally as testing and it was well after dark when we reached the cars.



Graham negotiating one of the numerous fallen trees



Shaz, Graham & Peter on the summit.

*Simon Kendrick*

## *Between Ossa and Pelion West*

*March 29-April 5*

*Simon Kendrick*

It seemed like a good idea at the time..... On Sunday 20th March Peter M., Shaz G., Andrew C. and Simon K. drive from Hobart to a trail head off Maggs Road. Final checks were made and heavy packs were hauled onto shoulders. Anticipation was high as we set off along the little used pad to intersect the Arm River Track near Warragarra Creek. That night we settled into Pelion Hut.

In the morning we set off to Pelion Gap, in fine weather, and then to the incredulous looks of other walkers set off up Mount Ossa with full packs. Lunch was had on the summit, before we set off down the southwest ridge towards Paddy's Nut. This was rock scrambling on steroids! We reached the small tarns in the saddle, late afternoon, and set about finding sheltered tent sites. A cold wind made cooking from within the tents very attractive. A very nice campsite, with good shelter, great views and water nearby.

In the morning the wind was increasing, clouds were low and threatened rain. We negotiated light scrub and soon attained the saddle. After dropping packs we quickly scrambled up to the summit of Paddy's Nut. Then back to the saddle, grab the packs and start the climb up the steep flanks of Mount Thetis. If we thought yesterdays rock hopping was on steroids, this was something else! Compounded by strong cold wind, wet and slippery rock, slow progress was made as we negotiated the hap hazard jumble of huge boulders to finally reach the summit and then, more rocks and scrub down to the saddle and Leonards Tarn. Camp was set up using what little shelter we



could find, amongst trees adjacent to the tarn. The ground was very wet and sites were marginal. Just as we started to get tents sorted it began to rain. Gear was tossed in, and again dinner was cooked in the tents. Strong wind and rain all night, but we were dry and comfortable.

The morning brought strong winds, low clouds and rain. For safety reasons we called off the climb of Mount Achilles and getting to Perrins Bluff and back was out of the question. We were to meet Andrew B. and Jane B. here but soon decided that they would be defeated by the weather - they had started hiking the day after us and accessed the range via a track starting near Old Pelion Hut. Foul weather on the saddle between Paddys Nut and Mount Thetis beat them back and made a return to Pelion Hut necessary. We crossed the saddle between Achilles and Perrins Bluff in strong winds, cloud and rain, making our way around the cirque, at the head of the Forth River, until we made camp at the final saddle before Pelion West. As always cloud, wind and rain forced us to cook in the tents.

Low cloud and rain greeted us in the morning. It was 'map and compass' navigation, with occasional GPS cross-checking as we started our climb up the boulders of Mount Pelion West. In almost white out conditions route finding and rock scrambling was proving difficult. Progress was painfully slow. We had abandoned any hope of attaining the summit and just focused on finding the cairned summit "track". Our joy was short lived as night fell and we were reduced to trying to find cairns in white-out conditions. After about an hour of torchlight scrambling, the situation was getting desperate so we sort shelter on a collapsed dolerite column 'cave'. The simple joy of being out of the wind and rain was intoxicating. Rocks were shifted to create a stony bench, ground sheets laid down, sleeping bags spread out and an emergency shelter spread over the sleeping bags to stop some of the drips. We had no water so snacked on lunch bits and pieces before finally snuggling down for the night - four people squeezed into an area little bigger than a two person tent.

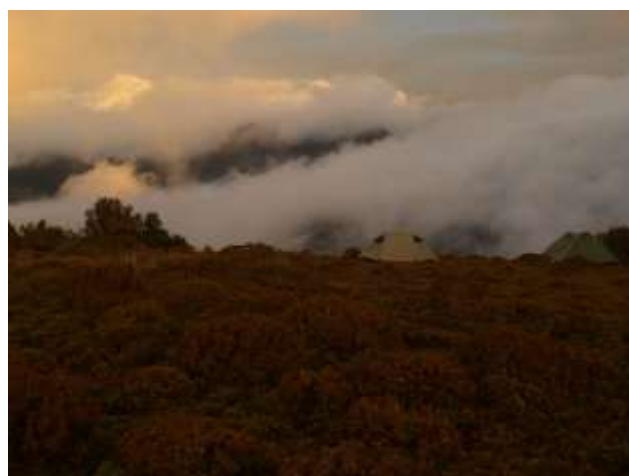
In the morning we were reasonably well rested and remarked on how comfortable our emergency shelter had proved to be. The wind had died down as we hauled our packs up out of our 'cave' and back into cloud. A couple of hours later the cloud lifted and for the first time in three days we had clear skies and were able to shed out wet weather gear. Progress was swift (it's all relative - the day before we had covered 3km in about 11 hours), we scrambled along the cairned route onto the steep pad off the mountain. This led us to the Overland Track and finally Pelion Hut. By now we were 18 hours behind schedule so after a rest and snack we set off for the car, which we reached just before midnight. We were in Hobart for 5.00am and Shaz in Forcett and Simon in Judbury for 6.00am.

I know we destroyed or very badly damaged two pairs of boots, four pack covers, three shorts, two pairs gloves, three over trousers, gaiters, plus three rain coats suffered some damage. Even though the weather conditions were against us, this was still a great hike. I would like to thank Peter, Andrew C. and Shaz for their support, good humour and positive attitude throughout the hike.

After a couple of nights sleep, thoughts of climbing Mount Achilles and Perrins Bluff returned. First night Pelion Hut, then onto the ridge via the Thetis track.....anybody interested?



Camp below Mt Pelion West



Climbing off Mt Ossa

*Simon Kendrick*