

ADELAIDE BUSHWALKERS

Tandanya



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— Winter 2014 Volume 44 Number 2 —

ABW Club information

The club meets at the North Adelaide Community Centre, 176 Tynte Street, North Adelaide on the first and third Wednesdays each month (February to November).

Annual subscription fees

Category	Normal	Student
Prospective Membership	\$60	\$30
Full Membership	\$60	\$30
Associate Membership	\$10	\$ 5

Family membership is no longer available for new members.

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For privacy reasons, the names and contact details of other office bearers are no longer published in the magazine. Please use the contact details above.

Adelaide Bush Walkers Inc.

Tandanya

Winter 2014 Volume 44 Number 2

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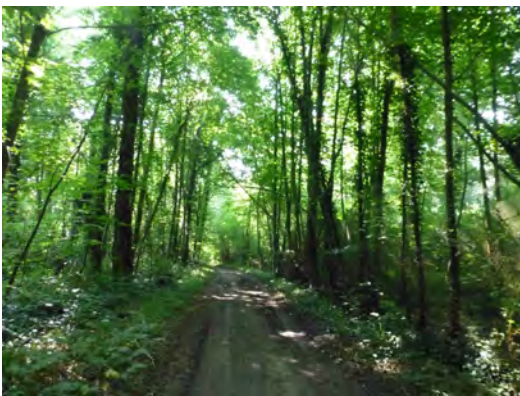
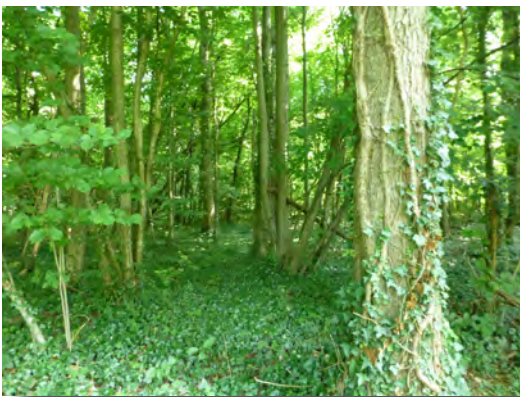
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Close off date for next issue: Wednesday 20 August 2014

Les Fiefs de Crouy Walk Report

By Lee Marling

This report describes a very lovely 20km day walk I did out of the small town of Crouy-sur-Ourcq which is in the Isle de France, the area that surrounds Paris in July last year. I had been given a book of day walks out of Paris from the TopoGuides series. The book is in French of course so that was a bit of a challenge (my last French lesson being about 1974!), however, I made my own translation of the track notes which made sense most of the time and I also followed the walk on Google Earth so was able to complement the book translation with notes I had made from doing this. In addition, the maps in the book are on WGS 84 so navigation with a GPS was straightforward.



On this page: Rural scenes on Les Fiefs de Crouy walk



Flanders Poppies growing wild in the fields



So anyway I chose the walk, 'Les Fiefs de Crouy' because on the map it seemed to indicate half of it was in woods and it had a photo of the fifteenth century Donjon du Houssoy that looked quite impressive.

I left Paris at 8am from the Gare de l'Est on the train to Ferte Milon, changing at Esbly for the train to Crouy-sur-Ourcq. The book tells you which train you need. The Isle de France train service is very well organised and easy to negotiate with the staff being really helpful. I bought the 16 Euro Zone 5 Day ticket at the Metro station which got me there and back and out again for dinner that evening, covering both the metro and the rail service for the day.

Arriving at the small Gare de Crouy-sur-Ourcq I left

the station and found the Donjon De Houssey to be right there within a hundred metres, a great start to the walk. A 'donjon' is a castle keep and this was all that is left of the original castle although you can tell some of the walls had been incorporated into what is now a large farm house.

Leaving the donjon you head away from the town and go past a small manor and chapel before entering a shady beech wood where the trail is well marked. The fields are bright green and yellow as the main crops appear to be sweet corn and ripe wheat, and there are bright red clumps of the Flanders Poppy everywhere. Looping through this little wood for a kilometer or so you come in to the town.

Crouy-sur-Ourcq is quite picturesque with many old stone houses and a church dating from the sixteenth

century. There is a town square and hall as well as contemporary buildings and the route takes you via some of the interesting buildings. France was having a heatwave at this time with temperatures hitting 30-32C so I made a note of the interesting looking bar on the town square, wondering if they had any of the Alsatian beers I had been investigating in Paris.

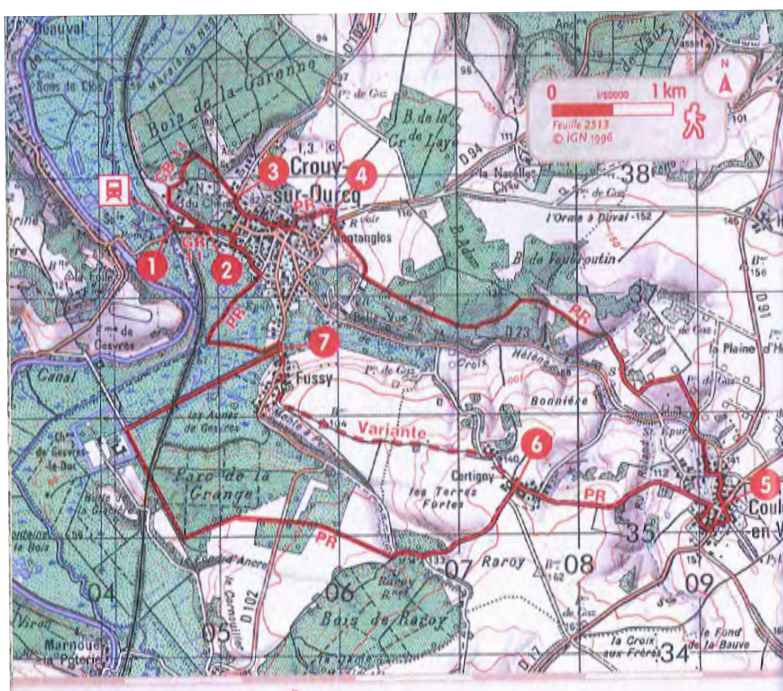
Looking forward to this promised end to the walk I trekked up out of the town to the ridge that overlooks it and proceeded across more sweet corn and canola fields to a large wood. You can take in great views of the valley with small villages and hamlets dotted about the green and yellow fields, with church spires rising here and there. The wood is lovely and shady with beech and oak trees. A deer played cat and mouse with me dashing out of sight every time I raised my camera.



Donjon de Houssey



Stone barn in the farming hamlet of Certigny



Crouy-sur-Ourcq Map



Donjon de Houssey



View across the moat of Chateau Gevres

Coming out of the wood into fields again I headed towards another farming village with an impressive looking church and large stone farm houses. Coulombs en Valois is a lovely village to wander. Narrow lanes, old stone homes and courtyards, some of them quite large. It has a nice little deli that has bread and local cheese, cold drinks etc so a great place to grab an early lunch. I took my supplies and sat under the shade of a tree next to the interesting old church. It had been hit by artillery in WW1 which just left the medieval front standing so three walls were rebuilt onto this. The headstones in the graveyard were mostly wrought iron which I had not seen before.

Leaving the village, you head up through the fields to the large old farming hamlet of Certigny that sits up on a hill. Once again there were very old looking, but well preserved, stone homes and barns with fantastic views over the valley.

Descending down to another beech and oak woodland I followed an old stone wall and came out to the Chateau Gesvres. It has a moat and bridge and main gates so is quite an impressive contrast to the more rural scenes of the rest of the walk. After this it was half an hour back into town along country lanes and woodland paths.

A really lovely walk on a warm humid day and I was so looking forward to the bar and bakery. Alas, both were closed as it was siesta time... I wandered down to the canal to kill the hour before the train came and noticed canoe hire. I came away with the impression that this would be a great area to do more walking and canoeing.



Above and below: Graveyard with wrought iron headstones in the village of Coulombs en Valois





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Just a Day Walk

By Trevor May

This is a revised version of an article that was published in *Tandanya* some years ago but which remains very relevant and informative, particularly to newer members and leaders.

The events that occurred on a day walk that I led in the Flinders Ranges were a timely reminder to me of how easily a relatively simple walk can quickly become a precarious situation. I thought, at the time, that it would be worth outlining the lessons that were applicable.

The walk was based at Pigeon Bore in the Aroona Valley and was a circuit north along the Heysen trail, west into Crisp Gorge, south along the western side of the range and finishing with a walk east through Bath Tub Gorge back to Pigeon Bore.

A group of 18 of us set out for the 20km walk which was very similar to a walk I had completed there with five people three years earlier.

We arrived at the western end of Crisp Gorge for lunch and all was well and on schedule.

Around an hour after lunch Sue dislocated a shoulder climbing out of a creek bed. We briefly considered relocating the shoulder but any movement caused her too much pain. It was obvious that, although she could still walk, she would not be able to negotiate Bath Tub Gorge before dark that day. I decided that she could walk the 12kms of flat ground out to the Leigh Creek road to the west. She was comfortable with that and was assisted by Dave Evans with his navigational skills and equipment and Jude Cahill, a trained nurse. They were to try and hitch a ride into Hawker but I'd planned to be able to confirm that this actually happened later.

The remaining group continued on with the intention of reaching the base camp and then sending a small party to walk out to the vehicles 5km from the camp and drive out to check that Sue had been picked up, as expected, and was OK.

It soon became obvious that the main group was making increasingly slower than expected progress over some rough terrain and it was getting quite late. I decided to go ahead with Lindy, Lee Marling and Dave Foreman to follow up on the injured person and escorts. This was possible because I was able to leave the main party in the capable hands of at least three experienced walk leaders all with maps and GPS.

My party reached the camp site with an hour of daylight to spare and just as it started to rain quite steadily. Lindy stayed at the camp to light a fire and also zipped up some tents that had been left open. Dave, Lee and I walked briskly down the now muddy

5kms of track to the Aroona Valley car park. I was now a bit concerned about the group still out there. Dave Foreman then drove out to the Leigh Creek road and went north to check that the evacuation party had been picked up and hadn't been slowed down and left huddled in the dark and wet by the side of the road, an unlikely but real possibility.

Lee and I drove the 90kms into Hawker where we found that Sue was safe in the local hospital after having her shoulder relocated with the aid of an anaesthetic. Jude and Dave were at the Hawker pub, all smiles as they drank their beers and anticipated a meal and a night in the Pub. Sue, Dave and Jude had been picked up by the first passing car and Sue was in the Hawker hospital before my party had got back to the base camp. However we could not have known that and I wasn't going to get any sleep without confirming that all was well.

The biggest disappointment was evident in Dave and Jude's faces when they realised that they were coming back to the camp with us and not staying in Hawker. However we did have a late meal and a couple of beers to celebrate the outcome before we drove and walked back to the camp.

While all this was happening the remaining party, now 11 in number, led by Mark Proctor and others, was making slow progress through the spectacular but rugged Bathtub Gorge and trying to make camp before nightfall in the cold, wet and squally conditions that had overtaken the area. Many of the group did not have torches and some were not carrying adequate warm or waterproof clothing. As they continued into increasing darkness and became tired the pace slowed further and the risk of further injuries in the dark and slippery terrain was becoming a real problem. In these conditions it is sometimes prudent to light a fire and huddle up for the night to avoid injuries and hypothermia.

Eventually, 45 minutes after dark, they arrived at the ridge above and west of the camp but were approximately 1km to the south of the camp. However, Lindy, having realised that this could happen in the darkness had made a beacon of the camp fire which the group were pleased to see and which guided them to the camp safely but cold and damp.

My party arrived back to camp from Hawker at 11.30pm after negotiating the wet roads and track and were welcomed by a sleeping camp and a candle on the track which we were pleased to see. I was very relieved to hear that everyone was safely back in camp.

It was, overall, a happy ending due to the excellent team effort by all concerned however the outcome could easily have been quite different in the circumstances at the time.

So what were the lessons for me:

Lesson 1.

That walk, in that terrain was too long for a party of that size. What was easily completed previously by a party of five in plenty of time was challenging for a larger group.

To illustrate the point consider that each member has to negotiate an obstacle that requires 30 seconds to do so. If the party is to stay together, as it should, a four person party can take 2 minutes at each obstacle. A 16 person party will take eight minutes at each obstacle. If there are, say, 10 such obstacles (there were in fact many more) the larger party is going to be 60 minutes slower. This becomes critical towards the end of the day.

This may seem technical but the principle does apply in practice and the above assumes all walkers have the same ability or experience which is, also, often not the case.

The lesson and reminder to me was to think more carefully about my route planning and walk timing when leading a larger group. Consider splitting the party into two or three and do crossover or intersecting walks if you have enough experienced leaders. Otherwise just shorten the walk.

Lesson 2

Be sure that all members of the party have adequate gear in their day packs regardless of how long the walk is or what the weather appears to be doing when you leave camp. It can change quickly and dramatically especially in places like Tasmania.

In our case, if the first injury had been more serious or if there had been another injury later, the party could have been out in the dark and wet much longer and possibly all night.

Commonsense should prevail but, in remote areas, day packs should include the basics to allow members to survive a night out if hurt themselves or if supporting someone else while others go for assistance. In Tasmania, my guide is that a daypack should contain what you need to survive a night huddled under a rock in a severe storm.

Without going into precise detail here, the minimum carried in a day pack in isolated or remote areas should be a waterproof jacket, beanie, a warm jacket, first aid kit, space blanket, torch, spare batteries, waterproof matches, spare snack food and water.

My lesson was, don't just talk about what should be in daypacks or assume everyone knows what's needed. At the risk of being painful, make sure!

Lesson 3

Always secure your tent when leaving for a day walk regardless of the conditions at that time. This will keep out rain, dust, scavenging animals (a major risk), insects and even snakes. Make sure all food is secure inside your pack.

Overall though it was a great walk, enjoyed by those that completed it. The injured party made a full recovery and, most importantly, everyone was still talking to me next morning.

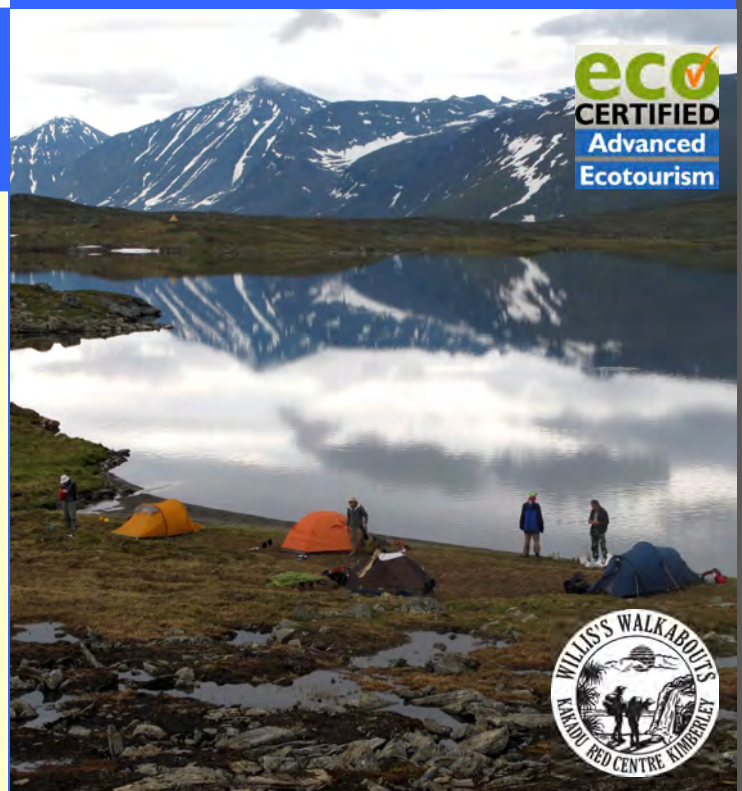
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Easter long weekend walk in Canunda National Park

By Andrew Cope

18th to 21st April 2014

Canunda is on the coast in the lower southeast about four hours drive from Adelaide.

Twelve people went on this walk, with six being prospective members.

The walk started and finished at the Bevilaqua Ford entrance to the park. Our vehicles were left there. The group drove down on Good Friday morning and after some navigational issues for some (me included) we met at the start somewhat later than planned and started walking at 2:20pm. The walk followed a 4WD track through Khyber Pass to the Nalawort campsite. Khyber Pass is a very interesting area. It's higher than the surrounding area so there are good views over the park. It consists of high rocky sand dunes above the track. Having rock formations amongst the dunes is what makes it so interesting. Friday's walk was around 8km and took us a couple of hours. On arrival at Nalawort we were pleasantly surprised to find the campsite empty. Being Easter I was expecting the park to be busy and had prepared the group for the possibility of having to collect water and bush camp away from the campsite. We had what for ABW was a luxury campsite with toilets, water tank and two tables with benches sufficient to seat the 12 of us.

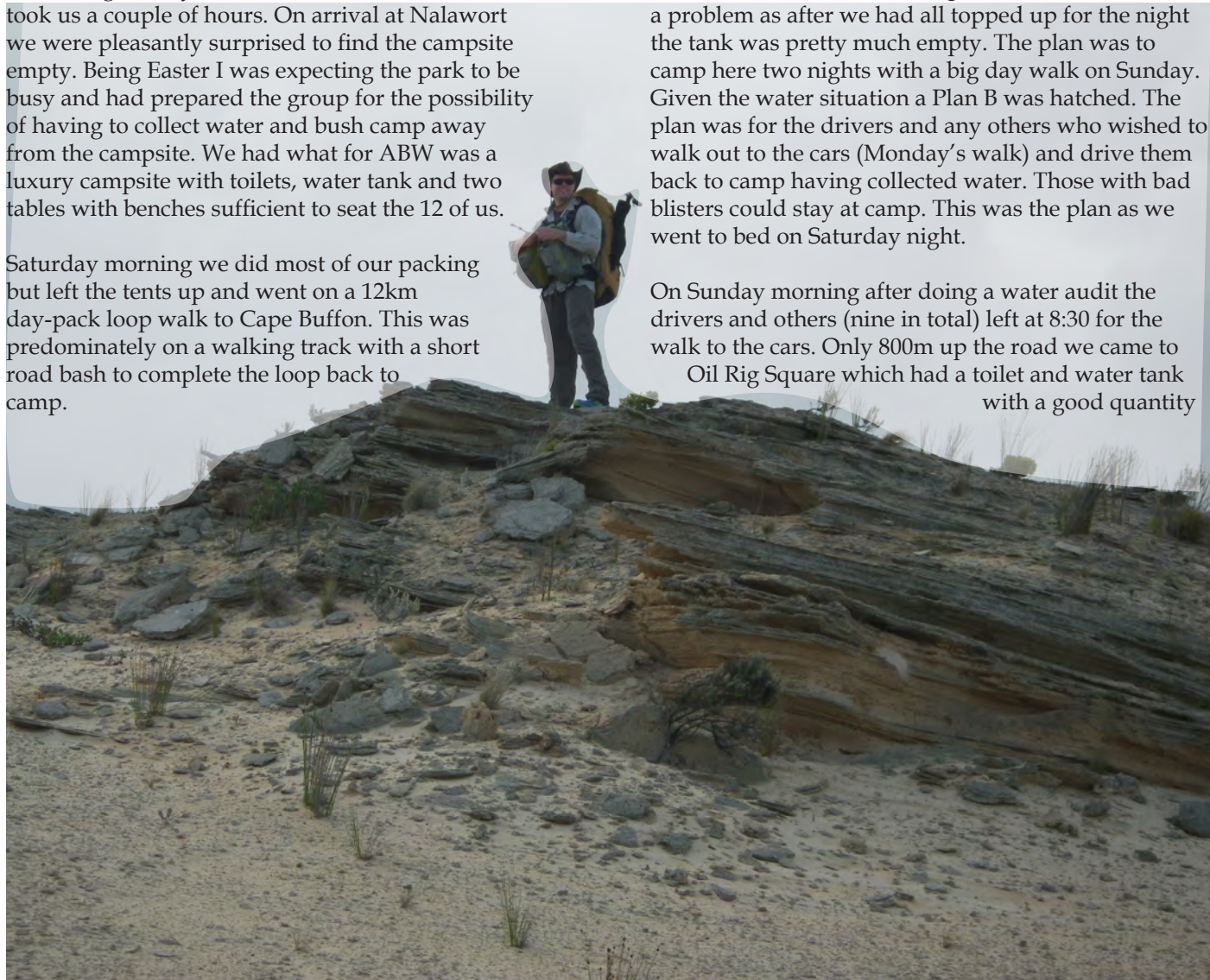
Saturday morning we did most of our packing but left the tents up and went on a 12km day-pack loop walk to Cape Buffon. This was predominately on a walking track with a short road bash to complete the loop back to camp.

There was spectacular coastal scenery along this walk and with the weather being good we could really enjoy it. We arrived back at camp about 11:30am to pack up the tents and have an early lunch.

After lunch we moved camp to Geltwood Beach. This was when the walk started getting a bit tougher. It was just short of 15km starting on 4WD tracks and finishing with 5.5km of beach walking, a few kilometers too much beach for most. This was when the blisters started for some or perhaps made their presence known if they had formed earlier. It was getting on towards 5pm when we finally reached the track off the beach and we were much relieved when the campsite came into view as we reached the top of the dunes.

This campsite had some occupants but was not full and had space for us all to camp as a group. It too had a tank, toilet and two tables with room for 12 although the tables were a bit further apart. Water was a bit of a problem as after we had all topped up for the night the tank was pretty much empty. The plan was to camp here two nights with a big day walk on Sunday. Given the water situation a Plan B was hatched. The plan was for the drivers and any others who wished to walk out to the cars (Monday's walk) and drive them back to camp having collected water. Those with bad blisters could stay at camp. This was the plan as we went to bed on Saturday night.

On Sunday morning after doing a water audit the drivers and others (nine in total) left at 8:30 for the walk to the cars. Only 800m up the road we came to Oil Rig Square which had a toilet and water tank with a good quantity





of water in it so we filled all the containers we were carrying and returned to camp to reinstate Plan A. In the meantime the three back at camp had gone for a walk on the beach and were a kilometer or more down the beach. The decision was made to leave them a note and for the nine of us to do the originally planned 25km day walk to Lake Bonney and return. This was on the basis that those hobbling around on blisters probably wouldn't want to come.

Sunday's day walk started and finished with a few kilometers of road bashing which wasn't that pleasant but in the middle it was quite good. We went to the Coola Outstation lookout for views over the park and lake to a wind farm. We then went to Coola Outstation ruin which was a very pleasant spot. There was a nice walking trail from the Coola car park to the lookout and outstation. From the outstation we walked to the northern end of Lake Bonney then back to the outstation for lunch. After lunch it was pretty much a nonstop walk back to camp. The group got quite spread out with the front markers getting back about 30 minutes before the last but we were all back by 4:15pm.

Monday's walk back to the cars was around 4km of road bash followed by 10 and a bit kilometers along a grassy fire track down the park boundary. At one point we got the neighbouring cows quite excited. We again got strung out a bit but eventually all finished and we reconvened in Millicent for a pub lunch before driving home.

Some special mentions:

Thanks to the two Easter Bunnies for the chocolate eggs, Tracy and Karen (with a somewhat heavy load of eggs).

Thanks to Ian for the supply of liquorice allsorts.

A very special mention for Ben with his wine and other nibbles to share and what seemed like a never ending supply of hot cross buns.

All in all a great group and a very successful Easter walk.

The first time I went to Canunda was on the Anzac long weekend in 2005 and interestingly there were 12 people on that walk, three of whom got bad blisters so there must be something about lots of walking on sand!



The Overland

By Richard Bowey

Nine Days in Nature's Embrace

Nine days walking in the rain, sleet, blizzards and snow. Tripping over tree roots, twisting ankles and bursting blisters after walking for hours in wet socks and boots. Ploughing through mud up to the waist. Side trips abandoned because the peaks were constantly shrouded in mist. Mice and wallabies eating through backpacks and tents in their relentless search for food. Walkers everywhere with no opportunity to enjoy the peace, beauty and tranquillity of the wilderness.

You might hear stories like this from others who have walked Tasmania's Overland Track but not from Dave (Carmichael) and myself. So what was our experience?

Nine days of walking in near perfect conditions - generally blue skies with some cloud, the temperature between 15 and 23 degrees - although we did have one thunderstorm with a few millimetres of rain but we were expecting it, it fell during the night and we did spend that evening in a hut. Evenings around about five degrees with one at zero.

Water everywhere - pristine lakes and rivers - which offered those who weren't intimidated by the refreshingly cool water, a chance to wash, bathe or swim at the end of every day.

Boardwalks, dry tracks and soft leaves of stunning forests underfoot - although there were sections of tree roots. Side trips to waterfalls and the tops of mountains which gave 360 degree views of some of the most stunning vistas in Australia. Warnings from the friendly ranger about the local fauna which would, if we were silly enough to leave our food in our packs or tents, eat their way through. And while we didn't have the track entirely to ourselves, the forty odd walkers, not surprisingly, were well spread out on the track although they did congregate in the huts at night.



Barn bluff from Waterfall Valley

Day One

We set off from Launceston via Tassie Link arriving at Cradle Mountain at noon. We check in, grab a hot pie and set off to Ronney's car park where the trek begins. It is shortly before 1300 hrs. Traditionally one attempts to start a long walk with an easy day. Not here, not now. With all walkers in the tourist season required to start north and walk south, we head off on the boardwalk across button grass plains to Crater Lake where, after stopping briefly at Scout Hut, we begin the real work for the day: the 450 metre ascent to Marion's Lookout. It's quite a climb but we've got plenty of time. At the lookout we are reminded that just nine days before a walker, aged 68, died here of a heart attack. Not good but what a way to go. Doing something he loved.

We push on up and over to the base of Cradle Mountain. It's a perfectly clear day and although we'd like to climb it, its getting late and we don't want to spend all our energy in the first afternoon. We head off towards Waterfall Valley, past the turnoff to Barn Bluff and onto our camp for the night. We reach it, ten kilometres from the start, inspect but ignore the two huts preferring to set up our tents with about twenty others on the soft grass. A ranger tells us all to put our food in our packs and our packs in the hut lest we get our packs and or our tents eaten by the local fauna.

We have a wash, a dinner and retire to our beds as the sun sets on our beautiful little camp. Its been a good day and apart from a few "aches" from our bodies, gone soft after a lazy summer, all is well in our world.

Day Two

We rise to find ice on our tents - we thought it was a bit chilly last night. We have our breakfast (muesli bar) and head off with day packs to climb Barn Bluff. Like yesterday its a perfect day. We walk the two kilometres back to the turnoff and then set out on the three and a half kilometre trip to Barn Bluff itself. We climb the imposing structure, scrambling on the last section to get to the top. What a view. I've been atop Cradle Mountain before and thought that was good but Barn Bluff is better. We can see in all directions, not Dove Lake but Lake Will to the south and at its base. It is magnificent. With no evidence of human intervention apart from the boardwalk which snakes away in the distance, this land is the same as it was ten, twenty thousand years ago. Just beautiful. This is why I walk. To be reminded just how insignificant I am.

We were going to do Cradle Mountain as well but decide to let it pass - we can walk it another day. So we head back to camp, pack up our tents, say good bye to our first night's campsite and push on to Windermere, eight kilometres away. Half way there we stop and decide to have a closer look at Lake Will which we saw from Barn Bluff. It is a pleasant walk

which takes us to the shore of a large freshwater lake complete with pencil pines on the little beaches around its perimeter. A couple of fellow walkers who didn't bother with Barn Bluff tell me I must see the waterfall at the end of the lake so I set off for there. It is magnificent, not because it is large but because where the water overflows from the lake it plunges down two rock faces to a pool surrounded by a magnificent assortment of flora. We could spend a couple of hours here but there is no time.

We rejoin the boardwalk and push on to our destination past the beautiful Lake Windermere, 600 metres from our overnight camp where we can have a wash and or a swim. We arrive at Windermere and chose to camp on one of the elevated platforms constructed precisely for this purpose, re-acquainting ourselves with some of our fellow walkers. It is obviously no accident that everyone is so happy and friendly – we've all enjoyed another beautiful day's walking in this superb World Heritage Park, the day walkers now far behind us. I return to the lake's edge to have a soapless wash – I do like to go to bed clean.



Lake Windermere

Day Three

We rise to another gorgeous day, have breakfast, break camp and head off, this time on a 17 kilometre walk. This time we walk along boardwalks, through the Enchanted Forest, across button grass plains to the Forth Valley Lookout which offers superb views down the Forth Valley (what happened to the Third Valley?). Then its into another beautiful forest where tall gums stretch overhead preventing any understorey from growing. We follow the contours of a range around before descending to Frog Flats where we emerge from the forest for a short walk again through button grass. Then its into another forest until we emerge sometime later and head past the turnoff to Old Pelion Hut and proceed to New Pelion Hut, a large modern hut. We set up our tents on the green grass above the hut before heading back to the Old Pelion Hut turnoff where someone has told us there is a place to swim / wash.

We find the quaint old Pelion Hut and, not long after, the river in which people are swimming. The water is crisp but very refreshing. I stay long enough to wash, to dry myself in the sun and return to the campsite clean again. Another perfect day.



Amongst Pandani at Windermere

Day Four

We wake to a low mist over the country which soon burns off. The short version of the Overland Track takes five days (although it is possible to take only four days) while the long version takes six days. We notice that some walkers leave early so they can make the next hut and grab a spot. Why would you? We have nine days and have planned to spend a rest day here, to climb Mt Oakleigh, a spectacular cliff that stands like a sentinel over the valley or just to laze around.

After breakfast I set off across the button grass plains to the mountain in the distance. Normally this track is quite boggy but we have been told that this area has had a very dry summer so the ground is surprisingly firm. I climb the 400 metres to the top and am rewarded with fantastic views again – this time of the two Pelion huts, the track by which we walked in, Mt Pelion East and West and Mt Ossa, the highest mountain in Tasmania which we hope to climb tomorrow. It is all extraordinarily beautiful and we both feel very privileged to be here. I descend and, not wanting to stop walking, head off along the Arm River Track for a couple of kilometres to see what I can see. This is off the main drag and is not an official side trip so I have it all to myself – and the black tiger snake that crosses my path. It is pure bliss.

Back at the camp site, I pack up my tent and move into the hut. Our seven day forecast had showers due tomorrow and rather than pack up in the rain, we decide to stay dry and experience life in the hut. This done, I head back to the swimming hole with my lunch where I spend the rest of the day – swimming, reading and thinking how good life is. At one point I am interrupted by a group of people whom I soon learn are members of a private party walking with Cradle Huts, an organisation who for just over \$3000, will escort you along the track and provide you with meals and accommodation at their private lodges. These walkers carry just their clothes – about ten kilos. One of the guides tells me he has done the walk over fifty times!! What a job! What an office!

Back at the hut we watch the setting sun cast its dying rays over Mt Oakleigh and the wallabies foraging for their dinner nearby. That night there is a thunder storm which dumps a bit of water on the country. We remain



Echo Point on Lake St Clair

dry but I vow not to stay again in a hut. Give me my tent any day.

Day Five

We wake to a heavily and low clouded sky which obscures all the peaks around us. Given today is about climbing Mt Ossa, we are in no hurry to leave unlike the hut brigade who set off to grab their place at the next hut, nine kilometres away.

We are among the last to leave eventually arriving at the turnoff to My Ossa at about 1100 hrs. Despite not being able to see the mountain, or any part of it, we decide to head off any way. The cloud is so low and thick we resign ourselves to not seeing anything from the peak or indeed even getting to the peak – the literature warns us not to attempt the climb after rain.

Although we can only see about twenty metres in front of us the rocks are dry so we continue our upward journey, walking and scrambling. I see a dark cloud towering above me, and suddenly realise that it is not a cloud but the “suggestion” of a rocky outcrop. A few moments later we meet a bloke on his way down. He tells us the only thing you can see on the summit is the survey peg. We bid him farewell and continue our climb, eventually reaching the top. We find the survey peg and take the obligatory photograph. What would the view look like, we wonder. Miraculously the clouds part for a few seconds, teasing us with an incredible view. We snap a photo, grateful for this small revelation. As if to reward our gratitude, the misty curtain clears again offering an even better view. It is fantastic. As I thank Hughie for his kindness, he lifts the curtain completely. All is revealed. So this is what a realisation looks like! I feel like Moses when God parted the Red Sea!

The view from Ossa is magnificent and so is the top itself. It is a plateau on which is growing all sorts of plants with fantastic shapes and colours. It also has a resident wallaby who looks quite at home and not the least phased by us. The cloud continues to blow away leaving us to admire the view. Fantastic. We are elated.

We return to the path and continue onwards to Kia Ora Hut where we find a spot on a wooden platform. It has been a great day.

Day Six

Today is the day we explore some waterfalls just off the route. It is an easy 10 kilometre day and we have a gander at the historic DuCane Hut, used now only for emergencies. Later we take our time examining the D'Alton and Fergusson Falls and later Harnett Falls. They are all different and very beautiful. We feel the temptation to get blasé. Same stuff day after day. A walk through a pristine forest to pristine waterfall. We are not alone but we still feel quite privileged to be here. We know some people do this walk and not see a thing. We have seen everything.

We arrive at the new Windy Ridge (Bert Nichols) Hut which overlooks the Acropolis. The view from the hut is stunning as has been the whole walk.

Day Seven

We break camp and set off. Today we are heading to Pine Valley about 10 kilometres away and off the Overland Track itself. We want to see everything which is why we have chosen to take nine days. As I wander along the boardwalks - they are extensive on the Track - I wonder if we are missing anything by not ploughing through mud. I decide we are not. Although the man made wooden paths make a pretty gentle walk, if they were not here then while the experience would be more “authentic” it would also result in huge degradation of the Track itself. I would like my grandchildren to be able to do this walk and share the same experience. The boardwalks will ensure they can.

We turn off the Overland Track and feel as if we have this valley to ourselves. It is a magnificent walk taking us through two lots of forest. Absolutely beautiful. We could take all this for granted - it's just another pristine forest alongside pristine streams and pools – but again



Mount Oakleigh

we remind ourselves how fortunate we are. We are alone when we reach a small hut but, fearful of others joining us, I chose to set up my tent.

We have lunch before striking out for the Acropolis. It takes us through the forest and then up a very steep path to a plateau. We walk along the plateau to the base of the Acropolis, so named because it has dolerite pillars

perched precariously on the summit like the columns of some old ruin. As we have come to expect, it is a beautiful clear day with only a couple of clouds in the sky. Up we go.

As before it offers an extraordinary view showing, among other things, Bert Nicholas Hut to the east and Lake St Clair to the south. We are alone. In the bosom of Hughie Wondrous.

We return to our hut to find five walkers – two young Japanese blokes, three Frenchmen and an Israeli. The Overland attracts people from all over the world and rightly so. It is an extraordinary walk.



Cyane Lake in the Labyrinth

Day Eight

Next morning I climb to the Labyrinth in the shadow of the Parthenon. The notes say not to venture here without a map and compass. I have a GPS. Not until I am up here do I understand why. The Labyrinth is in a plateau marked by small rocky hillocks and alpine tarns. Although it is clear, if the mist did come in a GPS may not work and without the landmarks to follow, it would be extremely difficult to find the trail out if you wandered off it. Although we have been treated to some exceptional weather, it is Tasmania - capable of delivering four seasons in one day.

Reluctantly, I return to our hut. It is time to leave for Narcissus Hut at the northern point of Lake St Clair, ten kilometres away.

We set off, passing perhaps twenty people walking into the hut we have just left. It is the Saturday of a long weekend and all the locals are heading for their favourite hut. Our timing has been perfect. We reach the Overland Track where about twenty walkers have congregated for lunch. It is like Rundle Street. Our days of isolation are close to an end.

We walk on to Narcissus Hut where the “short” version of the Overland Track ends and where those walkers in a hurry catch the ferry to Cynthia Bay. But why would you? We talk to some kayakers who are at Lake St Clair for the weekend and they tell us the track around the lake to the end of the Track is boring. Nevertheless we set out for Echo Point, 6.5 kms away. Contrary to what we have been told, it is a delightful walk through forest with the lake on our left. We reach Echo Point at 1800 hrs and think we may have the hut to ourselves. Dave takes the hut and I pitch my tent on the lake's edge. We are joined by our Israeli friend who also prefers to camp out. It is a magical place for our last night on the Track.

Day Nine

We strike out for Cynthia Bay, 11 kilometres away. It is another beautiful day. After ninety minutes we start to run into day trippers. We know the end is in sight. As George Harrison sang, “All Things Must Pass”. It is over.

One hundred and thirty kilometres (one hundred kilometres with a pack) and a quarter of a million steps after starting, we walk into the arms of “civilisation” again. It is a bitter sweet moment. Hot showers, changing into clean clothes and a famous Overland Burger with a cold beverage against the peace and quiet of Nature with few signs of human existence. Hhm.

So is the Overland Track overrated? Absolutely not. Is it magnificent? Is the Pope Catholic? Should everyone walk it? Without a doubt. Is it worthy of members of the ABW? Sure is. Will everyone enjoy it as much as we did? To be sure, to be sure.

If you haven't done it already, do your spirits a favour and start planning it now. And take your time. No need to rush. May the weather treat you as well as it did us although I am certain it is beautiful in any season.



Du Cane Hut



Local Wallaby and Tent and Backpack Eater

In Case of Emergency

By Mark Proctor with gratitude to Mal Kirkham

We all have names and phone numbers stored in our mobile phones but nobody, other than ourselves, knows which of these numbers belong to our closest family or friends. If we were involved in an accident or taken ill, the people trying to help us might have our mobile phone but they wouldn't know whom to call about the accident.

An international campaign is trying to encourage everyone to store a contact in their mobile phone shown as the ICE contact - the "In Case of Emergency" contact. Police, ambulance and hospital personnel regularly look for an ICE contact if the person in distress is unable to talk or recall their emergency contact details. Telstra, and presumably the other telcos in Australia are actively encouraging mobile phone users to have a number in their contact list designated as their ICE contact.

So it is a good idea to save your ICE contact details in your contacts list but if your phone is locked, nobody is going to be able to access your contact list anyway. The iPhone App Store has a number of free or low cost apps that enable you to store your ICE contact information on the lock screen of your phone. I am sure that other phone systems have similar apps.

If you carry your mobile phone when day walking, cycling or kayaking it would be a good idea to use one of these apps to record your ICE data on the lock screen.



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ABW ICE

By Mark Proctor

Overnight bushwalking presents a problem when it comes to contacting our relatives or friends in the event of an emergency.

To facilitate points of contact between the club and a relative or friend, the club has an emergency contact procedure, which is now to be known as ABW ICE. You must nominate your "in case of emergency" (ICE) contact when you first join the club and you can update this data at any time by amending the emergency contact data shown on the sign up page for a club activity. Be sure that this is always up to date and make sure that you have not nominated a friend or relative who is on the same walk as you. (Don't laugh. We have seen this more than a dozen times.)

There is no sign up procedure for Wednesday Walks, Thursday training walks or weekend day walks so members undertaking these activities need to ensure that they have their ICE contact data on them during the activity e.g. on the lock screen of their mobile phone.

Everybody involved with overnight bushwalking has a responsibility for ABW ICE. What follows is a description of how ABW ICE works.

Details of all club activities are saved in the MARS database on the club website. This data can be accessed by any member of the Committee and passed onto Police or rescue authorities when needed.

In the case of an emergency, the Leader contacts a Committee member to inform them about an incident. Alternatively a participant's ICE contact who is concerned that a member is unexpectedly late returning from a club activity contacts a Committee member.

Since most overnight walks occur in places where mobile phone communications are poor, it is unlikely that a Leader whose group has encountered an emergency situation will be able to inform anyone else for some time. In such a situation, the first one to notice that a walking group may be in trouble is their ICE contacts. So it is up to the ICE contact to initiate an alert about any overdue walker.

There is a list of Committee members and their contact details on the club fridge magnet which is produced each year after Committee election. You can also find it on the club website at <https://www.adelaidebushwalkers.org/members/committee-contacts/>.



The club narrowly averted a serious incident in The Chasm at the Grampians in 2009. The first image above shows Trevor Jones with his arms around a one tonne rock which fell about one metre trapping the author's left arm and knee between the rock and the chasm wall. In the middle picture, Trevor's arm is in the gap where the author's knee was pinned until a sharp pull managed to dislodge it before it became firmly jammed.

Checklists for ABW ICE

By Mark Proctor

Before a walk

The Leader:

- Ensures that the details and route of the activity are correctly saved in MARS including an estimated return time.
- Ensures that the list of participants is up to date.
- Carries a list of participants and a Committee contact list.
- Appoints another person on the walk to initiate emergency contact should the Leader become incapacitated.

Each Participant:

- Ensures that their ICE contact data is up to date in MARS.
- Informs their ICE contact when they expect to return.
- Gives a list of Committee contacts to their ICE contact.
- Carries an Emergency Medical Information card in their pack (see below).



Walkers descend a steep creek line in the Aroona Valley. Whilst ABW walks are seldom treacherous, there is always potential for a mishap which leads to the need to call a walker's ICE contact.

Emergency Medical Information

It is recommended that all members keep a list of the following information in their pack to assist anyone trying to help them in the case of an emergency. A copy of this table is available on the Members Documents page of the club website.:

Name:	
Address:	
Phone numbers:	<i>Home: ; Mobile:</i>
Date of birth:	
Medicare number:	
Private insurance:	<i>Fund name and membership number</i>
Ambulance cover:	
Personal doctor:	<i>Name and contact number</i>
Emergency contact:	<i>Name</i>
Telephone:	<i>Home: ; Mobile:</i>
Medications	
Medical conditions	
Allergies	

During the Walk

The Leader:

If their group is likely to be significantly late getting back into reliable communications contact or if emergency assistance is needed, makes best endeavours to contact a Committee member.

Any ICE contact:

- If a participant is overdue, contacts a member of the Committee to check for information about a group.

Committee member:

- If contacted by a Leader advising of a late return, ascertains whether the group has been able to inform their ICE contacts about a late return.
- If contacted by an ICE contact enquiring about an overdue member, endeavours to contact the Leader.
- If appropriate, contacts the Police advising them of relevant details of the activity, the names of members involved and the expected return time (all stored in MARS).
- Contacts the ICE contacts for other walkers to inform them of the situation.
- Gets the assistance of other Committee members or experienced club members.

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