

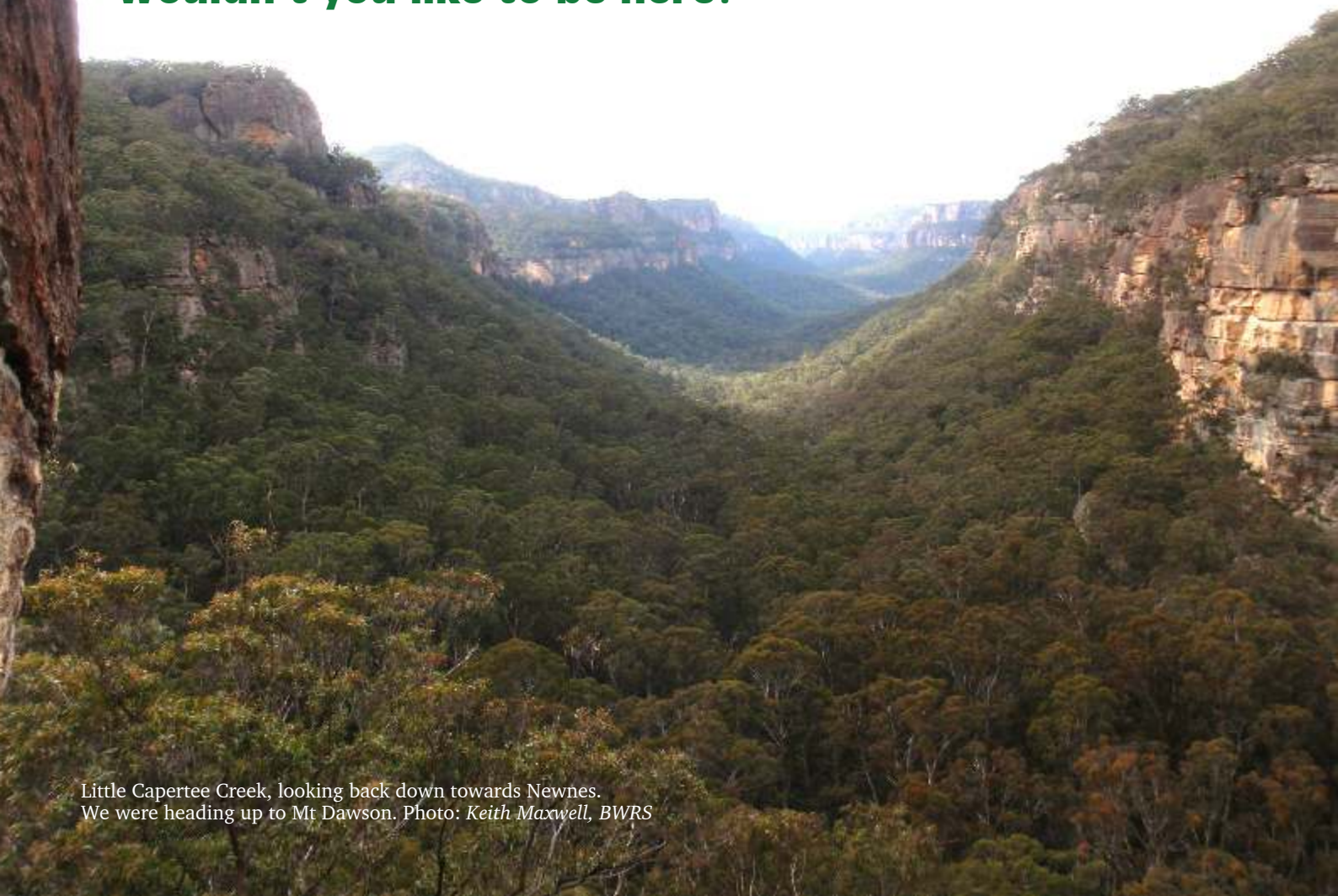
The Bushwalker



**Heading down from Jagungal Spur
to the upper Tumut**
Kosciuszko National Park

**Volume 37
Issue 1
Summer 2012**

Wouldn't you like to be here?



Little Capertee Creek, looking back down towards Newnes.
We were heading up to Mt Dawson. Photo: *Keith Maxwell, BWRS*



Sandstone Caves, Pilliga Nature Reserve. Photo: *Ian Smith*

The Bushwalker

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The Confederation of Bushwalking Clubs NSW Inc represents approximately 66 Clubs with a total membership of about 8,700 bushwalkers.

Formed in 1932, the Confederation provides a united voice on behalf of all bushwalkers on conservation, access and other issues.

People interested in joining a bushwalking club may write to the Confederation Administration **admin@bushwalking.org.au** for a list of Clubs, but a far more useful on-line list is available at the Confederation website **www.bushwalking.org.au**, broken up into areas. There's lots of other good stuff there too, including the bushwalking FAQ.



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Front Cover: Heading down from Jagungal spur to the upper Tumut, Kosciuszko National Park. Photo: Roger Caffin.

From the editor's desk. . .

We have some historical articles and some overseas articles this time. Well, with the AU\$ where it is, I can understand the overseas bit very easily. And maybe some of us will find the recollections of bushwalking long ago might stir our own memories - I know the pictures stir mine. Lake Pedder before it was flooded, Port Davey, oiled japara, yep.

In the last issue I mentioned the NPWS Green Gully track. Out of curiosity, Sue and I did the walk shortly after publication. I was told that the NPWS had already had over 50 parties through there, including one from WA. We found it quite easy, usually completing each stage in time for a late lunch at the next hut. The huts were ... well, old galvo cattlemen's huts. There was still a lot of 'original material' in them - some of which we carefully avoided touching -like old shirts and pots. But the stretcher beds were fine, and the cooking facilities complete. And we saw endangered brush-tailed rock wallabies.

The cover - you can still see all the dead trees from the disastrous fire which swept through the park, but there are many signs of life. The alpine area *will* recover.

Articles for Publication

I would like to thank the people who have sent in articles for publication recently in response to my plea. But I got some good news on Xmas Eve. As I wrote last time - when we came back from Europe I found that my network had taken a lightning hit through the local grid, and the main disk drive had been damaged. It wasn't even spinning. My Maxtor NAS backup unit had really weird software which simply deleted the backup folder when I tried to access it from another computer. Thanks Maxtor! (Never again!) But some Data Recovery folk managed to get most things back - for Xmas Eve!

So if you have sent me stuff before August and it hasn't been published, please consider sending it again anyhow.

Anyhow, please keep those articles rolling in. We need them. Plain text please, and original unedited photos direct from the camera. If you want to include a DOC file or a PDF (in addition to the plain text) to illustrate the sort of layout you have in mind, please do so as well.

Please note that opinions expressed by authors may not represent the official opinions of the Confederation or any Club. The Editor's opinions are his own, if he can find them.

Roger Caffin
Editor



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Port Davey, 1972

An old amateur bush walker's story James Tedder

When reading "WILD" I am always amazed at the equipment available and what people are doing nowadays in their walks. How much easier and more comfortable are these walks compared with the earlier days? It is fascinating to "go on" these walks as you read and imagine what it was really like and how comfortable was the camp site that evening and how tired but exhilarated one felt squatting by the fire, listening to the night noises and the wind still blowing in the tree tops.

Home on leave from my work in the Solomon Islands where half my life was spent walking, my wife and I decided to do other kinds of walks in Tasmania. Our first was to take the children to do the Overland Track but shortage of time and a blizzard prevented us going further than Waterfall hut. Now with the children at University and school we decided to see Lake Pedder before it was destroyed and to continue to Port Davey along the old sailors track. Our knowledge in 1972 of the track, the conditions we might meet in March, the maps available and our equipment would nowadays call for an inquiry by OH&S bureaucrats. We did have the sketch map Field West-Cox Bight compiled by R.N.Smith in 5/52. But we felt confident and reasonably fit for our mid forties and were not going to be put off by thoughts of danger or failure. [A good map! - Ed]

We drove our VW van into Maydena and told the police that we were going to do this walk, that we expected it to take us ten days but we had rations for another two to three days. I think the police were rather perplexed that they were being given this information and warned us of the perils of walking in the southwest. The van was parked in the quarry under the Sentinel Range and we set off up the steep track towards Lake Pedder. We were not used to carrying such heavy packs- old H frames - and extra food was being carried in day packs on our chests, so it was certainly a struggle for the first few hours. Particularly as the temperature was well into the high twenties.

But the sight from the top of the range of the blue, blue lake, the wide golden sand beach, and the sombre green ruggedness of the Frankland range behind made the climb and the long rest more than worth it. The lake beach was a scene of great activity as light aircraft arrived and left bringing in tourists to see what the Hydro Authority was about to flood. All the visitors stayed for just the time it took for the plane to return with more visitors. Perhaps these visitors went away and wrote letters to the government and/or donated money to the various bodies attempting to save the lake, but it was not to be.

As we descended the range we were met by a sole walker who addressed us in a plaintive voice saying he was hungry and did we have any food for him. A handful of dried fruit was passed across



The Franklins

and he continued on his way. I wonder: did he survive and where is he today?

The visitors did not deter us from stripping and wading out for a swim. It was a long wade - five minutes to reach water deep enough to wet the body and cool down. But this was a late lunch stop and we decided to camp the night having been exhausted by the heat, our loads and the first day of the walk.

Next day it was across the button grass plains to Junction Creek. What a wonderful hut. Is it still there? A roof, three sides of corrugated iron on an earth floor. We collapsed before recovering to drink tea. But quite suddenly the weather began to change with a strong south west wind. That night we slept somewhat fitfully as the wind increased and showers of rain rattled on the roof. We had closed cell foam mats and we were able to join our two sleeping bags together so who ever suffered a cold back was able to turn and present it to a warm back.



Lake Pedder

The next day we were undecided as to what to do, so we decided to wait the day at the hut and see if we could lighten our packs - which we did by leaving three days of food for our return. Our rain gear was oiled japara but no over trousers, we wore ex army thick woollen trousers, Tasmanian woollen shirts and wore woollen vests and long johns. As with many NSW walkers we walked in sandshoes (the *only* things to wear for bushwalking).

That evening a walker arrived and settled down in a corner of the shelter and made himself very comfortable with a minimum of fuss. It was obvious we were in the presence of a skilled walker so we asked for his advice. The walker was David Neilson who had just spent a month walking in the SW taking photographs, some of which were later published in his book.

He assured us that the weather was not likely to get worse and it would be OK for us to continue to Port Davey. Who could ignore such advice from an experienced walker? Though the wind and the showers did not lessen overnight we set off with some trepidation next morning.

The walk was, if I remember clearly, across a series of low timbered hills, across a head stream of the Crossing River and then it was fairly flat and basically across button grass into a strong head wind and frequent showers. As evening approached we looked for a sheltered campsite on what is called the Lost World plateau. We were in luck to see a clump of Melaleuca which we decided would give us a little shelter from the wind. But it was better than that: there was a narrow track leading into the centre of the clump and just enough room for our tent. Our tent was a rather old Paddy Pallin two person "A" type, with small walls and no floor and no fly. We soon had our stove going and a meal made all the difference to our morale. Our lunch of sausage, hard biscuit and cheese was satisfactory but not very filling.

Next morning we were off reasonably early and began crossing small streams simply by leaping them. By mid morning we crossed the Spring River which was only shin deep and then it was hard work up and down small hills with an increasing wind making progress even more difficult. As we walked on some of the ridges we saw the waters of the Bathurst Channel being whipped white and water spouts being formed. Twice I had to rescue my wife as she was blown over. What a wonderful sight to find the shelter hut tucked into the trees. Tea was of course the first duty and after several cups I walked down to where the boat was moored. It was obvious from the state of the wind and the sea that it would be



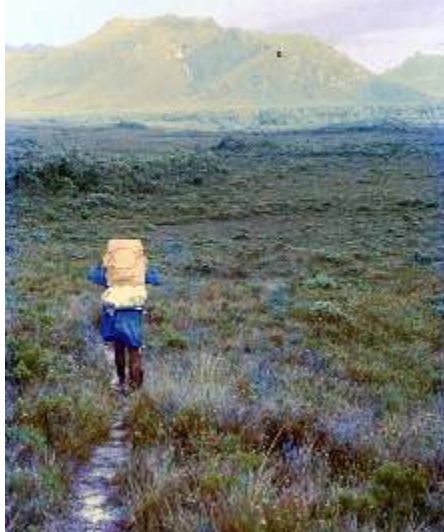
Lake Pedder

impossible for us to negotiate to the south shore even had we wished.

That night the storm was even stronger, stripping leaves from the trees accompanied by almost continuous rain. As I lay awake I wondered what the effect would be on the rivers we had crossed. I decided the effect would not be to our advantage and we decided to set off early next morning. At least having left three days of food at Junction Creek and eaten for two days our packs were lighter and the wind would help us on our way.

The first obstacle was of course the Spring River, reached just before midday to find it a roaring torrent. I had learnt to cross such streams in the Solomons, so by us both holding on to a strong stick we entered the water and began going across diagonally down with the current. It was approaching waist deep when we staggered out on the right side. Had the river been any higher we would not have made it. By now we were thoroughly wet and cold, and we continued that way by crossing over streams now almost waist deep which we had jumped on the way out. We pushed on past the Lost World until almost dusk. We searched in vain for some sheltered spot and finally decided on an old camp site not well protected but if others had camped here it was possibly the best in the area.

It was a case of getting out of wet clothes into sleeping bags and brewing some soup and cocoa. Then we were joined by the other residents of the area.



The track across the button grass plains

We had camped in leech city and they were out to welcome us in force. In the candle light we watched as dozens crawled over the tent and we knew it was but a few minutes before they recognised they had a floorless tent and could enter for their meal anywhere. We had been carrying a quantity of salt just for this occasion and we made a wall of salt around our ground sheet. This kept them at bay but if one of us threw our arm across the wall then within minutes we were awake pulling off dozens on our fingers.

The next problem was the Crossing River but it was not as high as the Spring and after another cold wade we were off to Junction Creek. It was a relief to reach the Junction Creek shelter that afternoon

and to have a better meal but the rain and the cold continued and our walking clothes were very wet.

There were still creeks to cross between Junction creek and the Sentinels and we had heard that the Hydro were going to close the gates of one of their dams and begin the flooding of Lake Pedder. So we decided to see if we could do the fifteen miles in the one day. This meant an early start with our wet clothes urging us to walk faster to warm up. By early afternoon we reached Lake Pedder. Here, while jumping from button grass clump to button grass clump, I landed on a large snake. I leaped up in the air despite my exhaustion and managed to land back on the snake which was obviously suffering from the cold as it did not stir - or if it did I was now several clumps away. We ate some chocolate and dried fruit and pushed on. The beach was almost gone, the skies were grey, the water was grey and wind whipped, the beach was grey. It was not the same scene we had so enjoyed a few days ago. It was certainly a struggle over the range but there was the VW and it was home.

Next day we reported to the police who said they were worried about us and about to search even though we had done the walk under our scheduled time. We drove into National Park picnic grounds with steak and beer and lay in the sunshine. We had great trouble in walking as our feet had been so bruised, but we felt great like a person who stops banging his head against a brick wall. ♦

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Old Maps

Robert Green

Have you ever come across an old map with huts or old tracks on it and copied these onto your own topos? Do you know the stories behind the hut names in Kosciuszko (KNP) and other National Parks. Have you wondered about an old track, mine shaft or piece of machinery? Have you ever found a previously unknown grave? Well, these are the things that a group associated with the Huts and Heritage subcommittee of Kosciuszko Huts Association (KHA) has been investigating.

Last year a decision was made to make a serious effort to find and verify the true location of many of the sites for which only approximate locations had been recorded. Much work has already been done, especially by John Williams who has personally recorded about 300 sites, Craig Doubleday who has traced the route of the original track to Mt Kosciuszko from Jindabyne, and Greg Hutchison who has traced old tracks and features in the Brassey Mountains area. But there are still hundreds of sites to be found and accurately recorded.

The decision was made to crank up the search. It was quickly realised that this would be a major effort. In fairness to the “groundtruthers” who would do the legwork, it was decided that their efforts needed to be permanently recorded and that the best repository for the work was the Historic Heritage Information Management System (HHIMS) database of the NSW National Parks and Wildlife Service.

Those sites, whose true location is uncertain, present a management problem, especially in connection with fire management. While the location of a hut may be known, NPWS may be unaware of other sites in the immediate surrounds of the hut. Such sites, including graves and remnants of buildings, could easily be damaged by bulldozers cutting a firebreak around a hut or elsewhere.

It was quickly realised by NPWS and KHA that it made sense to work together. The search for the uncertain and missing sites is now to be accelerated. This searching can be fun. It can spice up a bushwalk to look for huts and other



Charlie Carter, Tin Mines, KNP

features which have gone missing. For instance, in the Diggers Creek area a search was made for one of Charlie Carter's missing huts. Those of you who have done the Alpine Walking Track, or who have been to Cowombat Flat at the head of the Murray River, have most likely been to the Tin Mines huts. In one of these huts Charlie Carter lived for his last decade, dying there in 1952. Charlie was an eccentric, a healer, feuder, litigant, bankrupt, philosopher, communist sympathiser and searcher for the diorite reef “from which all alluvial gold originated”.

He came to the Snowy area from Melbourne in the 1890's and settled at Ingeegoodbee. (The approximate site is known but has not been visited.) He then moved to Queensland after a feud with the Freebodies and returned to the Snowys in the early 1930's, settling at Diggers Creek in the Snowy Plain area, before moving to the Tin Mines when the mine closed, as its informal “caretaker”.

It was known that he had built a hut near Diggers Creek. Henry Willis provided a photo of it. Graham Scully had some rough notes about its location, and there had been a number of searches for it over a 15 year period. Graham Scully called for volunteers and a group including Graham, Robert Green, Vaughan Evans and Phillip Crampton made another search. This time the remnants of the hut were found. That it was the correct hut was clear because the remnants coincided with the layout of the hut in the photo.

Similar efforts were made to find the remnants of a miner's log cabin near Snowy Plains, Macgregor's hut at Macgregor's Diggings and Crook's Hut at Crooks Racecourse. An extensive recording program was also made in the Diggers Creek area. Several previously unrecorded graves were found.

The object of the exercise is to have some fun. Searchers might find remnants of old huts, a grave or goldmining machinery. But, there are no guarantees. Time is taking its toll.

Generally speaking, groundtruthers will be given sites where there is a “real” as opposed to a “faint” possibility that something will actually be found. Ideally

there will be sufficient historical records about the site that there is some guidance as to where it is and what might be there.

Some detective work will be required. Groundtruthers will need to use some commonsense and flexibility. Stockmen didn't build on tops of hills, on steep slopes or in the midst of the forest! They usually built in the lee of a hill, near water and their huts caught the early morning sun. Miners are a little less predictable, but still favoured flat ground and shelter in the vicinity of their claims, preferably at a site which overlooked their diggings.

Old bridle tracks and cattleman's tracks will follow sensible routes. Imagine that you were pushing a mob of cattle. You would not have been driving them through bogs or rough country. You would have stuck to dry ground and sent them through gaps in the hills. Rectangular patches of sorrel indicate old yards; slight benching on a slope indicates a track. Particular sorts of rocks were used for chimneys, so a pile of rocks which are different to the local rocks require investigation. Sometimes vegetation can provide clues. Dick Eames' dugout can be found by looking for the mint he grew to flavour his possum stews.



The remains of Charlie Carter's Hut, KNP
Tansy was often grown beside early settlers' huts.

For some sites, groundtruthers will need the ability to navigate in rough bush. For instance, there may be a missing hut in Ryrie's Parlour, the Pretty Plain end of which is not easy going. Basic GPS skills are needed, but can easily be learned. The ability to read maps is necessary, as is the ability to use a GPS. In fact, it is essential that groundtruthers understand map datums and UTM co-ordinates; but these skills are easily learned.

So if you are interested in the project, are planning a walk or a base camp in Kosciuszko National Park and would like something to fill in your time, contact Robert Green (robert@wheatfields.com.au) and let him know your intended route. Depending on where you are going, he may have some feature to be checked out or searched for and will be able to send you some notes, a Reporting Form, and historical information. All searches are important and the results of your work may be recorded for posterity. ♦



Charlie Carter's Hut, Diggers Creek, KNP



Just how solid is this thing?

Ken was keen to go and have a look as well so we made a date and then postponed it but eventually we headed off for the Watagans, for that is where the arch was to be found. At the Gap Creek carpark we checked our gear and rubbed Vaseline around our ankles to keep the leeches at bay that had pestered us last time before moving off.



Bridal Veil stinkhorn - *Phallus indusiatus*

The trail is easy to follow initially; in fact, we'd started out on it last time but rain came and we called it quits when we were shooting some Bridal Veil Stinkhorn fungi. We had no such problem today and stopped several times to shoot more fungi then pushed on until, as the man had warned me, we came to where a large tree had fallen over the trail and after that the track was difficult to follow.

We slid over the log and moved on, at times not sure where the trail actually was but making headway in the general direction anyway - though at times the walking was tough as we negotiated steep slopes with few footholds. In time we found ourselves beside a cliff face, partially laden with mosses and lichen and luckily with a narrow clear path alongside.

We made good progress but then the sandstone wall ended and, despite looking, we hadn't sighted the arch. The next obstacle was a crossing over Gap Creek but we decided to go on top of the rock face and have a look. When Ken got to the top it looked like we'd drawn a blank so I said I'd head off across the creek and, if I couldn't see it, we'd head back.

No sooner had I started out than Ken yelled he'd found it; so I joined him and there it was, in a clear spot on top of the rock face with views across a valley.

Walk Safely—Walk with a Club



The 'track' beside the cliff face

We could see clouds building up for the predicted afternoon storm but we were too excited about our find, and scrambled to get pictures of it before the occasional drop became a downpour.

We gingerly walked across it, the type of thing men seemingly have to do to prove who-knows-what, and took several pictures of each other doing it as proof of our manhood or stupidity before we were satisfied. That coincided with the rain starting to fall a little more earnestly so we moved back under the canopy. It soon eased, so we went down to the streamlet again to photograph its erratic course through vines and moss laden boulders for the third time that day.

We had a nice session before the gloom returned to foretell that our day in the Watagans was rapidly coming to an end with the coming of heavy raindrops this time. So we spurted back down the trail and reached the car without getting too drenched and rocked up to our favourite cafe (they have pies) in Cooranbong. The only difference this time was that Ken didn't leave blood on the floor and a squirming bloated leech to remind other patrons we'd been there like last time. Thus we celebrated our finding of the "lost" arch. ♦



Orange *Pynconoporus* and white *Schizophyllum*



How the arch was formed

Raiders of the Lost Arch

Ian Smith

I can't even remember who the man was, can't remember where I met him, only remembered that he knew where the arch was; the arch I'd read about in some obscure document in a research library. He'd told me how to get there, gave me some little known details and had related how it was hard to find even if you knew where you were going.

It was like an ache: it wouldn't go away and kept coming back when my mind was on other things. And it wasn't really anything at all, just an arch secreted away in the bush, one of only three apparently in the whole Hunter Valley. Heck, I'd been in America just two months previously and had visited a national park with over 2,000 of them in an area not even as large as the valley. Still, it gnawed at me.



Ruins in Persepolis



Our Amazing Iranian Experience.

Robyn Rye, Newcastle Ramblers Bushwalking Club.

In May 2011 seven Newcastle Ramblers Bushwalking Club members – 3 women and 4 men - were lucky to be able to visit Iran for 32 days. We had an amazing experience. Our group consisted of my husband Peter and myself, Lois, Pauline, Bob and Arthur and Ali. Ali's friend Pouyan, who lives in Tehran, did an AMAZING job organising everything on the Iranian side. We were driven in a mini bus owned by Reza, a charming young man. We travelled 6,000 km around Iran seeing the most stunning places and visited some sites that I am sure very few Westerners are privileged to see these days.

In spite of all the stories and worries of our friends and families, Iran is one of the safest countries in which I have travelled. Not once did I feel in any way threatened or worried about myself or my personal belongings, unlike other trips taken overseas.

Iranians are Persian not Arab as many people mistakenly think and were SO welcoming and friendly toward us. Some could speak a little English (their language is Farsi) and we managed to communicate with many people. I only wish I had learned more Farsi than 'how are you', 'thank you' and 'please'. While we were there we learnt to read and speak the numbers up to 10. On many occasions people approached us and you could see they just wished they could talk to us as we wished we could with them...so frustrating! It is wonderful what a smile can do however and of course we had our Iranian friends to interpret for us.

Our flight over was exhausting - Sydney to Dubai, Dubai to Tehran, Tehran to Shiraz (all in two days). It was in Shiraz that we met Pouyan, Reza and our bus. Shiraz is a beautiful city. We went to the local bazaar (every city has them and yet they are different in each one). It was so fascinating. The people would ask where we were from and when we said Australia, the whisper would travel ahead of us through the alleys! We had noodle ice cream here which is a speciality of Shiraz and it was actually nice. I think Iran is the ice cream centre of the world and my favourite was saffron ice cream.

We went to so many ancient sites - Persepolis, Pasargadae, tombs of ancient Persian kings, learnt about Genghis Khan's invasion and the Greeks and Romans - I now know a lot more about the history of that region. Pouyan was a fabulous person to travel with - his knowledge is amazing. As was his energy - he is a very fit 34 year old and we struggled to keep up.

Esfahan was our next stop and it is another beautiful city! It has a huge square in the centre which is surrounded by mosques, palaces and huge pond with arching sprays - words cannot do it justice. You will just have to get used to me saying beautiful, amazing, stunning etc! Again we spent some time in the bazaar. Esfahan is noted for hand painted yellow and blue enamel work. We saw the shop owners painting the plates and other items.

I cannot cover all we saw so I will give an overview:-

Stayed in a local guesthouse in Kashan for two nights with the owner and his family. Drove into the desert and climbed a 200 metre sand hill where the wind on top was so strong that it threatened to blow you right off. There were lots of small beetles that looked like little ball bearings living right on the top in that wind, heat and sand!

We drove onto a huge salt lake and then to an old caravanasi where some wild camels came up to investigate our arrival. There was an ancient well nearby and the water is still fine to drink.

The village of Niasar is the town where they make rose water. The smell of the roses permeated everything. In Zanjan another small town, they make knives. We bought some and had an interesting time coming through customs in Singapore and Australia. Tabriz is the Persian carpet specialist town and here we saw some spectacular carpets. Each town has it's own speciality.

We hiked to the rim of an extinct volcano and looked over the lip into its throat. We could still smell the sulphur. There are no fences or threats of being sued so you get right up close and personal, so to speak!

Climbed stairs up to a series of old cave dwellings that tunnelled into the cliff where people had once lived and I mean RIGHT BACK into the mountain.

Stayed in a hotel in Khandovan which has been dug into the mountain. The whole village is built into the side of the mountain. While here we did a hike to

The rim of the volcano



In the desert



Bushwalking





Beautiful tiled mosques

2700 metres as training for our upcoming 3500 - 4800 mountain trek!

Travelled right up to Iran's border with Azerbaijan and Armenia where we were advised NOT to take photos of the other side. Here we visited an ancient Christian church, St Stephanos, which has been preserved and beautifully restored. Apparently it was built around 67 AD. There were lots of local people visiting and picnicking.

Backpacked to an old building on snow-covered Mt Salaban at 3700 m and camped in tents. Some of us climbed to near the summit – around 4200 m. We had been concerned about altitude sickness and were lucky enough to avoid being affected by this problem. Then we did a two-day backpack into a remote village in a stunning green valley (think Shangri-La). This was such a special couple of days. We stayed overnight in a very basic farmhouse as guests of a lovely family.

We continued the next day through a National Park. Our trail led to the top of the Latom waterfall which is 200 m straight down! Then we climbed down the steep slippery track beside it. This was the start of a three-day holiday weekend and there were local people everywhere. They had walked in from the Caspian coast side of the mountains. We attracted attention as usual and I didn't think we would ever get down the mountain before dark.

Masule is a traditional village and is very popular with the locals as a holiday destination. It has many colourful stalls

and shops. In this hillside village each building is built upon the one below it with the roof of the lower building forming the footpath and floor of the upper building. Once again there were crowds of Iranians who were out enjoying their 3-day holiday. I think we were as much a novelty as the sights around us.

That night we went to a restaurant called Mustachio Joe's on the Caspian Sea where we sat on the roof of the restaurant on rugs and played board games and watched the jet boats full of holidaying Iranians zooming around below us before our dinner arrived. We were following the Caspian Sea eastward as our journey continued and had to take the opportunity to stop and dip our toes in its waters.

We had planned a 3 day backpack over Alum Koo which is a mountain in the Alborez range and is Iran's 2nd highest peak. The snow on the high pass had not melted so we tackled it with day walks from both sides. Even so we travelled over a lot of deep snow which was still melting into the rushing streams.

In Tehran we saw the Iranian crown jewels. I have never seen emeralds, rubies and diamonds as big as those on display!! Absolutely stunning!

Iranians are the picnic specialists of the world I think. Holy day was Friday and attendance at the mosques was generally in the morning but in the afternoon we would find family groups picnicking wherever they could spread a rug or two.

This is just a short overview of some of the highlights, we had a fabulous time! ♦

Book Review



The Gardens of Stone National Park and beyond

BOOK 1
Michael Keats and Brian Fox

The Gardens of Stone National Park and beyond

Michael Keats and Brian Fox

ISBN 978-0-9870546-0-9

Michael's first book was about the Engineers Track in the Grose Valley. It was his first attempt at self-publication. His publications have come a long way since then. This book could be described as 'coffee table quality', except that it still adheres to his format of describing walks he has actually done. You could repeat the walks from the excellent information in the book.

As usual with Michael's books, you get a bit about the park itself, the geology and the geomorphology, and then all the walks, with photos. The paper is very nice, the print is very clear, and the photos are wonderful. Actually, the photos are definitely drool territory. They were taken by Michael, Brian and brothers, and other members of his parties. There's an extensive index and bibliography at the end. A total of 400 pages, in soft cover.

To be honest, I would have some reservations about putting this book in my pack. I think I would photo-copy the relevant pages and then keep the book safe and dry at home. It's a bit too good to get wet.

Price is \$50 plus P&P. Available from a range of outdoors shops in Sydney, various strange or interesting places around the Blue Mountains and the Gardens of Stone, and also from Micheal in Sydney. You can contact him at 02 9144 2096 or mjmkeats@easy.com.au

Roger Caffin

g in Iran

Esfahan's Iman Square



Birnie Lookout Loop

Barry Hanlon, The Bush Club

For anyone staying at the Lovett Bay Youth Hostel on Pittwater, the Birnie Lookout Loop trail is a “not to be missed” opportunity. For day walkers it could be a highlight of a day that starts out with of a walk across Scotland Island. Just get off the Church Point Ferry at Bell wharf and find your way to the island’s high point (100m) in the middle of Elizabeth Park. The park has a fine stand of mature gums. Next, descend to Catherine Park for the ferry to Halls Wharf from the Tennis Courts jetty.

At Halls, follow the steps from the wharf to the fire trail. Turn left onto the fire trail (The YHA is the other direction) and continue above the summer cottages for approximately 1300m at which point the fire trail ends and a rough track continues down the left side of a shady rocky streamlet. This track is quite neglected and you may have to find your way around a fallen tree or two. About 400m from the rock stream and just before another gully, (GPS ref. 339828-6277357) the track turns to the right and zigzags steeply through some interesting rock features to the Birnie Cave and Lookout.

The climb is 140m over a distance of 500m as the crow flies, but with all the twists and turns the true distance is more like 850m. The track was constructed in the 1930’s by relief workers. Its maintenance is badly neglected by the Ku-ring-gai Chase administration which seems to show a lack of respect for the 1000s of hours of labour and sweat put in by the depression workers.

Just before the lookout the track takes a sharp left turn below a rock face and passes through the Birnie Cave. The cave is large enough to camp in and has a permanent seat and table. Pass through the cave and continue the last few metres to the lookout for some amazing views over Pittwater and the national park. The lookout has a permanent wooden seat which was probably installed at the time the track was completed over 70 years ago.

To continue on the loop, proceed directly north from the lookout. You will shortly pick up the an old track that will take you to the Towlers Fire Trail. This stretch is indistinct in places and you

really should have someone in your party with bushcraft skills as it would be very easy to miss it in places. The area that this track takes you through, between the lookout and the fire trail, has a very interesting assortment of sandstone vegetation. It is quite open in several places where the trail passes across sandstone marshes. (For any walker approaching the track from the other direction the start is at approx. GPS ref. 339928-6277965.)

You now have the option to follow the fire trail back to either of the ferry wharves (Halls or Lovetts) or take the rough track down towards the YHA and Halls. This track starts from the left of the fire trail shortly after you pass the lookout over Towlers Bay. The total distance walked depends on whether you finish at Lovetts or Halls, but is around 7-8 km.

Ref.: “Bushwalks in the Sydney Region”
Vol.1, Ed.4, NPA 1997.



Towlers Bay



Badly neglected steps



View of Pittwater from Birnie Lookout

Birnie Cave and dining facilities



Bushwalkers rest at the lookout



The old Towlers Bay Wharf



Kings of the Castle

Ron Doughton, NPA



The Tadpole Tail on the ascent route to the Castle summit - the view is spectacular as is the potential for vertigo

For many years the Castle was regarded as unassailable by bushwalkers. It's easy to see why when viewed from the valley below. It presents as an isolated, flat-topped, tadpole-shaped, rocky plateau surrounded by sheer cliffs. This plateau sits on a roughly rectangular base of lower cliffs. The mountain is a massive, southerly outlier of the Budawang Ranges in Morton National Park. The mountain is approximately 250 km south of Sydney and 30 km from the coast by road, and near Ulladulla.

As a 10 hour day walk, the summit climb includes some serious scrambling with moderate chimney climbs with exposure near the summit. It isn't to be undertaken lightly, or in poor weather, or at the end of the day, or without good directions, or if you are in indifferent health. Serious bushwalkers would know this, especially after having done some homework on the walk. Lackadaisical day-trippers usually find out the hard way. *[I recollect a more modern route which does not involve a chimney - Ed]*

The walk begins at daybreak from Long Gully Flat. A half kilometre stroll from the vehicles leads to the Yadboro River crossing, which is usually knee deep and cold. The crossing is followed by an increasingly steep 3 km climb up to the first cliff line at the base of the Castle proper. Here, the cliff is partially climbed with relatively new NPWS steps taking you up to a wide ledge along the middle of the lower cliff. The track is tortuous, narrow and inhabited by iron-hard mallees and innumerable climbs and descents around boulders.

You will find a large overhang before reaching the saddle at the end of the Tadpole Tail. This overhang can provide shelter in poor weather, or simply a place to take a break on the way up or down. Arriving at the saddle between Mt



Nibelung and the Castle, the real effort begins.

Heading south along the eastern side of the Castle via a small overhang leads to the ascent route, marked as a small arrow on the cliff base. A series of rocky slabs leads up to a gully which is bypassed to the left. The route necessitates bypassing a protruding boulder over a drop that you (or I) would not like to make unintentionally or otherwise.

From this point, things become easier with a series of wooded ledges leading upward to the spine of the so-called Tadpole Tail. A series of squeezes among large boulders or scrambles up boulders will take you up to the next level. Standing on a small rock platform facing south you have to climb a steep, laterally grooved, rounded boulder topped by a chimney slot with a small tree growing in the middle. If you have a competent scrambler/climber in your group, it's good to have them fix a rope to the tree to assist lesser mortals make the climb up to the chimney. The chimney can be scrambled up until near the top where a 'back to the wall - feet opposite' chimney climb technique is needed for a couple of metres.

Climbing out of the last chimney slot up and over some more rounded boulders into the heath on the summit plateau is exhilarating after the six hour slog up from the Long Gully carpark. On the summit there is more exhilaration from the staggering views and an hour or less later you will be on your way down - unless you plan to spend the night there.

Today, thousands of intrepid walkers have climbed the Castle, including Ex-Premier Bob Carr, who is reported to have said the experience and view was "The best in the (NSW) system!"

Having climbed the Castle myself many times, I became curious as to who the first person (or people) were who found the way up. You may have realised from my description that the route to the summit is not without its problems, being deceptive and difficult even today. An acquaintance and historian, Alex McAndrew, wrote an article (available online) titled 'Operation Impossible, Conquering the Castle' about 20 years ago. He referred to an article by Reg Meakins, published in 1952, in which Reg stated he was the first to climb the Castle with three other men. McAndrew also interviewed Rob Richardson and Bruce Hamon, who along with Bob Holmes, were Meakin's fellow adventurers. All were still alive at the time. As luck would have it, Bruce Hamon's daughter lives in our area and she mentioned casually that her dad was still alive at age 92.

I visited Bruce and he happily lent me the black and white photographs taken by Rob Richardson during that first ascent. The story he told me of that first ascent is

intriguing, so I'll retell it here with facts and quotes from Reg's original article.

In 1947, an enthusiastic, exploratory bushwalker named Reg Meakins read an article in 'The Bushwalker' which stated the Castle, 'had probably never been climbed, although several attempts had been made by experts with elaborate equipment'. Reg was a former teacher, but at the time was a research electro-chemist working in the new research group named CSIR, which later became the CSIRO. His fellow electro-chemical work mates, also keen bushwalkers, were Bruce Hamon, Bob Holmes and Rob Richardson. They agreed to make an attempt to climb the Castle and planned their attempt for the long weekend of August 1948.

There is no doubt that Reg was the main motivator and 'stirrer' as, even today, his co-walkers describe him as being 'the wild man' and 'chief pusher' of the group. All of these men are alive



The Castle from Clyde River

today, except for Reg who died in 1991. The group of four men and two women hired a Ford car in Sydney on Friday August 20. Just three years after the cessation of the Pacific War, cars were hard to own, so hiring was the best option for a long weekend. The two women were Edna Andrews (Bruce Hamon's fiancée) and Nicky Millard. They provided the drop-off and pick-up transport for the four men, while they stayed in nearby Milton Guesthouse.

The group arrived at Milton Guesthouse at 10.50 pm, where they spent the night. The next morning, they drove out to Drury's farm, between Ulladulla and Pigeon House, where they met one of the senior Drurys. Rob Richardson reported that the man was, 'a big strapping fellow and he had a thick leather belt around his middle'. Meakins and the party announced that their intention was to climb the Castle, whereupon the, 'fellow just looked at us and guffawed, "Hah! You'll never climb the Castle. You haven't a hope in hell!"'

Feeling a little subdued by this outburst, the adventurers farewelled the ladies and headed westwards on timber-getters tracks towards the northern side of Pigeon House and nearby Yadboro

Lunch at Yadboro before the summit push



View to the SE from the side of the Castle. Photo: Rob Richardson

property. Their intention was to explore the Castle from the north as other bushwalkers had said that all of the other sides, being sheer cliffs, offered little chance of reaching the top.

By midday they had reached Yadboro House and stopped for an hour to have lunch. Across the open flats at the junction of the Clyde and Yadboro Rivers they could clearly see their goal. The massif of the Castle stood separated from its cliff base by a sloped area defined on their map as the 'Castle Flat'. The map they were using was a primitive sketch map, on loan from fellow bushwalkers in Sydney. It was to have many flaws, as time would soon tell.

The group followed a walking track beside Yadboro River, and began looking for the entrance to Oaky Creek. According to their instructions, they were to find the creek entrance, 'near the seventh crossing'. As they were crossing the river repeatedly, they were in some doubt as to where the Oaky Creek actually entered the Yadboro River. Using compass bearings, they found a dry creek that corresponded with the direction Oaky Creek should have headed and began climbing. Before they left the river, one of the party persuaded the others to carry a billy of water and water bottles in case of having a dry camp later. This paid dividends later that night.

They soon ran into thick scrub and diverted up to the right hand (eastern) ridge to make the going easier. At the top of the ridge they could see that they were not in the Oaky Creek catchment, so diverted west across the gully they had just climbed. This process was repeated twice until they stood on what today is known as Kalianna Ridge.

In the language of last century, Reg Meakins continues: 'The latter (Oaky Creek) could now be identified with certainty, since the head of its gully could

now be seen leading from the saddle behind the Castle. A short walk up the ridge brought us to the foot of Castle Flat. At this point the wall was broken into several sections and a little further along to the left, where the lowest section sloped away from the vertical, we found a convenient cleft which enabled us to make the climb. From the top, a steep slope led to a cave in the conglomerate rock ("pudding-stone") which formed the second section of the wall. As it was rather late, and there seemed little hope of finding water before nightfall, we decided to spend the night there. With the aid of a geological hammer, four moderately comfortable beds were eventually hollowed out of the rubble on the sloping floor of the cave...'

They spent the night in their hollows with a strong westerly wind blowing into the cave spraying them all night with fine sand. Bruce Hamon remembered the night as being, 'no joke' while he shook his head. Breakfast was a mouthful of water and a couple of sandwiches, while they took an altimeter reading. The altimeter was an aircraft type, resembling a cylinder or jam tin, with an adjustment knob. Their altitude was 1340 feet (408.4 m) which put them precisely on the wide ledge in the middle of the lower cliffs on today's maps. This is a remarkably accurate observation, especially allowing for discrepancies as to when (and if) the altimeter was calibrated.

Walking for an hour along the cliff ledge brought them to a series of chimney climbs that led up to the Castle Flat. The 'Castle Flat' was the scree slopes below the topmost Castle cliffs. It looked almost a 'flat' at the Yadboro end but was quite steep at the northern end. Bruce Hamon recorded later that climbing instilled some apprehension in him. He said, 'I kept thinking: I'm a bushwalker, not a climber. To get a good grip while getting up the vertical fissures I had to do it barefooted. It wasn't easy.'

From the slopes between the two sets of cliffs (ie Castle Flat) they could survey the whole western wall of the Castle proper. Only one possibility for climbing the wall presented on the cliff face but as it was difficult, they relegated it to 'tomorrow' in case the northerly access attempt proved fruitless.

Meakins also noted that Castle Flat, 'had supported a thick growth of large eucalypts but these had now all disappeared, but from the roots a forest of saplings had sprung, growing so thickly that we found it difficult to make our way

through them. The whole weight of the body was required to force them apart.' These small eucalypts remain today, having steel-like strength and tenacity but growing as small, thin-trunked trees or mallees only a few metres tall. They are most likely Baeuerlen's Gum, (*Eucalyptus baeuerlenii*), an endemic eucalypt in NSW found only in the Budawangs between Mt Budawang and the Castle and parts of the Blue Mountains.

By midday they had reached the Cooyoyo Creek saddle between the Castle and Mt Nibelung and they were very hungry. They set up a camp at Cooyoyo Creek on the eastern side of the saddle, pitching their two tents and set about eating a large lunch. Dessert consisted partly of the porridge, which hadn't been available that morning due to lack of water. Feeling very full after lunch, they reluctantly prepared for a reconnaissance afternoon.

They had been told by previous bushwalkers that the 'Buttress' (the tad-pole tail northern end of the Castle) was unclimbable, so they decided to walk along its base on the eastern side while heading south. Several hundred yards along they found a notch leading hopefully upwards. The notch is the beginning of the ascent used by all today. They scrambled upwards using supporting trees and grass tufts to force a way, finding hand and footholds among loose earth and gum-tree mulch. Eventually, they arrived at the top of the mid section of the Buttress to find a strong westerly wind buffeting them and a vertical wall towards the Castle blocking them.

Scouting towards the wall they found an exposed scramble which led them up to a ledge that held all four men. A foray to the east (left) proved increasingly difficult and dangerous so they retreated and tried the right hand side of the ledge. The ledge in turn led to a gully and chimney that took them up to a region where blue sky only remained. They realized that there were no more obstacles. They had made it to the summit. Reg continues:

'The top of the Castle is almost level, except for a very shallow depression about half-way along. It is about 80 yards wide at the end leading up to the buttress, but increased to about 250 yards a short distance along. The total length from north to south is about 600 yards.

Although it was now time to commence the downward climb, we could not resist a trip to the far end of the Castle. This was accomplished in a few



The first ever panorama of The Castle



L to R: Reg Meakins, Bruce Hamon and Bob Holmes on the summit of the Castle, 2 August 1948.
Photo: Bob Richardson

moment for them. Also, from the photo, we can see that Bruce was barefoot. He was still 'wearing' his bare feet because of his difficulty with climbing! He swears to this day that he hadn't realized he was unshod and he wryly attributed it to the adrenalin effects of the climbing!

The discussion around the fire that night centred on a return to the summit in the morning. Mapping and photographs were on the agenda. Several rain showers that night indicated a

minutes, mostly at a running pace. It was well worthwhile, for we were rewarded with a magnificent view over the valleys of Yadboro Creek and Clyde River. We hastily sought out the highest point, found a suitable stick and supported it in a small cairn of stones.

The return journey was made comparatively quickly and we arrived back at camp with half an hour of daylight to spare.

While they were running down to the southern end, Rob asked for a halt so as to take photos with his 35 mm fold-out camera, that he kept in his pocket. The resultant photo has Reg, Bruce and Bob standing proud with very pleased expressions on their faces. We can only wonder what it was like to be first on a significant mountain and know it as a certainty. It doesn't happen to many people. It was truly a 'Hillary and Tenzing'

worsening of the weather. The next morning was wet with heavy overcast and light drizzle. Bruce elected to remain behind, because of his uncertainty with climbing on wet rock and to give his feet a rest. The packs were removed to a nearby cave, where Bruce established a fire for the return of the rest of the group.

Their ascent took less than half the time taken on the previous day. It was quick but miserable in the worsening weather. They chose to place a jar on the summit with their names enclosed and added a few rocks to the cairn before retreating. They were shivering when they reached Bruce's fire at the cave. Reluctantly, they parted from their camp and fire after lunch and headed down Oaky Creek (spelt as 'Oakey' by Reg). They were soon in thick scrub and clambering over huge boulders, so they returned to the ledge route in the middle

of the lower cliffline that they had followed on the way up. Here, the going was drier and easier and they eventually found themselves at camp at Yadboro River, a half hour before dark. Reg declared, 'It was very welcome after our exertions and we all enjoyed a good night's rest on thick bracken mattresses'

The next day they completed the final stage of the journey to Drury's Farm by 4.00 pm. Alex McAndrew noted wryly in his account of the trip that, 'It is not recorded how Mr Drury greeted the news of their historic first.' I hope like the rest of us he conceded that it was a, 'Job well done'. ♦

Note: Rob Richardson's photographs were taken with a German 'Welta' 35mm compact folding camera. He processed his own black and white film and printed the negatives himself, giving copies to Bruce Hamon and his other friends. While on the summit of the Castle on the 22nd August, 1948, he took four photographs of the view from the north around to the south east. They showed the bulk of Talaterang Mountain and the Clyde Valley along with some of Byangee Walls and a distant Pigeon House mountain. These combined shots were the first panorama (and first photographs) ever taken from the Castle.

The panoramic combination of the photographs was made, using Adobe Photoshop, on the 9th June, 2010, some 62 years after the original event. Rob Richardson and Bruce Hamon, at ages 94 and 92 respectively, were happy to receive a copy.

WILLIS'S WALKABOUTS

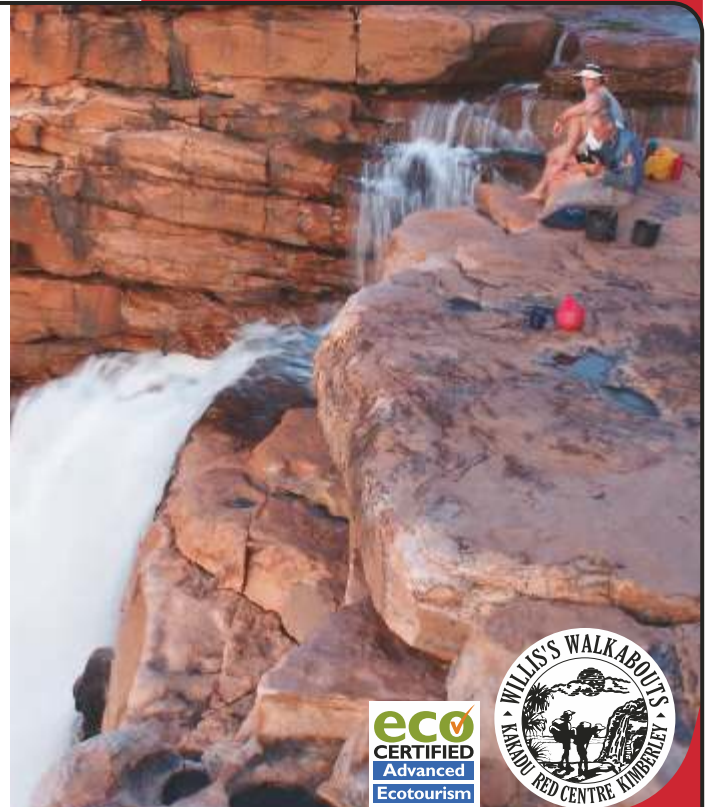
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Bird Rock

Hugh Spiers, Bushrangers

In abecedarian order, Alice, Barb, Bob, Hugh and Lotti met at WFCP, 0815. Em was still climbing Everest so the Cross-Dressing Ritual was put on a Rain-check. B drove us to Bird Rock trig point. We were grateful that the road surface as far as the turn off onto the Old Bells Line of Road has been graded recently. For interest, discussion centered on the word 'unnun': to defrock a nun, and the imagery this might stimulate. How do these things arise?

After that Sunnyside Ridge Road presented some huge potholes requiring the driver's caution. They were water-filled today and progress was often more akin to that of a speedboat creating a high bow-wave.

Soon after turning off onto Bird Rock Trail, the trig point offers 180 degree views and extend through wilderness to distant mountain ridges unmapped by human hand. At least, that's what I prefer to think: it adds to the mystery of those overlapping blue-grey veils receding finally so far as to blend with their ever-present clouds. **SOME VIEW!!** None of our many photos will approach it.

We wanted to have time to explore the headlands around Carne Creek and decided to drive further east to save time. Pink ribbons on trees as though to mark the obvious fire-trail were disconcerting.

The rough going was made a little easier by Michael Keats' team having cleared some of the fire-trail on the previous Wednesday. But the bottom fell out of our morning around 404 093 when a severely flat tyre made its presence felt. It was probably the result of the Rav 4 slamming down heavily on a particularly rocky declivity a little earlier. Everyone pitched in and we parked the car shortly afterwards. A side diversion to a pagoda brought a nice morning tea spot looking southwards to more pagoda country.

Over the years we have found the positioning of termite mounds an indispensable aid to navigation (especially, according to L, when situated on the left-hand side; so as we approached the 'creek' we were delighted to find numerous examples of amtehul carnegrisia: the grey ant hills peculiar to the region. The change from yellow ochre through taupe (pronounced tope) to an eye-catching grey is sensational. Of interest: research has not yet shown a connection with the pretty little grey scrub-wallabies sighted on our journey.

The cliff-side views over Carne Ck. from around 420 095 are spectacular indeed, and reminiscent of our sortie to that point south of and above Arethusa Falls where the valley narrows between

two great escarpments towards the Grose. After some ooh-aahs and photo sessions a shower seemed imminent, so we looked for an abri, but unsuccessfully. Instead we partook of a nice lunch (with all the girls sharing goodies - for which much thanks) overlooking the abyss and a wonderful series of pagoda-topped 150 m high cliffs opposite, and waited for the rain. We huddled appropriately - it soon passed.

A complained of a wet bottom and it was pointed out she'd sat on her grapes, so she joined L whose bottom was decidedly and inexplicably fuscous and the two (unashamedly!) aired them hoping to dry out. We doubt it helped; it was probably just another example of the exhibitionism that sometimes manifests in this group. (WOW! Just as well membership's closed!).

Lunch over, we headed back up the hill and turned off down the motor bike track around 414 095. H was convinced, unaccustomedly mistakenly, that there'd be nothing to see down in the gully and found a nice pagoda to wait upon and practise his Aerogard spray-can techniques. When the party returned he learned to his chagrin that a marvellous row of pagodas lay just a little further down and so spectacular they will be the object of a more detailed walk a little later.

Back to the car. Now without a spare tyre, B took the return journey very gingerly. Under H's supervision the ladies cleared large rocks from the road. We checked out Bird Rock again under the afternoon light - noted many subtle changes of hue and tone in those distant ridges; the 'Far Coolins' still ghostly receding waves. From Wentworth Falls we needed to allow about 1hr 20 min or so for travelling to this memorable part of the world. 4WDs are necessary.

PS: STOP PRESS!! Emanuel's made the summit!!

[Editorial notes: No, this photo is not the same as the one by Keith Maxwell, but the country is similar. The figures at top left are A & H.]



The Valley of Carne Creek. looking towards the Wolgan. [Cullen Bullen, 420 095]

The Tale of Faye Green's Humpy

Jacqui Warnock,
Narrabri Bushwalkers

This poem tells the story of Faye Green, a 48 year old Heathcote woman who survived a potentially fatal five day ordeal lost in the Australian bush. When staying on her own in the cabins at Dawson's Spring in Mt Kaputar National Park near Narrabri, Faye went out in the early morning for a short walk. She became disoriented in the worsening weather and found herself completely lost. With poor visibility and in heavy rain she could not find her way back and was forced to wait it out in the bush for four days until the weather improved.

Faye sought no publicity and her story now is only really remembered by the Narrabri Bushwalkers who, once the alarm was raised by her family, were involved in the search for her. Faye's arduous journey took her through thick bush and down treacherous slopes for more than 22 kilometres before coming upon the Simmond's family farm (near Maules Creek) and help. Despite her ordeal Faye was uninjured and suffering only from cut hands, sore feet and hunger. This is a tale of survival against the odds.

Grey misty morning threatening rain,
an indoors day but then again,
"There's time for walk while day is young
before the rain from clouds is wrung.
Put on warm clothes, a poncho too;
not going far, gumboots will do!
Poor planning really then Faye Green
for mountain perils lay unseen.
The year was nineteen ninety one,
July, with winter well begun.
Descending fog then heavy rain
obscured her pathway back again.
Whiteout! So blindly wandering on
to wonder where refuge had gone.
No telling now, where was Faye Green?

Direction lost and track unseen.
"Head up! Head upward, don't delay."
Steep cliffs and ridges barred her way
Faye cursing, hoping, "Just up here
a road, the track will reappear."
The day wore on in wet and cold
till hudd'ling by a tree trunk old
the darkness came. Poor lost Faye Green.
Hindsight! If she had but foreseen.
T'was Tuesday when Faye ventured out
now Wednesday morning came about.
So hungry, cold and wet right through,
no chance that rescue would come true,
no choice to wait there in the wet -
until some shelter she could get.
Hope given there then to Faye Green
when brief a glimpse of farmland seen.
A humpy made of sticks and bark
she made before there came the dark.
Then leaves and scrub she placed them on,
pine needles spread to lie upon.
Rough built this shelter saved her life,
saved Faye a mother and a wife.
Crawl in and try to sleep Faye Green

while hungry, shiv'ring in between.
Then Thursday went and Friday came,
more bitter cold and still the rain.
Faye cramped inside, dejected too
but cheered by friendly kangaroo.
Wet clothes, teeth chatt'ring, stiff and sore.
"Enough" she thought "can't take much more."

Where are your family now Faye Green
and all in life that might have been?
Light filtered through the humpy walls
next morning fine, with birdsong calls.
Time to depart and find the way
but first must leave a note to say,
with only mud and stick to write,
on handkerchief she told her plight.
Left at the humpy by Faye Green
if searchers came upon the scene.
Then down she trekked to valley floor,
past Kurrawonga Falls unsure -
painstaking progress carefully
till from the bush emerging free
saw cows and horses, then a gate
which gave her cause to celebrate!
Embraced by kindness then Faye Green

could tell the world where she had been.
A hero's welcome and relief,
survival tale beyond belief.
This lady made it all alone -
endurance, perseverance shown.
No fear of bush and fitness too,
she'd done just what she had to do.
She thanked the searchers did Faye Green.
Courageous spirit here they'd seen.

Still in the wilds of Kaputar
the remnants of Faye's humpy are.
A peaceful place with creek nearby
where scrub and rocks reach to the sky.
She'd four days spent in peril there -
and lived, her story so to share.
A special place for here Faye Green
has left her mark on history's scene .

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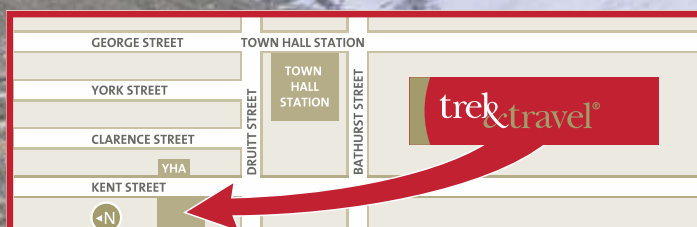
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