

The QP Club

Anyone interested in gathering one evening a month to discuss esoteric ideas, experiences & books? For example about: meditation, the Enneagram, Buddhism, quantum physics, the biology of beliefs, the holographic universe, enlightenment, the power of the mind, myths & symbols, etc. etc. etc.

Understanding is not a pre requisite, just a willingness to explore & discuss.

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Trip Reports

LAKE TALİ KARNG

APRIL 2, 2010

On Friday the 2nd of April, a group of eleven “ratters” went on a 4 day base camp in the Alpine National park, with the major objective being a hike to Lake Tali Karng. The hardy souls were Jean, Vicki, Craig, Jenni, Brian, Alan & Karena, Marianne K, myself, and Marion P. and Alex, this being (I am told) their first overnighter – they picked a doozy.

After meeting up at Licola, we drove to our first nights camps site (MacFarlane Saddle). Prior to the trip I had checked the weather (and based my clothing mainly on its forecast) Knucklehead Brown failed to take into account the change of temperature with altitude. Licola being 210 metres, whilst all of our walking was above 1400 metres, an 8 degree change of temperature. The weather notwithstanding was excellent; with days being mainly sunnyish, then in the late arvo the mist would roll in like a cold soft, feathery cloak. Most of us rugged up like Michelin men (or women), except for Alan and Karena, they wore the omni present shorts and complimentary goose pimples.

The campfire was excellent, with much jocularly, yarns were banded about trying to get the group discussing their most embarrassing/funny moments. We retired at bushwalkers midnight (9 o'clock).

On Saturday morning, we ritually weighed our packs then set off for our base camp site at Rigalls hut through fairly level terrain, supplemented by a side trip up to the 1640 metre Mt. Wellington.

Our campsite was reached about 2pm., with a total walk of 13km. The camp morphed into 2 groups, one taking a leisurely sojourn to Taylors lookout, which would have been a beaut view if not for the usual arvo low cloud reducing visibility, the other frenetic group, being as agile as otters and with a propensity for pain, hot-

footed it to the sentinels. Once again the campfire glowed, the wine flowed, and banter & codswallop abounded.

Sundays walk was an excellent walk of 10.5 km return, the descent down to the lake was a toe jammer, very steep, with glimpses of the lake through the trees – we knew we would pay a high price on the return journey – we did, but at least we were not burdened like a pack horse, we only had day packs.

The lake itself is unique, it is the only natural lake in the Victorian Alps, it is the only deep lake in Victoria, (depth 51 metres) and is 14 hectares in area. It was formed 1500 years ago by a landslide falling from the sentinel, damming the Wellington river. The lake has no stream outlet and has never been known for overflow. There is also no vegetation in the lake, as the lake is slightly acidic. It is also cold. Very, very cold.

After a brief swim by a few hardy, squealing and soon to be numb souls, we walked upstream to inspect two of the three waterfalls. One person whom did not make it beyond knee deep did acquire the nickname the wimp of Tali Karng, but as those jeering were firmly ensconced upon their posteriors on terra firma getting stuck into nosh, thats a bit rough, and as what goes on, the track stays on the track – I won't mention Vicki's name. Interestingly, the word nickname comes from the old English word ekename, literally meaning additional name. The only negative for the day was the thousands of European wasps foraging for sustenance from the discarded waste of campers at the lake. If someone was, repeatedly stung the isolation and lack of mobile phone coverage could have dreadful consequences.

We started back in dribs and drabs, the ascent from the lake was a ripper, we climbed over 600 metres up that steep slope. Mind you, the slope never exceeded 30%,

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so we really were sooks, albeit tired, sweaty, puffing, bedraggled sooks, but sooks nevertheless (sooks from old English *sucan* (to suck). Yep, buushwalkin kan improve bof yore grama and help n staminar.

Ah yes, once again the warm campfire, it really is very soothing staring into the flickering flames (especially when viewed through the bottom of a half full glass tankard). We did have a visitor during the night. A fox swiped a couple of rubbish bags. The snuffling from the styrian darkness did scare the tripe out of me though. I thought maybe a Yeti had paid us a visit.

On Monday we trekked back to the cars, via a rocky mountain called Spion Kopje. History buffs may want to know that Spion Kopje (or Kop) is Africaans for spyhill, or lookout. During the boer war a decisive battle occurred in south Africa at Spion Kopje between the British (led by General Buller) and the Boers in 1900. A young Winston Churchill was a lieutenant.

The view from the top of Spion Kopje was beautiful – layers upon layer of green mountains, tinged blue by eucalyptus vapour, bristling with dead, grey bushfire destroyed trees, standing starkly above the verdant green

new growth. The view inspired Vicki, Brian and Craig, who frenetically did a side trip to the next hill, which was only a km or so away – but, a big but, was you had a steep descent, a steep ascent to get to the hill – and then of course come back. The rest of us ground our way across country hoping to find the track. A cyclist pedalling furiously showed us the way. A bus would have been more fortuitous.

A stomach bug dampened the enthusiasm of one of the party, but she soldiered on very bravely – stern stuff these bushwalkers. Most commendable indeed.

Back at the cars a bottle of champagne and chocolates were shared by all, then of course we faced the long drive home. No trauma for this little black duck. I sat in the back like jacky reading a book while Jean drove. Ah it, s good to be alive.

I would say that all present found this walk to be a beauty. Personally, I have not walked in the alps before and found it exceedingly restful and beautiful. A very nice walk, thank you Jean.

Graeme Brown

TUESDAY MORNING WALKING GROUP

APRIL 15, 2010

A Compilation of Walkers' Comments

- Enjoyed a great morning in the Smythesdale area. Loved walking through the bush, learning a little of the history of the area and the company of fellow walkers.
- Scenic disused mining area. Very pleasant.
- It was a bit chilly as we gathered outside the Courthouse Hotel.
- But we soon warmed up as we set off past the Woody Yallock school.
- Sixteen boys and girls. The pace was brisk and the countryside beautiful as ever.
- Angela has an amazing range of walks and the walk around the Smythesdale local bush was enjoyed by us all.

- Jan and I got talking and walking, don't ask me to find the way back. Great to be in the bush.
- Another excellent Tuesday walk that took us to local places that I have never walked before.
- Another enjoyable walk. Liked the old mining areas.
- The Chinese prisoner was given a beanie and sunglasses to protect him from the elements.
- Overcast but fascinating, particularly through the old diggings.
- The forest was alive with rounded globular brown fungi.
- It's great to be able to turn up on Tuesdays for a social walk and plenty of chatting. Coffee and food at the end is always a highlight.

Angela Beard