



THE TRUDGE

April 2022

Club meetings are on the first Monday of each month (excluding January)

7:00pm Refreshments for 7:30pm Meeting

Buderim Men's Shed

38 Advance Road, Kuluin

(If the first Monday falls on a holiday or long weekend the meeting is held the following Monday)

Scheduled activities are on <https://www.scbwc.com/activities>

Committee Members 2021-2022

President:	Rod Edwards	pres@scbwc.com
Vice President:	Sam Rowe	vp@scbwc.com
Secretary:	Stephen Hunter	sec@scbwc.com
Treasurer:	Pam Sanders	treas@scbwc.com
Walks Coordinator:	Linda Gregory	walk@scbwc.com
Membership Officer:	Lorri Carrol	enquiry@scbwc.com
Grants Officer:	Peter Fowler	grants@scbwc.com

Non Committee Positions

Hire Equipment Officer:	Garry Carr	guznez6@gmail.com
Trudge Editor:	Stephen Hunter	trudge@scbwc.com
Abseiling Coordinator	Peter Fowler	grants@scbwc.com
Librarian:	Gerard Gallop	cooroora35@gmail.com

Email enquiry@scbwc.com if you are unsure of whom to contact. They will forward your query to the appropriate individual.

Please send walk reports and photographs to trudge@scbwc.com

Members should email enquiry@scbwc.com if they are not receiving general email communications from the SCBWC.

If you are a SCBWC member, join our closed Facebook group.



Sam Kelly Road – Gheerulla Circuit

Sunday 3 April 2022

We were a little uncertain what condition this track would be in after the recent heavy rains that had apparently caused some washouts but need not have worried as it was fine.

The day started out clear with light fog laying in the lower valleys. We parked in Sam Kelly Road and straight out of our cars we were met with a fast flowing creek crossing that challenged us on keeping our shoes dry right from the get go.

Clare led our group of 9 on this circuit anticlockwise which was a good call as we battled the long steep 300+ metre hike up the many switchbacks to the lookout while we were fresh.

The track was good with regular sections of steep concrete steps.

I won't lie – it was extremely challenging but there were beautiful views on every turn and the terrain was lush with massive clumps of grass trees and banksia everywhere so there was pretty good reason to stop and catch your breath while taking it all in.

Every food or rest stop we made throughout the day was exceptional - either an amazing lush valley view or a gurgling creek flowing through mossy boulders.

We took in every viewpoint we came across and didn't rush off before we had really soaked it in.

Our group gate-crashed one hiker's solitude at the Thilba Thalba lookout although he didn't seem to mind as he'd had it to himself for a short while but wisely moved on out quickly ahead of us to regain his solitude.



Another big guy we came across was challenging himself with lugging a massive 38kg pack for who knows what reason.



We saw him again late in the day resting on the track before his final climb to Ubajee Campsite for the evening.

I certainly was not envious.



We also came across a group of teenagers cruising along the tracks through the Gheerulla Valley who were also carrying packs but looked so dam clean and fresh, all polite with friendly smiles that were weren't convinced they had roughed it overnight but you never know – the young do bounce back pretty well.

Thankfully the latter half of the hike was pretty easy going for which we were most grateful. Having stopped for lunch around 1ish at Gheerulla Falls we'd enjoyed a good long break there and scooted up to look at the falls before we continued on.

The falls were flowing better than any other time I'd seen them. And so the trail back was wonderful and so bolstering for our weary bodies with the lively sound of rushing waters in our ears as we made our way over the many creek crossings.

We eyed off all the many great water holes earmarking them for possible future swims and were very impressed with the camp site across the creek for the trailbike rider weekenders.

We were back at our cars by 4 having clocked up a decent 23.3km over the 8 hours we were out there although only six of those of which we were actually on the move which was a damn good effort by everyone I thought.

I would highly recommend this circuit for anyone in the mood for a challenging longer hike with lots to offer.

Most grateful to Clare for choosing to lead this particular hike at such an ideal time of year.

Thanks to everyone in the group for an enjoyable day - great group, lots of friendly banter, well led by Clare and well-guarded at the rear by Linda.

Cheers,

Taylor



The Dozer Track– Gheerulla Circuit

Sunday 10 April 2022

Clare, Ian, Leanda, Peter, Linda, Damien, Kate, Regina, Garry + Neralie

The Dozer Track is an abbreviated version of the full Gheerulla Circuit, being roughly half its length.

Ten of us enjoyed this pleasant half-day walk linking up with the circuit just near Thilba Thalba Walkers Camp, 200m off Delicia Rd. About half a km south-east of the camp we took an unmarked trail off to the left. This is the Dozer Track, an old steep forestry track that follows a ridge line down to the Gheerulla Creek. The track is pretty steep in parts, although the recent rains seem to have taken away a lot of the looser surface material.



After an hour of relentless walking downhill we finally reached the creek. It was approaching time for morning tea so we found a great slab of rock in the middle of the creek that was large enough to accommodate us all. It was lovely to see and hear the water gushing down the creek as too often it is a dryish creek bed.



Rejuvenated we re-joined the Circuit walk heading towards Gheerulla Bluff, enjoying the tranquillity of the rainforest and the creek. Only one section of the track had been taken out by the floods, easily sorted by a short scramble. We climbed up the Bluff via a series of switchbacks, occasionally resting to take in the views and enjoy the landscape. A short side-trip to Thilba Thalba viewpoint gave us a great view looking across the Gheerulla Valley.

Once back at Thilba Thalba Camp we had lunch together before heading back to the cars. The GPS users retrieved slightly different statistics from their devices – the most flattering being 12km in length and a 480m elevation gain/loss.

No matter the statistics it was a good workout and an enjoyable way to spend a Sunday.



Thanks to everyone for their good company.

Neralie Carr

Jack's Place

Easter 2022



Jack's Place – Lower Portals and The Whirlpool

Friday 15 April 2022

The group: Peter, Leanda, Linda, Gary, Neralie and Michelle.

To reach the Lower Portals we left our 2 vehicles in the parking area and walked about 3 ½ kilometres to Mount Barney Creek. We named this hilly track the “Seven Hills of Happiness”, because this reflected our mood – and our fitness was fresh.

A high volume of water was tumbling down the creek and it looked a bit difficult to cross. Two options faced us:

1. Walk over a pine tree trunk which straddled the creek.
2. Walk in the water and brave the rapids and slippery boulders.

I enjoy log crossing challenges, so I precariously balanced the 10 metre long tree trunk and got my “adrenalin thrill”.

Peter took the challenge next and was successful. The 4 others reached the other side with wet legs, happy smiles and cameras clicking. They put their boots back on.



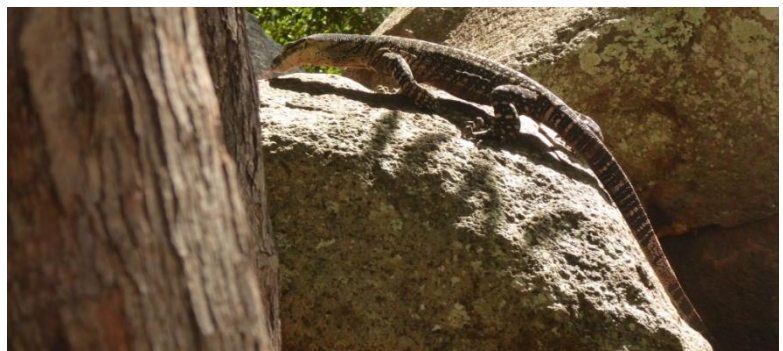
By following the western bank 300 metres, we arrived at a special place with very large boulders blocking our path. Underneath and between 2 boulders, we ducked our heads to walk inside this shadowy place.

The atmosphere was like a cave – cool and dark. Higher up, a keyhole of light enticed us to climb. We scrambled and squeezed our way through the narrow portal, using small foot holds and launching ourselves upwards.

We popped out into bright sunshine to another special place – a type of boxed-in picnic spot, with a dozen young people swimming in a large deep pool. The scenery was spectacular! The smooth-walled gorge sides had been sculptured by eons of water-washing. A steep rocky ridge was leading to a dominating mountain, Toms Tum, which towered 764 metres above.

While we sat quietly on the boulders having morning tea, two lace monitors in stealth mode, were prowling about. A woman sitting nearby told me that one of the reptiles gave her a hell of a fright.

It audaciously crept up behind her and put its clawed foot on her left hip. Its mouth was near her armpit, about to steal her food on her lap!



The rest of the morning was spent climbing off-track up a steep incline (300 metres elevation gain), meandering through the bush and finally stepping onto a narrow foot pad. Our descent to Mount Barney creek had our feet sliding on loose stones and grabbing grasses for support.

We were now two kilometres upstream from the Lower Portals, at a campsite called “Barney Gorge Junction remote bush camp”.

The challenge now was to rock-hop downstream to the Lower Portals. But the large volume of water made this difficult, because the creek edge was excessively scrubby with flood debris. About one hour later, our efforts were rewarded. Standing on high, up on a wide sloping slab on the northern bank, we were held spellbound by a “Devil’s Whirlpool”.

Water funneled, increasing in speed, and plunged with a loud hiss, into a deep rock hole about the size of a Mack truck. One of the men (boys will be boys!) threw down a log just to see what would happen.

It landed just upstream of the open mouth of the whirlpool. A split second later, it slipped down and disappeared under the white froth. After a 10 second wait, it popped up near the side, but got sucked under again.

The second time it emerged, it had broken into two pieces. It soon got smashed and fell down the second waterfall. We were in awe of its power. The “Devil’s Whirlpool” meant danger.

We wanted to stay longer, but due to the lateness of the day, and the creek edges being too challenging, Peter led us out and upwards. The country here is a bushwalkers paradise with dry sclerophyll forest, interesting boulders and grasstrees.

We eventually found the footpad and descended to the Mount Barney Creek crossing point. Again, we forded it or walked along the log. We were feeling tired after our day’s efforts, so the “Seven Hills of Happiness” became the “Seven Hills of Misery @#!!!”.



Peter’s GPS recorded 15 kilometres in total, with 800 metres of ascent and descent.

It was a wonderful bushwalk.

Michelle Freeman

Jack's Place – Mt Greville Loop

Saturday 16 April 2022

In 1828, the mountain was named after the Scottish botanist Robert Kaye Greville by the European explorer Allan Cunningham.

The group: Peter, Leanda, Linda, Gary, Neralie, Michelle, Taylor and Sharon.

9 am. Mt Greville has three ways up: Palm Gorge – left, South East Ridge - straight, and Waterfall Gorge - right. Peter's plan was to lead us up Waterfall Gorge, continue to the summit and down Palm Gorge, back to the cars.

Climbing the gorge with its cool, shady canopy and steep rock walls, gave us many photo opportunities. The track was rugged with block-shaped rocks, roots, moss, deep leaf litter, holes, palm fronds and slippery slabs. Just above the waterfall there were black sloping slabs where we stopped for morning tea.

15 mins later, three lads in their early 20's arrived and said they were lost. They had only intended to have an easy 1 hour walk in total. They looked relieved to see us and sat down on the slabs for a rest.

We then continued climbing up the gorge, following a faint trail on the right. Behind us, the three lads filled their water bottles from the creek, didn't take much notice of where we went, and started going along the left side of the gorge.

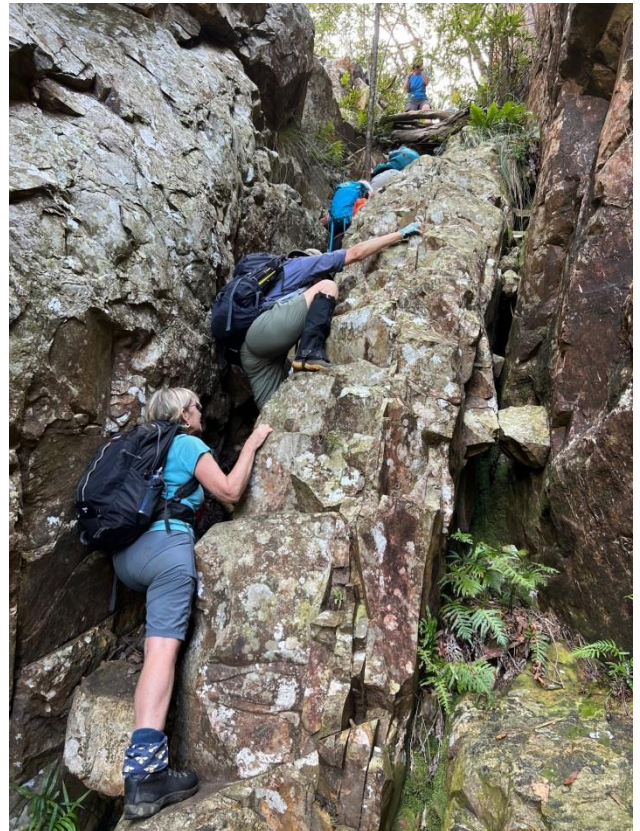
Our right hand route became more and more difficult over time. It turned into a chimney with some good hand-holds of vines and trees, but it was steep and narrow.

I could see the sky above the chimney and it looked like the top of the gorge. Gary and Sharon got to the top first and yelled down to the others in the chimney,

"Go back. There is no way through! It's a false trail!"

We were lost on top of a cliff with vertical drops all around. It had taken us a good 20 minutes to do this section. Now we had to downclimb, which is more difficult than upclimbing.

We corrected our mistake by following the left side of the gorge, then put a big effort into scrambling and walking the remainder of the gorge, passing 5 climbers along the way. Our reward at the top of the track was reaching SLAB ROCK, the shoulder of Mt Greville. The summit of the mountain was still above us.



There is an excellent view of Lake Moogerah, with surrounding farm land and peaks dotted around. Being midday, we stopped for lunch. Lo and behold, the 3 lads turned up again and said they were lost -again. We joked with them and admitted that we had got lost too.



Off we went, ascending a scrubby narrow track, 8 of us with the 3 lads following behind. At the summit junction (10 minutes from the top) we decided not to climb, but turned left to start the descent. We greeted and passed a dozen other walkers as we descended towards Palm Gorge. Hundreds of Piccabeen Palms, moist green moss and Strangler Figs clinging to the cliffs, added to the gorge experience.

Once out of the gorge, it was an easy track to the cars. Gee-whiz, we had a lot of fun writing this “G” poem. (Co-written by us all)

We **g**rovelled up **G**reville
It's a **g**rungy old **g**orge
With a **g**run and a **g**rimace
“**G**rip the **g**ranite, by **G**eorge!”

Got **g**razes and **g**ashes
On **G**reville's steep **g**rooves
With **g**rit we fought **g**ravity
With **g**randiose moves.

Our **g**regarious **g**roup
At the end did a **g**roan
We were **g**rotty and **g**rubby
And **g**lad to get home!

Jack's Place – Paddy's Peak

Sunday 17 April 2022

The final hike for the Easter camp at Jacks Place was the perfect wind-down walk. It was the complete opposite of the Mt Greville hike where in that one we were mostly squirrelled away down in the depths of the gorges stepping over jagged rocky paths while the Paddy's Peak hike was out in the broad open hilltops striding along soft grassy tracks.

The entry point was somewhere off the main road between Mount Maroon and Mount Barney, down a little country road on the right called Seidensspinner Road where we most definitely needed a 4WD as it was quite ploughed up after the rain.



Out of the cars we were greeted by a welcoming party of four Crimson Rosella parrots (royal blue and bright red in colour) who flew over to size us up. We'd only taken a few dozen strides into the hike when we were met by wouldn't you guess it – a creek crossing (Mt Barney Creek) - that was swift flowing, crystal clear and as Michelle soon discovered just above knee depth - and while most of us were precious taking off our boots, others just marched right in.

The route Peter chose veered up to the left. We bush bashed easily up a gradual slope through a myriad of small boulders and remnants of a previous bushfire or backburn. Amongst the tall blackened gum trees we wove through an army of charred grass trees standing tall like sentinels scattered across the landscape with their lush green heads prominent.



At the top of the ridge there were large slabs of broken rock platforms to walk along and take in the magnificent views to the left across the valley to Mount Barney. We stopped at a cliff section that looked directly across to Mount Barney Creek flowing impressively in a straight line like a highway through the lush green valley. Further along we stopped in a clearing to refuel amongst a rocky outcrop where it was rather challenging to find a backside-friendly surface. Michelle and Gary took the opportunity to pick Peter's brain to work on their navigational skills - Gary on his GPS tracking and Michelle with her topo map reading, weighing up the pros and cons of both.

Along the track there were so many interesting chunks of rock and I wished we had a geologist amongst us to explain their history. Gary skited that he had just found an even more interesting chunk of rock which at first glance I thought might have been a piece of petrified wood but then he pointed out the features which made him suspect it might just be a meteorite. And so he promptly tried stowing it away in Neralie's pack - but didn't get away with that.

We continued on up through long grass to Paddy's Peak which was quite the anticlimax. There were no views to mention in light of all the saplings that had sprouted in the agreeable growing conditions. Nevertheless, when we retreated down and around a newly navigated section we came across an impressive rock slab jutting out of the ground and cautiously made our way down through this steep and very long grassed route with the grass obscuring the many small boulders and fallen branches and who knows what else beneath.

Peter successfully navigated us to the area he was looking for ... an impressive rock slabbed cliff where there was a barely-flowing waterfall trickling down its face - and decided it was a fitting place to break for lunch. While Linda busied herself taking photos of all the flora around us the weather quickly turned cool and we found ourselves in a downpour, frantically putting on pack covers and rain jackets. Time to move on.

We made our way down to a clearing and a rocky knoll with little effort. Fortunately the rain had been only brief. Peter encouraged Michelle to navigate from here to a fire trail road which we followed along Paddy's Gully. Just a short way along we turned left into Paddy's Falls (or the Golden Staircase Falls) and this was certainly the highlight.

The water was running down these spectacular 40-50 metre falls with mossy green pools at the top where you peaked over the edge. Now I admit to being a nervous nelly around steep edges, imaging a landslide or something similar ferrying away anyone daring to stand too close. So it was with heart in mouth as I watched Michelle and Peter position themselves on a boulder overlooking the falls, like a couple of synchronised high divers curling their toes over the platform preparing for their acrobatic fall into the water below. And when Michelle decided to lean over and peer further down I almost puked. My sense of dread was sustained as Leanda and Linda moved in too to scramble down closer to the edge to capture a photo of what was most likely a magnificent view but one that I'm never going to see firsthand. Thankfully they all returned to the broad rock slab where we lingered for a while as we weren't time restricted.

The serenity of the place was infectious and one by one we lay back like dominoes across the water-smoothed rock-ledged-alter like offerings - savouring the sound of the water falling behind us and the wind all around us - it was wonderful. Then, like a switch had been flicked, we stirred and one by one started to sit up and focus on making tracks. So we regrouped and made our way down what some people say is the Golden Stairway - a long, steep, sandstone coloured rubbly fire trail that goes on forever, to a narrow gully of water that we leapt across and continued gradually back uphill and out.

As we ambled back along the road, relaxed and arms swinging, with glimpses of the river on our left, Leanda was busy brainstorming over the possibility of a future hike, rock hopping up the river to the base of those fabulous falls. Hmmm ... here's hoping. Wading back across the creek and cooling our feet was a fitting end to the great day's hike.

And now, in keeping with the playful banter of the previous day, and inspired by Michelle's passion for poetry and words, we put together the following silly "P" poem to summarise the day:

Peter picked a perfect path to the pinnacle of Paddy's Peak
In perspiration we persevered at a pretty perfect pace
Panting through the prickles we paused to plot our course
Then powered on with purpose, propelled by foot strength force
We pushed on past points of interest to perfect panoramas
Poised in preposterous predicaments providing picture perfect pics
Perched precariously, or perilously, possibly just for kicks
Perhaps this poem is puzzling but paints a picture of our pursuits
Which left us positively buzzing and really was such a hoot.



Cheers,
Taylor

Bike Ride – Bokarina – Chancellor Park

Sunday 17 April 2022

More than a dozen cyclists took part in the 27 kilometre ride from Bokarina Beach to Chancellor Park and return on the Sunday over the Easter break.

The ride was mostly on pathways at a leisurely pace.

The weather was kind with just a hint of rain.

The cyclists stopped for a mandatory coffee break at Chancellor Park.

Lots of laughter and chatter.

How lucky we are to live here on the coast with many many pathways to explore.

Thanks for your company.

Phil and Louise Pratt



From the Club Archives

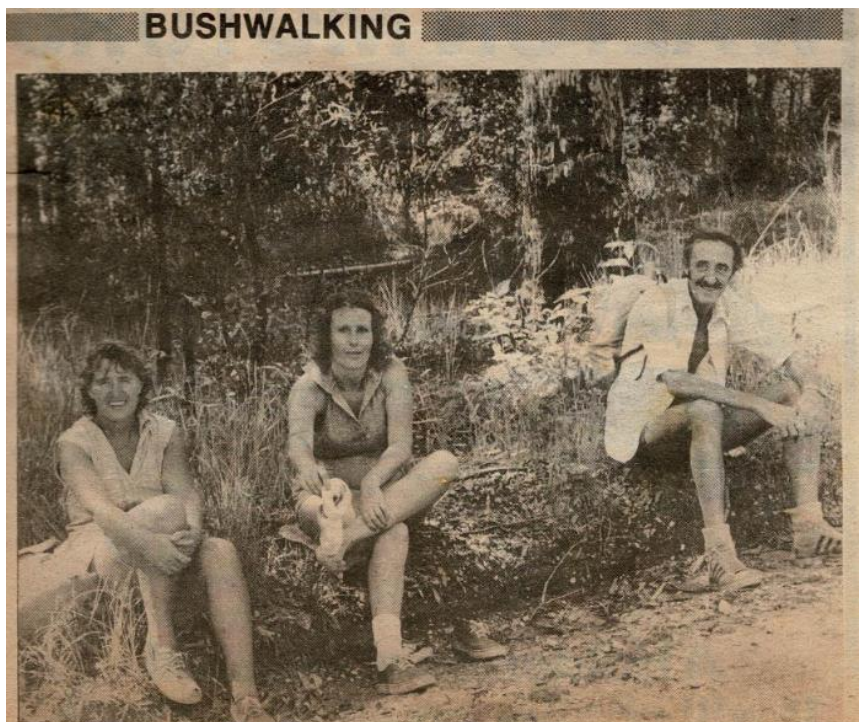
1979

In the days before social media club activities made the local paper!

This article highlighted a club walk to Summer Creek long before the Hinterland Great Walk was constructed.

Log sitting is still popular on 2022 bushwalks.

Research by Peter Fowler



The Sunshine Coast Bushwalking Club spent a classic "escapist" weekend hiking, swimming and rock hopping in the Summer Creek area of the Conondale Ranges, a favorite haunt of the club.

Heavy rains had the creeks running strongly, producing spectacular cascades and waterfalls in this upper catchment area. This area of the Conondales abounds in

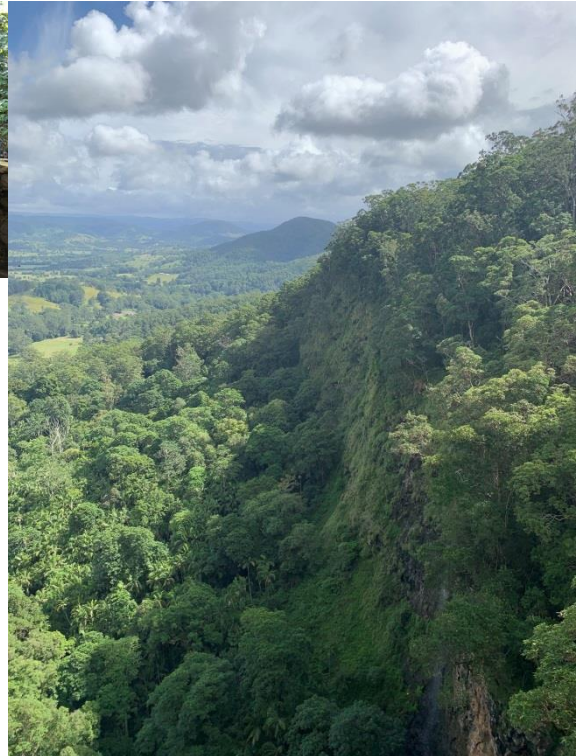
falls and deep natural pools, the pristine beauty of which is accessible only via this form of recreation. The outing was completed by a delightful ridge hike which included

views of roaring falls further up the Summer Creek gorge and the exhilaration of a ramble through lush green eucalypt forest, fresh from recent rain.

● PICTURED: Sunshine Coast bushwalkers Sheila Ward, Robin Craddock and Jeff Ward in the Conondale Range National Park.

Mapleton Falls Lookout to Ubajee Walkers Camp (or a Study in Leeches and Fungi)

Sunday 24 April 2022



Having successfully resisted the temptation to stay in bed and brave the grey windy and squally start to the day on the Coast, it was reassuring to find much milder conditions when we gathered at the Mapleton Falls National Park Lookout car park.

With our “competing” walk from the Mapleton National Park oversubscribed, there were still 11 of us who under Joe’s leadership set off on the Great walk trail towards Delicia Road and Leafy Lane.

The trail condition was excellent, the gradients kind to us although unsurprisingly it was a little damp with the recent weather.

We met up with our other club members walk just short of the leafy lane trail head.

An exchange of pleasantries was however short lived when we discovered we were standing in a leach “hotspot”.

Once in a safer location, Joe (ever prepared) provided some roll-on bug deterrent to deter the little bloodsuckers from further assaults.



For the Fungi aficionados, the walk was delight due to the recent warm damp weather with all shapes, sizes and colours alongside the trail.





Lunch and the turnaround point was the Ubajee Walkers camp – room for all to sit down and refresh ourselves after the 7km hike.

The return was back on the same route albeit with the occasional burst of sunshine and again passing our friends returning to the Mapleton Day use area.

11 of us departed...

11 of us returned...

4 leach attacks suffered...

14km covered...

...and all those calories burnt by vigorous exercise undone by a stop at Mapleton's excellent bakery!

Steve Watts



From the Club Archives

1975

Trudge Number 1 July 1975(extract)

The Sunshine Coast Bushwalking Club was formed in April 1975.

The club president at the time Lindsay Hope's words still ring true today.

Lindsay Hope, a founding member and life member was a local surveyor with a passion for the bush.

"Trudge" - A Bushwalker's Companion.

Editor: Kelvin Woodrow
Assistants: Dianne Jeffery
Brian Jeffery

A WORD ABOUT THE CLUB.

The Sunshine Coast Bushwalking Club took birth on the third day of April, 1975. Its primary aims are to, A. Provide facilities and guidance for bushwalking and allied outdoor sports in South East Queensland; B. Assist in conservation of the environment and to ensure a continuation of the Australian outdoor ideal; C. Provide social activities for the enjoyment of members.

In this, our first issue, we shall attempt to instil a little enthusiasm, a little humour and a little of the more serious side of our activities.

So we shall now lock the grog cabinet, turn a deaf ear to the mockers and begin to write. We hope you like it.

K.W.

THE BUSINESS END

The club is administered by an executive committee of seven listed hereunder:-

President	Lindsay Hope
Vice President	Kelvin Woodrow
Treasurer	Dianne Jeffery
Secretary	Lin Moore
Assistant Secretary	Mark Morrison
Social Secretary	Dianne Jeffery
Walks Secretary	Kelvin Woodrow

General Committee Members: Dennis McNab
Rick Stinton

General Meetings.

These are held in the C.W.A. Hall, Duporth Avenue, Maroochydore on the first Monday of each month, commencing at 7.15 p.m. All members are requested to attend. Interested parties are welcome.

Yearly Membership Fees.

Students (Under 18 years)	\$ 2.50
Adults (Single)	\$ 5.00
Married Couples	\$ 7.50
Family of three or more	\$ 8.50

"Trudge"

July

Forthcoming Events in July

July 20th	Skene's Creek	leader: K. Woodrow
July 26th & 27th	Cooloola National Pk. Weekend	L. Hope
August 2nd	Club Social	
August 3rd	Recon. Trip - Bundaroo Creek	K. Woodrow
August 9th & 10th	Boolounba Creek weekend	

All Trips leave from Ocean Plaza, Sixth Avenue, Maroochydore irrespective of weather. Bookings in by Thursday before each trip to Rick Stinton - 45 2252 or call at 24 Douglas Street, Wooloolaba. Visitors welcome.

Subscription Rates for "Trudge" - Yearly \$ 2.50 (includes postage)
"Cheap at half the price!"

EDITORIAL.

We are often confronted with the question, why conservation? To give a reasonable answer we must first ask ourselves, why bushwalkers? The answers would differ little, I feel. An interest in the wilderness, a search for unusual photographic material, or a simple yearn for the outdoors. The challenge that a remote, untouched area presents to the walker is both stimulating and rewarding.

Thus if we wish to continue our expeditions into virgin rain forests, onto the rugged 'slopes', and up the rocky creek beds, we as bushwalkers and individuals must take an active participation in the preservation of these rapidly diminishing areas.

If we fail we may find ourselves with a pastime and no areas left in which to enjoy it.

K.W.

A WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT.

This, our first issue of "Trudge" represents another step forward in our efforts to build a successful bushwalking club on the Sunshine Coast. To help make the editors' task a little easier, I would like all to inundate him with interesting and amusing articles of bushwalking interest.

From our very small beginning, we are slowly growing into what I hope will be a club we can be proud of. It is up to each and every member to help in building the club he or she wants.

It is my desire, through the club, to bring together people from all walks of life, who have a genuine interest in, and a love of, our natural environment. A weekend "in the scrub" and the challenge of nature through adventure, provides us all with the much needed feeling of freedom and renewed vitality. If we can satisfy this need we will be successful.

We have had teething problems and will no doubt, have more. However, I'm sure if we band together in the interest of healthy recreation and conservation, we can go from strength to strength.

See you up in the scrub!

Lindsay Hope

Research by Peter Fowler

Thanks once again to all contributors (and everyone else who took part and are probably still drying out their boots).

Reminder – the next meeting is the 9th May due to the Public Holiday on the 2nd.

Stephen

HAPPY TRAILS

