

Chapter 6 Tidying Up Loose Ends

6.4 Discovery Club: Looking back.

The fellows were at Phill's for a get together.

'That's got the BBQ going at last,' Tristan sang out. He had been busy stuffing rolled-up sheets of newspaper into the horizontal pipe for starting the fire, on top of which sat the dish of briquettes, covered by wire.

'Let me know when the briquettes turn a little grey, so I can put on the shish kabobs I have been making.' Chris, who fancied himself as a chef, had cut up the lamb into chunks, and threaded alternately the lamb, chunks of onion, chunks of capsicum, chunks of tomato and chunks of pineapple onto steel coat hangers cut and twisted into shape.

In the meantime Phill had connected an electric rice boiler into an outdoor power socket. The rice was boiling along merrily. Sitting in the outdoor area, the fellows idly flicked a few pages of their log books and recalled some of the fun they had during their activities of discovery.

All the fellows nodded in agreement about the good fellowship and greater understanding they had achieved together. Perhaps they would never complete the project. Exploration of all the creeks, channels and mudflats in Westernport could take forever, particularly as the effect of the tide and wind would always dictate what was possible and when.

They were yet to get to Sandstone Island, yet to camp overnight on Tortoise Head and to fly to the Portland area-where Lieutenant Grant reached the coast before going through Bass Strait.

What was the object? Well, the object looked like a sword. Could or should a fort have been built on the hill? It could have been a great site. No-one wanted to take it further, but rather to allow some imagination to percolate.

Of course both the young guys were growing into adolescents, and their education and social activities would soon more demanding of their time.

'Hey, Phill, why don't we write a book about all the things we have done?'

'Good on you, Chris! Who is going to do the hard yards?' Phill asked.

'Why you, of course, Grandpa.' Tristan spoke most condescendingly with a big grin.

'Okay, guys, I'll do it. But tell me, what was the best part?'

Almost in unison, both guys shouted: 'Bass River day!'