

Armidale Bushwalkers



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Carnarvon Gorge 22 -29 August 2009

Saturday 22 August

by David Lawrence

Twelve of us had booked to walk the Great Carnarvon Walk in August – most from Armidale, and three from Inverell. We drove to Roma for the night and the sun was setting as we arrived –



a huge yellow ball hanging over the flat plains with trees in silhouette. We found the Big Rig Caravan Park – luckily before 5 pm when it closes its reception desk! We met up with Paul (who had come south from his usual winter retreat in the NT) and with the three Inverell Club members – Mike O'Brien, Bill Dempsey and Peter Emerson.

Sunday 23 August

We found Roma's largest bottle tree, dubbed the "Fatso Tree" by Alan before we headed for Carnarvon. Just before Injune we noticed sandstone cliffines on the horizon. On the road into Carnarvon, we had a break at a WWII airplane memorial. This was the crash of a Dakota in an electrical storm in 1943 enroute between Darwin and Brisbane. It had only its tail section and one mangled wing left. We found the

Takarakka Bush Resort, settled into our tent cabins, then headed off to the National Parks Visitors Centre where we received the unwelcome news that there were bushfires near the

Great Walk track. Joc, Jack, Don, John and I did an afternoon walk up to as far as the Amphitheatre. It was very hot and we weren't surprised fires had started. The gorge sides were white or orange sandstone and the Carnarvon fan palms and Springsure Zamias gave the vegetation its distinctive character along with eucalypts, flowering wattle trees and turpentines.

We clambered up the ladder into the cool of the dark narrow passage leading into the Amphitheatre and sat in this vast space with sheer sides open to the skies, carved and eroded by waters from the creek which flows through it in the wet. We fell silent – a natural reaction to the feeling of awe and mystery inspired by the place. A cool breeze wafted through the Amphitheatre and out its narrow entrance. We wandered out into the heat again and down to the Moss Garden. Again a cool breeze met us as we walked to the wooden platform overlooking the garden. A fern-lined waterfall marked the shale bottom to the sandstone. We returned via the numbered creek crossings and back to Takarakka, stopping for a small echidna who ambled across the road. Over dinner, we made plans B & C if the fires stopped our plans to start up the gorge for our walk. We went to sleep to the sound of a boobook owl calling.

Monday 24 August

We woke to the sounds of dingoes howling – not quite so peaceful as the boobook call. We got bad news from national parks - the fire situation hadn't changed overnight and the rangers had made the decision to close the Great Carnarvon Walk. However, they would let us camp at Big Bend for several days and loaned



us their walkie-talkie for 2 daily radio schedules. The gorge was OK to walk in but the fires were between Big Bend and Gadds Camp on the top of the tablelands.

We went into Ward's Canyon with its King Ferns and waterfall. Here 6 huge ferns were growing in the creek which flowed beside a large overhang of sandstone. Helicopters were going to and fro along the gorge all morning with a bucket suspended. The next point of call was the Art Gallery, a large overhang with many fresh red stencils of hands, coolamons and boomerangs on the walls. We then ambled on to Cathedral Cave. Again the red stenciled hands but also a plethora of stencilled boomerangs and shells.

We bypassed Boinda Gorge and set up camp at Big Bend camping area next to a large waterhole below a cliff of white sandstone honeycombed with holes which parrots were

using for nests. Crows and currawongs were hanging about the camp, looking expectantly at our gear – we should have been warned. We walked into Boinda Gorge in the afternoon. This became progressively narrower with moss-covered sides. It was slow, hard walking over rocks but Alan picked his way delicately using a 2-pole technique. The mystery and grandeur of the place took hold of us. Don tried out his cave painting techniques, scratching the river rocks on the gorge floor with white sandstone pebbles that had fallen from above. We went as far as the red arrows pointing directly up a very steep gully – the start of the track up Battleship Spur. This was truly daunting! The first few steps were newly hewn into the rocks and from then on it was a scramble up into the unknown. Joc and John scampered up and found it was only 150 m to the top where the slope levelled off. The cool breeze that flowed down the gorge turned to a warm one as we exited the gorge into Carnarvon Creek.

Back at Big Bend I found that the crows had undone the zip on my pack and made off with cheese and soap. From our radio sched, we learnt that fire conditions hadn't changed. In the evening, Mike turned on his little LED lantern for light since we didn't have a fire. The boobook owl was calling like crazy.

Tuesday 25 August

During the night a mouse had got into John's tent and eaten his chocolate and left a mouse-sized hole in his tent wall. The fires were still active near the Great Walk and no rain forecast. However, we filled in the day exploring by rock-hopping up Carnarvon Gorge from Big Bend to The Island – the going was slow but easy as a big flood in the past few years had cleared vegetation from the area. The Island was a majestic isolated pinnacle in white sandstone. Joc wondered if any human had ever stood on

top.

We would have gone further but the creek had gone underground so we decided to turn back and explore a side gorge that Joc had heard about. There was a supposed exit route to the



tablelands up Nabooloo Gorge and onto Nabooloo Ridge. The gorge turned out to be a magic place. We clambered over log debris near its mouth and from then on it narrowed dramatically and became quite cold. The sides turned green and mossy, ferns grew along the edges and one photographed in the sun at 11.30 am was in shade ½ hour later. The gorge went on and on, around bends but quite easy to walk along even though the rocks were green they were not slippery in this dry weather. It was a mysterious place, gloomy but majestic, dark but not spooky. We were stopped by a huge rock blocking the route along the gorge floor. We estimated that the gorge walls were 2 m apart in most spots. After the blokes had unsuccessfully explored possibilities of getting around the

obstacle (maybe if we had a tree trunk and leaned it up against there.....) we decided to turn back to the sunshine of the gorge. We could now smell smoke in the gorge and see haze in the air.

We had lunch beside a waterhole and Joc and Don braved the cold water for a swim. When Bill saw Don in the water with his glasses, he said "if I'd known, I'd have brought my snorkel". We lazed about on the bank watching a couple of wedge-tailed eagles riding the thermals above the gorge against a bright blue backdrop of sky. Reflections of light from the water made an ever-changing pattern on the overhanging rocks above the swimming hole.

We came back to camp via another little side gorge filled with rubble and branches – this was not so enticing as Narbooloo. There was a red sunset through the trees and, later, the sliver of the new moon shone through palm leaves. Joc produced a dinky wind up LED torch which we timed. It gave off 12 minutes worth of light.

Wednesday 26 August

National Parks asked us to return this day. Nothing urgent, but walking in remote areas was banned and so the whole Great Walk wasn't an option any more. We packed up and wandered down to leave our packs at the Boinda Gorge entrance and walked to the start of the Battleship Spur climb again. On our return, we met a couple of park rangers who were going to clear scrub around the Big Bend toilets in case the fire came over the gorge edge. One of the rangers had just spent a year making the Great Walk track. We stopped to inspect Kooraminya gorge between creek crossings No. 17 and 16. A new rockfall of white sandstone from the cliff above blocked the entrance but we clambered over it to find a relatively open gorge with ferns and a flowing creek. We returned to Takarakka Resort and booked in for the night. Over beer and ice-cream, we sorted out our options for the next few days but thought there was little else to do but return home 3 days early.

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Heart of New England Backpack

What are the landmarks in the New England that you can recognise at sight? The looming bulk of Mt Duval; the sharp little cone of Chandlers Peak, the distinctive nose of Point Lookout; the breadloaf hump of Raspberry Mountain; the ski-jump of The Cocks Comb? You can see all of

Metz Gorge	5° - 14 km
Round Mountain	51° - 47 km
Point Lookout	66° - 58 km
Raspberry Mountain	86° - 25 km
Oven Mtn (Carrai)	121° - 35 km
Mount Harnham	268° - 36 km
Mount Duval	327° - 39 km
Chandlers Peak	357° - 51 km



Map conference - Robyn explains

those from Blue Nobby Mountain, at the western end of the Macleay Gorges. That's where we started our Heart Of New England backpack.

If you are a Google Earth user, try flying to S 30° 40' 14" E 151° 54' 23". You'll see a great double heart loop of the Macleay, with Bakers Creek running in from the North, about where the pulmonary vein would enter. It's visible from even large map scales, and striking from the air. So, after getting permission from the new owners of Blue Nobby, we drove out and walked up to Blue Nobby Trig. . I had spent a bit of time (aah, retirement!) with a 1:250 000 map and a compass to make up a paper version of those circular brass plaques that used to be common at popular lookout points- you know, with " Woop Wop Mountain 56 miles, 3872 feet", at the end of one of the lines radiating out from the centre. Using this, we identified around the horizon:

All these were perfectly visible, as the all timber had been cleared from the trig, and it is at 1183 metres and about 140 metres above the immediate surroundings. The big slash of the Macleay River ran West to East across our front, and looked deep and forbiddingly steep.

Well, pleasant as it was on a beautiful day with the gorges spread out at our feet, we had some serious walking to do. We left the top at 9.30 and reached the gorge rim to the north at 10.45. Then a gentle NNE ridge for 1 ½ km, and 1 km of steep plunge, got us to the river at 12.30. The Macleay was well within its banks, and we munched our lunch knowing we would have wet feet, but probably no frightening swims, in front of us.

Everywhere there were signs of the big floods that had come down in May, with debris lodged in trees well above our heads as we walked along the fairly open banks. We looked in vain for the well-formed horse tracks that make the lower Macleay such easy walking- they had either been washed away and not yet reformed, or the brumbies had been removed from here in the NPWS drive to remove feral horses from the gorges. Still, with the temperature just right, no wind, a cloudless day, and open river banks stretching before us- we could cope!

(As it turned out, Chris Smith and Peter Laffan managed, by some very nifty rock-

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May 10 2009 Duval Dumaresq Discovery

by *Robyn Bartel*

Walkers: Kathy King, Alan Cunningham, Betty Noad, Peter Erskine and Robyn Bartel (leader)

The day dawned fine and only a few clouds prevented us from experiencing a perfectly fine



The Obligatory poem by Robyn Bartel

day, it was perfect walking weather though: not too hot, not too cold, not too windy, not wet!

There were only the five of us so we made good time from the start at the mysterious gate 23 on Kirby Research Station (permission from the UNE property manager is required, and was obtained, for this walk) north to Mt Duval Fire trail and up to the summit. The forest was majestic and quiet: but for the sounds of our admiring commentary and occasional abuse, aimed at our uncooperative digital cameras, which were less committed than we were to record the achievement of having ascended Armidales most obvious peak.

It seems obvious, perhaps, to climb Mt Duval,
 After all, it is there, and to be honest, not that far,
 Neither is the dam, when you have already walked
 Half the way from the farm, there is no reason to baulk
 Especially on a fine day in autumn,
 What better than to be walking?
 Far away from troubles, and free
 From swine flu, the banks and the rotten GFC!
 We talked instead of trees, flowers, fungi and moths
 And ate seasons end Easter Eggs while sitting on the rocks.
 We saw no-one on the mount and met friends at Dumaresq,
 Of stress and anxiety we felt not a skerrick;
 Acept of course while trying to shoot macroscale mushroom poses
 With cameras that had other ideas:
 chiefly to refrain from taking photos!
 All in all however a most pleasant way to spend the day,
 Forest, farmland, views and water, and all in 16 k!



We completed the circuit walk by taking a route partially across country to Dumaresq Dam and returning to the cars (bicycle for Alan) at the stockyards. We began at 8.30 am and finished at 4.30 pm, with roughly 16 km, and many conversations and slightly out-of-season easter eggs, under our belts.

Halls Peak Daywalk.

Maybe one of the most distinctive landmarks in the wild country of the Northern Tablelands is



a man-made aberration - the great scar of the Halls Peak mine tailing dump sliding down into the Chandler.

Though many of us had orientated ourselves by it in walks over the years, it wasn't till Joc found himself with some time to kill while shuttling people down for a Chandler River canoe trip that I'd heard anything about the peak

itself. It always seemed hidden from view, so it was a good opportunity to get to know more



when Joc lead us there in late July.

Seven of us arrived from differing directions to assemble near the old Forestry Headquarters at the start of Raspberry Road. You could have accessed our drop-off point by 2WD if you were careful and the weather was good . Even though there had been a lot of rain recently – Peter told us that he had counted 54 landslides on the way up – you probably could have taken a 2WD to our walk start. After a catch-up gossip- it was particularly good to see Peter , since he had moved to a warmer life on the lower Macleay at Bellbrook- we took the clear track up the Peak. The reason for Joc's enthusiasm soon became obvious, with great views down into the Chandler. You could clearly see the 4WD road twisting its way down to the canoeing drop-off point, and the big loop where the NPWS campsite is located. And to make a plant-lover's day, the peak was covered with a low forest of Pink Bloodwood, a pretty uncommon species this high up in the Tablelands.

We did the usual bushwalkers thing of picking out landmarks, including a possible route down from into the river from Terry Coventry's

new place on the other side. And the line of other trips, both in the past and in a hopeful future. Once again, Peter Rodgers' dictum- "Every trip you make, you see two branching off it you'd like to do" – was proven correct.



Peacock Ore

After lots of photos, we headed steeply down an old mining road, marvelling at the persistence of the people who had cut it out in such difficult country. We inspected a couple of drives into the side, and what looked like Peacock Ore littering the ground and lining the adit. Down, down to lunch on the tailings heap eroding into Asens Creek, in the Firefly/Faints Mine area. After a bit of a recce into another drive with similar minerals, we carefully clambered across the washed-away road to a derelict hut on the other side. We picked out where a flying-fox had come down, but searched in vain for the track marked on the map that should have given us an easy route out. Instead, we had an awkward scramble up a steep hillside and a tiptoe along a dragon's back of jumbled rocks and- never quite, but almost- a rockclimb, till we reached the ridgetop. Then across to the ruins of the Halls Peak mine camp, with what we thought was the foundation of the blasting powder hut the only substantial remnants.

Now we had a good bush road to follow back to the cars. We were very pleased to spot a number of rare Glossy Black cockatoos feeding in the Casuarinas, with their smaller size and soft churring call distinguishing them from their more

raucous relatives. A short puff uphill, and we were setting up other trips and all too soon saying goodbye to one another and another great day in the bush. Thanks, Joc.

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Thursday 27 August

We were up early to climb Boolimbah Bluff before departing. The track was level as we wound around the back of the bluff through eucalypt and macrozamia forest. Then the serious climbing began, starting with a couple of ladders over rocks. Once on top, the track made its way across the top to the edge of the bluff where we could see some of the vast expanse of the Central Tablelands. Down below was the entrance to Carnarvon Gorge but the ridge and cliff lines continued along the opposite side of the gorge until Battleship Spur emerged on the skyline. A very peaceful spot and we had it to ourselves for a long while just to gaze into the distance.

Joc, Alan, Don and I finished off Carnarvon business by walking to Mickey's Creek. It was quite an open gorge but an off-shoot, Warrumbah Gorge was quite different. It narrowed dramatically until we could touch each mossy side with our hands. No sun entered at all. Water in the creek made progress harder but then a huge rock stopper put paid to my explorations. Don and Joc climbed over it and continued walking until they discovered a rock stopper in the gorge hanging directly above them – a bit disconcerting. We headed off for Roma with a diversion to the Romaville Winery.

Friday 28 August

Paul was staying on in Roma to catch the train to Brisbane. The rest of us just retraced our way back to Armidale. The end of a good trip even though we had been unsuccessful in our original mission of completing the Great Carnarvon Walk. That will wait for another day – next June perhaps?

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hopping, to stay dryshod for most of the day, while the three less nimble folk sloshed through the crossings and squelched along the banks.)

We passed the second of the possible campsites we had plotted from the map. Lovely spot, but too early, so we went on to the stand of cedars about a km above the Heart. It's not very



Big smiles at Blue Nobby trig

big- 7 or 8 trees- each one impressive in its setting at the foot of a great gravel scree, but so few left where once were many. It's the only stand that I know by the river now, and that fact gives the heart pause. We took a few photos, and pushed on in a somewhat subdued frame of mind.

As usual, we went into camp about 300 metres above a much better site, and on the wrong side of the river. Still, we happily put up our tents, got a fire going, decided we were too lazy for an afternoon climb to the Heart, and settled in to some serious coffee –drinking and (courtesy of Robyn) chocolate-eating. A quick wash convinced us that it was still far too cold for a swim, so back to an early and long dinner, finished with a draft of something stronger from Germany (thanks, Peter E.).

We decided to compensate for our laziness of

the day before by an early start on Sunday morning. So 7.45 saw us in sandals edging painfully into the chilly water for our 'definitely last' river crossing. With the boots back on, rock-hopping was a bit tricky till our toes thawed out again. We clambered up a gully onto the Heart ridge, dropped packs, and a careful climbed up the dragon's back of jumbled rocks and narrow footholds. Incredibly, a barbed wire fence lead up its centre- we could only shake our heads in wonder, and trudge on to the summit.

From here, we tried to marry the confused impression of our eyes with the swirling curves of the river far below. I had hoped there might be some exotic plant marking this strange eminence, and eagerly collected a specimen from the summit tree. No excitement though- another Yellow Box, very common

on the Tablelands.

You could spend hours here, but we had another 830 metres ascent yet after the 160 up to the Heart. So we edged down the ridge, took more photos- none do it justice- and hoisted our packs again to head up the first and steepest bit of the Western ridge out.

It went fairly easily, really. Just taking it slowly, stopping often for a drink and a yarn, and we had the first 550 metres below us by 11 am. A longer break, a chocolate and barley sugar hit, and onto the gentle narrow ridges with great views either side. We picked out the impossible road leading down from Doug Faint's top country opposite, and startled a Tawny Frogmouth from its dead-stick imitation as we chattered our way along. The pleasantly mild day meant that the water cache placed earlier wasn't really need, and we pulled up for lunch at the Dingo Fence at 12.50.

We brewed up, and lolled back in comfort, carefully avoiding looking up at the 170 –odd metres of the slope up Blue Nobby Mountain still ahead. We half-argued the merits of Mock Crocs over Thistleweight Thongs for camp shoes, bemoaned the fact that Goretex doesn't really "keep you dry", and ate still more chocolate. Peter Laffan scrambled up a strainer post and more or less fell down the other side, while the rest of used a tree as a belay point for an easier dingo fence crossing. I urged the rest to go ahead, pleading the excuse of photos and plant collecting- but really wanting to savour alone the last long lead up to Blue Nobby Trig.

Out came the "Paper Plaque" again, and with more confidence we tolled off the names of summits and gorges surrounding us. So beautiful- and so hard to leave.

Proposed Snowy Mountains - February/March 2010

1. The Chimney* 20 (cms (return) Map: NATMAP Jacobs River 1:100 000

Day1 Friday Rat (Thredbo village) - Dead



Horse Gap - The Big Boggy - The Chimneys -Mt Terrible -Mt Leo.

Camp grid ret. 201561

Day 2 Adams Monument - Paddy Rush's Bogong - Friday Ffet Creek -Ttiredbo.

/" 2. "Southern Cloud" 17kms (return) Map: 1:25 000 series Tootong Range

Day walk only. Car camp: Ogilvie's Creek on Cabramurra-Tooma Road. OgiMe'sdam - Deep Creek dam -Aqueduct - wreck site - return on same route.

3. Pretty Plain area - to follow # 2 above. Maps: 1:25 000 Tootong Range & Jagungal

3 days/2 nights Leave vehicle either at Round Mountain cat park, or Outstation Creek, or near Tooma Dam (all on Tooma Road).

4. Main Range 2 days/1 night Maps: 1:25 000 Perisher Vatey & Geehi Dam

leave vehicles) at Charlotte Pass

Day 1 At Charlotte Pass: half-day walk(s) - Mt Stiffed, Snow Gums etc.

Camp at Snowy River

Day2 [Snowy River- Main Range Track - Mt. Twynam - Mt Anton - 1 « /

Mt. Anderson - Mt. TateJfTate East Ridge/Sills Knob - Guthega ft

Pondage via Guthega river crossing - cross over to Perishenvia j (f*K 1

Blue Calf Pass. NOTE - possibly leave vehicle at Perisher instead of Charlotte Pass (as above).

5. llatmcteSpur (optional>possiblo)

Descent to Swampy RaJn River and Geehi River

Day 1 Charlotte Pass - summit road - Wilkinsons Valley - Byatts Camp -

Molra'sRat (approx. 15kms)

Camp Moira'sFlat

Day 2 Moira's Rat - Swampy Plain River - meet vehicle - return home

OR _____

continue up Geehi valley - CHsen's Lookout - Opera House -Townsend Spur - Mt Townsend - Charlotte Pass, (extra 2 days walking)

If finishing at Swampy Pfafn river then Total distance is 22 kms.

Mulga Bill's Bicycle by A.B. "Banjo" Paterson

(with a nudge to Allan)

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that caught the cycling craze;
He turned away the good old horse that served him many days;
He dressed himself in cycling clothes, resplendent to be seen;
He hurried off to town and bought a shining new machine;
And as he wheeled it through the door, with air of lordly pride,
The grinning shop assistant said, "Excuse me, can you ride?"

"See here, young man," said Mulga Bill, "from Walgett to the sea,
From Conroy's Gap to Castlereagh, there's none can ride like me.
I'm good all round at everything as everybody knows,
Although I'm not the one to talk - I hate a man that blows.
But riding is my special gift, my chiefest, sole delight;
Just ask a wild duck can it swim, a wildcat can it fight.
There's nothing clothed in hair or hide, or built of flesh or steel,
There's nothing walks or jumps, or runs, on axle, hoof, or wheel,
But what I'll sit, while hide will hold and girths and straps are tight:
I'll ride this here two-wheeled concern right straight away at sight."

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that sought his own abode,
That perched above Dead Man's Creek, beside the mountain road.
He turned the cycle down the hill and mounted for the fray,
But 'ere he'd gone a dozen yards it bolted clean away.
It left the track, and through the trees, just like a silver streak,
It whistled down the awful slope towards the Dead Man's Creek.

It shaved a stump by half an inch, it dodged a big white-box:
The very wallaroos in fright went scrambling up the rocks,
The wombats hiding in their caves dug deeper underground,
As Mulga Bill, as white as chalk, sat tight to every bound.
It struck a stone and gave a spring that cleared a fallen tree,
It raced beside a precipice as close as close could be;
And then as Mulga Bill let out one last despairing shriek
It made a leap of twenty feet into the Dead Man's Creek.

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that slowly swam ashore:
He said, "I've had some narrer shaves and lively rides before;
I've rode a wild bull round a yard to win a five-pound bet,
But this was the most awful ride that I've encountered yet.
I'll give that two-wheeled outlaw best; it's shaken all my nerve
To feel it whistle through the air and plunge and buck and swerve.
It's safe at rest in Dead Man's Creek, we'll leave it lying still;
A horse's back is good enough henceforth for Mulga Bill."
The Sydney Mail, 25 July 1896.

Some Queenslanders walking at Pt lookout

At Colin's suggestion we walked the Lyrebird track and included Wrights lookout and the



Cascades loop. None of us wanted to leave the top of Wright's lookout. All four of us want to thank you Colin for the suggestion of that walk. Yes our legs were sore but we loved all of the walk. The variety on the Lyrebird track is quite special and Cascades loop is beautiful. So much green. And so much wet, slippery, dangerous moss on every single rock. Yes I fell once, but it did hurt my pride. I mean I'm wearing boots that cost over \$300!! So falling is not supposed to happen is it?

Yes we felt we had aren't the right to eat heaps of cheese washed down with a few bottles of red.

Day four: Off to Cathedral Rock for the loop and up to the top. It was another fantastic day. Weather at the start of the day very good, a little colder than the day before and the wind was picking up. I love rock scrambling, and this was perfect place to indulge. The wind has picked up a great deal and it made standing on top a little unnerving. As was the case standing on Wrights Lookout, we kind of lingered on top of Cathedral

Rock and we were reluctant to leave. Headed back to the Point Lookout via the Trout Hatchery.

Had a great time there. We again felt that we earned heaps of cheese washed down with even more bottles of red and even tried two types of Port. yum.

Day five: Have to be honest, our calves and thighs were getting a bit fragile by now. It was getting colder and the wind was making is colder still and didn't let up. After a slow start we did the Eagles Nest walk (I think that's the name). We did take it very slow and took

the time to try our photography skills along the way. It is a excellent short walk.

The cold was seeping in our bones and so we huddling back into our "chalet" for the afternoon.

Day six: Leaving today. The only thing that would make Liat's stay complete would be some snow and thats what happed that morning. It wasn't much and it didn't stay on the ground but it was snow. Liat was so pleased. The wind had gotten stronger and the temperature dropped as well. We packed up and headed off at around 9:30. We travelled a total of 300 meters when we were stopped by a huge tree across the road. Trunk was 2.5 ft thick. There was no way to move it. Short version of the story is that your council moved it with the aid of an excavator and we were on the road by around 1:30pm. By the way a temperature of 5 degrees at 1pm is wrong!

It was a very successful time at Point Lookout. The four of us didn't know each other very well before the trip, but do now and we would happily do another trip together again.