

NSW High Country Trip Day 2
Australia Day Weekend January 27th 2008
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Amazing – no headache after last night’s bottle blitz! We were all ready to move about 9.30am on a beautiful summer’s morning. Ian and Jordan Reid had already walked up the local mountain to get a bird’s eye view of the valleys below. Ian McK threatened to go for an early morning swim and I believe other souls braved the icy water, but I was still asleep!



The camp ground at Micalong Creek was very well placed beside the creek with enough grass to let you know that rain had been in this area. The sunshine dried up all last night’s rain; after packing everything away into the vehicles, off we went in convoy – up and up and up and out along Barnetts Rd, Broken Cart Fire Trail and into Blue Waterholes camp ground. The Brumbies were amazing especially those that jumped out in front of some of the cars. It’s amazing that the communal equine toilets are always exactly in the middle of



the road!



Beautiful countryside around there, viewing made even easier by the frequent stops made by the Masons in front of us – apparently to get even more bananas out of the fridge for Ron!

After the erections, Roger and I decided to drive down to the waterholes – old knees don't like hills. There was quite a group of us on the walk alongside the creek/riverbed – Ian and Rhonda, Jack and Pam, Ian, Luisa, Leya and Jordan, Mary and Chris and of course Roger and I. After some photo opportunities at the waterholes where Jack decided to climb up the side of the cliff and Mary and Roger looked rather strangely at him, off we all trotted to see what was around the next corner!

We all made it over the first water crossing with a couple of wet shoes and then continued along the "path" for about half an hour – again some lovely scenery and of course the alpine wild flowers. Things on the trail were getting a bit hairy so Jack and I decided to return to camp while the others continued on. The hill that Roger and I had driven down first thing proved quite a challenge for me (too many years of smoking) but Jack patiently waited for me – of course we got the "Jack and Jill went up the hill" comments!



The track through the gorge was challenging at times as we struggled to keep the footwear dry over the numerous river crossings. This tactic proved fruitless at one point and with the trip leader leading by example, we just walked through the water.

The scenery through the gorges was spectacular, especially with the sunshine reflecting on the water. We eventually reached the falls, and selecting a steady perch most of us enjoyed the vista.

The more nimble & younger brigade tackled the steep incline to the base, where I am sure the view was just as spectacular

After a couple of hours the rest of the party returned; some were worse for the exercise with aching body parts, while Rhonda was driven back in our Patrol not looking too well after slipping on the wet rocks.

The evening was made even more exciting for the children as a mob of kangaroos came down the hill and into our camping area. Toby just about wet himself! We all gathered after tea and discussed in great detail the events of the day.