

*Trip Reports — continued***SENIOR'S WEEK WALK**

OCTOBER 10, 2009

On Saturday 10 October, six members of our club, on a beautiful day, hosted the Paradise walk. Those present were Vicky, Bronny, Jill, Kerrin, our fearless leader, Phil, and myself, Graeme, alias Bill.

The Seniors Walk is an opportunity for our club to put something back into the community, it would have been better if there had been a smidgen more involvement from other club members, as Phil and a few others, put considerable effort in to ensure the walks success.

We met at Ballarat, then proceeded to the meeting place at the rotunda in Beaufort, before being transported to the start of the walk in a bloody big bus, scraping perilously close to the trees on the narrow track to the start of the walk. There were the six of us, Bronwyn Cuthbertson, from the Beaufort Skipton health service, with three of her friends, and twenty-five self-named 'antiques', including a sprightly 80 year old lady.

The first part of the walk was past the Grevillea track, this I'm told is named after the Mt. Cole grevillea, the only place, where it is to be found. We passed through many towering messmates, crossing Fiery creek (so named due to the gold glinting through the water, when gold was first found in this area). A smoko stop at The Glut, enabled us to knock off some of the (provided) fruitcake and delicious oranges. Due to the endurance wise diversity of the group, it was decided to split the walk into two groups, with three club members and

seven 'antiques' walking the Paradise walk, and the rest taking a short cut back to Richards. The shortcut group, morphed into two groups during their walk, I am told.

The Paradise walk was just under 6 km, and fairly steep in parts, creaky knees were up and about. One of the ladies was walking this walk, because a relative of hers was one of the first to do this particular walk, many years ago - apparently it was originally called the Cocky Paradise walk.

The last time I walked this track, was just after the bushfires, when it was almost entirely burnt out, it looked like a blackened moonscape - but now nature has reclaimed her own and all is lush, green and very scenic.

Amongst the group I was in, was a lady, who insisted on calling me Bill, despite my repeated protestations - perhaps I reminded her of Billy Bunter - my meat pie at breaky not helping my cause. Bronny did try to auction me off as a toyboy to the 'antiques', and despite a few pitiful, meagre offers, greed won out as they wanted a more salubrious, richer and younger model.

After arriving at Richards, some hit the nosebag, and a small, adventurous group, walked the steep 2km or so walk up to the waterfall, which was flowing, albeit it a smallish flow.

The group were very friendly, very jovial, with all keen to be there.

A good time was had by all, although there may be a few tired legs/muscles the next day.

Graeme and Bronny

**OVERNIGHT WALK — LERDERDERG GORGE**

OCTOBER 17-18, 2009

On the week-end of the 17th/18th October, a bush-walk was planned to hike from O'Briens Crossing along the East walk. I planned to camp Friday night to check out my tent and gear, prior to my November Great Ocean walk. Upon pitching my tent, huey let it rip and the rain bucketed down, forcing me to scamper out of the torrent to the warmth of my van. Unfortunately, I forgot to zip up my tent, resulting in it being inundated. As I was only 20 km or so from home, I left the wet tent and retired to my residence. Early Saturday morning, I bundled up my tent and met up with the other walkers, those being, David, Max, Jean, Vicky, Anne and myself.

The walk was for beginners, but all the participants were moderately experienced, people cry out for beginners overnighers, but when they get put on, many do not participate.

Due to recent rains, the Lerderderg river had a very good flow, and the tinkling water noises were very

soothing. The days walk was marred by an act of horrendous proportions, few of the others failed to see the gravity of my misfortune. Whilst scrambling under a fallen forest giant (a log) my full bottle of coke self destructed, rendering my planned rum and coke, cokeless - next time the coke goes into an aluminium bottle. WE arrived at our campsite early after a hike of only about 7 km. After setting up camp, everyone went for a nice, small hike except me, I spent some time rolling large rocks to the fireplace, it was indeed a very comfortable throne around the fireplace for me. When we cooked our meals around the fire later on, it was fortunate that I carried spares, i.e. a stubby of beer and a small bottle of champagne, which managed to provide a small measure of fortitude through the night.

After a good nights sleep, we decamped and walked the steep Cowan's track to get back to the cars around midday. The weather was very kind to this on this Saturday and Sunday, and even though we had done the walk before, found it to be enjoyable. Thank you, David.