

# Friends of Brisbane Ranges

Incorporated

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August  
2009

*Grevillea  
steiglitziana*

## Next Meeting

**Sunday 9<sup>th</sup> August**

**Meet at;**

10am at the Anakie  
Community Depot

**Activities;**

Clean up – weed eradication  
at Anakie Gorge

**What to bring;**

All the usuals, plus sun  
protection, water etc and  
don't forget some form of  
nutritional sustenance to  
keep you going. Also pruners  
and mattocks.

## Next Month

**September 2009**

**TBA** - maybe a surprise  
but then again maybe not

## In this Issue

- Last Meeting
- Last Meeting 2
- Significant Sightings

## Up Coming Events

- Wildflower Show
- Koala Program

## Last Meeting by a direct descendant of the Brothers Grimm

The day started just after dawn when Judith Locke opened the door to the hot house and inspected the plant nursery. The tiny seedlings survival until the Flower Show in October is crucial. No seedlings = no cash flow = no bickies for the Friends tea breaks.

In trickles, the core of the FOBR arrived: Cyril and Roger, Lance and Judith, the Cook family, including Kristen and Owen followed by the writer.

After the usual stirring of the tea cups hard decisions had to be made:

Who is staying to transplant 1001-minute seedlings and who is going to participate in a 'Bourke and Wills' style expedition over the 'Deadman's Loop'?

The Cook's youngsters decided, against the wishes of their parents, to explore 'Deadman's Loop'. The writer was shanghaied to come along.

What follows on the next pages truly reflects the adventures of Owen and Kristen along 'Deadman's Loop'.

The expedition assembled at the Stieglitz Courthouse for a last check of gear and provisions. Please note that we are using the correct spelling of Stieglitz (not Steiglitz). This caused problems with navigation as Colin's GPS rejected Stieglitz as a place name.

Compared with the ill-fated Bourke and Wills expedition this one was well equipped. With two Raspberry Doublet biscuits, a combo 'Micro - / Telescope Bug Catcher' and a dentist mirror nothing could go wrong.

After a long debate regarding the meaning of 'Deadman's Loop', which failed to reach a conclusion, the expedition set off.

The first stop was the ford at Barry Street. Its foundation of cobblestones, sleepers and rocks had gallantly withstood the rigours of time and traffic.

Nearby an outcrop of tiny fungi brought the expedition to an abrupt stop. Thanks to Wendy's dentist mirror the yellow things were identified as 'Yellow Button Belly' fungi. This put Owen's imagination in a flat spin. "My button belly", he intoned, "looks like a castle surrounded by a moat".

Bravely the expedition soldiered on.

Past Wrixon Street the remnants of a homestead were discovered. Under the shaggy crowns of two dishevelled Peppercorn trees lay hundreds of broken bricks. The outlines of a building's foundation were clearly visible.

This discovery and the storm force winds worried Kristen. "Our school might be blown down". After discussing Kristen's worries, it was revealed that the Meredith School is build from Bluestones, not from flimsy bricks. The school would have had a good chance to withstand the raging storms.

With great relief, the expedition ventured over the plains near the lone pine, crossed Sutherland Creek's dry bed and found itself in a landscape scalloped by bathtub size diggings. After consulting 'how to find gold' directives, the members agreed: finding gold, must have been based purely on good luck.

Along the track, changes in the woodlands were noted. Box Eucalypts grew in large numbers. However, which specie? A member suggested Coast Grey Boxes. After consulting Costerman's 'Little Red Book' Coast Grey Boxes and Blue Boxes were out of place. This left the Red Box (Eu. Vestita). Sadly, after this the expedition's members lost interest in tree identification.

At the next creek crossing the dark entrance to the abandoned "Star of Hope" mine spooked the expedition. Owen broke the expedition's file and followed the lure of gold. He had hardly squeezed into the mine's narrow passage when his faint cries for help were heard. He emerged with an ashen face and mumbled incoherently about skeletons. ahostlv liahs and chook eaa sized aold nuuats.

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A rock barrier, the height of the Eiger North Face, had to be traversed. Far down, dark pools with streaming ribbon grasses, invited us to let go and end the agonies of marching on.

The barrier was eventually conquered and, although exhausted, the expedition members marvelled at the folded, faulted, sheared and staggered rock scape reaching back 400 million years.

After reaching the top, the track levelled off. It was here that Kristen had the great idea to have a bench built to take off the boots and air ones feet. Kristen did not wait for the bench. She sat on the next best rock, took off her boots and stared at her socks. There were two gaping holes in the right one, big enough to pass through a large fist. There followed a lot of fast-talking in order to change the subject. Result: in future, expedition leaders should always check the member's socks before setting off into the never-never.

Apart from seeing gaping sock holes, the view from this spot, across the creek's deeply cut valley, is stunning: tormented rock faces climbing up high, with Grass Trees filling the few open spots. The winter sun's low slanting rays provided the perfect back lighting.

Along the track, the expedition spotted many strange fungi. By now the expedition's fungi expert, who had trouble identifying them, found a noble way around this dilemma. Instead of calling them by their scientific names, they were called 'Little Browns', 'Little Spotties' or 'Little Pinks'.

On marched the expedition. Ahead a narrow footbridge came into sight, flanked by two huge Stringy Barks. One of them had Mistletoes growing at the end of its main branches. This gave the tree a weird, unkempt look.

Under the trees grew Cloud Lichens, whilst high up in the sky strangely shaped clouds sailed by. The clouds resembled steam puffs coming from a boiling kettle. The sight of this started a lengthy debate about the origin of shapes. Finally, the younger expedition members agreed on that there must be a giant kettle boiling away over the hill, filling the sky above with its steam puffs.

Crossing the footbridge brought back memories of 'Billy Goat Gruff'. Kristen spotted a tiny Troll, hiding in the mosses under the bridge. Alas, none of the others was able to spot it

From here on the track became monotonous. Many stories made the rounds to keep up the expedition's morale. Like the one of Owen Nugget, who was hung for stealing a gold nugget from the 'Star of Hope' gold mine. His ghost still haunts the 'Deadman's Loop' around Noon on the second Sunday of each month.

Eventually the expedition reached the Overland Telegraph. They formed an 'out span' and had a well-deserved rest. It was then that Kristen and Owen spoke the wisest words on this long trek. They had both concluded that 'Deadman's Loop' must have something to do with the last favour offered to those awaiting execution by hanging at the Stieglitz Courthouse. An opportunity to walk the track before the noose was tightened around the neck.

However, Court records revealed, that none of the condemned took up this offer. They all preferred hanging, without further delay, to the agony of walking the loop.

The 'transplanting crew' was overjoyed when the expedition eventually stumbled back into the Anakie base camp.

The last the writer heard was a jumble of adventure stories told by Owen and Kristen.

As the writer had mentioned at the beginning, this report truly reflects Kristen and Owen's adventures along 'Deadman's Loop' with just a tiny bit of colouring added to it.

Thanks to the editor's gripe in the last newsletter I thought I had better come to the rescue with a report from the June activity. While some brave souls stayed at the depot and potted up seedlings under the stern gaze of Judy, the rest of us followed Boxy out to Friday's Camping Area.

Boxy promptly led us astray by heading off into the great unknown, following old tracks and roads from Friday's to The Crossing Picnic Area. This will form a new section of the Burchell Trail, and would also make part of a nice loop walk from Friday's.

One notable surprise for the day was the reappearance of an old FoBR, Wolf Passauer. Wolf has been a member of the Friends since it's inception, but hasn't turned up for a while because he now lives a long hike away. I could make some jokes about the wolf returning to the fold, but I won't. Promise!

## Significant Sightings

Ok, now then, this is a new segment which may appear from time to time. Over the course of the year whilst either on patrol, working in the park during the week or with the members of FoBR there is the occasion when something of significance either good or bad may be sighted. That is what this segment is about so send in those sightings, preferably with a picture included.

Now some of you may be aware of sightings of what has been described as a big cat but with no photographic proof who can say. This sighting report is not of said animal but of a WOLF, yes you heard it here, a WOLF. That is what I said, a WOLF, and not once but twice, once in June and now again in July. Sightings of this animal were once common in and around the park and not restricted to any one location. It seems that for the last twenty years this animal has been hunting in other territories but is now going to be a regular sighting within the park.

### Welcome back Wolf Passauer.



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