

The Sydney Bushwalker

A MONTHLY BULLETIN OF MATTERS OF INTEREST
TO THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS, BOX 4476, G. P. O.
SYDNEY, N. S. W. 2001. CLUB MEETINGS ARE HELD
EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING FROM 7.30 P. M.
THE WIRELESS INSTITUTE BUILDING, 14 ATCHISON
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EDITORS: SPIRO KETAS, 104/10 WYLDE ST. POTTS
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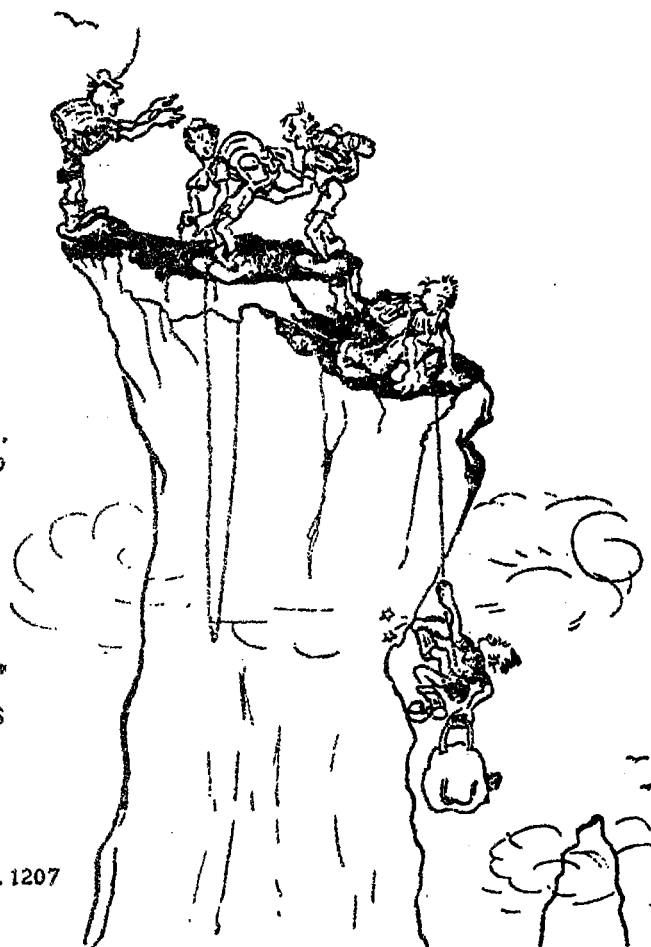
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TAEKER.



Drawing by Dot Butler, The Bushwalker 1937.

SEPTEMBER, 1975.

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EDITORIAL

To the last minute doers, without mentioning any names, 1977 seems an eternity away. But is it really? And why worry about 1977 anyway? Well, in 1977 the Sydney Bush Walkers will be celebrating fifty years of existence (founded October 1927). Perhaps now is still a little early, but it won't be long before serious thought will have to be given to what form the celebrations will take.

Two possible projects, both of which would require a substantial amount of preparation and research are:-

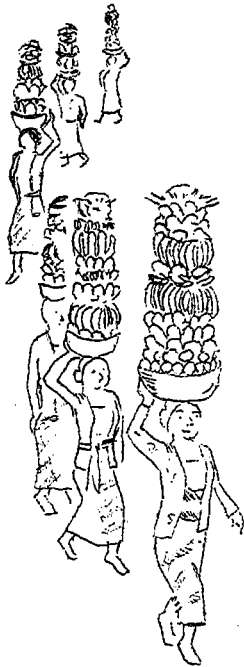
1. Publication of a Club history. Fifty years is quite a long time, and a period during which many things have happened. In order to chronicle the events of that period would require the intensive research of quite a panel of people. And of course the memories and experiences of our senior members would have to be drawn upon. The results though, would most certainly justify the effort.
2. Staging of a special photographic exhibition. Bushwalkers have traditionally been keen photographers, perhaps because of the abundance of material available to them in the course of their leisure time endeavours. Such an exhibition could possibly be divided into two sections. Firstly we could have an exhibition of photos of historic interest; walks of yesteryear, areas of bushwalking country now destroyed or lost to us, personalities of the past etc. Secondly we could have an exhibition of current work, perhaps with a competition open to photographers outside our Club. Maybe we could even see our way clear to offer some prizes and select a venue which would be open to the general public.

These are but two suggestions as to what could be done to celebrate our Golden Anniversary. Today is not too early. Indeed let us start thinking now, lest we find ourselves too late. Do you have any ideas? If so, write a letter to this magazine.

BALI TRIP -- PART II.

by Helen Gray.

We had chosen Ubud as a place to stay because it had been recommended as a peaceful village, and a centre for the carvers and painters of Bali. We had no idea that we were to arrive at the beginning of a 10 day religious festival, and one that occurred only every 10 years. (We had acquired, before leaving Sydney, a calendar of all the festivals in Bali for the year, and it wasn't even mentioned!)



From early afternoon on, women carrying offerings headed towards the temple. The offerings were usually of food; balls of cooked rice, dyed pink, would be balanced with bananas, mangoes, suluks, mangosteens and a variety of other tropical fruits. These were carefully arranged in colourful patterns to form a tower; the highest we saw must have been 6 feet tall. These towers were then placed on the women's heads; it would often take 2 or 3 people to lift each into position, so no doubt they were as heavy as they looked. Then they would walk the slippery, muddy mile of road that led through the paddies to the temple in a little pocket of forest. A few "offertory towers" - the larger ones - were left overnight at the temple, but the remainder were blessed and taken home again, leaving behind only a few grains of rice.

Towards evening, processions of dancers, and gamelan orchestras playing as they walked, headed for the temple. On the first night of the festival, the tourists of Ubud, like the rats of Hamlyn, followed the music to the temple. And there we waited and waited and waited..... When the Balinese say, "The dancing will start at 7 o'clock" they are simply giving the tourists an acceptable answer. The Balinese themselves don't talk of hours, of specific time. "The dancing will start at 7 o'clock" means that at 7 o'clock the performers may begin dressing, at 10 o'clock something may start, and by midnight the dancing almost certainly will have begun.

The dancers are worth waiting for. Their costumes are magnificent; satins of reds and greens and orange embroidered with silver and gold; headpieces of gold (elaborately carved buffalo-hide painted gold) topped by masses of fresh fangipani flowers, once again carefully arranged with not one falling out of place even after hours of dancing.



Their dance movements are slow, graceful and very beautiful. But the action is SO SLOW! Arja, an opera, rivals Wagner's in length, lasting 8 or 9 hours and without an interval. Because of its religious significance an adult may have seen a certain performance hundreds of times, and because of this it is not always important that a drama begins at the beginning and ends at the end. For us, this made an already complex story totally unintelligible. But then, the performance was not put on for us, anyway. We were told we were welcome to watch, but were otherwise ignored. The theatre is not a profession in Bali. Aside from those who teach dancing and music (without the aid of a written music-language), those who perform at night are by day farmers, wood-carvers or whatever.

.....

We were always rather exhausted in the daytime after our hours at the temple at night, and having to carry sleeping Kathleen and Susan back "home". Then there was the added mental exhaustion of having to bluff our way past the hundreds of barking, snarling dogs of Ubud who go berserk at night at the merest whiff of a European.



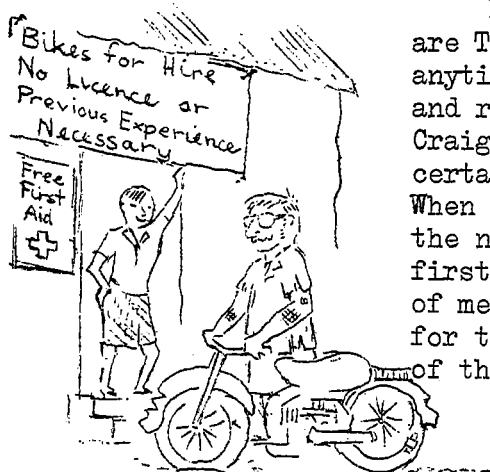
Owen was always first awake - after all, he can sleep just as well through a Balinese play as he can through any other - and was out making the rounds of our various residences.

On our second day, Owen arrived with news of a cremation to which we were invited. I had seen photos of elaborate funeral towers in which the body is placed, but I was not prepared to see the body, of a schoolgirl taken out of the ground and placed on an open fire. The atmosphere was as casual as at an Australian barbecue. People chattered to one another and children played. This is a happy time for, by burning, the soul is at last released from the body.

.....

Another day Owen arrived early to drag Ken out of bed with the news that he, Ken, was about to take Owen out for the day on a hired motor bike. Ken protested that he wanted to sleep, or read, or loaf, or wasn't suitably dressed. ("I can't ride a bike in a sarong!" "Of course you can!" butted in George, "It's called central cooling!")

Defeated, Ken drove off in his sleeping-sheet-cum-sarong with Owen on the back. George with John set out on another, but Craig could find no driver, so for the first time in his life climbed on a bike, was given two sentences of instruction from George, and was off.



Motor-bikes, they assured us on return, are THE way to travel in Bali; you can stop anytime to visit temples and watch processions, and ride along narrow lanes AND you stay cool. Craig only fell off 4 or 5 times, but he certainly managed to remove a lot of skin. When he returned the slightly-damaged bike to the no-questions-asked owner, he was given first-aid treatment in the form of lashings of mercurachrome. When Craig offered to pay for this attention, the reply was "All part of the service".

(To be continued - maybe!)

Illustrations by Helen Gray.

1976 Reunion

At the recent half yearly general meeting it was decided that next year's Sydney Bush Walker Reunion be held at Coclana, our own property at Kangaroo Valley.

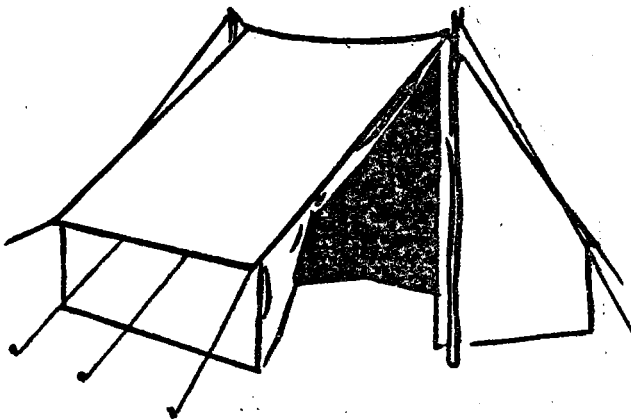
March 1976 may seem a long way off, but that time will slip by very quickly. NOW is the time to start thinking about and organizing our Reunion. In particular campfire items are required. So start creating something NOW. Other jobs like clearing, campfire building etc. will need to be done as time goes on.

Peter Scandrett and Spiro Ketas were appointed as reunion convenors, and as such they have the responsibility for all aspects of reunion organization. If you would like to help on any aspect of the organization at all, please contact Peter or Spiro. Also if you have any suggestions about how to make the event a sure-fire success.

More information will be published in this magazine about the reunion as the day draws closer. So watch these pages.

Paddymade

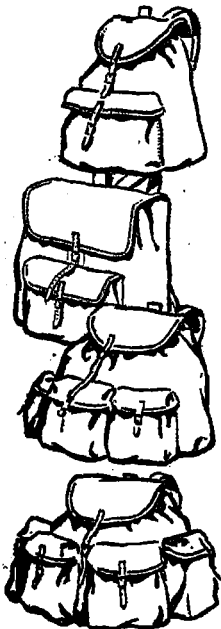
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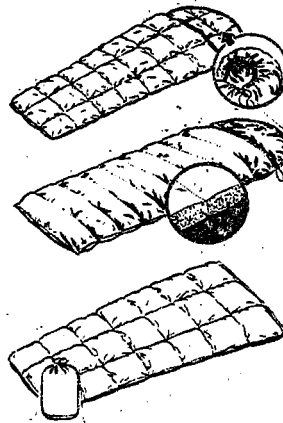
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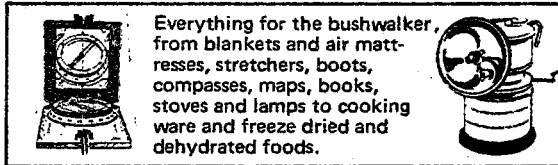
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Paddy Paddy

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THE AUGUST GENERAL MEETING.

by Jim Brown.

With something like 30 people present for the August meeting, the notable absentees on holidays included both Secretary and Treasurer, so it was Lesley Page who deputed as Secretary as well as recorder. Two newly admitted members were welcomed - Barbara Holmes and Klaus Lievert - the Minutes contained nothing to haggle over, but Correspondence had a few interesting features: amongst these were (1) an enquiry from the Adult Education Board, which sought particulars of various organisations, including sporting bodies; (2) a request for support from the South-West Tasmanian Committee; and (3) an urgent appeal by Federation for consideration of its future path in view of the numerous offices which could not be filled at the Annual Meeting.

In reply to (1) the Secretary was furnishing a reply setting out our procedures and policy and explaining we did not provide "training courses" in the usually accepted sense. As to (2) the Committee had been slightly puzzled as to the Tasmanian committee with its objective to save "the last truly wilderness area" being apparently based on Sydney, and had written seeking further details of its constitution and organisation. Item (3) included a lengthy letter from Phil Butt, setting out Federation's problems, and advising that an extraordinary meeting would be held on September 16th in hope of obtaining greater support from member clubs and also some indication of what the clubs saw as Federation's course of activity. There was some debate on this last matter, but it was finally shelved for further examination at our own Half Yearly Meeting.

The Treasurer was away, but had left a record of our position at the end of July, which showed a shrinking of working funds from \$1990 to \$1610 during the month.

For the walks report, Bob Hodgson decided it should not cover two months and commenced his account with Peter Harris' trip into Ettrema on July 11-13. It was known the trip went and also that the selected route out of Ettrema Gorge via Transportation Spur had proved a good ridge, but no other details were to hand. The day walk from Glenbrook on July 13 brought out 31 people, was uneventful and finished back at the station just before a storm blew up.

On the 19-20 July weekend Hans Beck took a party of 11 over Mt. Solitary, finding some areas west of the mountain had been burnt out (probably part of the calculated firing), but the Kedumba Valley was unscathed. The day walk of 20th July had been cancelled owing to the leader's unavoidable occupation with other matters, and over the 25-27th July weekend Barry Wallace led his programmed Bonnum Pic Creek jaunt: it was commented that the scrub north of Malcolm's Farm is much denser than a few years back, making it difficult to select the Bonnum Pic ridge.

A skiing instructional set down for that weekend had been deferred,

and Bob Hodgson had inherited Peter Scandrett's Mount Banks day walk for 27th. Arriving on Saturday night in preparation for the trip Bob almost joined a "Japanese martial arts" group by mistake. The trip on Sunday with 10 present proved fairly arduous, especially in and around Explorers Brook. The other day walk was Kath Brown's Burning Palms trip, attended by 26 and going to programme.

For the opening of August, Snow Brown's long-distance jaunt on the Kowmung, Cox and Kanangra Rivers was postponed and on the Sunday John Redfern took over Margaret Reid's day walk: as he had not been to Pindar Cave before John displayed commendable spirit in inheriting the jaunt, but admitted that Bill Hall's knowledge of the way had been invaluable. Come the 8-10 August weekend and it was known Alan Pike's trip to Mts. Jenolan and Guouogang had gone and at least one "much-scratched survivor" had been in the club earlier in the night, but no report was available. Frank Taeker again braved the landholder at Wog Wog and went with 13 folk to Monolith Valley and Mt. Owen, finding quite a deal of scrub burning had taken place, both near Corang Peak and out close to Mts. Cole and Owen. Victor Lewin's Sunday trip on August 10th went as programmed with 8 starters, taking lunch near Blue Gum and arriving back at the cars about 5.30 p.m.

Ray Hookway referred to a private trip in the middle Kowmung-Yerranderie country he had joined, and reported serious scouring of the Kowmung river banks which could prove difficult walking as scrub regrowth occurred.

Peter Miller enquired if there would be any objection to his organising a joint walk with the Newcastle Bush Walkers, using a suitable trip from our coming programme, and was readily given assent.

Immediately before winding up at about 9.30 we had two announcements - one of Federation Ball set down for 19th September (it will be over before this goes to press), and the other by Gladys Roberts who has club magazines going back about 4 years which she will be happy to pass on to anyone interested.

WHO'D BE A BAULKER (AGAIN).

by Don Matthews.

As I said to Dot Butler whilst idly surveying the road gang at Coolana the other weekend, "When it comes to walking I'm a baulker, and when it comes to working I'm a shirker". She ignored any slight humour that the statement may have contained, handed me a pair of old gardening gloves, and pointed to a pile of rocks that had to be moved from one hole to another.

Half the battle in life is knowing your faults, so they say, and every autumn I make a firm resolve to do some serious walking. The best way to accomplish this is by taking time off during the school holidays in May. This allows a family camp early in the piece and leads to the accruing of credit, and also to a useful wifely push like "For heaven's sake, why don't you go away for the weekend".

With all this in mind, I arranged my leave. We would start off by spending a few pleasant days at Coolana. Then I would definitely go on the Colo car swap trip. Agog with anticipation, I dragged out the maps and magazines. "Now, when was that last famous Colo car swap trip - about 1970?" I worked backwards through the archives; not a darned thing. Perhaps it was too frightful to recollect in print! But then, success. October 1968, Pat Harrison, with map references and all. I turned to the end - it's always useful to know what time they reached the cars. I seemed to remember a midnight arrival at Drip Rock, but no, it was only seven o'clock! "That's O.K.," I thought. "It must have been the Bowen Creek end that was troublesome. What was Saturday like? Hmmm... Good ridge into Bowen Creek - battling against water gums down to the Wollangambe - says he'd hate to do it in a season of average rainfall. Hmmm..... Beaut rock walls at the Wollangambe - should be called a river, not a creek." I shuddered involuntarily. May is a bit late for swimming.

I could remember the rest of the route which seemed innocuous enough. Still, the first day seemed interesting. It would be horribly long though, if we had to make it to the Colo on Saturday. Ah well, qui sera

Came May and Kangaroo Valley. We were coming down a gentle ridge after an afternoon stroll and my downhill knee was creaking horribly. Suddenly I had a frightful vision of my last vacation weekend walk. The party was in a nettle-vine-rock-and-branch-filled side creek off a ridge off a ridge off Roots Ridge, if you know what I mean. If you haven't been down this one, you might remember a similar one off Tiwillia Buttress. Anyhow, I couldn't keep up because I couldn't raise my right knee high enough to surmount the obstacles, so I just had to go and find Roots Ridge again. The leader, who is made of sterner stuff (or stronger knees) and who says that he knew where he was going, could not be expected to believe my story, so I let him think that I was a purist. He still glances at me doubtfully from time to time.

"What would happen", I thought, "on the slimy treacherous rocks of Bowen Creek." Dot, who had been regaling us with stories about geriatric physiotherapy, was strolling along behind. "Dot," I said, stopping with a suitable expression of anguish on my face, "Why do I get an excruciating pain just here," pointing to the back of my knee. "Tendons, my boy," she boomed very authoritatively; "When did it happen?" "In 1947," I said, "On the wombat parade around Warrigal." "Ha," she chuckled, "Once you've stretched 'em they're never any good again." I can't guarantee the actual words she uttered, but whatever the anatomical realities, her tone bred no hope and little comfort.

My imagination started to run riot. "You're not fit enough," it said. "You'll hold the party up. Remember Pat's article.... The abiding memory is of water gums all the way; in the rocks, on the rocks and through the rocks..... we were lucky on this trip for it has been a very dry season."

"Go on," I replied. "It can't be that bad. And look at this Colo sketch map, there are plenty of escape routes!" Nevertheless, doubts were gnawing.

So I had another look at Bowen Creek. The contours were a bit blurred, so I took out the magnifying glass. This I now know is not a good thing to do. Instead of lifeless lines on a piece of paper, there leaped into focus an array of impossible cliff-girt rocky ridges and mossy boulder-bestrewn water gum-infested creeks. I retired to bed with a troubled mind.

I awoke next morning with a sore throat and a woolliness in the head, and as the day wore on it was clear that I had the 'flu. I phoned the leader. "Sorry," I croaked, "I can't come, I've got the 'flu." "The 'flu or just a cold," she demanded firmly. "'Flu," I protested. "Hmph," said the missus, who was listening in the background, "You were perfectly well earlier in the week." After this gem of feminine logic I staggered to my bunk and sank back into the pillows with a gurgle of relief. My holiday was ruined but my life was saved.

HAPPY NEWS.

We were delighted to hear of the recent birth of a son to David and Judith Rostron. Congratulations from S.B.W. friends.

* * * * *

PEAK-BAGGING IN TASMANIA.

by Peter Scandrett.

It all started in my final year at Tasmania University where I met a particular girl who, like me, liked bushwalking but was not prepared to join the Tas. Uni. Mountaineering Club where the weekend-only type walks would have interfered with studies. It was thus decided to start a private walking group outside the T.U.M.C. and with anyone welcome to go on Sunday walks about once a month.

We arranged therefore to lead a walk on the Sunday after the next to some mountains behind Mt. Wellington (1270 m) called Mt. Montagu (1050 m), The Thumbs (970 m) and Cathedral Rock (900 m). The nearest of these (Mt. Montagu) is only 6 km (as the crow flies) from the peak of Mt. Wellington. It is possible to climb Mt. Montagu without dropping any more than 400 m from the pinnacle of Mt. Wellington.

However we did not start from Mt. Wellington but from a point on the Huon Highway about $13\frac{1}{2}$ km from the Hobart G.P.O. (10 km past the end of suburbia). We proceeded along the Pipeline Track to the end, then for a short time towards Mt. Wellington to climb Wellington Falls to reach the back plane of Mt. Wellington.

I was surprised by the immense size of Mt. Wellington. From the Hobart side Mt. Wellington rises fairly quickly from the foothills of Hobart and one almost expects the same on the other side. Not so. Except for one stream it is almost possible to draw an arc of a circle 4 km in radius from the peak of Mt. Wellington to the west and south and still be above the 1000 m height.

From there it was a simple matter to climb Mt. Montagu, The Thumbs and Cathedral Rock, but the return to Pipeline Track was another matter. As I have a habit called sleeping in, we started late that morning and it was now less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours to dark. It would have been impossible to go back the way we had come just because of the distance involved.

So there was only one way to return to Pipeline Track before dark. This involved a 300 m drop in 500 m down a landslide and a 100 m climb in 150 m. We eventually returned to the car at about 10 p.m. (Tasmanian Summer Time) after a most enjoyable day.

After the walk I found out why she suggested these peaks. A few days later she showed me a back copy of the "Tasmanian Tramp", the official journal of the Hobart Bushwalking Club. In that issue there was an article on "Peak Bagging".

The article categorised 200 mountains in Tasmania into three classes. First class peaks include such famous mountains as Federation Peak, Frenchmans Cap, Precipitous Bluff, Cradle Mountain, Mt. Anne, etc. Also each peak was given a number of points depending on the degree of difficulty and several other factors. This gave a maximum point score

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of 555 points. From this your Peak Bagging status could be determined, as follows:-

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| 200 - 250 | - Peak Bagger Extraordinary |
| 150 - 200 | - Honourable Peak Bagger |
| 100 - 150 | - Dishonourable Peak Bagger |
| 50 - 100 | - Member of the Old Lags Brigade |
| Under 50 points | - Downright Idle |

There was also a bonus of 50 points if anyone completed "The Three Peaks" in one weekend. The three peaks are Ben Lomond (30 km out of Launceston), Mt. Murchison (near Queenstown on the West Coast) and Pinders Peak (110 km south of Hobart). It has been done, I believe.

Needless to say, we went peak bagging when our studies let us, but I'm still in the "Downright Idle" class. Maybe I will be able to return home to climb my way into the "Old Lags Brigade" (at least).

A MINOR VICTORY.

by Patrick McBride.

It was in early January this year, and we were scrambling down a long ridge to Wilson's Bight from South West Cape Range with the late afternoon sunlight making a path for our feet. During the long Tasmanian day we had traversed most of the range and made a side trip out to South West Cape itself.

The wallaby pad we were following led to an old track cut through the belt of scrub bordering the strand and just after sunset we found ourselves at a good campsite behind the sand dunes, sheltered by a canopy of low trees.

While Evelyn Walker set about cooking dinner I laid out the tent in one of the sites out from the scrub. Phil Butt came over to help and just afterwards I noticed a very large leech looping up the tent wall. There were a couple on Phil's side too. The failing light was now too dim to see the ground well but we had no doubts that the dried fern bedding covering the tent site was home to a goodly number of active and eager leeches.

After dinner we had a slow and thoughtful discussion and all of us felt it would be nice to sleep out on the beach in such pleasant weather. And we did.

During the night occasional gusts of wind blew sand about, Evelyn's sleeping bag cover vanished never to be seen again, and jack jumpers were hopping everywhere, but we lay snug in our sleeping bags, comforted by the thought of all those enterprising leeches waiting in vain for us to retire to the tent!

COMING WALKS.

by Bob Hodgson.

- 1975
October
- 3, 4, 5, 6 - Yes folk! A long weekend, so get your bags packed and book early for Peter Harris' Tuross River walk into an area little known by the vast majority of the club members. Tough, challenging country for the fitter walker.
- 3, 4, 5, 6 - A bit less challenging but far more scenic is Victor Lewin's base camp at Yadboro Flat with three separate day walks (only this time he knows how long each is going to take). Some of the best scenery on the south coast.
- 3, 4, 5, 6 - Helen Gray has planned for you a lazier weekend camped near idyllic lakes and beaches with easy strolls to the other local beauty spots.
- 10,11,12 - The Taeker annual orchid walk is on. Even without the orchids, this is a first class trip with good tracks all the way and magnificent scenery.
- Sunday 12 - A Bill Hall special for today, from Waterfall to the sea. Spectacular coastal scenery.
- Sunday 12 - David Cotton is taking you to Darkes Forest and a tour of his bee-hives. See page 16 this magazine.
- 17,18,19 - Ron Knightley heads the list for this weekend with a spectacular walk on both sides of the Shoalhaven in the Bungonia area. A good scenic walk with not too much easy going.
- 18,19 - A Saturday start with Hans Stichter on his Mt. Solitary trip. A test walk but only just when judged for difficulty but streets ahead for scenery.
- Saturday 18 - Ian Gibson will not be waiting long so better leave home with plenty of time to get to the Glen Davis road just near Genowlan for the dawn start on this assault on Pantoneys Crown. A most spectacular little peak.
- Sunday 19 - An interesting walk with David Ingram with occasional glimpses of the Hawkesbury and Brisbane waters as well as abundant wild flowers. Come with David and enjoy Sunday walking as it should be.
- Sunday 19 - The campfire kid is at it again - another in the series of overnight day walks. For those in good voice, Saturday evening is the time to arrive. If you're a little horse! (you are probably a descendant of the valley pit ponies) no need to arrive till morning for the walk down Lockleys to Blue Gum.

orchard on the right hand side travelling west.

Persons wishing to travel by train should make their way to Helensburgh railway station, catch the bus to Helensburgh township, alight at the post office and telephone 940-121, leave a message stating how many people require picking up. Please note that this is not David Cotton's telephone number and therefore shouldn't be used at any other time.

Children are welcome: don't forget your swimming togs.

WANTED!

Unfortunately the "Sydney Bushwalker" budget doesn't run to having pages of photographic plates, and there's not much chance of it with the price of paper and printing sky rocketing the way it is.

WHAT WE CAN USE THOUGH, AND WHAT WE DESPERATELY NEED, ARE GOOD LINE ILLUSTRATIONS FOR OUR MAGAZINE. These can be traced direct onto ordinary stencils or processed by way of electro-photographic means. Drawings always give a lift to printed articles, and of course we would be happy to accept drawings which are unrelated to articles. So come on you artists, and let's have a sample of your work. Full credit will be given for any work published.

Another commodity in short supply is poetry. And don't tell me there aren't any poets in our Club. I know that just isn't true. Fun or items, serious, or melodramatic; blank verse or iambic pentameter; we'll take it all.

And that is not to mention that we need more and more articles - on all subjects - if only to relieve the editors (not to mention our dedicated typist) of the ever-present and continuing risk of nervous break-down as deadline date approaches every month and it doesn't look even remotely like we'll have sufficient material to fill the modest objective of eighteen pages.

So sharpen your quills my lovelies, and let us hear from you.

THE SOCIAL AND WORKING LIFE OF THE HONEY BEE

A description of David Cotton's
forthcoming bee walk.

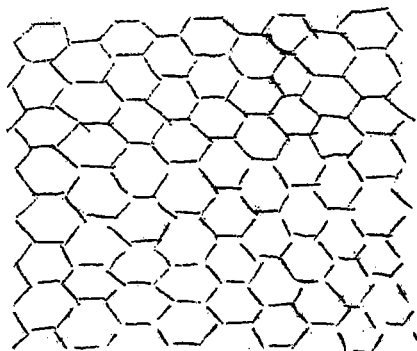
On Sunday 12th. October 1975 will be staged one of
David Cotton's legendary bee walks. This little jaunt will



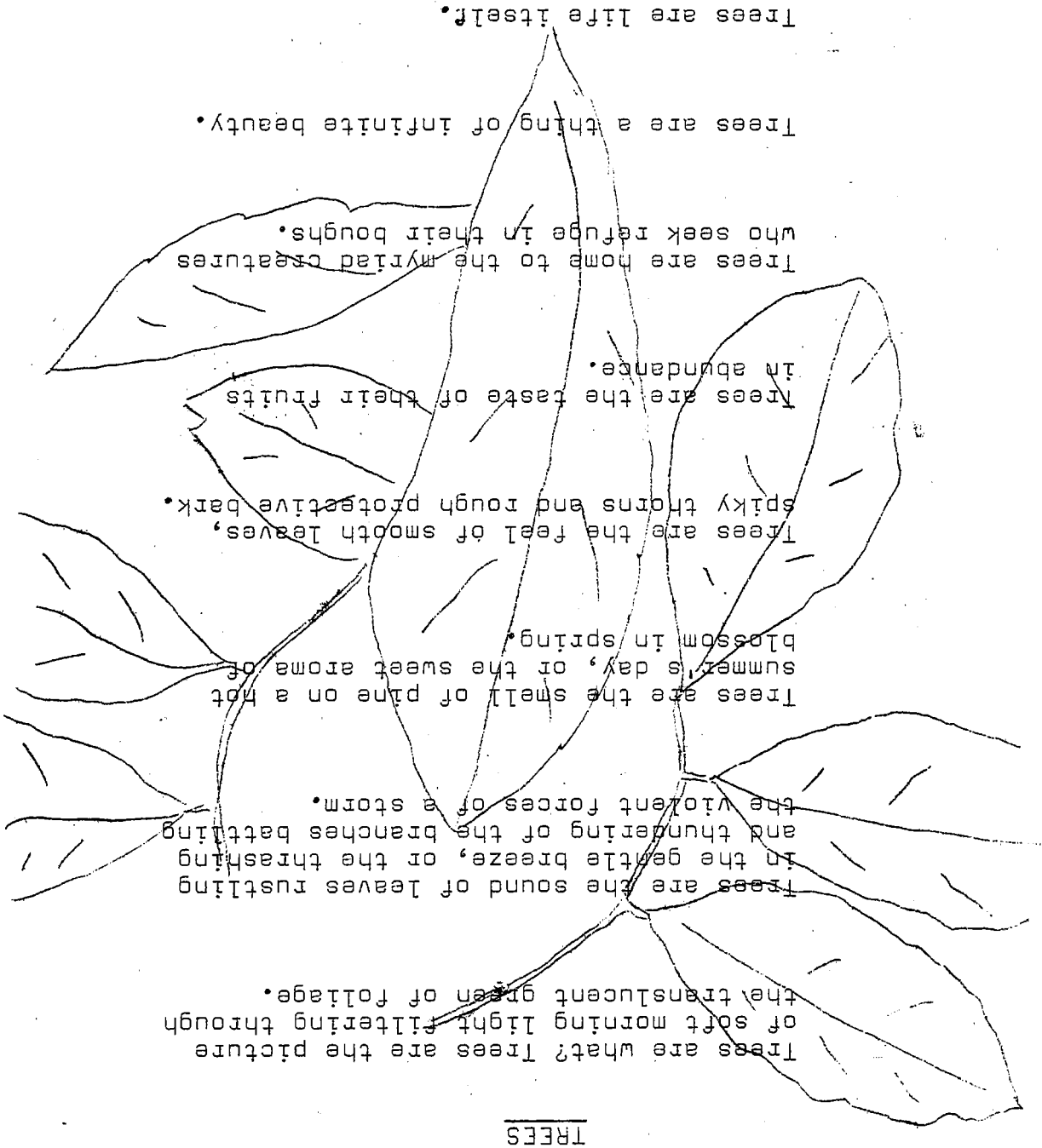
start off at 10 a.m. at
Glenburnie Orchard, Darkes
Forest, with a beehive
inspection (weather permitting)
followed by a short theoretical
run-down on the social life
and workings of a honey bee
colony. The highlight of the
morning will be the queen bee
department where it will be
demonstrated how a honey bee
colony may be induced to raise
around forty queen bee cells
every three days.

After morning tea of bread and honey (provided by the
leader) a leisurely stroll of some two to three miles will be
undertaken down O'Hare's Creek, which has in its early stages
a delightfully picturesque waterfall. The creek then opens
up into large tranquil pools surrounded by fascinating sandstone
formations. A lunch break will be partaken of at a convenient
spot on the way. The walk finishes at a ~~property~~ downstream
where a car or two will be left to ferry drivers back to
Glenburnie Orchard to collect their vehicles.

As it is virtually impossible
to contact David Cotton by
telephone, arrangements should be
made preferably at the Club rooms,
or by putting your name and
address together with telephone
number, and if you have or require
transport, on a piece of paper
and send it to David Cotton.
Possibly drivers could contact
people without transport or vice
versa.



HOW TO GET TO DARKE'S FOREST : Proceed south on the Prince's
Highway (don't take the expressway). About 18 miles south of
Sutherland the turn-off is to the west about six miles south
of the Stanwell Park turn-off. Glenburnie Orchard is about
two miles west on the Darke's Forest road. It is the first



Trees are life itself.

Trees are a thing of infinite beauty.

Trees are home to the myriad creatures who seek refuge in their boughs.

Trees are the taste of their fruits in abundance.

Trees are the feel of smooth leaves, spiky thorns and rough protective bark.

Trees are the smell of pine on a hot summer's day, or the sweet aroma of blossom in spring.

Trees are the sound of leaves rustling in the gentle breeze, or the thrashing and thundering of the branches battling the violent forces of a storm.

Trees are what? Trees are the picture of soft morning light filtering through the translucent green of foliage.

TREES