

CALLERY
BUSTER

6
I could not go just enough. The other two climbed it successfully
& I was watching them curiously & had a great regard for them
on their return. Once again I remembered Endured ten
dreams of a last day in ^{small} ~~the~~ high on the ~~of~~ ~~laurel~~.
Then a trip up the CALLERY over an old overgrown
brush trail that ^{had well} earned its name of "the Buster"
with old days & was as bad a bit of brush-whacking brush
whacking as any one could want. It took us two & a
half days to get to the upper wire suspension bridge, ~~where~~
ways there meant a relic of the prospectors of fifty years
ago. When we got there the decking had nearly all gone
however there were enough "spreaders" to keep the two
wire cables apart & the two suspension cables were
intact - ^{still} ~~still~~ ^{with the center} ~~to~~ the cables. Alec Graham got on
on it & fixed a climbing rope to form a handrail.
Then ~~when it ceased~~ ^{to hear} the handrails had ^{disappeared} ~~gone~~ in
the center. It then got across & followed. It was
not too long before when one could keep a foot on each
side ^{center} ~~side~~ of the handrails. As we came to the
center we had only the suspension cable & the side cable
the suspension cables & gradually forced us down till
we were on all fours with our heavy swags threatening
to ^{roll} ~~roll~~ over our heads. I knew enough to keep my
eyes off the torrent raging literally feet below me.
once we got across ~~below~~ the bolt that held the
the center when