

SAFETY COVE : Advance Party.

We had arranged to cross by the 8.15 boat on Wednesday morning, but on reaching the wharf found that the cooks had not turned up. As we couldn't well leave them behind, some of the advance party went on with the luggage in the lorry while Sargie waited for the next trip. We thought he would easily catch us up, but the lorry simply bolted and nearly reached Port Arthur before being overhauled. Sargie now took the lead and we reached the final creek and waited for the lorry. The dip into the creek and up again was steep and the sand loose and, in spite of bush laid on the track, the lorry jibbed. Mr. Briggs's bullocks were requisitioned. Ladies were requested to remove themselves out of earshot while the driver addressed his team. The bullocks were harnessed in front, they heaved, the engine spluttered, but nothing happened. Once again they tried and this time the eloquence of the driver, the staunchness of the bullocks and some kick from the engine did the trick - rather humiliating to think that two bullocks on the hoof can accomplish what 25 horses on the wheel unaided cannot do. Bullocks may be slow but they never let you down.

Having got across we unloaded and started on the cook's tent; quite a job this, especially if there is any wind. Next the mess tent, then one or two smaller tents, Sargie's palace, and we were finished for the ^{day.} ~~night.~~ On Thursday we continued the good work but it was quite late when we pitched the last tent, which accounts for its position on ground infested with bulldogs. The occupants, however, soon found this out. Still one

meets with all sorts of live stock out camping: At Maria Island
once there was an outcry when the camp turned in, as perambulating
round the inside of most tents there were scorpions. One of the
campers was fortunate enough not to find any on the tent, but when
he came to dismantle things on the break up of the camp, he found
one under his pillow! still no one was stung.

Having got the camp fixed up we awaited the main
body. The hours slipped by but there was no sign of them. We looked
in vain for the car head lights. However, round about midnight they
arrived and after supper all turned in.

Now softly gleam the tents in clear moonlight,
A stillness falls and swift the silence grows,
Save where a camper meets a bulldog's bite,
Or wandering scorpions mar his night's repose.