



THE TRUDGE

Newsletter of the
SUNSHINE COAST BUSHWALKERS INC.
APRIL 2010

Meetings are normally held on the first Monday of each month, however please check for any changes.

There are no meetings on holidays or long weekends.

Meetings are held at 7.30 pm at the Craft Cottage behind Buderim War Memorial Hall, Church Street, Buderim.

Postal Address:
PO Box 287
Buderim Q 4556

www.sunshinecoastbushwalkingclub.com



F Y I

Basic Map Reading - At the close of the meeting on Monday 10 May Russell Knight will speak to our group regarding basic map reading. If you would like to increase your knowledge of map reading please stay on after the meeting to listen to what Russell can teach us.

Packs - Also at the conclusion of the following meeting In June (Monday 7) Russell will speak regarding using backpacks, the types and how best to adjust them to suit the individual – also the contents of packs for Through Walks and Day Walks - so once again please find the time to stay.



GOOD LUCK TO CHRISTINA – Christina Waters will be heading off late April to Bhutan for a trekking trip. On searching the website it looks amazing – so we hope you have a great time – and don't forget to get acclimatised. We look forward to hearing all about your trip when you get home – safe travelling and trekking. All the best from the club Ed



Committee Members

| | | |
|---------------------|----------------|--------------|
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| Vice President: | Russell Stark | 0404 235 195 |
| Secretary: | Ann Larsen | 5493 1606 |
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| Walks Secretary: | Alan Winter | 5477 1037 |
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| Librarian: | Sally Clem | 5446 3078 |

WE OF THE NEVER NEVER THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM TO THE ACROPOLIS - TASMANIA

Glenn Burns

The names are drawn from the Old Testament: Lake Salome, The Pool of Bethesda, The Wailing Wall, The West Wall, Jaffa Vale, Mt Jerusalem, and Herod's Gate. Irresistible place names to whet the bush-walker's appetite. The Walls of Jerusalem, originally called China Walls, are located on Tasmania's Central Plateau east of but contiguous to the famed Cradle Mountain-Lake St Clair National Park; both form part of the Tasmanian Wilderness Heritage Area. Access is on foot over a steep, rough track to an alpine plateau at 1200 metres. Unpredictable weather conditions are the norm. Despite this in my opinion 3 or 4 days of pottering around The Walls followed by the two day walk out to the Overland Track is one of the best throughwalking experiences that Tassie has to offer.

Monday February 1: The Walls car park to Wild Dog Creek: 5 kms: 500 m gain.

A generous offer by Phil and Louise to drive us in to The Walls car park in *RV Bertie* meant that we were on the track mid afternoon but not before some minor consternation about the closure of the Overland Track due to bushfires and unfounded rumours of fires closing our Mersey River Forest access road.

My companions for the next three weeks were ultralights Bernard, Don and Phil and a fellow old schooler, Brian. The ultralights, those happy hares of hill and dale, are recent converts to lightweight throughwalking. You can spot them by their diminutive 15 kg playschool packs, always adorned with extra dangling doodahs: tents, food packs, rain coats, toilet rolls, crocsa miscellany of gear which stubbornly fails to make its way into their packs each morning. Even one of our own club elders, a man of authority and gravitas, has succumbed to the fad and intends waxing his legs and donning the lycra to improve on-track aerodynamics. A perambulating Lance Armstrong.

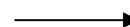
Still, you will be relieved to know that Brian and I are maintaining the great traditions of SCBC bushwalking and grumbled off uphill with our 20 kg backbreakers, known affectionately as monkeys:

"Time to put those monkeys on, boys" Brian's way of chivvying along the lads at the end of rest breaks. My monkey felt more like the proverbial gorilla but Brian seemed unfazed by the weight of his pack and took off like a scalded cat (or perhaps an ultralight hare) setting a cracking pace for the 400 metres altitude gain to Trappers Hut.

Trappers Hut, built by Boy Miles, a Changi POW, and Dick and Alistair Walters in 1946, is a vertical slab construction with a shingle and corrugated iron roof. It is a reminder that in bygone days these high alpine zones were exploited for grazing, mining and trapping. Possum trappers built huts, called badger boxes, around the edge of the Central Plateau especially during the Great Depression of the 1930s. They were keen to get the furry winter pelts of the mountain dwelling brush-tailed possums, pademelons and Bennett's wallaby for which they received about the equivalent of two dollars fifty a skin.

Ten minutes after Trappers we breasted the lower plateau at 1200 metres. The scenery did not disappoint. A landscape of lakes, massive dolerite cliffs, pencil pine forests, clumps of snow gums, tussock grasslands and cushion plants unfolded. Ahead were Solomon's Jewels, a myriad of small lakes, but a mere handful of the 4000 or so lakes that dot the Central Plateau. Sometimes called The Lake Country, this landscape is a legacy of the Pleistocene Glaciations when a 65 kilometre wide ice cap covered much of the Plateau. This was the only known Pleistocene ice cap in Australia. Glacial ice gouged and scraped numerous rock depressions and dumped piles of moraine. As the ice retreated 10,000 years ago sheets of water filled the depressions to form the lakes that we see today.

By five o'clock we traipsed into the campsite at Wild Dog Creek. All the creature comforts for contented campers: tap water, a toilet and tent platforms. Even the monster highland mossies were benign: a lumbering bunch, all bark, no bite or itch for that matter. Speaking of things that matter, the mechanics of tent erection on a wooden platform was beyond our Queensland ken, totally flummoxed, unlike all the other campers. Come nine o'clock we perched on our still empty wooden decks to watch the sun dip below the hills, a ball of brilliant red shimmering through the lingering smoke haze.



Tuesday 2 February: Wild Dog Creek To Dixon's Kingdom Hut: 5 kms

5.45. Piccaninny dawn. A cool 5°C a typical Tassie two-coater morning. Scalding hot sweet coffee and bowls of steaming porridge and we were on our way climbing through Herod's Gate, the gap between King David's Peak and Mt Ophel. At just under 1300 metres the gap opened out onto the high plateau with vistas of Lake Salome and the spectacular West Wall, a line of towering dolerite cliffs rising abruptly hundreds of metres above us. The West Wall is a great example of a nunatak. Ice flowing around the sides of the wall gouged away the cliffs but left King David's Peak as a rocky island standing above the sea of ice. At the base of The West Wall are immense talus slopes, piles of shattered boulders which accumulated below the vertical cliff faces post glaciation. These were bisected by enormous rock chutes, one of which Brian had followed to the cliff top eighteen years ago, but he wasn't sure which one, so we didn't encourage him.

After a quick peek at the Pool of Bethesda we duck-boarded our way up through Damascus Gate, pinched between Solomon's Throne (1440 metres) and The Temple (1446 metres). Then came a very pleasant downhill stroll through Pencil Pine forest to our overnight campsite at Dixon's Kingdom Hut, arriving at 10.00am. It was brilliant weather and what's more a day of sloth in our banana lounges soaking up the warm sunshine beckoned, but Brian as always marches to the beat of a different drum - a more energetic one.

Reg Dixon was a possum trapper and grazier who built his hut in the style of a log cabin using local materials, including roof shingles from fallen Pencil Pines. Elsie his wife had been reading the Hammond Innes novel *Campbell's Kingdom* about life in a log cabin in the Rockies, hence the name Dixon's Kingdom. In 1946 Reg and Elsie leased the area for summer cattle grazing using the hut as a base and who could blame them. Set in a Pencil Pine forest the hut looks out over the alpine meadows of Jaffa Vale, Lake Ball, and The Great Pine Tier with distant views on a clear day towards the Overland Track our ultimate destination.

Taking our lunch we tootled off on a six kilometre "scoot" Phil's description, not mine.

First part of call was Mt Jerusalem (1459 metres), a mere 250 metres of altitude gain. Mt Jerusalem is smoothly eroded suggesting that the ice cap flowed over its summit rather than around. Lunch with a view too. To our west rose the bold ramparts of the West Walls and Wailing Walls with Barn Bluff and Cradle Mountain on the skyline. Eastwards was easily the most impressive high country scenery in Australia, thousands upon thousands of lakes shimmered under a blue sky, as far as the eye could see. Scandinavia transported to the Antipodes. Perhaps someone else thought so too, for the largish lake four kilometres to my south had been named Lake Solveig ... another Peer Gynt fan. And behind me four ugly track trolls lurked and loitered on the warm summit rocks munching on whatever it is that trolls eat for lunch. Cheese, biscuits and vegemite apparently.

Where next? Temple Hut ruins lay a mere one kilometre westwards across the valley as the crow flies. Lacking wings launching ourselves over Mt Jerusalem's imposing East Wall was problematic but earlier I had noticed Brian sniffing along its rim no doubt looking for one of his "exit" chutes. Fortunately even he balked at the intimidating East Wall and instead led us down a gentle ridge to the head of Jaffa Gate. Well done Brian.

Many many moons ago Brian had visited Temple Hut. Built atypically with stone walls and an iron roof; it was on the northern side of Mt Temple and we were keen to see the bluestone ruins on our return circuit to Dixon's. Now, I have walked with Brian & Co quite a bit so this diversion had form, a whiff of the Lost City of Atlantis. Was this to be a rerun of the NSW-QLD Border Cairn or perhaps our 2006 Happy Jacks Hut hunt where we "lost" our overnight hut? Our mud map didn't help then so this time McBurns had lashed out and purchased *The Walls* topo, a whole ten bucks worth.

Temple Hut ruins is marked on the map but wasn't visible from below. We forged up in the general direction of the hut, Brian off to our north while the rest of us Indians filed up a very steep animal pad, Bernard leading, me following which is why I had a clear view of Bernard grasping at a shrub above him and of the torpid black snake basking under the shrub just centimetres from his outstretched arm and face.



My many hours glued to the dusty glass cabinets in the Hobart Museum finally paid dividends. I remembered the display of fake latex snakes: mostly black, mostly highly venomous, and best not disturbed. Tasmania has three snakes: the Tasmanian Tiger Snake and the Lowland Copperhead, both dangerous and fatal biters and the White-lipped Snake, merely venomous. Bernard was half way up the side of a mountain in the middle of nowhere. Prognosis if bitten, auf Wiedersehen Bernard! So the rest of us gave the shrub and its reptilian resident a wide berth and eventually found Brian roosting on the ruined rock walls of Temple Hut looking mighty cock-a-hoop with his ability to find missing huts.

Back to Dixon's mid afternoon, two Tasmanian interlopers drifted out of the forest, recced the hut, and then were in like Flynn. A move of typical native Tasmanian cunning and foresight. For us, baths all round, each to his own little freezing wading pool, then back up to supervise Phil the Probationer fathoming the mysteries of boiling water and soaking his Backpacker Pantry meal.

Wonderful story Glenn more to come in the May Trudge ... Ed

COOLUM-COOLUM via NORTH BEACH WALK – 28 February 2010

Chilean Earthquake changes Coolum Walk!!!

Due to an impending tsunami! and the beaches closed, Jean decided as an alternative that we would drive through Yandina and climb Mt Ninderry. 10 walkers arrived for the walk which was very pleasant and has great views once at the top, except for the usual mozzies a good morning was had by all. Thanks Jean.

Andrea

KEEP AUSTRALIA BEAUTIFUL – Coolum – 7 March 2010

"Cleaning Coolum"



After registering for Keep Australia Beautiful Day on Sunday 7th March, this happy band of walkers was ready willing and able to give Mt Coolum a cleanup. The group divided into several smaller groups and went off in different directions skirting the roads around the base of the mountain collecting many bags of rubbish as a result.

As we were finished rather early several of the group decided "well we're here now, we might as well go for a climb" - as bushwalkers do.

The recent heavy rains had stopped and so had the mosquitoes so it turned out to be a very productive day and we all felt quite righteous in doing our bit to "Keep Australia Beautiful". It turned out to be an ideal opportunity to tidy up the area around the base of one of our favourite walks.

Alan Winter

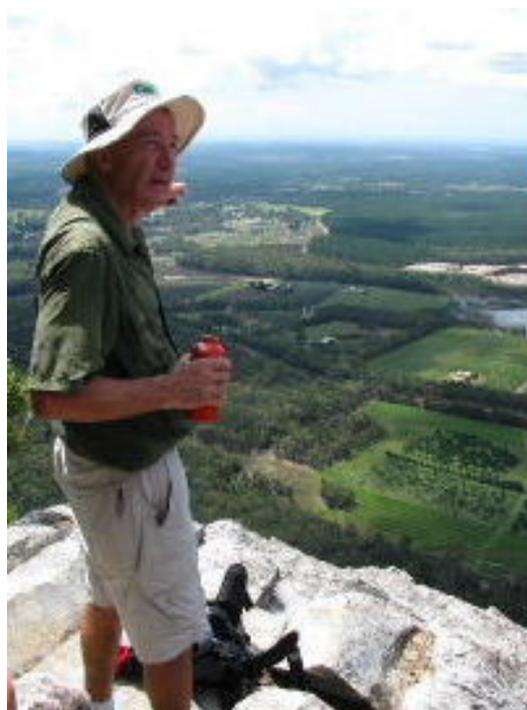


MT TIBROGARGAN – 10 March 2010

I attended my first meeting of the club on a wet and miserable night on the 1st of March and was delighted to see that a walk up Mt Tibrogargan was scheduled for the Wednesday of the following week. I have previously walked with Brisbane Bushwalking Club and found the meeting and walk paperwork comfortably familiar. I signed up for Mt Tibrogargan and looked forward to my first walk with Sunshine Coast Bushwalkers.

Eight of us met at Ettamogah Pub at 9.15am on 10 March and were greeted by a very welcome break in the run of wet weather. We made our way to the car park at the foot of the hill and set off at 9.50am following a briefing about the scrambling that would be required and that if this was not everyone's cup of tea that there was an option to instead do a walk around the base of the hill.

I first saw Mt Tibrogargan about 40 years ago and have always harboured ideas of climbing it even though I'm not too fond of heights. Here was the perfect opportunity to head up with people who had done it before and knew what they were doing – what a luxury! The walk started out easily enough (though quickly reminded me how unfit I've become in recent times) until we reached the foot of what I understood to be referred to as chicken rock. This was the start of the scrambling which was more difficult than I had anticipated. Two of our number understandably decided this wasn't the day for them to go up and they returned down with Alan for a walk at the base. A number of times during the subsequent ascent and descent I reprimanded myself for not also taking up Alan's offer.



After some reasonably strenuous scrambling we were rewarded at the top with a magnificent unobstructed view to the east from a rocky outcrop. Moreton Island was clearly visible. We set off down after a short break for a drink and a chat, arriving back at the car park to applause at 12.20pm. It was then back to Ettamogah Pub for some well earned liquid refreshment.

I thoroughly enjoyed my first walk with the club and take this opportunity to express my thanks to all my fellow walkers and particularly to Alan, Norm and Mal for their organisation and leadership.

Peter Williams

CHENREZIG – DULARCHA NATIONAL PARK – 14 March 2010

PLAN A - CHENREZIG CREEK WALK

To meet at Eudlo at 8.30 for a creek walk at Chenrezig, the Buddhist Institute followed by lunch at 11.59 am. Marg and I did a rekkie on the Wednesday only to find the track down to the creek was completely taken over by lantana, so it was on to

PLAN B MOOLOOLAH TUNNEL WALK which takes you over to Landsborough, and return (approximately 7 kms) then up to Chenrezig for lunch.

So 21 of us headed off in brilliant sunshine and walked through the old railway tunnel track (there were no bats by the way) and over to the outskirts of Landsborough.



After a water break we had a conference, after looking at the local area map, and decided to investigate the Rose Circuit. It looked pretty interesting and would give us great views out over the Glasshouse Mountains (8.8kms). So we figured we had plenty of time for the walk and lunch.

The EASY walk turned into a not so easy walk when we met with quite a few hills. The first timers and newcomers coped very, very well with this change of plan and I didn't hear too much grumbling. We met some horse – riders out on the track riding some beautiful animals and apart from a couple of slips, we all made it back in one piece.

The vegetarian lunch at Chenrezig was quite spectacular in this very peaceful and isolated location. We were joined by 5 more club members. And then we had a stroll around the grounds. A great day out !

Ann Larsen

Please forward any Trudge news to Helen Winter – ahwin@optusnet.com.au

NORTHBROOK GORGE – 21 March 2010

A day to “give thanks”

Thank goodness I set the alarm correctly and was ready on time. Thanks to Malcolm and Jenny for picking me up. We met Ann, Linda, Sally, Ross, Richard and visitor David at the Ettamogah pub (6.45 as planned) to be led by Russell on the Northbrook Gorge walk. Thanks to cyclone Ului for staying far enough north not to create a deluge. The weather had been “iffy” all week and a gorge is no place to be with unpredictable rain activity. About a two hour drive saw us grouped at the top of Mt Glorious, seven of us standing in the mist as Russell, Malcolm and Ross shuttled vehicles to the finish point before returning to join us.

Thankfully the walk was very much as described by Russell - downhill. Following the ridge down to Northbrook Creek we were first delighted (and thankful) for the opportunity to explore the remains of an “ancient” truck. Presumably left over from the early logging era, its solid rubber tyres sprouted from beds of grass and lantana, plenty of wear left and seeming anxious to be “on the road” again. Goodness knows how old it was but I’d be guessing it first hauled logs early last century. Whilst we were examining the



Moving on down the ridge our first obstacle became a thicket of lantana. Stretching left and right as far as we could see the only obvious way was straight ahead and thank goodness Ross was in the vanguard and pushed his way through. Thankfully it was only a 100m or so deep and we were soon making good progress downward again over a bed of loose scree.



wreck, the leeches were examining us. We were all soon diving into our packs for various leech barriers.

Before long we hit the creek and stopped for morning tea prior to heading downstream. It wasn’t long before it became apparent that the easier route much of the time was going to be in the water. Thankfully the water level in the creek was perfect. Enough to make it interesting – not too much to make the going difficult.

As usual with a creek walk each of us had adopted “footwear of choice”.



I opted for a set of slip-on Volleys and was pleased with the result - others wore good walking shoes or boots. The first couple of hours downstream didn't necessitate entering water over knee depth (thank goodness) – *depends how tall you are Ed (and short wife).*

It was a beautiful walk although one during which you had to stop to admire the surrounds - too many obstacles underfoot to do otherwise. Numerous smaller creeks tumbled over themselves into Northbrook and it was one of those beautiful moments when you gave thanks to whichever "creator" you believed in and thanks that you still had the physical ability to partake in a walk in such an untouched area of splendour that relatively few people get to see. It continues to amaze me that we've so many of these areas accessible to us.

We finally rounded a bend to see the gorge itself. Everyone had obviously given some thought to how they were going to tackle the deep stretches of water and we were soon in various stages of "undress". I chose to "double pack" my pack in two fairly heavy duty garbage bags and it must have worked as everything inside was dry at the finish line. We had three stretches of water that had to be swum and waded in various styles. Some chose to leave footwear on. Others to take it off. I left the volleys on which made it easier once we were touching bottom again, but even with these light shoes I found that as soon as I stopped kicking my bottom half sank like a stone.

If I ever find myself in the same situation again and the pools any longer, I'd be going barefoot and perhaps opting for a lifejacket as Linda had.

Clear of the deeper pools we had another hour or so down the creek. Though overcast our wet clothes didn't create a problem and we were rapidly drying out by the time we reached the bridge where we had to exit the creek. We were handed a reminder of how easy it is to become separated from the group over this last stage.

With the "tailenders" slowing down due to distance covered and varying abilities to cope with the rock hopping, we got out of sight of the leading group at one stage just as a well defined track opened up to the right.

Thinking they had gone that way we started climbing out of the valley but once clear of the noise of the water we could hear that the other group was still in the creek and were on the way down as Russell came looking for us. Thankfully we hadn't gone far off track.

Light drizzle set in as we neared the cars but a quick change into dry clothes soon saw us heading back up Mount Glorious. Thank goodness "Olleys" were still open at the crest for coffee and cake. A lovely way to end the day sitting under cover with a hot coffee, mist in the trees and light rain on the roof. Thanks Russell for suggesting and leading a great walk

Alan Winter

WALKING PROGRAM FOR MAY 2010

| MAY | | | | |
|-----------------|--|--------|----------------|--------------|
| Sunday 2 | Kin Kin No. 3 (Labor Day Weekend) | DW – M | John Balderson | 5448 0016 |
| Sunday 9 | Charlie Moorland – SD (Walks) – BYO Mother | DW – E | Malcolm Rodley | 5443 1739 |
| Monday 10 | MONTHLY MEETING | | | |
| Sat 15 – Sun 16 | Barney Gorge – Jack's Place | BC – M | Ross Thompson | 0414 823 352 |
| Sunday 23 | Branch Creek | DW – H | Malcolm Rodley | 5443 1739 |
| Sunday 30 | Glasshouse Mountains – 3 – South End | DW – M | Russell Stark | 0404 235 195 |

MARY RIVER Kenilworth to Moy pocket 28 March 2010



After the deluge of early March the river levels were pretty high but these gradually fell so that on paddle day it was only 300mm higher than the last time I had done the paddle. This meant most of the gravel rapid beds were water covered and conditions were in fact easier than at the lower level. Despite my warnings of tipouts we only had one en route albeit with the loss of a pair of expensive glasses until our esteemed President decided to add to the statistics at the final bridge or was he just having a dip to cool down?

It is a lovely paddle - we saw several platypus and plenty of bird life with the occasional fish jumping. There was a lovely stretch at the end through a rainforest jungle with overhanging trees and debris almost damming the river. The weather was kind with only a light shower en route although on the way back to the coast after the paddle it was into solid rain.



It was a great day out for the 10 who turned up - Clive & Una , Malcolm & Jenny , Christine & Michael, Dot & Helen , Bernard & Ross.

PS don't forget to ask Michael where he got to in the final car shuffle

Ross Thompson

