

СЕРИЯ



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Front Cover_ Ross Vining^o on Dogface
following Gigantor

EDITORIAL

UNSW
Oct. '74.

Well, now is the time of year that we all have time to get into the bush or on to the rock, as the case may be. --Time to go on trips, or to organize trips on weekends, or longer. Perhaps, also, it should be the time that both the Bushwalking and Mountaineering Clubs should look critically at their membership.

There are frequently published 'do's' and 'dont's' for trip leaders, codes of ethics for the angelic walker/climber, lists of ski-touring gear for those unable to think, etc.etc.At no time, however, over the last five years at least, have we ever informed new members, or those not so new, that to be a member of the Club requires more than regular payment of one dollar. There are for both clubs, definite membership requirements, which to my knowledge are still applicable, and should be applied.

Perhaps, if we are going to encourage active membership through people going away and leading/organizing trips, some standard should be set. If the Clubs give us a reference point it gives members something to build on.

Cheers,

--W.W.--

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION RESULTS.

1. Bill Blunt
 2. Brian Luxford
 3. Ernie Spielman
 4. Peter Tuft
 5. Ross Vining
- Al Nutley
-

U.N.S.W. BUSHWALKERS' ANNUAL BOREE-LOG

E.B.QUE.

TO BE HELD AT WOODS CREEK, ON SATURDAY
30th NOVEMBER,

BRING YOUR OWN GROG, ETC.
SHEEP - COFFEE - PROVIDED.

THE OUTDOOR CHIEFRecipe for a fantabulous half-day ski

Basic ingredients: Get a week of wet snow, sleet and rain, running on purple and blue klister rubbed together. Now get a hot, sunny cloudless day, and you are ready to begin. Just make sure no one is with you as "too many cooks spoil the broth".

Preparation: Around 10:15, remove outer garments, roll up sleeves and pull down your socks; thence walk up 1800' carrying your skis and answering the blank stares of the crowds with an equally blank stare.

- step 1: Grease the boards with a hard wax, preferably purple.
- step 2: Get into the railroad-like tracks and follow them to the main pass.
- step 3: Forget the ice-cream cone on the left as the whine of the blenders on it, is rather unpleasant.
- step 4: Continue onto the next saddle and follow the sign, traversing towards the impressive looking peak.
- step 5: Climb the peak and gaze around at the fantastic view, wondering was this the peak that Strezlecki climbed?
- step 6: Find a cornice and ski off it, keep going for some distance till you reach a small saddle. Now you are looking at the kitchen and a large snow-covered WHITE lake.
- step 6a: If extra spice is required, this step may be followed. From the saddle traverse across the bluffs, heading straight towards the hut. Remember no errors are allowed in this step, the consequences could be disastrous.
- step 7: Enter the kitchen at about 1:15.
- step 8: Now light the gas, place on it the frying pan with some butter. Melt butter. Add sliced salami and gently fry for 1 min. Turn over and add cheese plus Vogel. Fry gently for 1 min, then turn over bread, and pile cheese and salami on top; continue frying gently until done.
- step 9: Get scroggin, dried nuts, hot sweet tea and enjoy those as well.
- step 9a: Meet another cook who is trying a somewhat simpler recipe.

- step 10: At 2:45 step outside and climb to the saddle. From the saddle, two or three small turns then schuss(i.e. BANZLIII!!) until you get past the river. Recover your breath then dawdle/climb up to the next hut.
- step 11: You meet more cooks at the hut and you discuss each other recipes.
- step 12: From the hut, after a small tea-break, you continue your culinary masterpiece, your cooking companion seems quite capable at blending the ice-cream and greasy wax beneath his boards.
- step 13: Finally at 3:30 you arrive back amongst the set that does not know how to cook for itself and instead gets it served to it.

Now the exercise is over, you sit down, relax and have
a

HOT PIES!

Nick B.

MINIS ON FIRST AID

This is a summary of Dr. Bink's talk given earlier this year. It is hoped that a longer article will appear in the Orientation Week MOBSAC but until then ...

HYPOTHERMIA

This is caused by any combination of wind, wet and cold. The victim becomes lethargic. They lag behind and may refuse to go on. The only practical way to treat this is to gradually rewarm them. That is, put them in a sleeping bag and shelter them from the wind and rain. If it is very cold put someone in the sleeping bag with them, if not a couple of people either side in their own sleeping bags would suffice. It may take up to 36 HOURS for the person to completely recover so don't expect miracles in the first few seconds minutes nor HOURS.

Don't use a fire nor any direct heat nor give alcohol. If in a hut with a fireplace you may light a small fire but keep the person away from the fire.

FROSTBITE

Again gradual rewarming is the only way.

SHOCK

This includes any loss of consciousness due to fright or blood loss. Lie them down with their head lower than the rest of their body and raise their legs and arms.

Don't warm them by artificial means nor give them alcohol nor anything hot to drink.

Give them something sweet that is easily digested, e.g., a sugar cube.

HEAD & BACK INJURIES

These can occur with any fall. DO NOT MOVE THEM. Check for any loss of feeling and any loss of voluntary movement of the limbs. If the person remembers hitting their back or has a pain in their back be particularly careful. They should not be moved or if they MUST be then they should be laid on their back with their back and neck arched (i.e., extended).

SNAKE BITE

Wipe then wash the person off but don't scrub it. If applying a tourniquet then release it every 10 to 15 minutes for 5 to 10 seconds each time. Remember most deaths from snake bite are caused by FRIGHT. S O D O N ' T P A N I C .

FLOODS

If you come to flooded streams you can't cross then turn back unless you wish to sit around for 6 months waiting for it to go down.

If someone does drown then:

- (1) Clear mouth of anything likely to block the airflow.
- (2) Tilt their head back by lifting up their shoulders.
- (3) Apply mouth to mouth or mouth to nose resuscitation at about 15 to 20/minute.

BURNS

A level teaspoon of salt in a pint or more of luke warm water and immerse the burnt area entirely in that.

Don't put fat or oils on the burn as these don't help.

Dave Saunders
M.S.S.A.

DIFFERENT ASPECTS OF THE BUDDAWANGS.

This article is purely descriptive and given as information for those who wish to go walking in the Buddawangs, but would like something different. I have no intention here of giving blow-by-blow instructions, but purely to show that there are still interesting, and different things to do in an area that every walker likes.

Firstly, the Donjon. This is a large rock monolith at the end of Mt Cole (north), opposite Monolith Valley. Previously there was thought to be one route to the summit and this was via a rather severe rock climb up the south wall from a narrow saddle. However, recently there was found a much more simple and straight forward route up a series of gullies on the north-west corner. The way is marked by a large cairn and is well worth the trouble of a trip to the top. The peak is rarely visited.

Secondly, there has been known for some time, although rarely publicised, a route up the southern arete of Mt Owen. This arrives at the top in the small gully to the west of the visiting book. From Wog-Wog creek one of the two obvious ridges is followed, parallel to Kalianna Ridge, to the base of the lower cliff-line. This is easily breached and the top cliff line appears impenetrable. However, on the western side there is a gully that is easily followed to the top. It presents a very spectacular and unusual way up Mt Owen.

Thirdly, the visitors' book on Mt Tarn. There is (was) the well-known visitors' book. It was quite obvious to all visiting that the adjacent peak was at least 2-3 feet higher than the more readily accessible one. Thus the book has been moved. Access to the high peak is tricky, to say the least, but it is quite worthwhile to find a way to the top. Easily done by a persistent and innovating party.

All the above trips can be done without ropes, although a short length would be handy in all three cases. None of the walks are recommended for inexperienced parties, or those unfamiliar with the area. But in an area with so many: "British Standard Walks" they give something different and new.

THE BUDAWANGS

The Budawangs , the Budawangs !
Oh , what a place to be !
Especially when it's raining ,
And there's mud up to the knee !
And the wildlife is so varied
There's a yabby in the track !
And lovely slimey leeches
Creep up behind your back.
I met tadpoles in ponds
After climbing to the clouds :
Oh , what an extent to escape from the crowds!
And , Oh what a pleasure
To sleep on a rock floor ,
With a waterfall's crash
Who could ask for more ?
But this can't compare
with the ecstasy and delight
Of fighting through a torrent
In the romance of the night .
But really my tone
Is gaily deceptive
For if asked to go again
I'd be madly receptive !

Janet Marsden

1974.

DO WE REALLY LOOK LIKE ABORIGINES ?

Newnes - 1974

The walk is full of interesting memories - it couldn't be any other way with a party composed of characters such as John Meadows, Ernie, Stan, Ralph Reddall, Ronny Robyn, Janet, Maryanne and of course the narrator.

We left the cars in the Wolgan Valley and climbed to the old railway line, followed it along, tasted the delicious mineral water (although John said it tasted more like dead gumleaves), passed through the delightful dripping fernery overhung by rocky cliffs, and into the glow-worm tunnel, a fascinating world of darkness, illuminated into various patterns by the positioning of hundreds of glow-worms.

Had lunch at the other end of the tunnel. Reddall had brought along a little light lunch-time reading in the form of a book called "FORUM". (so sexy we thought it must have been made up).

We laughed our way through lunch and then, while sitting around a dead campfire, on old logs, some children passed by with their parents and were heard to say as they pointed our way

"Mummy are they aborigines?"

Our spirits were already high but this really topped it off.

A jolly good walk. Stan's reputation for good day-walks increases.

LINDA.

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THE TRILOGY

The alarm rang. One sleepy body grudgingly emerged from his down cocoon and checked the time. 0230 hours. The weather? A cold, starry night with a slight wind. It meant jumpers, balaklavas, gloves and long johns, but it also meant the possibility of good weather for the arduous task ahead. After a quick breakfast the duo put on their climbing harnesses and sturdy footwear. They were ready to go. Time? 0320 hours. With headlamps switched on, they started tramping, to attempt what had not been done before.

The first obstacle occurred soon. A 1500' drop, negotiable by ropework and downclimbing. The abseils were quickly managed, teamwork and efficiency proving to be the key towards speed. Halfway down first light appeared. Gradually daylight increased and the torches were switched off. 0515 hours the bottom of the falls were reached. Ropes were coiled and rucksacks comfortably packed.

The next stage of the trip involved a 34 mile trek to the base of the climb. This stage was subdivided into three sections. The base of the falls to the main river. Arrived there at 1040 hours. The walking proved extremely enjoyable with beautiful scenery, green meadows and golden sunshine. Section two was a hard uphill grind. The numerous choices as to the best possible route proved to be a problem. Finally, after being temporarily misoriented, the quickest route was found and this section finished. Section three involved a long trudge along a road to the base of the climb. By the time this particular stage was accomplished, it had been dark for over an hour. Doubts were starting to emerge as to the possibility of finishing the climb, in time to meet with the evacuation party. The deadline was 2130 hours. It was already 2010 hours and still 800 feet of H.V. difficult climbing to be done. There were no alternatives, the climb had to be done with the hope that the evacuation party would stay longer than agreed.

As the climb progressed, the climbing proved to be very pleasant. Just the narrow beam of the torch shining against the warm rock. Just the alternate pathways of darkness and moonlight. Just the climber, his companion and the rock. Just the rope stretching into the darkness. The climb progressed. A wall, a crack, a corner, a chimney. Each alternating pitch by pitch, and each proving interesting.

Voice contact was established! The evacuation party had remained in spite of the late hour. With this mental burden removed, the climbing pair kept on climbing. Soon the final problem was solved. A chimney. Now to meet up with the other party without any incidents. A slip on the tricky traverse could be fatal. Careful relays were arranged and the ledge successfully negotiated. At last both parties met. One weary and one relieved. After a brief discussion of the day's happenings, the weary party was fast asleep, as the car gently sped home.

SUMMARY: Ross Vining, Nick Bendoli on Kalang Falls, West Wall, supercrawl.

TIMING: carpark: 0320 - bottom of falls: 0515 - Cox's River: 1040-1100 - Yellow Pup: 1200 - West Wall (via Narrow Neck, Golden Staircase): 1755.

START CLIME: 2010 - **FINISH:** 2310 - Total time: 1950 hrs.

Snow Gums.

Funnels of light
Reveal scattered skeletons
Figures petrified in war
Ivory bleached fingers
Yearn for life
All cringe from the slopes
Fear of advancing snow.

Emotions portrayed in limbs
Characters hang limp - lost all hope
Others reach out - palms upward
Searching for contentment in warmth.

Robyn Bonny.

CONTINUING THE ULTIMATE WALK:

The Federation Peak area of S.W. Tasmania.

After the exhausting 10 hr walk of the previous day, which brought us down from the Western Arthurs to Pass Ck., we slept in until 8 o'clock. Charlie rose and went off into the only nearby bushes to commune with Nature, and promptly found the four air drop drums whose absence had been so annoying the evening before. We spent until midday sorting and packing food, then set off towards Luckman's Lead and the Eastern Arthurs.

By 3 o'clock we were at the top of the Lead, but by no means into the range proper. We stopped for lunch, exhausted by the weather which had become so hot just as our packs had been topped up with 10kg of food. The next stage was more interesting though, alternating between horizontal walking and vertical rock scrambling, rather than between 45° and 60° scrubby hillside. In addition the views had reappeared as we gained height, and we could look back at the sawtooth Crags of Andromeda at the end of the Western Arthurs, and down at the plains and valleys laid out below. Approaching Stuart's Saddle, Lake Leo appeared beneath, seeming to be an inky black mirror reflecting the sun under the deep shadow of East Portal.

Stuart's Saddle was a great disappointment - after 6hrs and 800m of climbing we found only two lumpy, waterlogged tent sites, and a distinct lack of suitable drinking water. Even the emergency campsite beside a coolpool in a deep cleft in the rocks above Luckman's Lead seemed preferable, though it totally lacked the shelter of this damp spot. It was 6.30, but we decided to press on hurriedly to Goon Moor, in the hope of finding something better.

The route traversed the flanks of the Needles, a series of massive pinnacles whose sides were sufficiently broken by ledges and gullies to enable parties to scramble past them. After some time we emerged onto a high grassy saddle, and could look out over the ranges to the west and south. The breeze was cool, and the sun was sinking much too rapidly, so we pressed on. About 500m from Goon Moor we stopped and watched the sun finally set over the western ocean, colouring ranges near and far a deep hazy orange, while the sky above stood out startlingly blue in contrast.

Then we scurried on faster than ever, ducking under massive 3m scoparia that formed a tunnel overhead. On Goon Moor there was no sign of a camp. We rushed around over a large area, and found no spot better than the open grassy crest of the Moor itself, where we finally pitched out tents in exhausted desperation. 9hrs of walking ending at 9.15 pm, following 10hrs the previous the previous day, was almost too much for us. We managed to cook a first course, but were too sleepy to bother with dessert.

As on the previous day, the morning brought another revelation - Charlie, after again going off to commune with Nature, reappeared up the side of the moor with the announcement that a perfect campsite lay only a

hundred metres or so down the hillside. Oh well. Our camp on the bare ridge had made an acutely lumpy bed, and our tents looked very lopsided in the morning light, but the weather had remained calm and no harm had come from our exposed camp. We didn't regret having pushed on from Stuart's Saddle.

The first stage of this day was easy strolling over an open undulating ridge top, with spectacular views ahead to Federation Peak itself. The easy going deteriorated a little, with more frequent rocky and scrubby patches, then came to an abrupt end at the beginning of the Four Peaks. The cairns led to a deep rock cleft, less than 1m wide, 4 or 5m long and extending several metres overhead. We squeezed through, and climbed down the 5m cliff at the far end, and continued sidling around the steep slopes and cliffs. After a long couple of hours we emerged on Thwaites Plateau, and stopped for lunch. These two hours had seen much rockclimbing (difficult with 20kg packs) and packhauling (ditto). In retrospect it was a delightful stage of the route, but didn't seem so at the time.

The rest of the day consisted of a quick easy walk up the grassy plateau and down to Hanging Lake, with a brief pause to look at Federation Peak at close quarters from the top of a fascinating little pinnacle called the Devil's Thumb. Federation is an awesome sight from that angle, with its unbroken cliffs and gullies stretching in straight lines several hundred metres from The North Lakes below to the beckoning tooth of its summit above.

At Hanging Lake we were surprised to meet two Queenslanders - our first contact with people for two weeks. They had had their tent fly blown off the previous night at this relatively sheltered camp, while we on the crest of Geon Moor only a couple of kilometres away had not noticed a breath of wind. The vagaries of Tasmanian weather! We sat up late that night, cooking steamed date puddings and talking.

The morning dawned fine for the third time in a row and we wandered around the camp before leaving quite late. We climbed nearby Goeves Bluff, and were impressed by the view that ranged from west beyond the far end of the Western Arthurs to Precipitous Bluff and the Southern Ranges in the south-east. Then we hurried down to shoulder packs and set off for Bechervaise Plateau on the far side of Federation.

The descent of the Forest Chute was delightful, among the moist mosses and cool greenery, with glimpses of Federation towering into the sky above. But moist mosses and cool greenery became a little tedious after 2hrs, when we were still scrambling through the already tangled rainforest on the shores of and in The North Lakes - where the lake ended and forest began was very ill defined. From above the Forest Chute we had looked across at the apparently vertical scar that was the Scree Chute, but when we reached its base we found it to be little or no steeper than 1 in 1, and were at the top 300m above in only 40 easy minutes.

"The top" was the famous Bechervaise Plateau, and we looked around with interest before eating lunch while sitting on clean straw from someone's air drop. Bechervaise was basically a step (or rather two steps - the Upper and Lower plateaus) in the great east buttress of Federation. The cliffs of the summit tower itself form the back wall, as it were, of the little plateau. We were now very close to our goal.

A few scattered thunderstorms drifted about in the west, so we set about pitching the tents prior to the ascent of the peak. However one storm was so close by the time we were ready that we decided to let it pass by first. In the tents the noise of the rain on the fly made shouting necessary, and little drains we dug with the tools supplied for burying air drop rubbish ran very full. In fact Charlie was kept desperately busy deepening theirs with his spoon - their tent was at the head of a little watercourse.

As the weather eased we emerged only to see another storm approaching. The ascent of the peak was postponed to the next day. We checked the tents, dug deeper ditches, and retired inside to begin a leisurely preparation of an early dinner. The second storm did not pass, but continued to rage as darkness fell, and on into the night. Tents and flies flapped and billowed in the gale, and every half hour or so we had to wake and push loose tent pegs back into the soil.

At 3.30 am Robyn and I were woken by a thunderclap, and gazed up at a star or two among rushing clouds. I somehow didn't seem to remember going to sleep in the open. Then it dawned (not literally - I wish it had). The tent and fly flapped halfheartedly on the ground beyond Robyn - 14 pegs and a 3cm pole driven 20cm into firm soil had all pulled out in one mighty gust and been flung across our heads. While Robyn held my sleeping bag I rushed around in underwear collecting anything likely to blow away in that wind - water bucket, aluminium billies, wet socks, plastic cups, etc, and hopped barefoot across to the remaining tent. With rocks on the collapsed tent (there was no hope of re-erecting it in that wind in darkness) the four of us squeezed somehow into Charlie's three man tent to sit out the remaining hours of night. Regularly someone had to go outside to retie guys chafed through on the rocks to which they were tied.

At first light we went out to survey the situation, and see what could be done. At the back of the plateau, near the cliff, was a little swamp, and in the swamp were two exactly tent-sized islands, sitting high and dry out of the shallow mud. It seemed sheltered, and was so obviously a well used camp, that we repitched the collapsed tent on one island. It didn't even ripple, though out on the plateau the other tent continued to shake and contort and threaten imminent collapse. It too was soon sitting sedately on an island. Then we had breakfast.

The day passed - slowly. Cards - 500, Pontoon, Ricketty Kate, 500, Pontoon, Ricketty Kate, 500 . . . Singing - right through every song book we had, plus gleeful ritual recitations of "High Camp on Bechorvais" (the parallel with our own experience is incredible). Meals - stretched out to obtain maximum interest . . .

The next day was calm and cloudy, but dry. Our chance to climb Federation was lost - we had 5 day's walking to get out to civilisation, and 5 day's food left. At 11 o'clock we set off down Moss Ridge through the saturated bushes. It felt good to be walking again, especially as the clouds rose higher and the bushes got drier, even if we were going away from Federation. The going was easy, except for interesting scrambling up and down a few near vertical and vertical earth banks. On one of

these Robyn slipped, and rolled sideways about 5m down the almost sheer slope, fortunately remaining more or less unhurt. After this the "track" degenerated to a vague route through a dense rainforest, sometimes leading us along fallen logs 20m long and 3m above the ground.

Just as this reached the stage of seeming interminable, it ended at the West Crocraft River, here a small stream beside which we had lunch. Then on down the widening plain through rapidly thinning vegetation for half an hour or so, when we decided to call an early camp at a pleasant spot beside a creek. Federation was just touching the still lifting cloud up the valley behind us.

The following day was similarly short and easy, bringing us to Crocraft Junction at the base of the South Picton Range. It was an uneventful day, except for some route finding hassle in the scrub bordering the rivers and their junction. We camped on a firm sandy bank of the South Crocraft River, among a desolate scene of burnt out buttengrass and blackened sticks.

On the third last day we began bravely at 9 o'clock, only to find ourselves back at our start by 10.30, flung back by scrub such as we had never seen or conceived of before. After half an hour of collecting wits and deciding tactics we took a compass bearing, set out teeth, and plunged in again - this time knowing what to expect and with a definite goal. Fallen trees formed occasional useful pathways and much breaking and pushing forced a route in between these. A stoney creek appeared like a refreshing oasis at the bottom of a gully, and after flattening a few more metres of scrub by falling into it backwards then standing up and taking two paces we emerged onto a relatively open hillside - Wilsaicro Lead.

A steady climb soon brought more of the same dense scrub, but, joy of joys, there was a plastic marker or two, and sort of wombat track formed by crawling walkers. Before being swallowed up again we turned to look at the view - Federation shrinking behind, Precipitous Bluff in the south, and cirrus clouds spreading up from the west. Our hearts sank - an infallible indicator of approaching bad weather. We plodded up the hill not quite on hands and knees, and were pleased to find the scrub thinning after our meagre lunch - food was running short. Higher up the scrub was replaced by rocks as the vegetation became more alpine, and we talked and looked around as we climbed. On the summit of Burgess Bluff, the south end of the South Pictons, we looked east at a new view, previously hidden by the Pictons themselves. Then on at a great rate across glorious open alpine meadows, where the grass was like a well mown if somewhat lumpy lawn.

We stopped at Pineapple Flat - a saddle covered with acres and acres of dense pineapple grass, which is named for an obvious similarity to pineapple foliage. A delightful campsite among string bushes on mossy soil afforded excellent shelter, and we slept well. In fact, when the day dawned wet and misty, we continued sleeping till 10 o'clock. Accordingly I was astounded and annoyed to see a perfect clear day when I looked out again at that time. We set off as soon as possible, which wasn't till noon, and struggled through thick scoparia for a couple of hours. Then the scrub gave way to grass, and we proceeded at a great pace to the foot of Mt Picton, when the weather began to deteriorate again. Picton, like Federation, was ferocious, and we descended and traversed among the open

headwaters of several creeks till we found the one with the campsite we wanted - a mossy flat beside a huge still pool of icy water.

Just as we had a fire going the rain came down, and we retreated to the tents with stoves to finish cooking. The following day was our last, and we wanted to be at Tahune Bridge as early as possible to increase our chances of hitching. By 8.30 we were pushing quickly through the wet scrub, all dressed up in woollens and waterproofs - previously we had never walked on a wet day. Within half an hour North Lake appeared, with signs of air drops, and, cheers! a track, marked and well worn. Nobody stopped and we splashed our way down the muddy path - at least scrub was never ankle deep in mud. The track descended gently through open N.S.W.-type bush, then again led into rainforest. Here we met two people from Hobart Walking Club, out for a day walk up Picton. They gave us a biscuit each - a humane act of mercy for the four of us just about cozing dehydrated stews and crispbreads.

The steepness of Red Rag Scarp increased, then eased off, and the forest thinned before disappearing altogether as Blakes Opening loomed up ahead. We felt almost home, for at the foot of Blakes Opening was the hut beside the Huon River where we lunched on the first day out. The quick walk down the hillside was a pleasant change from forest. A quick break and the last of our chocolate at the hut, then we shouldered packs for the final stage.

To our utter amazement, Robyn, who had up to now been the slowest member of the party, shot off ahead at such a pace that we couldn't keep up even if we had wanted to. Two and a half non-stop hours later we found her waiting at the Picton River suspension bridge, and strolled the last kilometre to Tahune Bridge and the Arve Road to Geeveston and Hobart. We weren't home yet, but the walk was over.

The walkers: Tim Collins and Charlie Morris as one tent group; Robyn, Benny and Peter Tuft as the other.

The route: Tahune Bridge - Junction Creek - Western Arthur Range - Pass Creek - Eastern Arthur Range - Cracroft Junction - South Picton Range - Tahune Bridge. 130km.

The time: Twenty-one days, from February 3rd, 1974.

The author: Peter Tuft.

HIGH CAMP ON BECHERVAISE

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
 The rain a deluge show'rs
 The clouds were torn a-sunder
 By lightning's vivid pow'rs
 The night with storm was rent,
 While crouched within our tent
 Till next day there we lay
 In that swamp on Bechervaise.

Now dash'd like flimsy willow
 Our straining tent poles creak,
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow
 How stop the dreadful leak?
 To hold the snapping guys
 Each breathless walker flies,
 How we pray for the day
 In that swamp on Bechervaise.

At length the wis'd for morrow
 Broke thro' the ho'y sky,
 Absorbed in silent sorrow
 Each heaved a bitter sigh.
 The dismal camp to view
 Struck horror in our crew
 Grim and grey the next day,
 In that swamp on Bechervaise.

Her yielding guy lines sever
 Her wax-proofed seams are rent,
 When Heaven all bounteous even,
 Its boundless mercy sent.
 The sun in sight appear,
 We hail him with three cheers,
 How we romp from that swamp,
 Bloody swamp on Bechervaise!

(Author unknown - copied from "The Walkers' Song Book". This song is actually a clever parody on "The Boy of Biscay", to which tune it is supposed to be sung. It has a special significance to those of us who have experienced a storm on Bechervaise Plateau. Peter Tuft.)