

Eastlands Newpower
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STUDENTS NOTE BOOK

No. 594

Lindisfarne Rover Crew
logbook No 13

Cape Hawy - Candlesticks

18/3/1989

We went down and didn't climb
because it was too rough, so
we came home again a couple of
days later.

That's about it isn't it? -

Steve.

Tim be nimble

Tim be quick

Tim didn't get up the candle stick
(it got up him).

It's a big erection -
Tim

Tim's got a big erection -
Steve

It was wet, Damned wet -
Tim

(A five minute report by
Tim and Stephen)

18/3/1984



le stick

1/2 1/2 1/2 1/2

1/2 1/2

1/2 1/2

1/2 1/2

2 fence

1/2 1/2

1/2 1/2

FRIENDS OF THE DERWENT CLEAN UP

"You've got to team up
to clean up"

That's what we were told. We heard the call and Richard decided to let us help for his service project. He is so kind.

So, on April Fools Day a small group of Rovers rolled up to Natone beach to do our bit to help keep the Derwent pretty. Alistair did help, but not with us, he went diving to clean ~~under~~ the sea bed - fun job!!

Well, we picked up glass, glass, glass and a few other bits and pieces. Then Stephen thought he would become a human ~~lung~~ lung with the assistance of my plastic gloves. Then he thought it would ~~be~~ be fun to blow them up.

We did a bit more, got bored and went home.

Richard tells us he turned up, but we had left. We'll give him the benefit of the doubt (big doubt).

A fun day, we should do it
again soon!!

I am

THE

SO
TRIER

Raft Race - April 1st 1989

MY, IT WAS MIGHTY MOIST!!
WOW, IT WAS REALLY WET!!
GOSH, IT REALLY GUSHED!!
POW, IT PROPERLY PRECIPITATED!!

IN FACT IT PREVERBALLY PISSED DOWN
(TERMINALOGY SUGGEST BY OUR C.B.#) ALL
WEEKEND. THEORETICALLY THIS SHOULD HAVE
MADE THE RIVER REALLY FULL AND EXCITING. JUST
RIGHT FOR A RAFT RACE. UNFORTUNATELY THIS WAS
NOT TO BE AND WE HAD TO PUSH THE DAMN THING
MOST OF THE WAY.

HOWEVER I SOMETHING MYSELF. I SHOULD REALLY
SHOULD START AT THE BEGINNING AND SO I WILL.

WED, DOYLE, JASON, MARLYNE AND SOME OTHER
SUCKER WHO WON'T BE MENTIONED DROVE ALL THE
WAY UP TO DERBY JUST SO THAT WE COULD NOT.
I MEAN TO SAY WE COULD HAVE DONE IT AT HOME
JUST AS COLDLY.

ANYHOW WE GOT UP THERE RATHER LATE, PUT OUR
TENTS UP AND STARTED SOME SERIOUS RAFT RACE
DRINKING. THE NEXT MORNING RAFTS WERE
CONSTRUCTED, AND THE RACE WAS RUN. WE DECIDED
TO COME THIRD AS THE WINNER HAS TO RUN THE
NEXT R.R. AND WE THOUGHT WE MAY AS WELL LET
THE NEW MURCHISON CREW COME SECOND.

SO AFTER THAT SHORT INTERRUPTION WE GOT BACK
TO SOME MORE DRINKING AND BEING RAINED
UPON. SUNDAY WAS MORE WET THAN WED LIFE TO
CONSIDER SO WE WENT HOME.

SEVERAL OF THE PEOPLE WHO ATTENDED ENJOYED
THEMSELVES SO I SUPPOSE IT WAS FUN.
(IN FACT IF I TRIED REALLY HARD I COULD EVEN SAY THAT

!! and I was
th

Alladin (TO THE TUNE OF KUNTREE RODE) 5/4/1989

Tim was in again...

VERSE ① ALMOST PARTY TIME
RICIE'S IN IT
HE'S DRESSED UP SILLY
AND WE ALL BOUGHT A TICKET

SINGS OF DIM SIMS AND CHOP SUEY TOO
WEARS A LITTLE CONE HAT AND A PLAIT THAT IS QUITE FLAT

CHORUS TAKE US HOME, ALI HOBDA
YOU MADE US COME AND YOU MADE US PAY
TO SEE ALADDIN AND THE SLINKY GENIES
THEY'VE GOT HAIRY LEGS AND KNOBBLY KNEES

VERSE ② RICIE, SING UP WE CAN'T HEAR YOU
COULD BE A GOOD THING DEPENDS ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW
HE KNOWS THE DANCE STEPS, LOOK AT THOSE FEET MOVE
WATCH OUT LITTLE GIRLIES THIS GUY'S REALLY SMOOTH

CHORUS

VERSE ③ NEARLY OVER, WE CAN GO HOME SOON
THAT'LL BE REALLY GREAT, COS WE CAN SING IN
BETTER TUNE
HURRY UP NOW THE CURTAIN'S COMING DOWN
MOVE YOUR LITTLE ASSES OR THEY WILL GET SQUASHED

CHORUS



A.G.M

9/4/1989

A large group of Rovers turned up at Risdon Brook Dam for the A.G.M.

We played with the aerobie for a while and sent Timbo up the tree to get it down. Then we had our Annual General Meeting. We had to vote new people into old positions.

Stephen is now Chairman

Pear is the Secretary

Nic is Treasure

Tammy is Log Book Keeper

Rupert is 1/4 master

Gerard and Andrew are Crew Sponsors

Dayle and Tim are T.B.R.C Delegates

and Gerard and Vic are Group Delegates.

Then we had our general meeting and finally got the barby going. We snacked for a time and then headed home.

A lovely day, we should do it at least once a year.

Tammy

Bottle Drive

15/4/1989

Well how can I start to write about such an exciting event such as the Bottle Drive - even though I have. This was my first ever bottle drive. "Sucked in" I hear you say "I bet you wish it was your last" but you're wrong. I almost totally enjoyed it, all of it except the bottle bit.

It all started when I got into the ~~A~~ Wilsons truck-type-thing (the one with their name on it, so they remember where they live) I was armed with all the basic bottle drive equipment.

- coat, hat & Cleo plus that "bottle drive feeling"
"But" I hear you say how can you have that "Bottle Drive feeling" if you've never ever been bottle driving before?

Good question, I'm glad you asked. Well I was singing the song "Out of Top Gun" (which we just sang at Tins) which has the line "That loving feeling" and I thought, what a good line (but I changed it a bit) for a fun, fun rover report, so I added it. Aren't you glad you asked that question!

Getting back to the topic in hand, in our, well Mr Wilsons truck-type-thing (in the very back that is) sat well ~~stop~~ or rather knelt a bit, Gerard & Dale the stale pale whale who weeped and whaled when his pet quail jumped under a brick and died or rather ^{got} squashed.

That was a short wonder poem dedicated to Dale (but he didn't like it) by ~~two~~ wonder poets who ~~will~~ will remain nameless, for obvious reasons! We, those being Rachael-Drivers, Joanne-navigators, Dale & Gerard-bottlers. all drove around a little bit of Lindisfarne, a lot near my house in fact. De, well, they didn't get many ^{bottle} until we arrived at this one evil, yucky, not nice house. As the occupant ~~is~~ knew Dale they did him a favour as they liked him & his mother. (I would like to know what they would do if they hated him or his mom!)

This woman had so many bottles under her very large "under her house". lucky old us, they were so old that the boxes they sat in had rotted away so when you picked them up they all fell out - We thought it was a funny joke to, the first time it happened!

The first quarter of an hour's worth were attached semi-neatly.

in the front of the "under house" the rest were cleverly hidden all over or under the "under house".

I must add at this stage I had, well, were told to come and see what bottle driving was all about. It was fun even exciting for the first quarter of an hour then it sort of lost my enthusiasm, but I did enjoy playing "Balance the bottle in the over laden truck-type-thing tray".

After we finally finished emptying this house of its record of all the liquid they ever drank in all their life and even before, we headed very slowly and extremely carefully around the corner roundabouts and down to the Scott hall.

On arrival so no-one but myself and Rachael (as I made her listen) wanted to hear about the morning's expedition.

I didn't care that much as I told everyone when I got home and went out again later.

We were treated to a ^{saveloy} saveloy in bread & a drink by two mothers-one being Mrs Ford.

I then, being totally overwhelmed by the morning activities had to go home.

Warning This event due to its Heart Attack tendency due to over excitement should not, I repeat not be participated in more than 1 time every 5 years.

May be 2 times every 5 years if very, very fit. or Silly.

Simon, Jo
and Shaun
keeping
warm?



Lime Bay Group Camp

22-23/4/89

Lost a motor (to the tune of Found a Peanut)

Lost a motor

Lost a motor

Lost a motor at Lime Bay

Lost a motor

Lost a motor

If we don't find it we'll have to pay.

Yes folks, a good weekend with a slight problem.

Those rovers who attended were Stephen, Tammy, Joanne, Rachael (sort of), Jason, Stewie and Wes and Doyle came down to help look for something (can't think what).

Any way, Stewie and Jason went out for a motor with Phil Harper's motor. Sadly it sort of fell jumped off and sank to the bottom. Many attempts to find it were unsuccessful and now we have little bit of fund raising to do.

Apart from this it was a relaxing weekend for us all with diving and paddling the main events, with a chocolate cheesecake, banana, chocolate pudding combined birthday cake being made for Dane Jones' Birthday, yummo?!!

Tammy.

There's more to a

Dealer than

ENTERTAINMENT FEATURES



TUPPERWARE PARTY

30/4/1989

I'm sure the rash of Tupperware party's is Vic's fault.

Y' see, some of us went to Vic's own Tupperware party and we saw one of the hostess gifts, a Bakewell baking set (really nice). Any way someone thought, gee that would make a good prize for our Rover Raffle.

Well, we chatted to the lady and she told us we could have a party and if we got over \$400 (or thereabouts) and two party bookings we could have the set.

Gerard made the invites and we asked everyone in the group, but only some of them turned up on the day. Anyway, we played some games, which I won a lot of and then had to listen to the lady sell Tupperware as if it was the next best thing to sliced bread.

Then everyone bought things to loose the lids to and wouldn't you believe it, we made about \$600. Yeah!! All we needed was two more party bookings. Pear and I said we would have them. The baking set was ours. PLUS we got a bonus gift of a bread board and a bread storer - we decided to use these as a fourth prize in the raffle.

Thanks Vic - you star.

Tam xxx.

Gerard's / Rachael's Birthday Do

3/5/89.

This event was so long ago that nobody seems to be able to remember what happened.

There were lots of people there including, Me and Gerard, Joanne, Kerry, Pear, Stephen, Robert, Susan, Nick, Vic, Tim, Ricc, Sally, Stevie and anybody else who Pear, Jo and I have forgotten.

We spent the night chatting about nothing in particular, watching television drinking and eating.

Mrs Wilson made Gerard and I a chocolate cake which had half pink and half blue icing and lots of candles. After we'd eaten that cake Joanne quickly demolished another. - It looked like a volcano had erupted.

We also watched a video called Back to the Beach with Frankie and Annette and Joanne knew all the songs. It was brilliant (the video not Joanne's singing).

Stewie
"black man"
Johns



A venturer team's failed
attempt to raise the
B----- Tent.

Initiative Course ~~~~~

6-7/5/1989.

Stephen organised it so that we would get to run the initiative course for venturers.

The weekend before we had wandered aimlessly around the Neehan Range planning the course.

The venturers had to pass nine points to pass the course, they included 2 first aid points, a trailer without its wheel, a message in a bottle, water boiling up a tree, lifting the team above the ground, making a catapult, passing a plate of water over a raging river and putting up the B----- tent. They were in teams of 3 or 4 venturers from different units and had to carry all their equipment and follow compass and grid references to find their way around. We were all responsible for one point each and Stewie was able to visit everyone at some stage of the weekend. He was in charge of the fire and after dragging a great amount of wood to our fire he decided to paint his face black.

On the Saturday night the Venturers had to put their tents up while tied together. Then we gave them some ingredients and they had to cook their own dinner and let us taste them - too kind.

While all this was happening we sat around Stephen's tail gate and watched Telly. Then Tim thought Kerry's lap needed a bit of jelly, so he threw it at her.

The Sunday decided to be rainy and none of the ventures passed their weather predictions. Everyone managed to get a tad wet and dirty.

We finished up and gave all the venturers a pretty blue certificate. They all passed and say they enjoyed them selves, we did anyway.

← I am

Les Miserables

INITIATIVE COURSE

LINDISFARNE ROVER CREW

1989

Presented to

.....TAMMY DELL.....

Who participated in and passed
this course. Meehan Range 7/5/89

TRADITIONAL ENGLISH STYLE GRILL COMBINED WITH AN ELEGANT
VICTORIAN ATMOSPHERE, FEATURING THE FINEST MEATS & WINE

Bistro Style Lunches Monday - Friday
Leisurely Dinners 7 Nights

Buffet Award Winner 1985 & 1986

**Thanks to you Mr Gray
(At the end of the Day)**

Thanks to you Mr Gray we are all
getting poorer.
Scratching a living's not fun any
more.
Raising families, but what for?
Owning a home is too expensive.
Rising prices, doubling taxes
Making us ill.
We're Gray's Miserables.

And you sit at your desk with your
view of the river,
Looking over the heads of the
masses below.
And people are forgotten
As the buildings get taller and
taller.
Unemployment and pollution
Add to the thrill
For Gray's Miserables.

In another ten years the state will
be bankrupt.
And you, Mr. Gray, you don't give
a damn,
With your pulp mills and levies
And your North Broken Hill
heavies.
And the opposition's no better;
Ripping everyone off to the letter.
There's gonna be hell to pay
Thanks to you Mr. Gray.

I dreamed a dream

I dreamed a dream of time gone
by
When we were free
And life worth living.
I dreamed that life would never
change
But now the future's grey and
chilling.

When I was young and too afraid
To speak my mind and thoughts
And feelings,
Before we built a barricade
To save the Vale,
To stop their dealings.

How the Premier chose to fight
Once again, despite the Franklin.
And they'll tear the land apart
As they turn my dream to shame.

But I have people on my side
And their numbers
Keep on growing,
We'll stand here side by side
And we'll beat them at their game.

And we all dream of Wesley Vale
That we will live life here together.
But these are dreams Gray cannot
see.

How will a pulp mill make life
better?

I had a dream that life would be
So different from this hell we're
living.

So different now from what it
seemed,

Will Gray now kill
The dream I dreamed?

Gray's Miserables



1989 UNI REVUE



LADIES:

NORIN ALAM
JOANNE BELHAU
CHERYLE BERTOZ
LIZ BURROWS
MONICA CARTER
LISA DAVY
KRISTIAN FALCONER
INGRID GANLEY
LOUISA GORDON
JACQUI HALLAM
HELEN JOHNSON
TARA MACKIE
ELICIA McGINNISS
KATHY SPENCER
FELICITY WALKER

GENTLEMEN:

GAVIN BEECHEY
PAUL BENNETT
ANDREW BRASSINGTON
DAVID CANNELL
JOHN COLGRAVE
KEVIN LEE
LEE MARQUADT
ANDREW McNICOL
GRAEME PAINE
SHANE PEARCE
SCOTT PLIMPTON
BEN SIBSON
MARK WEEDING
CRAIG WELLINGTON

Uni Revue

10/5/1989

Well, well, well. Three holes in the ground, no water in the Melbourne Airport. Here I am in boring boring psych-bio being bored bored bored! Today is yellow day as it is Thursday. Last Wednesday (purple day because its prac) we all (well, not all, Stewie forgot to turn up!) went to the Uni Revue for my Squire activity. It was all very exciting and noisy what with Joanne's singing and Mrs Barrer's snorting. Just a little diversion from the event of the evening to the organization.

WELL- on the Friday before the Wednesday that we went to the Uni Revue, Rachael and I were going to take a few minutes to pick up the tickets. HA! Not so. It all started when the horrid little man who was coming to measure my floor for carpet didn't turn up at 9 o'clock like he was supposed to but at 10:40. Then, I had to go down to Uni and hand in my wonder psych assignment and then come up to teach to pick Rachael up at 11:30. Then we went to some business photo-copy, faccopy place to get some photo-copies for Rachael's Dad. That took a while. Then we went to Nick's house to pick up the cheque to pay for the tickets - BUT - it needed another signature. So, we went to the bakery to plug out. Then it was about 1pm, so we went to Uni to find Pear, but she wasn't there! (I'm a poet and I know it!). So we went to the Hydro to find Tim. First we went to the front desk to find out where he should be. The girle person told us it was the next door up but that was a

The Directors



Paul Bennett

Graeme Paine

Do you hear the people sing?

How much longer will we wait?
How much more can the public bare?
Will be let them wreck our State
As if none of us even care?
When will it come to be too much?
When do we finally take a stand?
Before the politicians kill
The last of our fair land?
Will you join in our crusade?
Who will be strong and stand with us?
We elected them, but now
They've all betrayed our trust.
So join in the fight
That will give you the right to be free!

Do you hear the people sing?
Singing the songs of angry men?
At last the move begins
To make Tasmania great again!
Do you feel it stir your heart?
It's time we all got off our bums:
There is a life about to start
When tomorrow comes!
Will you give all you can give
So that Tasmania may advance?
We've shown all tonight to you
In music, satire, song and dance:
In Gray's Miserables
We've wielded again Old Nick's lance!

Do you hear the people sing?
Singing the songs of angry men?
At last the move begins

To make Tasmania great again!
Do you feel it stir your heart?
It's time we all got off our bums:
There is a life about to start
When tomorrow comes!

Queensland Police song

Didn't we have a lovely time
At the footy match in Tawoomba
And the footy match
Wasn't a patch
On what happened in the town
straight after
Davo and me
We did a pee
In the ten ounce glasses
Smashed up the pub
Chucked on the grub
And flashed our bums!
Shocked all the locals, scared all
the kids;
Smashed up all the chairs
Broke all the glasses
Kicked lots of arses
And we still found time to vomit
Shat in the hall
Barfed on the wall
And we don't give a rat's arse
Broke the town up
We don't give a stuff
'Cos we're just pigs!

What a wonderful world

Won't be trees of green
Just fields of clay
A legacy from Robin Gray
And we think to ourselves
What a wonderful world.
We see pollution
And acid rain
And lots of crashing aeroplanes
And we think to ourselves
What a wonderful world.
Aboriginals in cells
With ropes round their necks
Corrupt Queensland coppers
With drugs and booze and sex
We see folks in the sun
With cancers where it shone
It's all because the ozone's gone
We've got AIDS, oil spills,
afghanistan
One more squashed Liverpool fan
And we think to ourselves
What a wonderful world
Yes, we think to ourselves
What a wonderful world.

Old Nick



Company

Election Day (Cont.) 1989
lie because there was only lifts. So we went
another door up and we saw a little office
so we went in and asked if Tim was
there. But he wasn't. So we went upstairs
and asked this little man who was in the
office where the guys on the bottom floor
sent us because that was where Tim was
supposed to be. But he wasn't. The
slacker decided to take the day off and
go to Huonville. So we ran up to my mum's
work and rang Tim's house and his dad
rang him. But we decided to go home and
ring Stephen at E.Z. but the loser woman on
the switchboard couldn't find him. So we
played UNO. Then Tim rang from Huonville
and we confused him by both talking on
the phone at once. Then we decided to
go to the bank and take out the money to
pay for the loser tickets. So, by 4 o'clock
we were at the Theatre Royal and we
picked up the tickets. But, oh joy, there was
one missing. So we got another one. Later
when Rachael was counting them she found the
long lost ticket and I wished I was a
deviant because then I would have sold it, but
I didn't. Well, then it was time to pick up
Joanne from Rosny, so we did.

Well, it's 1 minute to 10 to 4. That means
end of psych-time. So, bye. Loser man
lecturer went over time as it's now 9 to 4.

Kerryn.

(Ed. This was written in yellow pen, but it was a bit
hard to read so it is now in blue, you
will have to use your imaginations.)

Election Day Cake Stall

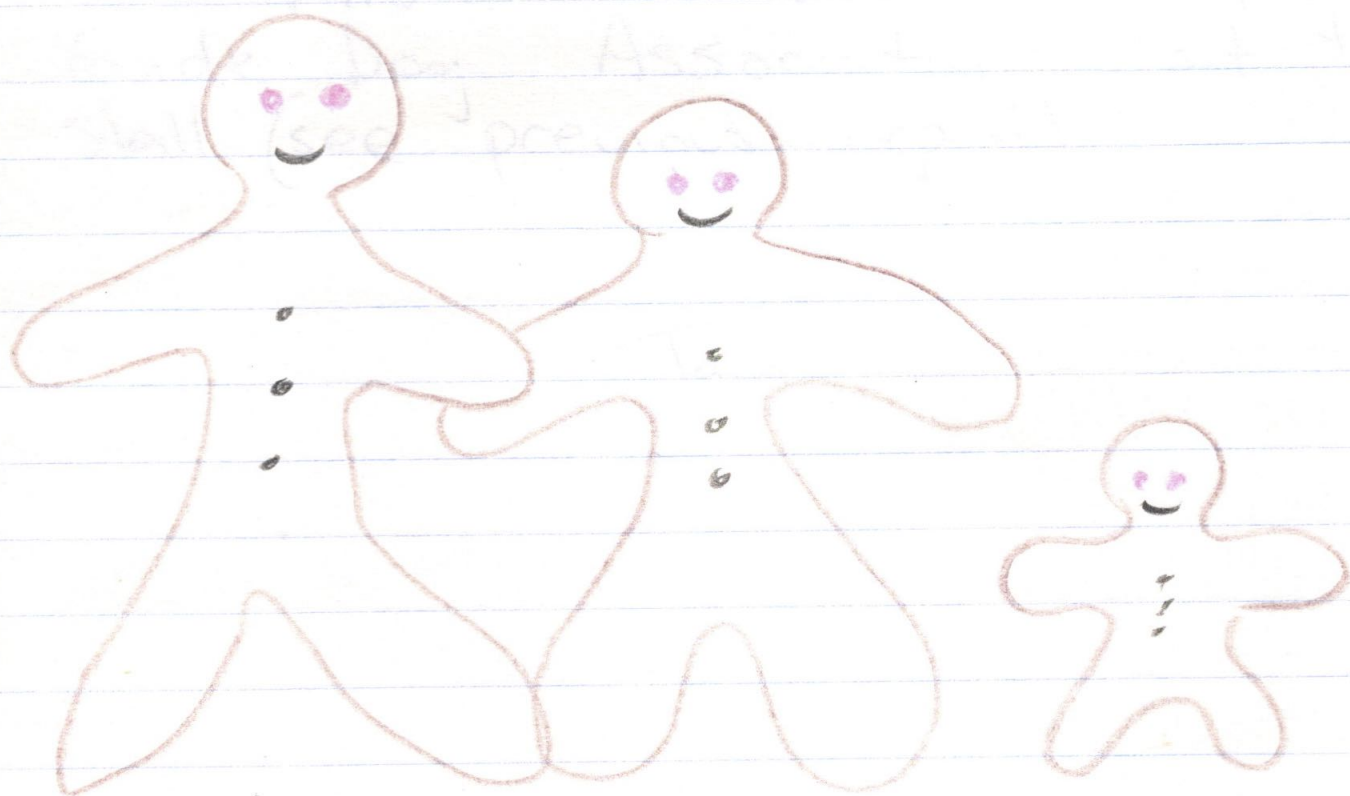
13/5/1989

Although Gray lost it was not a sad day. Why? Because we made over \$100 selling cakes, biscuits, meringues and ginger bread families at the Lauderdale polling booth. So who says elections are a waste of time.

I can't wait 'til the next election!!

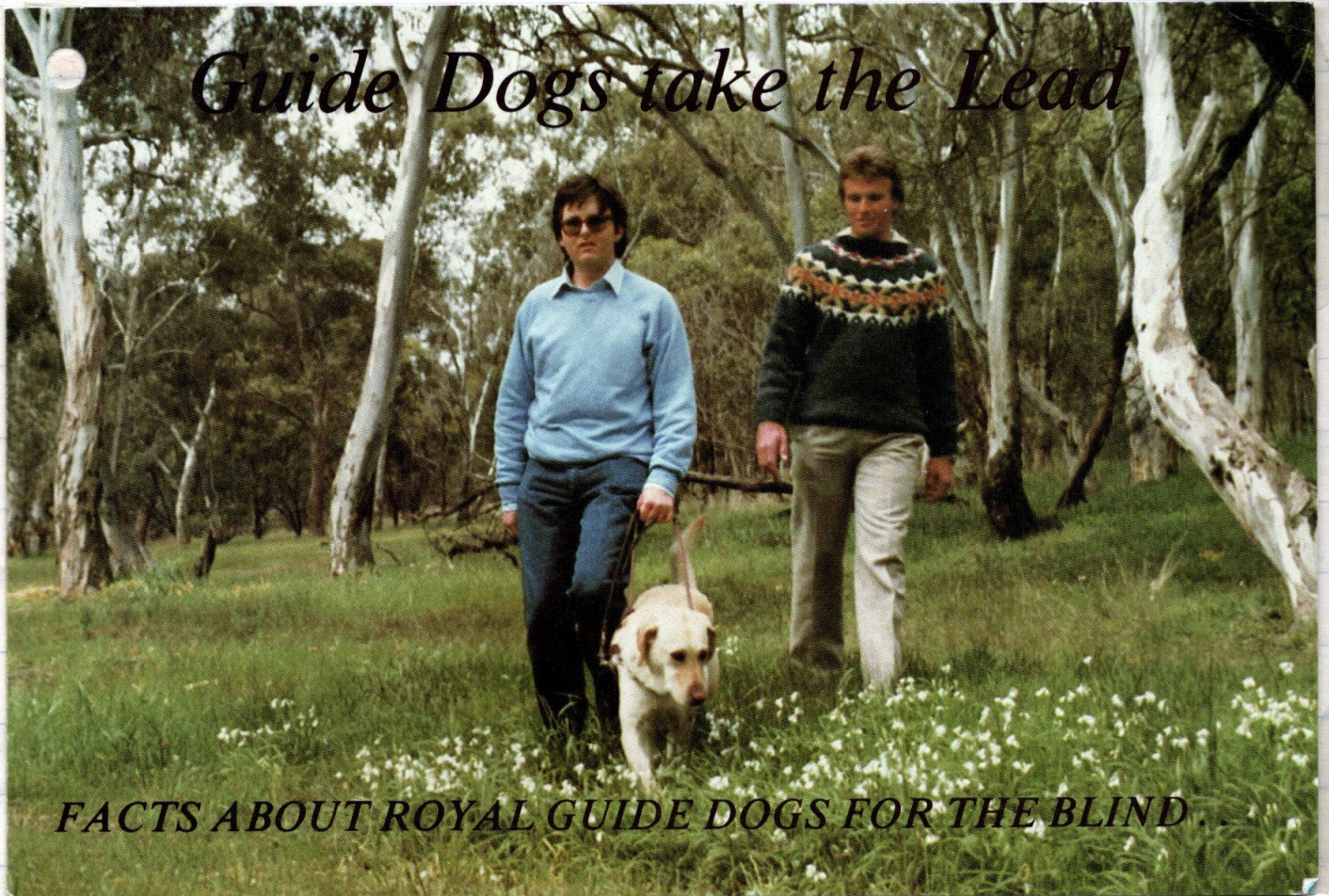
This activity was the brainchild of Sue Jackson - good one Sue

Tammy



8/2/84

11/2/84 9:10 PM 1/2/84



GUIDE DOG VISIT

7/5/89.

We had a visit from a man at the Guide Dog Association and his partially blind son's P.A.T. (Pets as Therapy) dog Harmony. The reason she is a PAT dog is because she flunked out of guide dog school. Mr Smith said she was a reject, but she was really cute.

She would pick up her collar and chain and swing it round and try and beat people with it.

Anyway Mr Smith showed us a couple of films and gave us some pamphlets. Then we had supper and went home.

We raised some money for the Guide Dog Association at the cake stall (see previous report)

Tam



Kingsgate House, Channel Highway, Kingston 7150. Telephone 672664.

14th. April, 1989

Dear Tim,

Thank you for booking our Murder Mystery, "The Riddle of the Relics".

I enclose your invitations and some brief notes on the characters in our Mystery. Please give an invitation to each couple or individual attending.

The costumes we have are suitable for any size or shape, except for some ladies' dresses, and I have specified the approx. sizes of these in the accompanying notes.

Please think over the people who will be attending and then allocate roles accordingly. For this mystery, it is probably a good idea to let people know what roles they will be playing before the night itself. This also gives them some extra incentive to be sure to be there on the night, as every character has a definite contribution to make.

We can take more than the characters specified.. in fact we have costumes for up to 40 people altogether.

Best wishes and we look forward to seeing you on the night.

Yours sincerely,

Michael Crowley.

MURDER PARTY

Can't Buy Me Love!

Tonights the nights were going round to Tim's

Verse 1 Get you're invitation friend
Cause tonights the night
We're all going round to Tims
To have a great big fright
I don't care to much for murder
Cause murder makes lots of blood

Chorus Lots of blood - ~~smear~~ it dripping down
the stairs

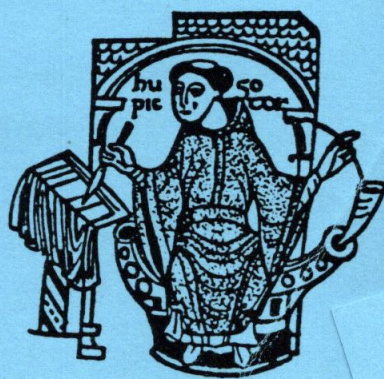
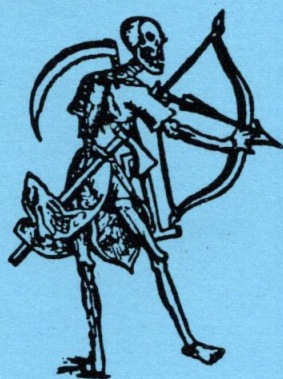
Lots of blood - glistening on my hairs

Verse 2. Rob & Susan were well matched
Cause they had to get hitched
Tammy was Mother Superior
But really she's a bitch
Richie & Kol were her ~~two~~ little monks
And they will vouch for this

Chorus



THE RIDDLE OF THE RELICS



Dear _____

You are invited to step back in time to the 12th.
Century to enjoy a unique experience

With other representatives from Church and State,
you have been called to assemble
at the Albion House, 144 Derwent Avenue, Lindisfarne on
Saturday, 20th. May at 7.30 in the evening.

Our purpose is to discuss and decide which of four Abbeys has
the greatest claim to the Relics of Blessed Ambrosia. We will
provide a costume for you to help
you feel really Medieval.



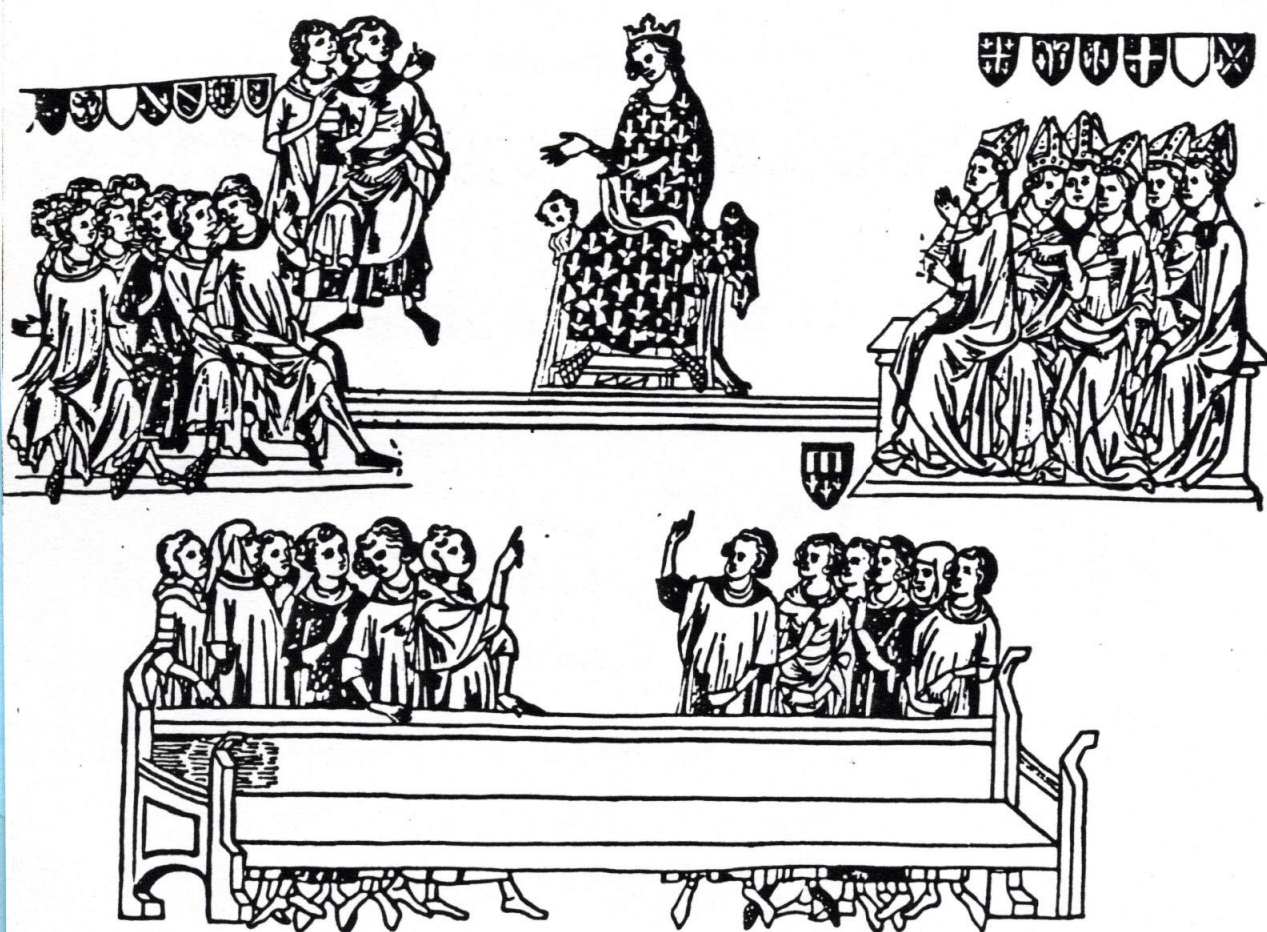
Henry of Blois, Bishop

THE RIDDLE OF THE RELICS

It is the year 1145. England is in a state of Civil War. On one side are those loyal to King Stephen, and on the other side are the forces true to Empress Matilda, the daughter of the former King, Henry I.

A different battle rages within the cloisters of Southern England. Four Abbeys have sent delegates to Waverley Abbey, to present their claims for the Relics of Blessed Ambrosia, a pious nun who died in 1124.

Others with an interest in this matter will also attend,
but what dark secret lies hidden
with the bones of Ambrosia??



Blood Bank Excursion

31/5/1989

Kerryn's wonder service activity was attend by the most umm eminent members of the crew. Me and Tammy. Umm and no one else.

We arrived on time as usual and everybody else was late. So late in fact that they never arrived.

Just in case you've never been there, don't bother going, 'cause the blood bank is a scary place to be.

(Kerryn is dictating this to me over the phone and she has just bashed it)

There are lots of forms to fill in, umm. Wonder brave Tammy went first and last. She suffered through the staple thing on her thumb like a trooper, umm, oh and so did I. Umm and then um, then what? The big white room with the yucky big chairs gobbled her up and sucked out all her blood and took a huge needle and stole some of my blood too. But, nearly all was forgiven, but not quite. Then we got our milk shakes. But alas, alack for being so slack and having an allergy to milk Tammy sneezed everywhere and died in a chair.

Oh, and then she got five ~~x~~ treatment with a sweet drink and a fan and everything. Then we had a big pig out on BBQ shapes and looked around the door to see if any suspicious rovers were hiding there, but they weren't. Oh well. Um, oh yeah.

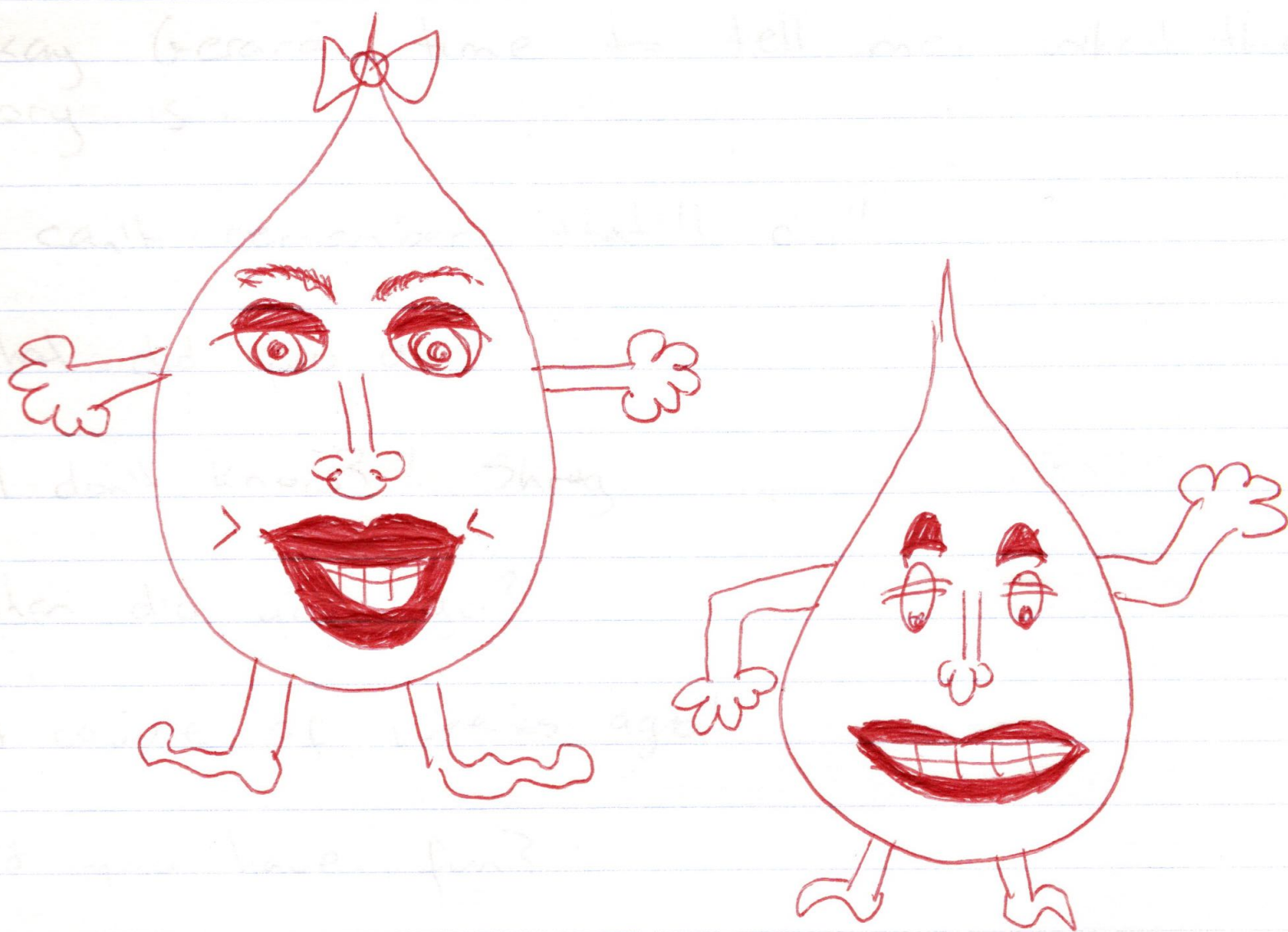
Fortescue Bay

9-11/01/89

I didn't give blood then, 'cause they didn't want to take it, so I went back about a week later and gave a pint or so and I was right. It did hurt, sort of.

love in blood

← Tammy (For Kerry) xxx.



GIVE BLOOD 'SAVE LIVES !!

Fortescue Bay

9-11/6/1989

It is 11:00am on Friday June 30th. I am sitting in Gerard's car outside Savings and Loans. Gerard has gone to get some \$\$ out to spend. We are going to wonder Sheffield to go to Ulverstone for the Raver Reunion Dinner. I decided that Gerard could dictate his report to me as we drive, so the writing will be messier than usual. Now we're at the traffic lights, they are red. Well here we go - off to Ulverstone.

Okay Gerard, time to tell me what the story is.

"I can't remember, that'll do"

What did you do?

"I don't know?" Shrug

When did you go?

"A couple of weeks ago"

Did you have fun?

"Yeah but it rained"

What did you do.

"Got rained on"

Well, Gerard appeared a bit bored to be writing this report, so now it is Sunday 2nd July and I am home again. I didn't go to

White Water Blah

21/05/1989

Fortescue Bay, but I have been told stories, so I will convey a few.

1) They went paddling to go climbing and the sea was very rough, so rough in fact that Giselle threw up all over her kayak and Steve had to swap places with her. (He got to ride in the dingy)

2) Stewie, who was fire lighter couldn't get the fire going and mistook Jo's innersoles for leaves and tried to burn them - good one Stewie.

Other than that I don't know a lot else, feel free to add your own stories below.

Tam.

White Water Wall

23-25/6/1989

DATE: 23061989 - 25061989

DESTINATION: WHITE WATER WALL

OBJECTIVE: CLIMB THE WALL ETC.

PARTICIPANTS: VEHICLE ONE - S. FORD
- T. DELL
- S. ANDREWS
- R. FORD

VEHICLE TWO - C. REED
- M. REED
- MOSO

VEHICLE THREE - E. PEACOCK
- G. PEACOCK
- A ROOSTER DOWN DOONA.

PROCEDURE: VEHICLE THREE LEFT PONTAGU BAY AT 1930 HOURS. ARRIVED DESTINATION 2200 HRS. VEHICLE ONE LEFT LINDISFARNE AT 2130 HOURS. RENDEZVOUS WITH VEHICLE TWO AT RICHMOND. CONVOY TO DESTINATION. ARRIVE 0030 HRS. SET UP CAMP.

24061989 - 0800 RISE. PREPARE FOR CLIMB.
0845 CLIMB HARLEQUIN AND THE BLOCK.
1400 RETURN TO CAMP FOR LUNCH.
1530 ALL PARTICIPANTS BOARD VEHICLE ONE FOR TRANSPORTATION TO WAVE WALL. T. DELL TO DRIVE TO COLES BAY FOR 2x DAILY PAPER AND H₂O. RETURN TO WAVE WALL. JOIN GROUP.
1700 ALL PARTICIPANTS BOARD VEHICLE ONE FOR TRANSPORTATION TO COLES BAY TO PURCHASE FILM AND CREAMED CORN

P.T.O

1720 LEAVE VIDEO BATTERIES TO
CHARGE AT CARAVAN PARK.

1725 RETURN TO CAMP.

1815 C. REED TO TAKE VEHICLE ONE
TO PICK UP BATTERIES.

1830 TEA TIME. RELAX.

0800 RISE.

0830 THREE MALES, S. FORD, C. REED
AND E. PEACOCK PREPARE FOR CLIMB
AWAY FROM CAMP.

0900 LOAD VEHICLE ONE. TRIO
DEPART FOR JAFFLE IRON.

1130 R. FORD AND S. ANDREWS RISE.

1230 LUNCH.

1320 R. FORD AND S. ANDREWS EXPLORE

1330 T. DELL, M. REED, G. PEACOCK AND
M. SO EXPLORE.

1440 T. DELL, M. REED, G. PEACOCK AND
M. SO RETURN.

1505 TRIO RETURN

1515 REPORT ON EXPEDITION.

1530 R. FORD AND S. ANDREWS RETURN

1545 PACK UP CAMP

1610 DEPART CAMPSITE TO RETURN
TO INDIVIDUAL BASES.

OBSERVATIONS: WEATHER - COOL BUT SUNNY

MISSION COMPLETED

SHOULD BE ATTEMPTED IN WARMER
CONDITIONS.

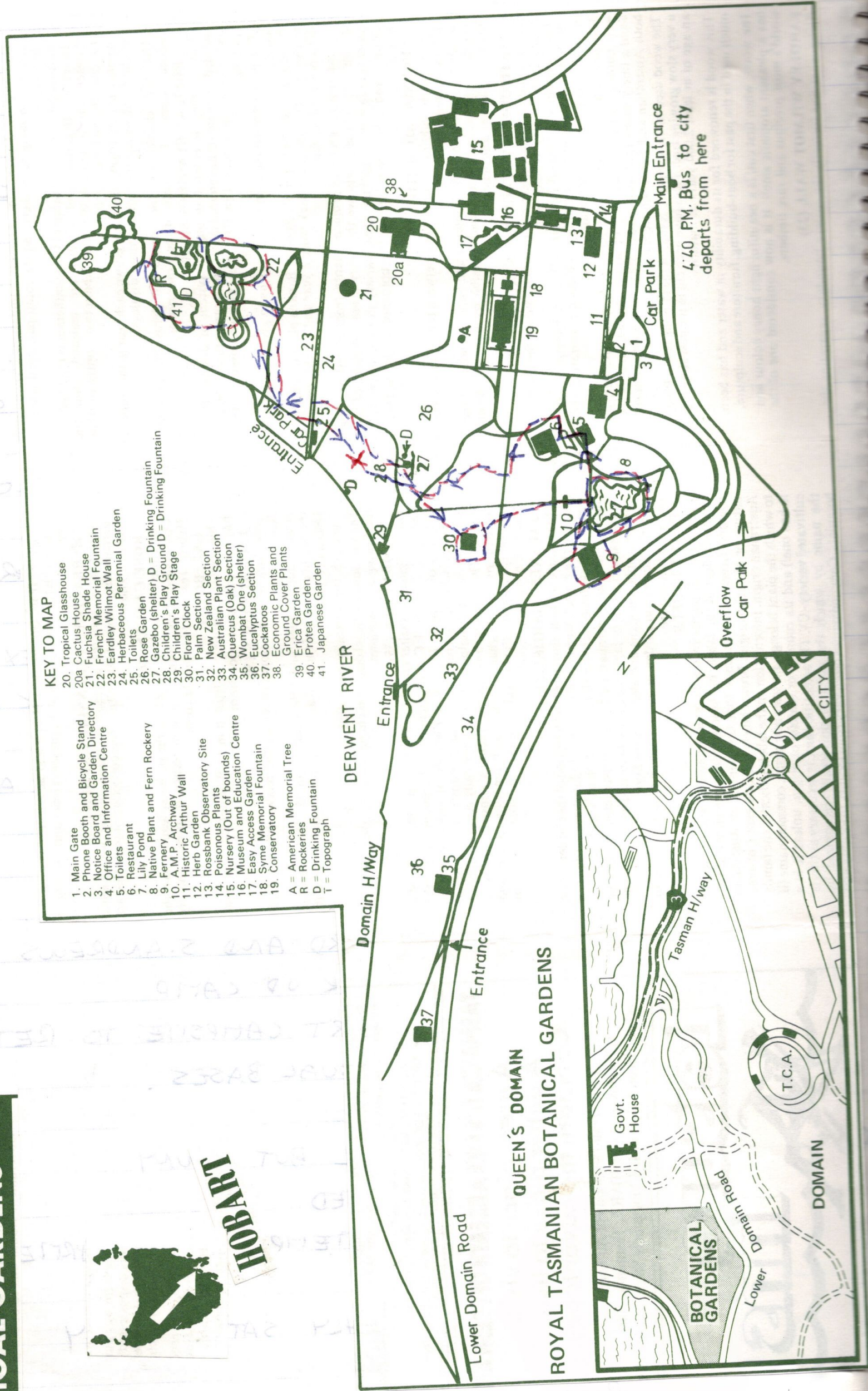
WEEKEND - HIGHLY SATISFACTORY

REPORT COMPLETED.

Tony DELL

SIGNED: REPORT COMPILATION OFFICER - T. DELL

HOBART



Picnic Lunch

27/6/1989

There is a big, bolbus, ugly, horrid, girrafe in the way so please excuse the waste of paper. I know, I know, ten million trees died just for this log report book but it's not my fault because I didn't stick in the bolbus, ugly, horrid, giraffe. So there!

Well, on to the report. It all started when my Hitler, slave-driver mother made us, me & Jo, clean our bathroom. Well, after commandeering the floor and the soap container ~~and~~ not to mention the ceiling (a bit, but not much because I couldn't be bothered) a vision of wonderment and summer picnicing flashed upon the shower wall. This was after the big army type JIF fight, in which no-one really won as Mrs Hitler Brain stormed in and after smashing the Beatles (we know they had many 'smash' hits but mother smashed the whole record!) and ordering us to behave (thats a first) and get out of her bathroom. If its her bathroom why didn't she clean it! Anyway, back to flashing visions of summer picnicing. Soup, B.B.Q shapes, tea but I couldn't find the flasky thing and tea cake was definately the go. All systems go & our ideas was spreading so we started a rover phone chain baffling first Tammy then Rob with our ~~communi~~ telephonic skills. However Rob didn't want to play until later when he rang to pass on our own phone chain.

Excitement was mounting when we arrived at Joanne's house after a post tea nap. Tea cake time, Yah! None of this follow the recipe rubbish no, no, no, the Peter Russel-Clarke school of alternative cooking took charge resulting in the cake being a rather dodgy colour.

In between Kerryns Fawcett all time show. (just in case



Governor Arthur, although dissatisfied, directed that more labour should be supplied from the penitentiary in order that a Botanical Garden should be 'proceeded with in the Domain and I had hoped it might have commenced this season; nothing having yet been done in collecting the plants, shrubs etc., with which the colony abounds!'

In 1828, Mr. William Davidson was appointed as the first Superintendent. He came out to Australia early in the year and brought with him about 2,000 vines and fruit trees. He first settled in Launceston. This young man from Northumberland, aged 24 years, had won many prizes and medals from Botanical and Horticultural Societies in England. When he was appointed as Superintendent to the Gardens in November 1828, his salary was £100 per annum with a ration and a house to live in. This house, dating from 1829, still stands in the grounds and is now used as a Museum and Education Centre. Now much modified internally, the building originally contained a central courtyard. Three rooms on one side were the Superintendent's residence, while convicts who assisted the Superintendent in establishing and maintaining the Gardens, were housed, six in one room and four in the other on the opposite side of the courtyard.

It is interesting to note that in his first year of office, 1829, Davidson caused a large quantity of trees and seed to be ordered from England. He also gathered the seed of 150 native plants from the slopes and summit of Mt. Wellington.

A great impetus to the Garden's future was given by the formation, on 14th October 1843, of the Botanical and Horticultural Society of Van Diemen's Land, now the Royal Society of Tasmania, the oldest society of its kind in the British Commonwealth outside the British Isles.

Prior to this time, the Gardens were maintained by public funds and it was now decided by the Secretary of State that the Gardens be handed over to the Royal Society in January 1844, with an allowance of £400 a year from public funds towards their

anyone missed it, Country Practice party at my
on Friday night and we'll watch all the repeats
on video) Followed of course^{by} the cult film Ferris wonder Bueller
and Monty Python's Meaning of life plus Soap, BBQ shape &
cheezles. (she stole my sentence) Oh well.

Highlights of Tea Cake cooking.

- Cinnamon Roll in - Fight.

- bowl choosing / finding competition

- honey tipping race.

- batter fight.

- batter eat

- Joanne spitting at Cameron when he ate the
batter.

After a post cake nap, In fact a long, all night
sleep, I received a fun, fun phone-call at some
un-nice hour that was very, very early from a
pathetic Joanne - Oh Kerry, I've missed bus, oh
sadness, so sucker me got out of my nice
toasty warm bed to make myself a take her to
school. ^{I didn't what to go I was going to O'sher. She's a spoil sport.} Then I came home and had a pre-picnic

nap. Then, excitement ~~hyp~~ ~~reactive~~ ~~ness~~ it was 10
to 11 and time to rush around and find the
thermos thing to put the tea in but I couldn't
find it so I drove really quickly to Rosny to
pick up Joanne who was in boring, forty
english and another trick was to pick up Dale
and his wheel. So, after a quick trip around
town we arrived at the botanical gardens
car park, to see that an overwhelming number
of people had turned up for this wonder event.
Two. Tammy and Gerard. But as I was there what does
it matter! Heaps. So, we played tricks on the
counter thing for a while before settling on a
nice grassy plain. Tablecloth spread out and
picnic baskets emptied it was soup TIME! And
BBQ shapes & dodgy tea cake and jelly-beans.

After a rather large pig-out we raced slowly up to the wonder Floral clock. We played "Hickory Dickory Dock" and zoomed up the road, path thing (marked on the map) under the arch way that took years to build and up to the ducks. They lost my interest very quickly so I (with all my friends) zipped through the Fern house. In the mean time Tammy & I got married & Gerard was the bridesmaid. But then I ~~got~~ divorced her because because she didn't have enough money to buy me a leather jacket. But then we got married again & Joanne held the train but that got boring so we went to the Japanese Gardens which wasn't very exciting either. Until the big Queen's Domain debate between Joanne & Gerard.

In which Jo won ofcourse. I wanted to know why the Queens Domain was named so. Was it ever called the Kings Domain or not why. Why ~~also~~ wasn't it called the City Domain if the city ran it. I thought Joannes Domain had a nice ring. Oh well. Then it was time to go but not before tripping the counter thing heaps. So there. And sucked in to everyone to didn't turn up.

It was a wonderful way to fill in a mid-day in one of Hobarts flowerly, plant spot - thats free!

So sucked in!

Question - Who had the most fun?

Love Kerryn & Joanne
& Joanne.

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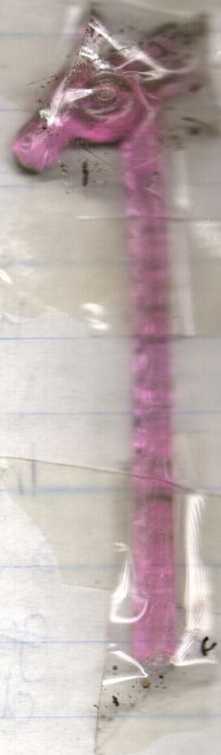
It was a wonderful way to fill in a mid-day in one of Hobbits flowerly plant spot - that's free!

So Sucked in!

Question - Who had the most fun?

Love Kerryn & Joanne

& Joanne.



Rover Reunion Dinner

1/7/1989

Today is Saturday July the first. We are at Vix house in Sheffield. The we I mean are Tim, Gerard, Tammy (me), Stephen, Nic and Vic (After all, it is her house.)

Now for a little history. Vic is in Sheffield teaching grade fours. Anyway, Gerard and I left Hobart on Friday at about 11.45. We got to Sheffield at about 2.30 and looked at all the Thrals for a while. Then we found Vic's house and she was there. So we went in. Then later Vic, Gerard, Nic (the vet) and myself drove through the foggy fog to ~~the~~ Devenport to go to Taco Bills for tea. We ate a bit and watched the dancing pot plant and then drove back. We sat etc for a while then at about 9.45 Tim, Stephen and Nic (the fiancé) arrived. Well, we sat around for a while and then after ages Vic and I finally managed to persuade the others (except Nic the vet) to go to a big playground that Gerard and I saw earlier which had a big red rocking giraffe. It was all foggyish and a bit lightningee. We walked all around this play ground having a go on all the metal things. The giraffe was tops, so were some of the other things. After a while we came back to Vix and Gerard went to bed. After a while Stephen decided to go to bed, but his progress was stopped by Gerard doing the Mexican Hat Dance in the Porcelain Bus. G stopped goshing and went back to bed, but Stephen decided not to sleep in the same room as G, so he slept in the lounge and Tim and I slept in the

bedroom with G the gusher. We slept, then when we woke up today it was July 1st. We got up etc etc and then decided to dam everything. We went to two dams, Devil's Gate and Paloonna and we jumped fences and stuff to have a closer look. Then we went to Forth for thum lunch. We left there and went to see nic point and he did. Then we went to see the big red rocking giraffe in the daylight. We did and saw some other things we had missed. Gerd got bogged and some of the local kids (Long live Vania*) gave us a push and swore a bit. Vic made us some scones and Gerd washed everyone's cars (he will have so many knots in his scarf). And then I wrote what you have just finished reading. (we are playing Pass the Pigs).

It is now Sunday the 2nd of July and I am home. So back to the story!

After the scone session we decided to get dressed, pack up and head off to Ulverstone. Gerard, Tim and I went in Gerard's car and Nick, Vic and Steve went in Nix car. And then we were there. We met up with Andrew, Catherine, Stewie, Ricey, Wes and Doyle and lots and lots

* Vania - Vast, voluptuous, Ugly, very ucking ugly.

She left grade 10 last year, is grossly over weight, looks and acts like a male yobbo. Rides the streets of Sheffield on her Brix - really scary lady.

of other Rovers. We went in and bought some drinks, ate some food and got down to some serious bush dancing. What fun, it was excellent - (brings back the memories). Anyway, after writing on the paper table cloths - poems of course and ripping it into shreds it was time to go. Gerard, Stewie and Tim stayed at the scout hall and Wes and Doyle stayed somewhere else and Catherine and Andrew stayed somewhere different and Nic, Vic, Stephen and I drove back to Vix house in Sheffield. Anyway, we got up this morning, had breakfast and packed up. Then Gerard, Stewie and Tim arrived and Tim, Nic and Stephen left because Nic had 'to go on an ~~outing~~ to Melbourne. After a while Gerard, Stewie and I left too. I waved goodbye to the big red rocking graffe and we came home.

I guess this means this is the end of the story.

Bye

love Tam xxx

OZMAS DINNER

24/6/1989

It's the 24th so it must be Christmas Eve. Therefore I on my own ~~(Mother)~~ (I = Joanne) hooped very carefully with mother in ~~be~~ my best Christmas clothes down to Orana for a Christmas Dinner.

I sat down at my allotted table, on my own, as my Christmas friends had not arrived. When finally ~~Mr~~ Mr Wilson ~~was~~ able to drag himself away from the television my tablemates arrived twenty minutes late.

The meal in true three veg and meat style - we think Mrs Brain cooked because the chops were pretending to be a turkey - was edible.

The ~~&~~ Soup and Cruskits were yummy!

The desert was foul - that being Christmas ~~B~~ Pudding and Custard. (That's Joanne's opinion I now being Rachael hated the Soup and loved the main course and desert).

~~After~~ Between courses and after the very homecooked meal we were all entertained by Jenny Wonder Barron and the wonder ranger girlie guides. But we (now Jo, Rachael and Kerry) entertained our own and other surrounding tables with our own renditions of the carols performed, which was fully appreciated by all, if not we didn't care anyhow.

As it was Christmas we all received presents, which was the best part of it from Jenny Wonder Barron pretending to be Father Christmas.

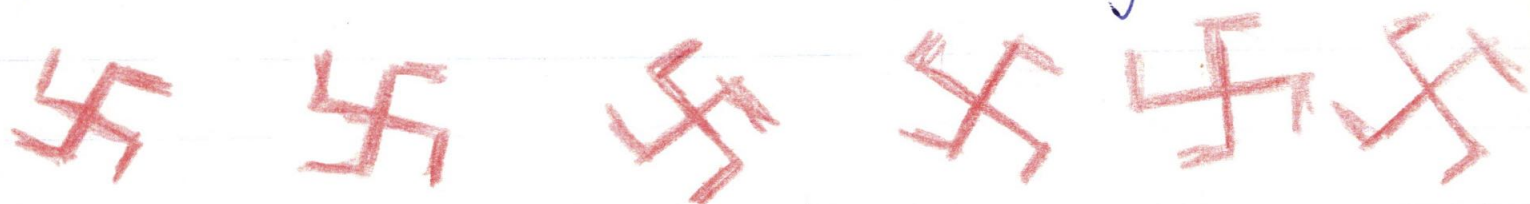
Rachael + Kerry scored a very nice tissue holder with frilly lace edging and Joanne scored a lavender bag which smelled so much it made Rachael cry.

After hitting the very big cheap cake pot which Mr Wilson gave to us, we all left the Christmas spirit, hats and all, after socialising with all the girly guide leaders, we all hopped into the car and we were chaffeur driven by Mr Wilson back to the Wilsons for accounts and cheese.

I must say I'm looking forward to Christmas in six months time.

Film Night - Indiana Jones (One of the sequels) 14-7-88

And then the Langana Ranger Guides invited us to go to the movies to see Indiana Jones. And then we decided we would, so we said 'yes'. And then the day came. And then we all met at the hall. And then we went. And then while we were trying to find a park Stewie wanted us to beat up some chiggers with a chain saw we could steal. And we didn't. And then we found a park. And then we arrived at the pictures. And then we mingled. And then it was time to go in. And then we did. And then the movie began. And then it continued until it finished. And then it did. And then we walked out. And then we saw a table with snacks and drinks on it. And then we had some, and some more. And then we mingled. And then we decided to go. And then we went. And then this rover activity was over.



P.S. And then Stewie was happy because there were lots of NAZIS in the movie.

And then I wrote my name

Tammy xxx

Theatre Sports v's Hobart Rovers

16-7-1989

They came, they saw and we conquered...
but we gave them the trophy anyway,
we're nice like that.

We all laughed and shouted 'MINTEES'.

Both theatre sports teams were really good.

I think the judges rigged it, 'cause we
only just beat them.

After all the mintees and embarrassing
moments had passed we found we
had won and it was time to draw
the raffle.

Some one from Sally's work won the
plane trip

Some other person won the cookware

Ricey won the scout shop open order

And Stewie won the bread box and
bread board.

And it wasn't even rigged.

A good night for all let's
do it again.

Tam xxx

P2 Technicolour Pancake Relay

28-7-59

YAWN! (WELL NEARLY, AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN IF SOME PARTICIPANTS HAD!)

YEURGHH, JUST ABOUT SUMS IT UP.

THE PANCAKES WERE TECHNICOLOUR AND THE JAPANESE WERE BEMUSED AT THE VENTURERS VOCIFEROUS INGESTION OF THESE TINTED BATTER NASTIES. AND I DON'T BLAME THEM, ALTHOUGH I DID IT TOO, GUESS I JUST GOT CARRIED AWAY IN A MULTITUDED FEEDING FRENZY. THE INTERNATIONAL TEAM DID PARTICULARLY POORLY BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T ENTER, AND AS WE ALL KNOW "YOU'VE GOT TO BE A PARTICIPANT IN THE COMPETITION TO HAVE A BABY'S CHANCE IN A HAILSTORM OF BEING THE FIRST CANDIDATE TO SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETE THE PLOTTED TASK" AND THEY DIDN'T... PARTICIPATE THAT IS, NOT GET HALLED ON.

WE TRIED TO EAT SOME OF THE MOST UNPLEASANT THINGS ON EARTH TO THE AMAZEMENT OF ALMOST EVERYONE EXCEPT THE DOG.

PERHAPS WE COULD MAKE A VIDEO OF IT NEXT YEAR AND SELL IT AS A VIDEO NASTIE ENTITLED "I PICKED BOOGIES FROM THE NOSES OF DEAD NAZI WAR CRIMINALS AND FRIED THEM UP AND ATE THEM", OR NOT.

WELL I THOUGHT THAT I MIGHT TRY OUT my nice NEW CHEAP GREEN PEN COZ' GREEN WAS ONE OF THE TOP COLOURS, SO TOO WERE RED, BLUE, PURPLE & PUCE (OR PUKE). AND THEN IT ENDED.

Rovers v's Venturer's Basketball 4-8-89

For the second year running we won!!
But this year although we won I
wasn't on the winning team, instead
I was on the other team, y'know
the one that lost, that's right I lost
was on the Venturer team. That may
be the reason they lost and we won
But now, who knows, as a lot
of the Venturers were new to the game
it may be a different result
next time.

Oh well, not a lot else to report.
Y'know 'basketball, if you've seen
one game you've seen 'em all.

farewell for now

Tammy

xxx

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28-7-82

YAWN! (WELL NEARLY, AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN IF SOME PARTICIPANTS HAD!)

YEURGHH, JUST ABOUT SUMS IT UP.

THE PANCAKES WERE TECHNICOLOUR AND THE JAPANESE WERE BENUMBED AT THE VENTRERS VOCIFEROUS INGESTION OF THESE TINTED BATTER NASTIES. AND I DON'T BLAME THEM, ALTHOUGH I DID IT TOO, GUESS I JUST GOT CARRIED AWAY IN A MULTITUDED FEEDING FRENZY. THE INTERNATIONAL TEAM DID PARTICULARLY POORLY BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T ENTER, AND AS WE ALL KNOW "YOU'VE GOT TO BE A PARTICIPANT IN THE COMPETITION TO HAVE A BABY'S CHANCE IN A HAILSTORM OF BEING THE FIRST CANDIDATE TO SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETE THE ALLOTTED TASK" AND THEY DIDN'T... PARTICIPATE THAT IS, NOT GET HAILED ON.

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Tahoe State Rover Winter Meet 5/6-8-89

Saturday 5 August

Tim, Colin, Tommy and I all piled into Tim's Subaru and rolled up to the Scout Hall at 8 AM. The Subaru was bursting at the hinges and we still had to collect groundsheets, gas lamps, first aid kit, plus Stevie and his gear. As a result, we asked Mr. Johns if he could provide transport for Stevie and take some of our gear as well. Mr. Johns obliged and we set off for Tahoe reserve. The weather was quite sunny around Hobart but thick fog was encountered through the Glen Valley. Kol has a really good record of our trip down in the car on video so for more details see Kol. We tried our hardest to be late for opening parade but they were just lining up in a horseshoe by the picnic hut when we arrived so we parked and quickly joined in with the parade. On parade we were told that a couple of Hobart Rovers would be leading a walk up Harty Peak, but apart from that it was up to everyone to entertain themselves.

After parade we organised the tent, set up the groundsheets, organised our bedding, blew up bunks etc. Tim, Jason and I got ready to go on the walk; whilst Kol and Tommy were unsure about what they would do, and Stewart was entertaining himself.

We left for the walk about 11 AM - there were eleven of us and after registering ourselves at the walker's registration shelter at the beginning of the track we set off. One of the main topics of conversation along the track was walking gear - from boots, to coat, to packs, gloves, Gore-tex, coat and gaiters. Once we got up on to the saddle past the turn-off to Lake Esplanade we started peak-spotting - Federation looked great, and Mt. Anne, the Franklins, the Arthurs, the Shoup and Precipitous Bluff were all in full view. We kept going on to the next saddle which was nicely punched over Harty Lake and there we settled down for some lunch. By now, conversations had turned to past epic walks and epics planned for the future.

Would you believe during the conversation Tim found another person interested in a trip to Vornishig Falls! Craig Cornelius showed a real interest in going to the elusive falls and he two of them even discussed possible dates - I'll believe it when I see it!

After a considerable rest, we decided to make a summit assault. It was mainly rock scree from here and it took us hardly any time at all to reach the trig. point - even with a few snowfalls along the way!

We reached the top and it wasn't even windy, and it wasn't even cold - unless you happened to be the recipient of a snowball from Chalkie. After soaking up the sun on top for a while, we reluctantly decided it was time to start our descent.

We were only about 200m from our lunch stop location when Jason twisted his ankle. He struggled on to where our lunch packs were left and was then told by nurse Jo to stick his foot in a cold pool of water! To then dropped Jason's ankle and Jason was able to continue.

If we went again - on the way out we took the detour to Lake Expence which was really still. We immediately started imagining bringing this up on a summer weekend - a really beautiful spot provided the weather is operable. Anyway, if we went back to the car park.

On the drive back to Tahune we stopped to look at this "large beetle and stump" or "large stump and beetle" (depending on which sign you looked at) - which was only about 100m off the road. I raced up the track - I managed to trip over once on the way, only to turn a corner and see a sign that said "CAUTION, SLIPPERY SURFACE." The beetle was big! Then we stepped up to the stump, which is where I slipped over again - this time right in front of the sign. I managed to stay on my feet for a while longer until Paul O'Helloran arrived. He climbed up onto the stump, slipped over and collected me as well!

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After parade we organised the tent, set up the groundsheets, organised our bedding, blew up beds etc. Tim, Jason and I got ready to go on the walk; whilst Kol and Tommy were unsure about what they would do, and Stewart was entertaining himself.

We left for the walk about 11 AM. - there were eleven of us and after registering ourselves at the walker's registration shelter at the beginning of the track we set off. One of the main topics of conversation along the track was walking gear - from boots, to coat, to pants, gloves, Gore-tex, coat and gaiters. Once we got up on to the saddle past the turn-off to Lake Esplanade we started peak-spotting - Federation looked great, and Mt. Anne, the Franklands, the Arthurs, the Snowy and Precipitous Bluff were all in full view. We kept going on to the next saddle which was nicely punched over Harty Lake and there we settled down for some lunch. By now, conversations had turned to past epic walks and epics planned for the future.

Would you believe during the conversation Tim found another person interested in a trip to Vanishing Falls! Craig Cornelius showed a real interest in going to the elusive falls and the two of them even discussed possible dates - I'll believe it when I see it!

After a considerable rest, we decided to make a summit assault. It was mainly rock scree from here and it took us hardly any time at all to reach the trig. point - even with a few snowfalls along the way!

We reached the top and it wasn't even windy, and it wasn't even cold - unless you happened to be the recipient of a snowball from Chalkie. After soaking up the sun on top for a while, we reluctantly decided it was time to start our descent.

We were only about 200m from our lunchtop location when Jason twisted his ankle. He struggled on to where our lunchpacks were left and was then told by nurse Jo to stick his foot in a cold pool of water! To then strapped Jason's ankle and Jason was able to continue.

If we went again - on the way out we took the detour to Lake Expence which was really still. We immediately started imagining bringing kids up on a summer weekend - a really beautiful spot provided the weather is agreeable. Anyway, if we went back to the car park.

On the drive back to Tahune we stopped to look at this "large butt and stump" or "large stump and butt" (depending on which sign you looked at) - which was only about 100m off the road. I raced up the track - I managed to trip over once on the way, only to turn a corner and see a sign that said "CAUTION, SLIPPERY SURFACE." The butt was big! Then we stepped up to the stump, which is where I slipped over again - this time right in front of the sign. I managed to stay on my feet for a while longer until Paul O'Halloran arrived. He climbed up onto the stump, slipped over and collected me as well!

Needless to say I was very careful on the way down.

We arrived back at camp to find Wes and Doyle had arrived, whilst Tom and Colin were in our tent and were participating in a bit of liquid nourishment. They hadn't been there all afternoon though - Kol had been slowing off his rockclimbing skills by traversing the picnic hut, and Tam had taken up the role of climbing photographer.

It was late afternoon by this stage and Wes and Doyle were cooking tea as they had to go to the TBRC meeting at 6.30pm. The rest of us decided to invade the picnic shelter when everyone else went to the meeting. Timie also went to the meeting and managed to be offered a cooked tea from Wes and Doyle before he left, although he also managed to cook up some staccine before he had to leave. The TBRC meeting was delayed half an hour so it wasn't till after 7pm that Kol, Tam and I got a chance to cook our tea. By this time, we realised that keeping our seat in front of the fire was going to take some strategic planning - so we decided to stagger our cooking! Tom and Kol cooked first - they had burnt snacks! Then I found out there was no gas in the gas bottle, so I moved to the fireplace and cooked my meccaronic cheese on some nice red coals. I cooked a little too much and had to ask Kol to help me finish it off - but he took a mouthful and said it was horrible - I thought it was quite nice myself!

With tea out of the way, it was down to some serious socialising, story swapping, joke telling, and in Tam and Kol's case, some more liquid intake. Well, time ticked on - we thought of Tim in the TBRC meeting as Kol and Tam slowly diminished his drinking reserves. Tammy was keen on meeting everyone, and so made a point of introducing herself to everyone in the hut. Meanwhile, Kol and I ~~was~~ were having an in-depth discussion about rockclimbing. Next, it was 10 o'clock and the TBRC meeting was over, and the AGM was about to happen.

The AGM happened in the picnic shelter and after it was over, Tim joined in the drinking frenzy. Tammy had retired by this time after feeling quite unwell. For the next four hours, Kol, Tim and Scott basically "mucked around", - culminating in Kol and Scott attempting inside and outside traverses of the picnic shelter - Tammy ever rose from the warmth of her sleeping bag to watch. They disappeared and did the outside of the hut first - whilst out there Kol fell from the top of the chimney and injured his ankle quite badly. This news reached us on the inside, but soon after Kol appeared over the top of the walls and began the inside traverse of the long wall above a long line of sleeping bags and booties. Kol did extremely well to fall onto a sleeping bag that was empty! Most of us retired soon after.

Sunday, 6 August

Those of us who had a late night had a late and slow morning, I had developed a great cold, and my nose was nicely blocked by the time I woke. Tammy was up and cooked snacks down in the hut for breakfast. Tim served himself breakfast in bed, whilst I had a craving for some chocolate - I turned the tent upside down before I eventually gave up and resorted to some cheese or fresh bread. By now it was approaching 11 AM which was Scott's Own and closing parade time. All of us managed to arrive in time except for Tim who stayed in bed. We were presented with our permits, then dismissed and so we decided it was time to go home. We rapidly packed up our gear, pulled down and packed up the tent, collected Steve's flying par from the throwout pile in the hut and cleaned up our area of the hut composite. Once again, not enough cars and too many people with too much gear caused some problems. Steve's gear went with Wes and Doyle; Steve went with Jason; my gear went with Jason; and I went with Tim.

We all said our thanks and goodbyes to Hobart District and hit the road at a speed recommended by Kol and Tommy, $\rightarrow < 30$ km. After travelling too slow for too long we turned up the music, wound down the windows and cruised on home.

Peak.



Above Having a short pause on the way to the top!

Below On top of Hertz Peak.



SUBS = \$20

1ST LINDISFARNE ROVER CREW

Summary of Income and Expenditure 9/4/89 - 25/3/90

Balance brought forward	519.90
Credits	4161.55

Less Debits	4205.50

Balance	475.95

Statement of Income and Expenditure 9/4/89 - 25/3/90

CREDITS

1. Annual Credits	
a. Subs 89/90	370.00
b. Account Interest	5.03
2. Activities	
a. University Revue	203.00
b. Murder Party	450.00
c. Rover Reunion Dinner	234.00
d. Ranger Indiana Jones Outing	60.00
e. i) Lake St.Clair Refund on Deposit	40.00
ii) Lake St.Clair Cash Surplus	12.00
f. i) JOTA Loan from Clarence District	50.00
ii) JOTA Food Sales	328.52
g. 1990 Regatta	670.00
h. Initiative Course	152.00
i. 1989 Regatta	70.00
j. 1988 First Aid Course	54.00
3. Fundraising	
a. i) Raffle	524.90
ii) Donation (J. Devereux)	50.00
b. May Election Cake Stall	101.90
c. Lindisfarne Group Finance	200.00
d. Bach Port	48.00
e. Athletic Salad Roll Making	55.00
f. Cricket Test Parking Donation	400.00
g. March Election Cake Stall	58.60
4. Miscellaneous	
a. Rover Anniversary Badges	16.50
b. NARC Raffle	5.00
c. Donations	3.10

Total Credits	4161.55

DEBITS

1. Annual Debits	
a. Post Box Fee	30.00
b. State and Fedral Taxes	10.29
c. TBRC Subs	46.00
2. Activities	
a. University Revue	203.00
b. Murder Party	450.00
c. 1990 Rover Reunion Dinner	234.00
d. Ranger Indiana Jones Outing	60.00
e. Lake St. Clair Deposit	40.00
f. i) JOTA Loan Repayment	50.00
ii) JOTA Food	271.69
g. 1990 Regatta	670.00
h. Initiative Course	82.58
i. 1989 Reunion Dinner Refund	20.00
j. Theatre Sports	6.00
k. Christmas Dinner Awards	5.00
l. Parking Attendants' Award	50.00
3. Fundraising	
a. Raffle Prizes	145.00
b. Donation to Blind Association	101.90
c. Final BACH Fundraising Payment	80.00
d. Trailer Hire-Wood Collection	20.00
e. Trivial Pursuit Night	13.00
f. Tupperware Party	2.00
g. Payment to Community Aid Abroad	58.60
4. Equipment	
a. Volleyball	10.00
b. First Aid Box	30.50
c. Badges and Handbooks	33.20
d. Rovering To Success Books	21.50
e. Stewart Canvas Tent	790.00
f. Secretarial Expenses	8.24
5. Miscellaneous	
a. Rover Anniversary Badges	22.50
b. NARC Raffle	5.00
c. Rover T-Shirts	208.00
d. Petrol	70.00
e. Stage 3 & 4 Course	77.50
f. P. Harper's Outboard Motor	280.00
Total Debits	4205.50

Signed by:

A. G. Spargo

Nick Spargo - Crew Treasurer

LINDISFARNE ROVER CREW ANNUAL REPORT 1989-1990

This year saw the crew continue as a strong force in the Tasmanian Scouting scene. With current membership at 27, of which 25 are invested, and the sudden growth of the Venturer unit, the crew looks assured of a successful future.

The year had many highlights the most outstanding being the completion by Mary-Anne Ford of her Baden Powell award and the completion by Colin Reed and Vicki Eastman of their scouting careers (they turned the ripe old age of 26).

The year began with a group camp at Lime Bay where a couple of rovers practiced up on their rowing and diving skills. Other camps included a Fortescue Bay Kayak/Rockclimbing trip, our annual Lake St Clair trip, a Rockclimbing trip to Coles Bay with Leven District Rover Crew, and of course the annual Scout Ranger Regatta.

Due to the uncontrollable party mode of many of our crew members the year was once again party packed with numerous social scoutcraft activities including birthday parties, a murder party (I think Gerard was the guilty one), a Christmas party in June, the infamous Rover Reunion Dinner, Kol's boot out party, our crew Christmas party, two Tupperware parties (I don't think I ever won any of the games) plus a few others that may have occurred spontaneously so as to escape entry into my diary.

The year wasn't all one big party however, we still managed to organize an Initiative Course for the Southern Regional Venturer Council, rewrite our constitution (an entertaining experience for all), overcome difficulties with the BP award by setting high standards and creating our own award guidelines, have a working bee at Orana and be

guides for two Government House open days.

Finances took up much of our time, mainly due to the purchase of a new 12x12 auto tent and other overboard expenses. To boost our funds we organized a Raffle, a canteen at JOTA, a bread roll making day for the Southern Athletics Association, and a wood collecting day at the Lauderdale Regatta Woodchop (which we flogged off to two unsuspecting ex T.B.R.C. chairman/woman, depending on which one of them your talking to). Elections also made possible two cake stalls, both of which we contributed the proceeds to charity organizations.

The competitive drive of the crew saw competitions of every type occur over the year. The variety included theatre sports, bowling, basket ball with the Venturers, volley ball, a car rally, a pancake relay with the Venturers and all the events at the Regatta. I can't quite recall but I'm sure we would have won all of them.

Scattered amongst these activities we still managed the occasional epic kayak outing on the Derwent, a few rockclimbing outings, a bike ride, and any other remotely Rover orientated things I've forgotten.

As you can see, most of our crew had a pretty active year and I would like to thank all those involved. We have once again seen that with a little effort from everyone much has been achieved. I would like to thank the outgoing executive for their efforts and look forward to those brave enough to steer our crew into the 90's.

STEPHEN FORD

CHAIRMAN 1989-90

