

Reluctantly talking to those rocksitters again, it seems to shorebound folk who looked after the happy boozers' bodily needs did it harder than the sitters themselves. Apart from the increasingly harried looking chap who kept up the wherewithal for their insatiable thirst, a couple of cooks almost suffered shrapnel wounds at the official Sunday lunch. John Spellman, the Pianola Palace man, volunteered to feed the mob, and put on a barbecue steak lunch for 75 sitters and guests. But setting up a fireplace on the neighbouring rocks was easier said than done. The wind problem had just been overcome with wind-breaks when the rocks under the hotplate started going off like hand-grenades because of the heat. The long-suffering cook looked like a veteran of that veteran TV series *Combat* by day's end.