

RED ROCKS

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers Incorporated, Box 4476 GPO, Sydney, 2001. Club meetings are held every Wednesday evening from 7.45 pm at the Ella Community Centre, 58a Dalhousie Street, Haberfield (next door to the Post Office). Prospective members and visitors are invited to visit the Club any Wednesday. (However, the Centre will not be open on 26th September or 3rd October - please note.)

\* \* \* \* \*

EDITOR	Morag Ryder, Box 347 PO, Gladesville, 2111 Telephone 809 4241
PRODUCTION MANAGER	Helen Gray, Telephone 876 6263
TYPISTS	Kath Brown & Morag Ryder
ILLUSTRATOR	Morag Ryder
PRINTERS	Kenn Clacher, Les Powell, Barrie Murdoch & Margaret Niven

\* \* \* \* \*

# SEPTEMBER - 1990

		Page
While the Billy Boils	The Editor	2
On the Art of Writing	"	2
The Storming of Byangee Walls	Morag Ryder	3
Morong Deep - January 1981	Bob Duncan	7
Confederation of Bushwalkers Meeting	Deborah Shapira	11
The August General Meeting	Barry Wallace	12
The Chronic Operas Revisited	Morag Ryder	12
Announcements		13
Footnotes		14

\*\*\*\*\*

## Advertisements

Eastwood Camping Centre	6
Belevedere Taxi Service, Blackheath	9
Happy Walker Adventure Tours	10
Willis's Walkabouts	11

\*\*\*\*\*

WHILE THE BILLY BOILS.

Collating the Club magazine for about 450 members takes an awful lot of labour. For years, Helen Gray has dutifully organised her Team of Workers every month, all donating an evening of their time, so that our members get their regular news of the Clubs' activities.

Has anyone considered that George and Helen might want to take an extended holiday occasionally? We badly need a well organised person living on the north shore (which is where all the Team seem to live,) who has a large working area where the collating could be done. The Team doesn't need supervision, just some space in a reasonably accessible location.

Is there anyone who cares enough about the Club to help out, perhaps once a year? If so, Helens' phone number is on the title page. When you ring her, I think she'll be able to assure you that all the Team members are both tractable and housetrained!

Seriously now, isn't there someone who is willing to give the lady a break? Think about it.

See you on the track ....



SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE  
OVERDUE !!

SEE PAGE 13 FOR DETAILS

ON THE ART OF WRITING

What makes an article worthy of publication? Well, the popular magazine "Wild" sets out its requirements as follows:

"Articles on rucksack sports, including caving, mountaineering, rockclimbing, cross-country skiing and canoeing. NO cycling, horse riding, general travel, aerial sports, water sports or motorised activities. DEFINITELY no commercial trekking.

Articles must be thoroughly researched, well written, on original topics or taking a fresh approach to well known subjects. Human interest and humour are high priorities, so include quotes and points of human interest. Work should be lively, highly readable, and well written, with reliable information and supported by outstanding original colour slides (no copies). Length may be from 1,500 to 3,500 words. A clear, concise and lively style is desirable. Avoid long sentences and paragraphs. Keep it simple - avoid mixing tenses. Be consistent with punctuation, with style, with naming people and places."

They also give precise details on how material should be prepared, illustrations captioned, etc. Three closely typed A4 pages altogether.

Phew! And people complain that I'm a tough editor.

THE EDITOR

## THE STORMING OF BYANGEE WALLS

16/17 June

By Morag Ryder

LEADER: Wayne Steele

FOLLOWERS: Wendy Lippiatt, Brenda Cameron, Kevin Burrows, Sev Sternhell, Jan Mohandas, Morrie Ward, Jim Oxley, Geoff Yewdall, Morag Ryder, Rick King and Steve Bieger

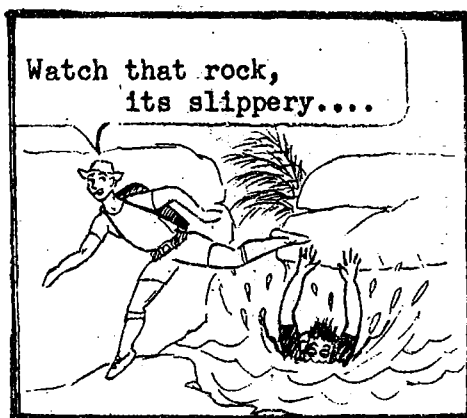
According to conventional wisdom, the only way you can negotiate Pickering Point is by abseiling down. However, Wayne Steel said it could be climbed and we were willing to try. After moving most of the cars to Yabboro flat on Saturday, we made a late-ish start with Jan leading the racehorses up the ridge to Pigeon House, and our 'new chum' Steve - with the usual new chums' overweight pack - bringing up the rear.

Snack-and-jumper time on the summit, with the views somewhat spoiled by thick clouds racing before a fierce wind. When the camera-clicking subsided, we made our way to Landslide Creek. Flowing well and very slippery, it provided us with many sporting moments as we leapt, slithered and circumnavigated our way down.

At 12.30 the lunch fire was lit on a huge slab of rock, where we rested in fitful sunlight, boiling our billies and inspecting our bruises.



The creek slowly became less demanding, and we spread out, each travelling at their own pace. Three o'clock - level ground at last - the creek now demurely gliding over a sandy bed and large ferny flats spread beneath the trees. At 3.20 I arrived at a particularly inviting place, to find Jan and Maurie Ward staking out their tent sites. "By the time the rest arrive" said Jan, it will be time to think about camping".



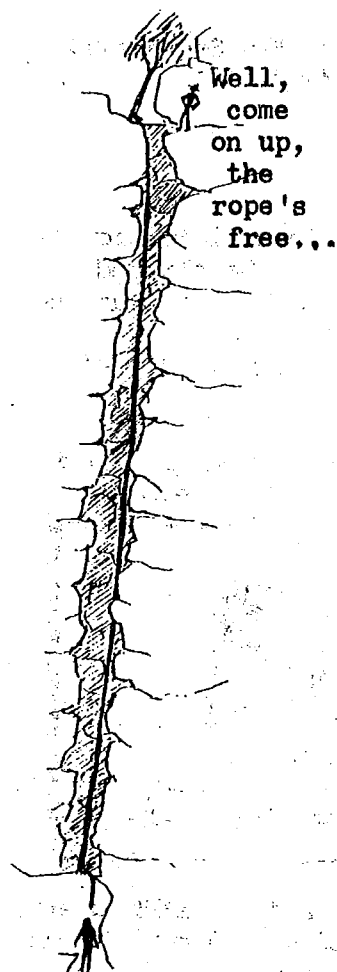
So we lit a fire, put on some billies, and sure enough, by 4pm everyone had arrived. By 5pm the sunlight had faded from the cliffs and we settled down on the soft leaf litter of our (almost) leech-free campsite. Rum, port and jokes began to flow, and Wayne told

us a marvellous story about The Octopus Which Stuck To The Kitchen Floor.

### SUNDAY

Another leisurely start, about 8.30am. Across the icy Clyde River, which immediately froze my feet, and up a leech infested slope to the foot of the bastions of Byangee Walls. Morning snack stop was in a vast conglomerate overhang - all cream and gold, like an oriental palace. When the oohing and aahing stopped, the rain began. With the thermometer falling steadily, we reluctantly left our elegant shelter to begin our assault on the stern grey cliffs.

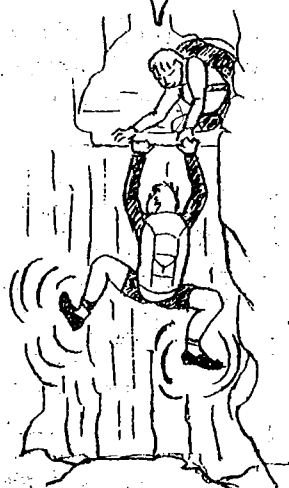
From the depths of his pack, Wayne extracted a massive, fluorescent orange rope. We spent the next three hours clinging to this lifeline as we:



Well,  
come  
on up,  
the  
rope's  
free...

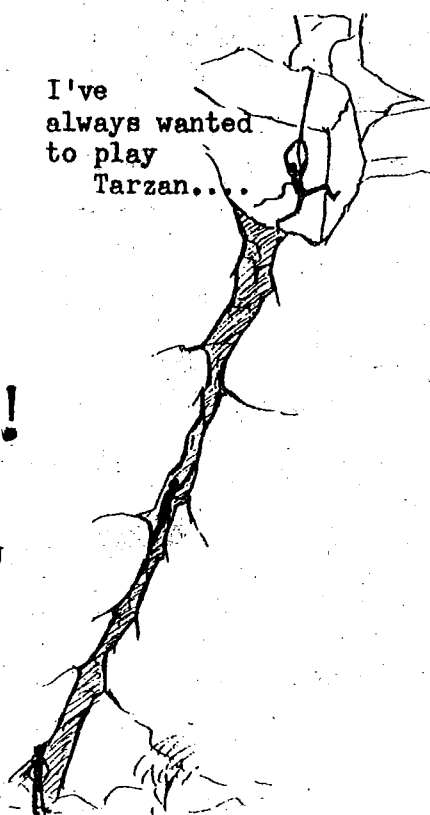
WENT UP....

What d'you mean,  
footholds -  
just jump up...



AND UP....

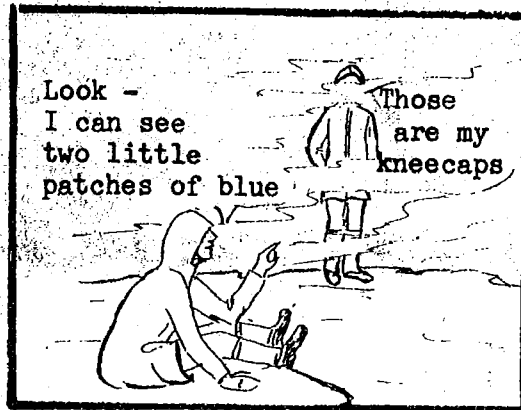
I've  
always wanted  
to play  
Tarzan....



..... AND UP !

Frozen, scraped, dirty and distinctly damp, we finally emerged triumphant at the top of Pickering Point. Jan was supervising the pack-hauling, and as soon as mine appeared, I pulled out matches and paper. With numb fingers we lit a bonfire to thaw ourselves and incinerate a few billies. The temperature was still falling, our breath smoked on the air, and tea went cold by the time biscuits were spread.

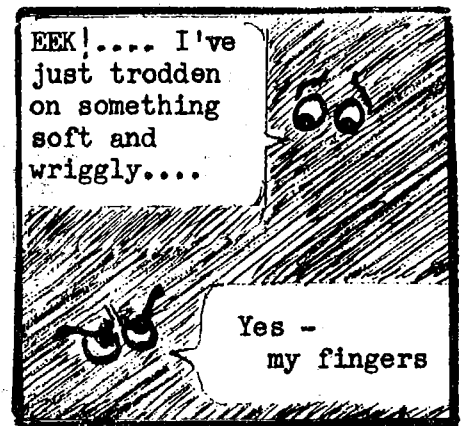
For the first time in years, I wore a jumper all day - and I noticed the others were also pretty well rugged up. Muffled and hooded, we ate, defrosted and whenever the clouds parted, photographed Pigeon House from the vantage point of our rock platform.



The rain stopped at 1.30 and we began our struggle with the near-impenetrable scrub, Byangee Walls is not as flat as it looks from the top of The Castle. We struggled up and down, snatching photos of the spectacular views - a tangle of blue gorges plunging away on both sides. Driving cloud added to the drama; had the Ride of the Valkyries taken place as we watched, it would have seemed perfectly natural. Two o'clock, and still a long way to go. Only time for a 5 minute stop near the exit track, a last photo and a mouthful of water.

After some rummaging among the bushes, we found our exit hole through the cliff line, left along the wombat track to another cliffline. Right, left, down, left; the wombat track grew wider with old footprints everywhere. Spectacular overhangs and neck-stretching glimpses of soaring cliffs. No time to waste in looking, the sun had already dropped behind the ridges. Castle Gap Saddle at last - a brief catch-up stop - just time to drink the last of my water. Twilight now, and we began working our way around the foot of The Castle - boulder scrambling, stumbling over unseen roots, treading in small icy pools.

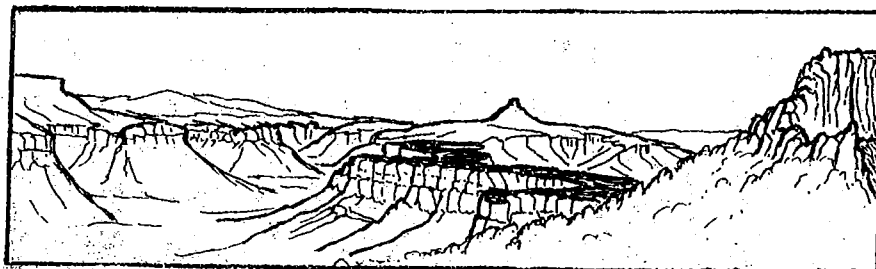
Wayne took a compass bearing by torchlight and I took the opportunity to pull out my torch. Thank heavens for 'D' size batteries! Enough light for myself and Jim Oxley and we began walking faster. Too fast - "Slow down", wailed a voice far behind, "We can't see where you are". "Get out your torches", replied the enlightened ones. One by one, dim little sparks appeared and our speed increased.



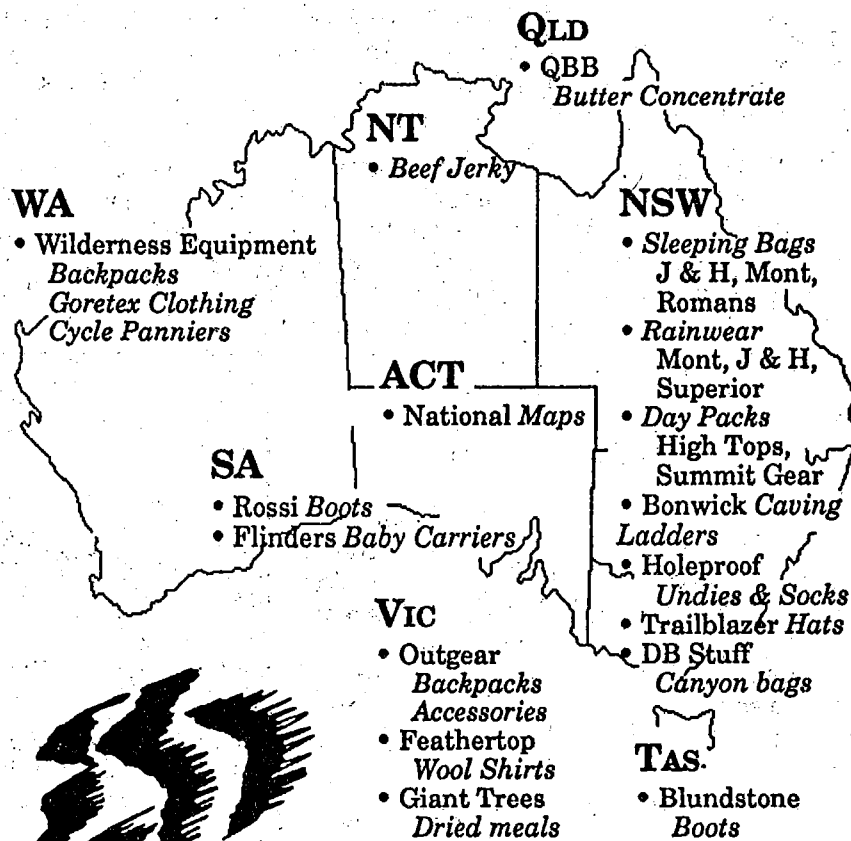
Another compass check. We passed by great cavens running with water, slid over and under huge boulders. With vision restricted to the circles of torchlight, it felt eerily like being underground. I remembered those words from Kubla Khan "...through cavens measureless to man, down to a sunless sea..." After checking his compass again, Wayne said "Wait here," and disappeared.

We waited in total blackness, saving our torches. From far downhill he called and we headed towards his waving torch, tripping and falling through the scrub. The ground seemed clearer - could it be a track? No, it was The Fire Trail - I could have kissed it! Down we went, as fast as the slippery clay would allow, all laughing and talking at once. The knee deep river was surprisingly warm as we stumbled and splashed across, leaving water-trails behind us as we climbed up to the cars.

Just one thing puzzled me as we sped back to Sydney. Who was Pickering, and why was the point named after him?



**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**

MORONG DEEP - JANUARY 1981

by Bob Duncan

(First published February 1981)

The Morong Deep section of the Kowmung River is always a wonderful summer trip, but as I get few chances to walk these days, I looked forward to it especially eagerly. I also looked at the weather especially anxiously, for the leader was the notoriously fair-weather ski-tourer and walker, David Rostron. Friday dawned cloudy and a little threatening, and so to forestall a last minute cancellation I removed the phone from the hook. However at 7.30 pm, David Rostron and Peter Harris picked up John Redfern and me at John's flat and I felt that the trip was really going.

Approaching Wentworth Falls, we entered a little mist and drizzle. Our leader began to mutter, but Peter, anxious to reach Leura and call in on the wife of a climbing friend of his (away in N.Z.), drove on. At Leura Peter rushed into the house, and a few minutes later Vanessa (for that was the lady's name) appeared at the door and invited us in for supper. After this pleasant break Peter drove on, and we rode, and reached Budthingaroo Clearing at about 11.30 pm. We were the last to arrive, it was drizzling steadily, so we erected our tents and slept.

In the morning we met the other members of the trip. In alphabetical order they were:- Diana Bucknell, Don and Jenny Cornell, Bob and Margaret Hodgson, Tony Marshall, Rob Mason, Alan Pike, Fazeley Read, and Barry Wallace. Knowing his usual skill and efficiency, we were shocked to see the state of Barry's tent; poles askew, tent a-sag, all in all a very poor erection. Barry himself looked bedraggled. The weather was still uncertain. The drizzle had stopped, but low cloud and mist remained, and in breaks through this we could see high wind-swept cirrus. Most experts thought this a sure sign of impending storm, but as the leader offered:-

(a) A fast 50 km traverse of the Axe Head Range, or

(b) A cold Kalang Falls abseiling trip

as alternatives, the party voted solidly for Morong Deep.

The leader announced a pack limit of 20 lbs, and brought out his spring scales in an attempt to enforce it. Most packs weighed in the range of 15 to 17 pounds, but John Redfern's weighed only 11 lbs, and Peter Harris, because of his insistence on carrying a Lilo, a fresh rockmelon, and a pair of special sidling boots, weighted 30 lbs.

The weighing done, we re-entered the cars and drove a little further along Kanangra Road, and then along the fire trail which leads towards Morong Falls. A little short of Morong Creek we disembarked. A leader with only normal route-finding ability would have cautiously followed Morong Creek down to the falls, but our leader, without help of compass or visible sun, led us boldly across the featureless plateau in a bee-line which missed the cairn on the right shoulder of Morong Falls by only 4.6 metres. Here we looked down on to the Kowmung and saw its drought-stricken appearance. It contained no white water at all; possibly it was not even flowing. We began the steep descent to the river and from a vantage point looked back at Morong Falls; it was completely dry.

Reaching the Kowmung, we found our progress seriously impeded by blackberries and loganberries. John Redfern feared they were bad for the stomach, and walked around them, unimpeded; the rest of us stopped and feasted every few metres. The Kowmung was flowing, but low; it could be crossed anywhere with ease; what is normally a tricky trip was one of simple boulder-hopping.

However Morong Deep becomes narrower and wilder as one goes downstream, and soon we came to reaches where the easiest progress was made by bombing into pools and swimming. In time we came to a fall of 3 or 4 metres which, because of submerged rocks, looked dangerous to bomb. Here, with some difficulty, David Rostron and Bob Hodgson set up a climbing tape. Less aquatic members of the party, led by Peter Harris and his Lilo, began a high sidle to avoid the fall. When David reached the pool below he had a bright red tape burn across his body, at the sight of which further members took off for the high sidle. I threw David's pack down to him in the pool below, only to be abused because he was protective about the fresh eggs it contained.



Margaret Hodgson, Diana Bucknell, Rob Mason, Barry Wallace (I hope I haven't forgotten anyone) and I climbed easily down the tape. Bob Hodgson came last and brought the tape with him.

All in all the trip down the river was easy and pleasant, with boulder-hopping interspersed with pool bombing and swimming. At the best bomb, most of the party piked and climbed down a poor old casuarina which had already lost most of its bark from previous piking parties. The trip was almost without incident. John Redfern (I was told) fell into a crevasse but was recovered. Barry Wallace almost surmounted a smooth granite slab only to go back to the river on hands and knees in a stately long slow slide, leaving four barely discernable trails of skin and flesh behind him. By dint of Lilo and high sidling Peter Harris did the whole trip without getting wet above the navel.

It was still afternoon when we began leaving the narrowest part of Morong Deep; here we made camp on a small forested ledge. We were amazed to see John Redfern unpack not only food and sleeping bag, but a tent fly; that his pack should weigh only 11 pounds defied all laws of physics. It being so early, four of us walked back to the last big pool for another swim, and here David and Barry gave Fazeley lessons in bombing. A cunningly graded series of educational techniques was used - explanation, reassurance, praise, persuasion, ridicule and hesitation, shame at failure, verbal threats, encirclement and physical threats - and after a little time their efforts were rewarded; Fazeley jumped three times from a height of about 2½ metres without being pushed or thrown.

We returned to the campsite and prepared our evening meals. Mine was tuna, deb, and surprise peas, but others ate more luxuriously. Various varieties of tea were brewed and compared. Peter Harris's reputation, which had sunk because of his use of a Lilo to cross pools, rose markedly when he brought out his fresh rockmelon and shared it around. After tea our leader, David Rostron, told us something of his enviable experiences during a recent phase of his employment which involved testing water beds.

Then we retired to our summer sleeping bags. It was a balmy night, an idyllic campsite, and after a day's pleasant exercise all slept soundly. All, that is, except John Redfern, Peter Harris, and Fazeley Read. In the morning these three complained of a sleepless night. John complained that he had been constantly attacked by possums. Peter complained that he had been kept awake worrying about a joke which our leader had told him before bedtime. Fazeley complained that she had been kept awake by my shouting blasphemies in my sleep.

After breakfast we set off down the river and after about only five minutes came to the last good swimming hole. We spent an hour or so here and then set off again. The Kowmung now widened considerably and we were once more in blackberry eating country. At the foot of Megalith Ridge we stopped for morning tea.

A steep climb up the ridge took us to that remarkable place where Hanrahan's Creek comes to the edge of the escarpment and within an ace of dropping into the Kowmung, only to turn away again. The Kowmung is perhaps 300 metres down on one side of the ridge and Hanrahan's Creek 2 or 3 metres down on the other side. Here we dropped into the creek and began to follow it up. Despite the drought, Hanrahan's contained many pools, not big enough to swim in, but big enough to dip in and cool off. Over all, our leader had arranged fair, but not perfect weather. Yesterday, while we were swimming the Kowmung, it was overcast. Today, while we were climbing, it was hot and sunny. Still, the pools made things very tolerable.

We stopped for lunch and then set off up the creek again. It was now that Peter Harris's reputation as an expert on Amphibia suffered a blow from which it may never recover. On being shown a specimen of frog excreta by Rob, he proclaimed with a great show of confidence that



it was that of a green tree frog (*Hyla macrocopra*). However, unknown to him, it had been seen by Rob and several other members of the party to have been produced by a lesser spotted river frog (*Bachytra rivula*) which had jumped out of a pool as a red-bellied black snake slid in. The snake could still be seen in the pool. When confronted with these facts Peter tried to cover himself by muttering something about the difference in feeding conditions between the Kowmung and the Ettrema.

Hanrahan's Creek is beautiful and becomes steeper and steeper as one goes upstream. We hurried past one section where the cliffs above looked very unstable, and where the creek bed was strewn with recently fallen jagged rocks. Soon after we had taken the apparent left branch at a sharp V-fork, the creek had become almost as steep as the containing walls. Here, while our leader and Bob Hodgson debated about the exact position at which they had left the creek last time, we left the creek and climbed up the side. We had followed the creek up so far that this climb of only about 300 metres took us onto the tops. Soon after that, we were on the fire trail which led to the completely dry Morong Creek, and then our cars.

From start to finish of the trip some members walked so competently, and caused so little nuisance, that they have scarcely caused mention in this report. Yet these members were the mainstay of the party. It should be said therefore, that Alan Pike could certainly hike, that Tony Marshall to the rough going was partial, that blonde Diana climbed like a goanna, that her friend Rob outdistanced the mob, and that Don and Jenny were as adroit as any.

Back in the car, David Rostron, John Redfern and I were so grateful to have Peter Harris chauffeuring us again that we completely forgot his Lilo, his naive response to jokes, and the gaps in his knowledge of Amphibia. We sat back and relaxed (except Don and Jenny) for a magnificent meal at Young's Chinese cafe in Katoomba, Peter called in to say goodbye to Vanessa, and then we were home. David Rostron had done a magnificent job arranging and leading the trip, and a very fair job arranging the weather.

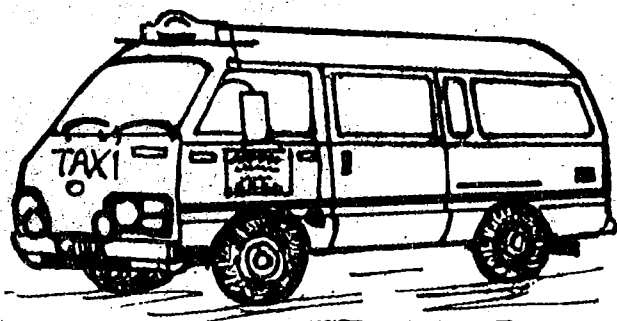
\* \* \* \* \*

## BLACKHEATH TAXIS & TOURIST SERVICES

10 & 18 SEATER

MINI BUS TAXI

047-87 8366



KANANGRA BOYD

UPPER BLUE MOUNTAINS

SIX FOOT TRACK

PICK UP ANYWHERE FOR START OR FINISH OF YOUR WALK

- BY PRIOR ARRANGEMENT

**Share the Fare**

-

**Competitive Rates**

KAKADU TASMANIA VICTORIA FLINDERS RANGES NSW RED CENTRE

HAPPY WALKER  
ADVENTURE TOURS

# WHAT MAKES OUR TOURS SPECIAL?

## ★ Leisurely Walks

We incorporate leisurely walks from 5 minutes to a full day to really get to the essence of an area.

## ★ Two Leaders for 16 People

This lets us cater for those wanting a gentle stroll and those with extra energy.

## ★ Unrushed

We cover fewer road km but enjoy and absorb each area more, with mostly 2 or more nights in each camp.

## ★ Best Time of Year

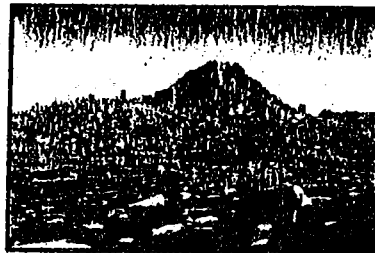
Because we cover such a diverse area, we can programme tours for their best season.

## ★ Length of Tour

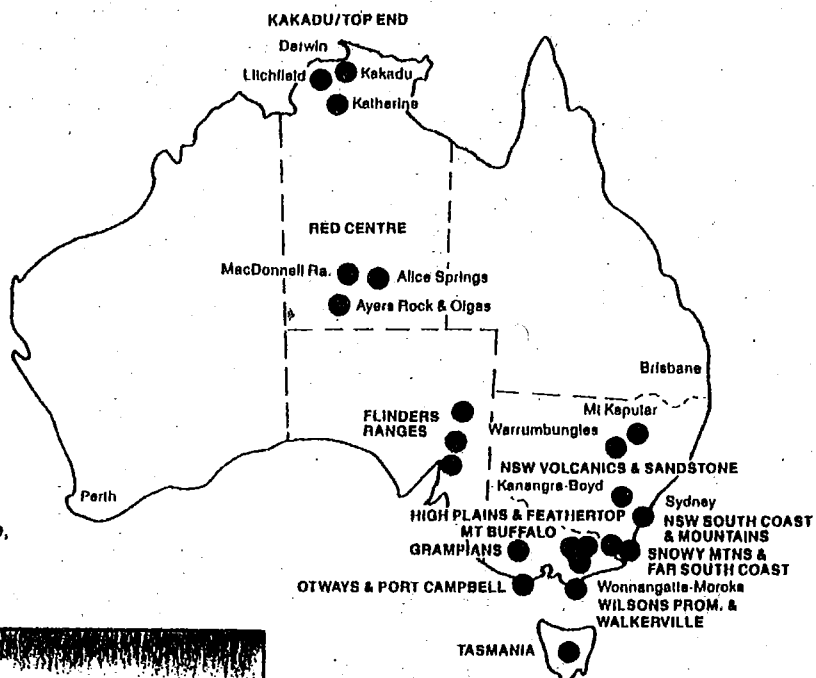
From 4-day Victorian tours to 16-day Red Centre, we cater for all preferences and pockets.

## ★ Attention to Camp Comfort

Essential for a happy group. 2 inch foam mattresses, doonas, your own pillow from home, chairs with backs, large tents with a torch light in each.



## ★ Budget Prices



## PROGRAMME

### 1990

Oct 13-16	Grampians	4 days
25-28	Grampians Over 50	4 days
Nov 3-6	Wilsons Prom Over 50	4 days
10-18	NSW South Coast & Mtns	9 days
23-26	Otways & Port Campbell Coast	4 days
Dec 1-4	Mt Buffalo	4 days
8-11	Wilsons Prom & Walkerville	4 days
26-30	High Plains & Featherlop	5 days

### 1991

Jan 5-13	Snowy Mtns & Far South Coast	9 days
19-27	Victorian Alps	9 days
Feb 6-22	Tasmania Grand Tour No. 1	15 days
Mar 1-15	Tasmania Grand Tour No 2	15 days
Mar 29-Apr 1	Otways & Port Campbell Coast	4 days
Apr 13-23	NSW Volcanics & Sandstone	11 days
27-30	Grampians	4 days
Jun 1-18	Red Centre No 1	16 days
Jun 22-Jul 6	Kakadu/Top End No 1	15 days
Jul 13-27	Kakadu/Top End No 2	15 days
Aug 3-18	Red Centre No 2	16 days
Sep 8-21	Flinders Ranges Grand Tour	14 days
Oct 2-8	Victorian Desert Parks	5 days
12-15	Grampians	4 days

### Are you on our mailing list?

If not, why not send for our new brochure or ring us

Name .....

Address .....

Send to Happy Walker Adventure Tours  
P.O. Box 886, Croydon, Vic. 3136  
Ph: (03) 725 2723

CONFEDERATION MEETING held 21.8.90

by Deborah Shapira

Correspondence: There were numerous items. An item from the Mitchell Library underlined the need for a permanent archivist. Warwick Blayden has been approached and is willing to make some order out of the archives.

Annual General Meeting: A special general meeting will need to be called in order to receive A.G.M. Treasurer's Report. The audit has not been complete because of a delay with some documents.

S. & R. Report: 1. The First Aid certificates now come to the S & R Committee, so could recipients please send stamped self-addressed envelopes.  
2. S & R assisted at the Paddy Pallin classic.  
3. S & R is participating in rock rescue training.  
4. Approval was given for S & R to purchase rope for rock rescue squad and for pack hauling.

Conservation Report: 1. Nadgee is to be nominated as a wilderness and this was proposed in 1978 by F.B.W.  
2. A combined meeting was held with the Colong Foundation and Wilderness Society. It was decided to concentrate campaigns on the Washpool, Guy Fawkes, Deua and Coolangubra areas.  
3. There was some discussion on the Colong Committee's submission on the creation of Kanangra-Boyd as a wilderness area. Some changes were suggested.

Tracks and Access: The first weekend in November will be a Maxwell Tops Restoration weekend (this is nothing to do with Keith's hair). Equipment will be provided by the local NPWS Ranger and the idea is to trim the vegetation on the tracks, such that walkers will walk on the tracks and not elsewhere.

Ball Report: This will be held 21.9.90 at Petersham Town Hall. The theme will be animals in the bush. Tickets are available from Club Secretaries.

General: Some ambiguities need to be straightened out in the Constitution. Paddy Pallin is to be made a Life Member of C.B.W.

\* \* \* \* \*

## GET OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

TREK THROUGH TWO OF AUSTRALIA'S MOST  
SPECTACULAR YET LEAST KNOWN  
NATIONAL PARKS

### KEEP RIVER

Nestled next to the Western Australian border on the Victoria Highway lies one of the Northern Territory's best kept secrets, Keep River National Park. Geologically part of the Kimberley, it is an area of spectacularly rugged rock formations, often likened to a smaller version of the Bungle Bungles. Palms, boabs, birds and Aboriginal rock art mean that Keep River has something to offer almost everyone.

### GREGORY

Gregory is the newest and largest (over 13 000 square km) of the NT administered parks. On a bushwalk, your first glimpse shows a forbidding wilderness of desolate hills sparsely covered by spinifex and a few scrawny trees. Walk on and you come to a small creek bed, a gorge, a waterhole. Continuing further, you come to one of the most awe inspiring views anywhere. Sheer walls of red rock drop into a deep gorge. Pools, palms and rock shelters are everywhere. You climb down and enter a paradise.

*Write for a free brochure describing our bushwalking tours to these and other areas in the NT and the Kimberley.*

Willis's Walkabouts  
12 Carrington Street  
Millner NT 0810  
Phone (089) 852134



THE AUGUST GENERAL MEETING

by Barry Wallace

There I was, well out of it all in the snow country, watching the blizzard and catching a cold, when they didn't hold the August General Meeting for lack of a quorum. A week later, there I was thick in the midst of it, cold and all, and when the President in the chair called the 15 or so members present to order at around 2006 my pen underwent sudden and catastrophic failure. Life gets tedious, don't it.

On the balance of probabilities it looks as if they had apologies from some people, most of whom were not present at the time, and welcomed, or called for welcome, three prospectives (new members), Barry Ihle, Tony Manes and David Robinson.

By the time your scribe had replaced the failed pen they were up to reading the Minutes of the previous meeting. These were received with no matters arising.

Correspondence was next. There was no correspondence of note except a letter to the A.C.F. regarding donations to the SBW Conservation Fund.

The Treasurer's Report indicated that we have to date earned \$11,561, spent \$7,422 and closed with a balance of \$4,139.

The Walks Secretary was away sick so there was no Walks Report. We are threatened with a double dose next month so please make sure you come to the meeting to make up the numbers. Your scribe should be back in the snow country by then and we don't want another delayed meeting, do we?

There were no F.B.W. delegates present, so we passed on that one too.

General Business saw passage of a motion that we offer our pension-off, very off, offset printer to the Gosford Bush Walkers and then, if they don't want it, to F.B.W.

There were no announcements and the meeting closed at 2025.

\* \* \* \* \*

ESPECIALLY FOR THE LESS MOBILE..... or families with younger children

On OCTOBER 20 - a visit to Mt. Tomah Botanic Gardens, BBQ lunch and a trip on the Zig Zag Railway. Overnight camp near the top of Pierces Pass. For all details ring BILL HOLLAND - (h) 484.6636, (w) 925.3309

THE CHRONIC OPERAS REVISITED

There was an air of expectancy over the audience which gathered on the 29th of August to watch Jim Browns' abbreviated versions of two of the famous Chronic Operas. His cast of eight consisted of Malcolm McGregor, Barbara Bruce, Geoff Wagg, Don Matthews, Mike Reynolds, Tom Wenman, Helen Gray and Jim himself. Some of the audience remembered the original Chronic Operas, while newcomers were intrigued by the strange stage props and the sight of the cast wearing miners helmets (or, in the case of Geoff Wagg, a large upturned basin).

We began with 'The Longest Day', on the vicissitudes of doing the Three Peaks, Tiger Walkers version. Next came highlights from '1001 Troglodytes', which related some of the more interesting aspects of caving - including subterranean romance and paranoid miners.

Jim and his friends gather tunes from a variety of sources, but the plots and scripts are original. It was easy to tell that the cast had done all this before, they managed to make themselves heard without microphones and slipped into the descant harmonies with the ease of familiarity.

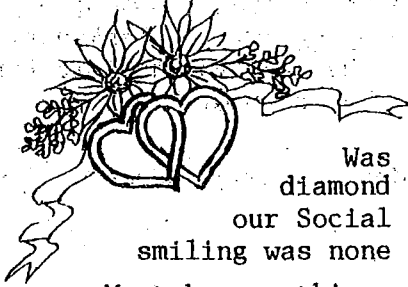
What a shame we don't have more singers of such quality. They would be an asset at any campfire. Certainly the crowd on that Wednesday night appreciated their efforts and applauded them loud and long.

FRIENDS OF DURRAS - is raising \$1,000,000 to buy over 500 hectares of land on Lake Durras near Bateman's Bay with a view to adding it to Murramarang National Park, and keeping it from a resort developer.

You can help by buying the OCTOBER Women's Weekly and ordering a print of the painting by Peter Keftel of a spotted gumtree at Durras Lake. All proceeds go to the fund, now standing at over \$75,000.

The painting sales will hopefully raise \$100,000, so please help this conservation cause.

\*\*\*\*\*



...AND GUESS WHO .....

Was seen at the Club wearing a dazzling new diamond ring, third finger, left hand? None other than our Social Sec., Greta Davis! The guy who couldn't stop smiling was none other than our Club Sec., Patrick James.

Must be something about secretarying which encourages people to get closer to each other. Perhaps we should arrange an Extra Ordinary Committee Meeting to celebrate, with all the appropriate congratulations and champagne-drinking.

As yet no Date has been set, but watch this space....

\*\*\*\*\*

CLUB CLOSED.... on OCTOBER 3rd 1990

\*\*\*\*\*

### BRING YOUR OWN CHAINSAW?

On the 3rd & 4th of November, the N.P.W.S. will organise a track-restoration weekend on Maxwell Tops, (Kanangra Walls). This includes trimming back that spring-loaded vegetation from the main tracks, to encourage people to use only these. A maze of 'alternative' tracks has been created, resulting in terrible soil erosion. Hopefully, in the future some of the deep 'gutters' in the tracks might be filled in and surfaced with stones or some other hard material.

If you would like to help NPWS with this essential work, please contact John Porter for further details. Ph. 797.9784

\*\*\*\*\*

### SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE OVERDUE!!

Please pay if you have not already done so. If you are not sure, check with Tony Marshall - Ph. 713.6985. Unfinancial members will not receive further Magazines or Walks Programs

Single active member	\$30
Household	\$48
Non-active member	\$ 9
Non-active member with magazine	\$21

## FOOTNOTES

### DO YOU HAVE FIVE MINUTES TO SPARE?

Then send a card to Bob Niven, (his address is on the membership list) Bob is just home from hospital, having had an operation and a humorous card would definitely help to brighten his day.

### ADDITION TO WOLLOMI NATIONAL PARK - ideal for base camps.

Kandos Weir, not far from Rylstone, lies in an area called Dunns Swamp, which has just been added to Wollomi. Here the Cudgegong River, flanked by broad river flats, winds lazily between low hills. The area is suitable for easy walks, swimming and canoeing. A car park and boat ramp will be constructed by the N.P.W.S.

If you want to know more, contact - The Superintendent, N.P.W.S, Post Office Box 351, Muswellbrook, 2333.

### A BIT MORE FOR THE BUDAWANGS

After so many fights and worries over National Parks, its nice to have a little good news. In January the Government gazetted and 8,000 Ha addition to the Morton National Park. One part is a very large block of old vacant crown land over Sentry Box Canyon and the lower part of Jones Creek.. The other addition extends the Park boundary east to a line 10 metres west of the Yarramunmun Fire Trail.

### THE PARK WHICH MIGHT YET BE

Believe it or not, Baulkham Hills Shire Council has finally lost patience with the State Department of Lands, and begun a campaign to have the old Maroota State Forest and surrounding area declared a National Park. Since 1976 conservationists have been fighting for this. It contains most of the catchment of Little Cattai Creek and has the added attraction of being close to Sydney. It lies just west of the Old Northern Road, between Glenorie and Maroota and would make an ideal day-walking area. Why not let the Shire Council know how much you appreciate their efforts? A 22c phone call or a 41c stamp will do the trick.

### GUESS WHO WAS ON 'THE 7:30 REPORT'?

Non other than Paddy Pallin himself! Being interviewed about the very successful Paddy Pallin Ski Classic - (not suprising, with all the snow we've had), and his imminent 90th birthday.

I wonder if he ever gets tired of being asked 'How Do You Keep So Healthy?' Why don't people ask him interesting questions, such as "Are the current politicians any more intelligent than they were when you were a lad?" That should provide some lively discussion!

\*\*\*\*\*

And so why am I typing all this in my inimitable erratic style, with my inimitable erratic spelling?

Because Kath Brown has gone to the West to view the wildflowers, thats why. Have a lovely time Kath, but please remember to come back, I don't think I could stand much more of this. (I don't think our readers could stand much more of me either, but thats another story).

The Ed.

## **Why Are Meeting Attendances Low?**

This year we have had to adjourn two General Meetings due to insufficient number of people being at the club. The committee want to understand why people are not coming to meetings as frequently as they did in the past. It will help us if you would take a few minutes to fill in this questionnaire and to either send it to:

Greta Davis  
Sydney Bush Walkers  
Box 4476  
GPO  
SYDNEY 2001

or give it to Greta Davis at the club. The deadline for the survey is the November General Meeting. The committee will analyse the survey, consider what to do and make recommendations to the club.

1. How many times have you been to a club meeting in the last year? \_\_\_\_
2. Rate on a scale of 1 - 5 (5 = wild horses wouldn't keep me away) which of these factors would bring you to the club more often.
  - More interesting social program \_\_\_\_ Please list any ideas for club nights that you might have.

- Change the meeting night from Wednesday \_\_\_\_ Please specify your preferred night.
- Change the meeting location \_\_\_\_ Please specify your preferred location.

About five years ago, the club experimented with having quarterly General Meetings. As attendances at General Meetings have been particularly poor, would you like to see them conducted less often? \_\_\_\_ If you answered "yes", how frequently would you like General Meetings (circle one).

- Every second month
- Every 3 months
- Every 4 months
- Half yearly

If you have any other ideas about how we might improve our meeting nights, please list them below.

