

BONGLEBOORI CREEK

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney Bush Walkers Inc, Box 4476 GPO, Sydney 2001. Club meetings are held every Wednesday evening* at 8 pm at Kirribilli Neighbourhood Centre, 16 Fitzroy Street, Kirribilli (near Milson's Point Railway Station). Visitors and prospective members are welcome any Wednesday. To advertise in this magazine, please contact the Business Manager.

*The Clubroom will be closed

***** on 26th January '94.

EDITOR

George Mawer, 42 Lincoln Rd, Georges Hall
Telephone 707 1343 2198

BUSINESS MANAGER

Joy Hynes, 36 Lewis St, Dee Why 2099
Telephone 982 2615 (H), 888 3144 (B)

PRODUCTION MANAGER

Fran Holland, Telephone 484 6636

TYPIST & LAY-OUT

Kath Brown

ILLUSTRATOR

Morag Ryder

PRINTERS

Kenn Clacher, Kay Chan, Barrie Murdoch,
Margaret Niven & Les Powell

JANUARY 1994

		Page
From the President 10/1/94	Ian Debert	2
Bushfires!	Ben Esgate	2
The First Canyons of Summer	David Trinder	3
Not As Per Program	Jo van Sommers	7
New Members		8
Hat Hill, Crayfish Creek, The Hole	Carol Lubbers	11
The December General Meeting	Barry Wallace	12
From the Clubroom	Maurice Smith	14

Advertisements

Alpsports	5
Eastwood Camping Centre	6
Blue Mountain Outdoor Clothing Specialists	9
Mountain Equipment	10
Willis's Walkabouts	13

FROM THE PRESIDENT 10/1/94

Here we are in the middle of a real heat wave with fires that are HORRIFIC - at last count it was 150 over the State.

As a bushwalking club we are all aware of the dangers of fire and I hope none of us are guilty of non-extinguishing that last ember. All National Parks are closed. A lot of country has been destroyed either accidentally or on purpose, and some lives lost.

However we say many, many thanks to all those who have been involved in fighting the fires, saving lives and homes and also some bushland.

We hope that no members of our Club have been victims. I'll see you down the track when the dangers have passed.

IAN DEBERT.

BUSHFIRES!

(Extracts from a talk given by Ben Esgate on 31/5/89.)

PANIC is the biggest killer. When faced with a fast moving bushfire, people forget every bit of good advice they have ever been given.

If a fire approaches when you are out on a bushwalk:-

FIND RAINFOREST - this has thick, dark green foliage (lilly-pilly, coachwood) and is a safe retreat. So are clumps of lawyer vines and tall trees without undergrowth (like Blue Gum). Green casuarinas (she-oaks) also burn poorly.

AVOID - low, thick scrub, in forested or open areas. Dry swamps are full of rushes which burn fiercely. Avoid wearing synthetic materials, as flying cinders will melt them into your skin. Wool or cotton is best.

Because HEAT RISES, fire races UP hill, but burns slowly DOWN hill. Head down into a gully. A rocky stream bed, even if dry, is good. Smoke also rises, avoid being asphyxiated by lying down, where the air will be fresher and contain more oxygen. If the fire is going to pass fairly close, use a large boulder to shield you from heat radiation.

Always carry matches. If the situation is really desperate, you can light a fire and walk behind the flames. A bushfire cannot burn ground already burnt.

Remember that even the biggest fire passes. Once it HAS passed, walk carefully over the burnt ground. Try keeping to rocky patches to avoid treading on burning cinders.

(This article was first published in November 1989, and published again in November 1991. Ben Esgate is an authority on the subject, having lived in the Blue Mountains for many years. In addition to being a bushman and bushwalker of vast experience, he was a Bush Fire Brigade Captain for a considerable time.)

* * * * *

THE FIRST CANYONS OF SUMMER

27 & 28 November 1993

by David Trinder

It was an early start from home. Driving through the Newnes Forest was just normal Blue Mountains bush. The sloping morning sunshine was lighting the spring growth gum tips in the full range of reds, orange red to purple red. They were brightly back lit against the dark unlit greenery behind. Large red waratahs were outstanding.

The group parked the vehicles and walked to **Hole-in-the-Wall Canyon**. The sun was higher but shining from an angle brightly on one side of trees and on wildflowers, pink, white, purple, blue.

Their leader had twenty-two behind him, he was thinking, "What I've got for this lot will put a smile on the other side of their faces", but he was also anxiously thinking, "I've got to bring them back in twenty-two pieces and preferably with a smile somewhere!"

At a ferny creek, an unnamed tributary of Bungleboorie North Arm, the word went back along the line, "Wet suits on", "wet suits on", "wet suits on". They made body and pack ready for cold water and continued down the creek through deep pools to the first abseil.

The canyon had been formed by long term erosion by creek water into soft rock, creating a narrow slot, that at the bottom was wet, cold, dark and eerie; and it was about to receive this group of game, agile adventurers.

"Gear on", went back along the line. Karabiners, pitons and rappel racks tinkled and harnesses were tied or buckled on.

The first abseil rope was set up by the leader.

They had all learnt the technique but still had some fear. They knew that if you look between your legs towards the ground and it is out of focus, don't bother focussing. The leader showed how it was done, feet at rightangles to the walls on both sides of a vee, body horizontal, he walked backwards down the vertical face until he disappeared from sight.

The canyon was narrow and deep, the sides of sandstone had humps and hollows, the light came from one direction, above, and it accented the sculptured shape by lighting the top side and leaving the lower side dark.

Several abseils later, a drop into water, unhook, and "Rope free", in front is a cold dark pool of water, how deep? Knee deep, neck deep and a swim job.

"Torches on", went back along the line and the next drop took them into a chamber with no light from above, no natural light at all except for a thousand tiny glow worm lights. "Put the torches out", and it was like a clear dark night sky. "There's the saucepan".

It was cold, they were shivering and somebody offered a cup of tea. They had time to appreciate this beautiful place because the next stage was a swim around the corner to the hole in the wall - a slot wide enough for the thickness of a body and a metre above water level. It took strenuous exercise with grunting, swearing, laughing, squeezing, pulling and contorting the body to feed through. Then they were in blinding sunlight and sunheat for lunch.

Returning up the ridge was hot and they needed water; a contrast to the wet, cold, exciting places they were coming from.

Sunday, and **Surefire Canyon** - the first abseil was difficult, down the nose of a large rock then fall across to a slimy wall or down the vee between the rock and the wall. They help one another, checking and encouraging the person ahead and belaying and congratulating the person behind. Some had fear, that their mates with whom they stayed, helped to resolve.

Changes in the canyon's shape occurred continuously, it was like being in two seashells, in an amphitheatre or between straight walls. The sculptured shapes were endless and the floor was littered with large rocks and black wet logs, but the top was always a one-metre wide strip of light that ferns reached over and overlapped, one hundred metres above.

A difficult start over a black log and in front of another that should not be dislodged, the remaining hole, only large enough for a body to go through vertically, then a freefall in a waterfall, to dark water below. From the young ones further down, peels of laughter and calling echoed through the chambers with the noise of waterfalls. They were laughing at the surprises and challenges that they encountered and at the idea of older members doing the same thing.

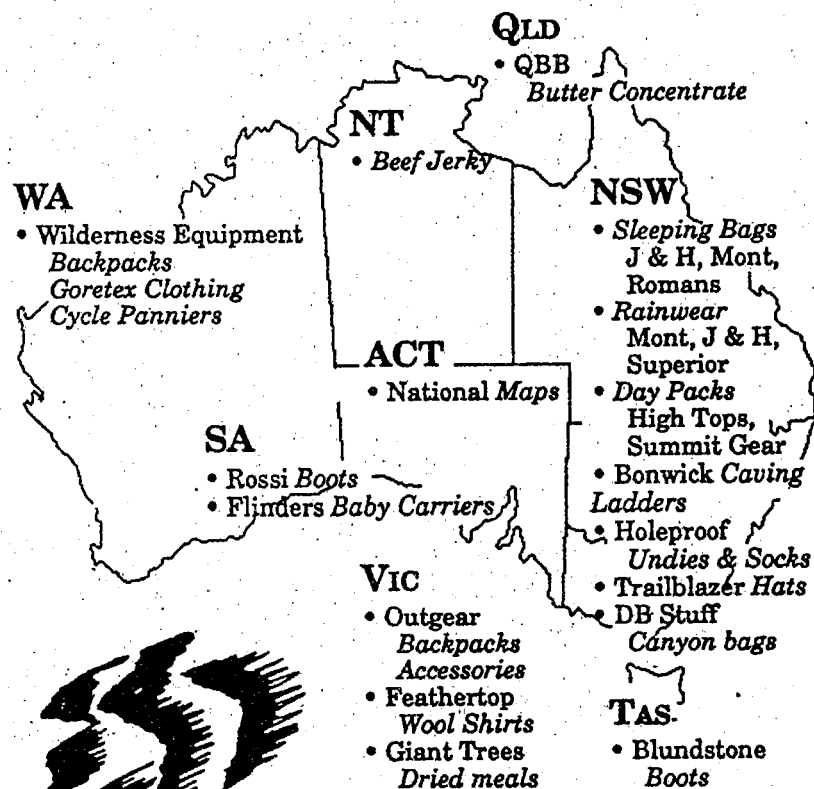
Another pool - can I walk around it on the slippery sloping rocks or do I go through it? The last drop was in a waterfall into waist deep water then a swim through a gap as narrow as a body's thickness. More surprises, log jams, swim below a rock and exit to warm welcoming sunshine. As each one came out, he or she was ecstatic at surviving the challenges, at the light and heat of the sun and being released from the fear and tension.

The twenty-two survived and will go back for more.

Thanks go to the leader, Kenn Clacher. The followers were Edith Baker, Kay Chan, Marella Hogan, Joanne Kerr, Carol Lubbers, Michele Powell, Doreen Proven, Colin Atkinson, Brian Beaven, Bob Horder, Steve Mackay, Tony Manes, Geoff McIntosh, Jim Oxley, Andrew McLay, David Trinder, Patrick Trinder, Maurice Smith, Alan Wells, Tom Wenman, Ian Wolf (2IC) and Chris Wong.

* * * * *

**FROM EVERY STATE,
AUSTRALIAN MADE
IS GREAT!**



**EASTWOOD
CAMPING
CENTRE**

3 Trelawney St (PO Box 131) Eastwood NSW 2122

PHONE US TODAY & SAY "G'DAY"
02-858-3833

Bushwalkers

We specialise in the latest light weight gear for your outdoor adventures. Whether you require Tents, Backpacks, Sleeping bags, Rainwear, Stoves, Abseiling gear or Accessories, we carry the best brands. Macpac, J&H, Berghaus, Scarpa, Outgear, Trangia, M.S.R., Jansport, Bluewater, Edelrid, Petzl, S.R.T.

We offer you personalised knowledgeable service to help you purchase the correct equipment for your needs, naturally we offer the best prices too. Advice is only a phone call away.



X-Country Skiers

We stock the latest range of skis, boots bindings, & poles for backcountry and telemark skiing.

- BACKCOUNTRY SKI HIRE
- MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE AVAILABLE
- DISCOUNT FOR CLUB MEMBERS

IMPORTANT NOTICE
HIRE GEAR
Now Available

BOOK EARLY DON'T MISS OUT.

▲ Macpac - Tents - Backpacks - Sleeping bags
▲ J&H - Rainwear ▲ Trangia - Stoves
▲ Thermarests ▲ Bivvy Bags

*Special prices for club members.
Week or weekend rates.*



1045-1047 Victoria Rd, West Ryde NSW 2114. Ph: (02) 858 5844

NOT AS PER PROGRAM

by Jo van Sommers

Jim and I have had a really good look at the Mount Hay area this year. The wildflowers have been beautiful, with fields of *Boronia floribunda* softening the harsh rocks of the knobs leading up to Boorong Crag, with its wonderful views of the Grose River. I got very excited about finding some white bushes amongst the predominantly pale pink boronia, but calmed down a bit when I checked the reference books at home and found that the white form does occasionally occur. (Incidentally, those who know the rare stand of pink Flannel flower off the Narrow Neck Road will be disappointed to learn that it has disappeared this year.)

We put a lot of effort into devising a route using our explorations of the Mount Hay area so Jim could offer a weekend walk from Blackheath to Hazelbrook. Despite asking around we couldn't find anyone who had actually got out of the Grose River by way of Marie Byles Pass, although a few older members thought they might have been there once, long ago, and others whom you would have expected to know, didn't. We even went a long way back through the old programs. However, the position of the pass looked pretty clear from the high ground beyond Mount Hay and the topo map showed all the right contours, so we regarded that bit of this new trip as a pushover (walkover!).

That left a mystery section using Mount Hay Creek to connect up with the overgrown untrafficked Hurley Heights firetrail that leads off the end of Mount Hay Road. We have previously driven an ordinary car to the start of this track (four-wheel drive owners, especially local Mountain people, like to regard the Mount Hay Road as suitable only for four-wheel drives). Again the flowers in spring along this track were profuse and lovely. Towards the end of Hurley Heights Track water was available where the south-flowing creek had been dammed a long time ago, making a nice campsite in the tall trees. Although the track ends where the ridge starts to drop sharply, we had previously found a way down through the cliff-line and into Wentworth Creek. Once there, we knew we could exit by one of several routes previously explored on Jim's popular Lawson Ridge trips.

So all Jim needed was a feasible route from the Boorong Crag to the firetrail. I had already observed what sort of exploration was involved and declined to accompany him. Would've slowed him down too much anyway. He had two possible routes drawn on the map, with bearing marked and everything. Somehow the practice didn't fit the theory, and he returned home late, scratched, bruised, and unsuccessful. Did he give up? No way! Off again the next day to try the second line on the map. Same result - scrub too thick, cliffs too precipitous, tributaries too choked with vegetation. Not the ideal short cut at all.

And thus it was that the medium/hard weekend walk of November 13/14 1993 with two long days requiring early starts to get through, became an ordinary medium walk from Lawson to camp on Wentworth Creek, with a large deep swimming pool, piles of driftwood conveniently arranged on the beach next to the fire place, just enough space for the four tents and good water a mere hour upstream at the same south-flowing creek coming off Hurley Heights Ridge that I mentioned before. So now we know what is at the top and the bottom of this creek, and would like to hear from anyone who had been up or down it. There is attractive rain-forest and it looks worth exploring. At the campsite itself, there is a small rock pool in a dry creek. Wentworth Creek itself is getting cleaner but is not yet drinkable.

Saturday night. It rained after dinner. It rained all night. It rained at breakfast. The two prospectives, Stephen and Andrew, very comfortable each in

his own spacious Olympus, emerged dry in the next morning's downpour, and stayed dry; while they packed up inside their outer fly. Fran and Bill were dry in their Macpac and through careful co-ordination, patience (Fran) and strength (Bill) managed to pack up for two inside their tent also. Guess who wasn't dry in their eleven-year-old green japara which admittedly has been around a bit, and guess who got even wetter while packing up outside any sheltering fly? That did it. I announced that I was not sleeping in that thing again! (We now have not one, but two, beautiful new jobs which between them fulfil all the impossible specifications that one tent could not possibly meet, that had kept us from deciding on a replacement for at least the last two years!)

The rain meant we would be cutting back on further exploration and returning by the route we had used to get to camp. Quite a route it was, too. Hanging by our teeth from lawyer vines, wrapping ourselves around boulders while the feet did a little dance trying to find something solid to grip, practising beautiful telemarks in the loose scree; that slope was steep. But it didn't seem so bad going up: spurred on by the storm, and knowing there was a dry cave above us. A big morning tea in a dry cave with a soothing fire, the rain ceasing, time for a little snooze for the not-so-young, while the brave leader and the intrepid prospectives set off at a cracking pace (set by the prospectives, I'm told) to discover fresh marvels along the ridge and down the cliffs to Wentworth Creek "a new way" and back up "Jim's Creek" for a well-earned lunch. Then a pleasant, flower-lined walk home in the afternoon.

Dinner was taken at the oddly named Henry Lawson cafe in Lawson - odd because the food is Lebanese. Everyone ordered medium plates, except for Andrew, who opted for the large. The medium was enormous, the large was just about ridiculous. Andrew says he consumes about 5-6 lb of food a day whilst bushwalking (no problem for him to carry it either) but he couldn't finish that plate. With coffee, the bill was less than \$10 each. Fruit to finish, and extra nibbles, were on the house. They seemed to have forgotten the corkage charge. The decor is far from flash, the traffic rumbles just outside, but this must be the bargain eatery of the Mountains. Thus ended the weekend walk, not exactly as per program, but very enjoyable nonetheless.

* * * * *

NEW MEMBERS

		<u>HOME</u>	<u>BUS.</u>
		<u>PHONE</u>	<u>PHONE</u>
DE COQUE MR JOHN	20/209 WATERLOO RD MARSFIELD 2122	869 7371	325 1259
GRENNAN MR FRANCIS	23/77 COOK RD CENTENIAL PARK 2021	360 4126	018 203930
HOWLETT MR RONALD	5 ROTHWELL ST TURRAMURRA 2074	440 8252	871 7126
MAGUIRE MRS ANNE	5/5 GRIFFIN ST MANLY 2095	907 9677	930 9312
ROBERTSON MS JOANNE	12 EXCELSIOR AVE CASTLE HILL 2154	899 1809	748 6377

NEW ADDRESS

CRICHTON TONY - UNIT 7 1/3 BROUGHTON ST. CAMDEN 2570 (046)559143

"safety & warmth in wool"



The traditional *bush-shirt* is an essential garment for the Australian bushwalker.

100% Australian in soft merino wool, the *bush-shirt* is generously cut for a roomy comfortable fit.

With closed-front design, zip neck and long tail you are assured of many seasons of hard wear.

Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24 in red or blue.
Exceptional value at only \$94.

The "*Stormboy*" jumper is a classic alpine garment.

Comfortable and attractive, the "*Stormboy*" retains a hint of lanolin to enhance the wool's natural ability to repel water.

Made from pure merino wool the "*Stormboy*" is perfect for winter walks in the Blue Mountains when its misty and damp.

In natural or navy blue, the "*Stormboy*" is exclusive to *Blue Mountains Outdoor Clothing Specialists*.

Sizes 12, 14, 16 only \$114; 18, 20, 22, 24 only \$129.



ORDER NOW OR ASK FOR OUR FREE COLOUR CATALOGUE



(B.MOCS gladly offer a full refund or exchange if goods returned unused)

Phone or fax orders to: (047) 588 734 or mail (postage free) to:
Reply Paid 8, B.MOCS, PO Box 5, Woodford, NSW, 2778

* Please add \$5 for freight & pkg. All garments shipped by certified mail *

Cheques payable to "*Blue Mountains Outdoor Clothing Specialists*", or circle

Mastercard / Visa / Bankcard No. _____

Cardholder Name _____ Expiry date _____ Signature _____

Please send me

No. _____ Garment type _____ Size _____ Colour _____

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ PH _____



OUTFITTERS FOR THE SERIOUS BUSHWALKER

SYDNEY

291 SUSSEX STREET (CNR. BATHURST)
PH: (02) 264 3146 or (02) 267 3639
FAX: (02) 264 2645.

CHATSWOOD

272 VICTORIA AVENUE
(OPP. CHATSWOOD CHASE CAR PARK)
PH: (02) 419 6955.



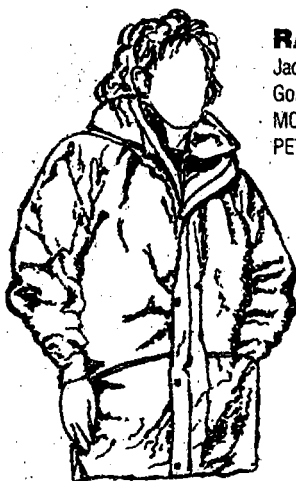
BUSHWALKING PACKS

All sizes 40-85 litre capacity.
The best designs to suit your back.
MACPAC, W.E., OUTGEAR & SOUTHWIND.



THERMAL UNDER & OUTER WEAR

Polypropylene, Chlorofibre,
Polartech, Polarlite &
Polarplus. PROPEL,
EVERWARM, PETER
STORM, SNOWGUM,
MACPAC, MONT &
INTERTREK.



RAINSHELLS

Jackets, o'trousers & capes.
Goretex, Milair, MVT, Nylon,
MONT, W.E., INTERTREK &
PETER STORM.

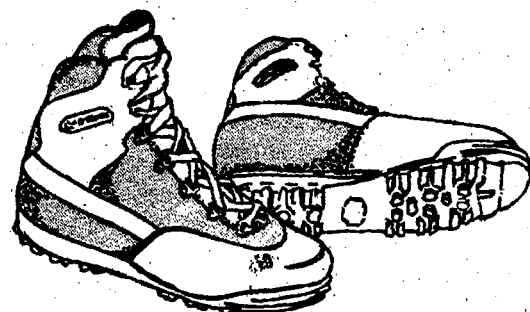


DOWN SLEEPING BAGS

From super-lightweight travel to expedition use.
MACPAC, MONT, SALEWA, J&H & ROMAN.

FOOTWEAR

For Trekking, Travelling, Bushwalking,
Ski Touring & Climbing. Synthetics or
leather. MONTELLIANA, LA ROBUSTA,
LA SPORTIVA, BUNYIP, HI-TECH,
MERREL & VASQUE.



FREE

- NEWSLETTERS
- EQUIPMENT CATALOGUE
- PRODUCT UPDATES

PLUS - YOUR CHANCE TO WIN EXCITING PRIZES!

Please send me info on: ☐ TRAVEL PACKS ☐ SLEEPING BAGS
☐ FOOTWEAR ☐ WARMWEAR ☐ RAINWEAR ☐ TENTS ☐ STOVES

☒ YES, I WOULD LIKE TO BE INCLUDED ON
MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT'S MAILING LIST!

NAME:

ADDRESS:

P/CODE

POST TO: MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT
291 SUSSEX ST, SYDNEY 2000. Ph: (02) 264 3146

Mountain Equipment - The leading specialists in lightweight outdoor equipment.

By Carol Lubbers

16 & 17 January 1993

Blue Mountains NP: Hat Hill, Crayfish Creek, The Hole & Return

Leader: Geoff McIntosh

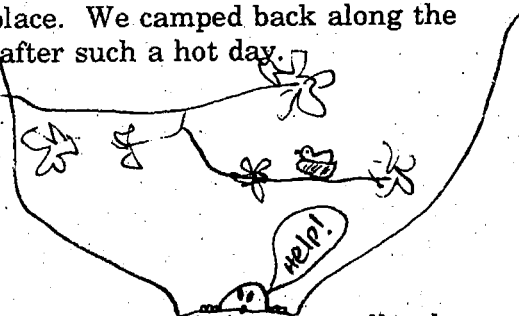
Party: 7 members & 1 visitor: Bendigo Kerry, Pat Bradley, George Mawer,
Peter Lafferty, Carol Lubbers, Keith Perry, Vince Smith & Louise Sylva

The weather was very hot as our party left Hat Hill and negotiated the short steep descent into lush and beautiful Hat Hill Creek. Lush is the word, the Blackheath Sewage Treatment Works are upcreek! If you ever need liverwort, this is the place. Just don't drink the effluent.

The climb up the other side was excruciating - hot, steep and scrubby. Frogs sat in trees calmly watching us claw by. We were consoled by the expansive views of the Grose Valley from Baltzer Lookout and awed by the sheer drop below us. It became a weekend of proposed abseils, if only we had a long enough rope!

Late on Saturday afternoon, we sidled through the scrub along Crayfish Creek to where it drops to the Grose Valley. Along the way, we indulged in several well deserved ice cold sitzbaths in the creek. At the drop, there were huge boulders from rock falls in the creek bed and many big trees beside. A green and pleasant place. We camped back along the creek in a large, clean overhang - ideal for happy hour after such a hot day.

First thing Sunday, we made a short trip to a side canyon running into Crayfish - cold, slippery, wet and dark but worth the wriggling and risk of hypothermia. Could've seen more if we'd had a long enough rope to drop in from the top, we mused.



Whilst making our way to The Hole we found an impossible side creek (just as well only one of us went over one overhang - we had to pull him back!). Geoff vowed to return to conquer by abseil. While the retrieval attempts were happening, we were buzzed by a nesting pair of rufous fantails whose nest was precariously glued to a meagre branch above the drop. We retraced our steps and continued on to Geoff's usual way and then:

THE HOLE: Ominous clouds rolled across above and we became very cold, but it wasn't just because of the weather! We gladly donned our thermals. Cold, wet, slimy, scary - one at a time, with our packs on, we slid into a freezing deep pool, swam a few metres, slipped and slithered, quivered and quaked across a short, slimy, sloping section to dangle over the next edge on a rope. A few feet of freefall to more slippery rocks and Geoff's open arms, then drop packs down into a large pool at the bottom. A very thin slippery sidle with a handline for psychological comfort and Peter Lafferty cheating death to ensure our safety (but not his!), lead to a ramp down to the pool (full of big rough, slimy bounders beneath The Hole). We had arrived in an amphitheatre of high sandstone walls, the base of which was littered with great boulders and fringed with rainforest. We hastily shivered into our dry clothes and said, next time, we abseil!

Following a short exciting rainforest sidle back to the exit point on Hat Hill Creek, a hot climb was had by all back to Hat Hill. Amazing to think that all this rugged walking was so close to the tourist traps.

A most magnificent weekend. Thanks, Geoff!

THE DECEMBER GENERAL MEETING

by Barry Wallace

There were around 20 members present at 2026 when the President called the meeting to order. There were no apologies so we proceeded to the welcome of new members Anne Maguire, Jo Robertson, Frank Grennan, Ron Howlett and John DeCoque.

The Minutes of the previous general meeting were read and received with no matters arising.

Correspondence brought a letter from Kath Brown indicating that she will step down from her long term voluntary position as magazine typist in March 1994. There was a letter from our insurer indicating that the matter of the claim for damages by Frances Drew has been settled out of court by negotiation. There were also numerous advertisements, circulars and magazines from other clubs. A letter from someone in Ulverstone, Tasmania, asking for details on the setting up of a walking club such as ours brought a touch of deja-vue, particularly for Zol Bodlay who provided a fairly complete answer the last time this correspondent sent us a similar letter. Given that he must have the hang of it by now, this one was also referred to Zol for response. Matters arising involved a brief discussion of Kath's letter, mainly centred on what we do now and how do you thank someone for all that diligence and perseverance.

So then it was over to the Treasurer to report on matters financial. It seems that for the month we earned \$0.00 (that's right, NO income), spent \$548 and ended the month with a balance of \$4,205.

The Walks Report began with the weekend of 12/13/14 November as Jim Percy re-routed his "early starts! two full days" Govetts Leap to Hazelbrook walk to make it a gentler more caring easy-medium ramble around Lawson Ridge. The 6 people who attended keep insisting, or at least a vocal sub-set of them does, that it did not rain, but we know better. Wilf Hilder had 6 on his day-and-a-half Great West Walk stages 18 and 19. Of the day walks, Zol Bodlay led a party of 6 on his Wollemi Wilderness Colo River Saturday trip in fine conditions with a modicum of swimming, Kenn Clacher had 21 students and instructors on his abseiling instructional at Wahroonga, and Laurie Bore reported a party of 4 enjoying generally fine conditions with some rain and lots of waratahs on his Bell to Wollongambe Crater trip on the Sunday.

November 20,21 saw Ione Dean cancel her walk along the beaches from MacMasters Beach to Wagstaff Point. Maurie Bloom's Budawang's trip went with the party of 11 enjoying some rain and strong winds. The rain prompted them to camp in one of the overhangs in the area, avoiding the worst of it until things fined up on the Sunday. Tom Wenman's Kanangra walk had a party of 6 out in uncertain weather. Uncertain that is until they reached first top, when torrential rain assisted their passage down the ridge to the Kowmung. After that it just rained normally until they were approaching camp, where it did the torrential downpour bit again.

Just to be perverse Sunday turned out fine and overcast. Nancye Alderson reported a party of 6 out on a grey day with some rain for her ramble around the relics at Medlow Bath. They retreated to the Hydro Majestic for coffee at the end of the walk. The dearth of information regarding Carol Lubber's walk around Mount Banks is perhaps best expressed in the words used in response to the Walks Secretary's enquiry at the meeting - "buggered if I know". What we do know is that there were around 16 people on the trip.

Ian Debert led a party of 5 on his gourmet bludge weekend to Diggers Flat over the 26,27,28 November. Jim Rivers' walk on the Shoalhaven went but we

have no details. Kenn Clacher reported a party of 22 on Saturday and 16 on Sunday for his abseiling trips in the Wollemi area. Peter Sargeant had a rebellious party of 10 take him to lunch at the Figure Eight Pool on his Otford to Otford day walk on the Sunday. He was able to re-assert his authority as leader and force them to have afternoon tea at the Otford Pantry, however. Jim Callaway was out there doing it tough with the party of 8 on his Engadine to Waterfall trip. The day was overcast and Jim, who became bushed in the dense scrub, had to resort to the dam road to escape.

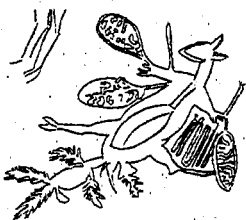
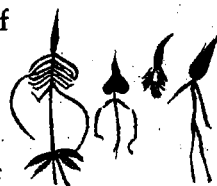
John Hogan's rest and relaxation weekend at Lake Macquarie over 4,5 December went, in so-so weather, with around 8 people. They rode bikes on the Saturday, and generally relaxed and avoided horse riding on the Sunday. There was no report of Peter Christian's two one-day abseiling trips in the vicinity of Kanangra Walls. Tony Manes had 12 out on his programmed bludge/swimming walk in overcast conditions. The weather was unkind and there were three deluges, causing the party to shelter under rock overhangs. His trip was from Waterfall to Engadine. The deluges brought out leeches along the tracks just to add to the fun. Errol Sheedy reported 11 on his walk from Bundeena to Little Marley in overcast but pleasant conditions. Tony Holgate led a party of 3 on his walk from Forestville along the reaches of Middle Harbour. The day was pleasant and the area described as attractive in order, at least in part, to provide an upbeat end to the Walks Report.

Conservation Report brought details of a letter from the NSW Minister for the Environment in response to our concerns over the possible sub-division of the area at Yadboro. The gist of it was that they will take appropriate advice and have regard to State priorities in any decision made. So put that through your "Yes Minister" translator and weep. A motion that the Club donate \$300 to the Colong Foundation for Wilderness was passed without dissent.

There was no General Business, so after the announcements the meeting closed at 2145.

KAKADU: BAROALBA CREEK

Baroalba Creek drains a large, irregularly shaped sandstone massif which sits 200 metres above the surrounding floodplains. The steep, rugged sides offer magnificent views of the nearby Arnhem escarpment and protect a central basin containing lush valleys, pockets of rainforest, creeks and waterholes - a place where numerous rock shelters and art sites in a wide variety of styles tell the story of its original inhabitants.

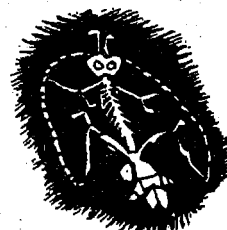


Experience the magical qualities of this secluded wilderness. Picture yourself relaxing in a rock shelter, watching one of the brief, spectacular green season storms, just as the local aboriginal people have done for thousands of years.

Note. Because of its archaeological importance, bushwalking groups in the Baroalba area are limited to a maximum of seven people.



WILLIS'S WALKABOUTS
12 Carrington Street
Millner NT 0810
Phone (089) 85 2134
Fax: (089) 85 2355



FROM THE CLUBROOM

By Maurice Smith

CHRISTMAS PARTY - 1993

A substantial number of members, of all varieties, assembled on the lawns at the back of the Kirribilli Neighbourhood Centre under heavy skies on the evening of Wednesday 15 December to celebrate the then forthcoming seasonal festivities.

The gods who look upon the interests of bushwalkers with occasional disdain must have been distracted. The heavy clouds did not unload their burden upon the assembled group, indeed, it was a very pleasant summer evening.

From the most senior member, to the newest prospective, we all used the opportunity to catch up with old friends and make new friends.

Much of the evening was spent by the members in discussing past walks, planning and making last minute arrangements for forthcoming walks, especially those in the Christmas - New Year period, as well as in reminiscing about members and memorable (but not necessarily relaxing) walks.

While not every face was known to me, it seems that the annual Christmas party had provided the incentive for members of long standing, who are not able to make it to the clubroom often, to come in and renew friendships, as well as to enjoy the food.

Talking about food reminds me that the food brought to the evening was superb. As is traditional for bushwalkers, the food quantity was great, the variety was extensive, the taste was excellent, and unusually there were left-overs. The drinks situation was grim for a while until John Hogan our Social Secretary came to the rescue.

By the time you read this column, 1994 will be with us and the Christmas walks will be over. So I use this opportunity to wish all members all the very best for the new year of 1994 and I look forward to seeing you in the clubroom to hear about your latest exploits.

I have enjoyed writing this column during 1993 and I look forward to seeing you in the clubroom in 1994 for interesting evenings to gather information for this column.

* * * * *

STOP PRESS OUR REPORTER WITH ONE OF THE XMAS-NEW YEAR TRIPS IN KOSCIUSKO N.P. SAYS THEY ARRIVED IN A SNOW STORM!! WHICH CONTINUED FOR THREE DAYS. WE HOPE TO HAVE A FULL REPORT NEXT MONTH.

