

Bushwalk Australia



Wild & Rugged

Volume 35, June 2019

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**We acknowledge the
Traditional Owners of this
vast land which we explore.
We pay our respects to their
Elders, past and present,
and thank them for their
stewardship of this great
south land.**

Cover picture



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We would love you to be part
of the magazine, here is how to
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The copy deadline for the
August 2019 edition is
30 June 2019.

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From the Editor

Hi,

Winter has arrived and we have already seen a good dusting of snow on the south-eastern states, even the Stirling Ranges in Western Australia received snow in April. I just love the cooler months. The crisp air and clear skies make for great walking. I am looking forward to dusting off the snowshoes and getting a few nights out in the backcountry with the kids.

In this edition, Sonya takes us for a classic walk on the Queen Charlotte Track, New Zealand, and Alexander guides us around the majestic Huemul Circuit, Argentina. Anthony spends 10 days exploring Walls of Jerusalem and Cradle Mountain-Lake St Clair National Parks. What great adventures. There is also much more with great photos, recipes and other articles.

Thanks to all the amazing people who continue to contribute their amazing images and adventures, it is such a privilege to be able to share them.

Happy walking
Matt :)

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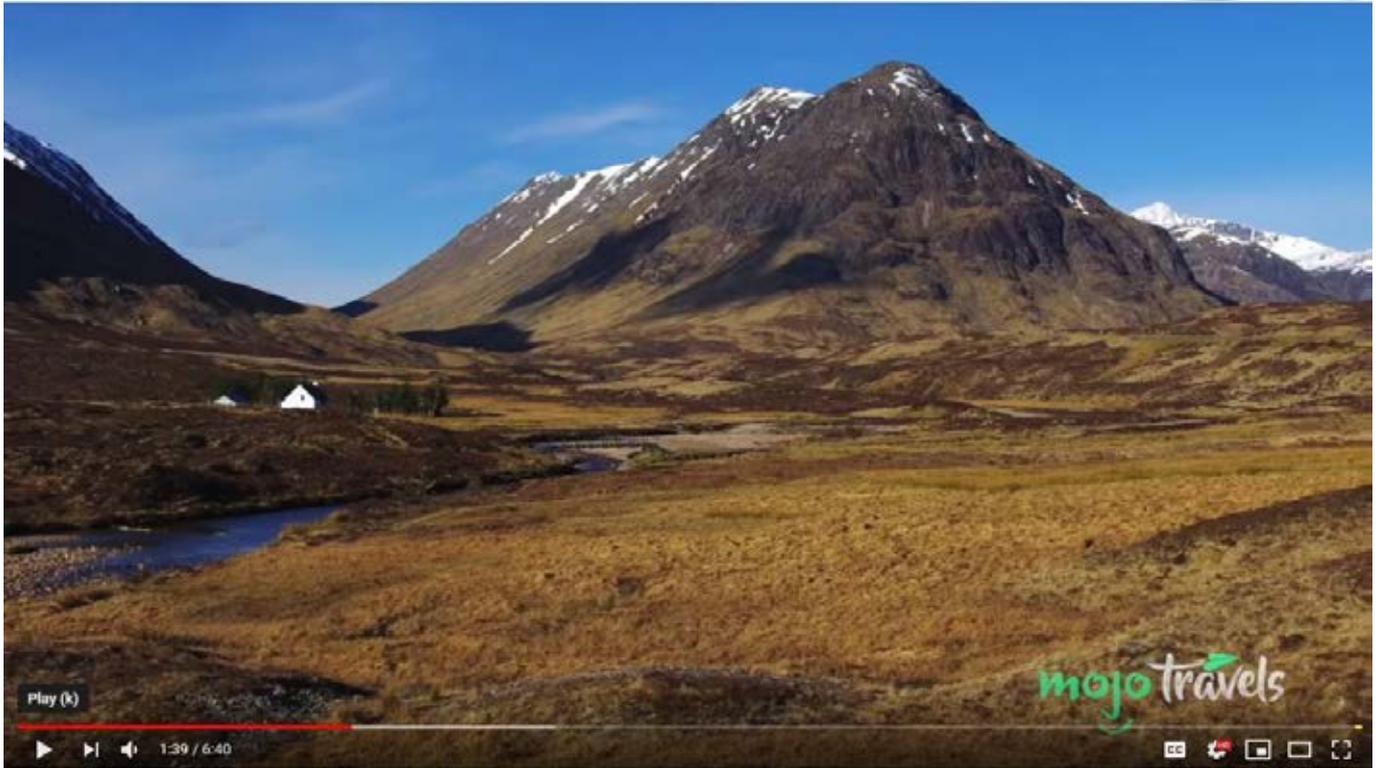
Declaration

The bushwalking community is a small world and paths often cross. To improve transparency I thought it would be helpful to list my associations within the outdoor community. In many cases I approached the authors of the articles included in this edition and suggested the topics. The opinions stated in articles are those of the authors and not of those involved in the production of this edition. The authors are mostly people I know through Bushwalk.com. I operate Bushwalk.com and Wildwalks.com and have written several walking guide books, published by Woodslane, I have also written for Great Walks. I contract part time to National Parks Association NSW on an ongoing basis to coordinate their activities program. I have had a partnership with NPWS NSW and have hosted advertising for *Wild* magazine. I have also partnered with a large number of other organisations in environmental campaigns and have a regular bushwalking segment on ABC regional radio. There is some commercial advertising through the magazine. I have probably forgotten something - if you are worried about transparency please either write to me or raise the issue on Bushwalk.com.

Video

Top ten amazing hikes in Europe

A few ideas for beautiful treks for your next European adventure.



Plans to protect air and water, wilderness
and wildlife are in fact plans to protect man.
Stewart Udall

Queen Charlotte Track

New Zealand

Sonya Muhlsimmer



The Queen Charlotte Track (QCT), is graded an easy to intermediate tramp through the Marlborough Sounds in the South Island of New Zealand. The QCT is part of the 3000 kilometre Te Araroa track which stretches across the North Island and South Islands from Cape Regina to Bluff. The walk varies from secluded bays to inlets with clear turquoise water, to coastal forest and then steep climbs to open ridge with stunning views and a lot of history.

Lunch spot just past Shamrock Ridge
All pictures by Aaron Watson

You can do the QCT over three to five days, and there is a range of accommodation available along the way from camping, farmstays to luxury resorts. Oh, you can even organise to get your rucksack transferred to your next destination so you only need to carry a day pack every day. There are spectacular views along this track which include the Queen Charlotte Sounds and the Kenepura Sounds. Captain James Cook was the first European to set foot in New Zealand way back in 1770, and spent some time in the Queen Charlotte Sounds in a small bay that he aptly named, Ship Cove. He used it as headquarters, and even returned to this spot on two other voyages. Ship Cove is where the QCT starts.

I did this walk with my sister Karen, and her children Stephanie and Aaron, 18 and 16 years old. Karen went to Ship Cove a few years ago on a day trip organised through the Scout Jamboree they were attending, and Karen wanted to come back to do this walk. I love any kind of multi-day hiking, especially in New Zealand and was keen to do this trip as well, so off we went.



Karen, Sonya, Aaron and Stephanie at Ship Cove

The walk starts at Ship Cove, and the usual way to reach Ship Cove - or Meretoto, the traditional name - is by a cruise ship, which takes about an hour from Picton. Along the way you get an interesting commentary from the skipper about the wildlife, scenery and the history of the area.

Day 1 - Meretoto, Ship Cove Bay to Endeavour Inlet, 15 kilometres

Once the bay was reached and after spending some time enjoying the foreshores and reading the history of Captain Cook at the memorial, the walk starts with a 240 metre climb through the lush thick bush, and muddy track. I thought this was supposed to

be an easy walk! This climb definitely warms you up and after reaching the top, a small platform is beckoning you for a break with already stunning view of the inner and outer Queen Charlotte Sound.



The first 200 metre climb at Ship Cove
Sonya Muhlsimmer

Then the track headed downhill to Resolution Bay and at the bottom is where lunch was called. The track is really easy to follow with many spots to take a break, and all the creeks have wooden bridges so you don't get wet feet. The track notes are also fairly accurate, but lots of breaks were taken to enjoy the views. Today's walking time was around eight hours, but the track notes said it can be done in five hours. Endeavour Inlet was reached and it was time for dinner. Karen booked us in for a home cooked dinner at the local farmstay - which is either a bunk or a double room in the house on the farm - but our accommodation was in our own tents which we pitched on the farm in among the orchard. The farm grew the salad, vegetables and even the meat. The owners offer eggs, breakfast and a packed lunch if needed, for a fee of course. The campsite has a shelter, toilets, a basic shower and a large tank of water which is filtered so it does not need treating.



Resolution Bay

Day 2 - Endeavour Inlet to Camp Bay, 11.5 kilometres

Endeavour Inlet was inhabited by local tribes, and then in 1770 Captain Cook explored and named this site, then in 1874 gold was mined. This bay has a rich history. After dropping the rucksacks off at the wharf, the walking begins with a day pack. The highest point today is around 50 metres as the track follows the shore with plenty of stunning scenery to view. The turquoise coloured water against the rugged coastline was so beautiful, the views kept on getting better. Camp Bay campsite was reached in seven hours, a little longer than the track notes suggesting five hours, but who is counting? This campsite provided a small shelter, pit toilets and water on tap from a tank. Treating the water is not necessary but some signs say it is recommended.

“... the views kept on getting better.”

The rucksacks were at the wharf waiting for us, then camp was set up for the night.

Camp Bay campsite is in a gorgeous little bay, and I could not resist getting into the water, which was the perfect temperature for cooling off. After the dip it was back to play some serious games of cards till it got dark, then to wander down to view the small nook near the bay where the glow worms live. There were not that many glow worms but it was a real treat to see them.



This is where the glow worms live, back after dark to check them out

Day 3 - Camp Bay to Cowshed Bay, 23 kilometres, 8 hours

Stephanie and Karen decided to pull out here due to pre-existing injuries that were slowing them down, so they organised to get picked up at the wharf in the afternoon to go back to Picton, but Aaron and I continued. This was the hardest stretch along the QCT, a lot of kilometres and the track undulates, as my nephew said: “You go up to go back down again.”

Not long after starting we reached Kenupuru Saddle, then followed the ridge which separates Queen Charlotte Sound and Kenepuru Sound. Two hours later the turnoff to a side trip up to Eatwells Lookout is reached. The short steep ascent takes you to 474 metres and one of the highest points along the QCT. The views, and the hill, will take your breath away and are well worth the effort. I am pretty sure I could just see the North Island peeking through the clouds. This is the side trip I recommend doing if you choose to only do one. There is a bit of a long story about the QCT as it has come about with a joint project between private land owners and the Department of Conservation (DOC), and Rod Eatwell, the largest private land owner. They have been credited for making the track happen, so this lookout has a bit of nostalgia attached to it along with some amazing views. After a break it was time to get back to the track and continue the walk; we still had quite a few kilometres to go. Walking along the ridge the views are just spectacular so many stops were had to rest, eat snacks and of course to take in the scenery.



Just past Eatwells Lookout

Onwards along the track the view down to the Bay of Many Coves was reached where a DOC campsite is located, and further along is Black Rock Station, also a DOC campsite. If you do not want to walk the whole 23 kilometres you could stay at either campsite, but note that there is a [warning](#) that water is scarce and the campsites are closed.

“... so this lookout has a bit of nostalgia attached to it along with some amazing views.

After the Bay of Many Coves views, Manuka Lane was reached covered in Manuka shrubs, and gee the view from here is breathtaking, time for a rest to soak it all in. As I said the views got better each day. Once Torea Saddle was reached, it was down to the Portage Resort Hotel to pick up the rucksacks, then onto the campsite for the night. Aaron and I completed 25 kilometres in nine hours, which included the side trip to Eatwells Lookout.

“... Manuka Lane was reached covered in Manuka shrubs, and gee the view from here is breathtaking ...

Day 4 - Cowshed Bay to Mistletoe, 8 kilometres, 4 hours

Today was relatively easy, considering the kilometres to travel, however the body was a bit tired from the day before and we still had a few good climbs on the agenda as we followed the ridge. We took the rucksacks back to the hotel for the pack shuttle and then we were on our way. Just as Shamrock Ridge was reached, Aaron saw a small sign under the seat so it could have easily been missed. He never misses anything as he is so inquisitive. The sign was made out of stone with pictures imprinted on it that seemed to say something like "in seven minutes a view will be reached", so on we went. Well, just like the sign said, I think, we came to another stone sign just off the track with an arrow pointing up. It seems this side track is hardly used as it is all overgrown and could easily be missed again, which is not common on this walk as the tracks are well worn and maintained. We took the track and came to a view worth stopping for, oh and it was lunch time anyway. There was a seat, a table, and the almighty view. After lunch we were on a mission to get to Mistletoe Bay and rest for the remainder of the day. Te Mahia Saddle



Kenepuru Sound from Torea Saddle

was reached in good time and at the turnoff to the bay there was a sign saying there is no accommodation or room available at the bay. We didn't book anything. As we were just in a tent and the next camp spot is another 12.5 kilometres away, we didn't want to keep walking. We went to the bay anyway as that is where our rucksacks were being delivered so I thought I would just ask if we can squeeze one small tent in somewhere. It was around 2pm when we reached there and our packs weren't being dropped off till around 4pm. Well, we were in luck as they don't turn QCT trampers away. Waiting for the packs to arrive we explored the bay, and had ice cream, and chips at the local shop right on the bay. This is a very picturesque bay, and very popular. Every bit of spare ground was taken, it was packed.

During the evening, and into the night more cars came, and just when you thought no more could fit, even more cars came. Tents were literally touching each other everywhere. That was the Mistletoe Experience ... Today's section was only eight kilometres, and completed in around four hours.

“ ... we were in luck as they don't turn QCT trampers away.

Day 5 - Mistletoe to Anakiwa 12.5 kilometres, 4 hours

Today is the last day and the home stretch. The track goes up to the ridge, and with more spectacular views here, but we are on a mission today to get back in time for the boat so on we walk. After walking for a few hours, Davies Bay campsite was made in good time so lunch was called. We only had a short distance, less than an hour to go to Anakiwa, so a little time was spent soaking in the views, and playing with the resident duck who was hanging around. Aaron was determined to touch it, but the duck had other ideas ... The last section was in the forest, with some views along the way, but when you finish the track it opens up and you are right on the bay with so many people around. It was packs and shoes off and a drink from the coffee cart to relax while waiting for the boat, which came right on time at 3.30pm to take us back to Picton.

I am so glad we were not carrying heavy packs this trip, and for Aaron, his first multi-day hike; it made it a much more enjoyable experience for him. Aaron wants to come back, hire a bike and ride the track next time. Karen and Stephanie want to return to



complete the track from where they left. And me, I might just have to do the track again to do the other side trips, and I might even try out the resorts on offer.

QCT overview

The track undulates and the highest elevation is under 500 metres, so it is not that high to climb, however there are steep hills to climb and that can be tough going. The walk can be hard if you are not used to walking for kilometres or hours on end for a few days; it



An easy track to follow

is a long track. You can have your rucksack carried by boat so you just need a day pack, making the climbs somewhat easier. There is no navigation required as the track is easy to follow the whole way. Every five kilometres there is a marker that tells you how many more kilometres to go. You can walk it with a guide, or go it alone. But the beauty is the choice of accommodation from so many different areas, and choices from tent, farm stay, back packers to luxury resort, not having to carry a pack and choosing to do it for either three to five days, it has a lot of options. The QCT has some stunning scenery and thick lush forests - this walk has it all. It was a very enjoyable walk indeed. Don't forget the track goes through private land so you need a DOC pass prior to starting the walk. This is the official [Queen Charlotte Track website](#).

“ There is no navigation required as the track is easy to follow the whole way.



Roakaka Bay from Manuka Lane

Huemul Circuit, Argentina

Alexander Willows



Our next Patagonian adventure took us just up the tourist trail from Puerto Natales to El Chalten. Chalten is most famous for the nearby peaks of Cerro Torre and Monte Fitz Roy, and deservedly so, but what most interested us here was the Huemul Circuit. A four-day circuit around Cerro Huemul (a Huemul being a type of small deer), the circuit gets a rep in some corners as being remote, undiscovered, “the hardest walk in Patagonia” etc. etc. As with most walks that attract similar attention, it wasn’t really very difficult, and was full of people. But what it definitely was is beautiful!

Where the Huemul does differ from other Patagonian walks is in the nature of its river crossings. Specifically, there are two zip-lines which can be used to cross a couple of the glacial rivers on the route, and which add to the logistical challenge in that you require a harness, carabiners and safety line of some description to use them safely. It turned out to be very simple to organise all the necessities in Chalten, as all of the outdoor stores will gladly rent you the required bits and pieces. We found that there really wasn't any variation in price between the few different stores, with the whole kit typically costing 130 pesos/day (A\$4.20/day)



Day 1 - A delicate river crossing

for harness and personal carabiners, and another 65 pesos (A\$2) for the single steel carabiner and length of cord required for each group. When you register for your walk at the local national park centre, they expect you to show that you have all the necessary gear, and also ask you to sit and watch a short briefing slideshow.

Day 1 – Chalten to Rio Tunel valley

After a couple of days getting to know Chalten and making our obligatory obeisance to Fitz Roy we lucked into a decent weather window. In Chalten we found our American friend Kyle from Los Dientes, and he was along to supervise us once again. With gear hired and food purchased, we headed off into a light drizzle and plenty of cloud on day one. The weather slowly broke up over the course of a day that saw us ascending up and over a wooded ridge to access the Rio Tunel valley, which was filled with some of the most amazing fagus you'll ever see. The turning of the fagus had certainly arrived in full force!

After a pleasant day of walking with a couple of small river crossings, we arrived at camp one and started to get to know the group who would be with us for the next few days.



Day 1 - Trophy photos for some

Because of the aforementioned weather window, and the crappy weather either side, there were around 30 or so people setting off on the same day. We all settled in to a sheltered spot in the lee of some large cliffs, and each group worked out their own strategy for avoiding the infamous rats of the camp. It turns out we were lucky to have Kyle, a veteran of the PCT and very adept with bear hangs, along with us to swing our food from a nearby tree. We woke to find it untouched the next morning, but unfortunately others nearby were less lucky!

Day 2 - Rio Tunel valley to Laguna Ferrari

After enjoying our rat-free breakfast, we made our way along Laguna Tunel to the first of the two significant river crossings, where we were excited to maybe put our equipment to use ... Except that we decided to just walk across instead. We had heard from some recently returned walkers in Chalten that the rivers could be fairly easily waded, and that it was perhaps easier and safer than using the zip lines, so when we found an easy looking spot, the shoes came off and across we went. It was a relatively quick and easy crossing on small, occasionally slippery stones, but the lasting impression is just how *cold* it was! Like, get in it for five seconds and come out with red, burning feet ...



Day 2 - Breaktime at Paso del Viento

Guess it makes sense, considering how the river emerges straight from a glacier a few hundred metres around the corner and all.

The first river crossing was also where we picked up our newest amigo, a Spanish guy by the name of Xavi, who had also chosen to wade the river. Sticking with my standard role of “guy who talks to everybody, wanted or not” I waded back across the river and invited him to join us, as he seemed somewhat hesitant about crossing the reasonably fast flowing river. Apparently unfazed (or at least only mildly fazed) by a strange bearded (and now wet) Australian shouting at him from the middle of the river, he did indeed join us, and stuck with us for the rest of the walk too.



Day 2 - Glaciar Rio Tunel Interior

After sitting around complaining of how cold our feet were for a few minutes, boots were re-donned and progress resumed. We found the alternative method of crossing a few hundred metres around the corner, crossing over a nice little gorge with the raging river underneath, and the pulley to which one needs to attach themselves hanging in the middle of the wire. All agreed that we had made the better choice. After that it was up and on to the Glaciar Rio Tunel Inferior for some slipping and sliding on the blue ice, followed by a steep and occasionally loose ascent to Paso del Viento. Thankfully, it failed to live up to its name (literally Pass of the Wind) and provided a pleasant spot for lunch, and then after walking across, amazing views of the Southern Patagonian Ice Field. Needless to say, as the third largest collection of frozen water on the planet, it was an impressive sight.



Day 2 - Laguna Ferrari

Deciding to make a bit of a break from the crowd, instead of turning left at the bottom of the hill we elected to turn right, which saw us

camping near to Laguna Ferrari. This was to be both a good and a bad thing. Though the pass itself had not been particularly windy, the laguna seemed to want to do its best to make up for it. After sitting and deliberating by a couple of campsites with small rock walls, the wind died off enough for us to feel comfortable putting the tents up and calling it a day. The good bit then ensued, with a pretty calm evening and a beautiful sunset over the ice field, which was of course followed by the bad bit – freight-train winds all night. The weather that night, particularly the wind, was making up for the relatively calm day we had had until then. Because of the gravelly nature of the campsite, getting pegs in was a chore and I was in and out of the tent several times overnight to rescue runaways, as well as to reinforce the rocks we had holding down the tent. Unfortunately, it turns out some of these were sitting against the lines on the corners of our Scarp 2, and with all the movement of the wind overnight, they actually wore completely through a couple of the cords, snapping them. But we survived!

Day 3 - Laguna Ferrari to the shores of Lago Viedma

Our new friend Xavi described a first night of horror the previous night, shaking and shivering in his inadequate sleeping bag, resorting to wrapping himself in his emergency blanket and then waking up soaked, then of course freezing again. Needless to say, it didn't sound like he had had much sleep, and he was also not confident that his tent could handle the winds, which made it all the more fortunate that the ever-accommodating Kyle kindly agreed to share his tent with Xavi. This agreement went swimmingly, with all surviving intact and relatively warm, until it came time to pack up in the morning. While getting everything sorted in the tent, Xavi placed his foam mat outside the tent ready to pack, only to inevitably see it picked up and carried off by the wind. Despite a mad scramble to retrieve it, it was indeed lost. If you happen to have the misfortune to find yourself at the bottom of a crevasse on the ice field and survive only because of the poor planning of one poor Spaniard ... well, I'll be happy to pass on your thanks!

Given the wind overnight, we were up and about pretty early, wandering along to the campsite where most had spent the second night. With enquiries about the wind met with mostly blank looks, we wondered whether we ought to have camped there too, but with some equally blank looks when mentioning the beautiful sunset of the previous night, we figured we had made the right decision.

After passing through the camp, we made our way up and down over hillsides and across some lovely open moorland to Paso Huemul, with fantastic views of the ice field more or less the whole way through. After a reasonably stiff climb to the top of the pass, it was time for lunch amongst the flaming orange Fagus, with views over the extensive Lago Viedma, complete with many icebergs calved from the nearby Glaciar Viedma. Not a terrible spot to eat by any means.

Lunch was followed by the descent from Paso Huemul to the shore of Lago Viedma. If you believed some of the blogs you read, you would think this descent lay somewhere in the realm of mountaineering, with near certain death waiting around every corner and every step crucial. The reality is, of course, quite different. Whilst it is undoubtedly quite a precipitous descent on some fairly loose dirt and gravel at times,

we found that there were generally plenty of trees to hang on to, and the steepest bits had ropes attached to aid you. It certainly isn't somewhere where I would like to fall, but for the most part I imagine the consequences wouldn't be quite so disastrous as some bloggers make out.

With the descent successfully negotiated by all, we stopped by the turnoff to the normal campsites to consider our choices. It was still relatively early in the day, and the solitude of the alternative campsites a little further along the trail was alluring, but Xavi, hampered by nasty blisters from poor fitting boots, wasn't quite so sure. He eventually decided to continue on with us, though he was clearly suffering, and liberally cursing his previously comfortable boots. Xavi told us he hadn't done much walking before this, but I think it's safe to say he learned a few lessons on this walk! It was actually awesome to know that his experiences didn't deter him either – we met up with him later in the trip, and he was still doing plenty of overnight walking, and loving it too!

Day 4 - Lago Viedma to El Chalten

After an uneventful night we were treated to a beautiful sunrise over Lago Viedma, followed by a pleasant walk out over rolling hills to the next river crossing and a queue.



When we arrived at the Tyrolean there were around 10 other walkers in front of us. It was an interesting experience to see the variety of ways in which one could attach oneself to a pulley, but nobody died, and in the end everybody made it across safely. The river certainly looked quite a bit more dangerous to ford here, being quite fast and appearing to be deeper, but we made only very cursory explanations up and down the banks. I imagine that looking downriver, towards the lake would likely be more profitable, but you would then also miss out on the chance to go zooming across on the zipline, so I'm not sure I'd bother!

After making it across without trouble, we continued on to the lakeside ferry stop, where rumour had it a bus could be had, depending on the timetable of the tourist ferry. Confusion reigned here, it seemed, with regards to when the bus would arrive, and whether it would or not, or whether a taxi could be organised for a return to town. In the end, we elected to skip it all and just walk instead. Just as we were finishing a pleasant lunch in the sun, the first few spots of rain urged us on from our lethargy, and



Day 4 - Occasional sun

only proceeded to become heavier with time. It was a bedraggled group that signed out at the ranger station a few hours later, but spirits were high and only further buoyed by showers, pizzas and waffles.

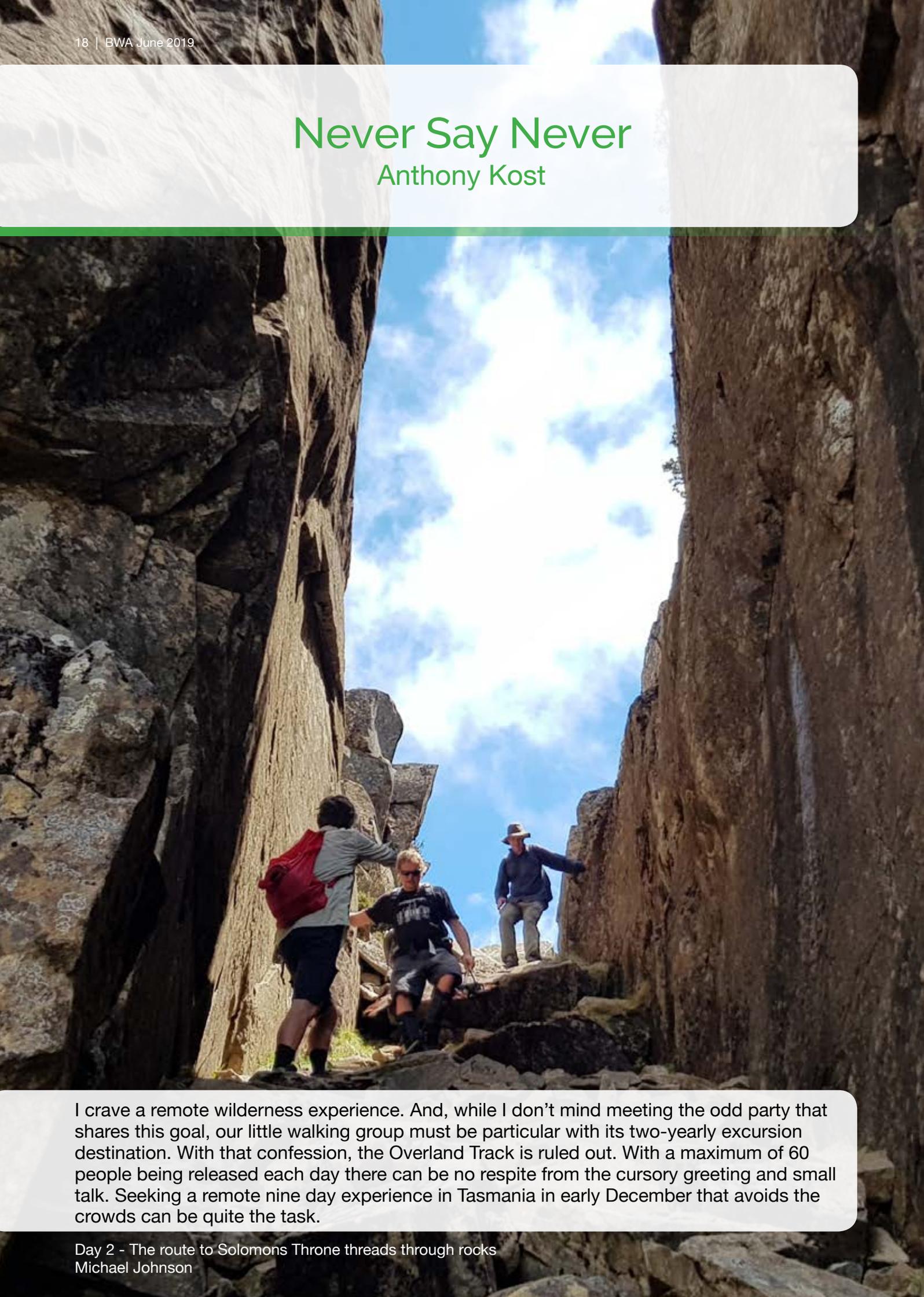
Beautiful sights, new friends and new experiences make for a great walk, and the Huemul Circuit had them all. It was a fantastic four days, and comes highly recommended from us! As before, if you have any questions or comments, please feel free to share them.



Day 4 - A blustery morning

Never Say Never

Anthony Kost



I crave a remote wilderness experience. And, while I don't mind meeting the odd party that shares this goal, our little walking group must be particular with its two-yearly excursion destination. With that confession, the Overland Track is ruled out. With a maximum of 60 people being released each day there can be no respite from the cursory greeting and small talk. Seeking a remote nine day experience in Tasmania in early December that avoids the crowds can be quite the task.

Our mission would take us through country the Blisters and Chafers Society have not traversed. We would enter at the Fish River car park, ascend through the gates of the Walls of Jerusalem to Dixons Kingdom. Continue to Lake Ball, Lake Adelaide, Lake Meston and Junction Lake, pick up the Mersey River, tracking through the Never Never to Hartnett Falls. A brief encounter with the throngs at Bert Nicholls and Pine Valley before our exit at Lake St Clair via the Cuvier Valley Route. We would do some side trips at Dixons Kingdom and at Pine Valley meaning a two night layover at each place.

Our planning was thorough. Six weeks out from the departure date of 7 December 2018 we produced eight nights of home cooked dehydrated food, fuel measurements estimated, navigation options laid out and confirmation with transport vendors. We juggled group weight between the party to fulfill airline requirements. Our party comprised four usual suspects: Michael Johnson, Anthony Kost, Julian Nikadie and Rowan Truscott. Apologies from Phil Stringer and Patrick Platt, long-time associates and veterans of previous excursions.

Day 1 - Fish River car park to Dixons Kingdom, 9.5 kilometres

At Fish River car park, we ate a brief lunch, signed the intentions book and distributed some weight so that we were all carrying roughly 20 kilograms upwards to Trappers Hut. Our day one saw a gross elevation gain of 714 metres with a destination of Dixons Kingdom. Our departure time was 1140 hours. It was hot muggy walking, hats and sunscreen prerequisites. By 1240 hours we made Trappers Hut to drink and splash in the stream nearby. By 1530 hours we were at the tent platforms on Wild Dog Creek for more water and a short rest before more ascent through Herods Gate and Damascus Gate, through the native pine down into Dixons Kingdom at 1725 hours. On the wildlife front there were many Bennetts wallabies grazing in the native pine. Our evening meal was a fresh delight of butter chicken. It's an easy heat and serve. All gents retired by 1930 hours. It had been a long day of travel from Melbourne. Exhausted and joyful.

“Our planning was thorough.”



Day 1 - Approaching Wild Dog Creek with King Davids Peak in the background
Anthony Kost

Day 2 - Solomons Throne and surrounds, 7 kilometres

The various possum reports I had read on forums were substantiated. Some time during the evening I was visited by a possum tactical response unit whose core business it seemed, was to sort the evening's butter chicken rubbish bags all over my site.

I took precautions and tied the bag from a branch with a light cord, suspending the bag from all mischief, but no, this crack squad of possums must have used some high level mathematical equations to determine the gymnastics involved to achieve their mission. I heard something during the night but elected to roll over. In the morning I cleaned the mess and dipped my lid at the Dixons Kingdom possum colony. Who dares wins. Nikadie reported a more sombre incident. A rogue possum actually ripped a small hole in his tent in a vain attempt to procure foodstuffs. Nikadie bravely took up arms and with a walking pole at the ready, defended his food bag from the lone marauder.

“ ... I was visited by a possum tactical response unit ...

After our very long day one (timewise), the party enjoyed a 0800 hours sleep in and then enjoyed breakfast in the hut. By 0930 hours we had our day packs ready and departed for Solomons Throne and King Davids Peak. The chaps took the opportunity to check in with loved ones via the Optus and Telstra 4G signal availability, while taking in the 360° views from Solomons Throne (1469 metres). We spent some time with paper maps determining distant and nearby peaks eventually pinpointing our pending route through to The Acropolis and Byron Gap. While there is no track over to King Davids Peak the route is clear, and with a bit of rock hopping we were marvelling once more at a 1499 metre elevation to get a more northerly perspective. We returned to camp for lunch and declared the afternoon one of personal agenda items. The sun was out and quite warm. Johnson and Kost bathed, some napped, some read books.

The evening routine began at 1700 hours with the meal, Johno's roo stew and mash, being rehydrated and cuppa soups consumed. All done by 2000 hours.



Day 1 - Looking back to King Davids Peak
Anthony Kost

Day 3 - Dixons Kingdom to Lake Meston, 13.4 kilometres

During the evening we had a very light shower for about 20 minutes and woke to a fog in the kingdom. The fog lifted by 0700 hours. The business of striking camp was calculated at two hours for me; others were quicker. I am a stickler for a porridge breakfast and cup of tea in relative calm so I choose to rise earlier. The other chaps can skillfully shave that time. After the application of sunscreen and a long drink of water we departed Dixons heading down the valley through what is known as Jaffa Vale, an open, soggy buttongrass moorland that leads to Lake Ball. Our first breather at 0920 hours was Lake Ball Hut. This hut was built by Ray "Boy" Miles, a WWII veteran who lived on the Central Plateau in peace battling the demons of war. There was spectacular walking around the lake observing the crystal clear pools and the thriving plant life that springs. A short steep descent from 1148 metres down a tight track to Lake Adelaide (1055 metres) provided some tactical pole work over rocks, tea tree overgrowth and fallen logs. A bonus for walking at this time of year is the wildflowers. The fragrance was intense during some sections and was a signal that after two days we were immersed in nature. We took a 30 minute break at the north end campsite of the lake in glorious sunshine.

The Junction Lake track heads off in a south-westerly direction, and for us, in the heat of the day was pretty hard work. We wanted to swim, but we had a destination. Lake

Meston Hut. For a good three kilometres the track hugged the lake with a steep scrubby ascent on the east side. At the south end of the lake the landscape opens up to swampy buttongrass moorlands that make for a pleasant change and following the pad is quite easy. At another time of year with normal rainfall you would be wet and muddy, and have a good reason to curse Tasmanian mud.

A short photographic break at the north campsite on Lake Meston and then the final push to Lake Meston Hut. If we were to do it again, we would camp on the lake at this north campsite, much more scenic with a little beach and crystal clear water lapping the edge. The Lake Meston Hut is not on the lake and getting to the water's edge is not straightforward, but there is good water flowing at the hut. We arrived at the hut at 1540 hours hot and exhausted. Tent sites are quite limited but we managed to find space for our four tents, and before long, the site went quiet as the chaps retreated to quarters before dinner proceedings commenced.

The evening meal was Johnno's mango and chicken curry, rehydrated for a good hour whilst we sipped on our tasty cuppa soups to rehydrate. This warm Tasmanian weather on the Central Plateau turned our attention to three ordinary rituals:

1. Sunscreen application at morning departure - no excuses.
2. Down a good 600 milliliters minimum of water prior to take off.
3. Rehydrating at the end of the day with at least 600 milliliters.



Day 3 - The view from the northern shore campsite on Lake Meston
Michael Johnson

Day 4 - Lake Meston Hut to Hartnett Falls, 10.8 kilometres

I awoke to my 0500 hours alarm. No rain last night but it was a bit windy for a few hours. Breakfast was prepared in the hut. The hut is a few notches above Dixons with two bunk beds and a sizeable fireplace. It would appear to be more of a fishing hut with a couple of sets of waders hanging up and fishing paraphernalia hanging around the hut walls. In any case, it's a good refuge in bad weather.

We departed the hut at 0710 hours under clear blue skies and a fresh application of sunscreen. Today is Never Never day. We pushed along the Junction Lake track with fresh legs and a cracking pace marvelling at the rock slopes of Mount Rogoona that meet Meston. A short climb over a saddle and we descended into the Mayfield Flats. The Mayfield Flats are a swampy undulating space between Lake Meston and Junction Lake, with Lake Youd, the basin for many creeks and streams that evolve into life giving Mersey River. With our ideal weather pattern it was lovely walking in the early morning. Pads petered out but generally the track stayed high as it wended its way down the valley to Junction Lake. The sound of rushing water is ever present to the south. We arrived at Junction Lake Hut at 0920 hours and took a packs-off break. Nikadie opened the clinic for some preventative blister work while the



Day 4 - Steel post Log book box
Anthony Kost

other chaps filled water bottles, drank and sat. We didn't want to move. The sun was hospitable on our backs and the water was pristine. This hut is in great condition and would be a relaxing destination in its own right.

A 1000 hours departure and the party was in good spirits for the next off-track leg of our day. We attempted to follow worn footpads in the direction of travel, however it became clear we were really just following animal pads. It was easier walking on the higher bumps around the buttongrass plains so we stuck to that, keeping an eye on the lake as it funnels to become the Mersey once again. We picked up a distinct footpad and found the steel post log book box. We



Day 4 - Mayfield Flats
Michael Johnson

documented our intentions and pressed on. The contour lines became tight and the track was scrubby with tea tree making progress slow and difficult. Conversation lagged as we focussed on the path of least resistance. As we descended we could hear Clarke Falls in the distance but strangely we were in no mood to visit. In retrospect I am not sure why our party did not at least drop packs and take a look.

Navigation wise I found it to be pretty easy in that all you are doing is following the Mersey, keeping it on your left, walking the valley to McCoy Falls.

Eventually we burst out onto beautiful buttongrass moorland with high cliffs on both sides and no sign of human interference. Photographs were few, the moment called for quiet and awe. We weren't travelling with any sort of urgency, it was just perfect. The novelty of walking on spongy buttongrass moorland was fast wearing off. It's hard going on the muscles and a misdirected foot into a "shinful" of mud triggered the odd expletive. No real footpads, we just fanned out and continued walking along the valley.

“ We weren't travelling with any sort of urgency, it was just perfect. ”

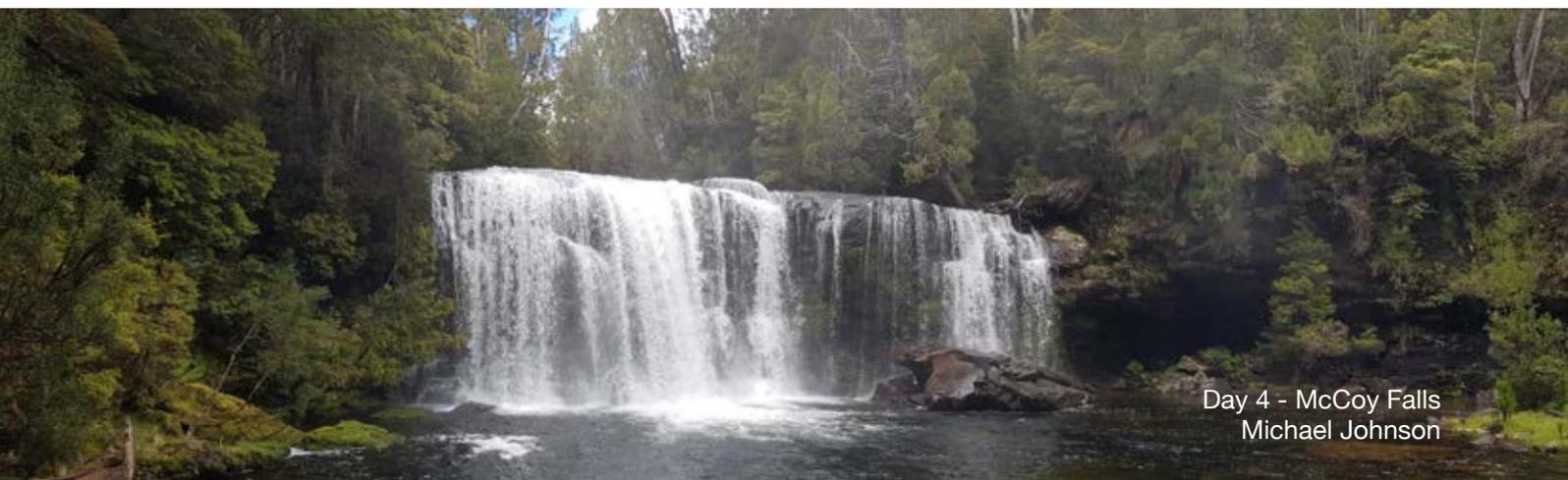
Back into the myrtle forest and soon we were hearing McCoy Falls. There was a good flow. This was gazetted our lunch spot at 1230 hours. We took time to scramble down the bank to marvel at McCoy Falls, though our enthusiasm for a swim dwindled with the reality of the water temperature. We began the final push at 1320 hours. About 200 metres down the river our minister for navigation directed us to cross the Mersey via one of the fallen logs as the going was allegedly easier on that side, as well as the evening's campsite.



Day 4 - Crossing the Mersey River
Michael Johnson

There were some sections of easier walking however there was still some bush bashing to contend with. We emerged onto the Hartnett Falls feeder track somewhat hot and bothered. We dumped packs at the top of the falls and scouted upstream for the campsite that we had heard about. We found a beautiful mossy clearing in the myrtle forest right on the bank of the Mersey. No sign of any previous camps. Retraced our steps to pick up our packs and we landed for the night at 1530 hours. Tents went up and some of the chaps laid down for a short while. Bathing was not appropriate, i.e., bloody freezing.

Master of dinner was myself and I continued the strict routine of rehydrating the meal at 1700. Cuppas, Cup-a-soup, spag bol and a hot chocolate and we were done. This campsite would be remembered fondly by the party due to the Mersey River background noise that lulled us to sleep and anchored us there. Tomorrow we would likely meet overland hikers and this would end our private time in the wilderness. We collectively retired at 2000 hours. I was struggling to tune my transistor radio to any station of interest, strangely the only consistent AM station is radio TAB.



Day 4 - McCoy Falls
Michael Johnson

Day 5 - Hartnett Falls to Pine Valley Hut, 15.2 kilometres

The evening sleep was uneventful. No critters made nuisance. I was up at 0500 hours (picannie dawn) for brekky and a contemplative cup of tea by the river. We achieved our 0700 hours departure and took the time to drop packs and descend to Hartnett Falls for marvelling. By 0750 hours we were reacquainting ourselves with our lighter backpacks and with a gorgeous morning blue sky light we dodged up the Hartnett feeder track. A

“... we were naturally able to increase our clip without the use of the whip.”

brief stop at the Overland Track (OT) junction and we were on our way up to Ducane Gap. The better track meant that we were naturally able to increase our clip without the use of the whip. By 0835 hours we were resting and drinking at Ducane Gap. The party were in excellent spirits. At 0845 hours, the mob were on the move and conversation focused on the much discussed Bert Nicholls Hut and the numbers of people we might encounter.

The descent to Bert Nicholls Hut is tricky. Concentration is required with foot placement among the root systems that hold up these magnificent forests. Bert Nicholls Hut has three separate dorms and a huge kitchen. There was a friendly vibe as we explored the site. We rested, drank, chatted with those who would chat with us. But this was not our destination. This incursion onto the OT was brief, a stepping stone to Pine Valley. Surprisingly, not a lot of Overland trackers go into Pine Valley. Bert Nicholls appears to be their last night out, and the following day they make for the jetty at Narcissus Hut. Some do walk the lake but our sample did not prove that statistic.

It was getting warm, the party were running at prime operating temperature and were in flow. Turns were taken for point duty, read that as snake watch. We made a pace of about 3.8 kilometres per hour and enjoyed long periods of silence. We reached the Pine Valley junction at 1140 hours. Johnno made the luncheon call by a good size creek, perhaps a river, at 1220 hours. Boots and shirts were discarded and limbs were

immersed in the water. At 1310 hours we were Pine Valley Hut bound, walking through dry scrubby country, crossing the river twice via one person suspension bridges. The country then turned into the pine and myrtle forest once again and became cooler ever so slightly as we went uphill. We met a young track ranger and chatted with him, seeking intel on the Cuvier Valley Route. We got nothing. At 1515 hours we made the hut, bushed by the heat, impressed with the forest. In the spirit of minimising the society footprint we elected to put all four tents up on one platform. It felt like the right thing to do given the scarcity of platforms and flat earth spots. This raised some discussion among the light sleeping brigade and broke section 3 clause 1 of the society code. That clause reads “No gent shall erect any sleeping structure within 10 metres for the purpose of overnight slumber”. We fumbled around with the peg apparatus getting our digs right and then regrouped for a cuppa and set up the camp kitchen.

Master of dining tonight was Minister Truscott with his commercial dehydrated Moroccan lamb and broccoli. We were all sated.

Day 6 - Pine Valley to The Acropolis, 6 kilometres

My sleep was solid. I put ear plugs in early and drifted off. I am told a possum created havoc with my camp cooking utensils over by the hut. Word around the breakfast circle was that a possum must have launched himself at my rubbish bag which was hanging from a hook by the side of the hut, missed and kicked over the kitchen camp kit.

We were up at 0600 hours for a 0800 hours muster to climb The Acropolis. Rowan stayed behind. Two and a half hours up with poles all the way. A few people had said that you ditch the poles when you get to the rock and boulder work. This is not society policy. The poles stay with you through thick and thin. The summit track from the hut goes like this: *Pines, pinch, plateau, scrub, boulders, pinch and summit.*

The final climb to The Acropolis is technical and exhilarating. For people of my standard it has all the facets of climbing an Australian

mountain. Not life threatening but rigorous and exhausting. The views are spectacular in clear weather. If there was any low cloud or inclement weather blowing around I would not climb. Just would not be worth it. A young bloke, Oliver, passed me and I found him on one of the Dolomite columns lounging around taking in the view when I got to the top.

We spent a good two hours observing the panorama. There is solid 4G access up there and some of the chaps took the opportunity to touch base with their respective Headquarters.

Back to the hut and we were just in time for the standard dinner routine. Master of dining was myself and I was serving a dahl with couscous and wraps. Tonight was also custard and date night. A one bag wonder and a lot of stirring, it turned out well. It was also decided that a provision of cocoa should be added to personal kit for hot chocolates after dinner. A real spirit lifter. A bit after 2000 hours all chaps retired to the platforms to once again practice what comes naturally at the end of an energetic day.

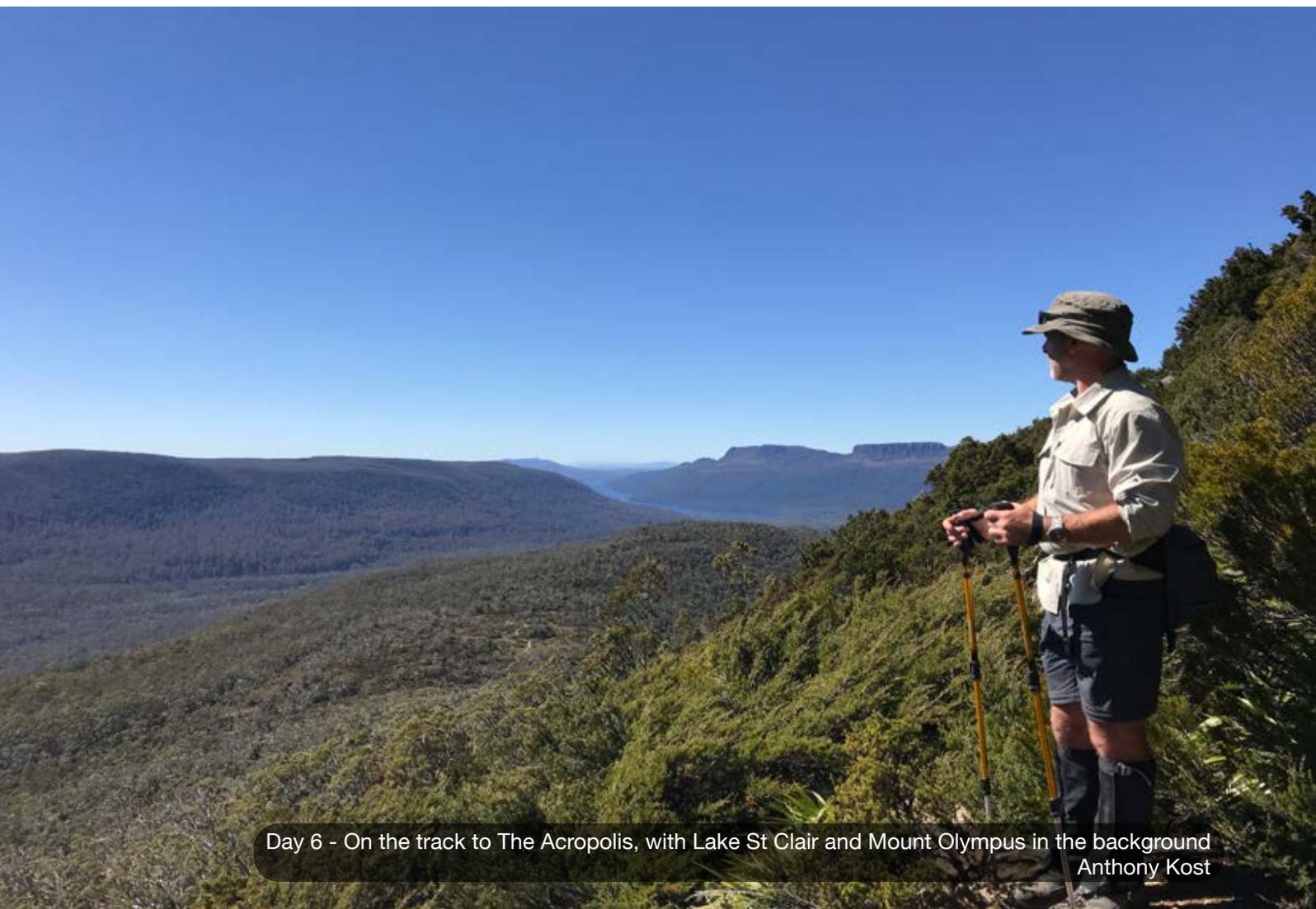
Day 7 - Pine Valley Hut to Narcissus Hut, 13.7 kilometres

It was windy overnight. The breakfast routine was as usual and we were tracking out of Pine Valley (PV) by 0750 hours. Passing through the many vegetation changes, our cohesive party with fresh legs moved as one and made PV junction by 0905 hours. A decent 25 minute breather was taken here with shirts off. It was humid and the clouds were parting. Pushed on to Narcissus Hut.

The valley opened up with views to Mount Byron and Mount Olympus and the Narcissus River became significant

on our left as we neared the hut. Arriving at the hut at 1030 hours was problematic and was the seed of discussion as to whether we should keep pushing. There was no need to adjust plans. We were making good walk times and our remaining distance was not overwhelming. We needed to practise the skill of slowing down and immersing ourselves in the countryside. Not so easy. In any case we set up our quarters on the tent

“ We needed to practise the skill of slowing down and immersing ourselves in the countryside.



Day 6 - On the track to The Acropolis, with Lake St Clair and Mount Olympus in the background
Anthony Kost

platforms and lounged around a picnic table with cuppas and an early luncheon. In the afternoon a swim was in order for me and so I headed down to the ferry jetty. Cold.

Master of dining was once again myself with a potato and pumpkin, cauliflower curry. A walk down to the jetty after meal cleanup. Lights out by 2045 hours.

Day 8 - Narcissus Hut to Cuvier River, 15.3 kilometres

Today we tackled another trafficable route, i.e., no maintained track. Our exit to Lake St Clair was via the Cuvier Valley. We were looking forward to another wilderness experience. At 0650 hours, we departed Narcissus Hut in light wind and scattered high cloud. It would be a warm day. This track is not well worn but very well marked; one just has to keep eyes peeled for flagging tape and orange nailed tree markers in the distance. The track passed through cool myrtle forest with lots of water in the gullies. By 0845 hours we reached Byron Gap at an elevation of 1024 metres. The track down to Lake Petrarch seemed to deteriorate in terms of the abundance of markers. There is still an eroded foot pad at times and a lot of bashing through foliage. A gorgeous view of the lake greeted us from downhill vantage points.

As we approached the lake we saw the beach campsite at the other end. We made this our destination for a break. There is no



Day 8 - Cuvier River campsite with Mount Olympus and Orthys behind
Michael Johnson

real footpad around the lake, or if there is we lost it many times through the scrub. We attempted to take the path of least resistance, eventually picking up a pad and came to land at the beach campsite at 1035 hours. Lake Petrarch is a jewel and was a tonic for our party. The skies were cloudless and it was warm. There is a bowling green like lawn on the perimeter of the crystal clear waters of the lake. It is here that we made a significant call in terms of pleasure seeking. We made good time during the morning and if we continued at this pace we would be setting camp too early in a place that may not be as picturesque. We allowed ourselves to lounge here for a few hours and explored the site. No swimming, but the chaps were seen to be nodding off in the shade. We departed at 1400 hours, buoyed by our lazy experience and ready to do battle with more single track and buttongrass plains.



Day 8 - Lake Petrarch bowling green
Michael Johnson

The walking was hot with vegetation, water and mud barring an express-type walking service. We negotiated mostly spindly tea tree branches and a bit of fallen timber. The pad is well footed but not marked. After about an hour's walking we emerged onto vast buttongrass plains, which reminded me a lot of the Victorian High Plains. Good solid marker poles are in place for this section and while it looks tantalising, one must concentrate on meandering the clumps of buttongrass. With Mount Olympus on our left and the Cuvier River on our right and a bit of clean sunny weather the time passed quickly. By 1600 hours we began looking for a campsite. Bowling green type campsites were spotted on the other side of the Cuvier. By 1645 hours we were over the river and had found a suitable site that was not water logged. Packs were dropped and so did we. Not a real long day in distance, and despite the two hour layover, it was tough going.

Tents went up, group water was fetched and dinner was prepared. Kost was the Master of dining and tonight he would be serving a chickpea dahl. We recalled the week's adventures over our last cuppa soups.

I note we had one bar of Optus 4G access in the valley. As the long dusk continued, numerous wombats were spotted foraging on the river flats. As this was our last night out, our food zero policy was enacted and we helped each other out eating excess weight. Evening retirement by 2000 hours.

Day 9 - Cuvier River to Lake St Clair Visitor Centre, 4.5 kilometres

Light showers overnight and low cloud over the range in the morning. The Mount Olympus peak that we navigated by yesterday was nowhere to be seen. No porridge for me this morning as it would appear that I miscalculated. No problem, a muesli bar and a cup of tea would ease me into the morning routine and if all went well we would be celebrating with food of some sort at Lake St Clair. It was a cool morning and we struck camp at 0800 hours with jackets on and knowing that our first task would be to cross the Cuvier. We knew we

didn't have far to travel this morning as this was planned a few months ago and with fresh legs and a dose of "end of walk" fever we were thrashing through the last of the buttongrass and then a formed track into Watersmeet. The track on the other side of the Watersmeet bridge grows to three metres wide. We all felt a bit agoraphobic under the circumstances. We dropped into Fergys Paddock to inspect that as a last mile campsite. It was nice enough but it did have the space to be busy. The gazetted end time at the visitors centre was 0930 hours. We made our way to the Lake St Clair Lodge Cafe and perused the fare on offer. It was still pretty quiet

“ It was only here that I became aware of the bodily smells of nine days out.

at this point as most of the Overlanders would not arrive for another couple of hours, which was good because our party had to ease its way back into gregarious living. We sat up at the table and ordered eggs and coffee. Spirits were high. It was only here that I became aware of the bodily smells of nine days out. No big deal but by god that shower at Launceston was going to be the ticket. We had time to kill. Our transport was not due until 1300 hours. We lounged through the breakfast watching the international tourists come and go and bit by bit the chaps departed and did their own thing. I went and signed the intentions book indicating a successful walk and browsed the Visitor centre.

Just as an aircraft has to do circuits to dump fuel under extraordinary circumstances, I set up the Soto Muka in the stone hut nearby and boiled water for numerous cups of tea before dumping 500 milliliters of shellite. There is fuel dump bin near the Visitors centre for those of us that cannot take our fuel home on the plane.

No nine day wilderness excursion, well executed, can fall short of expectations and this did not. In the fullness of time we shall return to another iconic Tasmanian destination.



Anthony lives in Melbourne and walks when he is not working in IT. He has been walking with the Blisters and Chafers Society since 2005.

“Dreamtiming”

Going Gangerang to a 100 Man Cave

Craig N. Pearce



The knolls of Rip, Rack, Roar and Rumble saw-toothed away in the distance, a ragged bread knife serration from mounts Stormbreaker up to Cloudmaker. Looking north across the suicidally plummeting hillsides of Kanangra Gorge, the ragged cleft of Pookan Hole and the mysteries of the Pit of Seriphos were secreting treasures in their deep, tree-packed folds as they fell away from Mount Danae.

Deep down into Kanangra Gorge
All pictures by Craig N. Pearce

The walk to 100 Man Cave – cloistered away in the depths of Kanangra-Boyd National Park (NP) – had barely begun, yet already the journey’s landscape, views and place names were co-mingling to provoke what the best bushwalking always does, an unleashing of the imagination as much as a revitalisation of body and soul.

This “unleashing” contributes to literature being such an inspiring and enlivening companion for the outdoors experience. It is a raging, fecund turmoil and it conjugates additional resonances, prompting the mind down lubricous corridors it might otherwise not have ventured, enriching our engagement with the wilderness – a joyous flexing of the heart.

Like Proust’s iconic madeleine sensation, walks in the wild bring memories flooding back, then connect them to our experiences – current, past and, perhaps, anticipation of the future. It is the walker’s choice (and conditioning) that determines what partitions of the mind are opened to this experience and where the connections are made. Is there a specific set of mental monkey bars being grappled with for any one walk? Or is it a tumble of random moments chaotically conflated into play?

The synaptic Lollapalooza fuelling internal illumination on the 100 Man Cave walk was my contemporaneous reading of *Understory, A Life With Trees, by Inga Simpson*, a memoir dedicated to nature in a multiplicity of places and ways.

In *Understory*, Simpson frequently reflects on other writers’ intellectual and physical outdoors investigations. An example is Wallace Stegner, who has delved into the notion of landscape being a screen through which you see – and hence interpret – the



The views are compelling, but the plummet is one-way only

world. The landscape, then, is impacting on what you are thinking, and how you are thinking, boost-juicing the connections, interpretations and – here we have the nub of it – creative digressions being nurtured in the greenhouse of your brain.

Deep dive into Kanangra-Boyd

So anticipated by me before arrival – excited by photos, rumours, barely believable place names and random track notes – Kanangra’s signature burnished honeycomb-coloured walls possessed the envisioned solemn grandeur. The Kanangra Gorge – fathomless and profound at its inception, 400 metres of falls plunging through a series of eight waterfalls into the “Deep” – trails away into the vast Wild Dogs distance. For me, this was the exhilarating centrepiece of the experience – astonishingly untamed for something so close to seething Sydney.

The closest town for supplies is Oberon. From Sydney the quickest and most direct access to the 716 square kilometres of the Kanangra-Boyd NP is via an awkward dog leg through Mount Victoria and Jenolan Caves. It’s about four hours from central Sydney to the Walls and the boundary of the Kanangra-Boyd Wilderness Area. Wilderness areas are the most protected category of lands in the national parks system, and this one covers sections of both the Kanangra-Boyd and Blue Mountains National Parks.

The Kanangra-Boyd NP is comprised of extensive plateaus and deeply dissected valleys. The park has geological evidence of processes that occurred 400 million years ago in the Palaeozoic era. Much of the outcropping bedrock is from the Ordovician, Silurian and Devonian periods.

Following these times, Kanangra granites and Permian and Triassic sediments evolved.



Mysteries abound at the head of Kanangra Gorge

These now form the higher areas of the park's Boyd, Kanangra Walls and Ti Willa plateaus. In the latter part of these periods, tectonic events associated with the opening of the Tasman and Coral Seas resulted in the uplift of eastern Australia. These formed the trademark sandstone escarpments of both the Kanangra-Boyd and Blue Mountains NPs.

The Kanangra Walls are the western-most part of the Narrabeen Sandstone deposits, lying over ancient shales and quartzites. Below the cliffs lie Devonian period rocks, folded and hardened by high temperatures and pressure from movements in the earth's crust.



Rip, Rack, Roar, Rumble, Stormbreaker and Cloudmaker jostling for attention

The park's current landform is the result of uplifting, followed by erosion. Sandstone has weathered into the region's characteristic cliffs, while Devonian rocks have resisted erosion until, inexorably, they have been cut into yawning V-shaped valleys. In distant parts of the park there are granite canyons, the result of stream flows that have been occurring for millions of years, forming a landscape distinct from the surrounding Blue Mountains.

Aboriginal peoples' long occupation of the area will come as little surprise, with rock art providing evidence of this on the journey, while the vicinity's Thurat naming regime is believed to be of Aboriginal origin.

White man incursions into the area first occurred in 1802, but it probably wasn't until 1833 before Kanangra Walls were first sighted by Europeans. The area was logged and used for stock routes over the years, though by 1937 a large tract of land was

reserved for the preservation of native flora and fauna, before the Kanangra-Boyd NP was declared in 1972. This is now UNESCO World Heritage-listed. The declaration of the national park followed a long campaign driven by conservationists such as The Colong Committee and Myles Dunphy, which stopped mining and forestry activity.

Clubbing in the cave

The 13 kilometre one-way walk to 100 Man Cave is primarily undertaken along the Gangerang Range ridge. Vicious drops exist on its north-western side, where the Kanangra Gorge carves its way up to Coxs River, views dissipating into the haze. Out to the west, less visible through the forest, are more of this part of the world's massive walls, glowing in the distance beyond the Gingra Range and Kowmung River. Short bush bashes provide numerous gnarly outcrop-levitated views of this expansive wilderness.

The walk begins from a trailhead at the end of Kanangra Walls Road, dropping easily down onto the Kanangra Plateau, an area predominantly covered by heath and, as with much of the walk, punctuated by a range of different banksia species, often low-lying among the similarly crouching heath. Their lantern-like heads feature a myriad of individual flowers, many of richly burnished hues, glowing amongst the muted green. Conestick, mountain devil and flowering ground orchids also exist in the heath.

However, before stretching out on the plateau there is a short diversion to Dancefloor Cave. While it's unknown if the cave's earliest custodians, Aboriginals, did any dancing here, white man certainly has, with a platform for dancing coming under heavy use after its construction in 1891.



Choose your suite at 100 Man Cave

It was a meeting place for families from Picton, Burragarong, Camden and Oberon. This area was used by stockmen from sometime after 1862 until 1942.

The "wood wide web"

In her book, Simpson talks about the interconnectedness of nature, referring to Peter Wohlleben's explanation of how trees share resources (including carbon, nitrogen, nutrients and water) through root systems and fungal networks, a "wood wide web". It's a theme also addressed in the 2018 Booker Prize shortlisted *The Overstory*, by Richard Powers.

Trees are also able to send off warning signals when attacked by pests to other trees, which can proactively produce enzymes to help resist the attack. Collectively, Simpson says, this collaboration and interdependency helps make the collective more resilient to disease, pests and climate change. (I wonder if humans travelling through these webs are warily watched, or watched out for, considering our history of wilderness destruction.)

Gordon Smith Pass connects the plateaus of Kanangra Tops to Kilpatrick's Causeway. It's slow going walking along the plateaus. Not because of the physicality required, but because of the breadth of stunning perspectives that exist from their edge across and deep into the gorge. Glimpses of the Thurat Spires and Danae Brook are among those features crowding the facing

hillside. Paths through the thick heath are often narrow and maze-like, but if you keep the cliff relatively close on one side (not too close – careful of the drop!) navigation is generally straightforward.

After leaving the heath, vegetation along the walk is a mix of wet and dry sclerophyll forest, the composition influenced by altitude and exposure. Beneath the gangling eucalypt coverage there are species such as Blue Mountains mallee, silver top ash, acacia, shrubby platysace, prickly broom heath, rough wax plant, daphne heath, trigger plants and spikey mat-rush. Ferns are common in shaded, wetter regions. Stormbreaker is crowned by a striking grove of grass trees.

Ranging on the ridge

The plateaus are linked via Kilpatrick Causeway to Crafts Walls (about 4 kilometres from the trackhead), a sort of mini-Kanangra Walls, but rising up from the track rather than descending from it. While the northern side of these walls is the most clearly worn route, the southern side is an interesting option, too, but one where battle needs to be occasionally undertaken with undergrowth. The latter route features a series of overhangs, typical of the area, many of which have clearly provided shelter to visitors in the past. Large swathes of the walls are coloured a brilliant orange. About halfway around there is a steep scramble up to the top of the walls (near impossible for walkers to access from the northern side) where, from an eyrie, galvanising views exist.



Both near and far, the walk is characterised by stern, implacable walls of rock. Throughout, trees struggle for footholds, tenaciously clinging to the precipitous slopes that dive calamitously down to Kanangra Creek's abyss, somehow scrounging out sustenance and security, much to the rock's haughty disdain.

From Crafts Walls the walk follows the ridge along Gangerang Range, up Mount Berry. A tricky navigation point appears about 6.5 kilometres after walk kick-off, where you scramble left up through the first real obvious – wide and leaf/branch-littered – ramp between gigantic shoulders of rock. Then on to Mount High and Mighty to Stormbreaker, before you are ripped, racked, roared and rumbled on the final climb to the walk's highest point in Mount Cloudmaker (1164 metres), comprised of eroded remnants of Ordovician period quartzite, which is about 10.5 kilometres from the trackhead.

Then it's not far down the hillside – south-ish, curving to the left – to 100 Man Cave, through a romantic glade of she-oaks where, for the first time, the track becomes nebulous at best.

In this quiet maze, sounds are cushioned by the dry needles you just about float over, a serene treat after the rocky terrain – sometimes smooth, sometimes punishingly jagged – traversed thus far. Here, there is an ebb and flow of murmurs, cut through by barely audible bird calls, released as if to



Banksia

prove they are alive and have not succumbed to the repression pervading these woods. Staying to the higher ground, an east-ish wander eventually reveals a couple of pads.

The trick here is to keep left, or else you end up on top of the Ti Willa Plateau protrusion that features 100 Man Cave, more an overhang than a cave, but either way its capacious enough to tabernacle a large number of people within a few different chambers. Down the hill is a creek (a flowing supply is not guaranteed), the only water source encountered on the walk, other than some puddles on the tops near the walk's beginning.

The consideration of trees

Day two, on awakening, a sombre dawn light greeted us at the cave. The sun – in a stupor – was reticent in revealing itself.

The leaning trees were ambivalent, too, their congestion of dun foliage contributing to the light's glaucousness. Or perhaps this leaning



The famous Kanangra Walls

reflected a consideration of our situation; and whether to make the final commitment to reach out and embrace our warmth – invite us to become part of their web after all; or perhaps to tap into our lifeforce, expressed most acutely to the trees in our mobility that they, once rooted from their germinating seed, can only attain through the spreading of their own progeny, and the glacial pace of their roots' exploration.

While the trip to the cave and back from the trackhead can be undertaken in a day, it would need to be quite the racing clip. Taking two days, at a moderate pace, means a relaxing evening at the cave can be held. Include a fire-light gathering of friends in the cave's hallowed precinct. The two-day two-way exercise also allows a closer examination of the views, enriched by variations in perspectives over "that" unforgettable gorge.

Views on the leg out dissolved into haze. Coming back, the atmosphere was crystalline. Though packed with memorable vistas, this was a quiet walk for animal and bird activity. A domestic cat gone wild in the plateaus' heath, and rare birdlife, was all that was spotted or heard. Unseen, however, but clearly active, was life rampant and pulsating beyond our visual acuity, battalions of organisms, so profligate in numbers we can't go close to calculating their breadth.

And even if not apparent to any noteworthy degree on this autumnal walk, in Australia we often have beautiful flies as accompanying friends. A lack of flies signifies, horror, we are inside. Imprisoned?

Flies are emblematic of being out of, and beyond, doors; a radical minimisation of the anaesthetisation the suburbanisation of our lives entails.

Flies are the wild: small, imperturbable, relentless, resistant to swipes and swearing, an intrinsic link in nature's chain: predators, parasites, prey and pollinators. They are a fundamental element in the food chain, a chain formed not to "leash" us but, conversely, to "unleash" us from the inherently confrontational battleground of the built environment and the aggression that goes into its making.

Imagining, storytelling, dreamtiming ...

The narrative of the walk is analogous to the telling of a story; or perhaps a poem is a better metaphor, with its lateral flights of invention and investigation, a series of encounters and insights oftentimes held together by little more than temperament. It could be a meditation, too, though heaving a 20 kilogram pack up a steep slope has never felt very Zen-like to me.

Whether articulated in words and images, or whether confined to memory, mind or soul, there is within us the atavistic facility, and proclivity, to record the exploring. If we are exploring the outdoors, isn't it logical to explore the experience mentally to give it more value?

Being outdoors, especially in a wild area unfettered by civilisation's conveniences, clutter and constraints, the mind's rigidity is unlocked. The more conscious mental – or intellectual – exploration of the walk takes us into the imprecise (and all the more enjoyable for this lack of strictures) emotional and spiritual realms.

I tend to think wild walking gives free reign, and sustaining fortitude, to both of Leopardi's stated kinds of imagination: "the strong, the promiscuous". By delivering one of this country's pre-eminent bushwalks, ultimately the 100 Man Cave expedition also provides inspiration for all kinds of storytelling or – through the refracted prism of other times, languages and cultures – "dreamtiming."



The author wishes to thank Roger Browne (walk leader) and the Sydney Bush Walkers Club, under the aegis of which this walk took place.

Craig uses bushwalking to unchain the imagination and free himself from the human wrangling that accompanies corporate life in the big city. How that is consistent with his other "recreational" physical activity, that of coaching teenagers in confrontational, competitive football, remains a mystery. He's all for stopping the production of single-use plastic bottles and is aghast at the notion of softening Tasmania's South Coast Track.

Photo Gallery



Gathering storm
Dan Broun

Competition: Tasmania April 2012



BWA Photo Competition



Landscapes June 2018

WINNER



Some mornings at Govetts Leap it all comes together, with cloud in the valleys, and thin high cloud in the sky to create the brilliant dawn light.

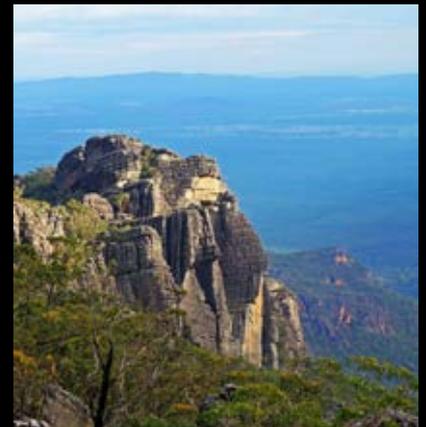
And it was all yellow
Tom Brennan



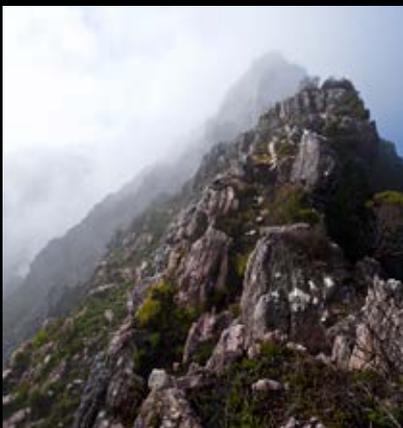
Morning at the weir
Ian Smith



A perfect winter campsite
ILUVSWTAS



Sandstone buttresses
Brian Eglinton



Head in the clouds
Bogholesbuckethats



Vertigo
John Walker



Non-landscapes June 2018

WINNER



A colourless June day on Bruny Island.

Ghostly rocks
Bogholesbuckethats



Starry forest
Brian Eglinton



Leewulena giant
ILUWSWTAS



Small sights
IainDtiler



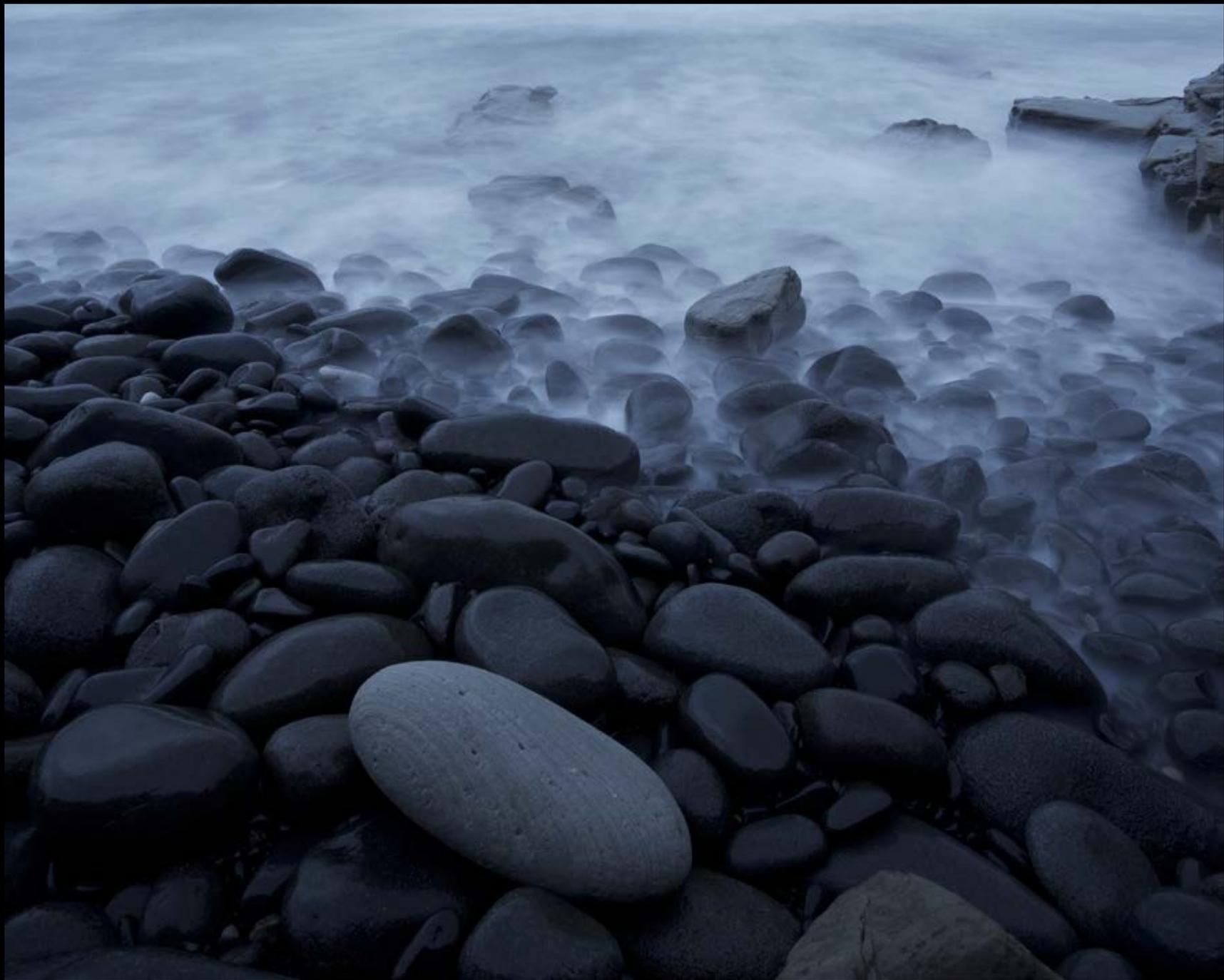
Raven-ous
Peter Grant



Weeping ribbons
John Walker



Black Petrel
Graham51



Tasmania June 2018

WINNER



Labyrinth
winter perfection
ILUWSWTAS

Walking in The Labyrinth in winter is an amazing experience. The landscape here is dominated by big mountains like Mount Geryon and The Acropolis.



Crystal clear
Bogholesbuckethats



How green was
Pine Valley?
Peter Grant



Lake St Clair
Graham51



Limbs
IainDtiler



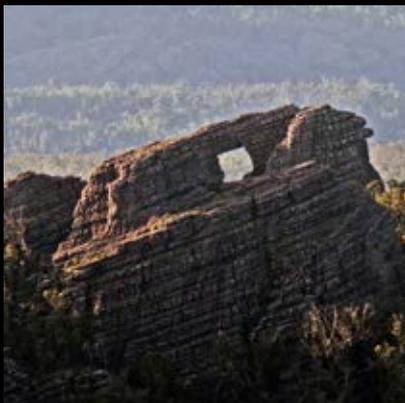
Other States June 2018

WINNER



A spectacular sunset from a short walk to a lookout near Anvil Rock in the Blue Mountains.

Orange ceiling
Tom Brennan



Hole in the wall
Brian Eglinton



The Gap,
Great North Walk
landsmith



Glade of delight
John Walker



Landscapes July 2018

WINNER



Mayo Gorge
Brian Eglinton

The 1200 kilometre Heysen Trail is divided into sections to allow for day walks along most of its length. The section north of Hawker can be accessed via the Mount Little Station where they allow public access through the Mayo Gorge. Here one encounters a band of reddish rock that polishes up into a vibrant pink. It is a scene repeated in a few places through the Flinders Ranges. In a place that was experiencing drought conditions, the pools of the gorge are a delightful sight.



Pre-dawn view
over The Staircase
J M



Hot debate
Freetooram



Watching over
SW Tasmania
ILUVSWTAS



Wild Dog Falls
Ed Arnfield



Symmetry
Bogholesbuckethats



Shifting shadows
North-north-west



Non-landscapes July 2018

WINNER



The Milky Way rising over Chalice Lake. The picture was taken with a Sony A7 with Zeiss 16-35mm, ISO 3200, F4, 30 seconds exposure.

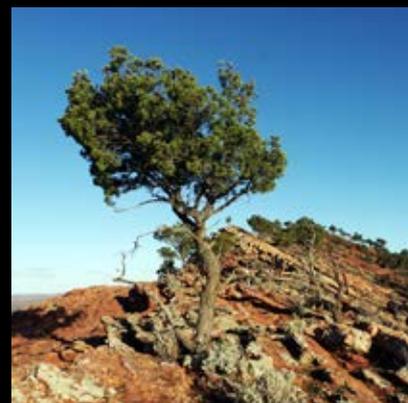
Galactic core
Bogholesbuckethats



Crimson rosella
Ian Smith



A functioning piece
of history
John Walker



Did someone mention
soil?
Brian Eglinton



Not even bauera
is all bad
North-north-west



Sitting on
the Devils Throne
Andrew Smyth



Tasmania July 2018

WINNER



This brightly coloured gum was a welcome sight after spending hours in waist-deep snow.

Fiery Snowgum
Bogholesbuckethats



Winter on The Blade
ILUVSWTAS



The Moors
of Thark Ridge
Andrew Smyth



As the shades ascend
North-north-west



Other States July 2018

WINNER



Cathedral rocks
Ian Smith

Just north of Kiama, these rocks are a photographer's haunt, with many early morning pictures posted. It's good because you can get relatively close to the action without putting yourself in danger and in just about any weather you can get a decent shot of one kind or another.



Calabrinde Creek
Brian Eglinton



Mitchells Creek
reflections
Tom Brennan



Jabba the Hutt Rock
John Walker



Do you give a dam?

Sonya Muhlsimmer



The Warragamba Dam is in the Greater Blue Mountains World Heritage Area west of Sydney. There's a proposal to raise the dam wall by 14 metres for flood mitigation. I recently saw a documentary about this, [Give A Dam](#).

Warragamba Dam wall
Peter Bertok

As I have a strong bond to the Blue Mountains – it is a few minutes from my house – I wanted to get some further information on this proposal to identify the pros and cons. The raising of the dam was rejected in 1995 by the Carr Labor Government and as nothing has changed it's hard to see why it has again been proposed.

The raising is being driven by developers who want to build on the Hawkesbury-Nepean flood plains. The developers predict that 134,000 people will live in this flood plain over the next 30 years. There are alternative solutions to raising the dam wall which are not being considered.

The cons

- It would inundate 4700 hectares of World Heritage-listed bushland and 65 kilometres of wilderness streams.
- It would wipe out numerous indigenous cultural heritage sites belonging to the Gundungurra people.
- It would have significant impact on listed threatened species of flora and fauna.
- Even with raising the wall, and due to floods originating from catchment areas not above the dam, flooding will still need to be managed on the flood plains.
- Given that the dam will not stop flooding it is quite possible that properties built on the flood plain could not be insured against floods.
- Alternate flood mitigations and risk reduction measures are available.
- The new dam would be visible from a number of tourist places, adversely affecting Blue Mountains tourism.



Regent Honey Eater, one of the listed threatened species that will be impacted by raising the dam wall
Jessica Bonsell

- It is quite possible that the WHA listing would be at risk. If the WHA listing is removed then there will be a significant reputational loss for the Blue Mountains, which relies heavily on tourism for the regional economy.
- Apparently the government has a secret plan to raise the dam an extra three metres than the public proposal, to 17 metres. Sneaky hey ...
- The Insurance Council of Australia considers the Hawkesbury-Nepean river Valley to have the highest single flood exposure in NSW.
- **It has been reported** that a developer has already profited after purchasing land in the floodplain and selling it the undeveloped land for an extra \$100 million profit.

The pros

The only pro of this development will be that it will allow development of downstream floodplains in Sydney's north-west, but this is only good for developers. Even this will be for the short term as one flood and the buyers will vanish. If there's a flood and houses are damaged it will be interesting to see who accepts responsibility.

“ The developers predict that 134,000 people will live in this flood plain over the next 30 years.

Also, the increasing the height was the most cost-effective option, obviously not even considering environmental protection, endangered species or even indigenous heritage sites upstream.

Well, all I can say is that I came out of the documentary with grave concerns that this will go ahead.

There is a strong fight on against this going ahead, so if you are interested in what the proposal is, or you want some more information, go and see the documentary and do your own research. [The Colong Foundation for Wilderness](#) and the campaign [Give A Dam](#) are fighting hard.

Go on get behind them and stop this from going ahead.



Malbena Matters

Nick Sawyer
Tasmanian National Parks Association

In February 2019 Bushwalk Australia had an article about the proposed development for upmarket huts with helicopter access on Halls Island at Lake Malbena in the [Walls of Jerusalem National Park](#) on the Central Plateau within the [Tasmanian Wilderness World Heritage Area \(TWWHA\)](#).

Halls Island
Grant Dixon

The final approval required before the development could proceed was from local government.

The Central Highland Council (CHC) received 1346 submissions; only three supported the proposal! Some went into great environmental, historical and legal detail. The consensus is that these detailed submissions were of greater import than the pro formas and petitions.

On 26 February 2019 the CHC made its final decision on the Development Application (DA) at a public meeting. There were about 100 visitors present, and, apart from the proponent and his wife, all appeared to oppose the DA. After listening to the views of speakers in the audience, Councillors Lou Triffitt, Anthony Archer, Tony Bailey, Anita Campbell, Robert Cassidy, and Julie Honnerthis voted against approving the DA. This was loudly applauded by the meeting. There were many grounds for refusing the DA and the mayor emphasised that a small regional council should not have the responsibility for deciding whether the proposal complied with the requirements of the management plan for the TWWHA.

As expected, the proponent has appealed the council's refusal of his DA.

The appeal will be heard by the Resource Management and Planning Appeal Tribunal (RMPAT) at a five day hearing listed for 24-28 June 2019. This appeal is not just about Lake Malbena. It will have significant implications for the processes by which these tourism developments within our precious

wilderness areas gain approval. It is likely to have a direct bearing on the numerous proposals that are currently going through the Tasmanian Government's controversial Expressions of Interest process, many of which are likely to pose similar threats to Tasmania's wilderness and our reserve estate.

Without support, the council's refusal of the DA seems likely to be overturned at the appeal. For this reason the Tasmanian National Parks Association, the Wilderness Society (Tasmania) and two individuals with long connections to the area have made the expensive commitment of joining the appeal to support CHC's refusal of the DA. The RMPAT hearing requires the engagement of legal representatives and expert witnesses – the likely cost will be tens of thousands of dollars.

This appeal under Tasmanian legislation should not be confused with the Wilderness Society's challenge to the federal government approval under the *Environment Protection and Biodiversity Conservation Act*. This is yet to be finalised but the most likely outcome is that the new federal minister will remake the approval decision to correct some legal technicalities exposed by the challenge.

The RMPAT appeal could cost as much as \$50,000. The Tasmanian National Parks Association and the Wilderness Society have set up the [Lake Malbena Appeal Fund](#). Donations over \$2.00 are tax deductible.



The existing hut on Halls Island

Revolutionary Change

Michelle Lim



We are witnessing the loss of biodiversity at rates never before seen in human history. Nearly a million species face extinction if we do not fundamentally change our relationship with the natural world, according to the world's largest assessment of biodiversity.

On 6 May 2019, the key findings of the Global Assessment of the Intergovernmental Science-Policy Platform for Biodiversity and Ecosystem Services (IPBES) were released. This represented the culmination of a process involving 500 biodiversity experts from over 50 countries and 134 governments.

All four species of quoll have declined dramatically in numbers because of habitat loss or change
Tiger quoll by Michael J Fromholtz

IPBES aims to arm policy-makers with the tools to address the relationships between biodiversity and human well-being. It **synthesises** evidence on the state of biodiversity, ecosystems and nature's contributions to people on a global scale.

The IPBES Global Assessment provides unequivocal evidence that we need biodiversity for human survival and well-being. To stem unprecedented species decline the assessment sets out the actions governments, the private sector and individuals can take.

Importantly, a whole chapter of the Global Assessment (about one-sixth of the assessment) is dedicated to examining whether existing biodiversity law and policy is adequate. This chapter also outlines ways to address the vortex of biodiversity decline.

If we are to halt the continued loss of nature, then the world's legal, institutional and economic systems must be reformed entirely. And this change needs to happen immediately.

What makes IPBES Assessments special?

IPBES is the biodiversity equivalent to the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC). Assessments are a fundamental part of IPBES's work.

IPBES Assessments review thousands of biodiversity studies to identify broad trends and draw authoritative conclusions.

In the case of the Global Assessment, IPBES authors reviewed more than 15,000 publications from scientific and government sources.

Governments and stakeholders give feedback on the draft text, and experts respond meticulously to the thousands of comments before revising and clarifying the draft. A final summary of key findings is then negotiated with member states at plenary meetings – these meetings concluded on **4 May 2019**.

What did the Global Assessment find?

Human activity severely threatens biodiversity and ecosystem functions worldwide. About 1 million species are facing extinction. If nothing changes many of these could be gone within just decades.

But nature is vital to all aspects of human health. We rely on natural systems, not only for food, energy, medicine and genetic resources, but also for inspiration, learning and culture.

The report also reveals the loss of biodiversity and ecosystem function is much less pronounced on lands managed by Indigenous peoples and local communities. It also recognises the significant role of Indigenous knowledge, governance systems and culturally-specific worldviews which adopt a stewardship approach to managing natural systems.



Pollution is one of the main reasons biodiversity is in rapid decline.
Muntaka Chasant

The report identified agriculture, forestry and urbanisation as the number one reason for biodiversity loss in land-based ecosystems and rivers. In the sea, fishing has had the greatest impact on biodiversity and is exacerbated by changes in the use of the sea and coastal lands.

This is followed closely by:

- the direct use of species (primarily through harvesting, logging, hunting and fishing),
- climate change,
- pollution and
- the invasion of non-native species.

These factors are aggravated by underlying social values, such as unsustainable consumption and production, concentrated human populations, trade, technological advances, and governance at multiple scales.

The Global Assessment concludes that current biodiversity laws and policies have been insufficient to address the threats to the natural world.

What's more, if nothing changes, neither the Convention on Biological Diversity's [Aichi Targets](#) nor the United Nations' [Sustainable Development Goals](#) are likely to be met.

And yet, the Global Assessment has an optimistic outlook. It emphasises that if the world's legal, institutional and economic systems are transformed then it is possible to achieve a better future for biodiversity and human well-being in the next 30 years.

But this is only possible if reform happens immediately, as incremental change will be insufficient.

What must be done?

The Global Assessment puts forward these next, urgent steps:

- we need to redefine human well-being beyond its narrow basis on economic growth,
- engage multiple public and private actors,
- link sustainability efforts across all governance scales,
- elevate Indigenous and local knowledge and communities.



The report also recommends strengthening environmental laws and taking serious precautionary measures in public and private endeavours. Governments must recognise indivisibility of society and nature, and govern to strengthen rather than weaken the natural world.

What can I do?

Produce and consume sustainably

Individuals can make [meaningful change](#) through what we produce and what we buy. Our food is an important starting point. You could, for instance, choose local or sustainably produced meals and reduce your food waste.

Champion the inclusion of Indigenous peoples and local communities

Indigenous and local communities need to be included and supported more than ever before. The Global Assessment provides clear evidence that lands managed by Indigenous and local communities are performing better in terms of biodiversity. Still, these lands face serious threats, and Indigenous communities continue to be marginalised around the world.

Provoke governments to do better

Current biodiversity laws and policies don't adequately address the threats to the natural world. The report recommends the world include biodiversity considerations across all sectors and jurisdictions to prevent further degradation of natural systems. We have an important role in rallying our governments to ensure this occurs.

We are losing biodiversity at record-breaking rates. The majesty of the natural world is disappearing and with it that which makes life worth living. We are also undermining the capacity of the Earth to sustain thriving human societies. We have the power to change this – but we need to act now.

Dr Michelle Lim

Lecturer in environmental and sustainability law, University of Adelaide

The article was first published in [The conversation](#) (an independent source of news and views, sourced from the academic and research community and delivered direct to the public) on 7 May 2019.

In the News

Shelly Napier is the second woman known to have climbed all Abels

In April 2019 Shelly climbed her last Abel, King Davids Peak, and with friends celebrated the completed list of Abel peaks.



Bushwalker found a camera that was lost for 18 months

While geocaching in Namadgi National Park in September 2017 bushwalking blogger John Evans lost his digital camera. Bushwalker Nicholas Hall found the camera 18 months later and returned it to John.

Grampians management plan reviewed

Parks Victoria has announced the Grampians National Park Management Plan will be reviewed, starting in July 2019. There have been a few issues raised about the park, largely around rock climbing and Aboriginal rock art, but hiking, bush camping and the Grampians Peak Trail will also be up for review. If you want to find more, register at [Engage Victoria](#).

Access All Terrain program finalist of the VicHealth Initiative of the Year Award

Read about the [award](#) and the [program](#) that provides solutions through accessibility and inclusion.

Endurance athlete Sophie Radcliffe about connecting with nature

BBC Get Inspired and Sophie Radcliffe teamed up to create a series of short films about connecting with nature to get fit.

Victoria panther

Sightings of Otways panther have been reported.

Twenty-seven hikers help Nerissa Cannon up Mount Bierstadt, Colorado

Nerissa has been in a wheel-chair for the past five years. Twenty-seven friends and other hikers helped her summit a mountain in Colorado.

Coroner's finding on Overland Track 2016

Coroner Olivia McTaggart handed down her [findings](#) into the 2016 death of Trevor John Tolputt.



Going Nuts ...

Sonya Muhlsimmer

PEANUT BUTTER

100% ORGANIC POWDER

So recently I have got myself some peanut butter powder – PBP.

I know this powder has been around for some time, but I have never tried it. Slack I know, but better late than never right. PBP is made by roasting the peanuts, pressing or removing the fat out, which is actually a good fat from the nuts then grinding the nuts to a powder. Some brands of PBP can add sugar or salt to add a little flavour back into the peanuts, as it can taste a little different than the real thing as the fat has been removed. I just bought some organic, unsweetened powder to try. The advantage to this product is that it is much lower kilojoules, so you can eat more, and it is in a powder so us hikers can use it in many recipes, and carry it for a snack and rehydrate it to have it over our Vita Wheat biscuits for lunch. Be warned though, if you use reconstituted PBP as a spread it won't have the same creamy texture of regular peanut butter as the fat has been removed. But it is still good, and so much lighter than carrying a tub of peanut butter.

Gee where have I been for so long? I am going to be so busy now trying new recipes – satay, cakes, protein balls, smoothies and more. Here are two new recipes.



Powder, shelled or crushed peanuts can be used in a wide variety of recipes

Peanut Butter Cake

This recipe is best made in a flat pan, around 18 centimetres in diameter which will ensure the cake mix is cooked through properly, and it is easier to flip during cooking. You can use a smaller pan – my small pan is around 12 centimetres in diameter, but the cake comes out quite thick and it may not cook through thoroughly, but that is all right as well, as you will have this gooey warm peanut cake, kind of like a self saucing pudding. Or you could just reduce the quantity of the recipe by half. It is a great size to indulge in. In the larger flat pan, this cake is good to share with friends. This recipe is to suit a larger pan.

At home preparation

Place all ingredients into the bag. Print out method at camp label and place with the bag.

Method at camp

In a bowl, place the contents of the bag and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water slowly to the mix, stirring constantly to make a paste. Place a piece of greaseproof paper in the bottom of the pan, then spread the cake mix over the paper. Set the stove to a low heat and cook for about 4-5 minutes until bubbles appear in the batter all over the top and the cake changes to a darker colour. Take off the heat, cover the top of the cake with another piece of greaseproof paper and with your hand over the cake and flip the cake. Place the cake back in the pan upside down and cook for another 2-3 minutes.



Bag 1 (cake mix)

Self raising flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup	77 grams
Caster sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup	54 grams
Egg powder	1 Tbsp	8 grams
Milk powder	1 Tbsp	10 grams
Peanut butter powder	2 Tbsp	24 grams
Salt		pinch

Water - $\frac{1}{2}$ cup for preparation

Satay Chicken Curry

I have been trying to dehydrate a lot of different foods lately and I found that dehydrating canned chicken is the best, in comparison to cooking cuts of chicken, like thigh fillets. The canned chicken rehydrates much better than any other type of cooked chicken. The cooked chicken just becomes tough and a bit chewy, and really not that nice to eat. Canned chicken comes in a range of sauces and flavours so it is best to stick with the canned chicken in water. So after trying this dehydration trial, what was I to do with all this dehydrated chicken and a whole bunch of PBP? Make satay chicken of course.

At home preparation

Place all ingredients into into the allocated bag. Print out method at camp label and place with the bags.

Method at camp

Soak Bag 1 (Quinoa mix) in a pot with 2 cups of water for about 10 minutes. After the soaking time bring the pot to the boil and cook for about 5 minutes. Add the contents of the Bag 2 (Satay Curry mix) and cook for another 2-3 minutes stirring constantly. Serve



Bag 1 (Quinoa mix)

Note: Rice can be used as a substitute.

Quinoa – 100 grams cooked, then dehydrated	1/3 cup	23 grams
Dried peas	1 Tbsp	11 grams
Canned chicken – 85 grams can, dehydrated	1 can	35 grams
Dried corn	1 Tbsp	4 grams
Dried lime leaves	2 each	1 gram

Bag 2 (Satay Curry mix)

Coconut milk powder	2 Tbsp	20 grams
Peanut butter powder	2 Tbsp	24 grams
Brown sugar	1 Tbsp	17 grams
Fried shallots	2 Tbsp	12 grams
Vegetable stock	1/2 tsp	3 grams
Ground cumin	1/2 tsp	2 grams
Ground coriander	1/2 tsp	2 grams
Curry powder	1/2 tsp	1 gram
Ground ginger	1/4 tsp	1 gram
Dried onion	1/8 tsp	1 gram
Dried garlic	1/8 tsp	1 gram
Ground chilli		few pinches
Salt and pepper		few pinches

Water - 2 cups



Bushwalk Australia

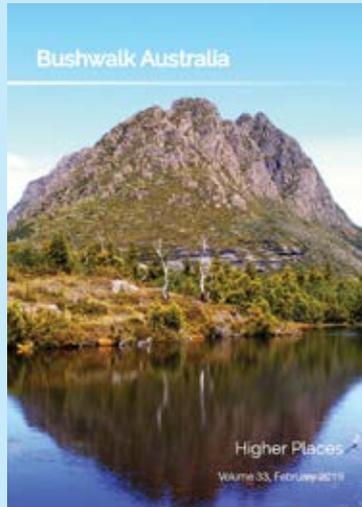


Bushwalk Australia

Going the Distance
Volume 34, April 2018

Going the Distance

- > Mount Wills to Mount Bogong
- > Hume & Hovell Walking Track
- > Walk of Wonders
- > Energy needs



Bushwalk Australia

Higher Places
Volume 33, February 2018

Higher Places

- > Australian Alps Walking Track
- > Tassie Winter Trip
- > Our High Country Lore
- > Vegan Food

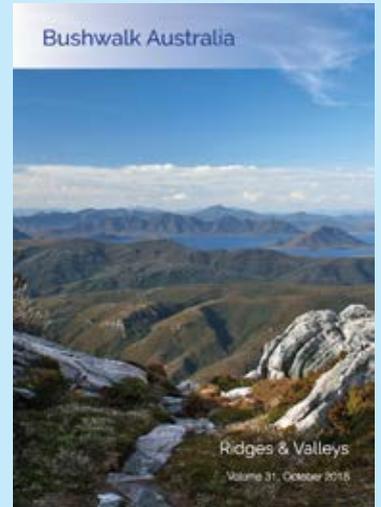


Bushwalk Australia

Peak Promenade
Volume 32, October 2017

Peak Promenade

- > Pindars Peak, Southern Ranges
- > Cordilleras in Peru
- > Brothers Point, Scotland
- > Staying hydrated on bushwalks



Bushwalk Australia

Ridges & Valleys
Volume 31, October 2016

Ridges & Valleys

- > Buffalo, The Bluff and Mt McDonald
- > Skiing with the Bobs
- > Dehydrated meals for your trip



Bushwalk Australia

Ambling Adventures
Volume 30, August 2018

Ambling Adventures

- > An Abel challenge
- > Pack hauling
- > Sleeping mats



Bushwalk Australia

Act Now
Volume 29, June 2018

Act Now

- > Viking Circuit
- > A blogger's journey
- > Overland Track



Bushwalk Australia

Meandering Mountains
Volume 28, April 2018

Meandering Mountains

- > D'Alton Peaks, Grampians
- > Three mighty peaks
- > Sleeping bags

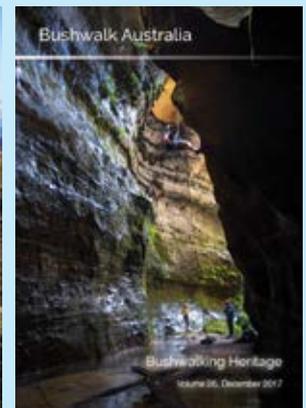


Bushwalk Australia

Far-flung Places
Volume 27, February 2018

Far-flung Places

- > 10 reasons to hike the PCT
- > The Spires via Holley Basin
- > From hiker to Globewalker



Bushwalk Australia

Bushwalking Heritage
Volume 26, December 2017

Bushwalking Heritage

- > Kidmans Hut Walk
- > Conquering the Giant
- > Dam madness



Bushwalk Australia

Discover & Explore
Volume 25, August 2017

Discover & Explore

- > The Great River Walk
- > Mount Triglav, Slovenia



Bushwalk Australia

Wandering the World
Volume 24, July 2017

Wandering the World

- > 10 reasons to Hike The PCT
- > The Spires via Holley Basin



Bushwalk Australia

Longer and Wilder
Volume 23, April 2017

Longer and Wilder

- > The Western Arthurs
- > Bibbulmun Track

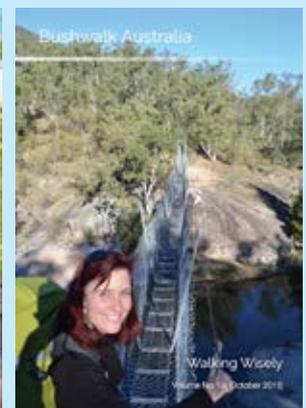


Bushwalk Australia

Summer Swelter
Volume 22, December 2016

Summer Swelter

- > Desert Discovery Walk
- > Sun clothing



Bushwalk Australia

Walking Wisely
Volume 21, October 2016

Walking Wisely

- > Six Foot Track
- > Choosing a GPS

