

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. at The Wireless Institute building, 14 Atchison Street, St. Leonards. Enquiries concerning the Club should be referred to Mrs. Marcia Shappert - telephone 30.2028.

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AUGUST 1977.

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THE SIERRA NEVADA(THE WHITE SAW-TOOTHED MOUNTAINS)

by Dot Butler.

Greetings to the S.B.W. from Dot Butler in California - 25/7/77. Tomorrow I leave for Equador, the Galapagos Islands and Columbia, which I may tell you about in another letter. I will tell you all about my three months in California right now, before I get all my impressions overlaid with new experiences.

Along the western margin of the United States from Lat.35 to Lat.39.30 lie a succession of mountain chains folded like waves of stone, upon whose seaward base beat the mild breakers of the Pacific Ocean. The grandest of these is the Sierra Nevada - the most glorious and beautiful region of America. Its eastern slope is a steep wall of rock plunging down to the hot dry plain, reminiscent of Central Australia's deserts with its red soil, the vegetation being rusty olive sage brush and stunted oak trees whose prolific acorns furnished the staple food of grizzly bears which once inhabited California in enormous numbers, but have now been exterminated. It is somewhat ironic that the grizzly bear is still featured on the flag of California as its state emblem.

A highway runs along this eastern side, and if your taste is for a desert entry to your mountains you can travel this road. However, the most scenic road is on the western side of the range, through the fertile Central Valley of California with its rich volcanic soil supporting vineyards, citrus orchards, grain-fields and miles of vegetable gardens. The western slope of the Sierras is a grand sweep, well watered and clothed in cool stately forests of conifers, comprising about 12 species which occupy their ecological niche with almost mathematical precision; at 2,500 ft. intervals the species change, through from red pine, white pine, hemlocks, Douglas fir, deodars and all the others whose names I have not yet learned, right up to the stunted lodgepole pine in the high snowfields around 12,000 ft.

The passes through the range vary from 7,000 to 12,000 ft.; the crest of the range is a line of sharp snowy peaks rising to 15,000 ft. which catch the pink alpenglow long after the sun has set for all the rest of America.

Beyond California, northward into Oregon and Washington, right up to the Canadian border, the range breaks down into a line of isolated extinct volcanoes, the most lofty being Mt. Shasta, 14,440 ft. high. A magnificent new National Park now takes in most of this region - the Northern Cascades National Park.

Over the past three months I have had many trips to the Sierras, sampling the mountains from the Mexican border to the northernmost tip of Oregon. Our trips ranged from three-day week-ends to sessions of two weeks duration. On the longer trips I travel in a V.W. van with a

German couple and their two husky pack-dogs. (Most Americans like to take dogs with them into the wilderness, the dog being an extension of the man's senses, as it were; he responds much faster than his master to all the sounds and movements and scents of the forest.)

A big proportion of the land which is not declared National Park is National Forest, where selective logging is supposed to take place. The conservationists fight a perpetual battle to see that, for instance, logging of redwoods in the Sequoia National Forest does not impinge over the border into the Sequoia National Park. The Sierra Club is a very influential and wealthy club whose members are to the forefront and very vocal in all matters of conservation.

I climbed the 10,000 ft. Disaster Peak, Mt. Arnett and the three peaks of Lightning in the Staniflaus River region just north of Yosemite. This was an experimental run to see if the snow was climbable so early in the season - in early spring the powder snow can be very deep, giving rise to dangerous powder snow avalanches. Conditions seemed all right though, so our next jaunt was south of Yosemite to the King's Canyon National Park to climb the North Palisades, 14,242 ft. The weather was good, but Hughie the weather man wasn't making it easy for us - the snowfields we encountered above 12,000 ft. were so soft we sank through without warning right up to the hips. We finally made it to the top of a 13,000 ft. notch in the range which my climbing partner, John, was sure was one he had used 10 years earlier, but it was terrifically steep and by the time we had negotiated it and got down the other side, the extra 1,000 ft. of the Palisades was out of the question. So there's my excuse for coming back again.

Our next trip, to climb the high peaks in the Inyo State Forest ended in our being chased out in a snow storm, but the weather treated us well on our 10 day trip north into the Mt. Jefferson Wilderness in Oregon where we joined up with the Spokane Mountaineering Club and climbed Jefferson (10,000 ft.) twice, once from the north and again from the south. The dogs came with us to about 9,000 ft. carrying the climbing rope, then we tied them up, roped up and negotiated the terrifically steep snow, ice and rock outcrops another 1,000 ft. to the top without excited dogs jostling us off our steps. Herb, the dogs' master, was disappointed - he was convinced they could have made it to the top - never mind about our fate.

Well, the wilderness and national parks over here are MIGHTY, and well worth a lengthy visit. Wait till you hear about their 3-State Trail - a thousand miles of mountain walking.

* * * * *

RAMBLING IN POMMIE LAND.

by Marion Lloyd.

The members of the mountaineering evening classes I attended in London got on so well that they formed themselves into a group called the Marylebone Mountaineering Club.

Our first trips were purely climbing ventures, but a non-conformist (me) became fed up with mud in the eyes, being jammed in chimneys and hanging around in the cold on a ledge waiting for the person above or below to make a move, so I would slink away to explore.

The delights of the English countryside are never ending; the stately home or thatched cottage at the end of a twisting lane, the villages with their quaint tea shops and village pond with its inevitable fisherman sitting in the rain waiting, whilst the ducks waddle across the road to hold up the traffic and the parish church centuries old, with its "weekend brass rubbers" inside rubbing away furiously on ancient brasses.

The countryside looks cluttered and dissected with its small farms, hedges and stone fences that have been repaired and rebuilt over many generations. Everywhere there is history and beauty, one must walk to see it. Sometimes this can be a little rushed like the 32 mile day walk I was forced to enter around the Isle of Wight.

As one walks through the seasons it is interesting to observe the changing moods of the landscape. The daffodils and bluebells in spring, the harvests of summer, the falling leaves and copper tinting of autumn, all this to be denuded by winter. One's favourite walking areas can be worlds apart; this was particularly so on the moors.

I went on a winter trip to the Yorkshire Moors near Whitby. We crawled along the motor way at 30 m.p.h. because of thick fog and snow and arrived at our hostel at about 6.30 a.m. It was situated in a hollow on the moors, the mist swathing around it, the wind with its freezing penetrating sleet rose and fell from a whistle to a hum. The whole weekend was spent tramping through rain, mist and mud, but we had a lot of fun.

The following summer a friend and I went to Haworth (Bronte sisters' fame) to do a pilgrimage to the mythical Wuthering Heights. We walked the 6 miles across the moors to Top Wilkins, the supposed ruins of the dreamed-up Wuthering Heights. Standing amongst the ruins and looking out over the purple moors we could see the heath flowers in all their glory and the Pennine Way winding into the distance. On this beautiful warm evening all was quiet and at peace. How different this place must be in winter. The freezing wind and rain, the utter desolation would make it a formidable inhospitable place.

The club has marvellous "meets" to Snowdon, Lakes and Peaks districts, Scotland, Yorkshire and the West Country (Somerset, Devon,

Cornwall). It was on Exmoor (Devon) that I saw my first fox hunt. We watched fascinated as riders and hounds jumped over fences and hedges in hot pursuit of their quarry. Another favourite riding game is steeple-chasing, where riders head for one church steeple after another. But as a fellow Rambler remarked, "It's not the steeple they're heading for, it's the pub next door". On weekends if you can't see the spire you'll hear the noise as the bell-ringers go from church to church to ring the bells.

The Sunday ramble might take place in Great Windsor Park, Kew Gardens, Epping Forest, the Surrey Downs, Chilterns, explore the canals, the oast houses of Kent or the stately homes with their fabulous collections. The walk followed a special ritual. It nearly always started at Victoria Station. We would then alight in a beautiful area to walk along country lanes, through muddy farmers' cow-yards, through the woods, over styles, tramp through a churchyard where some souls have been at rest since the thirteenth century, to eventually end up at a pub at midday precisely.

The pub is the hub of English life. After any occasion or just for conversation this is where one meets friends over a Guinness or an ale (served warm). It could be a ploughman's lunch (bread, cheese, cranberry sauce) or a pork pie washed down with cider. Then after a game of darts we would set forth on our final leg to finish at a tea shop. This is a very English institution, the rules and etiquette of this ritual must be strictly adhered to, especially when it entails a Devonshire tea. In the last M.M.C. magazine it even had a tea shop guide.

More importantly, it was the people in the club that made these outings so enjoyable and my stay in England memorable.

If you are in London and would like to go walking, or climbing, try the M.M.C., they are great fun.

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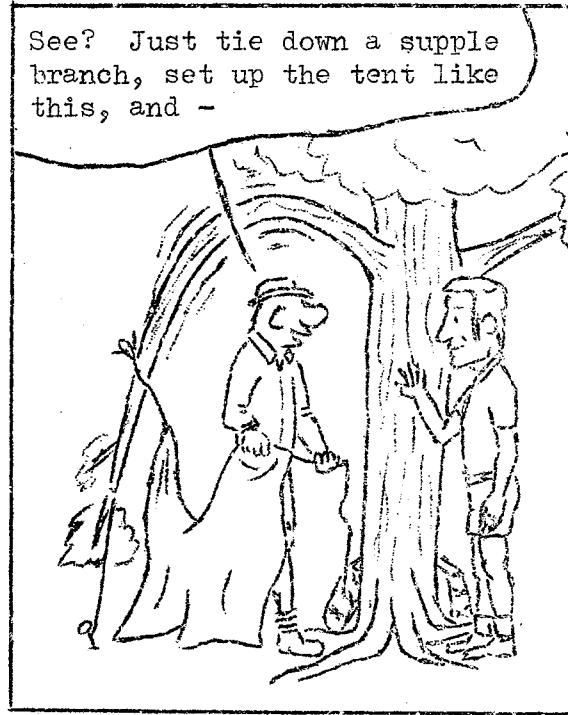
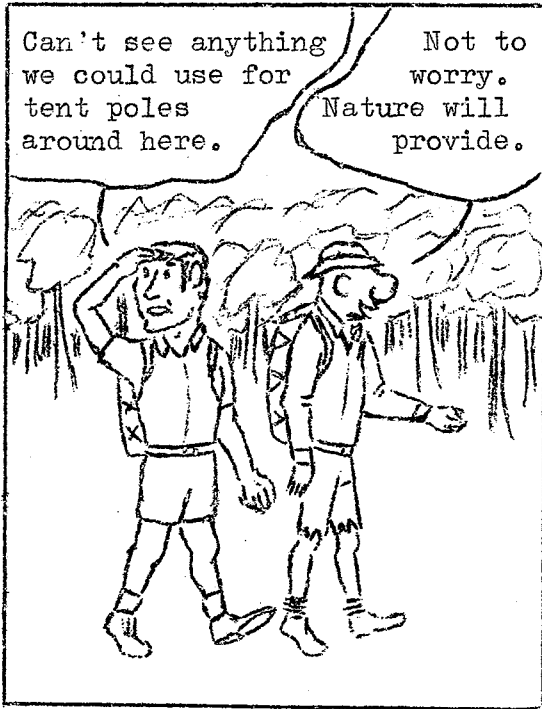
DAVID COTTON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC WORKSHOP - 24th/25th September, 1977.

1. Taking a Photo.
2. Developing the Film.
3. Making Prints and Enlargements.

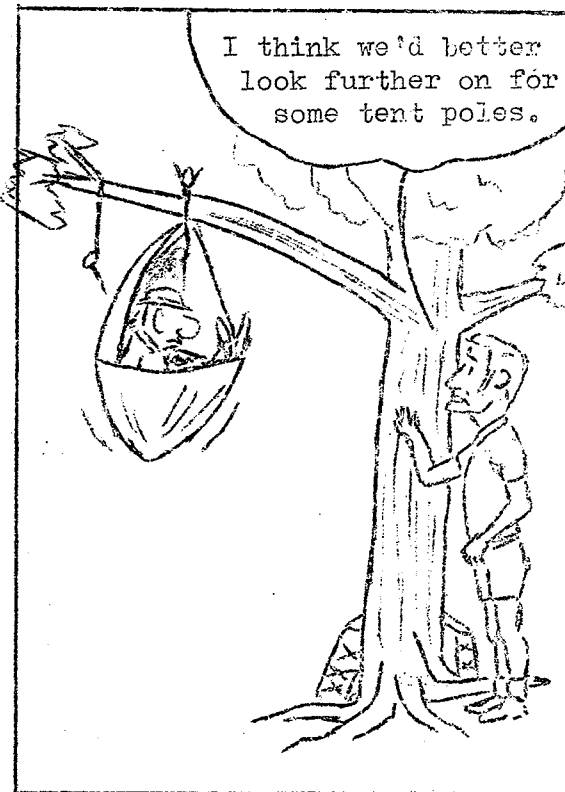
Location is not yet decided. If anyone can help with a suitable location please contact David in the clubroom as soon as possible. Anyone interested in the workshop please also contact David.

BUSHWALKER BOB.

Setting up Camp.



FLING!



Paddy made

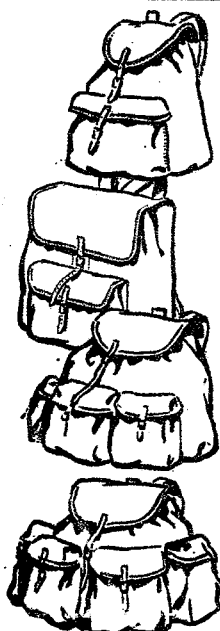
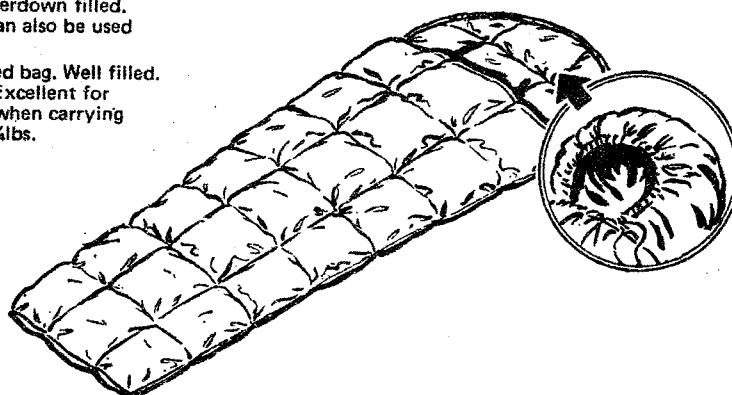
Lightweight bushwalking and camping gear.

Don't be lumbered with a winter bag in summer

Our new 'Superlight' summer weight bags are nearly half the packed size and weight (2lbs) of our regular sleeping bags. Nylon covering, superdown filled. Packs into 9" length x 5½" dia. Can also be used during winter as an "inner-bag".

Kiandra model: Pillow flap, hooded bag. Well filled. Compact, warm and lightweight. Excellent for warmer summer nights and times when carrying weight can be reduced. Approx 3½lbs.

Hotham model: Superwarm hooded bag made for cold sleepers and high altitudes. 'Box quilted' with no 'through' stitching. All bags can be fitted with zippers and draught resisting overlaps. Weight 4½lbs.



BUNYIP RUCKSACK

This 'shaped' rucksack is excellent for children. Use-full day pack. Weight 14ozs.

SENIOR RUCKSACK

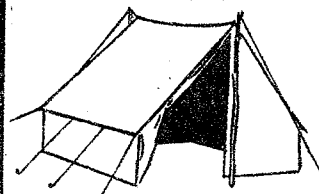
A single pocket, shaped rucksack. Suitable for over-night camping. Weight 1½lbs.

BUSHMAN RUCKSACK

Has sewn-in curved bottom for extra comfort in carrying. Will hold 30lbs. 2 pocket model 1½lbs. 3 pocket model 1½lbs.

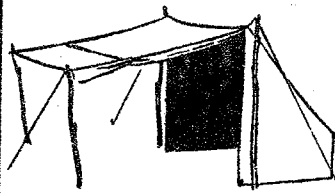
PIONEER RUCKSACK

Extra large bag with four external pockets and will carry about 40lbs of camp gear. Weight 2½lbs.



'A' TENTS

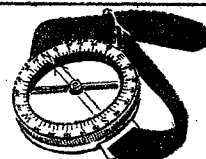
One, two or three man. From 2½ to 3½lbs. Choice of three cloths. Supplied with nylon cords and overlapped doors. No walls.



WALL TENTS

Two, three or four man. From 3½ to 4½lbs. Choice of three cloths. Supplied with nylon cords and overlapped doors.

Everything for the bush-walker, from blankets and air mattresses, stretchers, boots, compasses, maps, books, stoves and lamps to cooking ware and freeze dried and dehydrated foods.



Paddy Pallen

69 LIVERPOOL ST. SYDNEY — 26-2686 61-7215

WIDDEN THAT NEARLY WASN'T.

by Gordon Lee.

If you wake at quarter to six when you should have been under way at 4.30 a.m. the best thing to do is to roll over and go back to sleep. Unfortunately duty demanded otherwise for another body was depending on me. So a courtesy call at least was called for. Breakfastless, trousers on, and sox the right way round, I managed to turn up at six for the slightly late appointment.

Expecting one very irate, frustrate female, I was surprised by the iceless "Oh, Hello!" To make a short story longer, decision was to press on regardless. Even the unexpected may happen, someone might stop to tie a shoelace. All of this can be blamed on Jim Brown, possibly the most blameless of persons under normal circumstances. How, of all people, was he to know that showing a few slides of the Widden Valley would trigger a most unusual set of circumstances which eventually led Belinda McKenzie and me into the Widden.

Inspired by Widden on screen and finding Bob Hodgson had a walk on to that very place was sufficient to create the desire to go. Bob had asked me to take my car and Belinda. Saw her and arranged the early a.m. pick up. The rest is history. Starting minus one and a half hours can have its problems.

Without any low flying we made the Mt. Nullo road by 9.30. To further complicate matters I followed a set of wheel tracks in error and 15 or so km later we surprised a number of weekenders and were re-directed. Then came the first stroke of luck. We met a friendly farmer who had been told of the presence of the S.B.W. trespassers and when informed that they were headed for Pomany Mt. he told us that there was only one way 'they' could go and that he was on his way out there almost immediately.

We followed and were pleased to find the S.B.W. car park on Nullo. Here we got undressed er! redressed er! changed - the farmer was very patient. Us and packs on the 4WD we set out in hot pursuit. "Hot" was somewhat of a misnomer. It was cold enough to "freeze the" I acted as doorman - gatekeeper. I opened the b..... gates and picked up the telltale Volley prints.

Our friendly farmer eventually walked us to a fire trail, stuck with us, and even encouraged us to keep going though we thought it fruitless. I had no desire to trip round the countryside with only a N.S.W. road map and no compass. Heavens to Betsy and Glory Be - there they were - footprints, we'd found 'em. Here our f.f. left us to our own devices.

The trail ended above a 500', sorry, 150 m drop into some valley or other of breathtaking beauty. What little we'd been able to take in of the scenery was magnificent - even Jim Brown's slides hadn't

done it justice. Here the footprints disappeared - not over the edge thank heavens, only into the scrub. That was it. Nothing to do but turn back. Oh well, a "Day Oh!" wouldn't hurt. (I'd imagined I'd heard voices). "That was no echo!" Contact.

Joan Rigby, who wishes to remain anonymous, was sitting apart from the others doing her crossword, in the company of a rather dubious character by the name of Frank (referred to later as Big Stick) when they heard the faint "Day Oh" and realising that it wasn't the territorial warning call of the Choughs, but the mating call of the S.B.W. they relayed the information to Bob which brought the immediate response "That'll be that silly b..... Gordon".

When Bob finally led us back to "the mob" the "rhubarbery" led by Peter Miller wasn't entirely friendly and everyone was anxious to get going through the Gap and on to the base of Pomany and our first camp.

Widden country is (to me) some of the best walking country in which I have been. It is reminiscent of Katoomba and Newnes. Here we have the sandstone cliffs of reasonably formidable proportions, wide arable valleys and forrest country of a green-ness that makes it more acceptable to the eye than the other areas named.

This walk had all the variety that goes with any "good" walk. Scrub and creek bashing, negotiating slot accesss in cliffs both ascending and descending. Magnificent views from high places. Even moving up the farmed valley of Widden Brook was interesting. Never have I seen so many wombat holes. One was observed by a number of the party. I didn't get close enough to be subjected to any wombat walloping.

The only near walloping was done when Joan R. (who wishes to remain anonymous) overheard husband Frank, "Big Stick", making some sort of derogatory remark. She immediately siezed a fallen tree and chased the poor unfortunate several kilometres down the valley, finally dragging him back by the scruff of the neck. Oh that such domestic bliss could be.

Bushwalkers as a genus habit themselves in some of the most outlandish gear. There was Maggie's cullottes, Spiro's long woolly under and overs (as has already been remarked he dresses to the left - or is it right), Big Stick's fawn ballerinas, not to mention our anonymous friend's Bombay Bloomers. For the life of me I could see nothing unusual about my hat, a perfectly legitimate piece of headgear.

An unusually high level of repartee and wit was maintained around the campfires and for which we are greatly indebted to Charlie B. (who also wishes to remain anonymous - no wonder), for never yet on any walk have I heard so many and varied yarns -- I blush even yet.

All in all a truly entertaining, informative, vigorous and relaxing weekend. Thanks, Bob!

* * * * *

HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

by Miles J. Dunphy.

(One of the most memorable events in conservation this year was the awarding of the O.B.E. to Miles Dunphy, who is a foundation member of the Sydney Bushwalkers. The following is an extract from a letter of reply written by him to the Dungalla Club on this occasion, and is an outline of conservation efforts that started some fifty years ago. Miles is now 85.)

You are right about remembering places in their primitive condition. It was because of the damaging forces that were at work wrecking the Blue Mountains wilderness that the early members of the Mountain Trails Club were led to study the situation for about ten years, to make sure of the facts. The Blue Mountains National Park Scheme, compiled about 1924-28, was a preliminary step towards it, but National Park, south of Sydney, needed attention first. Other than the public protest against tree-cutting in National Park, about 1921-22, which members supported, in 1924 the club protested to the Under Secretary for Lands, about abuses being perpetrated in National Park, in a number of ways - a list was furnished. The protest, which was not given to the press, went up to the Minister for Lands as first-hand evidence (which it was) and must have caused a stir: the Minister for Lands wrote the club and promised to make an enquiry into the matter.

About the same time, as a separate matter, the club wrote to the Under Secretary for Lands and said that Garawarra was subject to various kinds of abuse similar to those operating in National Park. It was suggested that the Garawarra belt of superior scenery and coastal jungle should be added to National Park for protection, particularly the Crown Land parts. The Under Secretary replied and said that the time was not yet ripe for such a step to be taken, etc.

But in the end the private properties (freehold) were resumed and, with Garawarra Park (the result of the Garawarra Campaign of 1933) were all added to Royal National Park! If the club's suggestion had been adopted, what a lot of time and trouble would have been saved.

The Blue Gum Forest and Garawarra Park campaigns made the Department of Lands people realise certain truths about pedestrian tourists: like motor-tourists they knew what they wanted. Motor-tourists wanted more and better roads, and got them because they cost a lot of money and gave employment, and worked in with accommodation interests, and petrol, oil and car sales interests.

The introduction of touring cars badly knocked the railways system as the use of cars by vacationists increased. Motor-tourists were independent of the railways; they were free to go anywhere. They had no compunction about requesting that some overland tracks be turned into roads. They got them.

The railways were glad to cater for pedestrian tourists at weekends

and holidays - but this was as far as Government effort went, the hikers, bushwalkers, boy-scouts, girl guides, picnickers reached their destination stations where the amenities and conveniences were less than minimal for many years - not even a nail on which to hang clothes when changing prior to boarding a return train.

Outside built-up areas there were no pads for visiting pedestrians or local school children: they had to walk on the roads, at risk. Pedestrians had to use what they could find. They wanted areas to walk about in, without roads, where all kinds of walkers could get away from cars and roads and see some wildlife. They wanted Garawarra, Heathcote and Woronora valleys, roadless parts of National Park, Kuring-gai Chase, Kurnell Peninsula, Patonga and Kariong peninsulas, Blue Labyrinth, Couridjah Corridor, etc.

Remember that motor-tourists and pedestrian-tourists both had legal right to the use of public roads but car drivers made pack-carrying pedestrians stumble along rough gutters, so sensible pedestrians tried to stay off roads but no authority provided a path for their safety.

As pedestrian tourists had no legal right in Crown land, and were there on sufferance, they wanted more parks and reserves suitable for pedestrians. But the Dept. of Lands had other plans for the same areas in most cases. There is no time now to go into that.

The story of roads in National Park could be quite a tale. The Park and railway nearly coincided in time. The Forest Road to Lugarno and Menai and Thos Mitchell's South Coast or Illawarra Road across the Woronora at Sabugal crossing and up to Bottle Forest on the new ridge, gave him the line of Illawarra Road to Helensburgh and on. When the railway arrived Sutherland, Heathcote and Waterfall came into being. An Army camp for artillery batteries was made on Loftus Heights beside the new road which was made up from Tom Wyllys Point Ferry, via Sutherland. Another artillery camp was made on top of the ridge east of Audley (which became a picnic resort) but a main purpose of the park - an area, for public recreation, was for Army training, particularly artillery. A road was needed to connect the two camps. The first was the precursor of the one down to the river. On the other side the road up to the eastern camp was a sort of rough zig zag. The one which goes up to the top of the ridge, called Artillery Hill, which divides at the summit and goes on to Warumbul and Wattamolla was a later construction, about 1908. All the others were really sulky and horse riding tracks. The Lady Carrington Road was the best of them - only intended for sulkies and buggies. It was the motor car which changed it all, beginning with Lady Carrington Road, reformed only to Upper Causeway, to junction with the new Waterfalls Road. The widened road along the river and the motor cars that travelled it seemed to annoy the lyre-birds and wrecked a good deal of their habitat. My knowledge of the various roads and tracks began in 1907.

You mentioned the upper length of Lady Carrington Road; it was a track for timber extraction before the Park was formed and there was a

big sawmill just south of Upper Causeway, and another a mile or so nearer to Lilyvale. The Park boundary did not lie across the river but followed it for quite a distance, and in this strip and mostly on the western side of the track, the groves of tree-ferns, cabbage palms and other ferns and jungle growth stood between the big turpentine and others that probably were centuries old. On the other side of the track which received more sunshine there was much forest oak (casuarina) and flowering bushes including purple mint-bush, very aromatic. In the 1933-36 period the Government departments concerned received permission to build the Lade Wakehurst Drive, an auxiliary Princes Highway, remodelled McKell Avenue (Waterfalls Road and Stevens Drive Garie Road) and generally made over other roads in National Park. Conservationists did their best to preserve the scenic cliff track but Bulli Shire Council made a mile of vehicular track from National Park to Maynards' (surrounded by Garawarra Park). At the south end about a mile of the cliff track was taken over by a part of Lady Wakehurst Drive.

The motor-tourist industry, in successive steps, formed motor roads where before were sulky tracks. We tried with other bushwalkers to have the National Park designed into Tourist Development Areas and Primitive Areas, on paper of course, but the suggestion did not work. We thought the trustees wanted to feel free to put new roads where they liked. When the National Parks and Wildlife Service took over it blocked off some of the roads.

* * * * *

THE JULY GENERAL MEETING - 13/7/77.

by Barry Wallace.

It was about 8.24 when the president called the 30 or so members present to near order and welcomed the new members; and quite a crop they were. First and not least there was Charlie and Margaret Brown,, Nancy Beckman, David Rutherford and two who were not present, Bill Capon (was he chicken?) and Walter Liddle. Oh yes, Wendy Finch who sent apologies.

The minutes were read and received with a minimum of fuss and a report on the recent Nature Conservation Council Meeting.

Correspondence In, apart from magazines and circulars, consisted of a N.P.W.S. letter expressing their concern over the granting of mining leases within the boundaries of the Morton National Park, a letter from Joe Turner accepting honorary membership, and a request from a student preparing a survey of parks useage that we accept and complete questionnaires on individual members' useage of national parks.

Correspondence Out was limited to letters to new members (all six of them).

An apology for unavoidable non-attendance was sent by Rod Peters.

The treasurer then provided the following data for the month:
Opening Balance: \$2088.55, Income: \$552.97, Outgo: \$362.07, Closing
Balance \$2279.45.

Federation report hinted at problems with the S. & R. section, a matter of concern for any walker who takes seriously the possibility of becoming lost or injured in the bush. There were comments on the Northern Blue Mountains Park proposal and a letter from N.P.W.S. about wood chopping activities in Bluegum (I assume this means other than that for which N.P.W.S. is responsible).

So then it was just a matter of the Walks Report and General Business, which turned out to be a non-event.

The meeting was declared closed at 9.22.

* * * * *

WALK NOTES.

by Len Newland.
(432419 (B))

WALKS FOR SEPTEMBER

Test Walks

- 2, 3, 4 - John Fox and I are planning to do another walk from Fitzroy Falls to Kangaroo Valley via Mt. Carrialoo. Those interested in off-track walking will be interested in this one. For those who come, transport will be by private cars, and a car swap will be involved.
- 9,10,11 - Hilltop to Nattai River via Starlight's Trail and MacArthur's Flat and back via Rocky Waterholes Creek. Leader is Hans Beck.
- Sunday 11 - Govett's Leap, Junction Rock and across the valley to Fortress Creek Falls, then back via Pulpit Rock and Upper Horseshoe Falls. Victor Lewin leads this slightly different walk in the Govett's Leap area, Blackheath.
- 16,17,18 - John Redfern's Airly Base Camp, described in a recent issue of the magazine, is to take place once again, this time under dry conditions, we hope. Saturday's walk is a day test walk and involves a climb up Genowlan Mountain and a sighting of diamond mine workings. Sunday will have an easy trip to Mt. Airly.
- Sunday 25th - North of the Hawkesbury, Alan Fall leads his walk from Patonga to Wondabyne via Mt. Warrah, Mt. Canara and Mt. Wondabyne.

Weekend Walks

- 2, 3, 4 - Rock Bottom and out to Genowlan Mountain and Black Mountain. Leader is Peter Miller.

Weekend Walks (cont.)

23,24,25 - Wentworth Falls and down all the interesting watercourses in the Valley of the Waters. Then a pop over to Mt. Solitary, visible in the distance from the bottom of the valley and return to Katoomba on the usual track. Denise Brown is the leader.

Day Walks.

Sunday 4th - (1) Glenbrook down to Glenbrook Creek, across to Redhands Cave, and a sighting of the Oaks before returning to Glenbrook. Pleasant day's outing with Margaret Reid.

(2) From Church Point you take the ferry across to Hall's Wharf, whence Barry Zieren leads you on another pleasant day's walk to Salvation Creek and Elvina Bay, Ku-Ring-Gai Chase.

Sunday 11 - From Hawkesbury River station another boat ride to the Fitness Camp, then a walk to Wondabyne via Rocky Ponds and Wondabyne Trig, with Jim Brown as escort.

Sunday 18 - Wondabyne is popular this month. David Ingram's trip goes from Wondabyne to Tascott via Myron Brook, Kariong and Lyre Trig.

Sunday 25 - Royal National Park this time, and Meryl Watman leads from Heathcote, through Karloo Pool and Uloola Falls to Audley.

Historical Walk

Saturday 17 - Starting from Woodford and finishing at Faulconbridge. See Buss's Inn, convict homes and many others. See Nancy Alderson for details.

23,24,25 - See David Cotton for details of his Photographic Workshop.

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SOCIAL NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER

by Christine Kirkby.

On September 21st - "Bites, Stings, Culprits and Treatment". Ian Watt will speak on first aid and treatment in the bush - a subject with which all bushwalkers should concern themselves.

"The Royal National Park". On September 28th a ranger from the R.N.P. will speak about its history.

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50TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER.

Please send in your application form WITH CHEQUE for the Dinner on 21st October!

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DAVID COTTON'S BEE WALKS.

Bee walks incorporate a nature study of honey bees with a short bushwalk and have been run regularly since September 1969. Two trips in August and November last year had attendances in excess of 50 persons each. Previous trips (about 15) averaged about 8 persons each. The last trip programmed for March was cancelled due to bad weather.

Bee walks are run to promote the use of honey and to create an interest in nature. The session usually starts off with a discussion on the social life of honey bees and the workings of a honey bee colony, followed by a practical inspection of a bee hive. Often a small display and discussion of current beekeeping work and interests is included.

The treat of the day is morning tea with brown bread, butter and scrumptious honey comb fresh from the bee hive. The rest of the day is usually spent enjoying a short bush walk in the pleasant surrounding bush land of Darkes Forest.

HONEY BEES - A BRIEF HISTORY.

Flowering plants producing nectar and pollen and the insects that foraged on them evolved some 150-100 million years ago, whilst the honey gathering social bees evolved some 20-10 million years ago and were spread over most of the Old World where there were flowering plants for them to work.

Beekeeping was probably mans first agricultural undertaking as logs containing honey bee colonies were collected and taken to a central site or apiary. Swarms of bees were also collected and housed in suitable hollow logs, later these swarms were housed in especially made straw skeps. During the early days of beekeeping the bees had to be killed and their honey combs destroyed to collect the honey which was used for sweetening purposes, for making honey wine or mead and in medicines and lotions.

With the advent of the modern frame hive with its combs built in removable wooden frames and the invention of the bee smoker which is used to quieten the bees during inspections and honey removing operations without harming them, together with the invention of the centrifugal honey extracting machine, allows the honey to be removed from the hive without killing the honey bees or destroying their valuable honey combs.

To-days modern management techniques, disease control and selective queen bee breeding programs allow the beekeeper to run hives with populations in excess of 10-20 times greater than is found in natural hives, This enables a honey bee colony to collect a surplus of honey many times greater than they need for their own requirements.