



SUN VALLEY:

Relics of a bygone era

The remains of a swimming pool, just off Rosenthal Lane.

It was built in the 1920s, along with a change room. People would take the train to Warrimoo station and walk down to the pool. It must have been a lovely place to swim in its day.

(Sandra)

Thanks Sandra. Nice piece of history. When tourism was sustainable - by train and Shank's Pony. Not by car. (Paddy)

MOUNT RIVERVIEW: views of the Cumberland Plain and Penrith Lakes. Wildflowers included lots of boronia. (Marilyn - M2)



GLENBROOK: Pretty little fungi

Seen on the walk to Marges Lookout (Heather)

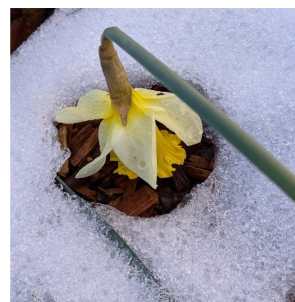


BLACKHEATH: After the snow

The day after the snow, it was fascinating to see where it still remained and how it was melting.

Xanthorrhoea clumps were favourite places to find snow nestling. Small plants created a little melted hole and even a drooping daffodil melted a patch.

Do plants generate a certain amount of heat? (Sue)





KANIMBLA VALLEY: Please, don't eat the geraniums

The swamp wallaby sitting by my garbage bin was no doubt contemplating my geraniums, of which it is rather fond. I see him or her about once every few weeks. I do notice chewed plants after a visit. I had a swampie with joey a few years ago. They also liked geraniums.

Fences are a bit of a problem to swampies, as they don't jump as high as kangaroos. Barbed wire fences, quite unnecessary where there are no cattle, are a real menace to wild life. When this area was subdivided, barbed wire appeared everywhere. I am still taking it down.

(Rosemary)

MEGALONG VALLEY: An old tree

While driving through the Megalong Valley we stopped to photograph this lovely old tree. It is bigger and more battle-scarred than its companions - the mother or father of many of the trees in this forest.

How old is this tree? Small hollows can start to develop when a Eucalypt is 120-180 years old, and large hollows need over 220 years. Some eucalypt species can live for over 500 years.

In other parts of NSW, in national parks where logging has occurred, I have admired old trees which had escaped the axe or the chainsaw. Since then, their hollows have provided shelter and nests for countless generations of native animals which have relied on them for their survival. But were they left behind only because imperfections of age had decreased the value of the timber? (Christine)



Why are old trees important? These words are from a North Eastern Forest Alliance 2014 background paper:

“Old trees are the primary storehouses of carbon, provide essential hollows for animals to nest and den in, provide the most abundant nectar and seed, and are of the highest aesthetic appeal. These values appreciate with age. Those surviving are of immense value. Numerous Australian animals depend on the food and shelter provided by old trees for their survival. Lindenmayer et. al. (2014) consider ‘The irreplaceable roles of large old trees make them a ‘keystone structure’ - a disproportionately important provider of resources crucial for other species’.”

EVANS CROWN, near Tarana

On a visit to Vancouver with my husband Ben some years ago to see my brother, we went with him to Spearfish in South Dakota to visit his son. While we were there, Carl, my nephew took us to an Indian sacred site not far from where they lived, an area of huge granite boulders rather like Evans Crown.

I felt I was picking up something while I was there - I get the same sensation at Evans Crown. I am sure Evans Crown was used a lot by our First Nation people. Do I feel something spiritual? I often think that science does not explain everything. On the other hand, granite is slightly radioactive. Can one feel radioactivity? I wonder if anyone who has been to Evans Crown has any thoughts on the subject. (Rosemary)



BLACKHEATH: Love Seat for a local for her birthday some years ago, designed and placed by her loving husband

Overlooking the fabulous view to Kanimbla Valley. The poem was written by a visiting friend of theirs in 2019. Now faded and difficult to discern: written with love. (Marilyn K)



Here are the words:

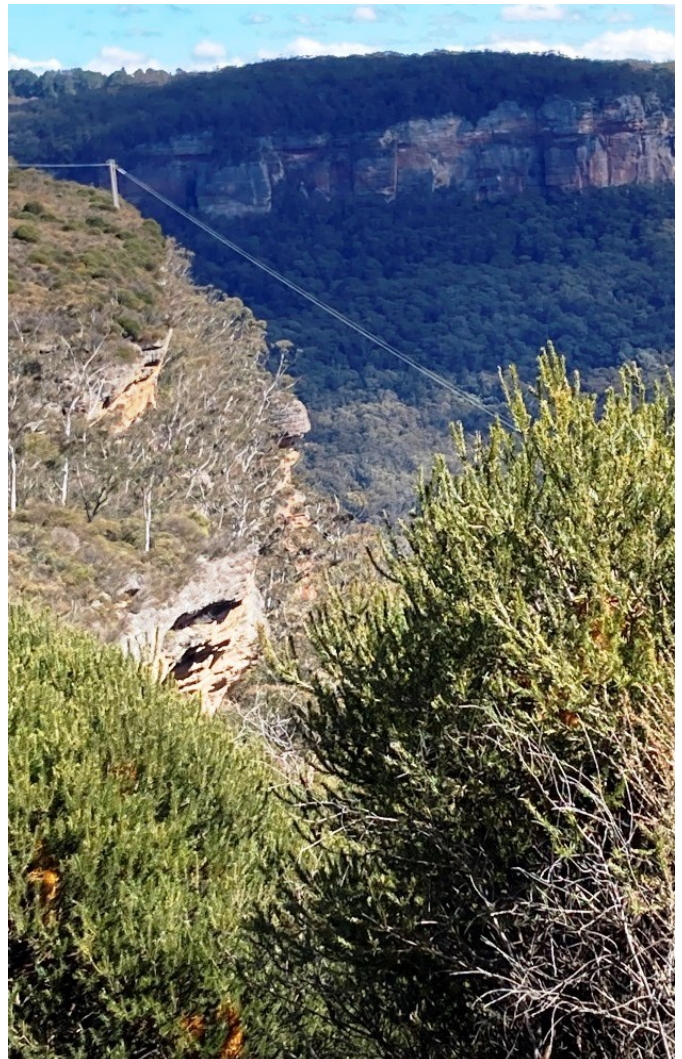
Chance encounters By Jack Jacob Sapar

May I look over my shoulder,
may I always see your face,
may misguided fears and worries
leave forgiveness in their place.

May peace subdue our sorrows,
love instead of hate,
so that all the things we dream of,
will come to us one day.

May our spirits be eternal,
may our jobs feel more like play,
may the ego remain dormant,
allowing the heart to lead our way.

May we write our own life story,
may the nightmares dissipate,
may we rise like morning glory,
embracing life before it sets.



MOUNT VICTORIA: Hornes (Hourn) Point and Boronia Point

After heavy rain in early morning the fire trail to Hornes point glistened under a bright blue sky. Red Wattlebirds in the tree tops and New Holland Honeyeaters and thornbills chattered away in the dense heath. At the end of the track, views to Kanimbla Valley stretched out below and to the left to the steep cliffs of Blackheath.



Hornes Point was originally called Hourn Point, named after Frederick Christopher Hourn (1862-1920), station master at Mount Victoria 1904-1915.

Hakeas form an archway across the track to Boronia Point. Colourful lichens and mosses cover the sandstone outcrops and stunted vegetation. (If you walk to Boronia Point during October you will find out why the lookout is named after a wildflower) (Marilyn K)



BLACKHEATH: Snow on the wattle

In Blackheath, the wattle can reach colourful intensity before the winter's last snowfall. On the pale green leaves, the golden of the flowers with the silver-grey of Scribbly Gum branches above, the snow flakes make a glistening necklace. (Don)

