

STICKY BEEF

Who can resist a camp oven cooked meal, the aromas, tenderness and juiciness of the meat, just delicious. But there are pitfalls for the unwary.

This is about an incident that took place a while back. We were out on a desert trip and had had a long day in the saddle. Most of us were sitting around the campfire before tea, when one couple decided they were having roast beef. They went through the usual procedure of digging a suitable hole



▲ *The audience waits with baited breath.*

near the fire, putting coals in it, heating camp oven, then set about cooking the meat. When hubby came back from their camp to check how the roast was going, he lifted the lid to find the meat was gone. He didn't say anything because he thought practical jokers were at work and quietly headed back to his camp.

What he didn't know was the meat was a bit too big for the camp oven and had stuck under the lid. When he lifted the lid the meat stayed stuck, and of course we the audience didn't say anything. After a while he and his wife came back seemingly ready to do battle but before they did they took the lid off

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**WITH (TRUTHFUL)
PHIL BIANCHI**



to check again, just in case 'the meat had returned'. Off comes the lid, still no meat; as he was about to put the lid down onto the ground a chorus yelled out "stop! stop!" He did and was then told about the meat being stuck under the lid. He couldn't believe it; I'm sure he thought Truthful was at work again.

Again Truthful gets the blame; it's enough for someone with a fragile and delicate disposition like me to get a case of 'Nervous Dyspepsia'.

Doing the Business

Nowadays the ball joints aren't what they used to be. After a couple of arthroscopies the old knees are a bit fragile and don't support my delicate frame with the same conviction - especially when needing to head into the scrub 'to do the business'.

Over the years I've seen various contraptions and designs of toilet seats; from the humble stool with fold out legs, through to Porta Potties. Jimmy's Thunder Box is top of the range in the long drop method of toileting, with foldout enclosed sides and seat, but it's cumbersome and heavy. Porta Potties are right up there if glamping is your scene, but they take up lots space when transporting and you need to keep these well secured; the consequences of an in vehicle spill would have you in real do do. Going back to the basic toilet seat, with fold out legs and clip on seat, while appealing because of price, size



▲ *Precarious posterial poeing perches.*

a sheet of 10mm ply and saddle clips. While I was there I went to the plumbing section and borrowing a toilet seat traced the outline onto my ply – a helpful shop this. A jig saw made short work of cutting out the seat. Using the saddle clips I bolted one side of the legs under my ply seat. To hold the other leg, some 20mm x 3mm flat bar from my ‘could be handy’ box was used to make two

U shaped brackets, I bolted these under the seat; these were the clips locking the other side in place. After a couple

and weight, they’re flimsy. I’ve heard of legs buckling and the plastic seat clips giving way; as a mate of mine found out to his dismay when the seat collapsed and he landed on top of his deposit. There’s an improvement on this model, it comes with clips to hold a plastic bag in place so you can collect ‘everything’ and then get to take it home with you!

Another toilet seat is a 25 litre bucket with a plastic swimming pool noodle. Put a plastic bag in the bucket and hold it in place with the noodle sliced length ways so it presses and holds the plastic bag onto the lip of the bucket. While it looks like it would work, I’m concerned about possible incisions in my butt, and then there is the problem of the contents of the used plastic bag or a dirty bucket if no bag!

Then there’s the folding camp stool with an appropriately placed hole in the canvas seat. Another type is where the canvas has been replaced by lengths of seat belt webbing fitted to support each cheek. It looked decidedly dangerous and flimsy to me.

So I made my own. I had a steel legged camp stool with perished canvas; it was the version where legs (real steel) were joined across the bottom by a horizontal bar, giving more stability and strength. A quick trip to The Big Green Shed (Bunnings) had me owning



▲ *This visual pollution is an all-too-common sight at campsites. Check out the editor’s dunny demo on YouTube.*

of coats of black paint on the legs and four coats of lacquer on the seat as a splinter precaution, the king of dunny seats was born. I’ve since made a few for friends who threaten to knock off mine; but to control my patent; each has a sticker under the lacquer saying ‘Stolen from Truthful Phil.’

If you still haven’t a clue what we use the seat for, go here for a factual description. For the Ed’s Dunny video just go to Youtube link:

<https://youtu.be/6-7-AZR9GNY>