

**MELBOURNE  
BUSHWALKERS INC.**

ABN 14 396 912 508

# THE NEWS

#831 June  
2020



**STAY SAFE  
STAY CONNECTED**

Background photo by Mark Simpson

**Would like your trip photos featured in the newsletter?**

Due date for contributions to July News: 21 June

email: [news@mbw.org.au](mailto:news@mbw.org.au)



**IN LINE WITH GOVERNMENT ADVICE, ALL NON-ESSENTIAL CLUB ACTIVITIES ARE CANCELLED UNTIL THE END OF JUNE DUE TO COVID-19 CORONAVIRUS. PLEASE REFER TO OUR WEBSITE FOR THE MOST UP-TO-DATE INFORMATION AND CHECK EMAILS FOR UPCOMING VIRTUAL PRESENTATIONS.**

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**WE ARE A MEMBER OF**



**Bushwalking Victoria**

**There will be no Wednesday night meetings until further notice.**

General correspondence should be directed to:

The Secretary  
Melbourne Bushwalkers Inc  
PO Box 1751  
MELBOURNE VIC 3001  
[www.melbournebushwalkers.org.au](http://www.melbournebushwalkers.org.au)

The News of the Melbourne Bushwalkers Inc (The News) is published monthly, and is the official newsletter of Melbourne Bushwalkers Inc.

Editor: Wen Qi

Walkpreviews, walk reviews, articles, poems, news items, photographs of Club events, reports of new gear, book/movie reviews, letters to the editor, advertisements, et cetera are always welcome. However, the Editor reserves the right to edit contributions where space, clarity or propriety dictate, and to maintain editorial consistency.

Note: photographs should be sent as separate high resolution files which are capable of being edited.

Please send your contributions as unformatted text files by email to [news@mbw.org.au](mailto:news@mbw.org.au)

Closing date for receipt of material for The News is the **21st of the month.**

Advertisements should relate to bushwalking (e.g. gear, maps, trips, tours, health and fitness etc.). These may be published subject to space availability and Editor's discretion.

For current advertising rates contact the Editor at [news@mbw.org.au](mailto:news@mbw.org.au).

Next committee meeting: Monday 1st June.

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## **CALL FOR THE NEWS CONTRIBUTIONS**

Have you been on a memorable bushwalking trip you would like to share? Do you have a special backcountry dinner recipe you think others would also enjoy? Is there a particular bushwalking equipment you would like to recommend? If there's a bushwalking related topic you would like to share, we would love to hear from you!!

Please submit your article to [news@mbw.org.au](mailto:news@mbw.org.au) by 21st every month for it to be considered to be published in the next issue.

Any questions, please feel free to email the editor.



Dear member,

I hope this month's issue finds you healthy and in good spirit.

The safety and wellbeing of our members is our top priority. I have communicated with you earlier this month that given the unprecedented impact of COVID-19, we continue to monitor the situation taking advice from Bushwalking Victoria, Government and Health Experts.

The Victorian government has reduced the restrictions that were brought in to contain the COVID-19 pandemic. Among the changes are that people are now able to hike in groups of up to 20 people\*, with some National Parks open, but camping is still not permitted. Some of you might have already used the opportunity to give your walking boots a good work out.

I am working closely with the MBW Committee on a "Walk Re-start Plan" for when we can safely return to hiking by reinstating all our walk programs. We hope to re-start walks if possible, at some point in June. Be sure to check out website for the most up to date information for information around the walk programs.

Stepping outside of Australia for a getaway remains off the cards for the foreseeable future. But we will continue to inspire our keen members with our virtual social Wednesday evening talks focusing on epic walks in our own backyard.

In closing I would like to remind once again everyone that Covid-19 is not over yet. It is still our individual and collective responsibility to assess the impact of our actions on our self and others.

Stay safe and maintain a social distance of 1.5m always; in wildlife terms keep 4 kolas of space between you and others.

Susanne Etti  
President

**\*Refer link below for the latest announcement from the Premier (the latest as of 24th May 2020)**

**<https://mobile.twitter.com/DanielAndrewsMP/status/1264348733346471936>**

## BUSHWALKING ADVICE SUMMARY FROM BWV

Anitha Damodharaswamy

If you are like me, you must be missing the long hikes surrounded by nature. The achievement of finishing the last few kms and completing yet another walk when you cannot imagine taking another step forward comes an exhilaration that is unbeatable.

After a long hiatus, things are slowly turning upbeat. As of 13th May, we are allowed to go bushwalking in Victoria, albeit with a few restrictions.

- maintaining social distancing of 1.5m while bushwalking and when in transit. This means that we will not be able to carpool unless we are from the same household or are partners.
- maintaining appropriate personal hygiene.
- maximum group size of ten\*
- overnight camping is not allowed (only day trips are permitted)\*

Detailed advise can be found on the BWV website: <https://bushwalkingvictoria.org.au/easing-of-covid-19-restrictions-bushwalking-now-allowed-709>

**\*refer link in president's column for the lates statement from the premier**

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## THE ONLY WAY HOME

Liz Byron



No Club walks at present and getting sick of screen entertainment? Well, try reading books. The story of Liz Byron's 2004 trek from Cooktown to Mount Perry with her two donkeys, Grace and Charley, is now available in a new Woodslane Press publication, "The Only Way Home". This trek was a rite of passage to mark leaving 40 years of marriage and embarking on life as a single woman at the age of 61. Liz foresaw that self-reliance, physical stamina and route-finding would be challenges, but couldn't have known how the outback environment in Queensland was to test her to the limit. An extended drought had left much of her route a dusty wasteland, without food or water for her animals. Years of suffering from childhood abuse and a family tragedy had left her unwilling to ask for help. Walking became a meditation, an exercise in being in the moment even when that moment was 43 degrees or she hadn't eaten for 7 hours. In her moving memoir, Liz reveals how she healed herself step-by-step on the way to her new home in northern NSW – by learning to trust her intuition, the wisdom of her animals and the kindness of strangers.

Illustrated with delightful sketches of the donkeys, the book is available at bookstores and online booksellers (RRP \$25), or you can buy it as an ebook. But if you are interested in supporting Liz, you can purchase a signed copy at <https://lizbyron.com/> for \$22 plus \$10 shipping.

# AN ISO ACTIVITY REVIEW

Susan McInnes

It took me till about March of this year to accept that life had changed irretrievably for 2020 at least and that most of my planned and regular activities were cancelled. So what was going to make me feel better about coping with the altered rhythm of my life and satisfy the needs of getting fresh air and exercise?

I didn't have to look far because I am lucky enough to have a farm in central Victoria that is hungry for revegetation. This has been continuing slowly for the past 40 years through drought and the Black Saturday bushfires.

About 16 years ago I had a couple of bare paddocks ripped by a bulldozer on the contour lines, sprayed and planted with eucalypts, acacias and she oaks and



guarded with milk cartons for a Box Iron Bark Forest project. The denuded hills slowly filled with 17,000 plants, their growth hampered by hungry, heavy kangaroos and persistent low rainfall and downright drought. Most of the trees formed a vegetated corridor with a treed block to the north and a roadside reserve to the south.

Although thousands of plants died, the new tree numbers increased with natural revegetation along the rip lines because of locking the land away from livestock.

Various plantings were undertaken along the creek line over the following years with lots of clearing of a prolific weed- the dreaded furze and Hawthorn trees.

Prickly plants for bird habitat was the next project, followed this Covid year by the 15Trees project supported by an organisation providing carbon credits to industry.

So with the help of a tree planting machine and helping hands and feet there is a sea of green Corflute tree guards out in the various paddocks with Manna gums and a mixture of native understory plants. About 500 plants have gone into the rich, wet ground so far in a year of early rainfall and early plantings. I can see growth in some of the plants already because the ground is still warm.

Many of last year's plantings are peeping over their tree guards, many to be nipped off by the kangaroos, despite some being incredibly prickly.

So I would have done the planting anyway without a pandemic but it would have been extremely rushed before I was due to leave for UK yesterday and I wouldn't have got so many plants in.

Cancelling overseas trips and other activities for the year means I can plant out the last 120 plants in the garden patch at leisure and enjoy watching things flourish with the rain.

It has also been a chance to enjoy the steady and quiet rhythms of country life without the angst of being close to places where germs may lurk and people may cough and splutter. With no need to return to Melbourne except for the odd chore, I have settled into a pattern of walking with the neighbours in the mornings and getting out into beautiful autumnal sunshine interspersed with online yoga and the inevitable Zoom meetings. Thank goodness for an NBN satellite dish. I have participated in more online courses this year, a definite bonus. But seeing and walking among the new and old plantings is a real joy.

# THE MISSION TO SEAFARERS VICTORIA BUILDING

717 Flinders Street, Docklands

Rosemary Cotter

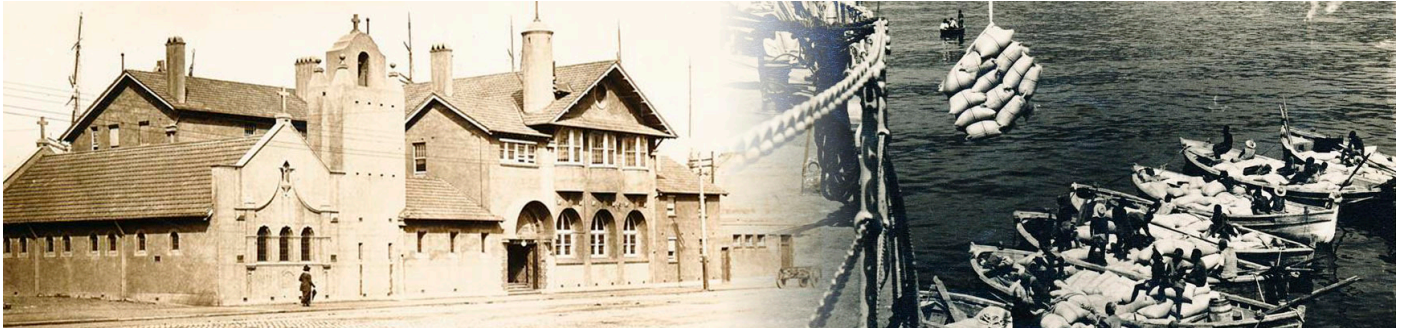
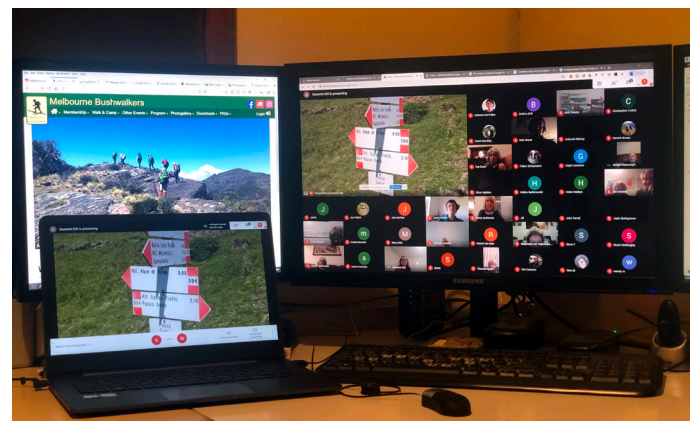
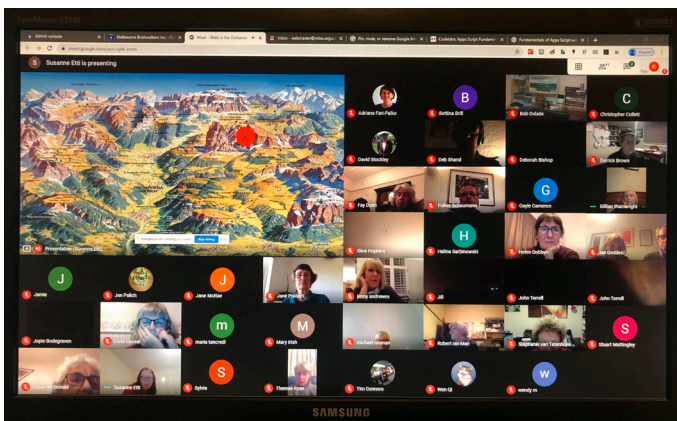


Image from <https://missiontoseafarers.com.au/history/heritage-building/>

Many of you may not know of the work that goes on at The Mission but their website sheds light on all aspects of their work. For instance there is an Annual Art Show and all the pictures are on the website. Currently there is a 17 minute documentary, entitled 'Harbor Lights' on their site. This is the story of the Merchant Navy and the Ladies of the Harbour Lights Guild of Melbourne during WWI. In addition it outlines the value of the Merchant Mariners and the women that supported their contribution at a peak period of conflict for the emerging nation. As an island nation, the shipping industry is just as important today as it was in the early 1900's.

Amply illustrated with photographs of the port and city of Melbourne from 1914, it is well worth checking out and seeing how life was back then. Visit <https://missiontoseafarers.com.au/>

## VIRTUAL PRESENTATION NIGHTS



Photos from Ian Mair

We reformatted our Wine & Cheese night presentations to be delivered digitally, so we get to listen to inspiring bushwalking trip stories from the comfort of our couch!

The last two virtual presentations were big success, we had 43 and 37 members respectively.

Keep an eye out for emails with details of upcoming virtual presentations!

## MY BOOTS

Poems by Ian McLean, supplied by Sylvia McLean

Come gather round my campfire,  
There's a story to be told,  
About my sturdy pair of boots  
And the memories that they hold.

No greater friends have my boots been  
By gosh they're hard to beat.  
Stuffed with socks and sometimes rocks  
They help protect my feet.

Though soles are cracked and water leaks  
They've seen the valleys and the peaks.  
Crossed mountain range, been near the sea  
And always been a friend to me.

Crossing creeks and climbing rocks  
They've seen a dozen pairs of socks  
Across the land, mile after mile  
We've seen the sights that made me smile

Though feet did sweat and smell abound,  
They never would complain.  
Treated badly, treated good,  
They never caused me pain

We've done a lot of walking  
My sturdy friends and I  
We've even camped on mountain tops  
Beneath a starry sky

And through all kinds of weather  
My friends have been there to.  
Down tracks we go together  
Doing things we like to do.

They are my mates these boots of mine  
They've seen me through the years  
Bringing comfort to my feet  
Until their track end nears

So when you're out there walking  
It's very good to know  
Your best friends are on your feet  
Everywhere you go.

## MY NEW BOOTS

Ahh..my friends, they finally died.  
They went and lost their sole.  
It was on a walk, up a hill,  
Somewhere near Mt Cole.

A quick fix was in order.  
Held with tape and bit of twine.  
We struggled onward to the cars  
Me and my friends of mine

Sadness overwhelmed me  
My boots had finally died.  
But then somebody told me  
"they just might well survive"

"I know someone may fix 'em"  
"and make 'em good as new"  
I took a chance, we parted  
what else could I do.

And though we tried in vain to save them  
I was told "I'm sorry son..  
You have to buy some new ones"  
And I knew their time had come.

We must have tried a million boots  
but nothing felt quite right.  
Until a pair of Hybrid things  
That felt like slippers might.

These new boots they felt comfortable  
and as I walked around the store.  
I pondered for a moment,  
"..should I try some more?".

But, these new ones seem to like me  
my feet were happy to.  
The only thing about these boots  
Is that they are blue!

So, if you see me walking  
check my feet and you may see  
Blue socks and boots upon my feet  
Where my old boots used to be.



# PATAGONIA

## PART 2

Dec 2019 - Jan 2020

Trip report & photos  
by Meredith Quick

I headed to the airport at 10am on 15th December, our plane was scheduled to leave at 2:30pm. 3 of the group of 5 Melbourne Bushwalkers were on the flight and for Sylvia it was her first big trip away alone. She had only travelled to New Zealand and around Australia in recent years, so South America was a big trip for her. Annemarie had also managed to book on the same flight. The queue for our LAN flight was long and slow, there was a computer outage, the bags could not be checked on. After what seemed like an eternity we were relieved of our bags and were making our way through the big doors to immigration and our next queue. We then fought through the duty-free shop knocking back all offers for the free squirt of perfume or the miracle face cream. Instead opting for a quiet café and a nice cup of tea. I know some of you that know me are saying that is unbelievable, but it is true, there was going to be wine on the plane.

Finally, we were on the plane, of course it was not on time ( I knew from previous experience nothing in South America runs on time). At 3 pm the doors were closed and we were on our way. It was a 14-hour flight to Santiago, so it was on with the earphones and hour after hour of mindless films, reasonable shiraz, questionable pasta and the occasional doze.

On arrival at Santiago, Annemarie had organised for our Airbnb host to pick us up at the airport, it worked out really well, convenience for us and extra income for him.

Our Airbnb was close to the airport and we had the entire upstairs floor of their home, each of us had our own bedroom and there were 2 bathrooms to share. We were out in the burbs, but it really didn't matter much, it was good to see something outside the main city. We arrived at the house at about 1pm, had a shower and collapsed onto our beds until 4pm, then we started to move around and think about dinner. We were given instructions on the best way to get to the shopping area and headed out to the local shopping centre. We browsed the supermarket shelves to become familiar with the goodies available. We wandered the streets trying to decide between Chinese, Pizza and Fried Chicken, before selecting the Chinese restaurant for dinner. Like most places you visit away from Asia, they have their own take on Chinese meals, the flavours were good the vegetables well... different to what we have become accustomed to.

We soon discovered the order taker was from Venezuela, the economy had collapsed there and he walked away from his now worthless house and took a bus to Chile to find work. It gave me a new take on refugees. I had heard about them trying to get into the US, but they are also flooding across the border to neighbouring countries.

It was well after dark when we made our way home via the ice-cream shop, I quickly discovered Sylvia loves ice-cream. It was too busy and there were people queuing so we decided to walk on. The streets of the suburb came



## Along The Track

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alive after dark, many people were out strolling or walking their dogs, taking advantage of the cooler night air. We stopped and browsed the local market, people were selling healthy plants, home-made goodies and second hand items. Sylvia was faced with the difficult decision of what flavour ice cream she preferred.

We also learned that Santiago is also experiencing a drought, they have not had rain for months. It was clear for all to see, the surrounding hills were parched and there was a fire on the nearby mountain, that was ripping through the local forest, what was left of it. When travelling I am often reminded of how local my thought become, other countries are suffering from climate change too.

We got home and purchased a fine Camenere (Chilean red wine) from our host and sat outside waiting for Kate to arrive. Kate flew in separately to us, her daughter works for Virgin and she is able to take advantage of cheaper fares, but she has to fly standby. Anyway, she also was picked up by our host and arrived at the home at about 11pm. After a catch up on our experience so far, a sandwich and a bottle of wine we were again ready for bed.

December 16th Our flight to Balmaceda was 10am so we needed to be ready and out the door by 8am. Again, we took advantage of our hosts transport and we were driven to the airport for our internal flight. At the airport we had our second breakfast before boarding our delayed flight. Again, I recalled the last time I was in South America no flight left on time and I had the feeling this trip was going to be the same, I wasn't disappointed or surprised. The flight to Balmaceda was spectacular, we flew south down the Andes, there was plenty of snow-capped mountains and even a smoking volcano or two, I was lucky enough to get a window seat on the left of the plane, I think I sat there the whole flight with my nose to the window. Our 2-hour flight was over all too soon. As we exited the plane it was very apparent, we had travelled a long way south, the air was much cooler and there was plenty of green around us.

At the airport we were met by Rene from car rental company, he took us to their yard, where Annemarie came into her own, negotiating the car rental in Spanish, the rest of us could only look on and wonder what the hell was going on. The language was loud and very expressive and very long winded. After 2 hours we all presented our credit cards to pay for our portion of the rental cost, we then climbed into the white Ford Discovery, our car for the next 5 weeks. We then needed to drive 70 km to Coyhaique, the major centre of Chile's Patagonia.

On arrival at Coyhaique we disturbed the staff during the siesta time and checked into our accommodation for the next few days, Hostal Gladys. It was plain and reasonably comfortable but expensive by Chilean standards. We then made our way through the town to the local lunch spot, Bomberos de Casino, there we tucked into really great local food. For about \$30 I was filled to the gills, a huge steak, enough potatoes to feed a family, salad and of course wine. We then waddled around town, discovering the local supermarkets, a fabulous dried fruit shop and of course the outdoor gear shops.

That night Therese flew in to complete the Melbourne Bushwalkers group of five. Also, on her flight was our guide Sebastien.

(Part 3 To be continued in July News.)



# THE JOY OF SOLO WALKING: CHEMIN DE PUY, FRANCE

## PART 1

Article & photos by Deb Shand

After four days of walking in warm Spring sunshine, I wake up and look out the window of my gite (pilgrim accommodation) to see the ground and trees covered in a fresh layer of snow. It is beautiful, but I sent home some warm clothes only two days ago to lighten my pack. There is nothing for it but to layer up with what I have left: a merino T-shirt, my walking shirt, a fleece jacket, an old Goretex jacket that is no longer very waterproof, a merino bandana tied around my head, and a cheap plastic poncho over the top of all that. On my lower half I have my hiking pants, gaitors, and sturdy leather boots. On my hands I have my fingerless bike gloves. I look like a very strange hump-backed animal walking through the white landscape!

There is no question of stopping my journey because of a little snow. I am walking solo along the Chemin de Puy (also called the GR65 or Via Podiensis) from the town of Le Puy-en-Velay to Saint Jean Pied de Port just short of the Spanish border, a distance of 729 kilometres. The Chemin de Puy is one of the many popular Camino routes traversing Europe towards Santiago de Compostela in Spain, and I have been dreaming of undertaking this trip for many years. Hiking friends have told me that this route is quieter than the wildly popular Camino Frances that traverses Spain, and the French food is good. For 35 days without a break I will walk by myself, choosing each day how far and how fast I will walk and where I will stop to eat and sleep.



Although I walk alone, I am not really alone, because many others are making the same journey in their own way, either alone, with a partner or with a small group, for a few days, a few weeks, or longer. As we walk, we meet and converse as well as we can in different languages, and in the evenings we share food and dormitories with each other in gites or old convents. We are guided through the countryside by red and white track markers and church spires in the villages and towns along the way, the regular tolling of the church bells farewelling or welcoming us as we pass from one settlement to another, from one day to another, from one acquaintance to another, from our usual way of life to another: the life of a pelerin (pilgrim).

As well as the many enjoyable hikes that I have completed with friends, I have done some short solo hikes in preparation: a few days along the Great Ocean Walk in Victoria, and two separate weeks on the Bibbulmun track in Western Australia. I am ready and capable, but my first challenge is packing my backpack to contain all I need for this length of time, but not so much to be too heavy. Because I am working full time until the day before I leave,

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I feverishly pack, weigh and repack the pack over the few nights prior to my flight. The preparations are complicated by the fact that I will be going to Britain to complete the Coast to Coast walk after I have finished the Chemin and the two different countries may have different weather and walking conditions.

At last I find myself in Le Puy-en-Velay, ready to set off. I have been to the cathedral and collected my creanciale (pilgrim passport) so that I can collect stamps from churches and accommodations along the way to prove that I have completed the journey, and I have visited the tourist office to buy a guidebook and a map. As I am still worried about my pack weight, I don't buy the comprehensive Miam Miam Dodo guides which feel too heavy, but purchase a simpler, lighter one. As it transpires, after the third day of walking that involves a stiff climb in the afternoon, I decide that my pack is too heavy and resolutely visit the Post Office the next morning to send a box of items home, including a woollen jumper, my waterproof overpants, and a beanie. I save weight in whatever way I can, even cutting my bar of soap in half.

I guess that I have the pack weight down to about 10 kilos, which seems reasonable, although other walkers happily carry 7-8 kilos. After another week, I buy the Miam Miam

Dodo guides in the town of Conques and leave my Cicerone guidebook behind in the Abbey accommodation for another lucky walker. I have realised the value of having an up to date guidebook that not only lists accommodations, but also cafes, wayside stops, water points and places of interest, as well as maps for each stage and suggested variant routes. It is only when I get to St Jean Pied de Port that I am able to weigh my pack on the scales in the pilgrim information office and discover that it weighs 13 kilos without water!

My favourite time of day on the track is the morning when I leave the gite after breakfast at about 7.30 am. The air is cool and fresh, the birdsong clear, my clothes are clean, my legs are strong, and my Camino shell clinks gently against the side of my pack as I walk into the new adventure that each day brings. The morning kilometres fall behind quickly. Conversely, the afternoon kilometres expand and stretch like elastic before me, my sweaty shirt sticks to my back, my watch slows down and my feet burn.

I soon fall into a routine: after arriving at a gite in the mid-afternoon, I have a shower which is like redemption after the trial of the day, and the moment the warm water hits my neck is pure joy. I then wash my sweat-soaked clothes, wring them in my travel towel and hang them to dry. After that, I check my ongoing itinerary and accommodation, booking up to a few days ahead to make sure that I have a place to stay but also allow for weather or other delays. My phone is my most valuable possession on the trail as it is essential for reservations, communication, and navigation: I have a downloaded gpx file to guide me with the apps Maps.me or Pocket Earth. The phone is also my camera, and a safety device to call for help if I need it: fortunately, I never need to use it for that reason.

Most days I go for a short walk around the town where I am staying to get my bearings, check where the boulangerie (bakery) is to buy pain chocolat in the morning, and also buy a banana, some peanuts or cheese to carry on the track for snacks and lunch. Then it is time for dinner with the other walkers, followed by bed. Most gites offer half-board, that includes accommodation in a shared room, a three-course dinner with wine, and simple breakfast. There is no problem getting vegetarian food as long as I notify the gite in advance. Some gites in larger towns don't provide an evening meal, but this can give a chance to meet up with other walkers at a restaurant for dinner.

My bushwalking experience comes in handy. On the very first day, I am walking along behind another couple, having fallen into conversation with a German man. The couple ahead come to an intersection with a small road

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and confidently turn along it, striding at a fast pace. The German man and I follow them, but after a short way I realise that I haven't seen a trail marker and stop to check the map on my phone. I see that we have missed the correct path and call out to my new companion to tell him. He doesn't believe me initially, but another German man arrives, checks his phone, and confirms that I am correct. This second German man is someone that I meet at intervals along the trail. He is a Lutheran priest walking to Santiago, and as coincidence would have it, I meet him also in the gite at Saint Jean Pied de Port on my last day of walking.

On my third day of walking, I meet an English-speaking Iranian woman at a wayside café where I have stopped for a pastry and drink. She is walking with a French man. They wave goodbye to me as they set off before me on the trail. As I follow them about fifteen minutes later, I meet the man returning alone along the track looking anxious. He asks if I have seen his companion as they have become separated. I tell him I haven't, but as I continue, I realise that the woman may have walked straight ahead at the last intersection instead of turning left. The path I am on climbs gradually up a grassy hillside, and I can see the other path a long way below. Then I see a small figure on that path turning in anxious circles. Could it be the Iranian woman? I take out my whistle and blow it. She doesn't seem to hear. At that moment, the French man puffs up the track to where I am standing.

"Is that your friend?" I ask. He is unsure but calls out her name. There is still no response from the tiny circling figure, who looks like she might disappear the wrong way along the track into trees at any minute. I take a deep breath and blow as hard into the whistle as I can. The little figure stops and looks up at us, we both wave and then she hurries back along the track in the right direction while the man runs down to meet her. I come across this couple at other places along the route, and one day when I trip over on the edge of the road, they pick me up and offer water to wash my grazed elbow. Such is the Chemin family.

(Part 2 to be continued in July News.)



# WELSH COASTAL WALK

Jane Probert



photo 1

Hello All. I'm a member of the Melbourne Bushwalkers but I live in the UK. I walk with the club when I am in Melbourne visiting my son and his family, which I usually manage to do every year.

My home is in Caswell on the Gower peninsula in Wales. As part of the coronavirus lockdown measures, here in Wales we are currently allowed to exercise once a day, on our own or with family members. My husband has a sore knee, so I'm walking on my own at the moment - that's fine, I can choose my own route! A government requirement is that we stay local to exercise, so I am fortunate to have some lovely circular walks on my doorstep. Just five minutes from my house I can walk down the cliff path to Caswell Bay (photo 1). This usually a popular bathing beach, but it's practically deserted at the moment. There is a coastal path around the whole of the Welsh coast, and I can join a section of the path here at Caswell. If I head west the path will take me to quieter, more secluded beaches, but on this occasion I need to pick up some food items so I'll also incorporate a walk through the nearby village of Mumbles. First I head east along the cliff path towards Langland Bay (photo 2)

with its distinctive green and white beach huts. This is a popular surfing bay; there are a few people about (hopefully all keeping 2 metres apart), but it's much quieter than it would normally be on such a fine day. It's still a little cold for swimming - maybe next week!

Round the headland there's a little bay where I often see a seal - yes, he's there today but he's elusive when I try to take a photo. Further along the coastal path then over the hill I walk down past some old fishermen's cottages (photo 3) and into the village. This part of the walk takes me past the cafes and restaurants of Mumbles, all closed up at the moment due to the virus restrictions. Just a few food shops and pharmacies are open. So, I head on and look back at the view of the pier and the lifeboat station at Mumbles Head (photo



photo 2



photo 3



photo 4

## Along The Track

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4). Then up past the castle - we have lots of castles in Wales; this one is called Oystermouth Castle (photo 5). Unfortunately I can't go in today as all the tourist sites are closed as well. So, I head through the park (photo 6) and back up another hill to my home. My phone tells me I've walked 9.5km and climbed 52 floors, so a pleasant afternoon stroll - and I've also managed to buy some things for dinner.



photo 5



photo 6

**IN LINE WITH GOVERNMENT ADVICE, ALL NON-ESSENTIAL CLUB ACTIVITIES ARE CANCELLED UNTIL THE END OF JUNE DUE TO COVID-19 CORONAVIRUS. PLEASE REFER TO OUR WEBSITE FOR THE MOST UP-TO-DATE INFORMATION AND CHECK EMAILS FOR UPCOMING VIRTUAL PRESENTATIONS.**