

PANDANI POST



NEWSLETTER OF THE PANDANI BUSHWALKING CLUB

P.O. Box 146 North Hobart 7002

www.pandani.org.au

July 2011

President's Report

Welcome to the winter edition of Pandani Post. Autumn and the first month of winter certainly seem to have been an active time for the club with very well attended walks. Day walks with up to 26 people on them were not uncommon and the Cradle Mountain long weekend trip attracted 27. The fates were certainly kind to us this year on this annual pilgrimage with great snow cover and magnificent weather.

Club members have been active on the Search and Rescue front with nine members attending a police-recruits-for-the-search-and-rescue-squad assessment day. Our members acted as practice volunteer teams to be managed by the police recruits while a supervisor assessed the recruits' performance. This was also interesting and educational for our members as we actually got to find the person or body (albeit a dummy one) every time and saw what should happen next. Pandani members also participated in the search for Blake Newton in the Waterworks area. Many thanks to all those Pandani members who were involved on both occasions.

Thanks are also due to Walks Coordinator Chris and all the walks and social leaders who have got together a very full and varied program over winter.

The committee has decided to take out personal accident insurance for the new financial year for all club members through Bushwalking Australia. This will be an additional cover to our general liability policy and will provide cover for members for things such as out-of-pocket medical expenses and loss of income should they suffer an injury on a Pandani trip.

Long-time and well-known club members John and Jan Counsell are again heading to the mainland with Jan taking up an appointment at the Bendigo campus of Latrobe University. We wish them well in their new endeavour and location but look forward to the time when they

eventually return to Tasmania (as they have promised!).

I look forward to meeting you out on the track (or in the snow!) or at a social event sometime this winter.

Graham Wootton

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Editor's Rucksack

This edition once again presents a range of interesting articles beginning with another 'Legends Profile' from Colin Cody. Thanks Colin! We have lots of Walks reports describing many great trips with some great photos. Thanks to all who contributed and the co-ordinators who made the trips possible.

Also included is the annual Photographic Competition Entry form. Get those entries in!

Articles for the next issue may be sent to pandanipost@pandani.org.au or posted (typed or handwritten) to XXXXXXXXXXXXX.

Robert Gardner

New Members

The club continues to attract new members and we would like to welcome to the club:

- Andrea Breen
- Sandra Ferguson
- Lucia Ikin-de Brauw
- Jill Ingram
- Jodie McClare
- Lee McLean
- Sally Morgan
- Tracey Partridge
- Dianne Stidston
- Sarah Sykes
- Rany Thach & (partner) Tishampati Dhar
- Emma & Stuart Westcott
- Karyn Westell

Reminder

Please don't wear jeans!

A reminder, especially to new members, from several walks co-ordinators that walk participants should NOT wear jeans or other heavy cotton trousers. We do have notices to this effect in several places in the Program.

If they get wet, jeans do not dry, and you can get dangerously cold, especially in windy winter weather and in mountainous areas. Subsequent hypothermia, can ruin the walk for everyone. In extreme cases hypothermia can lead to death. On a day walk it may not be possible to quickly find shelter or get the sufferer into a sleeping bag, or even under a space blanket, so this is serious stuff.

Walks co-ordinators may, at their discretion, turn away anyone not wearing/carrying adequate clothing for the walk.

It's better to wear light weight quick drying clothing such as polyester or wool in several layers. Even shorts and long johns are better than jeans, as are shorts and gaiters.

LEGENDS PROFILE Richard Wright



Richard aged 7 & his dad

I didn't have to fossick very far to find another colourful club character with life stories to tell. Richard's story may well have begun out of 'Tales from a Suitcase'. The Wright family arrived in Tasmania in 1950 from post-war Britain. Richard said they lived in an old caravan for a year in bushland in the Tamar Valley, while his dad built a house. It was here, *'...wandering nearby hills and exploring the Tamar Gorge'* as a boy that Richard and his brother discovered **GOLD!** Richard recalled *'...childhood "Huck-Finn" adventures, fossicking "rattle stones", Permian fossils and a piece of gold bearing quartz'*. Richard said, *'...early exposure to precious metal turned me into a fossicking tragic at the age of seven'*.

A few years later the family moved to South Australia. Here, Richard recalled the excitement of exploring the old goldfields of Echunga with his mates in the nearby Adelaide Hills. Richard was a school boy then.

Macho shot of Richard (19 yrs old)...



*'On the Diggings'
Echunga - 1962*



'The Howling Wilderness' Woomera S.A. 1978

Richard's working explorations have taken him to remote deserts and parts of every State in Australia except Victoria. Email recipients of the Newsletter will see the desert reds, sky blues and camp above in a striking scene (the tent in the middle of the picture is pastel green). I asked Richard if the 'old' Landcruiser also in the picture was a bone shaker? He said, **'Yes, it was a bone shake'** (with no 'r'). It travelled better with **'...one or two 44 gallon drums on the back'**.

In W.A. Richard's wife Jan accompanied him in a caravan **'...in the howling desert'** (as Richard recalled the wind in the wilderness). That site was **'...100's of kilometers north of Kalgoorlie'**. Gold and diamonds were not the only objectives. Lead, Copper, Zinc, Uranium, the Nickel boom. Roxby Downs, Flinders Ranges, Eyre Peninsula, Arnhem Land, Simpson Desert. **'Wealth can breed selfishness and greed'**, says Richard. But **'boom ...or bust'** was the reality of mineral exploration.

'Diamond Drilling' Woomera - 1978

This diamond drill hole was located near the famous military Woomera Rocket Range. Richard said the **'magnetic / gravity anomaly'** (that means scientific data) showed the anomaly was much too deep to explore any further. Richard said the rocks here are **'...very very old ...volcanic hills eroded away millions of years ago'**.



Diamonds are made of carbon (same stuff as trees are made of he said). Carbon is in all living things. But Richard added, **'...diamonds are pure crystalised carbon, the hardest natural substance on earth'**. They form very deep (100-250 km) under extreme heat and pressure and then get coughed up out of volcanoes. But the visible landscape has long since changed. Check out this forty million year old leaf...

'Fossil Leaf'



Richard found this fossil north of the Rocket Range in the Simpson Desert (the 'Arid Zone' today). He handed over other ancient specimens to the S.A. Museum.

Diamonds are not Richard's favourite stone. Richard likes the intense and beautiful colors of gems like emeralds, rubies, sapphires and opals. He said they are formed very differently to diamonds. Richard **'...noodled" on the dumps'** (that means fossicked in the mullock) at Andamooka and tried the underground diggings at Coober Pedy but with **'...no great luck'**. In recent years Richard added 'Diploma of Gemmology' to his list of career credentials. Richard said he was persuaded to become 'Education Officer' of the same Course. But I think the title is modest (Richard was in my view 'running the show'). The seven year old **'...fossicking tragic'** was by then a confessed **'...gem addict'**. And now Richard is a well known geological guru of the Pandani Club.

**'...GOLD! Steve found
seven nice pieces...'**

On his Club fossicking weekends, the call goes out for **'sturdy souls...in search of elusive yellow metal'**. GOLD! On Richard's latest trip '...on the Lea' the rush was on for riches on the diggings! Club member Steve Holliday (a 'sturdy soul') claimed the haul of the day. Richard said, **'...Steve found seven nice pieces in one pan'**. Steve dug the alluvial sediment out of crevices with a screwdriver. Gold is one of the densest metals. Steve told me how he **'...shuffled the grit around, washed backwards and forwards etc...'** (panning technique) in the creek and the prized shiny stuff was left behind (\$ value undisclosed!).

A 'sluice box' is another apparatus for 'washing' the dirt. Water flows through the boxy contraption so the gold is trapped (and the lighter materials wash away). A lot more dirt can be processed this way so you can find more GOLD!...

'Sluicing the pay-dirt'



Gold is also found in quartz rock. There was actually no real gold in the piece Richard and his brother found in their childhood adventures (but it's a good story). What they found were yellow flakes of mica. Richard still has the sample from sixty years ago. But on the fossicking weekend the gold Steve Holliday found was real. Steve also found some yellow mica and pyrite. Pyrite is better known as 'fools gold'. Steve said, **'...it's not yellow like real gold'**. Richard also recalled the 'rattle stones' he found years ago. Called concretions they are rounded rocks strangely formed in groundwater. Some had hollow centres. They rattled. So young Richard called them 'rattle stones'.

On another Club trip, Richard got a crowd on his geological walk to Cape Surville. The rocky tip of the Cape is a spectacular coastal viewpoint. It's supposed to be one of the best places on earth where you can see in the exposed cliffs what was going on a ¼ billion years ago. Richard is well known for his dramatic accounts. To the audience that day he explained the mystery of the formation of the continents of the world. Oceans gave way to new land, void of almost all global life (the yellow rock we could see). Richard said this was laid down after the greatest mass extinction of species so far. Australia was attached to Antarctica, India and all the other land masses. The new 'supercontinent' called Pangaea was starting to shift north and would eventually break up (heavy stuff!).

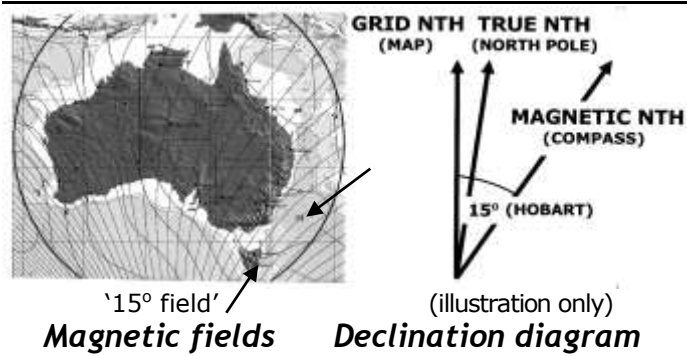
For the purists, I looked up that Geology is **'science of the substance, creation and processes of the physical earth'**. Charles Darwin the famed Evolutionist was also a Geologist. The subject could go anywhere! But we will briefly visit just one other 'earth science' field and that's Geomagnetism. Because my last question was...

'Why does a compass point north?'...



In a few words, I recall Richard's response: **'...there's electricity in the iron nickel core (flowing molten) ...the earth is like a magnet ...magnetic fields are all over the earth's surface ...the Magnetic North Pole moves! ...the Magnetic North Pole is at the north end of the 'magnet'...and there's declination'**.

Magnetic North is where your compass needle points. But the North 'lines' printed on a map point somewhere else (at the other North Pole - the one that doesn't move!). So declination is the angle you have to 'add or subtract' to convert a compass bearing (in Hobart that angle is 15°). There is a lot more! ...and it is rocket science (over my head too). But the question was answered and that's the end of the visit. Good luck! Here are a couple of diagrams...



'Camping out' - 1960



'...I'm Lost !
...Completely Lost !'

Richard said magnetite is another mysterious mineral with natural magnetic properties that can upset your compass (Bushwalking Manuals tell you about it). But fortunately you don't have to know what 'rocks' have got to do with why a compass works. You just have to wave the thing around (your compass), 'add or subtract' whatever and go the way it says.

Just like Snoopy...



So what is the deep and meaning of all this? Rocks tell all. The Geology of the earth is why a compass works (or doesn't work). Richard says riches from rocks can even be blamed for selfishness and greed. Rocks tell us there have been many mass extinctions since the beginning of life on earth. Richard says five or six were major events of extinction of many species. It's in the rocks! Richard thinks another mass extinction (human induced) may be underway. A bit like Darwin (and Snoopy), I think Richard is a 'Legend' too.

Colin Cody

'Underground' - 1962



'Woomera Rocket Range' - 1968



New Book by Kevin Doran

Our very popular guest speaker Kevin Doran has a new book in the pipeline. Entitled "Tasmanian Summits to Sleep On" this coffee-table format volume which Kevin calls a 'docudrama" will contain many superb photos for inspiration and text for guidance in spending the night on top of some notable Tasmanian mountains. As every wilderness photographer will tell you, late afternoon and early morning are not called the magic hours for nothing.

With a foreword by Bryce Courtenay, this new book should be well worth considering for your library. Sales will support the Bookend Trust, which exists to identify and assist students with a positive and active interest in the environment.

The book should be in the shops by late July and the RRP will be around \$44.95

Graham Wootton

Trip Report Forms

Please could all leaders send me their trip report forms, once the walk is completed. My address is:

Christine Wilson,
XXXXXXXXXX,
XXXXXXXXXX.

In case you want to know, they are archived for 7 years for insurance purposes.

Also please remember to ring a search and rescue contact before the walk. (But not very early in the morning on the same day.) It's important that you actually speak to the contact, rather than leave a message as he/she/they may be away.

You have a choice:

Graham Wootton: XXXXXXXX

Pam Scott: XXXXXXXX

Rob and Toni Hill: XXXXXXXX

Jan and Joan Lang: XXXXXXXX

Once the walk is finished you need to ring them again and let them know that everything is (hopefully) fine.

Many thanks,

Christine Wilson

Walks Program Co-ordinator



Walks Reports

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Platypus Mini-Hydro Power Station - 10th April, Rosemary Bruce

Not the usual club walk, but a very interesting day for every one that went along, our destination was Nigel Tomlin's farm at Ellendale and to take a look at the mini hydro power station he had designed, built and then connected to the State's electricity grid.

The turbine and generator are housed in a small stone cottage, and water is fed along a 500-metre pipeline, with a 30 metre head from the Jones River which borders Nigel's farm.

The station has a maximum output of 15-kilowatt hours, an average output of 8-KW, and an annual output of between 60 to 80 megawatt hours.

"Building the station at the head of a stream removes the need for a dam and large scale equipment. In winter, the station will generate totally renewable energy equivalent to that used by most of Ellendale and save 75-tonnes of carbon emissions. Compared to conventional coal-fired power, this mini-hydro power station project ticks all the boxes, and helps inspire others to think creatively and harness our natural advantages in assets like water and wind" said Nigel Tomlin.

It had always been Nigel's dream to build the mini power station and he had been collecting bits and pieces for it over the past 22 years, once the government permitted and paid for power to be uploaded into the State's electricity grid Nigel put his dream into reality ~ for an all up cost of around \$30,000.00.

Encouragingly, Nigel believes there are hundreds of sites in Tasmania which are suitable for small-scale hydro generation.

On the rough numbers Platypus Power Station will turn out to be a wonderful investment for Nigel, the station can generate enough electricity for 25 homes, on the assumption that



each house spends \$1000.00 on electricity, Nigel gets his electricity for nothing and gets paid \$24,000.00 for electricity contributed to the grid. thus Nigel will recoup his capital outlay in a bit over 12 months.

After our visit to the station we all adjourned to the public reserve/picnic area in Ellendale for a BBQ lunch.

It was great to look around at the rows of poplar trees that once sheltered a thriving hop growing industry and imagine what once was, for in those past days every available square metre of flat land was devoted to the growing of hops, sadly the pickers' huts and the hop kilns whilst still standing are rapidly falling into disrepair.

All in all a wonderful day even further enhanced by the delicious tea cake that Rosie especially baked for our morning tea ~ Thank you Rosie.

Terry Vince

Arm River Camp - Easter 2011

The Arm River Outdoor Education Centre seems to be the old Hydro single men's quarters dating from the building of the Lake Rowallan dam in the early 70s. Although there are rumours that Robin Gray spent a million dollars on it, it's now shabby and run down, possibly because it has been taken over by cash strapped Forestry Tasmania. Nevertheless, there are hot showers, comfortable bunk beds and an efficiently heated and therefore warm and cosy kitchen and living area with a commercial gas stove, a couple of

fridges, a collection of crockery and some saucepans. It is prone to being burgled, who knows why as there is nothing left to steal: certainly nothing that could be sold. We were strictly instructed to lock everything up carefully.

After lunch on Good Friday we set off for Rinadina Falls, only to find the road blocked by fallen trees. We returned to the centre and walked to the nearby Arm River falls, as evening drew near. Everything was damp and mossy and there were impressive displays of pink coral fungus in the forest.

Next day, we made an early start and drove up the Mersey Forest Road to the Lees Paddocks turn off. We followed a deeply rutted 4WD track down to a large swing bridge over the Mersey, noting traces of horses and cattle. Lees Paddocks is one of the only places in Tasmania where the tradition of moving cattle to mountain pastures in the summer still takes place. They arrive around Christmas and leave at the start of autumn. The walk into the Paddocks was on a very muddy track, heavily used in the recent past by both people and stock. It led through a myrtle forest with masses of fishbone ferns on the forest floor. Numerous fungi in startling reds, oranges and purples provided unexpected colour. We left the main track and visited Lewis and Oxley falls, both very impressive as the river was in spate. We could hear the roaring of the water and the falls from most places on the track. Eventually we came to the Paddocks themselves, where we had to cross a tributary creek on an extremely slippery myrtle log, aided by a handrail in the form of a wire. The hut, comfortable, carpeted and with a unique and very efficient wood heater made out of a beer barrel was not far away. It was inhabited by a party of uni students, one of whom had brought his three year old son, who had walked in all the way himself. It was the ideal place for lunch. Unfortunately the weather was drizzly and cool. Clouds obscured all the nearby peaks and hid the fantastic views. It was still beautiful in a damp, misty leech infested way.

Easter Sunday began with a dramatic explosion as Peter's small coffee maker blew up. Joyce momentarily thought she was back in Belfast. It was absolutely amazing how far a one cup coffee percolator, under pressure, could scatter grounds and water. I should also mention at this point that Sam had brought all her own appliances as well as splendidly fluffy slippers.

No-one else could reach such heights of self catering or of footwear.

Pam and I, after an extensive confabulation, decided to take people into the Walls of Jerusalem, partly influenced by the fact that we had visitors without proper walking boots. It was a glorious day, cold, crisp, clear and still. We climbed the steep track up to the Walls, and reached Trapper's Hut after an hour and a half. The history of this area is very much tied up with the men who trapped possum and wallaby up in the Tiers and Paddocks area in the winter and who built huts to shelter in and dry their pelts. Trapper's Hut, originally built by the legendary Basil Steers, and now restored, contains a number of photographs documenting this way of life. We finally emerged on to the plateau with its views of the mountains of the Overland track and closer at hand, Mount Rogoona. We walked in as far as Solomon's Jewels, a group of small pencil pine fringed lakes on the way to the main campsite at Wild Dog Creek. Here we settled down on boulders in the sun and had a leisurely lunch before ambling back down the escarpment. The bush was very green and water logged. Frogs were still singing in the tarns.

Next day, in spite of the insomnia that seemed to afflict a number of members of our group, we made another early start and set to and cleaned the centre thoroughly. Pam and I once again batted around various destinations for our final walk and finally decided on the Alum Cliffs walk, a Great Short Walk, on a very well constructed track with a mysterious huge sculpture at the start, like a vast bench. The track leads out to a viewing platform over the Mersey Gorge, the site of an Aboriginal ochre mine, no longer accessible to the general public. It was apparently a sacred women's site and many of the excavating tools are still to be seen, should permission be granted. The gorge is steep and spectacular.

This brought our Easter trip to an end. We drove on to Deloraine and most of the group had a counter lunch at a local pub, while others headed straight home. We generally felt very happy with both walks and accommodation: in spite of its shabbiness, it was warm and cheap and everything worked well enough. It's also an area where there are a number of fantastic walks to choose from. With this in mind, I've booked the Centre for Easter 2013.

Chris Wilson

Mt Misery - April 28th Lee Stanelos and Rhonda Longuet

19 starters met at Huonville on a lovely warm day. Off we travelled, making our way to Huon Bush Retreat at Ranelagh where our walk would commence. The track starts with a gradual climb for quite some time, but it is in excellent condition, a true "bush" track, winding through beautiful scenery. On the way we stopped at Regnan's lookout and viewed an interesting rock wall associated with the Palawa (Tasmanian aboriginals).

We enjoyed 11s on a flat rocky outcrop which came into view after we emerged from the forest walk, with a wonderful almost 360 degree view of many of the mountains in the area - superb. On we tramped along another delightful track until we reached the rock which marks the summit of Mt Misery. On our return walk, we were joined by two very friendly dogs who accompanied us back to the Retreat. We enjoyed our lunch on the same rocky outcrop as before, the sun and views making it most enjoyable.

On the return walk, we took a side trip down to some hidden falls, which also took us through a most intriguing tree - the story goes - "In February 2006 lightning struck the tree. The heat instantly boiled the water inside the trunk, causing an enormous explosion about half way up. The burning top 20 metres of the tree came crashing down, starting a fire. Minutes later a sudden downpour extinguished the fire, leaving the shattered and blacked remnants." It has left a hollow tree, one that you can actually walk through - fascinating!!!

We returned to the Retreat, together with our two new "friends" to hear that they were actually lost dogs whose owner had been looking for them for more than 24 hours. I bet he was relieved there were some bush walkers in the area that day so the dogs could "latch on" to them.

On our way out from the Retreat, some of us enjoyed a stroll around a path labyrinth made of stones - all hoping we would find "our inner self"! Good fun. A few of the party then

travelled to Franklin to the Petty Sessions Cafe to view fellow walker Lisa Falk's wonderful art display.

A great day was had by all, so thank you Lee and Rhonda.

Judy Hislop

Iron Pot Gully Reserve, Lower Marshes - May 5th Anne Geard

21 Walkers met at Granton from where a car shuttle took us to the start of our walk. Our route took us up through the midlands, left at Melton Mowbray and then to the turn off to Lower Marshes and Jericho We finally started our walk over private land (with permission), an uphill climb over farmland (and a couple of gates and fences), until we came to a lovely wooded area and the gate into the National Park. It was here we stopped for 11s. The Iron Pot Gully Nature Reserve has been reserved to protect the rare forest community of Silver peppermint (*Eucalyptus tenuiramis*) on Triassic sandstone.

Our next goal was a very steep climb up Shiner's Hill which gave us a most wonderful view of many distant peaks, even down to Mt. Wellington. Unfortunately it was blowing an absolute gale on top, so we didn't dally too long.

Down the hill and over paddocks, into another wooded area, over another fence and finally arriving at a lovely sheltered area where we enjoyed our lunch break. After lunch, off up another trail, over more paddocks and hills, past a wonderful old shepherd's hut, through another forest and down to the gate which took us out of the National Park.

From there it was over more farmland and back to our cars. A lovely 14km walk with great company. Thank you Anne, a first class choice for your first walk as a leader.

Judy Hislop

Slide Track (Bruny Island) - May 7th

Still green
Still leechy
Still hilly
Still muddy
Still slippery
Still long

- this is one for completists, really. Some views, but they're largely obscured by the endless trees.

The track's actually gone in some places, and after recent winds some fresh deadfalls make for a few dozen metres of packhauling. To add to the challenge, the road to the top is partially blocked by a big fallen tree - someone's cut a gap 30cm wider than a Subaru Forester - if you can't drive through you'll have to walk 1.5km to the start.

Labillardiere Peninsula the day before was much nicer - a pod of dolphins 20m offshore was a highlight.

Keith Carroll

Hartz Peak - May 12th Rosemary Bruce

This was a much requested walk, one quite a few of us had been waiting to eventuate, however we were sure we didn't request the weather which came with it on this occasion. However, 14 hardy walkers met for the car shuttle to the start of the walk to Hartz Peak. Thank heavens for the wonderful walker's registration centre, as we were able to don our full wet weather gear under cover. However, we were observed by a fellow who was just leaving the area, who asked if we were actually going to walk in that kind of weather and when we said "yes", he said we were mad!!!! Later, we thought he may have been right!!

Due to the inclement weather, we decided to walk out to Lake Osborne to start with. Snow had fallen so walking over the duck boards was a bit hazardous, but we made it out to the lake

where we enjoyed 11s. Our view of the lake was quite eerie, due to the low mist, but it was still definitely worth a photo or two. We returned to the Centre and decided to walk out to the Geeves Memorial.

The duck board was still treacherous due to the snow, rain and wind, but after making it out to the memorial, we all decided to press on out further. We finally made it to Lady Tarn where we bunkered down and had our lunch perched precariously on the rocks around the tarn. The snow was quite deep here and the whole area was a photographer's dream. As the mist was so low and the rain deciding it was going to stay around, walking out any further was not an option so we decided to call it a day, making a detour to see Lake Esperence on the way back.

We made it back to the Centre, peeled off our very wet gear and made a bee-line to the coffee shop at Geeveston for a very very welcome hot coffee/hot chocolate.

Wow, what a day - rain, wind, snow on the ground - but despite this, all participants said they thoroughly enjoyed the walk, so thank you Rosie - from all of us.

Judy Hislop

Pine Valley - May 22nd-25th Graham Wootton and Urszula Kaye

Including side trips to The Acropolis and The Labyrinth.

Group: Urszula ('Birthday Girl') Graham & Kerri. ('Mailman' and 'Anchor'/'Easter Bunny')

Day One started with a pre-dawn pick up, followed by a 9am ferry across Lake St Claire to Cynthia Bay.

The (humorous?) ferryman grunted deeply upon taking my pack and managed not to swear as he set it down. Instead he loudly announced that the ferry now had the 'anchor' on board ! (Graham and Ursula say that I had rewritten the book, on the amount of food one can take on a four day walk !)

Our plan was to head to the Pine Valley Hut, then, if weather permitted it, to continue on to Lake Elysia in The Labyrinth, to set up camp.

Cynthia Bay to Pine Valley Hut walk, involved negotiating a muddy, sludgy track, with much wet tree root navigation, in the rain. Arriving at Pine Valley Hut around 3pm, our fast, sure-footed leader Graham, asked Urszula and I how we felt about camping the night at Pine Valley; as he estimated that we would be challenged to make it to the Lake Elysia campsite by nightfall; due to the wet weather, the already apparent early darkness and the track negotiation problems this would involve. We decided unanimously, to stay.

We had a desperately needed lunch in the hut, where we gratefully watched fellow adventurers stoking up the coal fire. Urszula's smoked salmon lunch was clearly the best of our three! We then went outside to pitch our tents before darkness fell. Graham chose the most prime tent site for us around Pine Valley hut, a delightful spot on high ground, right opposite the hut entrance (great for getting warm and heading almost straight into the tents) an additional bonus; it also happened to be the closest tent site to the loo track without actually being near the main thoroughfare to the loo! We were all most impressed with this site and it looked after us very well for the following nights.

Dinner was jolly early - mainly created by Graham deciding to cook his Scotch Fillet Steak (yes - that's right Scotch Fillet Steak!) at 4.15pm! The entire evening was extremely enjoyable and spent chatting at length with the large group of like-minded adventurers in Pine Valley Hut. By nightfall the hut was very full and the campsites around also full. A tent was even pitched hanging off the hut wall on the veranda! People spilled out around all the dry areas of the hut surrounds - everyone positive, chatty and happy!

Just before retiring to our tents for the night, I, with my head torch on went to get my pack from where I had left it to drip dry, on a hook on the hut wall. Right in front of my pack, I was most surprised to illuminate a completely naked male senior adventurer, having a thorough wash out in the freezing cold. Brrrrrr. Negotiating around this brave man, as we both politely pretended that we couldn't see each other, was a new experience!

Day two started out jolly wet and heavily overcast. With indomitable spirits, we headed

off for an adventure anyway and spent much of the day not necessarily having fun, but contentedly embracing the experience with open arms (albeit with gradually freezing extremities) ... for a day walk through the rainforest, heading up to the Acropolis. The track was very steep, slippery and in fact underwater in places. The rain had fully set in, the sky was heavy and dark, the wind was strong and very cold. We made our way to near the base of the main rock formation of the Acropolis before deciding that, (considering the current weather conditions), it was too hazardous to attempt to traverse any further in. The path was not only challenging, but the high winds continually manoeuvred each of us in directions we distinctly hadn't intended going.

On the way back to Pine Valley Hut, we looked for, and easily found, Cephissus Falls. We laughed a lot only to discover that, because we were so focused on heading up towards the Acropolis, we had unknowingly walked straight past them earlier in the day. Heading back to Pine Valley hut, we could smell the coal fire - which was delightful as we were all jolly cold and wet. We had lunch in the hut, followed almost immediately by dinner.

Again, all our fellow travellers were a great bunch of people and fun to be with. If we thought the hut to be busy the previous night - it was even more so this night. It was a real pleasure to have so many people in one somewhat 'isolated' place all getting along so well.

A friendly couple from Hobart, despite the lack of 'Tent-Footprint Real Estate', eventually pitched their tent, precariously, in with ours. Undoubtedly we had the very best spot in the area. Mind you, when pitching their tent in with ours, they were oblivious to a mailman's plans for dawn the following day

Day three, for the entire hut and campsite, started precisely at 7am, as we awoke to a piercing whistle shattering the stillness and a loud call of "Post for Urszula Kay" from a 'sure-footed mailman' delivering Urszula's Birthday card to her tent door!

Following the 'sure footed mailman', the 'not very sure-footed Easter Bunny' also found us at Pine Valley - amazing critters the Mailman and Easter Bunny!

Urszula's Birthday Breakfast consisted of Graham cooking pancakes served with butter and honey! YUM! Graham and I started singing Happy

Birthday to Urszula and the entire hut very quickly joined in, with someone on one of the top bunks starting the 'hip-hip' part and the rest of the hut's occupants shouting "hooray!"

What a great start to what was to prove a most magnificent day !

We set out for a day at The Labyrinth, finding the path on the way up to be better drained than the one from the day prior. The weather seemed to be clearing. At the top we were greeted with a most magnificent sight of rock formations and large pools.

A while later, Graham announced that we should be 'prepared for a most magnificent sight' and indeed it was absolutely breathtaking - far more incredible than Urszula and I could have ever expected!

The Labyrinth was spread out below us,

like a deep pan packed tightly with green, yellow & rust coloured vegetation;

hugging rock formations and lapping the circumferences of multitudes of tarns,

while mountains of many different shapes, also ogled the view, crowding the horizon.

The sky was deep blue and hazing into the landscape as distance passed away from us.



We descended into The Labyrinth where we spent the rest of the day in awe of the beauty of this area. We passed Lake Leuce, then up to the lookout for lunch. Urszula had given Graham and I a most superb Easter gift - as well as some 'choccy' eggs. We were also given the treat of a real egg - hard-boiled and delicious. I tried to remember the last time I had been given a real egg at Easter and an egg tasting so good!



Following lunch, Graham gave Urszula and I the opportunity to go 'fagus bashing' producing an afternoon of humorous situations, most involving getting stuck, hanging off fagus and landing unsuspectingly into very cold water ! - well, for Urszula and I at any rate.

From the lookout we went down to Lake Elysia, then at 3pm started thinking about heading back to Pine Valley Hut. We discussed the fact that, if we stayed longer we were almost 100% certain that we would have to travel the last 1/3 of the trip in the dark. As we had all brought along (as always) our head torches, we decided on doing this and giving ourselves more time with the beauty of The Labyrinth.

At long last, we knew we had to head back out of this magical place. Moving quickly, we managed to get about half way down the descent into Pine Valley before needing to use our head torches. Picking our way carefully, we illuminated our way into the deep slippery darkness. As we began getting closer to the hut, there were more directional path arrows illuminated by our head torches. Then, when Graham identified that we had already crossed a small tree limb that had fallen across a section of raised and chicken wired path, we discovered that we were about to go on a repeat loop. Calmly, in the dark, with Urszula being the marker and Graham and I being the Scouts, we located the correct path back to the hut. Hooray! We all unanimously agreed sleeping out in the dark in bivvy bags wouldn't have been the ideal end to Urszula's birthday.

After dinner, Graham and I (with no prodding) helped Urszula consume treats that she had brought with her; her Birthday Cake with candle and a nice quantity of Cointreau! We retired to our tents at the late hour of 9pm feeling very full, warm, somewhat fuzzy and with experiential memories of a peaceful and exquisitely beautiful place nearby.

What an absolutely GREAT day in all respects - and we hope that Urszula enjoyed her special birthday and appreciate her sharing it with us!

Day four I awoke very early and wandered off to get some unsuccessful dawn recordings. Interestingly however, just off the track, on the way up the path towards the Labyrinth a fair way from the hut, I watched a sleepy looking woman pass me holding a toilet roll! I thought this to be a bit odd really. Calling out to her, I found out she was looking for the hut; albeit walking entirely in the wrong direction, obviously not awake enough to realise she could have had a very long walk! (Mental Note to self: always be more careful when taking toilet trips half asleep !)

We packed up early in the cold air, trying to keep fingers and toes workable. Afterwards we went to explore Cephissus Falls one last time, before heading back to Cynthia Bay, after picking up our reloaded packs.

The ferry trip back, let us experience a very differently behaved Lake St Claire than we remembered only four days earlier; this time she showed off her sparkling blue, calm water and great views, all adorned with a deep blue sky.

A huge thank you from me to Graham and Urszula for a great, great, GREAT, trip.

Kerri Walsh

New Norfolk Historic and Geological Walk May 30th

(The first of the proposed "Walk Talk and Gawk walks)*

&

South Wellington Track from The Springs - June 2nd ***Rob Hill***

Two walks to lead in a week? How did that happen? But they couldn't be more different.

New Norfolk saw two experts giving us the benefit of their knowledge: Tony Raynor talking about the last 200 years, Richard Wright talking about the last 200 million years and beyond.

While Tony regaled us with the stories of the Norfolk Island settlers, Richard talked about and

showed us erratics deposited by ancient icebergs.

Dead on time we arrived at the Bush Inn and soon enjoyed their fine food, wine and beers, whilst toasting ourselves by the log fires.

Tom and Pat Freeman, Wiebke Parker, Helen Dunsford, Gail Friesen, Yvonne Davy and visitor David (with a lovely spaniel) joined Rob as attentive students. A lovely autumn walk with no post-walk soreness.

South Welly was different! Gail joined me a second time with Anne Harrison, Graeme Denne, Bruce Edwards, Con and Peta Cannamara, Sally Morgan, Colin Race, and the wonderful Rosie Bruce. I led from behind - sometimes a longish way behind, with Rosie picking a way through the dreaded Potato Fields. After lots of puffing we arrived on the South Wellington Plateau. Patches of snow and ice and a strong headwind did not dull the beauty of the Mountain.

We arrived at the Pinnacle car park six and a half hours after departing The Springs - 5 hours plus of walking and a climb of over 600 metres across rough ground. A different but enjoyable winter walk. And some soreness for me!

* "Walk Talk and Gawk" - coined by the Victorian National Parks Association using their expert members to inform the punters on environmental and cultural aspects of Victoria. Usually short walks in our "Short" or "Medium" category.

Rob Hill

Cradle Mountain Trip - June 11th - 13th ***Graham Wootton***

Introduction and the Lakes Walk

Following a Pandani tradition of many years, Graham Wootton, one of the club's founding members, organised the Queen's Birthday long weekend sojourn to Cradle Mountain this year. It was a big group, 27 people, a fantastic effort. We were all accommodated in cabins. Graham arranged for all to meet at his cabin at 8.00 o'clock-ish each evening to plan the next day's

adventures. It was great to see both old and new faces.

Two Saturday walks were planned, one easy - Crater Lake, Wombat Pool and Lake Lilla, and another more challenging up the Face track and perhaps a shot at Cradle. The snow had turned to ice so both walks were much more challenging than anticipated! Sunday walks would be to circle Dove Lake or make a round trip up Hansons Peak.

13 gathered at Ronny Creek and set off to Crater Lake. The weather was a little overcast but you could always see Cradle Mountain, which is more than is usually the case. Progress was slow as the snow had thawed then refrozen and in places was quite deep. Ice and duckboards aren't a good mix and staying upright was a challenge. Mabel, a veteran of Pandani, took a few tumbles but got straight up - a sterling effort.



The panoramic views as we crossed Ronny Creek and approached Crater Lake were magnificent, with lots of photo opportunities. There were two families, the Griersons and Thompsons with their very fit children. Chloe, Holly, Jack and Jack had a ball! It was slow going getting to Crater Lake, but wasn't it beautiful! We made our way up to the lookout above Wombat Pool. The snow was deep, up to our thighs in places. We slowly made our way to Wombat Pool, but it was too exposed so we lunched at Lake Lilla instead. Everyone was really hungry. The original plan was to go round Lake Dove, but progress had been slow to Lake Lilla so we called it a day and went back to Dove Lake car

park. Then we decided to visit Waldheim hut and marvelled at people who did what we did, but without the gear! It was a terrific day - not easy, but still a terrific trip.

Jeanette Lewis

The Face Track

Our party of nine arrived at Dove Lake car park with no rain in sight and set off, slipping and sliding our way up to Wombat Pool ... where the sign was and is likely to still be missing its 'L'. The views on the climb up to and including Marion's Lookout were absolutely splendid. Under a darkening sky we moved at a good clip towards Kitchen Hut, interrupted by the sudden hip-deep snow holes we intermittently encountered. A source of much merriment and from here on in called 'snow-plunging'. All but Graham, who powered along smoothly in his bright red snowshoes. Lunch was quickly devoured at Kitchen Hut, the upper level of which could be accessed from the snow rise on the outside, instead of just the steps on the inside and with local entertainment kindly provided by forest ravens.

Leaving Kitchen Hut we headed up the slope towards the base of Cradle Mountain itself. Surprisingly, in the dim light we discovered the slopes to be well populated with a mob of Bennett's Wallabies. Having made it as far as time would allow, we returned to our packs and made our way towards The Face Track.

The Face Track certainly proved to be a challenge. The snow was incredibly deep, at a 45-degree angle and rather unstable. During our traverse, most of us snow-plunged repeatedly, hampering progress, while the new sport of face-planting going downhill proved popular. At one point Keith performed a seamlessly smooth snow plunge, leaving only his head sticking out!



As our traverse of the Face Track had been particularly slow, and with daylight threatening to fade, we followed Graham's wise decision to return via Lake Wilks rather than Hansons Peak. Arriving at the chains above Lake Wilks we quickly proceeded to cover the ground from Lake Wilks to the Duck Board that surrounds Dove Lake. Then back to the car park with the aid of torches for the last half hour.

Kerri Walsh

Lake Dove Circuit

Sunday was a magnificent day; the sky was blue with a few wisps of cloud, just to make the photographs interesting. A group of four, Annie, Mary, Mabel and Jeanette decided that yesterday's efforts meant that we could take it easy this time. Again - not *that* easy! The ice round the Boat House was four or five inches thick. Various people told us it was treacherous but we pressed on. The worst was the Western side. By the time we got to the Ballroom Forest the snow/ice had started to thaw.



Mary had a fantastic camera and at one point we were having a rest admiring the view and we could see a party of people on Hansons Peak. To the naked eye they looked like trees - but they moved! Mary clicked off a few photos and there was Michael Wiggins' legs - I'd know them anywhere - and a profile of Graham Wootton - again very familiar. We pressed on round the lake then lunched at the benches at the far end. We continued round the lake, hoping that the ice wouldn't be quite so thick. It wasn't which was a relief. That must have been the slowest turn round the lake I've ever done!

We arrived at Dove Lake Car park just after four and realised there would only be two more shuttle buses back. The queue was huge. Mabel and Mary both managed to cadge a lift. Then Annie and I spotted a couple leaving, asked for a

lift, and got back to the Lodge for a well-deserved hot chocolate.

We decided to walk back to the cabin from the Lodge. The sun was just setting so there was a beautiful pink sky. We saw a big wombat, and a (Forester?) wallaby! It had been another fantastic day with the most perfect weather for walking.

Jeanette Lewis

Hansons Peak Sunday

Arriving again at Dove Lake car park, this time with a party of 15, Cradle Mountain and her surrounding peaks were wrapped in bright sunlight while Dove Lake sparked and shimmered. After a trip to the Boatshed to snap some awesome photos, we headed off to climb up to Hansons Peak.

Frozen in time

In a slipping, sliding snail queue
Large areas of ice and snow testing nerves and willpower
The scenery incessantly urges us up, up, over and onwards.

Past Hansons Lake & Peak,
The ground underfoot (and butt,) now more snowy than icy,
We crunch crisply onto Twisted Lakes.
Where under thick blankets of snow, laced with wallaby prints,
Rocks and plants intermittently protrude, providing paths to the lakefronts.
Standing here, the nearby reflective bodies of water became opaque,
Seemingly glued to the shore by ice that stretches
Out in swirls towards the deepest parts of the lake,
Where water yet remains mobile.
An unforgettably, exquisitely, almost ethereal sight.
Contented gratitude and sense of wonder are voiced by echoing serene silence
Then, all too soon, we turn away and head back with our memories of this ancient place,
Frozen in time.

Walking out via the same route by which we had walked in, we climbed down Hansons Peak via the chain and 'butt-skied' at the bottom, before clambering down to the saddle. Here we came upon a small group of people, tending to a woman sitting in pain with a suspected broken hip, after falling on the ice.

We assisted the injured woman as best we could; a combination of providing hot sweet tea, assistance in moving her reasonably comfortably to a safer area, provision of extra emergency blankets (thank you to everyone who quickly & unselfishly gave theirs' away), and giving the party some additional pain relief medications. Having done all we could do, we returned to walking out.

This trip consisted of so many people and was enjoyed so much. Undoubtedly the wonderful weekend shared by all 25 of us is a testament to your efforts Graham. Thank you very, very much.

Kerri Walsh

The Last Night

We all gathered at Graham's cabin to swap walking stories. We heard about the poor woman who'd fallen and how Pandani'd helped. We enjoyed Annie's delicious Gluhwein and the Cannamelas' fruit cake. There was lots of noise and laughter - this was a most "Pandani" way to end a lovely weekend.



Thank you Graham for organising the trip!

PS from the leader: A special thank you to Jeanette for taking the lake walks and to everyone on the trip for making the weekend such a success.

Jeanette Lewis

Sandy Point - July 3rd Greg Robertson

Fifteen Pandani members met Greg outside the Parks and Wildlife offices at Seven Mile Beach. The forecast was somewhat dubious. Someone mentioned that the new BOM website had said that it would start to pour with rain by 3pm. The clouds looked atmospheric - dark around the

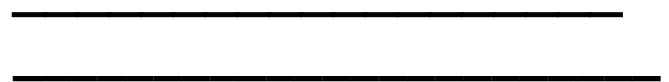
mountain, with rain clearly falling from them. Undeterred, we all set off down the beach, and reached the sandy point at the end with its large dunes, after about an hour and a half. On the way we passed two flocks of oyster catchers, one composed mostly of pied oystercatchers and the other of the less common Australian sooty oystercatchers. There was also a small flock of endangered hooded dotterels. I was pleased to see the birdlife at the far end of the beach, well away from dogs and their humans.

The tide was high as we edged round the point itself. It was virtually impossible to follow the shoreline any further. Fallen trees made progress impossible and luckily we soon found a track that led to a spot where riders tethered their horses. Spars festooned with coloured rope marked the spot. We followed the riding trail further down the sand spit. It led through a pine forest originally planted about seventy years ago now partly destroyed by siren wasps and fire. Nevertheless, the trees have managed to seed themselves and numerous smaller pines are growing freely beside some older survivors. The ground under foot was very sandy and churned up by the hooves of numerous animals, which made for heavy going. Under the pines were large numbers of slippery jack fungi, which according to Nick and Carol are edible when young. They were obviously popular with the resident bandicoots and rabbits.

We had lunch under the pines, not far from the shore with its views of Woody Island, Midway Point and oyster farms. It now started to rain, about an hour ahead of the forecast. Putting on our raincoats, we hurriedly left the lunch spot and returned as quickly as possible, on a path free of horses, to the road and eventually to the cars.

We all agreed that Sandy Point was an excellent venue for a winter walk, with the added allure of being close to the city.

Chris Wilson



FROM THE LIBRARIAN'S DESK

Library books can be borrowed by Club members at the monthly Social Meeting and returned at the following month's Social Meeting. Or alternatively, library books can be borrowed and returned, with prior arrangement from the Librarian Wednesday to Friday at Passion8, 119 Elizabeth Street, Hobart (contact Simon - kend.sim@gmail.com or (h) 62660016 to make arrangements).

Thank You to Andrew Bowen for donating; Mt Wellington Walk Map, Wild Flowers of Mt Wellington 1988, Wild Flowers of Mt Wellington 1997, A Guide to the Flora of Freycinet National Park, Coastal Plants of Tasmania 2003, Rainforest Plants of Tasmania 1992, Alpine Wildflowers of Tasmania 1995, Orchids of Tasmania 1993, TasMap 1:100,000 Circular Head.

Thank You to Tracy & Simon Kendrick for donating; A walking Guide to Flinders Island and Cape Barren Island 2001, Discover Flinders Island 1992.

The Library:-

- Classic Wild Walks of Australia, Robert Rankin, 2nd printing.
- Walk into History (2 copies), David Leaman, 1st edition
- The Mountains of Rasselas, Thomas Pakenham, 1st edition.
- South West Tasmania, John Chapman, 3rd edition 1990.
- South West Tasmania, John Chapman, 4th edition 1998.
- Cradle Mountain-Lake St Claire & Walls of Jerusalem National Park, Chapman(s)/Siseman, 5th edition 2006.
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- 100 Walks in Tasmania, Tyrone Thomas, 3rd edition 1989.
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- 50 Family Walks in & around Hobart (2 copies), Hardy/Elson, 2nd edition 2003.

- More Family Walks around Hobart, Hardy/Elson, 1st edition 1990.
- Mt Wellington Walks (2 copies), Hardy/Elson, 1993 & 2003.
- Bushwalking & Ski Touring Leadership, Bushwalking & Mountaineering Board, 3rd edition 2000.
- Search & Rescue Manual, VicWalk, 1st edition 1993.
- 120 Walks in Victoria, Tyrone Thomas, 6th edition 1995.
- Cape to Cape Track Guidebook, Scott/Forma, 4th edition 2008.
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- Peninsula Tracks, Peter & Shirley Storey, 3rd edition 1996.
- Family Walks in North West Tasmania, Hardy/Elson, 1st edition 1994.
- Glenorchy Walking Trails, Glenorchy Council, 2003.
- The Abels, Bill Wilkinson, 1st edition 1994.
- Milford Track & Routeburn Track Map, Dept of Conservation, 4th edition 2003/4.
- Mt Wellington Walk Map
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Simon Kendrick
Librarian