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 THE  
 SYDNEY  
 BUSHWALKER  
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A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers, Box 4476 G.P.O., Sydney, 2001. Club meetings are held every Wednesday evening from 7.30 pm at the Wireless Institute Building, 14 Atchison Street, St. Leonards. Enquiries concerning the Club should be referred to Marcia Shappert, Telephone 30,2028.

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MARCH, 1980.

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MORE MORONS TO MORANG.

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by Dot Butler.

The programme for 22-3-4 February definitely said - "MORANG DEEP - Upper Kowmung River - Lannigan's Creek - Boyd Range. 24 km MEDIUM". It said a few other things such as "Swimming compulsory" and hung out a lure of excellent swimming pools deep enough for bombing and diving. But the most important thing it said was "DAVE ROSTRON, Leader." This was sufficient to draw everyone in the Club who wants to do a good trip and know that it is going to be properly conducted. (It has just come to me in a flash of inspiration that as a leader Dave Rostron is the nearest to the great Gordon Smith, famous in the 30's when the "Tigers" were filling in the vast white spaces on the Blue Mountains map). On the Wednesday night a huge crowd of 32 had entered their names on Dave's list - later reduced to 29 as three failed to turn up. On Thursday Sydney's temperature was 42 degrees Celsius, and people packed sunburn cream, lightweight sleeping bags and sun hats.

Friday night turned out a bit unexpected. Our car left Beecroft at 9 pm. A necessary call had to be made en route in some remote suburb where the street names had been changed and it was 10 o'clock before we found the house and were on our way again, only to find the mountain road shrouded in dense fog. Craig drove, then after two hours of tense concentration passed the wheel over to Don for the descent to Jenolan Caves. In a clammy drizzle we discerned cars parked outside the tin shed on the Kanangra Road. A shadowy figure just about to enter told us his party were not Sydney Bushwalkers so we carried on and found our mob entented in a small clearing by the side of the road. It was 1.15 am. The Austins and Finchy draped tent flies off the car and I slept in its back seat.

Dawn. A fire is fanned to life. Figures in groundsheets slink around in the mist cooking breakfast and maligning the Leader for the weather he has turned on. No one is wildly enthusiastic about a cold canyon and compulsory swimming so Dave changes the plan: we will walk the 7 or 8 miles to Tiwilla cave (Hurrah, no tents to carry!) and if the weather continues drizzly we will sloth there and come back over the same route on Sunday - admittedly a bit of a let down for a Dave Rostron trip.

We took the cars to the end of the road then trailed out across Kanangra Plateau to the lookout rock. Mist lay thick in Murdering Gully, the Spires and Big Misty only occasionally revealing their upper part through the torn wrack. A brief lifting of the fog raised hopes for Morang but a democratic vote by show of hands found the majority still favouring Tiwilla cave. The long parka-clad line snaked along in single file, the leaders, of course, collecting all the drips off the waist-high banksia. Off the Plateau and down a dip. About here eleven of the party staged a revolt. All Dave's shouting failed to shift them - there they remained silhouetted on the skyline. They sent Donny Finch down to tell Dave they didn't want to walk with such a huge mob and they would make their own way to the cave. So the main party, now reduced to 18, continued on towards Cloudmaker. Up Rip, Rack, Roar and Rumble. "Why do you go up, Dad, when you only

have to come down again the other side?" - A very intelligent complaint by Sev's 14-year old son Rodger. We explained the disadvantages of sidling in steep country.

Arrival at Cloudmaker was heralded by someone clanging on the metal container of the visitors' book. We all wrote our names and returned the can to the cairn. Then it was a case of which way do we go to find the elusive Tiwilla cave in a whiteout? Sev indicated a fallen tree trunk which he said pointed directly towards the cave. Bob Hodgson relied on his memory (his map and compass were mislaid somewhat back home in a recent upheaval of house shifting) and a small group followed in his wake. Dave and Finchy, together with Craig's breakaway group who had now joined the main party, got out map and compass and navigated through the mist. Somehow Bob's party got a bit off course. There followed yelling and coo-ee-ing and shouting, the only answer we could make out being Don's voice, "What are you idiots doing over there!" So the Hodgson splinter group worked its way across and joined the others. The party was complete again and the leader was most relieved. A brief sortie along the top of a rock outcrop revealed that this was in fact the roof of the cave, identified by a recognisable growth of trees, and at last there we were in the "100-man cave" discovered by Max Gentle 43 years ago. There used to be more sand in it in its virgin state - forty odd years of trampling have packed it down somewhat.

With the arrival of our large party the still cave became vibrant with life. Two large campfires were soon alight making a cosy glow. Billies were put on and dinner was soon on the way. Now we can take proper stock of who our companions were in the long procession down the track. First introductions of all the new members. We were delighted to welcome the Rigbys up from Canberra. There were Jack and Kerry Higgs having their last week-end together before Jack departs for the Himalayas next week with the Annapurna III Mountaineering Expedition. Judging by Jack's fitness the 24,858 ft giant is as good as climbed. Snow Brown and his sweetheart Clarabel had offloaded the three children so as to have a week-end together. Snow was so full of exuberance that he couldn't be held in but dashed around hugging all the girls in turn - rather hazardous if one was just removing a tea billy from the fire. Rostron and Finchy carried on as usual, wrestling and punching each other's heads, with Barry hovering on the sidelines waiting his chance. The not-so-demonstrative others stood around and laughed and had the nice warm feeling of being "one of the mob".

Dinner over, Bob brought out his mouth organ and everyone settled down for the usual nattering before sleep. Eventually all were bedded down the length and breadth of the cave. I was slotted up in a narrow sarcophagus with 12" headroom between my bracken bed and the roof of the cave. In the dead of night came a high pitched scream, "Help! Help!" I sat up, and almost brained myself on the rock ceiling. No, it wasn't Christine; she and Craig were still asleep in their double sleeping bag, locked in each other's arms. It was the indomitable Bones, of all people. "It's all right Joan," Frank's soothing voice was heard. "You've been having a nightmare." We all went back to sleep but were disappointed in the morning to find that Joan didn't remember a thing about it.

Morning dawned fine and clear. Only seven elected to go back the way we had come; the other 22 would return via the Kowmung and up Root's Route to the cars. In fact, we would be doing almost the same walk as Craig had put on the Walks Programme for the following week-end, entitled ONLY FOR THE FIT AND HARDY!

We were away by 7.45. Down Compagnoni's Pass - (Ron C. had said, "You can't find it from the top," but that was when there was no track. Now there are even spikes and a chain to make the descent less perilous.) We descended an unnamed ridge to Gingera Creek and reached the Kowmung in 2½ hours, and soon everyone was in for a swim.

As a reward for such good going we were allowed one hour for morning tea, then the always delightful walk along the river seeing the odd snakes, kangaroos, goannas, and - a rare sight - a huge Emperor gum moth about the size of a large cicada. Nor must we forget the whitening bones of dead cows. Sev's young son was enchanted, especially by a head with the horns still attached; he must take it home. Followed argument from Dad: "You know your mother won't let you keep that on the mantelpiece! Throw it away!" Protestations from young Rodger: "But I'm the one who's carrying it, Dad." (Eyes light up) "Wouldn't it be beaut to take all the bones. My mate Scruffy has put together the whole skeleton of a dog." (Or rooster or something, I've forgotten what.) (Plaintively) - "Couldn't we get everyone to carry out just one bone?" "Listen, son," said Sev reasonably, "You've got 20 miles to walk today and 2,000 ft of climb. That will finish up weighing a ton. Put it down!" So are the dreams of youth shattered.

More enchanting even than the dead cows were the deep green pools. The tail-enders would hardly have emerged from one pool before the leaders would have reached another and be disporting in its cool waters. It hardly seemed worth while dressing between swims. On the banks of one of the most enticing pools we saw half a snake - the other half had disappeared head first into the sand. When everyone had noted this odd sight someone threw a stick at it. The snake whipped its head out and slithered like lightning into the pool. Only the brave risked a rather uneasy swim here.

We stopped for a late lunch about half a mile from the foot of Root's Ridge. A final swim, with Finchy on a rock in the middle of the pool defying all comers to pull him off, then about 3 pm we started on the long pull up the mountain. "This is a proper ridge," Spiro explained happily to the newcomers. "It goes straight up all the way. No silly downs like on other ridges."

The next few hours in the heat can be passed over. Towards the top a boisterous wind nearly blew us over, but it did cool us down. A short rest, then off along the Gingera track to the Coal Seam cave. Another brief rest then the pad along the Plateau and a last look from the lookout rock and a drink from the rain pools.

A Spanish proverb says: "The sight of a horse sends the traveller

lame." In our case it was the sight of the cars. "Let's have a rest here out of sight," said Jo, stopping on the track just short of the finishing line. "Then we can make a final burst to the cars without collapsing flat on our faces."

And we did just that. You ask us about it some time and we'll tell you what a beaut trip it was. Easy.

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#### ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS 1980.

The subscription rates for 1980 were decided at the Annual General Meeting and are now due and payable. They are as follows:-

Ordinary member	\$11
Married couple	\$13
Full-time student member	\$ 7

The subscription for non-active members is decided by committee and will be advised later.

The magazine is posted free to all members, but non-active members and others who would like to receive the magazine can do so for an annual subscription this year of \$5.

The Treasurer will take cash or cheques any time - either in the Clubroom, or posted to Box 4476 G.P.O., Sydney, 2001.

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#### SOCIAL NOTES FOR APRIL.

by Ailsa Hocking.

Wednesday, April 2nd: Free night to discuss Easter plans.

Saturday, April 12th: A Ceremony of Scattering the Ashes of Marie Byles will take place at 11.00 am on Saturday, 12th April, at the Hut of Happy Omen on her property, "Ahimsa", Day Road, Cheltenham. Books from Marie's extensive library will be on sale. These cover a very wide range of subjects.

Bring your own lunch, and enjoy a walk in the bush afterwards. Please see Dot Butler, or ring her on 48,2208, for further details.

Wednesday, April 23rd: David Cotton's 5th Photographic Exhibition and Wine and Cheese night. David has been busy photographing and developing and printing. Come and see his latest exhibition, and enjoy the wine and cheese and good company at the same time.

Wednesday, April 30th: First Aid Night with Judith Rostron and Barry Wallace. By popular demand, Judith and Barry will repeat their talk on first aid. They will describe the more common first aid contingencies likely to be encountered by bushwalkers, and how to deal with them - from grazes to fractures, leeches to snake-bites, sunburn to hypothermia. A continuation of the safety awareness programme, and a must for prospectives.

S.B.W. OFFICE BEARERS - 1980.

The following office-bearers and committee members were elected at the S.B.W. Annual General Meeting held on Wednesday, 12th March, 1980:-

President	* Bob Hodgson
Vice-Presidents	* Barry Wallace
	* Spiro Hajinakitas
Secretary	* Sheila Binns
Assistant Secretary	* Barbara Bruce
Treasurer	* Tony Marshall
Walks Secretary	* Jim Vatiliotis
Social Secretary	* Peter Miller
New Members Secretary	* Leone Vella
Committee Members	* Marcia Shappert
	* Jo Van Sommers
	* Peter Sargeant
	* David Rutherford
Federation Delegates	Spiro Hajinakitas
	Peter Sargeant
	Two others to be elected.
Substitute Federation Delegates	" " " "
Conservation Secretary	Alex Colley
Magazine Editor	Helen Gray
Magazine Business Manager	Bill Burke
Duplicator Operator	Phil Butt
Keeper of Maps & Timetables	John Holly
Search & Rescue Contacts	Marcia Shappert
	Ray Hookway
	Don Finch
Archivist	Phil Butt
Auditor	Gordon Redmond
Solicitor	Colin Broad
Trustees	Heather White
	Gordon Redmond
	Bill Burke
Coolana Management Committee	Dot Butler
	George Gray
	Brian Hart
	Barry Wallace
	John Redfern
	Owen Marks
Kosciusko Huts Assn. Delegate	Bill Burke
Projectionist	Hans Beck

\* Indicates members of the Committee.

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## SOME FEATURES

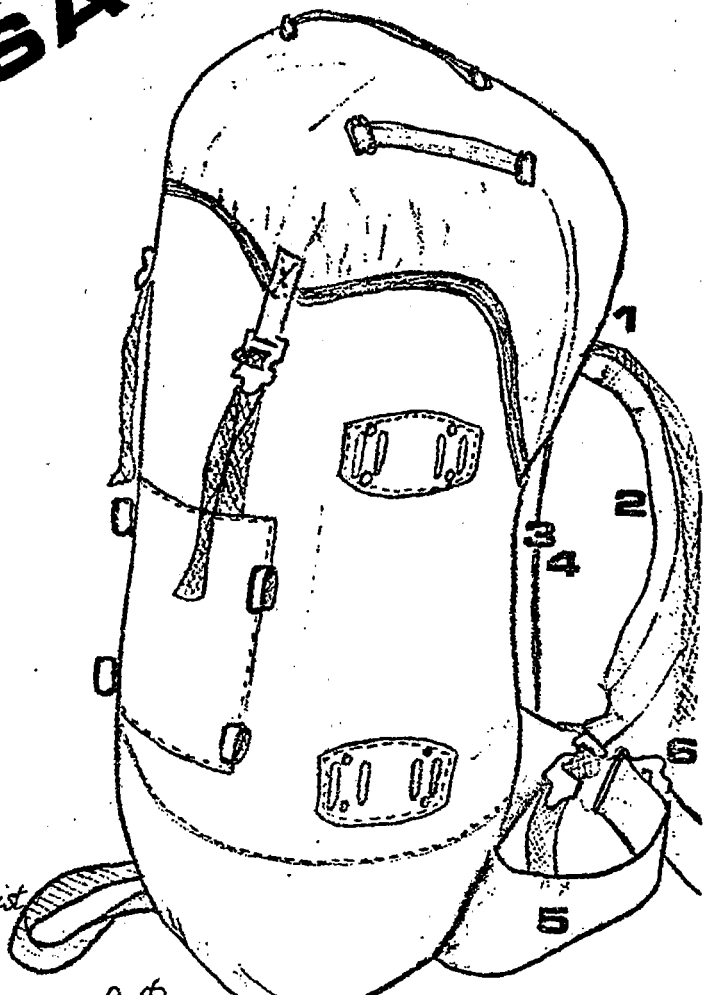
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THE FEBRUARY GENERAL MEETING.

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by Barry Wallace.

The meeting began at about 2015 with 25 or so members present and the President in the chair. The list of new members gave promise of not one, but two, parent and child (?), well, offspring anyway, combinations, but it was not to be. Jacky and Mary Hossack were not in evidence, and only John Newman of John and Elizabeth Newman was there to receive badge constitution and imaginary membership list. The others, Richard Fox and Kevin Yates were all present and correct, and we even had Derek Wilson, who became a member last November, turning up to collect his badge (etc.).

Marcia Shappert and Len Newland were not present but did send their apologies.

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

Correspondence brought a letter of thanks from Mouldy Harrison, our outgoing letters to new members, to John and Heather White, to the owner of a property at Wyanbene, to Canberra Bush Walkers regarding an error of fact in a set of published Walks Notes, and to N.P.W.S. regarding the presence of sheep in Kosciusko National Park. There was also a reply to this latter letter advising that the matter had been referred to the N.P.W.S. Regional Office for reply.

There was no Federation Report for January, so we had a Coolana Report from Dot Butler. Colin Broad, our Hon. Solicitor, is acting to expedite payment of amounts owing from the Electricity Commission of N.S.W., a notice has been prepared for placement on a tree to George and Mary Davidson, N.P.W.S. have advised that the proposal to swap land in Lot 3 for an alternative portion adjacent to the escarpment looks O.K., donations of gear have been received from Steve and Wendy Hodgman and Marie Byles and these will be offered for sale at the next Club auction.

The Walks Report opened with that seasoned white-ant resister Jim Vatiotis reporting a turn-out of 27 starters, 9 of whom were children, on his Beecroft Peninsular walk. It rained on Sunday so they all went home! Jim is rumoured to be seeking a route which will get people further from their cars next time, so watch it! Jim Brown reported 20 people, all of whom were of mature years, pushing on through rain and swirling mist to conquer the Deer Pool-Little Marley circuit and still get back in time for the early ferry. There was no report of Len Newland's Heathcote trip the same day, which, just in case you were wondering, was Sunday the 20th of January.

The following weekend, 26,27,28th had Tony Denham reporting 20 people on his Shoalhaven base camp but there were no other details. Which is more than you can say for Spiro's Kanangra-Kowmung-Kanangra walk the same weekend. They had 24 starters and almost as many casualties. If I remember rightly there were two burns, one broken ankle and a set of sprained ligaments. Fortunately they did not all happen to the one person. Joe Marton's two-day trip from Leura through Bluegum to Blackheath fared slightly better with one breakdown (train) and one sprained ankle (Marton) distributed among the



17 starters. Meryl Watman's day walk from Heathcote with 14 people was somewhat of an anticlimax, no-one was injured.

The following weekend 1,2,3 Feb. had Bob Younger's Megalong Valley walk with 5 starters led by Jim Vatiliotis. Bob was one of the victims of the previous weekend but he's recovering nicely by now, thank you. David Rostron smelt rain in the air on Friday morning and deferred his Davies Canyon trip to the following weekend, where it attracted 8 starters, and a good time was had by all. Ian Debert's Sunday walk from Springwood to Blaxland had 16 takers but again there were reports of navigational problems. The same day Sheila Binns led 7 people on a rainy ramble from Waterfall to Heathcote.

The weekend of 9,10th Feb. saw Snow Brown lead 8 starters through the turbid waters of Jerrara Creek on ropes and things. Roy Braithwaite led 16 people on a pleasant day walk in Royal National Park on the Sunday and Vic Lewin's Burnt Flat Creek walk had 10 starters and brought the Walks Report to an end.

The Treasurer's Report showed an income of \$112.25, starting balance of \$1595.56, expenditure of \$53.50 and a closing balance of \$1654.21.

General Business saw a decision to write to the State Pollution Control Commission about the pollution of Jerrara Creek by suspended mud. After some discussion of the new F.B.W. Constitution, there was a successful motion that we defer discussion until the March A.G.M., so bring your cushions! A formal decision was made that the Club provide toilet facilities at the next Re-union at Coolana. Then it was just a matter of announcements and it was all over for another month at 2132. Olé.

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#### LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Helen,

Re: JOHN AND HEATHER WHITE

To assist in the rehabilitation of their commercial nursery at Mount Tomah (destroyed in the December bush-fires), John and Heather White would appreciate any seedlings members may be able to obtain in the way of Japanese maples, tulip trees, liquidambers, silky oaks or any other deciduous trees which are attractive in the Autumn and Spring. But NO Rhus trees, please, as these cause allergies. One can often find self-sown seedlings under or near trees. Also any attractive or interesting ferns, including tree ferns, established in pots or tins. These plants may be left at the home of Jean and Brian Harvey, 12 Mahratta Avenue, Wahroonga, Tel.48,1462 for onward transportation.

(Signed) BRIAN HARVEY.

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WE WENT TO PRESS IN '37 AND ALL THAT - PART 2. by Brian Harvey.

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If I may be permitted to whizz back more than half-a-century, I find that in the first four years of the Club's existence, there was just no news bulletin. But at the monthly general meeting of far-off May 1931, five courageous stalwarts in a joint statement from the floor of the meeting deplored this fact and had the temerity to suggest that a bi-monthly journal be inaugurated. "Oh dear no," said the meeting, "But we don't mind if you five ('the Gang of Five') turn to and produce one as a trial run, taking upon your selves all the responsibility for editorialship, production and finance and we'll see how it goes!" This was in the depth of the Great Depression and financial adventure was not the order of the day.

And so it came to pass that they produced "The Bushwalker" bi-monthly, being, as it stated in the first issue, that "the aim was neither ambitious nor comprehensive, the main endeavour being to place before members accounts of trips which otherwise would not be readily accessible to them". There is no record that they made a fortune as best-sellers. So impressed were the other members, that after the elapse of ONLY 14 months, it was decided at the monthly meeting of May 1932 that the Club would take full responsibility for a magazine to be known as "The Sydney Bushwalker", retaining the original publication staff on pay. From inception, all the mags had been commercially produced by a Miss Brennan, a public typists, of Kembla Building, Margaret Street, City. Brenda White, of the original staff told me the other day that all the copy was tossed over to Miss Brennan, terrible writing and all, and she made a brave fist of it, but undoubtedly must have regarded bush-walkers as a queer mob. Has there been any improvement?

For the record, the Gang of Five were Marj Hill, Brenda White, Dorothy Lawry, Myles Dunphy and Rene Browne. In December of 1932 Brenda and Marj exchanged places and the former continued as Editor until August, 1935, when Marie Byles took over and who still was in office when our famous No.36 rolled off our own duplicator, or rather was dragged off it!

It appears that some of the pre-1937 series varied in price according to the number of pages - September 1936 had only 10, whilst April of 1937 ran to a large 22. As Marie said on one occasion, the 6d saved thereby, could be partly applied to the purchase of an extra copy of "The Sydney Bushwalker Annual" to send to friends as an Xmas present. The annual cost 1/- ! Yes, my young dukes and duchesses, we actually did produce an annual mag in addition to the monthly job, being a printed one with photographic plates! Having two mags put a strain on the Editor to select the most suitable articles for either publication. Marie says in September of '36, "This is a very thin edition of "The Sydney Bushwalker" because few people seem inspired to write articles, and, of course, it is not the Editor's task to drag articles from people reluctant to write them". Helen Gray, do these sound like famous last words??? Mags of that period reveal that Marie, as Editor, wrote many articles herself as "space fillers", a feature which continues to be nothing new! On the other hand, Marie was a "very tough" Editor, as she liked all articles to be in her precise legal English, grammar correct etc. In fact, she made things difficult for herself by altering, re-writing passages, etc., and in one case re-wrote a whole story submitted by old "Wiff" Knight (of Knight's Deck on the Blue Dog), who swore never to submit any more, as did others whose path she crossed.

In 1938, when Marie took off to climb mountains in Western China, Dorothy Lawry took over the reins, saying in her first Editorial (I quote), "Good-day folks! With the Editorial chair now hidden under a larger bulk .....!!!!"

Letting that pass, Dorothy did a tremendous job as Ed, until elected our first Lady President in 1942, by PRE-TYPING the whole magazine in the form in which she decided it should appear! Thus the public typiste, a Miss Dube of 16 Spring Street, only had to transpose the article on to stencils, without having to ruin her eyesight with members' deplorable script.

March '45 saw the editorship go to Clare Kinsella, followed one year later by Ray Kirkby (who did just about everything single-handed). Post-war it went to Ron Knightley and then into clearer sailing along came Alex Colley who confronted members in his first Editorial with these words "In an eddy of the muddied stream of Club business at the annual meeting, at a time when a few had kept their heads above water and many had already sunk, we were elected Editor. This ill-considered action will have some regrettable consequences for readers - the worst of these will be that from now on you will have an Editorial in which you will be told what to think." In spite of this admonition, Alex went on to produce our 21st Birthday Issue in 1948, and which, in my opinion, is the best ever to come off the duplicator - and I've seen about 496 of them! Of course, I was on the handle of the duplicator, and therefore horribly biased. My opinion is never widely upheld.

Economy was the Order of the Day earlier on. In June of 1938, Dorothy Lawry has this to say "...the Business Manager is very firm about each issue of this magazine being kept down to 11 pages". 'Struth, and the then price was only 2d per copy - apparently it would have been regarded as almost corporate crime if the magazine showed a loss in the Annual Accounts. Dorothy was, and is, a qualified accountant, but she seems to have been somewhat cowed by this weighty direction from management, though this is quite out of character! However, early inflation reared its ugly head in May of '43 with an advance to 3d, then to 5d in July of 1944, to 8d in 1958! In this epoch advertisers were enticed, mostly commercial photographers and for the first time, in June '53, an advert appeared on the magazine cover, indicative of rising material's cost.

But to regress. It was probably the threat of direct industrial action on the part of the frustrated Production Staff, which, in August of 1938, led to the Great Discovery of Duplicating Paper, which material, being fairly stiff and very absorbent, fairly flashed through the duplicator, bringing great joy to my heart as the winder of the handle. I think it cost around 2/9d per ream. However, after one year of war, as a patriotic economy gesture, we commenced printing on both sides of the paper. Conversely, just AFTER the war when we were endeavouring to regain our equilibrium, and articles were as scarce as hens' teeth, by connivance with the Editor, we used to give the mag the appearance of being of greater proportions than actually was the case by surreptitiously printing on only one side of the paper to delude readers into false euphoria. This is known in well-informed circles as promotional selling. But back to 1941: the Federal Government to conserve supplies of everything, ruled that established publications should not be larger than was the case at some (forgotten) retrospective date. I vividly recall (in the uniform of the R.A.N.) proceeding upstairs in the G.P.O. to see some official and submitting a specimen copy of the mag and to be issued with a permit, to be reviewed annually, whereby we were permitted to use something like 9 pounds of paper per month. The Government-of-the-Day was of the opinion that morale was important, and that magazines must go on, Hitler or no Hitler. At this stage, some 18 of us were serving in the Armed Forces and here I must mention the Services Committee of the Federation of Bushwalking Clubs who, through thick and thin, kept posting magazines and other mental or physical comforts to us in various theatres of war.

My memory is poor on this aspect, but I fancy we purchased a "used" duplicator

from the Roneo Company about 1940, the previous infernal contraption being cast on the scrap-heap to be converted into guns or bombs. Or some such equally charitable cause. At this point, production really took off and for the first time, duplicating became a pleasure. Even so, tricks could be played by such better machines in that in warm humid weather, the paper became limp, fed badly and was inclined to adhere to the sticky stencil. On the other hand, in very dry weather, the paper became charged with static electricity and on passing through the machine, took off into the air, to fall on the floor where it was snarled at. I fancy about 1948, a brand-new Roneo "500" was purchased which did good service until more recently, due to Club affluence, the super-duper Gestetner of magnificent operational features, was acquired. You just don't know how lucky you are, Bob Duncan, despite your "problems". But don't weaken!

Directly after the war, we produced the mag on non-club nights at the well-remembered-by-some "Ingersoll Hall" where at times we were entertained by practice sessions of the champion St. John's Ambulance Brass Band - which somewhat off-set the odour of the cats' sand-trays. Can we ever forget it? However, on the credit side, the "Hall" was used on Saturday nights for "housie-housie" games, and the trestle tables were left in situ and these were the greatest boon ever. I used to run-off all the even-numbered pages first, say 18 down to 2 in that order, then the odd-numbered pages 17 falling to 1 were commenced on the obverse of the former. As No.17 came off the press, assistants would lay each leaf separately in rows along the tables, No.15 on top of 17, and so on down to Page 1. It is therefore apparent to the reader when this Page 1 was spread around, the whole of the collating was finished simultaneously! Whilst two bods were collecting the little heaps of paper, I was madly stapling them into their covers. Copies to be posted were folded and whipped into pre-addressed and pre-stamped wrappers and the "held-in-the-Club-room" subscribers' copies were endorsed with their names, the balance being for cash sales. There was nothing to it and the whole operation was completed in less than  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Easy as pie. All that Bob Duncan and associates require is a dining-room table about 100 metres long and their now-arduous work would be over-simplified.

The mightiest manual job was the Silver Anniversary Issue in 1952 when we produced 313 finished pristine copies for our eager readers, being the end product of 43 stencils. I wound the handle for four hours on each of two consecutive nights resulting in some 13,500 imprints, the arm action producing a stiff shoulder on the third morning! The 2'6" stack of paper was collated on another night, with an expanded staff, using the same table lay-out.

Then there was the challenging occasion, when on clipping the stencil on, it ripped right across the centre (due to too vigorous enthusiasm). I ran off the top half of the page, and leaving the unbroken continuity of production to well-trained others, Ken Meadows and I nipped down in his car to my place of employment where I had the key, I typed the bottom half on a spare stencil, ripped back and added this half to the doubly-run page. Our fan-readers could not be let down by a late edition. All emergencies were met with great sang-froid, as you will by now have realised.

I must have had an affinity for duplicating machines since I first started to turn the handle in 1938 as I put in about 20 years in broken periods, sometimes in the dual capacity as Business Manager, and, taking into account the production of annual reports and the like, I estimate having turned out about 600,000 manually-produced imprints, which was about my only contribution to the mag. apart from a few questionably-written articles.

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# eastwood camping centre

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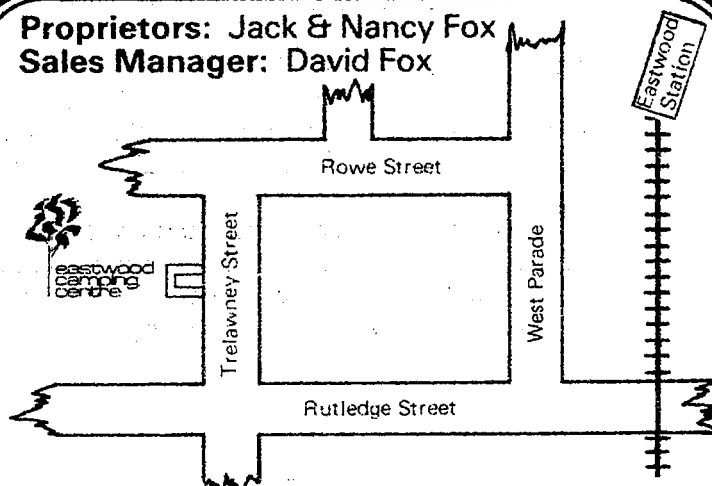
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LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

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Dear Madam,

It came as somewhat of a surprise to find a discussion - indeed, almost a controversy - over Biblical matters in recent issues of your valued journal.

Len Newland, in the February edition, felt it necessary to correct a misapprehension regarding the vanquishing of Goliath, a misapprehension which apparently originated with the composer, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and was reiterated by his descendant, Owen Marks. We must hope, of course, that Great Grand-Uncle Felix was better informed about Elijah before he composed his still often-performed Oratorio.

However, it is correct to say that the members of Sydney Bushwalkers were accurately informed on the subject many years ago. Our source was that eminent Oriental sage and mystic, Dun Khan (sometime known as the Dalai Lama) who frequently intoned at Reunions a motet or chorale which went (approximately to the tune of the Bums Song) -

"Goliath of Gath, with hith helmet of brath,  
Wath lying one day upon the green grath,  
When up thkipped thlim David, the thervant of Thaul  
And thaid, "I will thmite thee, altho' I'm tho thmall".

Thlim David thlipped down to the thide of the brook  
And from itth thmooth waterth three thmall thtones he took.  
He thswiftly thlung one; it flew through the thky  
And thmote that old thinner right over the eye.

Goliath fell down in a thwoon on the thward,  
Thlim David thkipped up and drew forth hith thord.  
He pulled back hith corthelet and thliced off hith head,  
And the Ithraeliteth thouted "Yippee, Goliath ith dead".

It threemth rather thad that thome memberth may have been mithled by Owen'th hithtorical article, but it ith motht thatithfactory that Len hath redrethed the ithue and rethtored David'th battle honourth. At leatht, it ith unlikely that David will theek an apology from the Editor, or thue the Club.

Yourth inthintherey,

PHIL I. STINE.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Déar Madam Editor,

I find it very amusing to see in the last Sydney Bushwalker Magazine (Feb 1980) that there are still people who quote from the King James Version of the Bible. If Mr. Len Newland were to go to his nearest library and read up on the History of Bibles or even the Foreword of the latest Revised Standard Version, he would discover that the King James Bible is so full of inconsistencies and inaccuracies that it is useless to use it to prove anything. Of course it holds a special place in the English language and although the Queen of England prays by it I doubt if she uses it to quote from. No earthly use at all. My advice to Mr. Newland is to toss it out the nearest window and buy a New Revised Standard Bible that has the backing of the Churches of England and Scotland, the Quakers, the Foreign Bible Society and even the seal of approval from the Methodists and Presbyterians; and in every example under 2 Samuel 21/19 Elhanan kills Goliath. If it is in the original Hebrew and then not translated into your own bedside English speaking Bible, you can blame the scribes who in the privacy of the freezing cells translating from the Aramaic to the Hebrew to the Greek to the Latin to the English, would come across something in one chapter that was not in another, they would simply change the meaning or even add words which are usually in italics to this present day.

I shall quote from the New Jerusalem Bible 1966, translated from the Aramaic and Hebrew by the Dominican Biblical School, Jerusalem in line with Vatican 2 ..... quote "2 Samuel 21/19 assigns the defeat of Goliath to one of David's warriors, the more ancient tradition, as it seems. Possibly the original tradition behind Chapter 17 Samuel (David killing Goliath with the sling) spoke only of David's victory over an unnamed opponent...the Philistine" unquote.

Peakes Commentary 1962 puzzles on the same subject and arouses speculation as to the relationship between David and Elhanan. Incidentally Goliath is from a Greek name "Alyattes" and it is assumed from the description of his armour, he was a Hellenic mercenary.

In the Catholic Encyclopaedia there is a footnote saying that maybe Elhanan was a shepherd name and David his kingly name, both being the same person. Also that 'in David is an ancient Semitic word for "commander" or "military leader"'.

It gets curiouser and curiouser. And more boring but read on. The Oxford Annotated Bible 1962 has a long dissertation that as Elhanan killed Goliath at a later stage than that of David killing his Goliath, why wasn't it mentioned by the writer of 2 Samuel of David killing any giant in the preceding verses? If David had killed Goliath, it surely would have been recorded.

As you can see the subject has been debated for centuries and I thought that as a true Bible scholar Mr. Newland would have read all the available material instead of one superceded model. Anyway, why the fuss over such a hero? In Samuel 21:19 there is something to make you laugh: "Saul has slain his thousands, And David his ten thousands."

For the cultured look up your Art Books and you can find Rembrandt's "The Anger of Saul" with a paranoic lunatic Saul being played to by young

David. Or Caravaggio's "David with the Head of Goliath". There are some lovely bronzes by Donatello and Verrocchio showing David in his innocent youth, before he became a conqueror of Jerusalem and a slayer of thousands.

There is one paragraph in Mr. Newland's article that is 100% true. It is his last. Obviously a priest in Southern Germany would not be using a King James Version. He would have used a Douay Bible which incidentally is also inaccurate. No, they must have used a Hebrew version, which all clerics can read.

All this reading has made me sure of one thing..... I shall never use or rely on Bible quotations any more, although if I come across two versions of the same story, I shall use the one to fit my story and ignore the other; just like a true Bible scholar.

As a young boy I was told something by my father who could read the Hebrew and it will amaze Mr. Newland and everyone else for that matter. In one of the Ten Commandments the "Thou shalt not steal" is not accurate..... the verb is from the root "man-stealing", in other words it should read "Thou shalt not kidnap". Just a thought.

Yours sincerely,                      GEORGE GRAY.

(No further correspondence of a Biblical nature will be entered into.  
EDITOR.)

\* \* \* \* \*

#### RE-UNION POSTPONED.

Because of the closure of all service stations and the consequent great lack of petrol, it was decided at the Annual General Meeting to postpone the Annual Re-union to 3rd and 4th May. The present intention is that the Re-union will be held at "Coolana" as originally proposed. For details, see February magazine.

The day walk for Sunday 4th May as shown on the Walks Programme will still be led by Meryl Watman for walkers who may not be able to attend the Re-union.

- - - - -

#### THREE PEAKS TRIP - Leader: DAVID ROSTON.

11, 12, 13th APRIL.

All persons attending MUST take map and compass. They will have the option of dropping out of the party after the first or second peak and making their own way to Konangaroo Clearing, Cox's River, where the party will camp on Saturday night.

Another party will be going to Konangaroo Clearing only and not climbing any of the peaks.

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WOT, NO REUNION!

-Reporter

We knew it had to happen sometime, what with the 20th century using up the oil reserves of the Planet wastefully and everybody from doctors to tanker-drivers striking for trivial reasons, but this was serious - No petrol to take us to Coolana for the Reunion! Perhaps we could find a place nearer to home. What about Marie Byles' bushland? Or Bill Burke's subdivision? Or the Pennant Hills Scout camp where the 50th Anniversary Reunion was held. "You could always hold it at our place," said Helen Gray. However at the A.G.M. the decision was to postpone it till May. So there we were, a Clubfull of Bushwalkers with no programmed event for the week-end.

We obtained an address list and crossed off all those who were at the Meeting and heard of the change and next day Helen rang up the rest. "You can bring your own meat & come to our place for a barbrcue if you like." So she threw together a few lettuce leaves & some tomatoes as a salad- Maybe if anyone came this would be a sufficient gesture of hospitality & if noone came the family could eat it. George set up some lights & a couple of cooking fires, just in case.

During the afternoon Owen dropped in & played Bach and Kathleen indulged an atavistic Tibetan desire to do up her long hair in 27 plaits - (omitting the yak butter dressing, however.)

By 7 p.m. a few people dropped in just as Owen was declaring his intention of going home to bed. More people arrived & soon Phil Butt was emersed in soap suds in the sink scouring the dismembered stove-top, of all things. Interesting things were going on in the kitchen which seems to be the Gray's social centre of life. We hear Helen urging a reluctant Ray Hookway, "I'll take mine off if you'll take yours off." "What's this all about?" said Dot severely. Helen explained, "Ray was bitten on the thigh by Frank Taeker's alsation and we want to see the teeth marks."

As stars begin to fill the night sky, people begin to fill the space under the willow trees. Drinks materialise on the drink table & food on the food table - & Boy! What food! Bushwalkers who live on dehy. & ghashtley junk in the bush compensate when preparing food for party consumption...glorious salads, tasty savouries, grapes and melons.

Headlong down the lawn come the children playing at piggybacks & horse rides. Kathleen's long crinkley hair, now that she had combed out her plaits, streams out like a mane. The horse is a composite of two of the bigger children, with a little jockey hanging on like grim death. Surprise! The front end of one of the horses is Barbara Evans.

We counted about 60 people, all bound together in eager friendship. Our thanks to the Grays whose personality acts as a magnet to draw people to their "do's". And isn't it nice to know that we've still have the Annual Reunion to look forward to in May.

De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio.

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THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKERS - WALKS PROGRAMME - , APRIL 1980.

EASTER.

APRIL

4,5,6,7

Ø

GUY FAWKES RIVER NAT. PARK - Marengo Falls - Marengo Ck - Guy Fawkes River - Aberfoyle River - Sara River - Guy Fawkes Crag - Marengo State Forest - Chaelundi Mtn. 70 km MEDIUM Maps: Guy Fawkes Rv & Chaelundi 1:25000 Limit 10 people LEADER: PETER HARRIS 888 7316 (H).

4,5,6,7

WARRUMBUNGLES - Base camp at cars. Full day and half day trips on and off tracks. LEADER: IAN DEBERT 646 1569 between 7 & 9 p.m.

4,5,6,7

Ø

GROSE VALLEY CLASSIC Bell Station - Hartley Vale - Grose River - Blue Gum - Devil's Wilderness - Richmond Station. Limit 7 tents (or 14 friendly people) 75 km MEDIUM Maps: Mt. Wilson & Kurrajong Train: 6 p.m. (C) LEADER: VICTOR LEWIN 50 4096 (H).

4,5,6,7

Ø

NEWNES - Wolgan River - Capertee River - Glen Davis - Pipe Line Pass - Newnes. River nearly all the way. 60 km MEDIUM Maps: Glen Davis & Glen Alice LEADER: TONY DENHAM 99 1246 (H).

11,12,13

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THREE PEAKS - Katoomba - Narrow Neck - Cloudmaker - Paralyser - Guoagang - Katoomba 70 km VERY HARD Map: Blue Mtns. Sketch. LEADER: DAVID ROSTRON 451 7943 (H).

12,13

ROCK CLIMBING AND ABSEILING INSTRUCTIONAL Lindfield & Wahroonga LEADER: GORDON LEE

13

Ø

BLUE MTN NAT. PARK Echo Point - Mt. Solitary - Golden Stairway - Echo Point 24 km MEDIUM Map: Katoomba LEADER: LEON VELLA 50 9074 (H).

Sat. 12

"THE HUT OF THE HAPPY OMEN" Day Road, Cheltenham. A scattering of the ashes ceremony for Marie Byles at 11.00 a.m. Bring lunch - walk in the bush. Details contact Dot Butler 48 2208 (H).

Sun. 13

WATERFALL - Mooray Track - Bullawaring Track - Pipeline Road - Heathcote 12 km EASY Map: Royal National Park. Train: 8.45 (C) KATH BROWN 812675 (H).

18,19,20

KANGAROO VALLEY Coolana Working Bee LEADER: GEORGE GREY 86 6263 (H).

18,19,20

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NTHN BUDAWANGS New Haven Gap - Folly Point - Darri Pass - Monolith Valley - Mt. Tarn - New Haven Gap 50 km MEDIUM/HARD Map: Nth Budawang Sketch LEADER: PAT McBRIDE 868 2275 (H).

18,19,20

Ø

KANANGRA Mt. Stormbreaker - Kanangra Creek - Murdering Gully - Kanangra. A good two day test walk in the spectacular Kanangra area - good camp site. 30 km MEDIUM Map: Kanangra 1:25000 LEADER: GEORGE WALTON 498 7956 (H).

19,20

BLUE MINS NAT. PARK Glenbrook - Duckhole - St. Helena - Lost World Trig - Glenbrook Ck - Springwood (suitable for beginners on overnight trips) 18 km EASY/MEDIUM Map: Springwood 1:31680 Train: 12.35 p.m. (C) Tickets to Springwood. LEADER: JIM BROWN 81 2675.

20

Ø

WATERFALL Couranga Track - Forest Path - Limestone Cave - Nioka Ridge - Uloola Falls - Heathcote. Good rainforest scenery. Map: Royal Nat. Park. Train: 8.45 (C) LEADER: PETER CHRISTIAN 18 km MEDIUM.