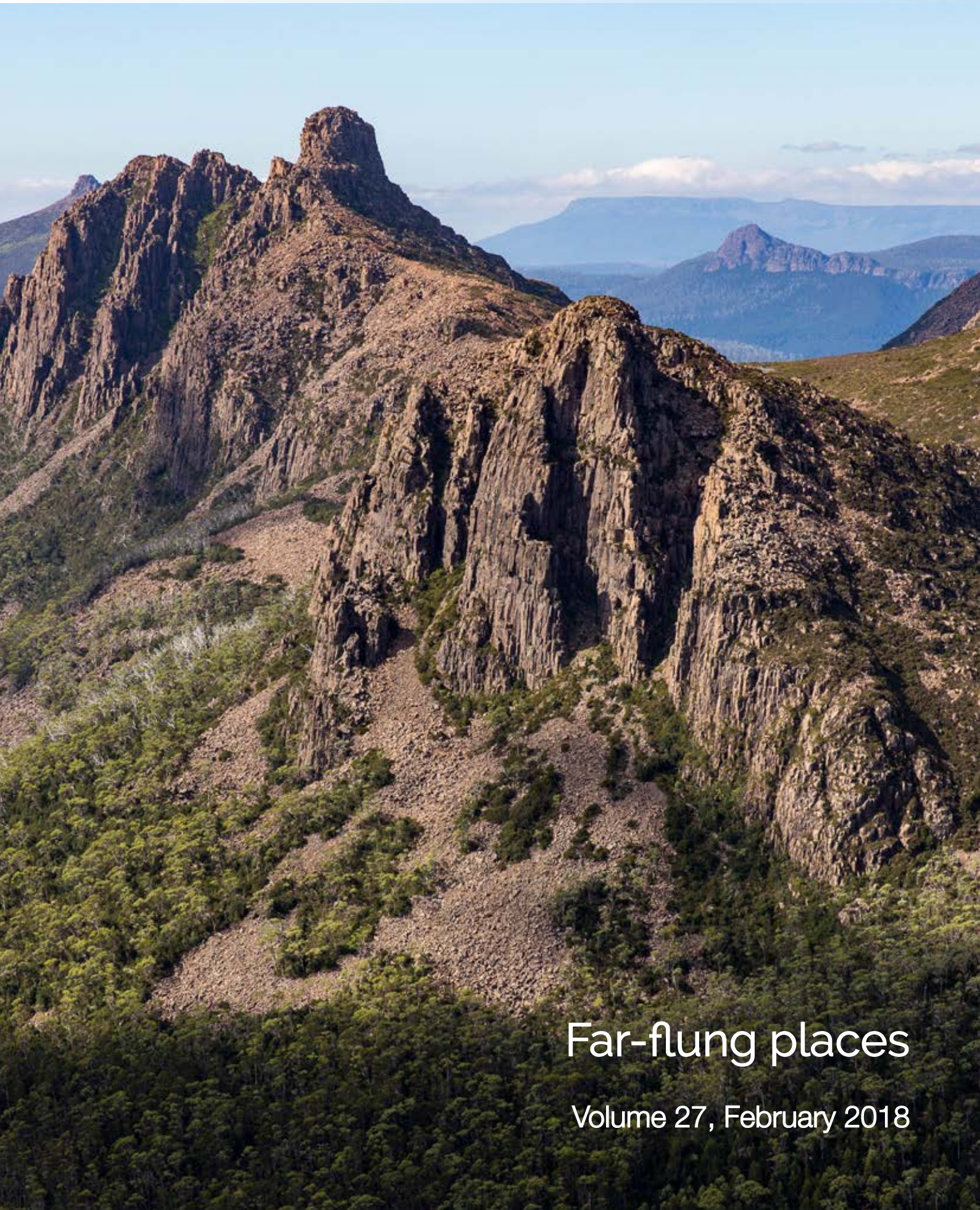


Bushwalk Australia



Far-flung places

Volume 27, February 2018

Bushwalk Australia Magazine
An electronic magazine for
<http://bushwalk.com>
Volume 27, February 2018

"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



Hyperion, the Greek titan god of light, standing proud from near the summit of Walled Mountain by MJD

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We would love you to be part of the magazine, here is how to contribute - [Writer's Guide](#).

The copy deadline for the April 2018 edition is 28 February 2018.

Warning

Like all outdoor pursuits, the activities described in this publication may be dangerous. Undertaking them may result in loss, serious injury or death. The information in this publication is without any warranty on accuracy or completeness. There may be significant omissions and errors. People who are interested in walking in the areas concerned should make their own enquiries, and not rely fully on the information in this publication.

The publisher, editor, authors or any other entity or person will not be held responsible for any loss, injury, claim or liability of any kind resulting from people using information in this publication.

Please consider joining a walking club or undertaking formal training in other ways to ensure you are well prepared for any activities you are planning. Please report any errors or omissions to the editor or in the forum at BWA eMag.

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From the Editor

Hi

I hope this new edition of the Bushwalk Australia digital magazine finds you well. My family and I are just back from a holiday in Tassie. We spent nine days walking the Overland Track with our 10- and 12-year-old kids - what a great way to spend the school holidays.

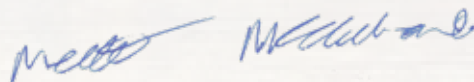
A massive thanks to Stephen and Eva who managed this entire edition while I was galavanting around Tassie - and what a great edition it is.

There are three very varied walks - Peru, New Zealand and a day walk in Victoria. Sonya has yummy vegetarian food ideas for your next walk. James has written a cracker of a gear review, and there's a look back at women and the wilderness from 100 years ago. Also you will find a compelling reading on the challenges with biodiversity in Australia. NNW has an evocative poem about a Christmas trip, and many will identify with this.

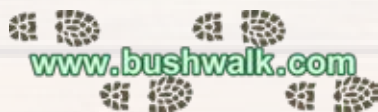
A big thanks to our authors and photographers who make every edition amazing.

Remember to check out mag.bushwalk.com for previous editions and articles in blog format.

Happy walking
Matt :)



Matt McClelland (aka Wildwalks)
matt@bushwalk.com



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.

Videos

Gear I wish I'd had during my Thru-Hike

Darwin onthetrail talks about his experience and gear on track



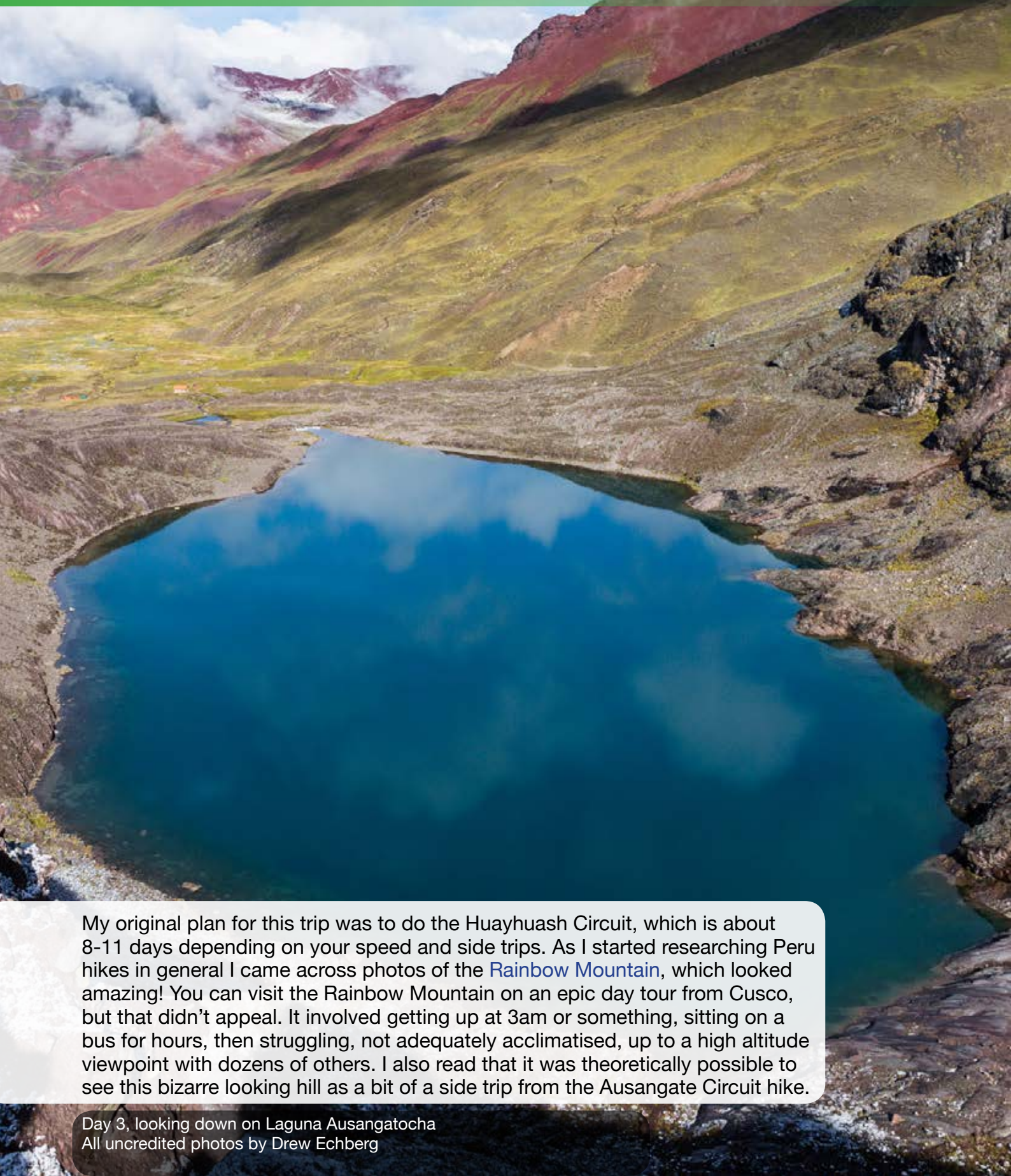
How the Appalachian Trail ruined my life/post trail depression

What happens after you get back from a longer bushwalk...



Ausangate Circuit, Peru

Drew Echberg



My original plan for this trip was to do the Huayhuash Circuit, which is about 8-11 days depending on your speed and side trips. As I started researching Peru hikes in general I came across photos of the [Rainbow Mountain](#), which looked amazing! You can visit the Rainbow Mountain on an epic day tour from Cusco, but that didn't appeal. It involved getting up at 3am or something, sitting on a bus for hours, then struggling, not adequately acclimatised, up to a high altitude viewpoint with dozens of others. I also read that it was theoretically possible to see this bizarre looking hill as a bit of a side trip from the Ausangate Circuit hike.

Day 3, looking down on Laguna Ausangatocha
All uncredited photos by Drew Echberg

The Ausangate Circuit looked amazing, and I began to think it would be a real shame to go to Peru and not do this hike, especially as it was apparently much less busy than many other areas. My partner Bec, who is sometimes a reluctant hiker, was also pretty excited about the Rainbow Mountain. Over time the Ausangate hike got locked into our plans and the Huayhuash started to get bumped off. I definitely would have been pushing my luck with Bec to do both, a six day hike (Ausangate) and a ten(ish) day hike (Huayhuash), both independently (carrying everything), so in the end we decided on the Ausangate and a shortened version of the Alpamayo Circuit, which a friend had recommended.

Hopefully I'll get around to doing the Alpamayo report soon. For now, here's Ausangate.

Day 1, Cusco to Upis Hot Springs

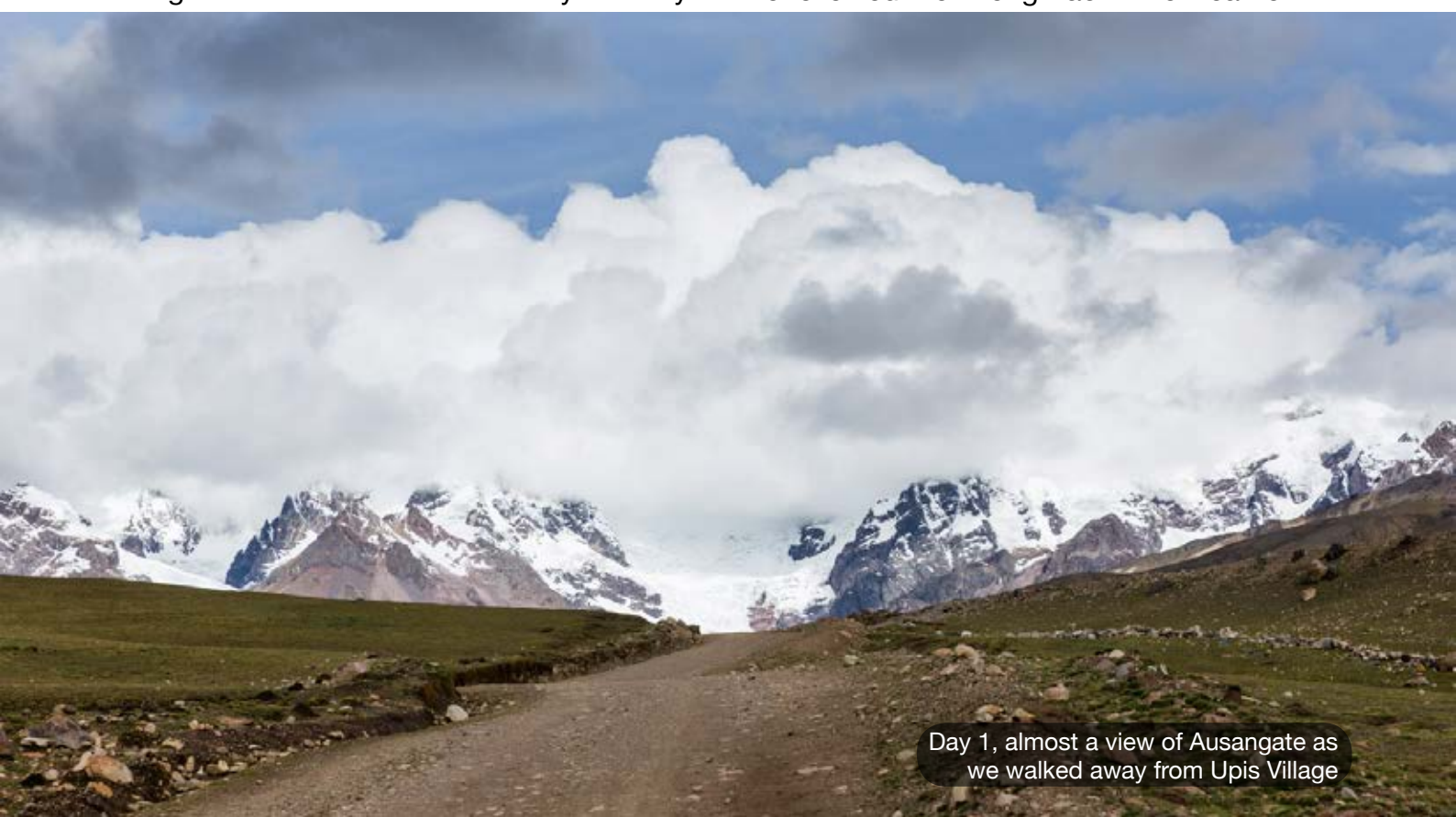
From Cusco we caught a morning bus to Tinki (3800 metres), a medium-sized town which is, traditionally, the trailhead for this hike. In recent years as roads have been built and improved, it's become possible to get closer to the mountains by car and shorten the walk. I guess that the sections that you can now drive have consequently become less pleasant to walk. Previously they might have been walks on footpaths through rural villages and farmland but now they're dusty



Day 1, alpacas galore on this hike

road slogs. We decided to get a taxi (50 soles, A\$20) to save ourselves a few hours of reportedly boring uphill slog to Upis Village (about 4200 metres I think).

We'd thought the taxi would leave us only two hours walk from Abra Arapa Pass (the first pass of the hike) and that we might get over the pass and down to a campsite on day one. However, having not arrived in Tinki until 1:30pm (and then eaten a quick lunch), we didn't arrive at Upis until 2:30pm. The taxi driver had told us that he'd taken us as far as the road went, but it soon became apparent that there was another two kilometres or so of road. We realised we'd only have enough daylight to get to the Upis Hot Springs campsite. This took us about 2.5 hours, including a 15 minute detour where we followed the wrong track. The weather



Day 1, almost a view of Ausangate as we walked away from Upis Village

was mostly fairly gloomy and we only caught a few glimpses of the peaks looming ahead, including the 6384 metre Nevado Ausangate. There were some bursts of late afternoon sun, making the alpaca covered grassy plains look golden and warm. We had one run-in with an overly defensive and quite scary dog, but thankfully our comical trekking pole waving retreat was enough to deter it from biting!

The campsite wasn't all that nice but the view would be if you got to see it! We saw only glimpses. The campsite cost five soles (A\$2), including use of the toilet. There was one other small group with a trekking company. It was a very mild night at about 4400 metres.

Day 2, Upis Hot Springs to Laguna Ausangatocha (aka Ausangate Lake)

After brekky and packing up we backtracked slightly to have a bath in the hot springs. Well worthwhile! We then began the fairly easy climb to Abra Arapa Pass (4850 metres). Unfortunately Ausangate remained hidden behind clouds, with just some views of its glaciers. However, the views at the pass were spectacular. This was quite a bizarre landscape, similar to some that I've seen in Iceland. After the pass (which didn't seem that "passy" - no steep descent on



Day 2, Abra Arapa Pass

the other side) we crossed a fairly boggy and slippery area before descending into a beautiful valley, dotted with lakes and lots of alpacas. Unfortunately the weather started to deteriorate and as well as missing some spectacular views we had to contend with freezing rain, thankfully not too heavy. We passed the other group, a little jealous of their dining tent, and had lunch under a rock overhang, staying mostly dry.

After lunch we started climbing, fairly gently, until we reached Apacheta Pass aka Ausangate Pass at about 4850 metres. Despite not being able to see the peaks around us (or much of the glaciers) there were some stunning views looking back along the valley and of the colours in the



Day 2, lots more Alpacas! Just before the rain started

hills. The climb to the pass was pretty easy, not having lost too much altitude since the first pass. From Apacheta Pass we descended steeply to the campsite by Laguna Ausangatocha at about 4650 metres. We got the tent up quickly and retreated inside as the showers continued.

There was a toilet building at this campsite but some genius had decided to install flush toilets instead of pits. Of course they weren't plumbed, so you had to go down the creek to fill a bucket to flush them. Unfortunately not everyone did... I have no idea where the flushed waste went. There were two more groups at this campsite as well as a solo hiker. It's a pretty cold and exposed place, but with beautiful views.

Day 3, Laguna Ausangatocha to an unnamed campsite before Abra Campa Pass

It started snowing at about 5am and continued for an hour or so. Then the sun came out and everything was stunning. With Palomani Pass now snow covered we considered staying put but the skies looked like clearing. Soon we'd have other's footprints to follow so we decided to continue as planned after a visit to the shore of the lake and take plenty of photos in the morning sun.



Day 2, looking back along the valley we'd walked through

The climb up to Palomani Pass (5200 metres) was tough! I'd been this high before but not carrying a full pack with tent, winter gear and plenty of food. There was also my very heavy camera, which I tend not to include in my gear weight because it makes any attempts at shedding weight seem pointless! The altitude had been messing with my appetite. Even in Cusco I hadn't been eating as much as normal, but on the hike it had been a struggle to make myself eat much, so I was probably low on fuel. Nevertheless, the scenery was gorgeous! There was an amazing view on the way up, a slight detour from the track up the moraine, looking down over the lake and our campsite with incredibly red hills in the background.



Day 3, morning at camp after snowfall

Stunning. Everything was still blanketed in snow and the sun was shining, adding to the majesty of the landscape. From the pass we had more stunning views, although unfortunately the high peaks were still mostly obscured.

After a long descent, passing a few houses and lots of alpacas, we had a leisurely lunch by a river, drying the tent in the sun. Unfortunately the sun didn't stick around and before long it was very grey again. We got a bit confused about where to go next, lured in the wrong direction by a very clear track, and a bit of a navigational brainfade I must admit! Eventually, with the help of an old lady in a nearby house, we got going in the right direction; inexplicably, there was no track at all for a while. We skirted around a very broad valley before beginning to climb again, following a river into another, narrower valley. At one point we saw a group of walkers quite high above us, so there must have been another route that we could have taken.

We reached the next campsite at about 3:30pm and again were forced straight into the tent; it was raining again and we were both knackered. The campsite had amazing views towards big mountains at the end of the valley, but otherwise wasn't nice. It was



Day 3, slogging it up the climb. It was a tough one by Rebecca Newman

very boggy, with no sheltered spots that were on dry ground. If the winds came from up the valley we could get some shelter, but not if they came from down the valley. Also, there was another flush toilet here, but with no bucket and with the river 150 metres away, there was no way to flush! As a result they were in a horrendous state and couldn't be used. This was quite frustrating. One of the reasons we decided to camp at these campsites was to minimise our environmental impact. If there are toilets then it's best to use them. But when the toilets can't be used then you get people's waste concentrated in one area, and rarely properly buried (it's not easy digging in the rocky



Day 3, looking down from the other side of the pass

ground). With all the flowing water, the waste is sure to be getting into the rivers. If I were to go again I'd wild camp.

The rain soon turned to hail and then to snow, about an inch or so. I was very glad when it stopped, as I wasn't confident of my Stratospire's ability to stand up to a serious dump!

Day 4, campsite before Abra Campa Pass to Pacchanta hot springs

We woke the next morning to an icy tent - it had cleared overnight, probably dropping to around -3°C to -5°C . I'd been worried about the potential for very cold weather on this hike. From what I'd read we should expect mild, sunny days and clear, cold nights, with -5°C to -10°C being the norm. We weren't sure if our sleeping bags would be adequate, and eventually decided to also take my down summer quilt to spread over us. We had bought a cheap closed cell foam mat in Cusco, which we cut in half and each used under our inflatable mats. However, this night was as cold as it got on either of our hikes in Peru, and we were toasty without having to use the quilt.

The pre-dawn light was gorgeous, and I wandered around in the freezing morning air,



Day 4, view as we approached the pass

taking photos. The sun finally climbed over a low bank of clouds and it was suddenly warm. We let the tent dry for a bit before starting walking around 8am, climbing steadily but not too steeply. There were lots of alpacas and everything was looking stunning in the snow and sunshine. The climb to the pass wasn't very steep but it was long. Having a few rests and taking a lot of photos it took us about three hours. The views of surrounding peaks were spectacular.

After descending we ate lunch at an amazing campsite with incredible views where two old women from a nearby village spread out their souvenirs to sell - socks, bags, beanies



Day 4, climbing out of the valley towards Abra Campo Pass. Some lazy buggers on horses ahead of us

etc. Bec bought a few things and we gave them some food that we wouldn't need. They told us it was an hour to Pacchanta hot springs if we were fast. We wouldn't arrive there for 2.5 hours! Those mountain ladies are speedy! Or don't have a good sense of time... After lunch the weather turned for the worse again, with rain, sleet and icy winds. Thankfully it didn't last too long. We had stunning views of Ausangate and its glaciers and some beautiful lakes too. It was hard to go past a fantastic potential campsite by a lake, looking towards Ausangate, but the hot springs were calling us. It turned into a bit of a slog, not because the walking was boring (it was beautiful and easy) but because we felt like we'd never arrive. It was well worth pushing on though - we jumped in the hot springs as soon as we arrived at Pacchanta and soaked until after sunset with Ausangate overlooking us. We gave in to temptation and paid a few bucks to sleep in a bed. The only campsites we could see were on sloping ground and the tent was still very wet. It seems like quite a little tourist village has grown up around the springs in a very short period. The road now goes all the way to the springs and it looked like there were tour groups who'd driven there just to stay the night.



Day 4, well earned. A sunset soak in Pacchanta

Day 5, Pacchanta hot springs to Tinki, to Cusco

After eating breakfast whilst sitting in the hot springs, we decided to finish the walk properly by walking to Tinki, rather than getting a ride. Some of the road walking was fairly dull, partly because it was such a grey morning and the peaks were mostly to our backs, but as we got lower and started passing through villages it got more interesting. The day we'd started, Tinki had been very busy, with the market in full swing and some sort of car rally happening. Upon finishing the walk it was super quiet, with very few lunch options. We ordered lunch from a street stall in the square and it was one of the most disappointing post-hike



Day 4, looking back to Ausangate

meals I've ever had! Triple carb delight: pasta, potatoes and rice on the one plate, with just some hints of tomato and some very ordinary bits of trout. We should have found a fried chicken place or just cooked up our last noodles, but we wanted to get on a bus as quickly as we could.

I started feeling pretty exhausted and a bit unwell on the bus back to Cusco. My appetite still hadn't properly returned so I think I must have burned a lot more energy than I'd put in and was now feeling the effects. There were no lingering problems though and soon we were moving on to Huaraz to start our next hike.

A few reflections

You might be wondering why there was no further mention of the Rainbow Mountain in my report! Well, we decided at some point in our planning that it sounded like a bit too much of an ordeal to find it from the Ausangate Circuit. People do it, but it does add at least a day to the circuit and, without being able to accurately place it on a map, we thought it sounded like a bit more adventure than we were looking for. No regrets though: there were some beautiful colours in the mountains that we did see!

Overall it was a stunning hike. Due to poor weather we were unlucky to miss out on quite a lot of views, but what we did see



Day 4, our tent at dawn after overnight snow

was incredible. There was quite a variety of spectacular and unusual landscapes. The lack of crowds is a big plus for this walk too. I'd originally planned to do the Huayhuash Circuit. There were a few reasons we decided not to, but hearing that it is very busy (especially with large, rowdy groups from one particular country) was a big factor. It's probably only a matter of time before the Ausangate gets crowded.

It seems impossible to get a decent map of this area. I downloaded a map to my phone and used [Backcountry Navigator](#). The track marked on that map was fairly accurate - experienced walkers should have no trouble with navigation using it. Nor should completing the hike independently pose problems for experienced walkers.



Day 5, a pretty dull road bash but good views if you turned around

I prefer walking independently but going with a trekking company would have its perks, specifically not having to lug all your gear up high altitude passes, a dinner tent and lots of hot meals and drinks prepared for you. However I think that the pack animals used cause unnecessary erosion.

If I were going again I'd avoid the established campsites. There are plenty of great spots to camp and I think that, given the toilets that are available, you would actually reduce your environmental impact by spreading out more.

There was water almost everywhere, except near some of the passes (the only time you might carry more than a litre). We always treated it – there were lots of livestock.

It's cold and the nights are long!

If you don't have lots of time I'd definitely recommend getting a taxi to cut out the first day, and possibly getting a lift on the last day. However, your acclimatisation will be more gradual if you walk from Tinki.

We flew from Lima at sea level to Cusco (3400 metres), where we had four nights to acclimatise. We'd hoped to do a day hike to

above 4000 metres but only managed to get to about 3700 metres. We didn't have any altitude problems though, except my lack of appetite.

Gear

I won't go into detail about gear but a couple of the main things:

Shelter - I took a [Tarptent Stratospire 2](#), with the solid inner. I bought this recently and wasn't sure about using it in these high altitude conditions, as I wasn't sure what sort of winds it could handle. Most nights I pitched with the panel lifters (using Bec's trekking poles) just in case the wind came up. We didn't experience any strong winds and the tent was fine. However, it had quite a lot of condensation, including inside the inner (not enough mesh for moisture to escape from I guess). With the long, cold nights I was glad for the spaciousness and large vestibules. This is the reason I took the Strat instead of my Mont Moondance, which is possibly sturdier but smaller and heavier.

Sleeping system - I had a [One Planet Bush Lite](#) -11 sleeping bag (-11°C comfort), with a [Sea to Summit Thermolite Reactor liner](#). My



Day 2, most of the peaks hidden, but still beautiful views

mat was a [Klymit Static V Ultra Light](#), rated R4.4, plus a half length cheap closed cell foam mat. I'm a cold sleeper, and this set up was decided on with -10°C temperatures expected. It didn't get close to that cold and I was completely comfortable, without using the [Enlightened Equipment Revelation quilt](#) (-1°C comfort rating) that we'd brought to put over the two of us. Bec had the same mats and an almost 10 year old Mont Aurora, I think rated to -4 comfort (women's). She's not a cold sleeper and was also comfortable.

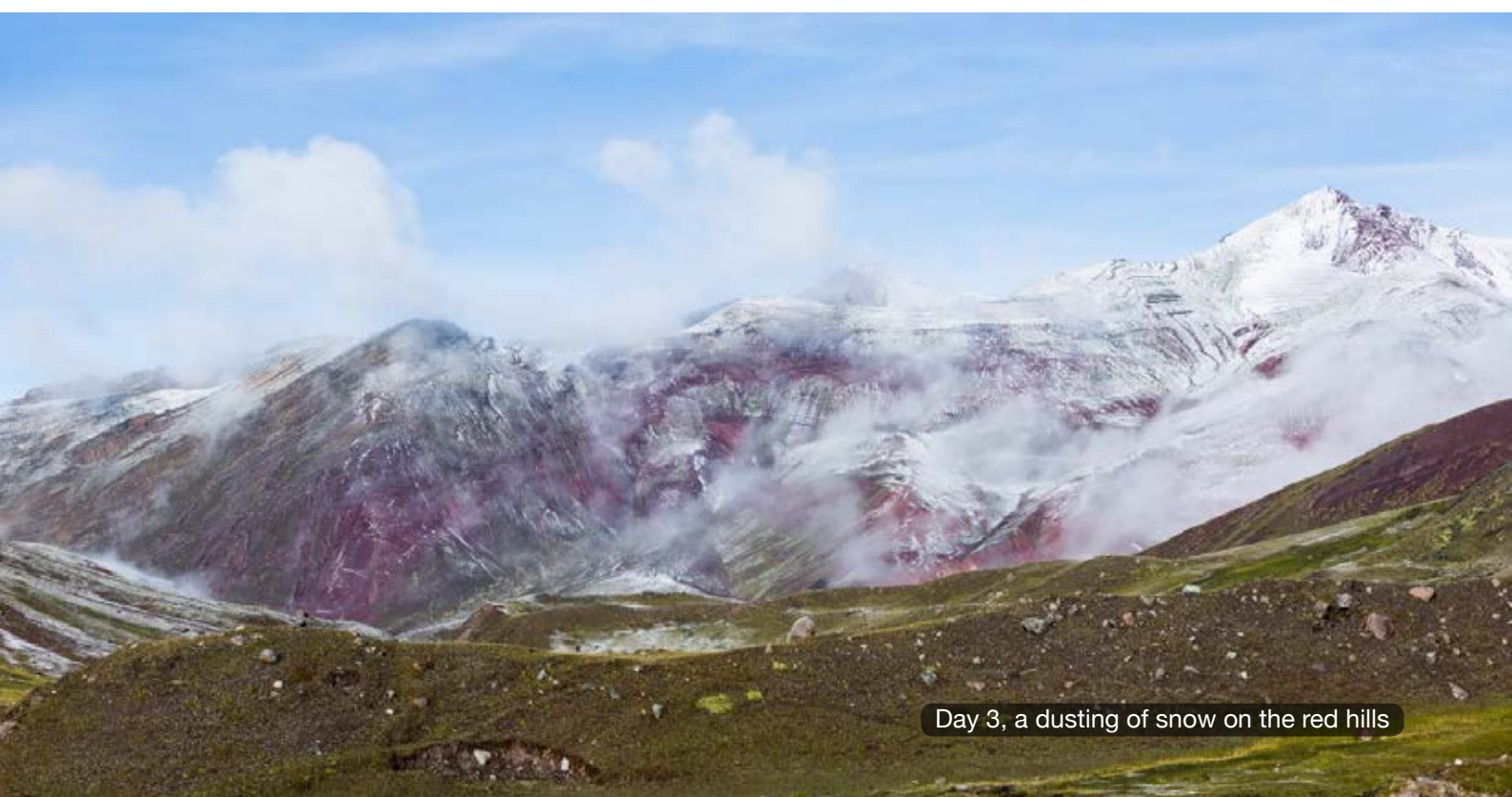
Food - We prepared almost all of our food at home. Dehydrating our own meals and putting together brekkies of porridge, chia puddings etc meant we got much lighter and nicer food than we would have been able to buy in Cusco. We had generous luggage allowance flying over so taking food for two hikes of five days (plus a bit extra) was no problem.

Water purification - We used a [Steripen Classic 3](#), which we'd purchased for this trip. It is a bit heavy but it was very convenient; so much more so than what we used trekking in Nepal a few years ago, the Sawyer Mini, which was hopeless at high altitude. We used the Steripen for our whole trip (eight weeks) and saved a huge number of plastic bottles and a lot of money! I believe that all travellers to the developing world should use some sort of purification device to avoid buying bottled water.

I used a Canon 5D Mkiii, with a Canon 24-70mm f/2.8 lens. Bec used a Canon 85mm f/1.8.



Drew is from Melbourne and is a freelance photographer, working in architectural, landscape, portrait, event and fine art photography. He was introduced to bushwalking as a kid and later did a bit of hiking on overseas trips, but didn't fully catch the bushwalking bug until his early thirties. Drew loves being among big mountains and most overseas trips now are at least partly hiking based. You can see more of his photography at drewwechberg.com or on Instagram at [@drew_echberg_photographer](https://www.instagram.com/drew_echberg_photographer).



Day 3, a dusting of snow on the red hills

Milford Track, New Zealand

Juliet Gibbons



Regarded by many as one of the world's top 10 walks and dubbed in marketing speak as the “[finest walk in the world](#)”, the [Milford Track](#) is undoubtedly the most iconic of all New Zealand's Great Walks. In late November 2017, I experienced this iconic track and its famous alpine crossing over the MacKinnon Pass with my 72-year-old father.

John Jordan beneath one of the many spectacular waterfalls in the Clinton River Valley.
All pictures taken by Juliet and Steve Gibbons of New Zealand Walks

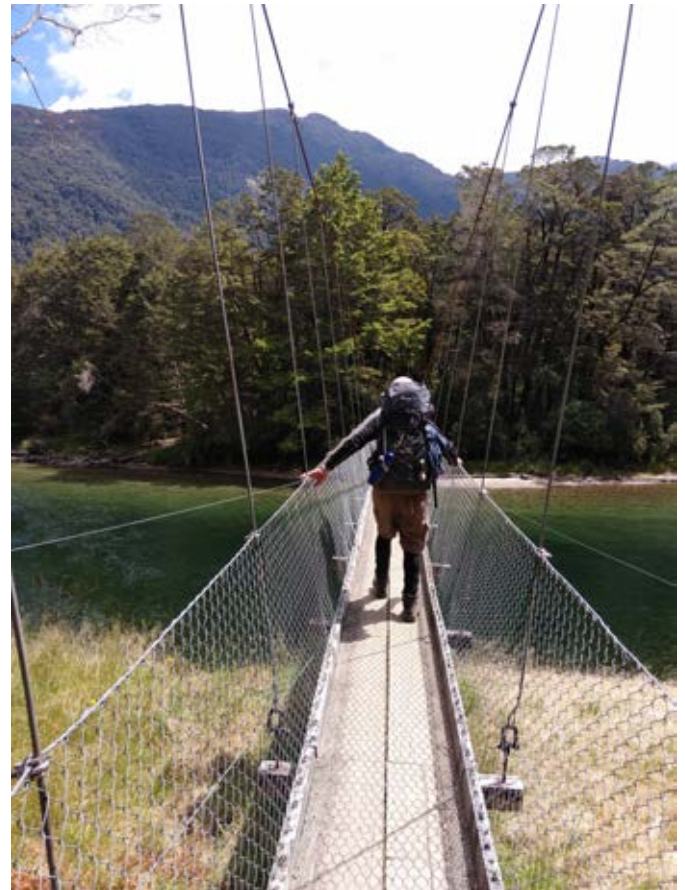
The Footsteps of Early Explorers

In the picturesque South Island town of Te Anau, on the edge of the dramatic and expansive Fiordland National Park, there is a bronze statue of a man called Quintin MacKinnon.

Locals understand the significance of this heavily bearded figure, depicted with a pack slung over his back and hobnail boots on his feet. Having walked the Milford Track, I now understand it too.

Delve a little deeper into the track's history and you will also find a fascinating insight into the life of the hard men of this country's pioneering days. In 1888 the Government funded the first track-making expedition in the Arthur and Clinton river valleys through which the Milford Track today wanders. This was after considerable efforts to find a way through for at least a decade or more prior had failed, although Maori had long traversed the area.

The goal was a new route from Te Anau in the east to Milford Sound in the west, a sort of holy grail for those settling the land at the time. That same year cometh the hour, cometh the man – a Scotsman called Quintin



There is always a swing bridge! Crossing the Clinton River, day 1

MacKinnon (born of the Shetland Islands), accompanied by a strapping young local man from nearby Manapouri Station called



Walkers disembark at the start of the Milford Track, Glade Wharf, Lake Te Anau



FIORDLAND NATIONAL PARK


Milford Sound  Mitre Peak Hut


Sandfly Pt

Lake Ada

94


Arthur R. >

Dumpling Hut 


Quintin Lodge 

Sutherland Falls
Lake Quill


Mackinnon Pass


Mintaro Hut 

FIORDLAND NATIONAL PARK

Pompolona Lodge 

Clinton R. >

Clinton Hut 

Glade House Lodge 

L. Te Anau

ELEVATION PROFILE



Ernest Mitchell. They were to be the first to find and traverse the pass now known as MacKinnon Pass, a feat which was to test every ounce of their strength, endurance, patience and determination in brutal terrain and with nature's full fury of weather thrown at them along the way. Anecdotaly (according to one of the DOC hut wardens we met), around 12,000 people on freedom walks and countless guided walkers now trace those same steps every year. One can only marvel at the incredible fortitude of those early pioneering fellows!

My Dad and I stood and took a photo by the bronze of MacKinnon as we waited for the bus to take us to Te Anau Downs, the departure place for the boat ride to the start of the Milford Track. I touched his boot in

the hope it would bestow good weather and good times on our walk through his part of New Zealand history. It worked.

Our four days walking through some of the most beautiful and unspoiled places of New Zealand were completed in fine weather, with only one shower disrupting proceedings on our first night, at Clinton Hut. For an area that can receive a lot of rain (Fiordland National Park can experience up to 9000 mm per year) and where weather conditions can change rapidly (only a few weeks before there was snow on MacKinnon Pass), this was exceptionally lucky. MacKinnon was looking out for us.

It had been an easy day too from the start of the track at Glade Wharf which sits at around



Juliet Gibbons with her father John at the start of the track

200 metres above sea level at the head of Lake Te Anau with just 5 kilometres to walk to the first hut. It was even easier for the guided walkers who had a paltry 1 kilometre walk to navigate to their private accommodation for the night at Glade House. It was hot and there were some requests about the possibility of the purchase of a cold beer as we passed, but to no avail.

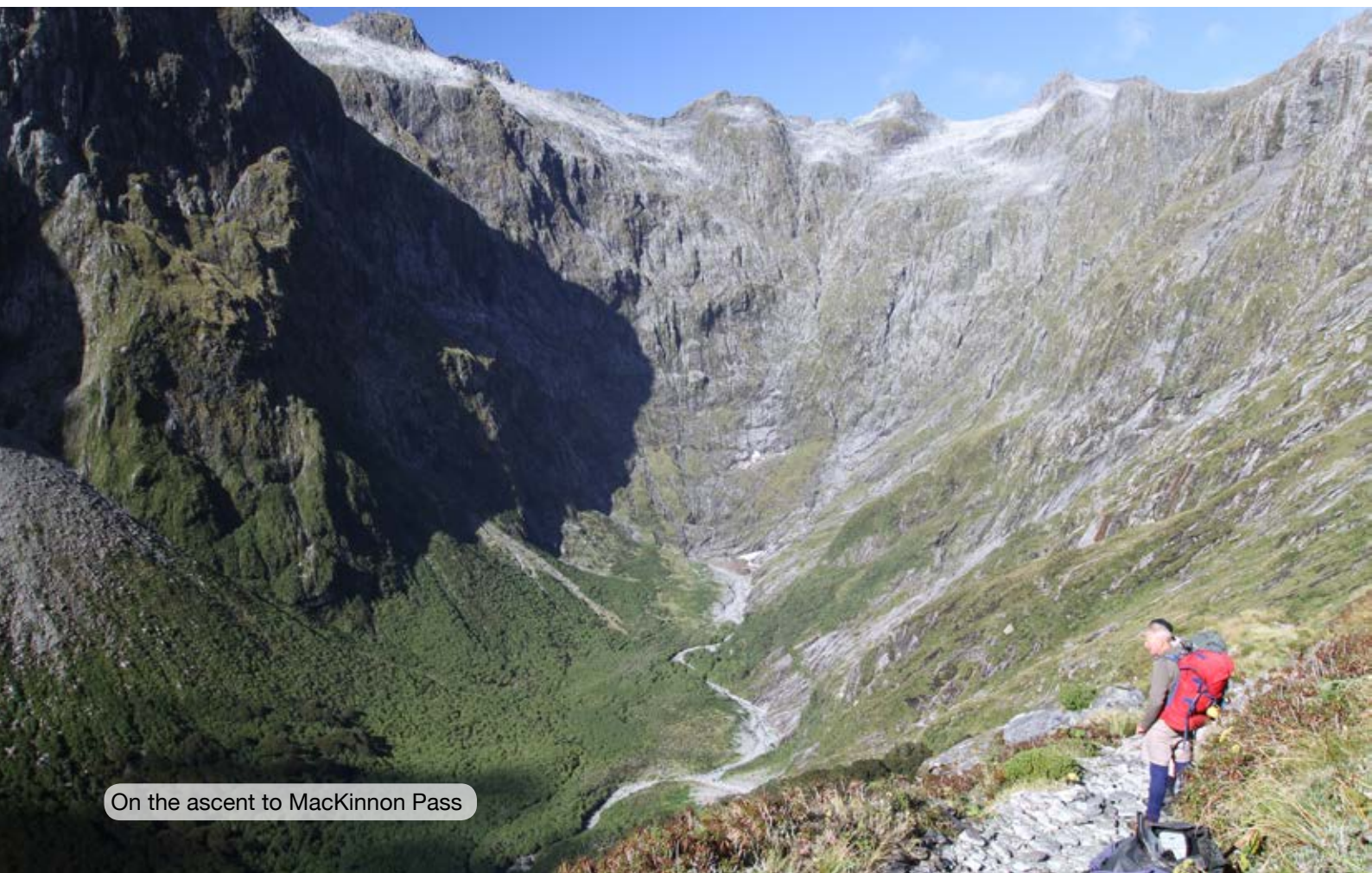
As are the other huts on the track, Clinton Hut is a typical DOC issue with a large communal kitchen and dining area fully supplied with gas. Walkers just need to bring clothing, pots, food, eating and sleeping equipment. Nearby are a couple of dorm rooms, again typical of the hut-style experience with simple bunks and mattresses supplied. Ear plugs – not standard issue – are highly recommended.

A night in a New Zealand hut is one to behold as different ages and nationalities converge in an eclectic mix of snoring, conversations, cooking and camaraderie. It was my Dad's first experience of this and was not without a touch of hut-shock, but to his credit, he rallied and embraced this new culture and by the end was a seasoned veteran.



Keas

The following day we woke to bright skies with just a few clouds rolling overhead. Days one and two of the Milford Track are very picturesque as walkers follow the crystal-clear water of the Clinton River, rising ever upwards towards the mighty MacKinnon Pass. From Clinton Hut to night two at Mintaro Hut, we took our time completing the 16.5 kilometre stretch in just under 8 hours (others did it in 6 hours). With snow having recently fallen, there were countless waterfalls streaming from above and some avalanche areas where stopping was avoided. All completed with a gut buster of a climb into the hanging basin where Mintaro Hut is placed.



On the ascent to MacKinnon Pass

Mackinnon and Mitchell were to call this place Lake Beautiful but later renamed it Mintaro. The reason for this is still a mystery – there is a town of the same name in South Australia named by the Spanish who ran mule trains and bullock wagons between the coast and copper mines at Burra. In Spanish it means resting place.

Undoubtedly the most jaw-droppingly beautiful place for a hut on the Milford Track, Mintaro is perched below the MacKinnon Pass with a view on all sides of sheer granite mountains. It's also a place popular with the New Zealand kea, an alpine parrot known for its high intelligence and amusing antics. As we prepared our porridge, they entertained us by sliding down the roof of the nearby toilet block.

Kea have a reputation for being partial to destroying boots and so all footwear was hung up on hooks overnight to ensure their habits were not indulged on this occasion!

All through tracks lead to the pass and, so it was on day three of our journey we made the final two hour ascent in the footsteps of MacKinnon to the top. The highest point on the track at 1154 metres is a moment of achievement – but then the descent begins. This is a punishing part of the track and one we found challenging, but every step is rewarded with views of the snow-capped peaks above and the silver-dusted schist rocks below one's boots. As my Dad's GP had remarked during his medical prior to the trip, it made him feel close to God. I agree that it is a spiritual and special place. Our time to travel was a particularly pretty one with Mount Cook daisy and the lily of the same name in their full finery everywhere.

“Undoubtedly the most jaw-droppingly beautiful place for a hut ...

After what seems a never-ending series of steps, boardwalks and staircases, following the cascading waters of the impressive Roaring Burns River, the valley floor was reached, an altitude of about 125 metres. Here a side track takes walkers to the much-photographed Sutherland Falls, the second highest waterfall in New Zealand. If you are able, after the descent, it is well worth the



The mighty Sutherland Falls

side trip but there is also a great vantage point from the main track 20 minutes on.

Night three of the track is at Dumpling Hut, set on river flats, a welcome sight and for myself, arrival was swiftly followed by a dunk in the chillingly refreshing Arthur River which seemed to restore my body temperature to normal after a walk spent at times in 30 degree heat. There were no parties in the hut that night as most nursed sore calves and stiff joints from the day – just 14 kilometres – but every kilometre was a tough one. Every single ache was worth it of course.

“It's amazing how a walk brings people together.

It's amazing how a walk brings people together. We were two of just six New Zealanders on the track – the other 34 were from various parts of the globe. Yet all combined with a shared love of walking and friendships were forged. As a former guide, I've always found that walking is a great leveller and binds people in a way they would not otherwise imagine.

So we set off for the final day of the Milford Track with some sense of heightened purpose mostly based around a 2pm pick up at Sandfly Point where a boat collects walkers and returns them to the relative

civilisation of the small Milford Village, on the edge of Milford Sound. It's a scenic and overall easy day although the longest at 18 kilometres of all the days on the track. Highlights for us included Giant Gate Falls where water poured down sheer, smooth rock into a clear pool and the pretty Lake Ada with its sweeping sandy curves and shallows.

Too soon (or just on time) we reached Sandfly Point and boarded the boat for home. My final image is of international visitors swatting away the black fly which for some reason did not like the taste of me and so I gazed at the magnificence of Milford Sound instead. This was not the intent of the underworld goddess Hine-nui-te-po who according to Maori mythology, when she first saw the fiord's beauty, feared that visitors would never leave, so released the sandfly (namu) to chase them away.

In the end though, it was time to leave. It was the conclusion of a wonderful journey with a special man, my Dad, who at 72 was in better shape than I was at the final mark. Thanks Dad.



Steve, Ben, Lizzie and Juliet Gibbons

Juliet has been involved in the New Zealand tramping industry for more than 25 years, first as a journalist, then as a guide and then as an owner of [Wilderness Guides](#) who operate guided walks on the Queen Charlotte Track. Juliet lives in Picton, heart of the Marlborough Sounds, with her husband Steve and children Ben (11) and Lizzie (7). More recently, she and Steve have used their in-depth knowledge of all things walking to create [New Zealand Walks](#), an online travel agent specialising in walking packages to the country's Great Walks and iconic trails.



Walkers waiting for collection at the iconic Sandfly Point, Milford Sound



Water is everywhere on the Milford Track including the dramatic Mackay Falls on the last day of the walk

Warburton to Mount Donna Buang

A Vertical Kilometre Walk

David Borton



Warburton is 75 kilometres east of Melbourne in a deep valley in the Victorian Alps. The walk is in the Yarra Ranges National Park and goes from Warburton north up a major climb to Mount Donna Buang. This is an excellent training trip for bigger ventures, arguably the best vertical kilometre walk within 90 minutes of Melbourne.

Warburton locals David Borton and Kim Linssen on the track
All pictures by Warburton CEDA

Background

At 1250 metres, in winter, Mount Donna Buang is the closest snow to Melbourne, albeit not guaranteed. Donna Buang was a small ski resort with runs, a ski jump and lodges, with 12,000 spectators at 1935 ski races. Even then the snow was uncertain, and with climate change this is more so. The ruins of a ski lodge can be seen at the foot of an old ski run. Donna Buang's ash forests were harvested 120 years ago. The railway to Warburton boosted logging.

Getting there

Car

From Melbourne go on the Eastern Freeway and then to Lilydale. Take the Warburton Highway. Just before Warburton turn left at Mayer Bridge (Melways 289 J4) and then right at the Golf Course on Dammans Road. Drive 250 metres to the picnic area near the base of Martyr Road. The top of Martyr Road has limited parking, and there's a bridleway heading north to Mount Donna Buang, signposted.

Most parties seem to start from the top of Martyr Road, thus avoiding a very steep beginning. The start can also be at the

Aqueduct Trail where it comes close to Sussex Street on the west side of Warburton or where Yuonga Road crosses the Aqueduct Trail. Parking at these locations is limited.

Train and bus

The closest railway station is Lilydale, from where a bus goes to Warburton, about 90 minutes total from Melbourne if the connections are good. From the Warburton bus stop in the main street go north approximately 100 metres down to the riverside track and head downstream to a white suspension bridge. Cross it and turn left on the north side of the river and walk a few hundred metres downstream to the picnic area at the base of Martyr Road.

Facilities

Information on the walk and the Warburton area is available from the Waterwheel Information Centre, directly opposite the Post Office and bus stop on the Warburton Highway. There are many cafés and restaurants on the highway in Warburton and there are public toilets in the Main Street playground and park between the highway and the river at 3385 Warburton Highway. The Dammans Road covered picnic area has



Donna Buang Rainforest Gallery sign

gas BBQs, tap water, parking and toilets. The 10 Mile car park has parking, spring water and toilets. The summit of Mount Donna Buang has a car park, a fire tower, a picnic shelter, water and toilets.

The walk

Start between Martyr and St Johns Roads at the picnic shelter outside 25 Dammans Road, which is private property. Walk 100 metres west along Dammans Road to Martyr Road, turn right and walk uphill steeply beside the golf course to the top of Martyr Road where it turns east, sharp right. This is an alternative start point. You will see the Bridleway sign “Donna Buang Walking Track 12 KLM (sic) Return 7 hours” on the corner. Go 600 metres north down into a gully and then up beside a fence. The track bears sharp right at the top of the paddock.

The track then goes into the forest for a short distance to meet the Aqueduct Trail. Cross the disused aqueduct into the Yarra Ranges National Park and keep climbing. The track goes north and consistently up, mainly in a forest where Mountain Ash predominates on thickly timbered slopes. This section places a lot of stress on legs going up and knees going down, with slippery mud after

precipitation. The Donna Buang Road is four kilometres from the end of Martyr Road. This junction may be hard to find on the way down, so perhaps take a picture.

Go north (left) along the road for a short distance to a gated track on the right, which is followed south-east for 600 metres then north for about 600 metres to a pair of communication towers on Mount Victoria. Continue north and then north-west on a walking track for 2 kilometres to the next junction, a track to Ten Mile Turntable on the left. Ignore this track and continue more gently for 700 metres to the summit of Mount Donna Buang.

The 21 metre fire tower is well worth the climb to see views across to Cathedral Ranges to the north, Mount Buller to the north-east, Mount Baw Baw to the south-east, the Yarra and Little Yarra Valleys and the Dandenongs to the south-west. The picnic shelter has a wood fired BBQ and excellent posters of the forestry and tramway industry of the early 1900s, the early ski club and ski competitions, and the 1939 bushfires.

Return the same way, or arrange to be picked up at the summit.



View from the summit fire tower

Grade	Medium to hard. The walk can be done in winter but it will probably be slippery, and very cold with snow at higher altitudes.
Climb	About 1100 metres.
Length	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • 15.5 kilometres return from the top of Martyr Road. • 16.5 kilometres return from Dammans Road. • 17.5 kilometres return from the centre of Warburton.
Duration	Approximately 7 hours return.
Style	Out and back the same way, or arrange for a pick up at Mount Donna Buang car park.
Mobile phone	Coverage patchy.
Notes	The temperature drop from Warburton to Mount Donna Buang is approximately 10°C. It can snow on the peak at all times of the year but particularly in winter. It is essential to carry waterproof and warm clothing and wear sturdy boots. The track can be very slippery when wet, and walking poles are advisable. Leeches may be expected when wet, particularly if standing still for any period, so carry salt, saline or Aeroguard to remove them. Because the walk is in forest from start to finish, caution should be taken on windy days (falling branches). In summer when fire risk is very high (e.g. total fire ban or code red days) it is advisable not to do it.
Start of walk	Start of the walk, picnic shelter outside 25 Dammans Road, Warburton.
Maps	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • VicMap – McMahons Creek 8022 S 1:50,000 • Walks and Riding Trails. Yarra Valley and the Dandenongs • Warburton, Yarra Valley. Visitor Information and Map. Yarra Ranges Council.
Website	visitwarburton.com.au



Donna Buang summit picnic shelter

Photo Gallery



BWA Photo Competition



Landscapes

February 2017

WINNER



Contemplating the
Eglinton Range
John Walker

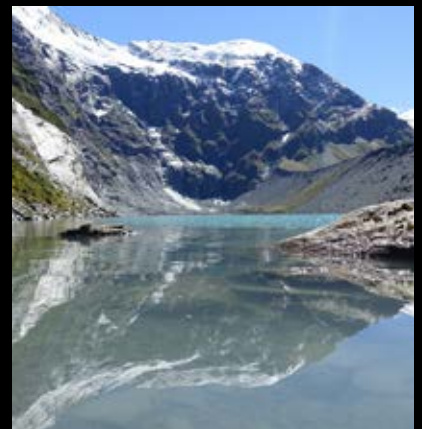
The South Island of New Zealand is a stunning place. Apart from being a jumping off place for popular multi-day walks, the road from Te Anau to Milford Sound is dotted with delights. The views through the Eglinton Valley are one of them. Many stop around here and photograph similar outlooks. I was fortunate on this day to have the clouds swirling about the mountains offering a dramatic scene that was quite breathtaking. It was hard to tear myself away from it.



Manfred morning
Brian Eglinton



Evening wear
North-north-west



Beauty as "cold as ice"
Snowzone



"Where the heck are we?"
Central Plateau, Tasmania
Peter Grant



Non-landscapes

February 2017

WINNER



Female wandering
percher
landsmith

Wandering perchers are quite common and I've come across them in many places. It took me a while to buy a Dragonfly identification book and realise that the males and females are quite different in colouration, though, if you think about it, it's like that with so many other species so I should have known.



Fairytales and
leprechauns
Snowzone



Erupting cushion
Brian Eglinton



Summer icebergs
John Walker



We found our pot of gold
Peter Grant



The rare and elusive
fern-capped rock
in its natural habitat
North-north-west



Tasmania

February 2017

WINNER



Beyond cuvier
Brian Eglinton



Flame Peak and The Font
North-north-west



Lake Cygnus,
Western Arthurs
Teak



Off-track and loving it:
Central Plateau
Peter Grant

I try to get back to Tasmania once a year. This time there were two of us that decided to up our level of challenge by going more off track.

We had planned for eight days, but after a tough walk into the Gingerbread Hut on Rufus, followed by a gentler day down to Forgotten Lake, the latest weather report had us heading back out again before re-setting for a remaining five day walk out of Narcissus.

The next day was another tough walk over Byron onto Cuvier, but the weather was improving.

Then we had two delightful days allowing us to visit Cuvier before judiciously repositioning our tent in the Cuvier Coal Hill saddle, and then a long day trip to Gould's Sugarloaf in perfect conditions.

The pools in the saddle are set in little gardens of heath and spagnum with grandstand views to the west and the east.

In this view Byron, Olympus and Othrys form a line of guardians over the Cuvier Valley.

The final two days of mist, rain, cliffs, overgrown track and getting bushwacked is another story, but Lake Petrarch and the Cuvier Valley left some great impressions and are still calling us to come back again.



Other States

February 2017

WINNER

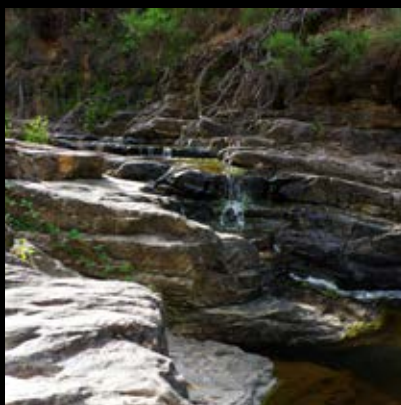


The mighty Mt Sefton,
Aoraki/Mt Cook NP
John Walker

I had a splendid time at Aoraki/Mt Cook NP wandering through several short day hikes near the village, even persuading my wife to join me for this one to Kea Point. Mt Sefton is a most impressive peak and seems to dominate no matter where you are. Later in the day it appeared to be following me down the Hooker Valley. This lunchtime view from Kea Point was particularly impressive. The frequent sound of avalanching/rock falls on the mountain's higher slopes and glaciers is something I remember vividly but can't be captured in a photo.



Buff banded rail
landsmith



February still flowing
Brian Eglinton



Landscapes March 2017

WINNER



Adamson's sunset
Cameron Semple



En route to the Coronets
North-north-west



One misty, moisty
morning, Blue Peaks
Peter Grant



Morning on Mt Amos
Osik



Lake Cygnus,
Western Arthurs
Ben Trainor



Remembering Julius
landsmith



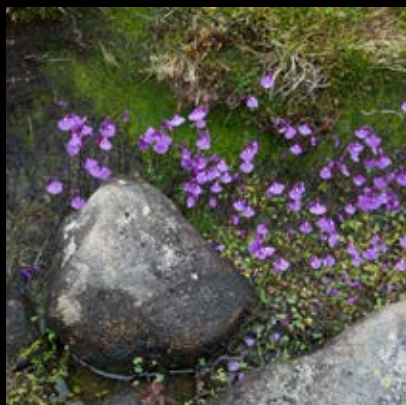
After the rains
John Walker



Non-landscapes

March 2017

WINNER



Fairies' aprons,
freshly washed
Peter Grant

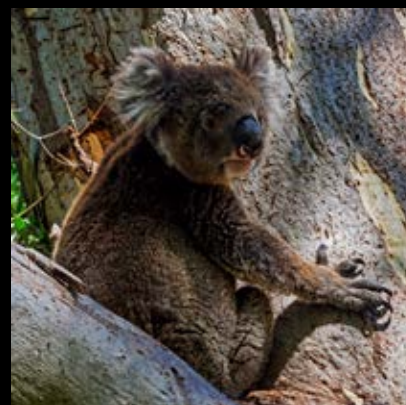
Wouldn't you rather be named fairies' apron than bladderwort? These delicate-looking plants are actually carnivorous, supplementing their diet by trapping aquatic critters in sub-surface bladders. We found this beautiful, prolific group growing along the shore of an unnamed lake near the Blue Peaks in Tasmania's Central Plateau.



Breakfast time!
North-north-west



Rock pools
at Rocky Cape
landsmith



This is comfortable
Brian Eglinton



Inside a waterfall
John Walker



Tasmania

March 2017

WINNER



Square Lake
Ben Trainor

On a walk with Adelaide Bushwalkers we camped beside Square Lake after day two of a 14 day traverse of the Western and Eastern Arthurs, deep in the wilderness of South West Tasmania. The golden sunset lit up the dolerite rock of Procyon Peak and the surrounding cliffs. I was completely calm when we went to sleep, but we were exposed to the west. During the night strong winds battered my tent. I was glad to wake up on solid ground. In the morning we climbed Procyon Peak, before continuing on the difficult yet magnificent traverse.



Harper Point,
Twelvetimes Range
North-north-west



Pencil Pines of Lunka
Son of a Beach



Breakfast at Twisted
landsmith



Lake Sydney sinkholes
James Davidson



Hartz Mountain view
Roger



Ever upwards
Cameron Semple



Other States March 2017

WINNER



Terrace Falls
Tom Brennan

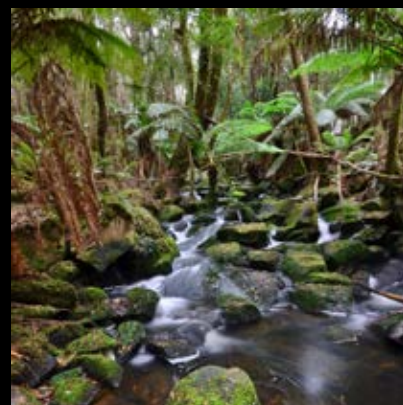
A different angle on this popularly photographed spot, with a focus on the lower cascades with the main falls in the background.



Bunyerroo Valley Lookout,
South Australia
Whitefang



A valley sentinel
stands guard
John Walker



Listen to the rush
landsmith



Sturt Gorge
Brian Eglinton



Arc'teryx Gamma MX Hoody and Motus Crew T-Shirt

James Webb



Arc'teryx makes two garments, reviewed below. The [hoody](#) is wind-resistant, and breathable, with a light fleece lining that adds warmth and wicks moisture away. It weighs 685 grams and costs about \$470. The [T-shirt](#) is a crew neck, priced at about \$90.

Gamma Mx Hoody Men's
Courtesy of [Arc'teryx](#)

Arc'teryx Gamma MX Hoody

The Gamma MX Hoody by Arc'teryx is far and away my number one piece of clothing for absolutely anything I do involving the mountains. It is my favourite, it has been everywhere and done everything, I have trashed and abused it, worn it for weeks on end and in all honesty I don't think I could ever part with it, even if I got a new one.

For over a decade, in all my adventures, in all my trips, all around the world, this has been my go-to jacket. From 6000+ metre peaks in Nepal to ice climbing in Utah, from backcountry ski tours and ski mountaineering in the Coastal Mountains, British Columbia to Mt Kinabalu, Borneo, from the cracks, slabs and chimneys of Squamish to the desert nights of Uluru and Kings

“This jacket has seen and done it all, but more importantly, it has never ever let me down.

Canyon, and from the endless powder stashes of Japan to the rice terraces of Sapa and Mt Fansipan, Vietnam. This jacket has seen and done it all, but more importantly, it has never ever let me down. It is warm, comfy, very very wind and water resistant, it breathes like anything, it dries like anything, and it fits so so well.

I seriously think this jacket could last for a lifetime, even after weeks of winter climbing at Mt Arapiles, even after 40+ days a year of school outdoor

education camps, even after hiking the wilds of south-west Tasmania, it is still going strong. No thin or worn out areas

of material, no loss of warmth and no loss in performance in any way, shape or form.

I will admit I pulled the zip away from the material of my chest pocket trying to get my phone out with gloves (but that was my

stupid doing), and I also smashed a toggle that was attached to the hoody cord (I was jamming up a crack in Squamish and destroyed it, once again my doing).

The only other thing was the waist cord. The seam that holds that came undone, so I pulled the cord out. I guess after years of sliding on my arse down rocks, etc it was bound to happen.

For my [30peaksin30days](#) project it was no different, I wore it every trip. As I get quite hot I normally don't wear a jacket while hiking, but the Gamma MX is such a versatile piece that I often did. When you wake up and it's 3°C outside, you rug up. I often started my hikes with it on and kept it on for several hours. Depending on how hard I worked, occasionally I would start to sweat, but the jacket dried out in minutes and if its still windy and cold, it keeps me warm, even when damp.

The pockets are plentiful and well designed. Two chest pockets keep things accessible, two hand pockets keep hands warm and out of the weather, and a little secret inside pocket is super-convenient.

“It can handle snow and light rain quite easily.

The fabric is soft, especially on the inside, so it feels nice on the skin, stretchy and very durable. It can handle snow and light rain quite easily. It has even served on many occasions, as a tea towel or cloth to wipe a knife or similar.

Summary

Best softshell jacket ever (and I have had a few, all the well know brands), lasts forever and fits like a glove. Five stars.

Usage

Skiing, hiking, climbing, mountaineering, really anything that is outdoors where it may get a little chilly or windy.



James, wearing the Gamma Mx Hoody at the top of the south summit of Mount Stirling, with the Crosscut Saw behind him

Arc'teryx Motus Crew T-Shirt

It's taken a year to write this review but I had to do it because, the more I wear this top the more I fall in love with it.

The Motus Crew Shirt by Arc'teryx is my go-to T-shirt for almost anything active and outdoorsy. From hiking to workouts at the gym to runs around the Tan Track, a famous Melbourne running route.

I first noticed how good it was on the second day of a four day Bogong High Plains walk. On the first day I started really late in the afternoon and had a substantial uphill walk of over 12 kilometres with a heavy pack, Bogong Village to Bogong Jack. With daylight dwindling very fast, I turned up the speed and pushed hard in an attempt to reach the campsite not long after dark. As the wind picked up and the sun disappeared, I got really cold as I walked. I was still sweating from the effort but shivering from cold as the shirt I was wearing (another well known brand, not Arc'teryx), seemed like an air conditioner, which is great in hotter weather but not when temperatures plummet.

The next day was an epic! 29 kilometres, several peaks and another finish in the dark at Ryders Yards. This time I wore the



Motus Crew Neck Shirt SS Men's
Courtesy of [Arc'teryx](#)



James wearing the Motus Crew T-Shirt at the Bogong High Plains looking across towards Mount Hotham and Mount Loch

Motus Crew Shirt and with almost identical conditions as the night before, I was literally shocked at the difference between the tops. Despite being wet from sweat, I didn't once feel cold nor did I shiver when the wind blew against me. In fact it was almost dry by the time I got the tent out of my pack. My other top was still wet the next morning.

Needless to say I stayed in the Motus for the next two days. The flat seams work a treat and meant no rubbing or marks left from shoulder straps and heavy loads. The sun was kept at bay and I only got burnt where the shirt wasn't. It didn't smell like roses but it was pretty good after three days of constant wear.

Side note here: I am a big fan of icebreaker tops and how they don't smell, however mine only last about 30 days of hiking before the shoulders have worn out and have lots of holes.

So overall all I have to say I love this top. It feels nice against the skin, it fits well, it performs amazingly and a year later after constant wear in both gym, on the track and in the hills, it still is as good as it was when I first bought it.

It's so good, I bought a second one, this time in blue.

James is from Melbourne, with a wife, dog and a new son. He is a high school teacher (yes, for the holidays), when not on a mountain somewhere, or up at the family farm near Mansfield. His blog is [here](#).



Trekking For a Cure

Trekking the incredible Larapinta Trail is an adventure on many people's bucket lists. Standing on ancient escarpments and gazing out on the ochre-coloured landscapes of Central Australia, following Aboriginal Dreaming tracks and trekking beside one of the world's oldest river systems is surely an adventure of a lifetime.

“... you can help make a difference while doing something that you love.”

Our friends at Melanoma Institute Australia (MIA) would like to invite you on their Outback Trek adventure in September 2018. Not only will you experience a trek on one of Australia's premier walking tracks, but you will be supporting life-saving research at MIA.



Australia has one of the highest rates of melanoma in the world. The good news is that 90% of melanomas can be successfully treated if detected early. However, in the other 10% of cases, life-threatening spread will have already occurred. More than 1800 Australians will die from melanoma in 2018 and it kills more Australians aged 20-39 years old than any other single cancer.

MIA research has made significant progress in developing life-saving treatments, but support is still needed as there is still no cure. No-one should die from melanoma, and you can help make a difference while doing something that you love.

By taking part in this unique adventure you'll pave the way for new research to improve melanoma treatment, and ultimately find a cure. Visit melanoma.org.au to find out more.



Glen Helen Gorge

Women and the Wilderness

Advice From 1909



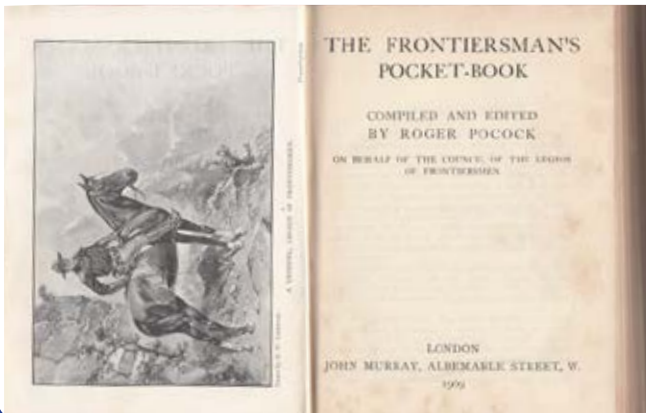
Even in these supposedly enlightened times, one still comes across a remarkable number of people who are surprised to meet a woman who is competent in the outdoors, be it as a walker, a climber, a paddler, a diver, a farmer or a just about anything you care to name. Somehow it is supposed to be all too hard for us fragile little things.

Yet we have it easy now, when you consider the obstacles in the path of “outdoorsy” women a hundred or more years ago. My hat goes off to those frontierswomen; they did it earlier, and they did it harder. Just how hard we can only guess, although this advice from the *Frontiersman's Pocket-book* gives a clue ...

North-north-west

Party on Paradise Glacier, Mt Ranier National Park, Washington
Photographer unknown

The following is an extract from *The Frontiersman's Pocket-book* compiled by Roger Pocock, John Murray, London, 1909. Chapter X *Women on the frontier* is by Elizabeth Robins. See the [reprint](#) or if you have a spare \$2000, the [original](#).



Women on the frontier

I am asked - despite my small claim to be accounted among the frontier folk - to say something for the guidance of the women who propose confronting the hardships of travel in out-of-the-way places.

I will therefore set down two or three observations about dress and diet.

With respect to the dress question, there are two pitfalls to be avoided:

1. The endeavour to wear clothes tolerable enough at home, but utterly unfit for user conditions.
2. The attempt to make use of the newest and most "sporting" equipment obtainable.

Comfort and efficiency lie between these two extremes. I would warn any woman against deferring till she is under the stress of frontier life the adoption of any fundamental change in her way of dress. Before leaving civilisation behind, she should not only "try on," but wear for hours, if not for days, the boots, the knapsack, the rubber waders, the putties, or gaiters, that she means to travel in. This sort of "dress rehearsal" is as essential to women as it is non-essential to men - for reasons that are obvious.

Perhaps greatest among our problems in this connection is the hair and hat question. Of women who have not travelled the unbeaten ways, only the few who ride or yacht have

much idea of the difficulty of keeping (in rough weather) any of the usual forms of feminine headgear; and none perhaps but the traveller knows the drafts on energy and temper made by the need to be clutching at a veering cap and a clinging veil which are wobbling about on a roll of hair that is loosened from the grip of pins.

In the fashion of my heart I fear that a reconstruction of the fashion of women's hair will be inevitable, as the hitherto stay-at-home sex moves more about the world. Until that day, let the long-haired ones braid rather than twist their hair, and let them tie it securely an inch or so from the roots before pinning it up.



Woman alpinists

To insist on the need not to multiply skirts is to encounter less opposition these days when even ladies of fashion wear only knickerbockers under their Directoire gowns. But the woman who goes "on the trail" will find it an advantage to have knickerbockers of the same colour as the skirt. If the luggage problem allows, she should have at least two skirts; one of short ankle-length to wear in camp, and in the earlier days of her journey; another reaching no further than the knee. If she goes far, and faces real hardships, it is this skirt she will wear most - if she wears a skirt at all. Should she refuse to abbreviate her petticoats, the trails will do the abbreviating for her - but in the process the traveller will find herself a loser in strength, and hardly a gainer in either looks or dignity. It will be found that to force several yards of trailing fabric through marsh, tangled undergrowth, and the indescribably tough meshes of interwoven scrub willow; to drag it through mud or snow in making ascent or descent; to find it flapping wet about one's knees, catching and pulling one back,

impaling one on jagged saplings or sharp stones; to be in a moment of danger on a moving talus-slope or rope ladder, and find one's self climbing up the inside of one's skirt, is to understand why the modern man, the pioneer and way breaker, no longer wears the toga or even the cloak of the cavalier.

Women are so used to the inconvenient mode of dress (which only the compensating luxuries of civilisation render bearable) they are apt not to realise how, under primitive conditions, the absurdity of our customary clothes makes fatigue and physical breakdown. In this connection one may say that most women - especially the young ones - will be better equipped for travel if they abjure the corset, and wear clothes the lightest and the fewest possible.



On Salisbury Crags, Edinburgh, 1908,
Ladies Scottish Climbing Club

A great many women who hesitate to undertake difficult journeys could get through them with credit if they would not only have the dress rehearsal I advocate, but managed to get a little special physical training before starting away from home. The main thing is not to attempt too much at the start. Women who want to travel in out-of-the-way places might take a leaf out of the book of no less a person than Frithjof Nansen. With all his superb natural fitness, he spent years in training for his first northern journey. A woman feels humiliated if, going from her drawing-room to the trail, she finds herself not so well able to stand hardships as men who have roughed it all their lives.



With reference to diet, the astonishing thing is that if one can live the frontier life at all, one can for a while live on almost anything. The extraordinary interest of it, the fine air, the exercise, seem to make up for even delicate people more "fit". Some of us have watched ailing men and pampered women, dyspeptics, etc, washing down half cooked flapjacks and fat bacon, with strong and muddy black coffee, and have seen them apparently not a penny the worse for it. But the condition of their not being quickly worse and presently dead, is that they must literally sweat for their living. If a man or woman exercises so much that the skin is active, practically the diet can be anything for a time. But many people do not realise that there is a time-limit upon impunity. In the Yukon you will now and then hear an old miner say that he must "go out" this winter, although every visible consideration would seem to call upon him to "stay in." "No" he will tell you, "I have been eating canned stuff for three years." Should you ask if he feels the beginning of any physical trouble, you will likely as not be told that he is all right now, but has noticed that people can live without fresh food just about three years at a time, and no longer, at full vigour. The intelligent speculate about the time-limit and its laws, but they obey them. It seems to be proved beyond question that something of the nourishment has gone out of food that has been for some time hermetically sealed. Fresh meat has long been held to be a check upon scurvy; but what is not fully appreciated is that vegetables and fruit, as well as meats, deteriorate in tins and cases, though perhaps to a lesser extent in jars. It is as though, shut up there in the dark, the virtue goes out of the food. "You see, it was light made them peas grow - made them good for our growing. The trouble with all canned stuff is that you can't can sunlight."

It is notorious that dried fruits and vegetables retain a larger proportion of their feeding power - a matter of special importance to the weaker sex, who, if called upon in time of stress to carry their own provisions, may recall the almost incredible feats of endurance performed by the Alpinist by the aid of a handful of raisins and a piece of chocolate.

In the News

Grampians rescue

Bushwalker Julio Ascui went on a bushwalk and got lost. He was **found** five days later.

Western Australia fire rescue

Bushwalker Everard Curchin **gets rescued** by a DFES helicopter just before the fires hit the shack he was sheltering in.



Protection of Alpine National Park - Feral Horse Strategic Action Plan

Review the draft strategic action plan and complete the **survey** by **2 February 2018** and help Parks Victoria manage feral horses in the Alpine National Park.

Mount Stirling Community Consultation

Two **community information sessions** were held in January 2018 for the **Mount Stirling 2030**, which is being prepared to guide future management decisions for the Mount Stirling Alpine Resort.



Royal National Park bushfire

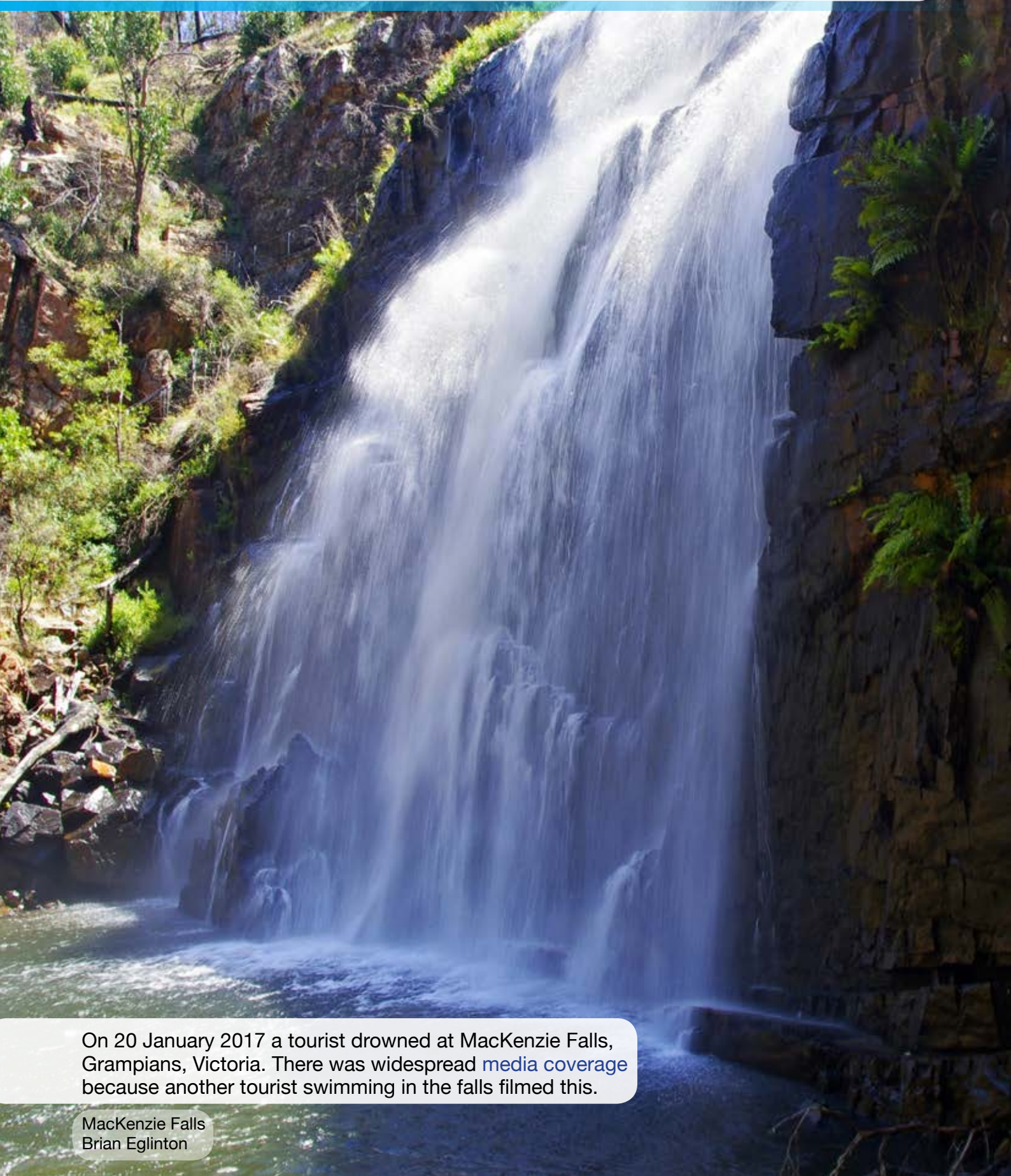
A deliberately lit **bushfire** on Saturday 20 January 2018 burnt more than 20,000 hectares of RNP. Hundreds of hikers and tourists were evacuated by boats.



A bushfire burning in the Royal National Park is seen from the Cronulla - Bundeena ferry
Brook Mitchell

Death at MacKenzie Falls, Grampians

Stephen Lake



On 20 January 2017 a tourist drowned at MacKenzie Falls, Grampians, Victoria. There was widespread [media coverage](#) because another tourist swimming in the falls filmed this.

MacKenzie Falls
Brian Eglinton

The deceased seems to have slipped into the water and was unable to swim out. A lifesaver attempted a rescue and is reported to have said "it's so deep and the pressure was intense." However, there's a lot of turbidity, and if there's too much air in the water it's simply impossible to float. The volume of water coming down the falls means that there are strong currents, which even the strongest swimmer would struggle to resist.

On 25 December 2004 at MacKenzie Falls, four people from Melbourne drowned. Other people were swimming and it was reported that the deceased and their party thought that it was safe. One person who drowned was rescuing his daughter, who also drowned. There were signs warning against swimming. None of the deceased could swim.

“Parks Victoria erected new signs prohibiting swimming.”

Parks Victoria erected new signs prohibiting swimming. It seems that very few people take any notice of the signs, which is compounded by websites that do not mention the swimming prohibition, like [Visit Grampians](#), [Visit Victoria](#) and [Trip Advisor](#). One website says that this is "the best swimming hole in the Grampians".

"Parks Victoria have taken a heavy handed risk management approach and actively discourage swimming here. The glorious natural pool beneath these towering falls is still a favourite swimming hole for me, but make your own risk assessment and if you're not an experienced swimmer, stay out of the water and just admire it for the scenery."

This risk assessment has led to five deaths.



There have been calls for mobile phone reception to be available at the base of the falls. It's hard to see how this would assist when a lifesaver could not rescue the victim. In any case this is a bush setting, not the nearby town of Halls Gap. Visitors need to understand that in remote regions some of the things that are available in towns and cities are simply unavailable. Bushwalkers eschew houses, Wi-Fi, mains power, and except for PLB-like devices, instant communications.

Land management authorities like Parks Victoria know the risks, and signs are erected to minimise these risks. Parks Victoria could do a bit more. One easy step is to contact all the websites that promote the falls and strongly request that there be advice about swimming being proscribed. This would remove some of the expectation that swimming was allowed. The mindset of some people is that they have seen wonderful pictures of the waterfalls, the pool looks inviting, and having come this far with this expectation, it's a big mental jump to not swim. There's also the crowd effect. If others are swimming then it's probably safe; this is what happened in 2004. A big sign at the top about swimming may also assist.

Parks Victoria Chief Operating Officer Simon Talbot said that it's "important for visitors to observe warning signs and the advice of park rangers. This location receives around half-a-million visits each year, and although there are few incidents, as when at any remote natural location, visitors should plan ahead, take care, and observe signage. We'll be considering additional signage with universal warning symbols so visitors are informed irrespective of language."

There's a [similar](#) issue in NSW.




Parks Victoria signs near MacKenzie Falls prior to 20 January 2017
Pictures courtesy of Parks Victoria



Australia Among the World's Worst on Biodiversity Conservation

Noel D Preece



Australia is among the top seven countries worldwide responsible for 60% of the world's biodiversity loss between 1996 and 2008, according to a study published on 25 October 2017 in the journal [Nature](#).

By KonArt

The researchers examined the conservation status of species in 109 countries and compared that to conservation funding. Australia ranks as the second worst of the group, with a biodiversity loss of 5-10%.

The study clearly linked adequate conservation funding to better species survival, which makes it all the more concerning that one of Australia's most valuable national environmental monitoring programs will lose funding next month.

Established in 2011, the [long-term ecological research network](#) (LTERN) monitors alpine grasslands, tall wet forests, temperate woodlands, heathlands, tropical savannas, rainforests and deserts. It coordinates 1,100 monitoring sites run by numerous researchers, bringing together decades of experience. There's nothing else like it in Australia, and at an annual cost of A\$1.5 million it delivers extraordinary value for money.

“Australia ranks as the second worst of the group, with a biodiversity loss of 5-10%.”

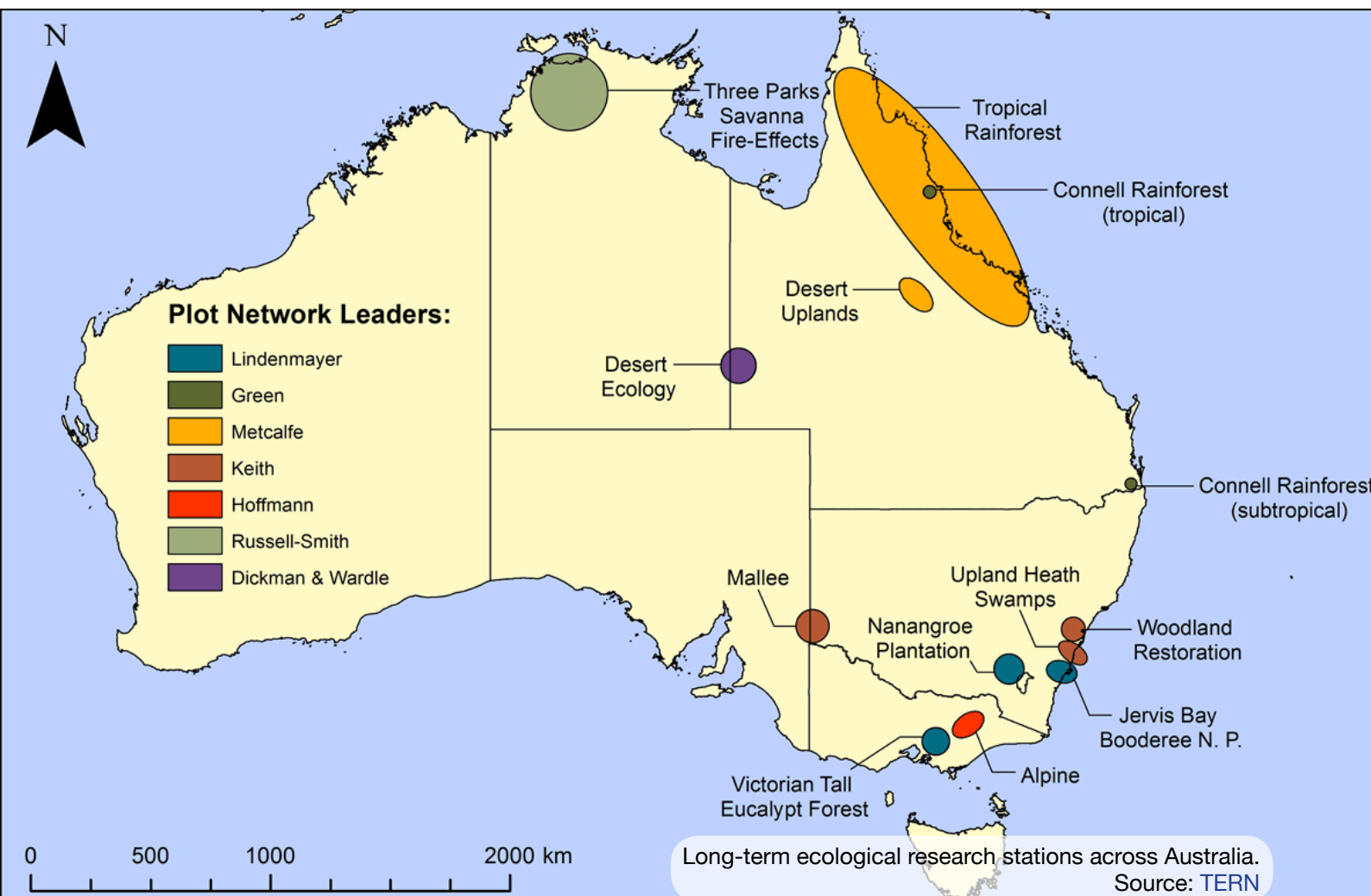
The value of long-term research

Our continent has a hyper-variable environment, with catastrophic bushfires, alarming species extinctions, and widespread loss of habitat.

In the battle to manage and predict the future of our ecosystems, the LTERN punches above its weight.

In the Northern Territory it was long thought that the ecosystems centred on Kakadu National Park were intact. But instead, long-term monitoring showed alarming and [unexpected crashes](#) towards extinction of native mammals of the region since the 1990s, driven by [fire regime changes](#), [feral animals](#), [disease](#), [cane toads](#), [climate change](#) and [grazing](#).

Likewise, the 70-year-old network of monitoring sites in Australia's alpine regions revealed the impact of climate change on flowering pollination, and the fact that livestock grazing actually increases fire risk. Without these insights it would not be possible to manage these ecosystems sustainably.



In the Simpson Desert – the only LTERN site that captures the remote outback – the dynamic of boom and bust has been monitored since 1990. It reveals a long-running and cyclical explosion of life. Intermittent downpours support flushes of wildflowers, booming marsupial populations and flocks of budgerigars, which are then ravaged by feral foxes and cats. Spending only one year in the desert would mean missing this dynamic, which has driven dozens of native species to extinction.

Several of these monitoring sites are likely to close when funding stops next month, as alternative support is not available. Without the network, coordination among the remaining sites will become much harder.

We should be able to predict environmental changes

The [National Collaborative Research Infrastructure Scheme](#), which ultimately funds the LTERN, has called for the development of a national environmental prediction system to forecast ecosystem changes.

But without long-term data, the development of a reliable and accurate [environmental prediction system](#) is impossible, particularly for biodiversity.

The journal *Science* [reported in August](#) that researchers working with LTERN are trying to find alternative funding, possibly for a more comprehensive network. But with limited funding commitment and opaque long-term plans from government, this seems ambitious.

After 40 years working in Australian ecosystem management, assessment, investigation and research, I am deeply concerned about terminating the existing system and starting again. It takes time to understand ecosystems, and the accumulated knowledge of up to 70 years of monitoring is invaluable. It risks destroying one of the few successes in long-term monitoring of our ecosystems and species.

Australia is infamous for commencing new initiatives and [then stopping them](#). Australia's surveillance and monitoring efforts are

already recognised as [inadequate](#). Breaks in continuity of long-term ecological datasets significantly reduce their value and disrupt key information on environmental and ecosystem change.

Out of step with the world

In a [letter to Science](#), 69 Australian scientists described the decision to defund the LTERN as “totally out of step with international trends and national imperatives”. Indeed, the United States has recently expanded its long-term monitoring network, which has been running for nearly 30 years.

Not only is Australia's decision against the international trend, it also defies Australia's own stated goals. Australia's [Biodiversity Conservation Strategy](#) explicitly commits to establishing a national long-term biodiversity monitoring system. The strategy's [five-year review](#) admits to failing to achieve this outcome.

The loss of the LTERN will undermine assessments of the sustainability of key industries such as grazing and forestry. Without it, we can't robustly evaluate the success of taxpayer-funded [environmental management](#).

A\$1.5 million a year is a very small price to pay for crucial insights into our continent's changing environments and biodiversity. But reinstating this paltry sum will not solve the very real crisis in Australian ecosystem knowledge.

We urgently need a comprehensive national strategy, as pledged in Australia's Biodiversity Conservation Strategy. The evidence is in: [investment in biodiversity conservation pays off](#).

Noel D Preece

Adjunct Principal Research Fellow at Charles Darwin and James Cook University

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 2 November 2017.



National Park Lament No. 1

Author unknown

This is from the *Monash Bushwalking Club song book* from the early 1970s.

I'm only a boy from the bush near Fitzroy,
And I don't understand people's games.
I don't understand a pre-packaged land,
Timetables for underground trains.

I've wandered around through bushland and town,
I've laboured in deserts outback.
I've run from your city, with painted lights pretty,
And made for the wallaby track.

I've left you alone in your stainless steel home,
I've left you to play in the sand.
I hope you don't mind, but I'm not of your kind,
I can't live in a crowded grandstand.

With a coin in your hand, in a faceless wasteland,
You can go paddle deep in the sea.
But if you decide to escape from the tide,
Then call across the waters to me.

Then we'll farewell the Push and head for the bush,
We'll wiggle our toes in the soil.
We'll hear the thrush, smell the bottlebrush,
Take the billycan off the boil.

Now the city is fine when you've plenty of time
To escape, and you know that you can.
But our untranished ground is being cut down,
We are being paved over by man.

Now I'm only a boy from the bush near Fitzroy
And I don't understand people's games.
But I'd still like to know where our children will go
When none of the bushland remains.



Vegetarian Feasts

Sonya Muhlsimmer



I hope you all had a great Christmas and New Years break and I hope you were out exploring and taking in the serenity of the bush. I certainly did. I completed an eight day walk in Kosciuszko National Park, NSW and had New Years Eve at Derschkos Hut, right near Mount Jagungal. I also visited other favourites, Mawsons, Valentines and Grey Mare Huts, and climbed Gungarten (2068 metres) and Mount Tate (2068 metres). Oh and on the first day of the year I climbed Jagungal (2061 metres). Kosciuszko is one of my favourite places any time of the year, and during the summer the wild alpine flowers are just spectacular. There was even a little bit of snow left in patches on the Main Range. What a great way to start the year. But do you want to know what else is spectacular, these two vegetarian dishes.

Main Range from near Mount Tate, Kosciuszko National Park

Polenta and Veg

This is a simple meal to make, and a hearty one to eat. For the non-vegetarians you can add beef jerky or even a bit of minced beef to, you know, beef it up ... Polenta is made from cornmeal, is gluten free, has lots of protein and a good source of fibre, iron, zinc and other minerals. Oh and it only takes a couple of minutes to cook. I do suggest using two pots for this recipe, one for the polenta and one for the vegetables.

At home preparation

Place all ingredients into the allocated bags. Label bags with the allocated number. Print out method at camp label and place with bags. Keep the tomato paste separate.

Method at camp

In a pot add 1½ cups of water and add the contents of Bag 2. Soak for about 10 minutes. Bring to the boil and cook for 6 to 8 minutes, then add the tomato paste and cook for a further 1 to 2 minutes stirring occasionally. Remove from heat and cover. In another pot add ¾ cup water and bring to the boil, slowly pour in the contents of Bag 1 stirring constantly. Simmer for 2 to 3 minutes until the polenta thickens to a desired texture (or if you want a smoother polenta add more water). Take off the heat and place in a bowl. If needed reheat the sauce and pour over the polenta, enjoy.



Bag 1 (polenta mix)

Polenta	¼ cup	45 grams
Grated parmesan	2 tsp	6 grams
Milk powder	2 Tbsp	20 grams
Vegeta	½ tsp	3 grams

Bag 2 (vegetables mix)

TVP	2 Tbsp	14 grams
Mushrooms	½ cup	7 grams
Spicy broad beans	1 Tbsp	10 grams
Peas	1 Tbsp	10 grams
Fried shallots	2 Tbsp	12 grams
Dried onion	⅛ tsp	0.5 grams
Dried garlic	⅛ tsp	0.5 grams
Italian herbs	½ tsp	1 gram
Raw sugar	1 tsp	5 grams
Ground chilli	few pinches	
Salt, pepper	few pinches	

Water - 2¼ cups for preparation

Vegetable Stew

Risoni looks like large grains of rice but it is actually pasta. It is a great way to boost up a meal with some carbs and protein and it cooks in about 6 minutes. You can also add any vegetable to this dish. This is a one pot wonder and so easy to prepare out on the trails, just soak it, cook it and eat it. A great meal after conquering a summit!

At home preparation

For the vegetarian option, break up the TVP chunks into small chunks. Label the bag and place all ingredients into the allocated bag. Copy or print out Method at camp and keep together with the bag.

Method at camp

In a pot add 2 cups of water, the contents of the bag (stew mix) and sun dried tomato, soak for a minimum of 15 minutes. After the soaking time, bring the pot to the boil and simmer for 5 to 6 minutes stirring occasionally. Serve and enjoy.



Bag 1 (stew mix)

TVP chunks	6 each	15 grams
Dried mushrooms	¼ cup	3.5 grams
Risoni	⅓ cup	60 grams
Spicy broad beans	2 Tbsp	16 grams
Fried shallots	2 Tbsp	12 grams
Dried peas	1 Tbsp	11 grams
Gravy mix	1 Tbsp	18 grams
Cashews	1 Tbsp	9 grams
Italian herbs	½ tsp	2 grams
Lemon pepper	½ tsp	2 grams
Dried thyme	½ tsp	1 gram
Vegetable stock	½ tsp	3 grams
Dried onion	⅛ tsp	0.5 grams
Dried garlic	⅛ tsp	0.5 grams
Ground chilli	few pinches	
Salt, pepper	few pinches	

Keep separate

Sun dried tomato	2 each	10 grams
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Water - 2 cups



Wild flowers, Watsons Crags, western view and beyond. Main Range walk, Kosciuszko National Park
Tony

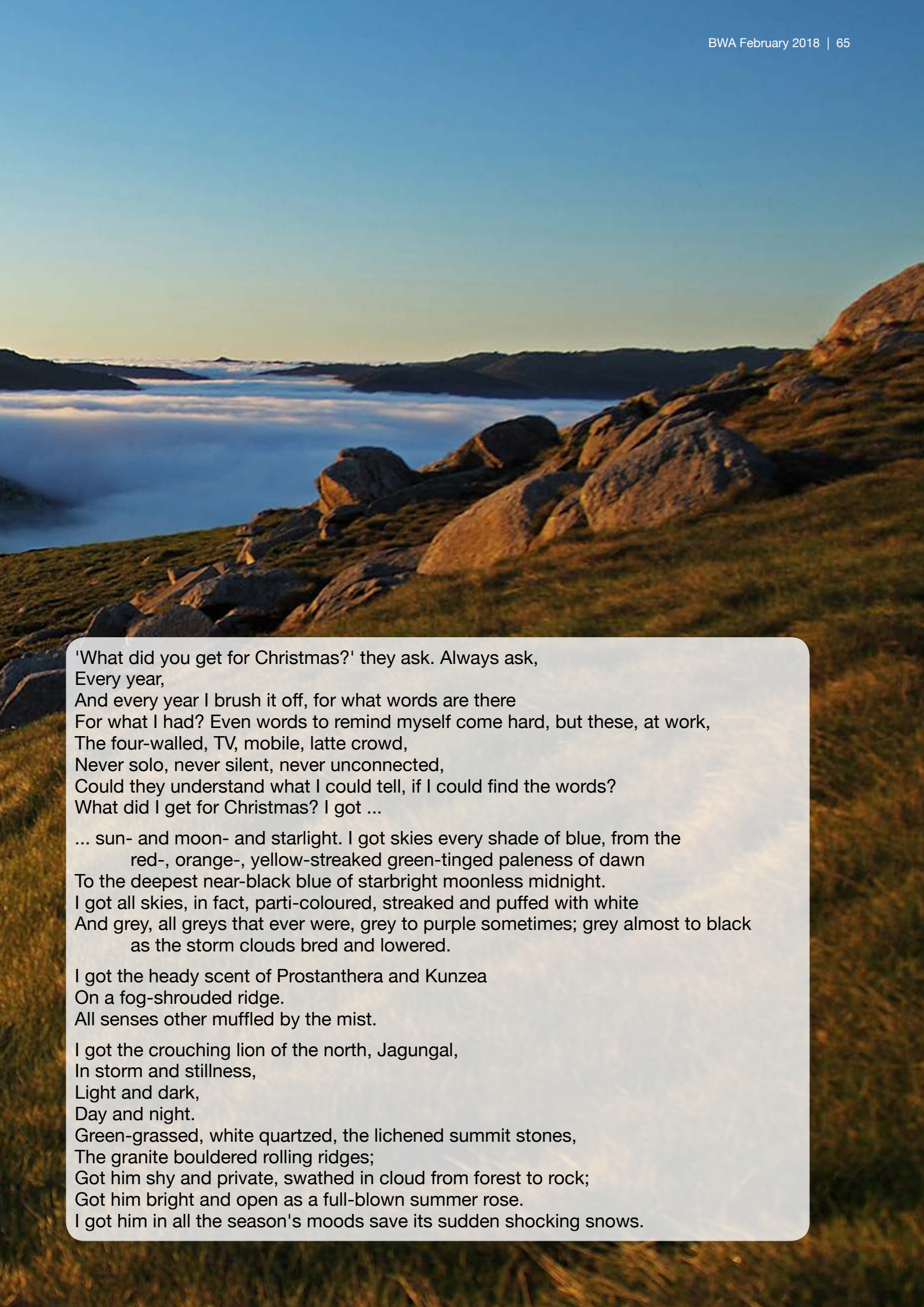
Snowy Mountains Ramble

A different type of trip report
North-north-west

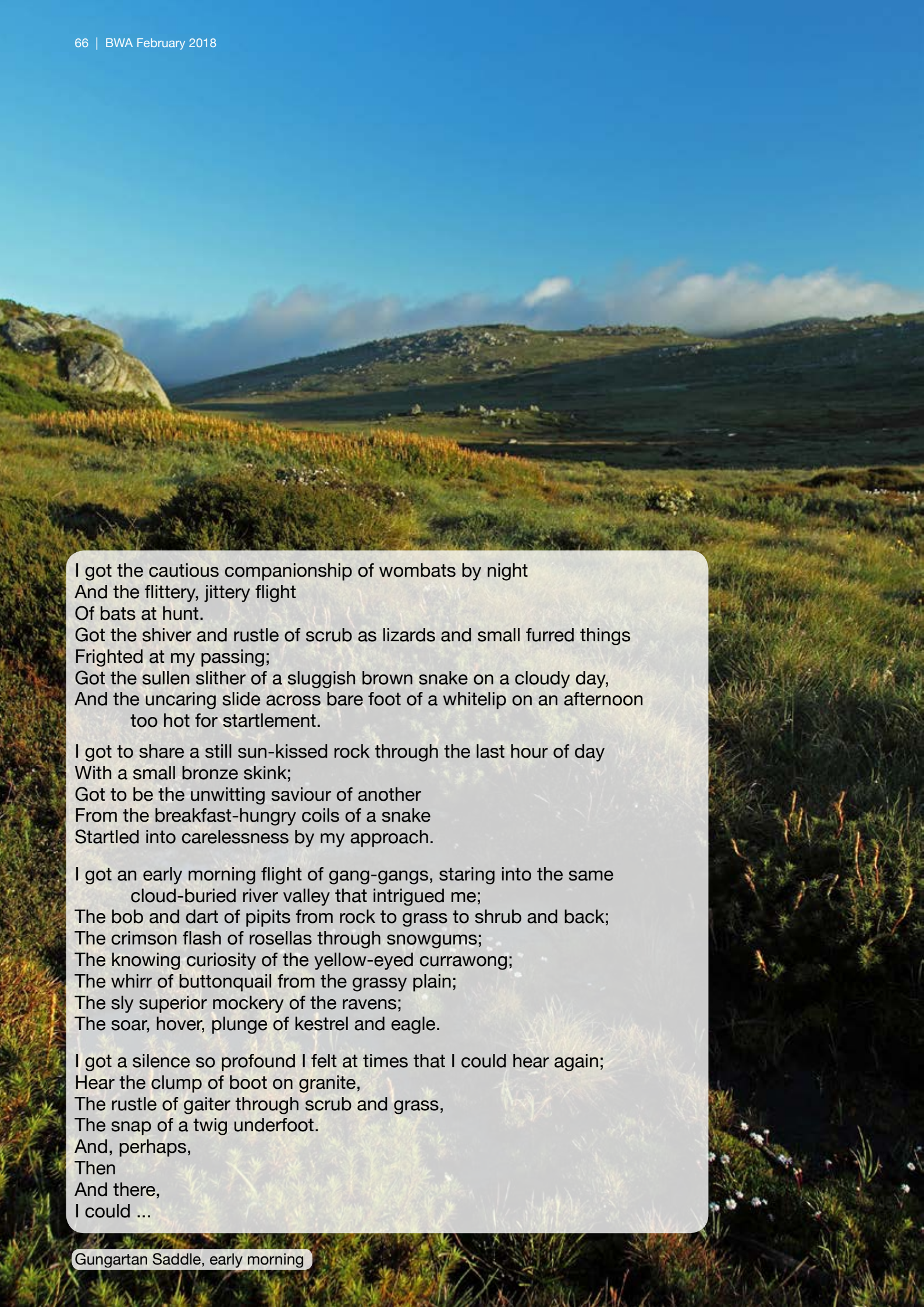


This is the result of two weeks of convoluted (mostly off-track) summer wandering in the Kosciuszko National Park, between Round Mountain in the Jagungal Wilderness, and Dead Horse Gap. The pack was heavy at the start but the heart was light. Even lighter at the end (apart from it being the end ...).

Mann Bluff campsite, early morning, before the sunken cloud started lifting to briefly bury everything and then burned off



'What did you get for Christmas?' they ask. Always ask,
Every year,
And every year I brush it off, for what words are there
For what I had? Even words to remind myself come hard, but these, at work,
The four-walled, TV, mobile, latte crowd,
Never solo, never silent, never unconnected,
Could they understand what I could tell, if I could find the words?
What did I get for Christmas? I got ...
... sun- and moon- and starlight. I got skies every shade of blue, from the
red-, orange-, yellow-streaked green-tinged paleness of dawn
To the deepest near-black blue of starbright moonless midnight.
I got all skies, in fact, parti-coloured, streaked and puffed with white
And grey, all greys that ever were, grey to purple sometimes; grey almost to black
as the storm clouds bred and lowered.
I got the heady scent of Prostanthera and Kunzea
On a fog-shrouded ridge.
All senses other muffled by the mist.
I got the crouching lion of the north, Jagungal,
In storm and stillness,
Light and dark,
Day and night.
Green-grassed, white quartzed, the lichened summit stones,
The granite bouldered rolling ridges;
Got him shy and private, swathed in cloud from forest to rock;
Got him bright and open as a full-blown summer rose.
I got him in all the season's moods save its sudden shocking snows.

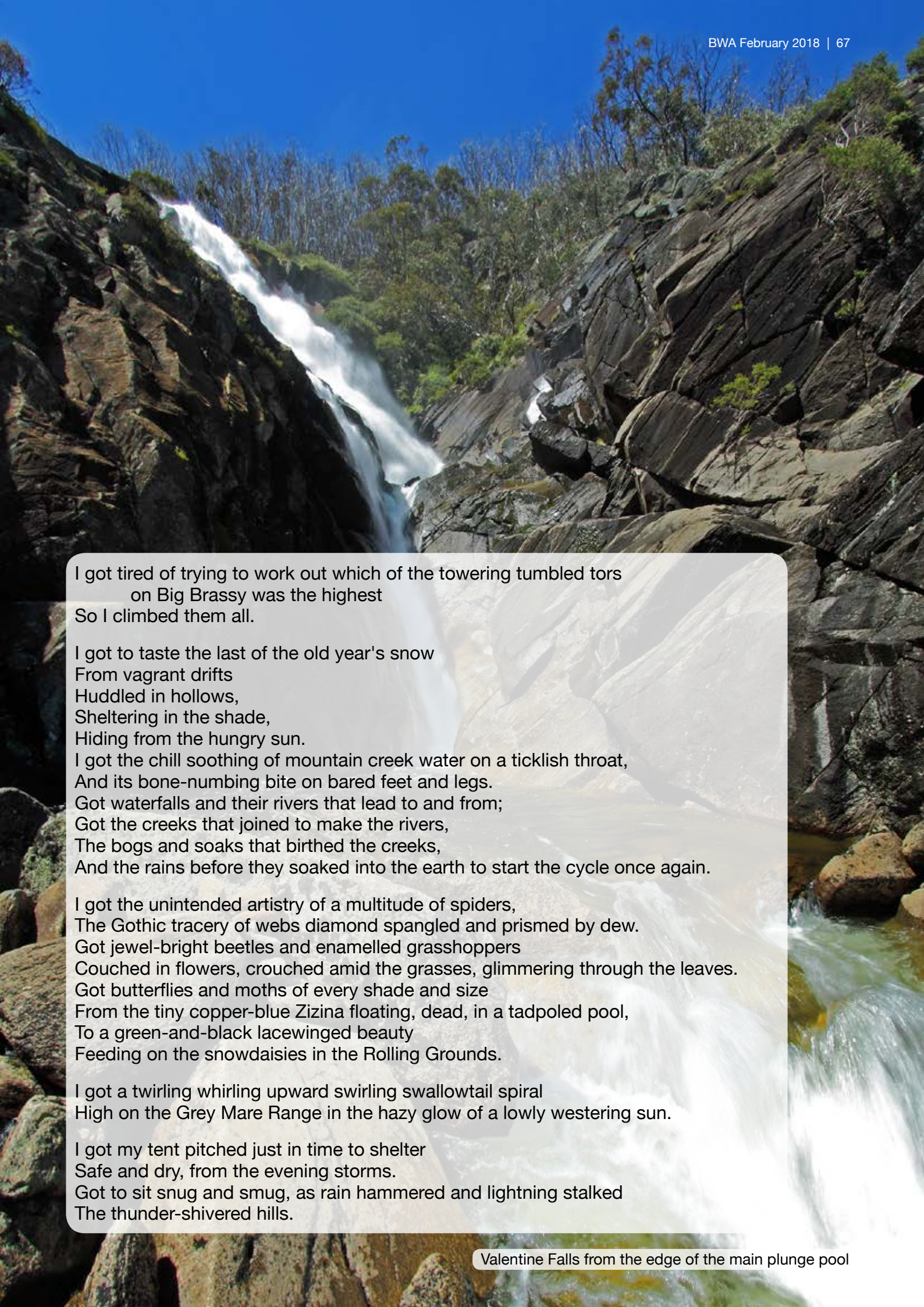


I got the cautious companionship of wombats by night
And the flittery, jittery flight
Of bats at hunt.
Got the shiver and rustle of scrub as lizards and small furred things
Frighted at my passing;
Got the sullen slither of a sluggish brown snake on a cloudy day,
And the uncaring slide across bare foot of a whitelip on an afternoon
too hot for startlement.

I got to share a still sun-kissed rock through the last hour of day
With a small bronze skink;
Got to be the unwitting saviour of another
From the breakfast-hungry coils of a snake
Startled into carelessness by my approach.

I got an early morning flight of gang-gangs, staring into the same
cloud-buried river valley that intrigued me;
The bob and dart of pipits from rock to grass to shrub and back;
The crimson flash of rosellas through snowgums;
The knowing curiosity of the yellow-eyed currawong;
The whirr of buttonquail from the grassy plain;
The sly superior mockery of the ravens;
The soar, hover, plunge of kestrel and eagle.

I got a silence so profound I felt at times that I could hear again;
Hear the clump of boot on granite,
The rustle of gaiter through scrub and grass,
The snap of a twig underfoot.
And, perhaps,
Then
And there,
I could ...



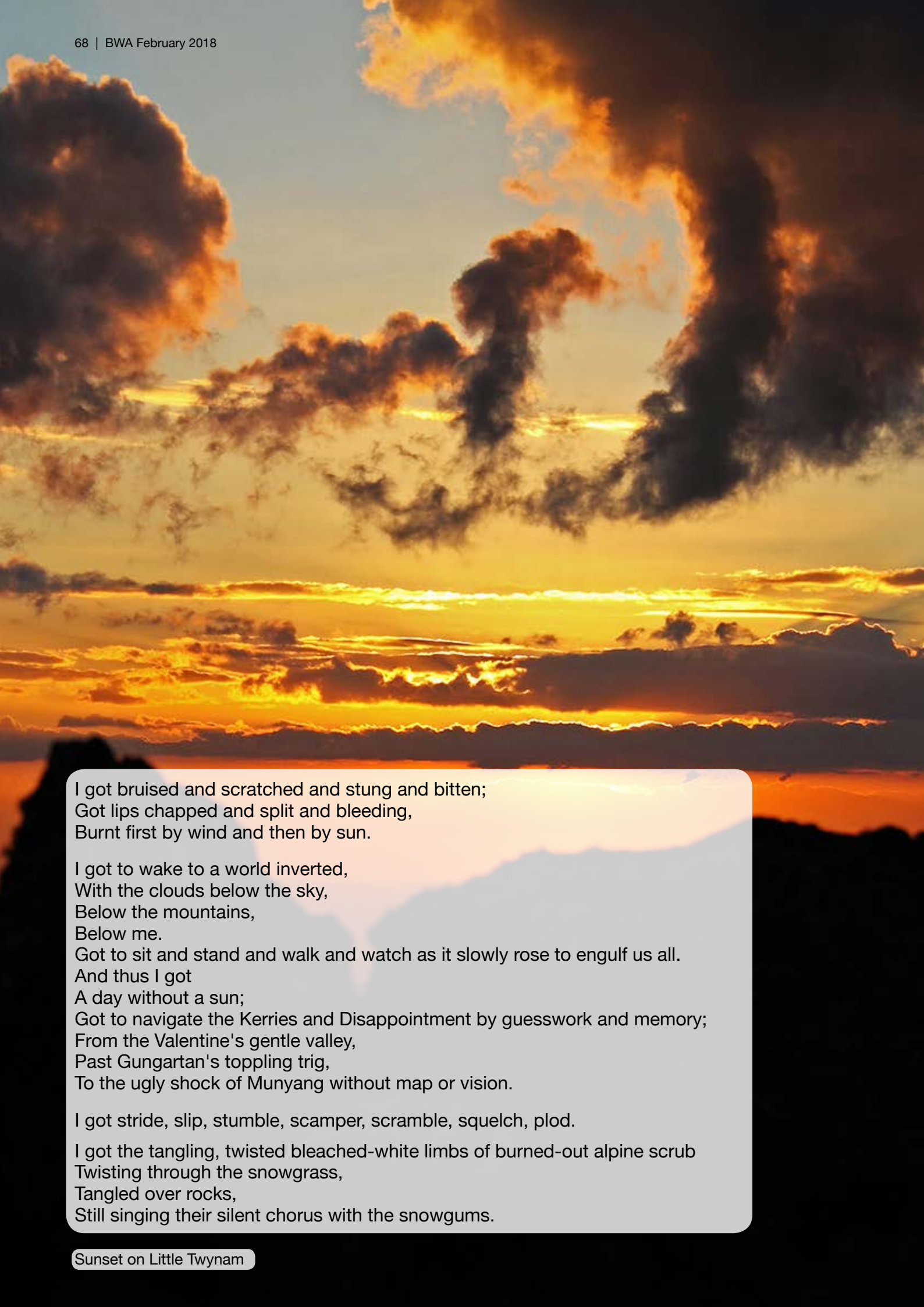
I got tired of trying to work out which of the towering tumbled tors
on Big Brassy was the highest
So I climbed them all.

I got to taste the last of the old year's snow
From vagrant drifts
Huddled in hollows,
Sheltering in the shade,
Hiding from the hungry sun.
I got the chill soothing of mountain creek water on a ticklish throat,
And its bone-numbing bite on bared feet and legs.
Got waterfalls and their rivers that lead to and from;
Got the creeks that joined to make the rivers,
The bogs and soaks that birthed the creeks,
And the rains before they soaked into the earth to start the cycle once again.

I got the unintended artistry of a multitude of spiders,
The Gothic tracery of webs diamond spangled and prised by dew.
Got jewel-bright beetles and enamelled grasshoppers
Couched in flowers, crouched amid the grasses, glimmering through the leaves.
Got butterflies and moths of every shade and size
From the tiny copper-blue Zizina floating, dead, in a tadpoled pool,
To a green-and-black lacewinged beauty
Feeding on the snowdaisies in the Rolling Grounds.

I got a twirling whirling upward swirling swallowtail spiral
High on the Grey Mare Range in the hazy glow of a lowly westering sun.

I got my tent pitched just in time to shelter
Safe and dry, from the evening storms.
Got to sit snug and smug, as rain hammered and lightning stalked
The thunder-shivered hills.



I got bruised and scratched and stung and bitten;
Got lips chapped and split and bleeding,
Burnt first by wind and then by sun.

I got to wake to a world inverted,
With the clouds below the sky,
Below the mountains,
Below me.
Got to sit and stand and walk and watch as it slowly rose to engulf us all.
And thus I got
A day without a sun;
Got to navigate the Kerries and Disappointment by guesswork and memory;
From the Valentine's gentle valley,
Past Gungartan's toppling trig,
To the ugly shock of Munyang without map or vision.

I got stride, slip, stumble, scamper, scramble, squelch, plod.

I got the tangling, twisted bleached-white limbs of burned-out alpine scrub
Twisting through the snowgrass,
Tangled over rocks,
Still singing their silent chorus with the snowgums.

I got to crouch behind a concrete pillar on a wind-blasted mountaintop
And watch as the world slowly formed
And shaped
And coloured itself with the growing light of a new day;
And then turned and hid itself within dark swirling dampness.
I got hot and sweaty, wet and cold, tired and hungry.

I got the curious isolation
And dislocation
Of walking in heavy fog,
Carrying one small bubble of perception
Through the soft grey nothingness the world had become.

I got a fingernail-thin sliver of crescent moon rising just before the sun
and leading it into the west.

I got one perfect day on the Main Range
That began
And ended
In fog, but all the hours between were made to order,
Clear skied, but for the small streaks and puffs that came to break the
boredom of solid blue,
With the biting blow-you-sideways winds of days before and after
Dropped to a breeze just enough to keep the air from stillness.
And, so, I got ...
... out to the Sentinel by the straight route -
Heart still dancing its samba-beat upon the summit rocks -
Then back by one yet worse,
A boottip, fingergrasp scramble of mossed and crumbling rock
That, when done, left me owning the world.

I got great swathes of snowdaisies,
Adding their silver-green and white
To the patchwork-quilted hillsides.
I got orchids known from other times
And other places -
Their seasons subtly shifted by the breaking of the drought -
And one soft pale greenhood I had not seen before,
In a place I had not been before
(and would not care if I never saw again).

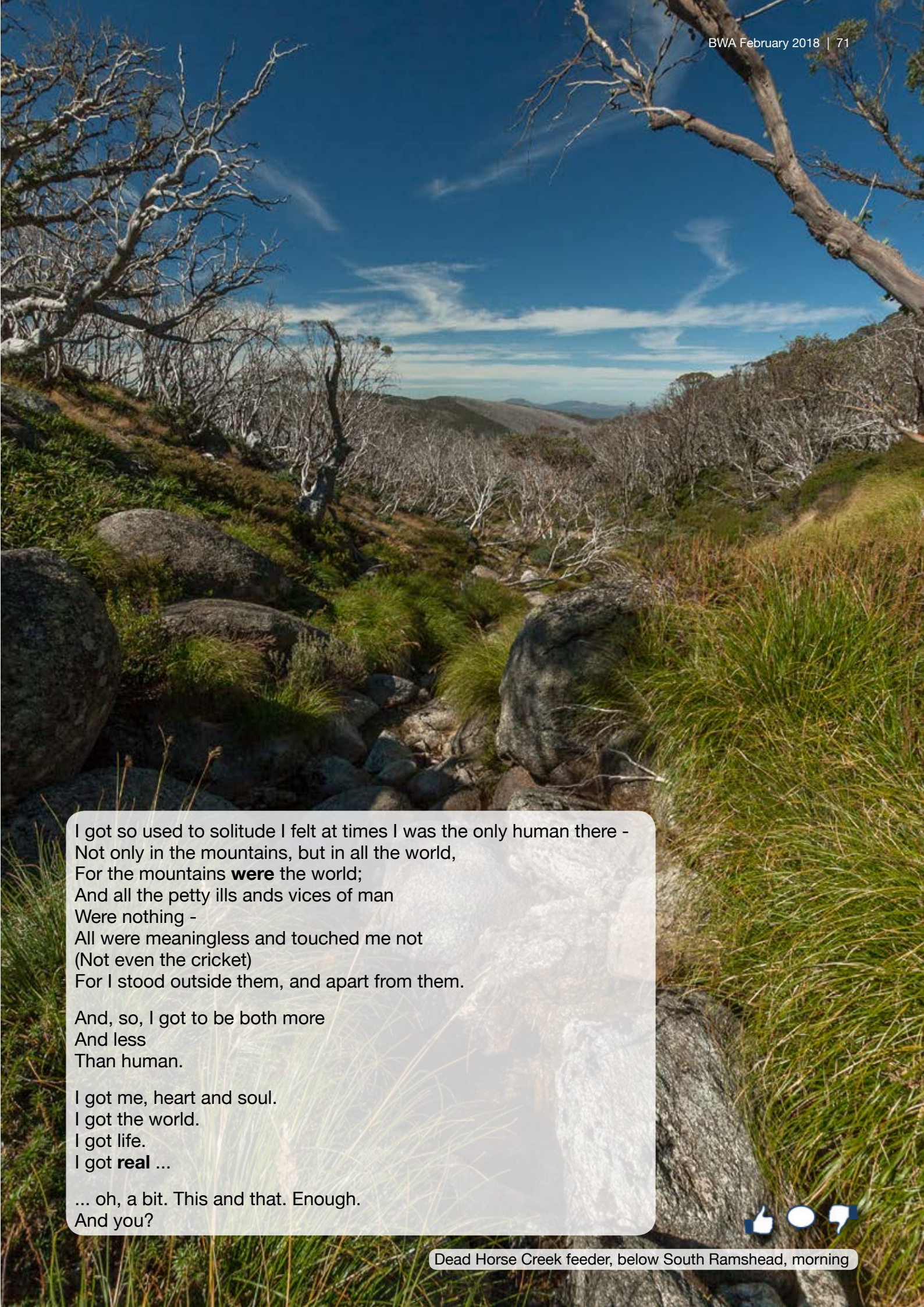
I got fitter, and stronger,
In more than just the body.

I got the joy,
The fierce, sky-ringing exultation
Of mountaintops alone
By midday, dawn and dusk.
Got the warm deep satisfaction that comes
When you aim
And try
And do.

I got to live to a different rhythm, to measure time in other ways:
By the turning of the earth,
The waning of the moon,
By the ache of hip, twinge of knee, rumble in the belly.

I got to love the mountains more
Every day,
Every hour,
Every step,
Until I was them and they were me and we were all,
All life
All love,
All time and place.

Climbing South Ramshead aka "The Place Where the Falcons Fight" (as a tribute to Cootapatamba "The Place Where the Eagles Drink"), and the battling (or possibly courting - who knows with birds?) trio of peregrines I watched up there.



I got so used to solitude I felt at times I was the only human there -
Not only in the mountains, but in all the world,
For the mountains **were** the world;
And all the petty ills and vices of man
Were nothing -
All were meaningless and touched me not
(Not even the cricket)
For I stood outside them, and apart from them.

And, so, I got to be both more
And less
Than human.

I got me, heart and soul.
I got the world.
I got life.
I got **real** ...

... oh, a bit. This and that. Enough.
And you?



Bushwalk Australia



Bushwalk Australia

Bushwalking Heritage
Volume 20, December 2017

Bushwalking Heritage

- > Kidmans Hut Walk
- > Conquering the Giant
- > Dam Madness
- > Five benefits of silent bushwalking



Bushwalk Australia

Wonderful Walking
Volume 23, October 2017

Wonderful Walking

- > Aussie 10
- > Bushwalking Adventure Activity Standard
- > Forests for all



Bushwalk Australia

Discover & Explore
Volume 24, August 2017

Discover & Explore

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- > Mount Triglav, Slovenia
- > First aid kit
- > Firestorms



Bushwalk Australia

Wandering the World
Volume 23, June 2017

Wandering the World

- > 10 reasons to Hike The PCT
- > The Spires via Holley Basin
- > From hiker to Globewalker
- > Should they be stopped?

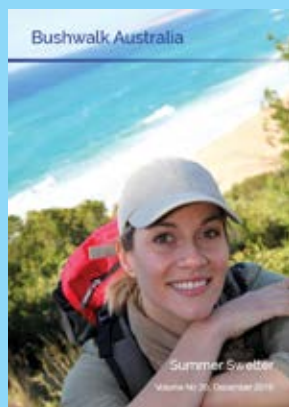


Bushwalk Australia

Longer and Wilder
Volume 16, April 2017

Longer and Wilder

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- > Bibbulmun Track
- > Skinkers

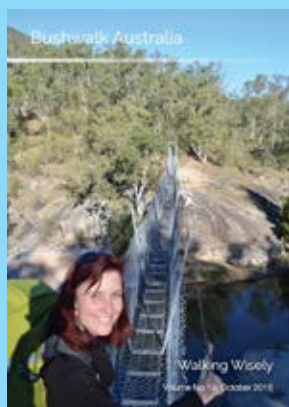


Bushwalk Australia

Summer Swelter
Volume 20, December 2017

Summer Swelter

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- > Rewilding
- > Sun clothing

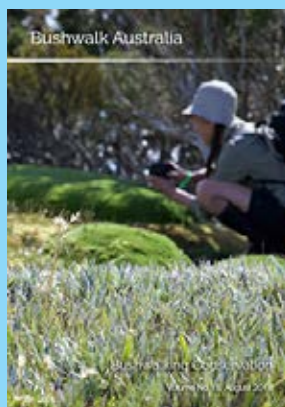


Bushwalk Australia

Walking Wisely
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Walking Wisely

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Bushwalk Australia

Bushwalking Conservation
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Bushwalk Australia

Winter Walking
Volume 17, June 2016

Winter Walking

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Bushwalk Australia

Best of New South Wales
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Best of NSW

- > Best walks of NSW
- > Wolgan Gorge adventure



Bushwalk Australia

Best of Victoria
Volume 19, December 2017

Best of VIC

- > Best walks of Victoria
- > Wilsons Prom



Bushwalk Australia

Best of Tasmania
Volume 19, December 2017

Best of TAS

- > Best walks of Tasmania
- > Rescue at Cradle



Bushwalk Australia

Best of South Australia
Volume 19, December 2017

Best of SA

- > Best walks of SA
- > Bungy Pump poles



Bushwalk Australia

Best of Western Australia
Volume 19, December 2017

Best of WA

- > WA - a hike for everyone
- > Forests and logging

