

Victorian High country trip 28th December – 8th January 5 vehicles



Simon Hirshbein – Patrol
John Burnside and Ying – Patrol
Andrew, Lucy and Ewen Fox - Pajero
Luisa, Leya, Jordan and Ian Reid – Prado
Mary and Chris Keys - Patrol

This was a trip of river crossings, lots of steep ascents and needless to say lots of steep descents – this was the High country.

To summarise this trip

28th December met at Thredbo

29th December crossed the Murray River across the Davies high plains camping at Limestone creek

30th December limestone creek with some exploration of some tacks in the area

31st New Years Eve in Omeo via the Haunted stream

1st January Left Omeo headed down Dargo

2nd January Mitchell River back to Dargo

3rd January Dargo to Talbotville

4th January Talbotville to Wonnangatta river Black Snake camp – Blue rag track

5th January Black snake camp – Billy goat bluff track

6th January Buckland river campsite

7th January Bright camping area

8th January Return to Sydney

And it was fantastic – great company, great scenery and great adventure – read on.

Chris Keys

Tuesday 29th December, 2008

Day 2 Trip report by John and Ying

Thredbo Diggings to Limestone Creek camping area (~ 80 km)



After packing up our new tent (which could probably garage the Patrol) we left the rather crowded Thredbo Diggings camping ground around 9 am and stopped briefly for fuel and last minute supplies at Thredbo Village. A pleasant drive along The Alpine Way led us down to Tom Groggin for the first of many river and creek crossings to come. Chris gave us all a comprehensive briefing and then we watched a group cross the Murray from the other direction thus saving one of us a walk across to check the best route. We all crossed with ease. The last time I was in this area I was by myself and the river was a lot higher so I never went across.

We then went along Davies Plain Track with a late morning stop for a stretch of the legs and something to eat at Davies Plain Hut. This was the first hut Ying had ever seen and she was amazed that people had worked and lived in this area. The weather changed frequently from hot to cold but fortunately no rain. Views were spectacular climbing the ridges and we stopped for photos often. Soon after Chris and Mary's Patrol was very unlucky to get a puncture in the sidewall. While the tyre was changed a group from Sydney arrived behind us and we got them interested in joining our club.

Lunch was at Charlie Creek camping area and we then turned left down McCarthy's Track to look at the Poplars camping area. There were many people camping in the area at this time of year so we decided to push on to the Limestone Creek camping area and after checking out various options we found a nice spot by the creek which we had all to ourselves. This was the first time Ying had camped in such a relatively isolated area and it was interesting to see her take on things which I took for granted - rain during the night and the sound it makes on the tent roof, looking out for Bull ants, a group of horse riders riding along the track at dawn, the different pace of life when camping. This site was a wonderful area to spend a couple of days.



All the tracks on this day were fairly easy to negotiate and we alternated between high and low range all day. At one point we were delayed a long time when some cars ahead of us going up a steep section met an oncoming car heading downhill. The lone car decided to reverse up without checking or anyone to help and managed to get stuck and damaged some rear panels. The commentary over the radio by others who had been here previously was greatly appreciated and as a new member it gave me great confidence that I was being led by very knowledgeable and capable people especially when combining GPS with the detailed maps to plot our route. Simon was particularly impressive in getting mobile phone reception in the most isolated areas possible. For Ying, who had never been in a 4WD in the bush until this trip, it was a truly amazing experience with so many questions and also many new things to learn. The end of Day 2

had already shown her so many things that not many people in the world get the opportunity to witness. By the end of the trip this was to be even more evident.

Tuesday, 30th December.

TRIP REPORT by Jordan Reid



Campsite: Limestone Creek - quite nice campsite. The previous day we had set up a "Rolls-Royce toilet" that was quite a luxury considering the location and it was used often enough. We also had a couple of showers set up that turned out to be quite useful.

At 7:40am, it started to sprinkle and it became rather miserable. By eight o'clock, it was pouring and so we decide to set up all our tarps. We set up a main tarp next to the campfire so we could all meet together without getting wet and many individual tarps next to our belongings and respective tents. However, the sun came out at nine o'clock and Simon's car radio forecast the weather to be "showers clearing" which proved to be more or less accurate. We all had our breakfasts and left at quarter-to-eleven.

Simon scanned his UHF radio and picked up a tag-along tour leader saying that they were going down Native Cat Track, as it was "safe in the wet". We decided to follow their example. We stopped briefly at 11:30am for a lookout at Native Cat Trig and did a similar stop ten minutes later where we climbed a large rock and it was freezing. Unfortunately, we were deprived of our morning tea, as the general consensus was that we skip straight to lunch.

We went down Teapot Creek Track as McDougalls Spur Track was marked as a No Through Road. We stopped for lunch at twenty past twelve by Teapot Creek and left again 40 minutes later. We headed up McCallums Road and Misery Road to Misery Trail. We did a bit of exploring while trying to find Long Plain Hut but we got lost through a series of No Through Roads and No Through Tracks. We eventually found Long Plain Hut but failed to recognise it as such, mistaking it for private property and kept looking for a while.



We returned to Misery Trail and at 3 o'clock we arrived at Native Dog Flat Camping Area and the Horse-Designated Camping Area where we discovered plenty of horse faeces but nothing else of particular

interest. We returned to the campsite at quarter-past-three and lit the campfire not long after. We had 'before's' at four o'clock and dinner between 6 and 7 pm. We all sat around the campfire and the children burnt marshmallows to a crisp. After we had used the majority of our firewood, we retired to our quarters.

Wednesday 31st December

Report by Lucia Fox's

A cool 10°C and blue skies.

A race is on. It's 8.15am the Fox's, are packed and ready, and close behind is Ian and family, followed by Simon. So the race is on between the Keys and John. (note that John has a Castle to dismantle)..... John did it, he won!

8.41 We're off to Omeo today, Laundry is priority No 1. Food is a close 2nd.

We readily form convoy formation for the day with a "Quick, Stop for the Keys"! ... Chris has left the fishing rod on the bonnet..... always ready to catch that trout. (Must ask if he has a Victorian fishing license)

The Omeo trip is on regulation forestry roads and the target for the day is laundry done (some even went to town to do theirs dryers and all) as even real campers need to smell like fresh soap sooner or later.

The Bakery I Omeo made a killing and they sell Chilli pies containing slices of red chillies, the local Food Works store got checked out thoroughly with a top up of all the essentials and a few treats.

Omeo was the base camp and we were ready to head off at 1pm for a day in the valley, the daily temperature has improved, and it's now 20 °C. An incorrect right turn is taken (something about asking to turn left and someone said yes right) and it was soon realised that we're heading in the wrong direction, a quick safe u-turn and we are heading for Swift Creek.

A right turn into Doctor's Flat Rd, a rather scenic route travelling alongside the Tambo River. Many jokes were spun about Chris being ever ready for a spot of fishing.



Mary is driving the Patrol today. The men have found a challenging strip of track that had a fair bit of a steep decent down to a river crossing. Upon arrival at the river, access was blocked off to us by a large tree lying in the way. Ian Reid walked the river but after a few quick slips confirmed that wheel traction was equal to zero so turn around and back up the track.

We found another creek; ideal for a stop for some energising nibbles and those heaven sent Ferro Roches chocolates. Off we go. "Stop those Keys!" Someone left the back door opened. Mary sends off hubby to do the deed.

At 4 .07 we came across the first of the river crossings along the meandering Haunted Stream. We crossed



the last, 54th river crossing at 5.37pm. That's about crossing the river every 2 minutes. Needless to say this part of the venture alone made us think of planning the next trip. At the end of the last crossing a photo stop at the Dawson City sign, all smiling we were all so pleased at having crossed so many times, many were easy but a few offered small challenges.

A late return to our camp and after dinner Ian read to us an article that explains the history and mystery of the naming of the Haunted Stream.

Ian brought out the bottle of bubbly, so we could celebrate New Zealand's New Year and then wait the Australian New Year. We were all rather tired, but the idea of bread and butter pudding with custard, kept our appetite wetted and all up until to the final hour of 2008.

Here's to a great new year to one and all!

Thursday 1st January

Reporter Ewen Fox

We left Omeo at 10:45am to go to Cassilis. I went with Dad (Andrew) and Mum (Lucia) went with Simon. Mum and Simon was the lead car for the day. While doing the drive there were photos taken of lavender flowers at a cottage style farm we drove past. Mum in their lead car seems to slow the day as every flower or new colour is work investigating.

Along the way there were also a lot of gold mining slag (spoils) heaps, signposted toxic but with walkways provided. (??)

There were a few steep climbs along the track taken. We would often be seeing blue sky over the bonnet and a fair amount of low range while going along the tight and bendy tracks.



After a few hours of driving we came across a deep and challenging river crossing. All five cars had to be snatch strapped out of the river by a group of people camping on the other side of the river. Dad sucked in some water through the air filter (Sorry the car sucked in water through the air filter) so we then had to wait about half an hour for the filter to dry by the people's camp fire, and we had the chance to watch

a group of locals piled into the back of a Toyota ute try the crossing six time before accepting to be towed out.

A quantity of "bush currency" was left with the campers. Giving our thanks for their help and we made our way to make camp at Dargo, however after the incident at the river crossing with all cars towed out Mum, Dad, Simon and I went to the pub and had T-bone steaks for dinner and relax, the rest of the group were expected however decided to set off to set up camp.

What a great day, some adventure, a sense of isolation deep in a river valley, and good county tucker before a good night sleep.

Friday 2nd January

TRIP REPORT BY LEYA REID

We woke up at around 7am, ate breakfast then readied ourselves for our "short and easy" 4x4 trip. At half past nine we left camp and drove into Dargo where we had a quick toilet and photo break. After Ying discovered that the toilets were "very mess", we travelled down the lower Dargo Road.

We reached a bridge to Tabberabbera and travelled a mere 70m before finding that we had crossed private property. We turned back and navigated our way to our destination. The trip was dull and boring with only trees, trees and more trees to entertain ourselves apart from those bookaholics who had their noses buried in books, books and more books. We finally reached the top and found a "dazzling" view and took many pictures.

We soon crossed the Wentworth River over a bridge into Mitchell National Park, which we found much easier than the struggle to cross the same river the day before. We drove along Calvi Track then changed onto Horton's Track and approached the Mitchell River.

It was then that disaster struck. Our trip leader for today, Andrew, saw tracks leading into the river and thought it was safe to cross so he didn't walk it to check for the depth. He entered the river and discovered too late that where he was crossing it was deep and with a strong current. The current started washing the car down the river. Simon, who was in the next car, saw what was happening and reported over the radio "we have a problem". When asked what sort of problem, he replied helpfully "a big problem".

When the rest of the group came hurriedly, the water was almost up to the driver's window. The men rushed to the rescue. Lucy, the only passenger, abandoned the car through the open passenger window. After almost being swept away by the current she was pulled to safety by John using a winch extension strap as a safety line. The driver's window was only half open and there was concern that if the current turned the car over Andrew would be trapped. He escaped via the passenger's door.



The men hitched a handwinch to the car and slowly tugged the car to the bank. We checked to see how severely damaged the engine was. It appeared to be too damaged to run. Simon took Andrew to the top of the hill to call his insurance company and they put him in contact with the local towing company. They asked that we get the damaged car to the top of the hill and they would deal with it from there.



Simon towed the car up the hill with Chris in front as a back up if required. He soon was needed and the two Patrols proceeded to tow Andrew up the hill, joined together with a winch extension strap. The terrain was very steep, slippery and rocky and both patrols only just maintained traction even in low range first gear. They eventually reached the top

and as a group, with the Foxes, we headed towards the Dargo Pub. Along the way we passed a Toyota Hiace Campervan and assumed that the track from here must be easy. It was not and we wondered how they would get the Hiace up that track.

At the pub we ordered large meals of steak, schnitzel, nachos, seafood or lamb's fry. We enjoyed our meal and soon made our way back to Jim Iverson campsite on the Upper Dargo Road.



Saturday January 3rd 2009

Author: Mary Keys

At some stage well before daybreak I became aware of the sound of rushing water and remembered that we were sleeping in a tent right beside the river. It was time to check out the starsand the sight was every bit as bright, and amazing as in the Simpson Desert. There is absolutely no light pollution in the mountains around Dargo.

A cold and clear morning but as soon as the sun was up it warmed at least 10° C to a perfect summer day. Simon drove the Fox family into Dargo to link up with the tow truck while the rest of us packed up. We broke camp late in the morning and set forth back to Dargo to replenish our stocks. On the way we could see the river glistening in the valley and people sunbaking on pebbly beach areas – not a

lot of action. Today we headed further into the hills along the Crooked River with John Burnside in the lead. Thank goodness for the UHF communication systems as the country was steep and impressive, the road narrow and winding with very few places for passing other vehicles. The river below was sparkling like a jewel.

We took a side trip up, up, up and up to Mt. Gibraltar North where we had lunch near a communication tower at the helipad at the summit. There were amazing panoramic views of the mountains and we felt like we were on the top of the world. Not unexpectedly the telephone signal was strong and Simon made a call to Glenn Evans – we said hello, and passed on New Year wishes. Then it was back down some very steep hills to continue along the road parallel to the river. Some of the most beautiful campsites appeared to be on private property.



There were a few fords to cross along the Crooked River; apparently the river level was up a bit since last Easter when Simon had passed through that way. Lots of evidence of past bush fires and unfortunately lots and lots of uncontrolled weeds and some very ugly, dusty campsites. After making it through to a place called Stonewall (nothing there) without finding a suitable camp we headed back to Talbotville (a riverside camping area on the site of deserted old gold mining town) along the top of yet another spur. Just for a change it was back into low range and up, up, up then along a very steep and exposed ridge. This ridge was a bit of a trial for Chris who tends to get a bit panicky when faced with exposed high places. Talbotville camping area was really quite full but it was 4.30 pm we were tired and hungry so we found a spot amongst the wild plum trees that was large enough for our 4 vehicles.

Once the tents were up we collected water from the river and put the Keys shower into service; the Reid family took a dip in the cold mountain river water. It was then that we became aware of our neighbours in the camp. On the one side were Paul and Rosemary who joined us for nibbles and drinks (Paul had a few drinks on board already) and these were delightful people. They invited Simon to share their meal and the rest of us to join them around the fire after dinner. Rosemary taught Leah Reid how to prepare the perfect toasted marshmallow. On the other side of us, however, there were two Bogan families that are beyond description..... We thought that it was going to be a long and noisy night but were very happy when they turned the music down and the camp was actually very quiet.

This concluded another day of adventure in the high country.

Saturday January 4th 2009

Author: Ian Reid

After a quiet night at Talbotville we all packed up and many of us picked a supply of plums from the trees near our campsites. Our trip leader for the day, Simon, led us out via Brewery Creek Track and Basalt Knob Track. It started out easy but became steeper as we went. There were many great views to be had as we went. Along the way we stopped to look at an 'historic railway carriage' and wondered why it was there? It was fascinating to see how the different areas of the bush were recovering from the extensive bush fires of the last few years. During the whole trip we passed through few areas that had not been affected by fire recently.

Shortly before reaching the end of the Basalt Knob North Track we stopped at a clear area where we had a good view of the Dargo High Plains Road and the start of the Blue Rag Range Track. While taking a break we observed with interest the activities on the Blue Rag Range Track. A vehicle was pulled back up the hill and left on a crest before the remaining 4 vehicles in the group continued down the hill. We also got moving and soon after joined the Blue Rag Range Track. This track follows the top of a very narrow ridge and has steep drop offs on both sides at times. Chris suffers from vertigo and elected to not drive on these parts. While Chris was parking himself on the side of the track we let the other group that we had observed earlier go past. Mary joined Simon in his car. The views either side of the ridge were truly spectacular.



Not too far along we caught up with the other group, who were led by a tag-along tour guide. One of the party, in a Hyundai Terracan, was having trouble negotiating a steep rocky slope. After some time the Terracan was reversed down the track on a snatch strap to where they could park beside the track. While watching this Simon chatted with aptly named Bear, a friend of the tour leader. The rest of the group pulled off the track and we continued up. There were a number of other steep rocky slopes before we reached the top. Simon noted that the track had deteriorated considerably since he had driven it last Easter.



The view from the top was mind blowing! You really felt as if you were on top of the world. The day was perfect, with clear air, sunny skies, a light breeze and few flies. After some map consultation we were able to identify Mt Buller, Mt Buffalo and Mt Feathertop, as well as numerous smaller peaks. We had lunch there, enjoying the view and the feeling. While there the tag-along tour leader brought a car load of passengers up to the top before returning. We waited for a Prado and a Troopy to come up before we headed down to join Chris.



We drove back to the Dargo High Plains Road, which we followed to Dargo, stopping along the way to admire the High Plains. In Dargo we refuelled, topped up supplies and quite a few were seen eating ice creams. We spoke to one of the locals who recommended Black Snake Camping Area. We headed along the Wonnangatta Road until we came to the campsite. We settled into an area by the river.

It was not very flat but had good access to the swiftly flowing river. After setting up camp the Keys and the Reids went swimming in the river. A little further upstream it was deep and not so fast flowing. It was cool and very refreshing.

Around the campfire Chris produced a bottle of champers and we toasted a glorious and uneventful day.

Monday, 5th January
Billy Goat Bluff
Simon Hirshbein



Today was a day for celebration. It was Ying's birthday and was also Chris and Mary's wedding anniversary. Fortunately, Chris remembered.

Such a day could not pass without celebration and was thus marked by going 4WDing, as you do on a 4WDing holiday. However, today's trip was no ordinary drive in the forest - instead, we challenged ourselves with some serious

Grade 4 action on Billy Goat Bluff. As we had decided to base camp for two nights, this was a return trip to see the *<insert suitable adjective from visitors' book here>* views from the Pinnacles fire tower and of course enjoy the thrills of the Billy Goat Bluff track.

All of this was a little too much for Chris, who chose to stay in camp and "practice" his fishing and harmonica playing. He had plenty of fishing practice on this trip...not catching a thing.



Anyway, back to the action. Myself and Mary, John and Ying and the Reids set off up the Wonnangatta Valley, crossing the river at the truss bridge. Upon arriving at Billy Goat Bluff track, we engaged low range and proceeded. The vertical profile below and photos really tell the story, but let me say that it was a long and steep climb, with about four rough scabbly sections that took the shine off Ian and John's new Cooper ATRs. Like Mt Blue Rag, the track is certainly rougher than when I drove it last Easter. Scenery was superb and the photo shoot on the bluff itself was good fun, with the road dropping away at both sides and an s-bend in the middle.

Upon arriving at the top, we made our way to the Pinnacle fire tower. The change in flora with the change in altitude was quite evident and the alpine wildflowers were in full bloom. Interestingly, although a similar altitude, the vegetation was quite different here than at Mt Blue Rag.

We made the short walk to the fire tower and had a chat with the duty fire

spotter. He works 10am - 6pm every day until it rains. Only then does he get to go home. He otherwise lives in a little hut nearby. Not such a bad job considering there is mobile coverage and hence Internet. I'd be quite happy there...

We signed the visitors' book and found my and Kathy's entry from Easter. Also had a group photo.

We returned to the car park/picnic area and had a leisurely lunch, enjoying both the views and lower temperatures - a good 10 degrees cooler than in the valley. We also emailed the committee some photos to show what a "lousy" trip we were having. I love Telstra Next G coverage.

On our descent, we passed a couple of Hiluxes then three Pajeros. The passing of the Pajeros was tricky as the track was narrow. We changed to their radio channel and worked together to pass. This went well and we were soon on our way again.



Upon arriving back at camp, we found a rather red Chris and no fish in sight. Never mind, we all jumped in the river and pretended to be fish instead. I lost my sunglasses and Chris found them again. This made me happy.

Notably, we convinced Ying to come into the river as well. She wasn't keen on getting wet but we talked her into it and she had a great time. We also hung out with our neighbours' German Short-Haired Pointer dog who kept getting in the river and swimming against the strong current, just to visit us. He was then relieved when we caught him so he could rest. We'd then take him back to the bank and he'd do it again. Stupid dog.

Time for dinner then we lit the campfire. This was more for rubbish disposal than warmth. Speaking of fires, Mary's fruit cake was reappropriated and covered in candles, becoming Ying's birthday cake. We all sang and ate cake. Bed followed soon after.

Another great day on a great trip.

6th January, 2009

Day 10 Trip report by John and Ying

The day started clear and sunny and soon got very warm. It is always hard to leave a nice camp spot with a river view, however we were all ready to roll ahead of schedule. By this stage Ying was checking tyre pressures and all fluid levels in

the Patrol. She had mastered the art of swatting flies and we could also pack the huge tent up in about 12 minutes (versus ~ 20 minutes at the start). She had a come a long way since the 28th December. Just had to convince her not use so much fuel when cooking – it was going to be a close call if we needed to resort to begging, borrowing or stealing from the others.



We left Black Snake Creek camping area and headed out towards Wonnangatta Station. After leaving the main dirt road (Crooked River & Wonnangatta Roads) we headed down the Eaglevale Track then into Wombat Range Track and down the Herne Spur Track. Some really good views again with low range stuff to keep the drivers occupied. The Wonnangatta Track was a

bit of a let down as it was very overgrown with weeds, high scrub, little shade and also very dusty. A few unexpected ruts caught me and caused a bump or two. The indicated camping sites along the valley were non-existent or overgrown. We pulled into Wonnangatta Station under the cool trees for lunch. A short distance further we stopped to look at the ruins of the old homestead. At this point it was very windy and hot. When other vehicles arrived it caused a mini dust storm.

We took off for East Riley/East Buffalo Roads and then turned into a pleasant track called Selwyn Track. This track had not been used recently and had a covering of leaf litter, which kept the dust down. Combined with the interesting terrain it was a very relaxing part of the day. We continued on via Canyon and Great Dividing Range Tracks, which also had some spectacular steep climbs and drop-offs.



This had been quite a long day driving and soon after we got on to Selwyn Creek Road to look for a suitable spot for the night. A few miles down this quite narrow and twisting road, Ian who was in the lead, told us that a large logging truck was heading our way very fast. We all pulled over to make room but by the time he got to our car he was a cranky tank – yelling abuse personally and generally at all 4 wd's for being on "his road". Chris and Mary at the tail got a close up glimpse of a very fast truck trying to get as close as possible as fast as possible. It left a bad feeling for all of us in what was otherwise a very pleasant day. Ying had never experienced road rage up close and was speechless for several minutes.

We soon found a campsite called Beveridges Station on the Buckland River East Branch. There was a small creek, which provided a cool spot to wash off the dust. There were no other people in the area and we had a very nice evening

chatting around the fire after dinner and contemplating our imminent return to civilisation. Our huge thanks to Chris for leading this trip and to everyone in the group for their friendship and great company. Ying and I enjoyed this trip very much.

Wednesday January 7th 2009

Author: Mary Keys



Yet another perfect day with no sign whatsoever of the rain predicted by the ranger in the watch house at the Pinnacles/ Billy Goats Bluff.

By now we were experts at breaking camp and well before the appointed time we were moving to cross more valleys, spurs and ridges to make our way to civilisation at Bright.

There were a lot more lovely riverside campsites along the

Buckland Valley road. Ian Reid was leading today and he plotted a “cross mountain” route. There were some more fords to walk across and some nice names for the tracks. We went from Clear Creek Rd onto Demon Ridge Rd and were able to take in views of Mt. Feathertop and the Razorbacks. By 11.45 am we had arrived at Clear Spot, a viewing place with a huge dial indicating the different peaks in this 360° view. Amongst those there were: Mt Hotham, Mt Buffalo, Mt. Porepunka (aka to some club members as Pokohontas), Mt. Selwyn and Mt. Bogong etc.

At this point it seemed timely to telephone Carl Bleazard and remind him about Porepunka and let him know how much we were missing him. Simon even took some time out to retrieve some emails. From here we could see the outskirts of Bright and as somebody had suggested a pub lunch it did not take long to get the group moving again. At about 12.30 we emerged from the forest at Wandilligo and hit the blacktop just before Bright. Shortly afterwards we heard the quote of the day – from Simon of course. “I’ve got plenty of dust in hidden cracks”!

As we were fuelling and airing up at the nearby gas station we receive some horrified stares from the onlookers – both the cars and ourselves were under multitudinous layers of dust. After all of our adventures it was just outside of the gas station in Bright that John Burnside now discovers that he has a leaking tyre. Some of us went off to organise campsites at the Riverside Caravan Park and Simon helped John change the tyre. Simon can now claim to have the strength to bend a wheel brace with his bare hands!



Next it was a matter of crossing the road to a Bistro to partake of that pub lunch. This lunch was both our “last supper” a birthday celebration - Leah Reid’s turned 12 that day. The meal was excellent and most plentiful; Ying approved of the Chinese noodles and Leah got to have ice cream for afters. Simon then departed for Melbourne where he planned to spend Thursday night at his mate Jacko’s farm and then to meet up with Kathy on Friday. Simon and Kathy were then off for a week of 4WD adventure in Tasmania.



We managed to get three adjacent campsites with shade but the population density was somewhat of a shock to our systems. The hot showers, however, were a most welcome luxury. After the great cleansing it was an absolute must to wander by the Micro Brewery where the beer had to be sampled and just on from there was an ice cream parlour where the ice cream had to be sampled. After dinner we were forced to partake of chocolate cake and strawberries in honour of Leah’s birthday. No prizes for guessing that we went to bed clean but with very full tummies. A nice ending to a great trip.

On Thursday morning (Jan 8th) there was an early start to make our way back to Sydney. The Keys and Reids took a detour to Milawa where we did some damage at the Mustard Farm and the Keys also paid a visit to the Milawa Cheese Factory. Colleen Bleazard, the Milawa district is an absolute “must visit” for you –nuff said!

