

Walk:

Wollemi National Park: Yodellers Range South Adventure – Part 2

Leader:

Yuri Bolotin

Maps, etc:

Widden, Talooby. GPS setting WGS84.

Description:

Days 1 and 2

A two-day walk with a high camp for one night.

Day 1. Drive to the national park boundary, GR 428 937. Walk on Myrtle Trail till GR 427 924, then climb onto the Yodellers Range and establish a high camp at around GR 429 909. About 3 km. The start of the walk is at 350 m, and the intended camp at 700 m.

Day 2. Continue south along the range till about GR 427 899, taking frequent exploratory detours. Descend to Myrtle Trail and walk back to the cars. About 6 km.

Day3

A day-walk.

Break camp. Drive north on Myrtle Trail and park at GR 431 946. With day packs, walk up Stony Creek and climb to a high point on Nullo Range at GR 419 942. Return via a knife-edge spur to the east. About 5 km. Start of the walk is at 340 m, and the top of the mountain at 720 m.

Rating:

6M. S333E

Gear Issues:

Full pack gear, in addition to day walk gear. Water will need to be carried for the entire two-day walk on Days 1 and 2.

Date walked:

18-20 June 2025.

Important Note:

Part of this walk is through private property. Access permission must be sought for each visit.

The Party:

Yuri Bolotin (leader), Kevin Songberg (co-leader), Anna Ossig-Bonanno, Zaid Mohsen, Gary Green, Grant Elliott, Andrew Dumphy, Heni van der Hecht, 8.

The Weather:

Day 1. A cool, fine, mostly sunny day with occasional light breezes. Temperature range 4 to 16 degrees C (the minimum temperature was measured just before getting to bed at night).

Day 2. A fine, mostly sunny day with cold breezes. It felt colder than the previous day due to the constant light cloud cover and stronger winds. Temperature range 2 to 15 degrees C.

Day 3. A cold night followed by a beautiful, sunny, warm winter's day. No wind. Ideal walking conditions from mid-morning. Temperature range (-2) to 16 degrees C.

Background Notes

The Yodellers Range¹ in the Northern Wollemi contains some of the most exciting and dramatic landscapes in Australia. In August 2020, we had a 3-day trip traversing the eastern part of the range from Watts Mountain to Cats Ear East. The track notes for that walk are contained in our publication, *Wollemi National Park: Wilderness Adventures – Book 1*. In March this year, we had a 3-day trip to the lesser-known southern part of the range, which included traversing a four kilometre long stretch extending south from the Blue Yodellers Mountain. A while ago now, in August 2011, we had a day-walk from Sandy Camp via Myrtle Peak (the southernmost point of the Yodellers Range, where it merges with the Nullo Range), proceeding to Counter Tenor Saddle and beyond. Only a few poor-quality photos are available from that time.

All these trips meant that we had traversed the entire Yodellers Range from Cats Ear East to Myrtle Peak, but there was a gap left unexplored (and part of it walked but poorly photographed) between where we had ended three months ago and Counter Tenor Saddle about two kilometres further south.

The aim of this two-day full pack adventure was to walk and document the ‘missing bit’. The third day would then be spent exploring a part of the Nullo Range north of the national park boundary on Myrtle Trail.

There are many ways to experience this amazing terrain. The issues facing a prospective explorer are that there is generally no water on the range; and that many of the chasms can only be breached by abseiling from one side and rock climbing on another. This means, for a complete traverse, one needs to bring several days’ supply of water and a substantial amount of equipment.

This two-day Yodellers Range adventure was constructed so that there would be no need to carry a lot of weight and by using only the bushwalking means of negotiating obstacles.

Track Notes

Note: time references in the text relate to Grid References in the table at the end of these Track Notes.

Day 1 – 18 June 2025

The vehicles were driven on Myrtle Trail to the locked gate at the national park boundary. The team had been briefed in advance, so everyone had their pack ready for the two-day walk. Our adventure commenced promptly at 1133. Water had to be carried for two days, and in my case, it constituted more than 50% of the pack weight and was definitely being felt.

I expected a fairly short but not necessarily easy day, as we just needed to mount one knoll on the Yodellers Range, the first along our traverse, that I thought had the best the opportunity for a high camp with good views. However, the detailed map showed the knoll being entirely surrounded by cliffs, with only one very narrow area where access may be possible, when coming from the north; if that did not go, today’s trip would need to be extended dramatically.

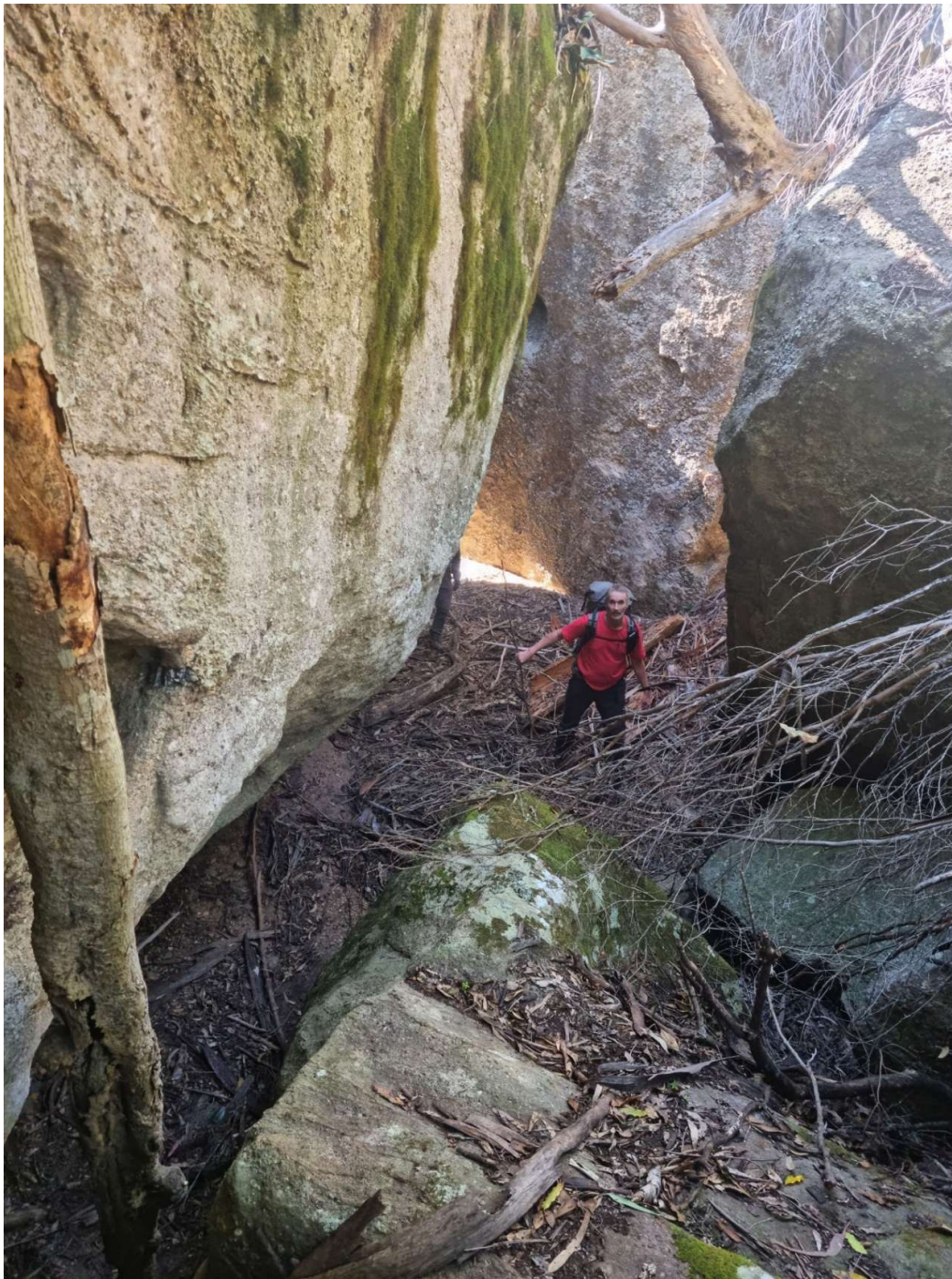
The recently graded trail climbed steadily through stands of tall Eucalypt trees and occasional rainforest-filled gullies, and we certainly had a good workout following it for nearly two kilometres. Many of us, including myself, ended up shedding most of our clothing layers and were now walking in T-shirts. It was a

¹ **Yodellers Range** is a crescent-shaped ridge of dramatic proportions. Located between the parallel valleys of Myrtle Creek and Emu Creek, it stretches more than 17 km from the amazing and challenging Cats Ears that mark the northeastern extremity. The southern end disappears into massive cliffs near Counter Tenor Saddle between Myrtle Creek and Cedar Creek. The highest point is 834 m at the southernmost extreme of the Yodellers Range on the Talooby map near Sandy Camp. The range is endowed with a rich collection of memorable features immortalised by Wilf Hilder when working for the NSW Department of Lands in the 1970s and particularly on the Mount Pomany 1:50,000 map.

strange feeling, considering the early morning temperatures, whilst driving here, had been well below zero degrees C.

Frequent pools of water in Myrtle Creek were noted along the way. At 1202, having reached a junction with a significant tributary coming from the west, the road swung to follow it uphill for a while, and it was time for us to leave it and go off-track, staying within the main watercourse.

The gorge here was dark and tight, with large rocks scattered around and a healthy flow of water through it. Soon, we were clambering through a big boulder blockup, which contained a few small rooms separated by narrow passages, a mini-labyrinth. At the end of that, was a large, beautiful, flat area, with semi-shade and a few pools. We had lunch here from 1219 till 1235. A little bit less weight to carry on our backs!



Andrew in one of the 'rooms' in Myrtle Creek. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.

Resuming our journey, it only took four minutes to reach the confluence with a small gully the group needed to head up next. We did not stay long at the bottom of it, as there was too much scrub, electing to move up and out of it instead, through a steeply inclined rocky apron. Climbing steeply up, the party reached, at 1258, a secondary cliff line, with a small watercourse running up a little further to the east. At the top end of it, I expected to find a tiny area, the only one on this side of the mountain, that might give us access towards the summit.

Nineteen minutes later, we came to a very high wall barring further access. A glance on the right side did not show anything remotely possible, so I asked the team to wait, took my backpack off and headed left. Within 30 metres or so, there was an opportunity to scramble up onto a narrow platform and then continue climbing through a series of further ledges, whilst moving back towards a flat-ish spot about ten metres above where the group stood. A steep but not exposed slot was leading further up from there. I continued my investigation until I could see it was possible in a few places further up to leave the confines of this tight gully and to come out on a moderately sloping rocky flank of the mountain. A tape was then set up at the platform above the group. Some members used it to climb the wall, whilst others preferred to go via the ledges. All packs were hauled up using the same tape.



Heni about to climb the wall. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.



Grant and Yuri hauling the packs. Photo: Kevin Songberg.



Andrew is making his way there via the ledges. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.

Another small but tricky and exposed scramble that involved traversing a narrow ledge was needed before the group could exit the dark narrow gully we were in. A special treat awaited as we came out onto a sun-kissed rocky apron - a most splendid panorama of the Yodellers Range. At 1357. Six minutes later, we mounted a rising spur, interrupted by low cliffs and caves of red sandstone, that led us towards the top of the knoll. The incredible views in every direction were getting better and better as we climbed.



Zaid on his way up the mountain. Photo: Grant Elliott.



Climbing the spur towards the summit. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.

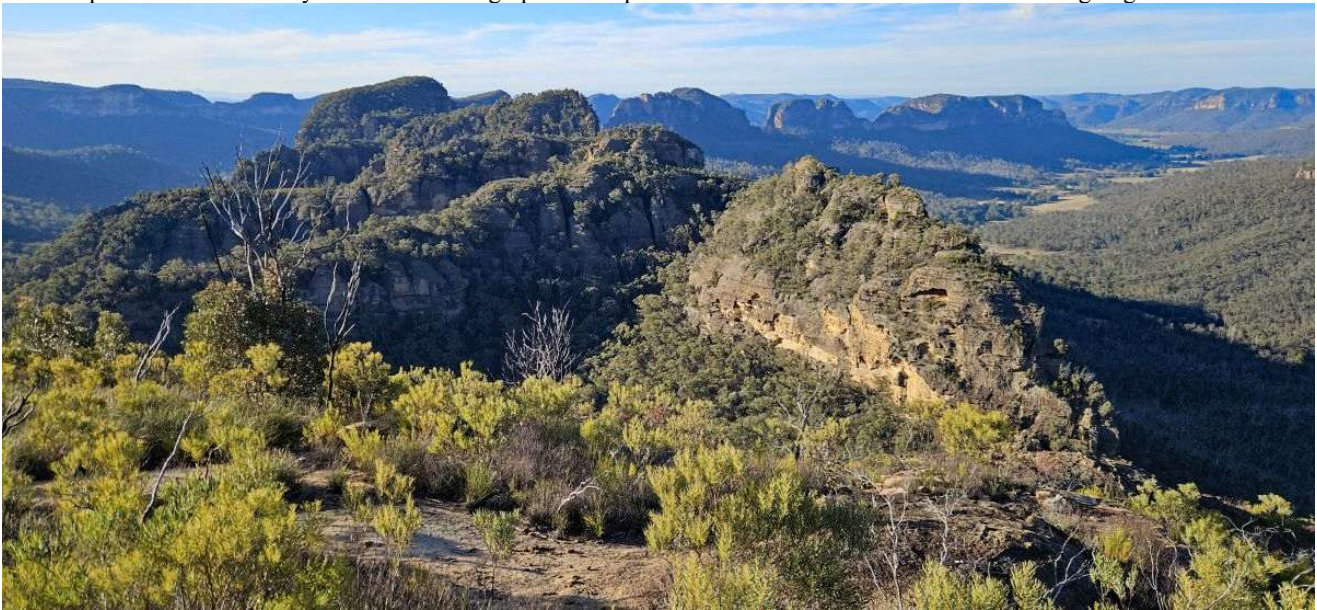
Approaching the summit, we began looking for a camping spot. From the research done prior to the walk, I did not expect finding it to be much trouble. Indeed, we soon emerged on a terrific very large flat rocky platform with great views. It was located just below the summit, but as there was still plenty of daylight time, we decided to look a bit further.

In the end, there was nothing that would match it, so we returned there to establish our camp for tonight. At 1505. There was plenty of space here for everyone, and the view was one of the best I could remember

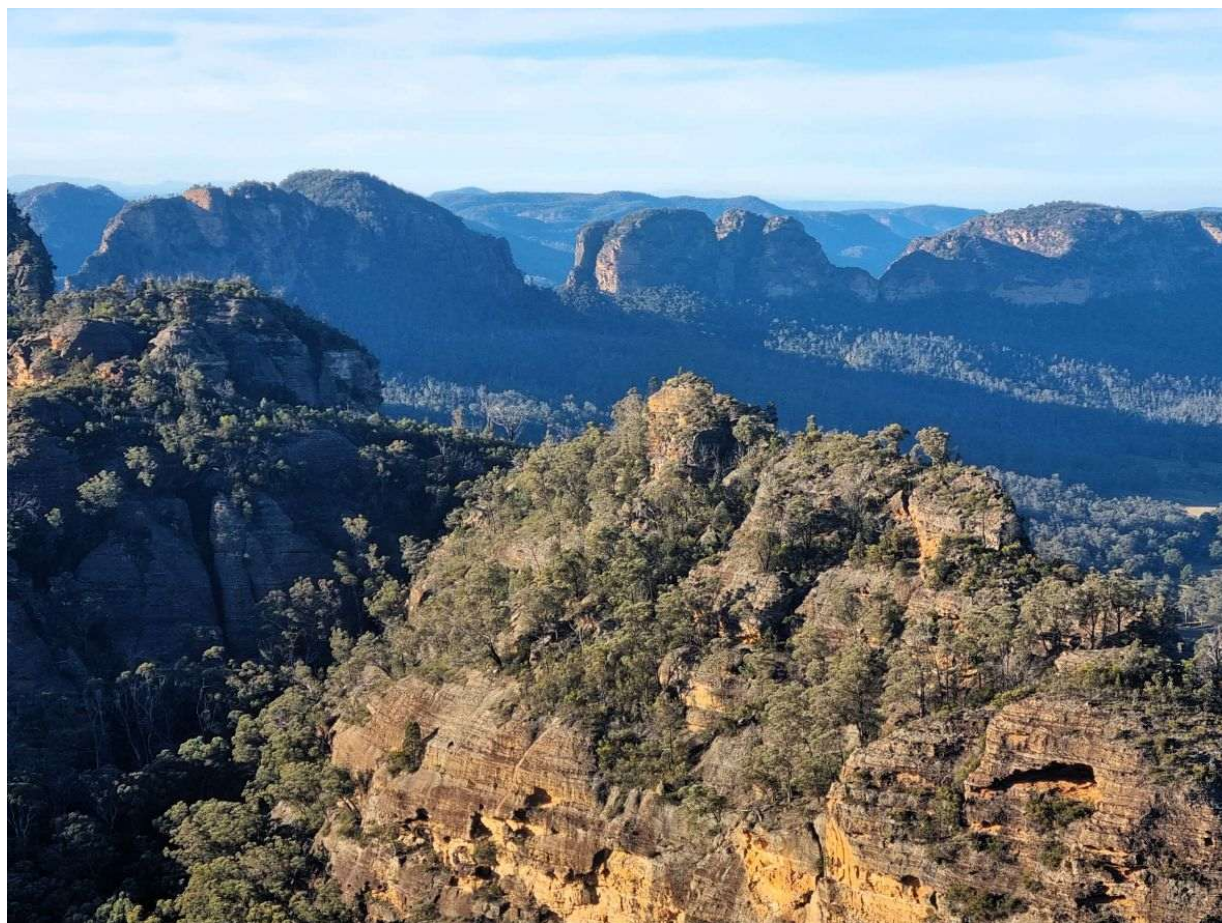
amongst all my high camps in this part of the Wollemi, probably because, from this single location, we could see all three main ranges, the Yodellers Range directly north; the Nullo Range to the west; and the Pomany Range to the east, with Minaret Ridge in front of it. Two great valleys bordered our mountaintop camp spot, the Myrtle Creek valley to the west and the Emu Creek Valley to the east.



Our camp location is shown by red arrow. Photographed on a previous walk of 23/03/25. Photo: Kevin Songberg.

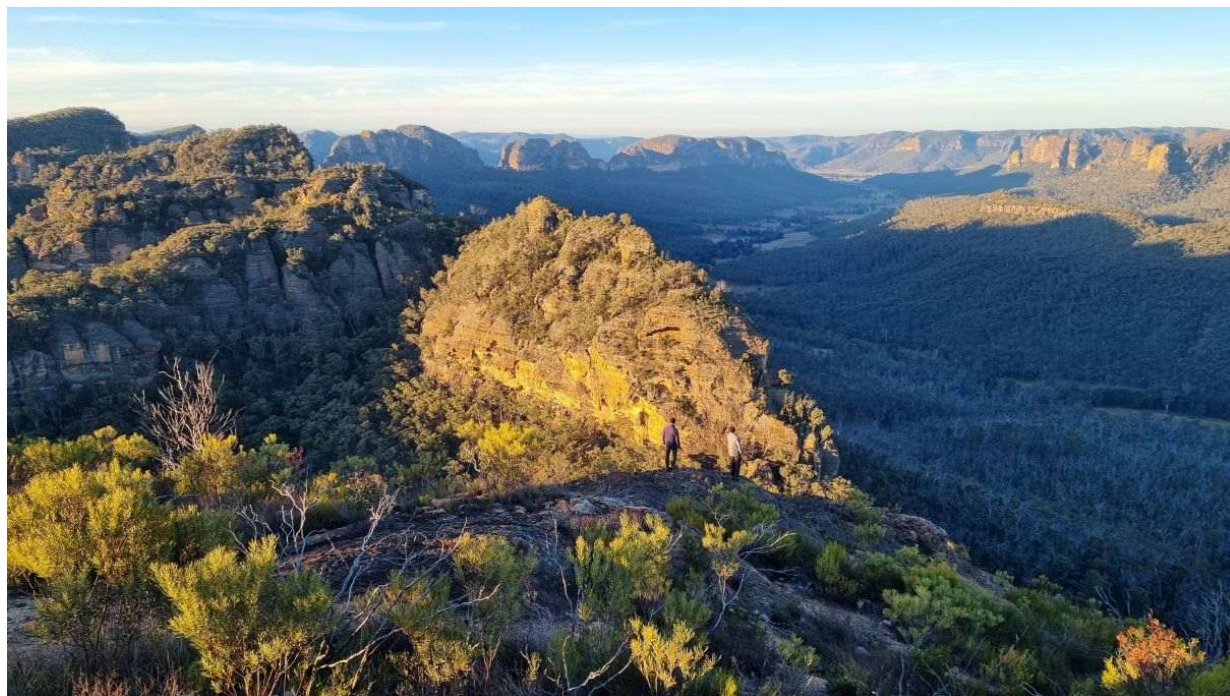


The view from our camp site. Photo: Grant Elliott.



Yodellers Range from our camp site. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.

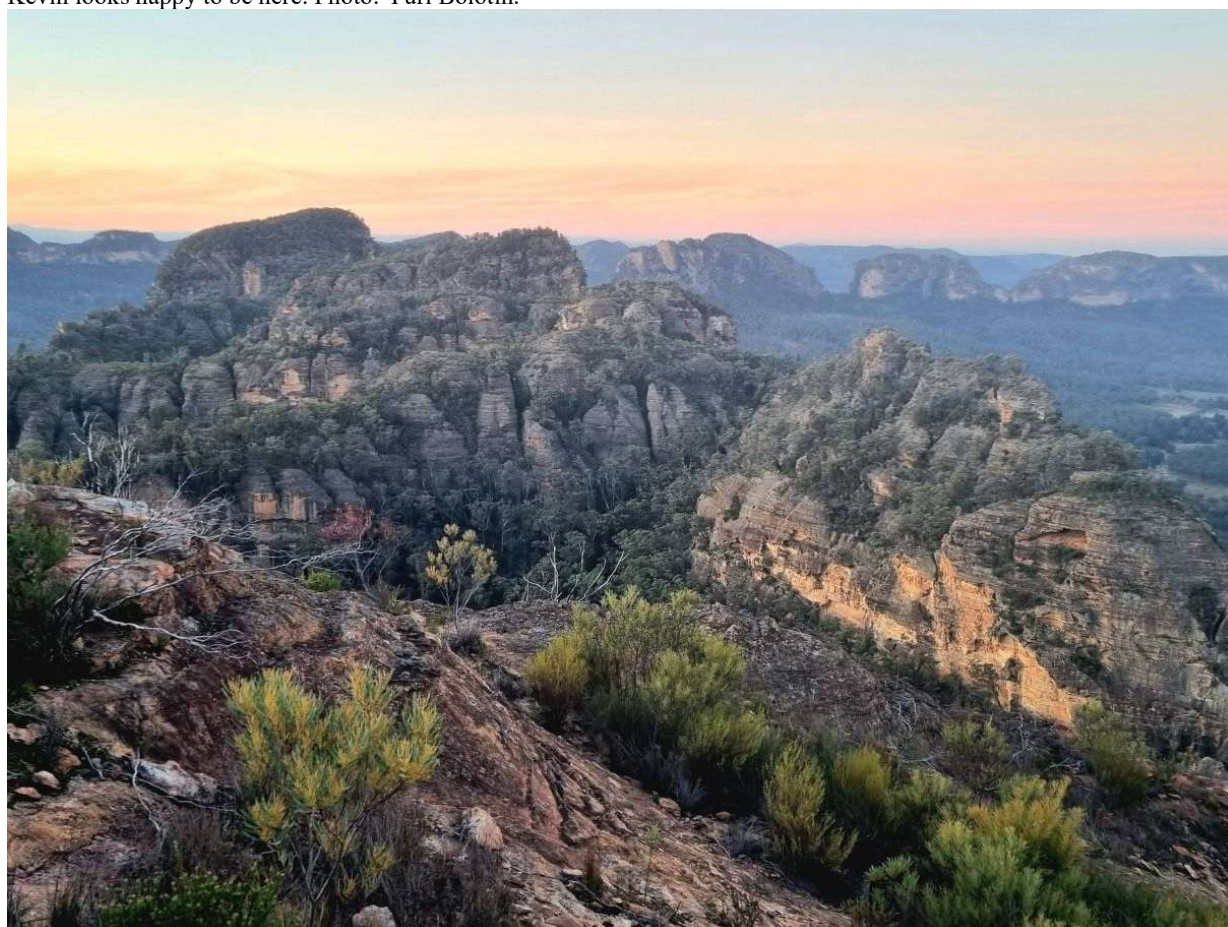
Once the wood for the fire was gathered and the tents were set up (as many of my readers know, I do not own one and tonight chose to sleep in my warm fluffy bag under the stars), we enjoyed watching the sun slowly setting down over this remarkable landscape, whilst listening to the songs of the Lyrebird coming from the deep dark gorges below. When it became completely dark, the starry sky was also an amazing sight to behold and treasure.



The view at sunset. Photo: Kevin Songberg.



Kevin looks happy to be here. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.



Pagoda profiles stand out at dusk. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.



Our dinner room. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.

Day statistics: total distance 3.92 km; total ascent 394 m.

Day 2 – 19 June 2025

Waking up at first light, I found my sleeping bag changed its colour to white as it was covered in ice crystals. Inside of it, however, I felt snug and warm during the entire night. Whilst we were getting ready for the day, we could not help admiring and taking photos of the sun gradually rising and illuminating the stunning river valleys and mountain ranges surrounding us.



Dawn over the ranges. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.



My sleeping quarters. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.



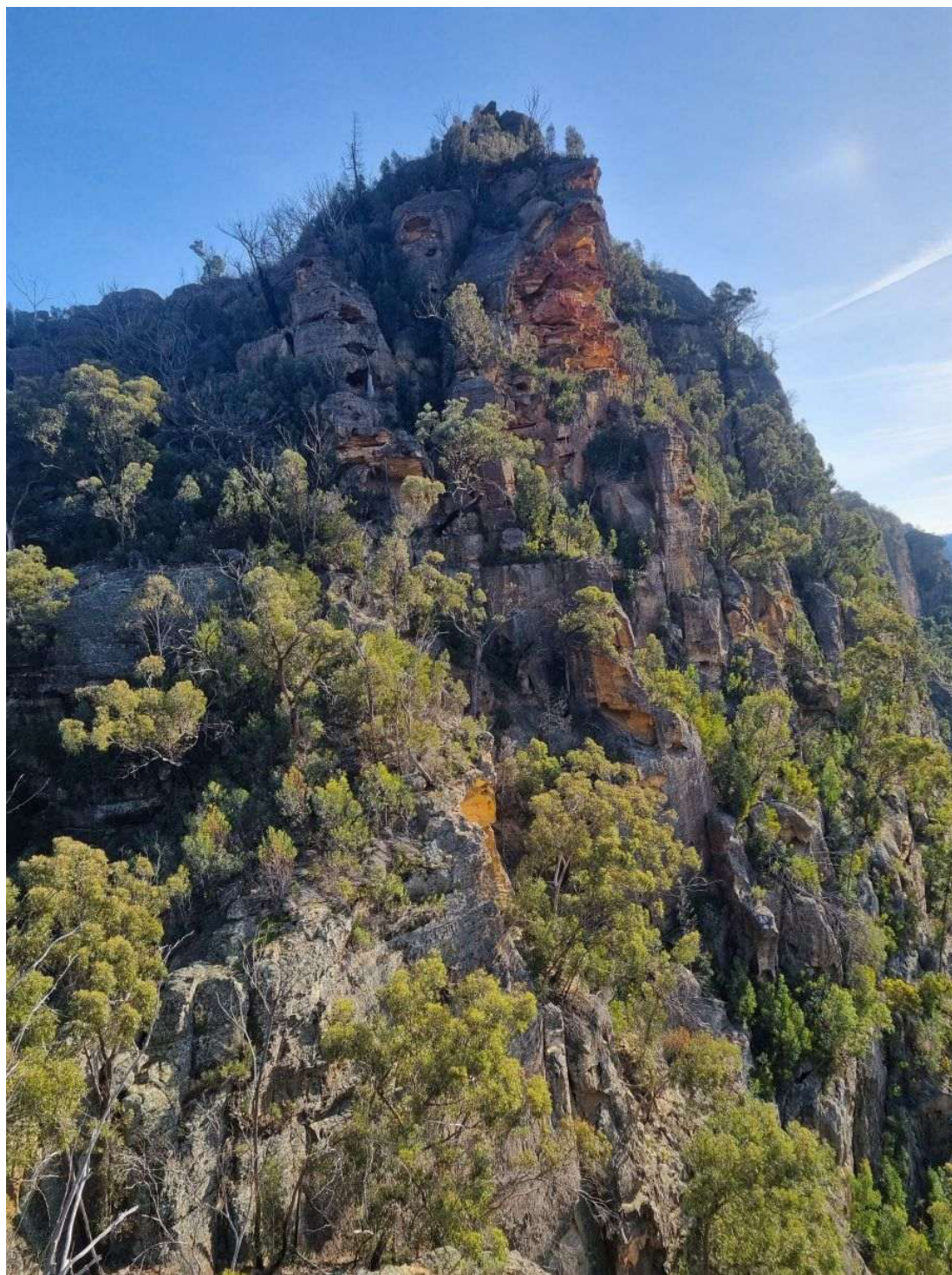
Anna is ready for the day's action. Photo: Grant Elliott.

At 0800 on the dot, we left our spectacular camp and continued the Yodellers Range traverse southwards. Our first task was to find a way down from the summit, and, based on a short recce we had done yesterday, I did not expect it to be too easy, especially bearing in mind that the map showed only one spot where a descent on the southern side was possible.

At 0814, we stood at the first of the two mountain summits. The second one was attained ten minutes later. Leaving the scrubby top of the knoll behind, we soon managed to locate a steep gully. A beautiful pink and white cave was noted there. Further down, the gully became a rocky ramp and then plunged steeply down into the valley below (at 0837), but just at that point, there was a walkable ledge on the left-hand side leaving the gully and heading east. Five minutes later, the group arrived at a tiniest Wollemi saddle on the main Yodellers Range escarpment line, in front of a fantastic panorama of the Emu Creek Valley and beyond.

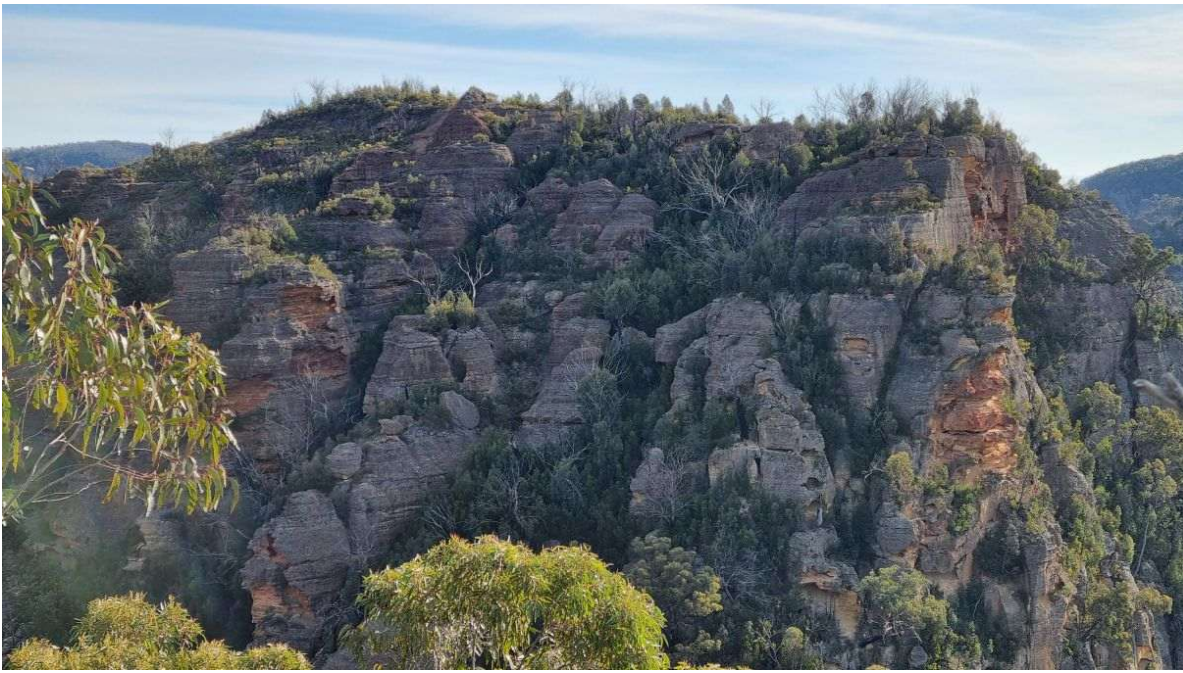


The pink and white cave on our descent. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.



Back on the Yodellers Range. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.

The climb from here along a razor-sharp ridge was exhilarating due to continuous dramatic views of the enormous cliff line to the north and east. Equally exciting was to look back at the labyrinth of pagodas and sheer cliffs on the side of the mountain we had just negotiated. At 0927, from the top of the next knoll, there were, again, fantastic views of the Yodellers Range to the north, all the way to The Cats Ears. Here, we left our packs and embarked on a short excursion along a spur running westwards. There were some nice vistas along the way, but nothing remarkable (mind you, we were almost 'viewed-out' by that time), so, we came back to the range at 1002 and immediately resumed our traverse south.



The view of the mountain we camped on and our descent route (a narrow gully in the middle-right). Photo: Kevin Songberg.

Keeping as close as safely possible to the edge of the escarpment guaranteed continuous views and adrenaline rush. Seventeen minutes later, the party walked out onto a jutting platform suspended above the cliffs, with an expansive view south towards Emu Creek valley and Nullo Mountain. Here, we found an interesting sculptural rock arrangement, a base of larger rocks assembled around a small totem figure consisting of two stones, one on top of another. It appeared to be quite old but, judging by its style, I think it was a non-Aboriginal creation. At that time, I did not think we were on any Aboriginal route, but a discovery several hours later today made me reconsider my opinion.



An interesting rock arrangement. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.

After the morning tea, which lasted till 1039, our adventure continued. Ten minutes later, we located a terrific slot that enabled us to descend to a small saddle separating us from the next hill to the south. Close to the start of the climb, we were stopped by a wall. I left my pack behind and went to investigate. Following a tiny inclined ledge, I was able to climb higher and into an ascending crack, from where I could see a way through, but, consulting with my colleagues, the decision was made that doing this with full packs would be too risky; plus, there would be some challenges finding a descent route on the opposite side. We would walk around this hill instead. The pass up was at 1100.

Coming back home, I looked up our August 2011 trip, led by Michael Keats, and realised we had been through this dangerous section, carrying only day packs. Interestingly, Michael's track notes refer to it as "a bothersome knob". Franky, I have no detailed recollection of that passage. In any case, I do not regret our decision today, erring on the side of safety.



Yuri on the dangerously narrow and inclined ledge. Photo: Kevin Songberg.



The group of 16/03/11 descending 'a bothersome knob'. Photo: Michael Keats.

Back to our present journey, we reaped an immediate reward for our decision, finding, just below the ridge line (at 1110), a narrow, fancifully sculpted beautiful cave, at least 20 metres long, complete with a Lyrebird nest. We now followed a descending gully down, hugging the southern cliff line. Above our heads towered huge dry eroded cliffs, but below our feet was the rainforest floor, with Ferns, Fungi and a very large Brush Turkey mound encountered along our way.



The beautifully sculpted cave with a Lyrebird nest. Photo: Grant Elliott.



Descending through the cave. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.



A cluster of Fungi, *Hypholoma australianum*. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.

At 1133, we used the tape to climb a couple of metres onto a flatter level above. From where I hoped we could traverse, avoiding the need to drop further down into the gully. That maneuver had worked out well, and we began to sidle around the knoll, alongside more ornately eroded walls.



Andrew on a tape-assisted ascent. Photo: Grant Elliott.



Heni under the cliffs. Photo: Grant Elliott.

1154 saw us in the gully on the southern flank of the hill. We now turned up it, aiming at a saddle on the Yodellers Range, already visible in the distance. Before we reached it, though, Wollemi gifted us another memorable discovery. In a cave along the way, we found three Aboriginal grinding grooves, carved on a standalone rock. Initially, I was very surprised, but then, thinking about it for a few minutes, Livery Stable, with its Aboriginal art, was only 3-4 kilometres away, and before Myrtle Trail, Aboriginal people may have followed this way to come down from Nullo Mountain into the Myrtle Creek valley.

After passing underneath another deeply eroded overhang, we made it back to the escarpment by 1221, landing in a small shady saddle. As our journey continued southwards, we quickly regained both the views and the sun. A wonderful pink cave was photographed next. At 1229.

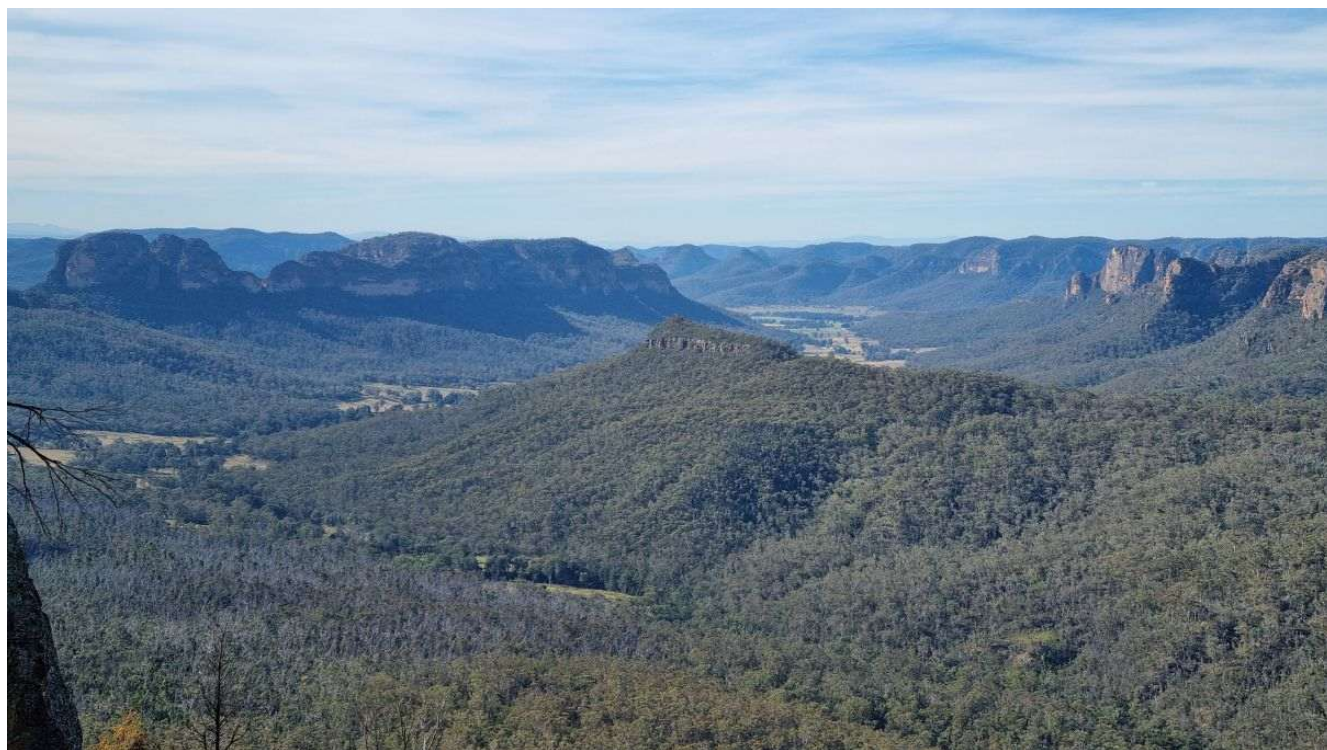


The pink cave. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.

From 1237 till 1312, the group had lunch on top of a knoll with a wonderful panorama of Emu Creek, Cedar Creek. High yellow cliffs below Emu Point stood out about two kilometres away to the south. The view in the opposite direction, to the north, was also grand. To continue, we had to descend into a shallow saddle and then mount another hill with yet one more great view south. At 1340.



Lunch time with a view towards Emu and Cedar Creeks. Photo: Grant Elliott.



The view north towards Yodellers Range, Minaret Ridge and Pomany Range. Photo: Kevin Songberg.

The Yodellers Range continued from here for another two kilometres, rising 200 metres to terminate at Myrtle Peak, but the amazing sandstone domes, its unique character feature, stop at this last knoll. Having walked the rest of the range in 2011, I had no intention (nor daylight hours) to proceed further along it today. Instead, we commenced our descent into Counter Tenor Saddle. In hindsight, it might have been better to continue a little further along the escarpment, as the scrub we hit on our way down was terrible. One never knows, it might have been the same the other way. A Rock Wallaby was briefly sighted here. It did not seem to be perturbed by the dense vegetation.

At 1401, we came out into a clearing within Counter Tenor Saddle and needed a couple of minutes rest and a drink to recover. No self-respecting counter tenor would want to be associated with the prickly, dense, sticky, dusty mesh of nasty flora we had just been through. For the next 500 metres or so, the going was quite good, but then the scrub came back with a vengeance and persisted for most of the distance that separated us from the Myrtle Trail. Further downstream, water appeared in the gully, and we also passed another big Brush Turkey mound along the way.



Walking in the gully towards Myrtle Trail. Photo: Kevin Songberg.

At 1504, we joined Myrtle Trail and fifty minutes later as the winter chill was truly setting in, made it back to the vehicles parked just beyond the national park boundary. This was going to be our camp site tonight.



On Myrtle Trail. Photo: Kevin Songberg.

Day statistics: total distance 9.12 km; total ascent 430 m.

Day 3 – 20 June 2025

The night down in the valley was bitterly cold. The air temperature first thing in the morning measured minus 2 degrees C, but when I put my thermometer on the frost-covered ground, it showed minus 7 degrees C. We had to climb a mountain today and to drive back home, so there was no time to wait for warmer conditions. At 0750, the camp was struck, and our convoy of vehicles proceeded a short distance north along Myrtle Trail before parking on the side of it.

At 0800, just as the sun was making its first feeble attempts to brighten up the day, the party set out west across Myrtle Creek, not running at that point, and then along green paddocks, still clothed in ice. Our goal was to climb a prominent peak on the Nullo Range, and the planned route was to follow a Myrtle Creek tributary called Stony Creek to a spot higher up that I was hoping would allow us to break through the high cliffs surrounding the mountain.



Walking along ice paddocks. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.

As we walked above Stony Creek, just before entering a forested area, a big clump of Prickly Pear, *Opuntia* sp., was spotted, laden with fruit. To eat it, we would need to peel it, which would involve stopping and taking-off the gloves. It was just too cold for that now, so we moved on.

The air was filled with bird song, and we were gradually getting warmed up by walking and the slowly but steadily rising air temperature. It was a beautiful morning, with blue sky and no wind. Making quick progress, the group passed the national park boundary at 0821.

Seventeen minutes later, we decided to come right down into the creek as we did not want to miss out on exploring it, plus the scrub higher up was getting a bit thick. That was a good move. The temperature might have dropped a couple of degrees, but the terrain was very attractive – little undergrowth, gurgling cascades,

mossy boulders, Ferns, and a mixture of rainforest and sclerophyll forest vegetation – all accompanied by constant bird calls. A couple of block-ups along the way were easy to get around. A small camping cave, for 2-3 people, on the side of a big boulder, was noted at 0905.



A small camping cave. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.

Twelve minutes later, seeing a constriction ahead, I thought we should leave the bottom of the valley and climb to a north-facing cliff line, which looked especially alluring as it was basking in a warm sunlight. The ascent was a little scrubby but manageable, particularly as we only had the day packs today. A dry, beautifully lit overhang the party soon came to was perfect for a morning tea break. From 0948 till 0958.



Morning tea in an overhang. Photo: Kevin Songberg.

After resuming, we were forced to move slightly down by the cliffs, but not much, maybe 10 or 15 metres, so I was astonished when we found ourselves back in the creek, which must have come up significantly within a short distance. At 1011. But this is only half of the story. Within a short distance and time, the watercourse had undergone a complete transformation, from a beautifully open glade to a dark, wet, narrow canyon completely choked by debris and vegetation. It was such a shock that I thought we accidentally had descended into a different gorge. I checked the map. Were we now instead in Scungy Creek? Scrubby Creek? Scruffy Creek? No, Stony Creek it still was.



A completely transformed Stony Creek. Photo: Kevin Songberg.

Our rate of progress was negligible, and the journey was not pleasant. We had to get out of there! But how? The canyon was enclosed by high walls. Finally, at 1030, having travelled about 30 metres in the last twenty minutes, we saw a small recess in the wall. It was wet, muddy and had no hand- or footholds, but Grant, who was next to me, gave me a push, and, wallowing in slippery dirt, I used my knees, feet and fingernails to crawl out onto a small ledge. A little higher up, was a tree, good enough for an anchor, so the tape was set, and everyone got out, by 1040. Phew! Interestingly, studying the map after the walk, I came to the conclusion that this had been the only way up through the cliffs on the southern side of Stony Creek gorge.



Getting out of the canyon that trapped us. Photo: Kevin Songberg.



Anna is about to climb out. Photo: Grant Elliott.

Our fortunes now improved dramatically. The company was out of the dungeon and climbing a steep but dry, sunny and reasonably easy slope, involving a little scramble here and there. I saw that we were now approaching another row of high cliffs but expected to avoid them by using a gully a short distance further to climb up to a very narrow ridgeline leading towards the summit. Our target mountain loomed further ahead, looking quite impregnable.

Moving along, we took advantage of every opportunity to get up as close as possible to the cliffs as I did not want to get into the gully too low down and find it was not negotiable. Fortunately, we found a wide enough ledge that we could sidle on, all the way into a tiny saddle, about 5 metres long and 2 metres across, at the head of the watercourse and just past the cliffs. At 1109.

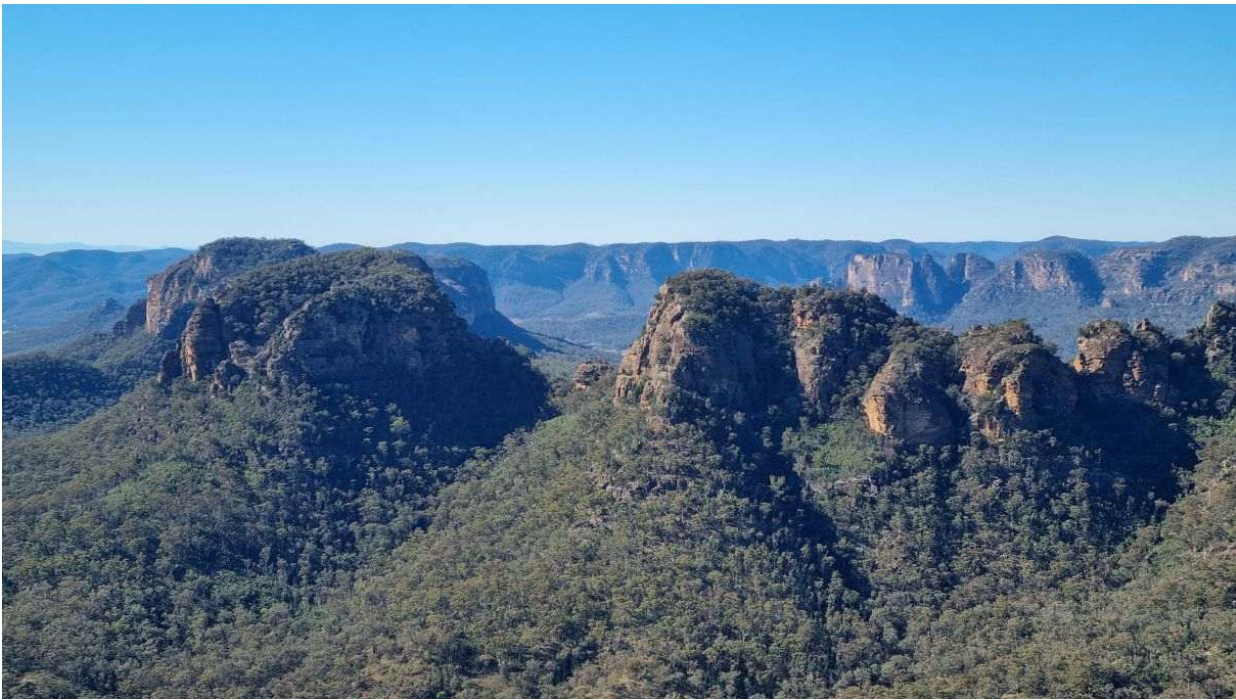
Even better, there seemed to be a way up on the southern side of the saddle towards the summit. It was steep but very straightforward and featured a tantalising view of the pagodas on the far side of the next tributary of Myrtle Creek and beyond, towards Minaret Ridge and Mount Pomany.



Pagodas view from the climb. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.

When the party approached the flat summit of the mountain, all vistas vanished, hidden from sight by the thick scrub. We kept plodding ahead, reaching the top at 1130. All good, but the primary reason of climbing this peak was for the views, and there were none. It took us 3.5 hours to get here, and even though I was planning for a different, shorter way back, there was absolutely no guarantee it would work, so we had to be prepared to completely reverse our steps back to the cars. On top of that, there was the long drive back home that occupied everyone's mind. I sensed the general mood was to turn around now.

I said, OK, give me ten minutes, I will investigate further, and if I see nothing, we will go back. Well, I did not need ten minutes. Within twenty metres and two minutes' walk from where the group had stopped, on the edge of high cliffs, was the incredible panorama we came here to see. It included the entire southern part of the Yodellers Range, with the northern part partially blocked by the Blue Yodellers Mountain but still visible all the way to The Cats Ears. Further away through the gaps, the jagged peaks at the end of Pomany Range as well as Minaret Ridge with Minaret Peak. Even further away, the round hump of Mount Pomany. Just below our feet, where the ground dropped more than 50 metres, we could see a dramatic trident of razor-edge spurs separated by deep gaps. I was hoping to use one of them for our return trip. For me, it was the view of the trip on a trip overabundant with marvellous vistas. At 1138.

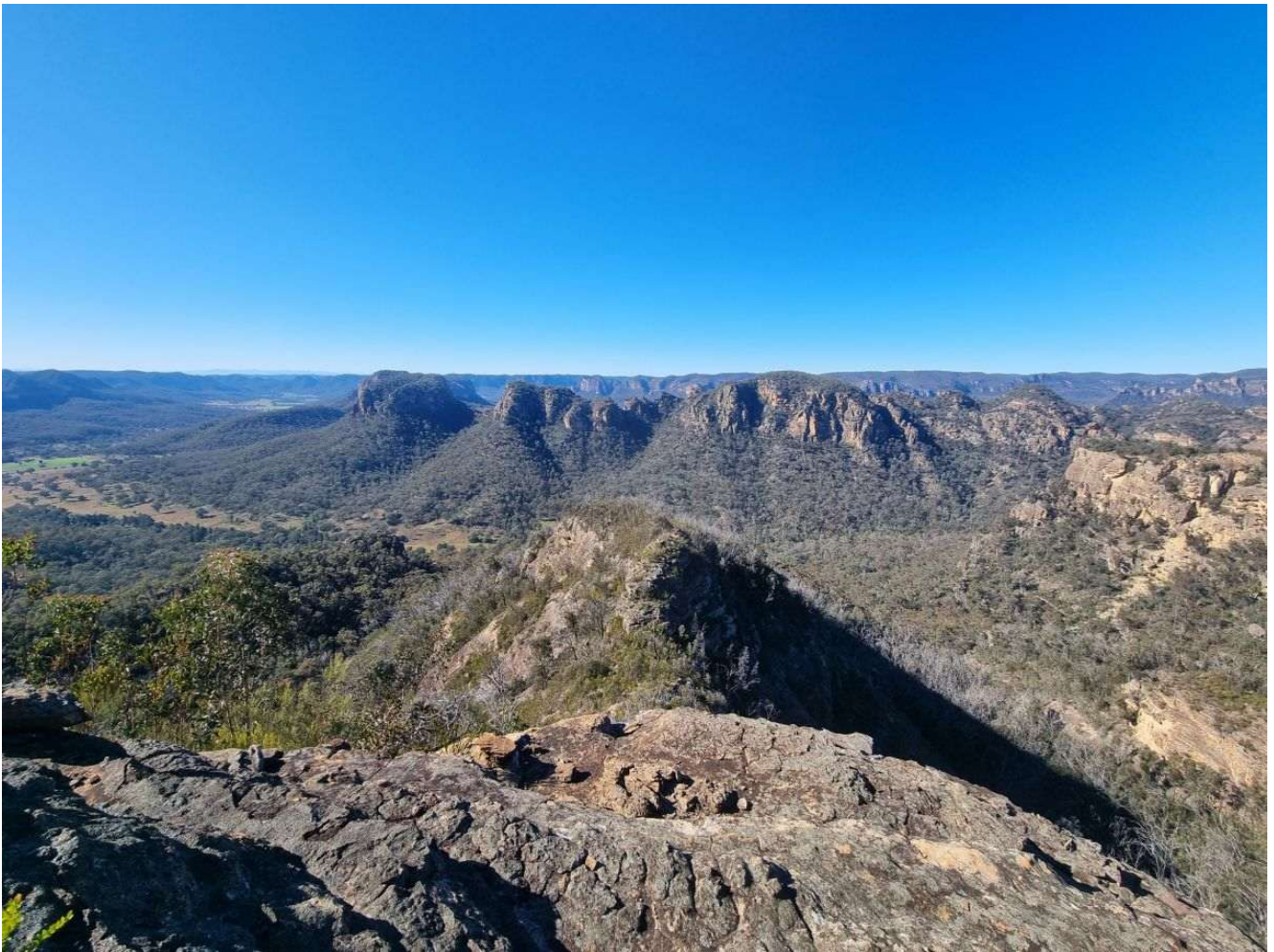


The view from the top. Photo: Kevin Songberg.

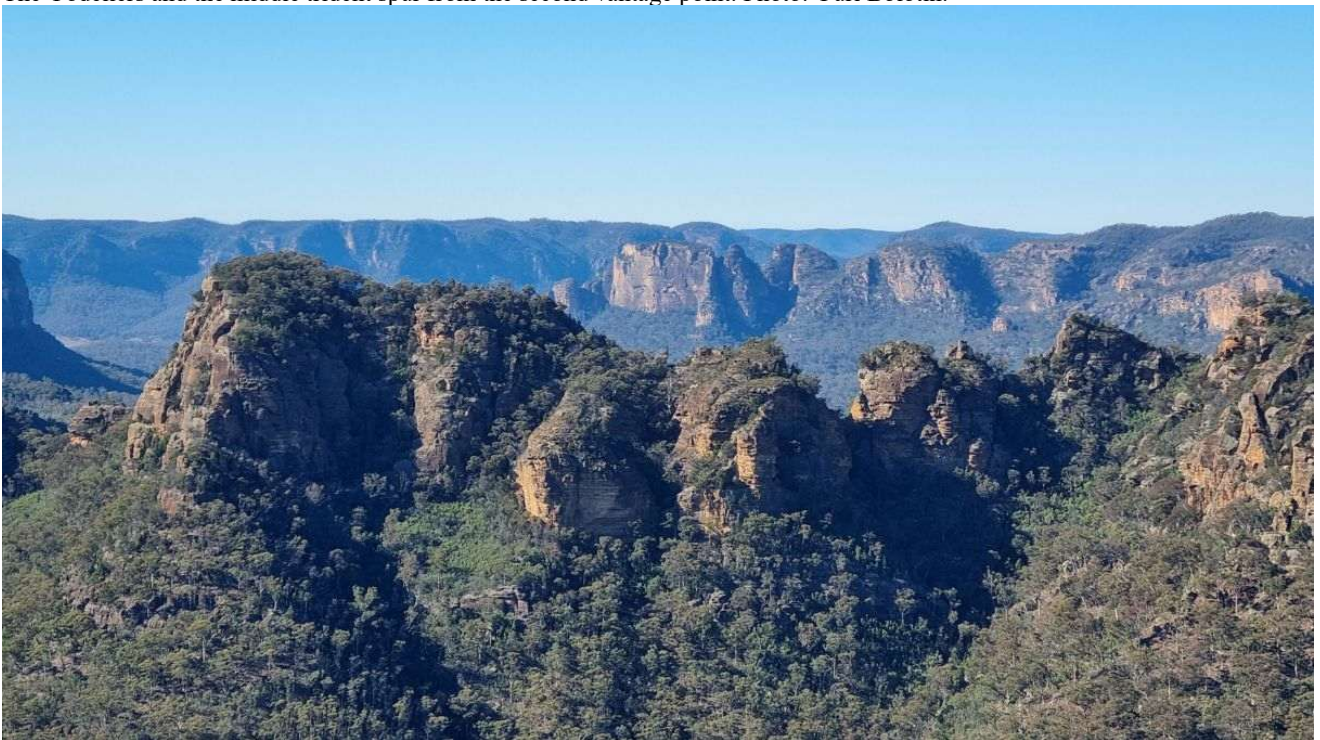
But then, there was more! By walking back a short distance towards the summit and then turning south east, we came to the second vantage point, where the cliffs jugged out forming a narrow peninsula. At 1150. Added to the view from here was the spine of the middle spur of the trident below, the southern end of the southern Yodellers, Emu Point and Nullo Mountain. I would like to call this top Trident Mountain due to three spurs emanating from it on the eastern side.



Yuri and Kevin at the second vantage point. Mount Pomany can be seen on the horizon line, right of middle. Closer and to the right of the photo is our camp location on Day 1. Photo: Grant Elliott.



The Yodellers and the middle trident spur from the second vantage point. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.



The Yodellers and Pomany Ranges from the second vantage point. Photo: Kevin Songberg.

We had to pack our many Wow's and photographs in a short time, as on top of my mind now was getting back down. First, the group retraced our steps to the saddle on the western side as this was the only place

where it was possible to get down from the summit completely surrounded by high cliffs. We made it there by 1216. Instead of using a series of ledges as we had done on the way up, we tried to descend more directly within the gully coming off the saddle. It was very steep, but it worked and saved us a bit of time.

The trick now was to pick the right level for the traverse below the mountaintop. Too high, and you are stuck non-negotiable the cliffs; too low, and you had wasted a lot of energy, only to get stopped by a drop leading you even further down and away from your goal. The detailed map was very helpful here, as we had to use multiple levels to get through. Whilst sidling, we enjoyed a marvelous close view of the huge, ornate, sunlit overhangs on the northern side of Trident Mountain. One of them had a floor of pink sand.

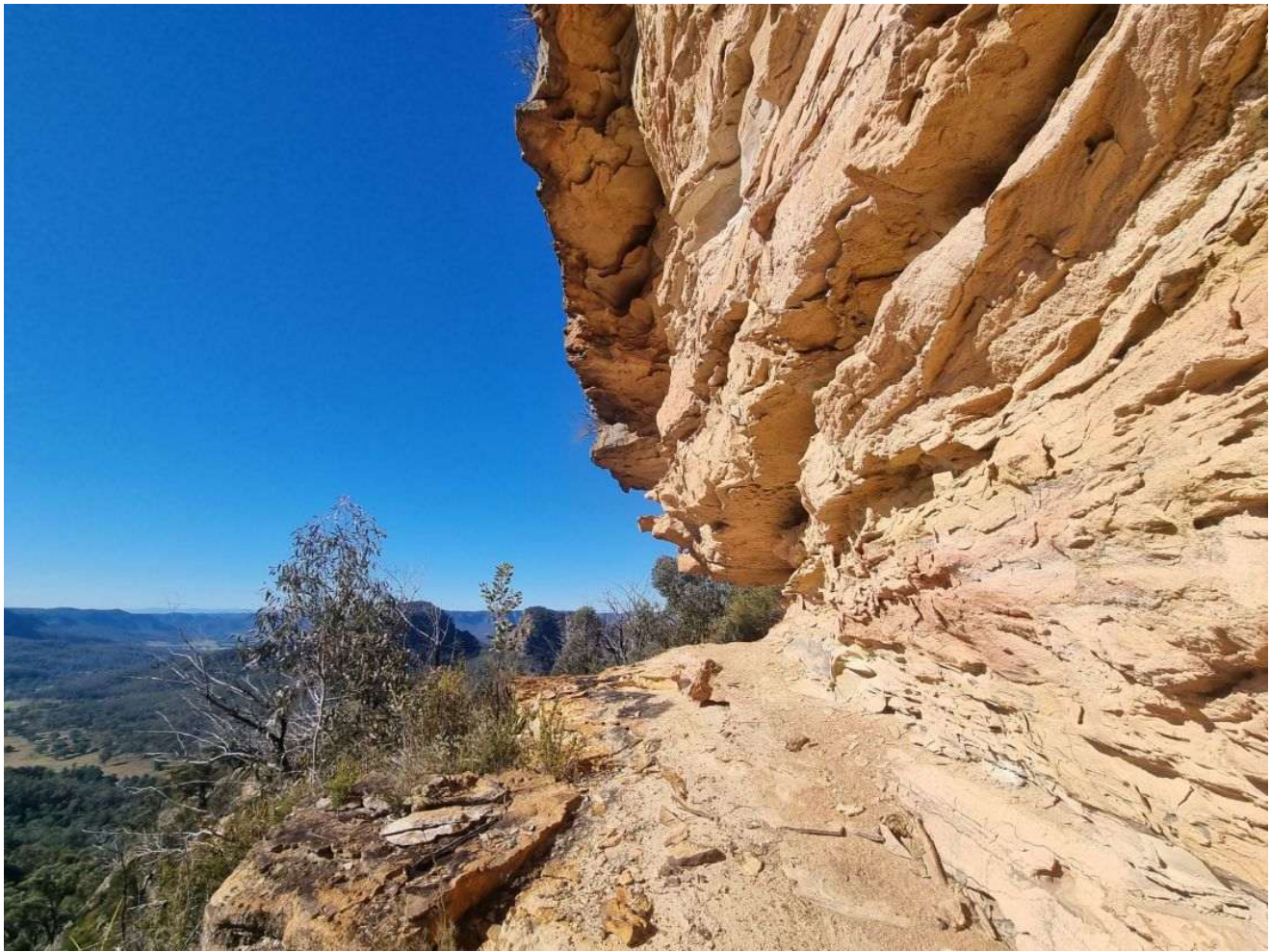


Sidling below Trident Mountain. Photo: Kevin Songberg.



The cave with pink sand floor. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.

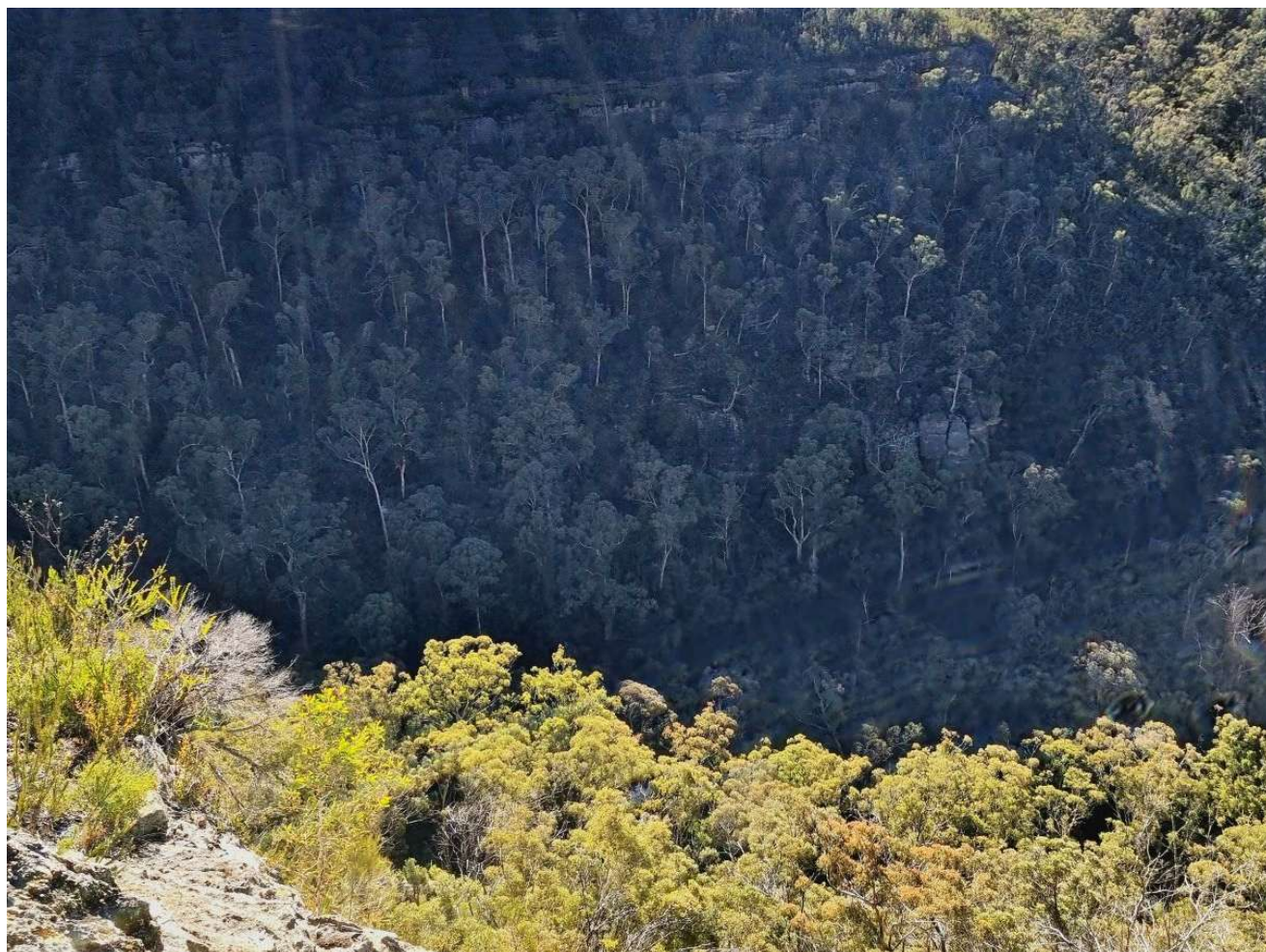
The most interesting moment came when the ledge we walked on tapered down to about a metre. This was at the exact spot where the Taloo by and the Widden maps joined, and that border was indicated by a thick black line, the same colour as the cliffs. Fortunately, the line was only on paper, and we passed that point easily. After traversing for another 150 m below more remarkably eroded cliffs, the group came out right onto the target northernmost spur of the trident. At 1300.



The ledge is about to turn the corner and connect with the target spur. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.

I was very glad all this worked, as we were now in a good position (provided the spur went) to finish our adventure as originally planned and in good time – a great deal better than having to traipse around and down along Stony Creek. The creek gorge, by the way, looked fantastic from above, but at least for the rest of today, I preferred to keep a safe distance. Casting our eyes eastwards, the magnificent Yodellers Range was once again in full view.

After a quick 12-minute lunch break, the group proceeded down the knife-edge spur, accompanied by the vistas both towards the Stony Creek gorge, dark, deep and mysterious, and the other way, to the sunlit ranges and open valleys. There was a bit of scrub for a short distance, but then, near the end of the walkable part of the spur, the views opened up once again.



Stony Creek gorge. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.



The view from the end of the knife-edge spur. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.

At 1335, we took a slot down on the southern side of the spur, then continued to descend and sidle above the next cliff line, reaching, ten minutes later, another narrow chute that took us down to the lower level. The group then traversed below the upper bluffs, whilst still coming down, until 1354, when there were no more

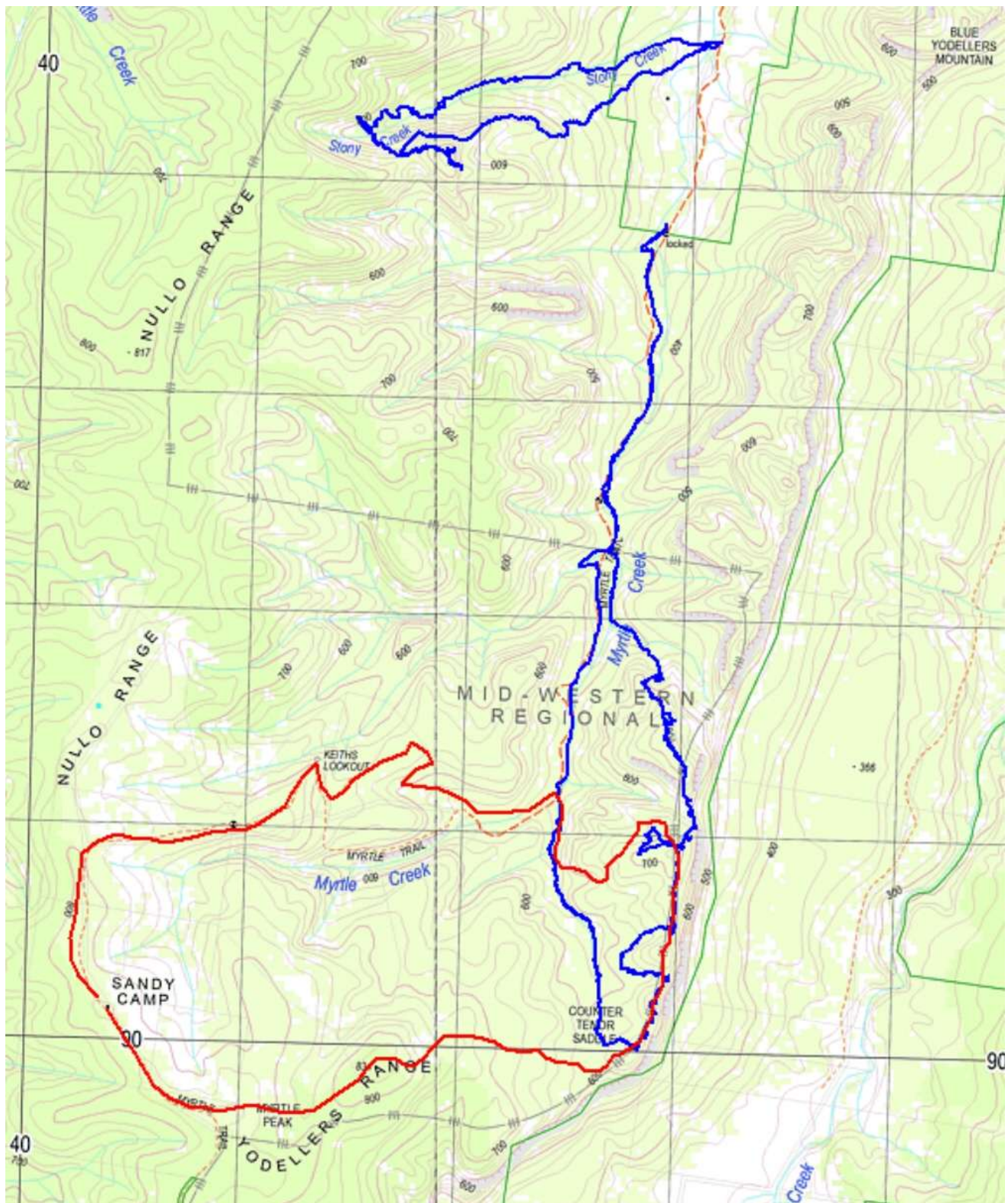
obstacles along our descent. Here, we made a 90-degree turn to the north east and continued all the way down, through moderate to light scrub, until we reached the vehicles at 1434.



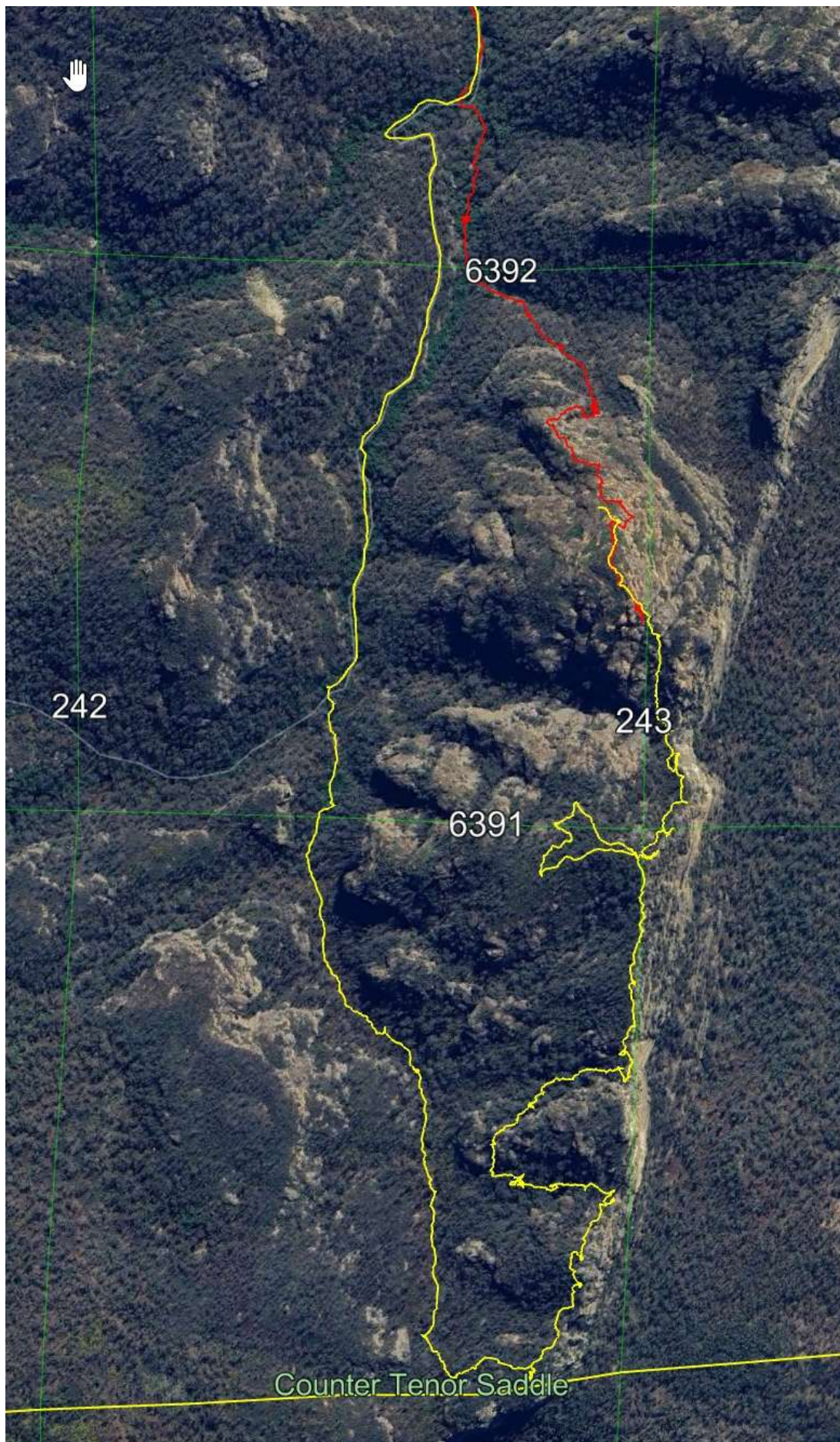
Zaid, Heni, Kevin, Andrew, Grant, Anna and Gary near the end of the Day 3 journey, with Trident Mountain above them in the distance. Photo: Yuri Bolotin.

Day statistics: total distance 6.33 km; total ascent 420 m.

Trip statistics: total distance 19.37 km; total ascent 1,244 m.



Topographic map of Days 1-3 (blue), plus the walk of 16/03/11 (red).



Aerial map of Days 1 (red) and 2 (yellow). Recorded and prepared by Yuri Bolotin.



Aerial map of Day 3. Recorded and prepared by Yuri Bolotin.

Table of Times, Locations and Grid References

Time	Location	Grid Reference	Elevation
Day 1 – 18/06/25			
1133	Cars parked on Myrtle Trail and started walking	GR 4287 9382	350 m
1202	Left Myrtle Trail	GR 4266 9234	447 m
1219-1235	Lunch	GR 4267 9209	460 m
1239	Heading up a tributary gully	GR 4267 9200	463 m
1258	Cliff line	GR 4284 9186	515 m
1317-1350	Negotiating the wall	GR 4290 9174	560 m
1357	On the rocky spur	GR 4288 9174	590 m
1505	Camp site	GR 4292 9155	695 m
Day 2 – 19/06/25			
0800	Left the camp site	GR 4292 9155	695 m
0814	First summit	GR 4295 9142	715 m
0824	Second summit and start of the descent gully	GR 4302 9133	700 m
0837	The drop in the gully and the start of the ledge	GR 4302 9120	640 m
0842	The saddle on the Yodellers Range	GR 4304 9117	615 m
0927-1002	Top of the knoll and excursion	GR 4302 9095	700 m

1019-1039	Morning tea and rock arrangement	GR 4300 9073	690 m
1049	Slot down	GR 4298 9062	685 m
1100	Slot/pass up to the top of the next knoll (not used)	GR 4297 9054	680 m
1110	Cave	GR 4298 9058	670 m
1133	Tape-assisted climb	GR 4282 9051	620 m
1154	In gully	GR 4276 9038	615 m
1221	At the escarpment	GR 4297 9035	660 m
1229	Pink cave	GR 4295 9033	667 m
1237-1312	Lunch	GR 4292 9023	680 m
1340	Last knoll	GR 4283 9003	650 m
1401	In Counter Tenor Saddle	GR 4265 9010	580 m
1504	Myrtle Trail	GR 4244 9118	510 m
1554	Camp site	GR 4287 9382	350 m
Day 3 – 20/06/25			
0750	Left the camp site to drive to the take-off point	GR 4287 9382	350 m
0800	Started walking	GR 4311 9468	340 m
0821	National park boundary	GR 4261 9454	365 m
0838	Down in Stony Creek	GR 4246 9455	410 m
0905	Possible camping cave	GR 4203 9446	482 m
0917	Left the creek and headed up to the cliff line	GR 4183 9438	505 m
0948-0958	Morning tea in overhang	GR 4168 9430	550 m
1011	In canyon	GR 4150 9425	540 m
1030	Tape-assisted ascent	GR 4147 9425	545 m
1109	Saddle	GR 4164 9412	650 m
1130	Top of Trident Mountain	GR 4183 9414	720 m
1138	First viewpoint	GR 4189 9415	700 m
1150	Second viewpoint	GR 4192 9407	690 m
1216	Saddle	GR 4164 9412	650 m
1300-1312	On the knife-edge spur and lunch	GR 4195 9421	630 m
1335	Slot down	GR 4226 9430	540 m
1345	Chute	GR 4236 9422	520 m
1354	Below all cliffs	GR 4240 9429	485 m
1434	Back at cars	GR 4311 9468	340m