



STUDENTS NOTE BOOK

No. 593

1981

1ST LINISFARNE ROVER CREW

LOG BOOK

TWO.

January 1st. 1981 Thursday New Years Day

continued from Wed. Dec. 31st.

After singing Auld Lang Syne we were entertained by the skiers singing and joking. A game was played in which several unsuspecting victims (including Kathy & Roger) were brought in one by one to try to uncork a bottle which was in their left pocket by bringing their right hand behind their backs. By some devious means the bottle had been rigged so that when the cork was removed the water trickled out through a small hole in the bottom. The room was soon covered in water.

At about 4:00 a.m. our crew climbed up the stairs to the bunk room. Lying there quietly and serenely trying to grab a little sleep we were woken by revelling and everyone except Stu and Kathy found themselves whisked off in sleeping bags to be thrown into a pile of ski club members. This was observed by the club's Moral Officer who later joined in. After this most people decided to have forty winks.

When everyone had woken pillow fights began to break out sporadically. After breakfast the skiers strolled off for a swim in one of the lakes. We also decided to go for a walk a little later. The females of our party who were a little unco-operative were assured the walk was very short, on duck boards and as flat as a pancake. This we found to be a slight exaggeration and on the return journey Jan found herself unceremoniously dropped into a pool of muddy water. She'll never complain again?

Poor Jan gained revenge when we returned to the hut

by putting ice down John's back.

After a few balloon and pillow fights we began our trek back down the mountain returning to Lindisfarne at about 5.00 p.m.

All agreed it had been a most enjoyable New Year celebration.

Those present were: Roger Cochrane, John Ballantyne, Kathy Vaughan, Stuart Roberts, Jan Morrisby, Vanda Borkowicz.

Sat. 10th - Sun 11th January Marion Bay

This morning the crew met at 9.00 a.m. at the Scout Hall and left for Marion Bay whilst still pondering over some strange notes which most of us had found on our cars. The notes had been written by someone who signed themselves 'Phantom T.P.'er.'

Once at Marion Bay we had to locate a good spot to camp behind the dunes. Before picking a final spot we felt like having a swim or 'whim' as Liz calls it. The water was not terribly warm but we all jumped in with the exception of Pawi who waited a while before braving it.

After some lunch we had a game of cricket which seemed to drag a little due to the fact that nobody was getting out. Late in the afternoon Liz and Geoff had to leave so the rest of us pitched tents. A bit of trouble was had with the tent which Jan had borrowed as the poles did not fit the tent but after sometime it was eventually up. A small fire was lit and we cooked tea.

In the evening Kathy, Stuart and John made a trip into Dunally to purchase some liquid refreshment from the local hotel. Most of us went to bed at about 12.30 a.m.

Next morning it felt too cool for a swim so some of us went for walks or ran along the beach or just had a rest. We hadn't been back at camp long when Stuart and Kathy discovered a small penguin had made itself at home under Stu's car bonnet. After prising it out we decided to play cards. After our crew's traditional games of 'Pig' and 'Killer' we were taught 'Sevens' by John and Pavi during which Geoff returned from Sorel.

Later in the morning we ambled onto the beach for another game of cricket which proved to be more successful than the previous one. After this we had lunch and packed up all our gear. On the way home we all, except Geoff stop at Park Beach and had a quick swim. This was not entirely willful as some of the crew had expressed a desire not to go in the water, they were however persuaded.

Those present during the weekend were: Liz Hanslow (Saturday only), John Ballantyne, Roger Cochrane, Pavi Saarimaa, Jan Morrisby, Stuart Roberts, Kathy Vaughan Vanda Borkowicz.

Saturday 17th January 'The Homecoming'

This evening our crew had planned to go to the airport to meet the Hofto family arrive back from New Zealand after their holiday. However, it was discovered that they had already returned the night before and thus our plans were thwarted.

Instead we all met at the flat until Jane and Simon arrived in the mini and greeted them with streamers thrown from the balcony.

We decided to have a game of cricket and so climbed over (females under) the fence to the ground over the road from the flat. We played until it was too dark to see the ball. During the game Andrew Hudspeth injured his foot and it wasn't till the next day that we found he had broken a toe.

After the cricket we spent the rest of the evening down on Roches Beach. Here the second accident of the evening occurred when John and Simon pretended to throw Roger in the water but accidentally dropped him on the sand.

Sunday 18th. January Golf

This morning Geoff had booked us in at the Rosny Golf Course for a game of golf. This was a new experience for many of us but was very enjoyable. This activity was accident free although there were a few close calls when people stood too close to the person about to swing a club.

A little cheating was put into practice as the game was not a serious one and nobody wanted to be too embarrassed by an unbelievably poor score.

Unfortunately the weather wasn't entirely suitable as it was terribly muggy but once halfway round the course it began to rain. It wasn't long after this that all three female participants had retired to the kiosk for refreshments.

FRI 23RD - MON 26TH JAN. SUMMER MOOT - BAKER'S CREEK.

On Friday evening, Geoff, Paivi, Simon, Jane, Stuart, Kathy and John set off for Baker's Creek. On the way up the Midlands Highway, while Stuart was driving the falcon, Simon and Kathy put on a show in the back seat for the benefit of the following car. Clothing was removed and limbs were waved in all directions. However the car behind was not Geoff's and the occupants (three men) gave Simon and Kathy ^{some} strange looks as they overtook. Kathy's only comment was: "I feel so embarrassed!". We arrived at the moot site at about 11 p.m., set up the tent and went almost straight to bed.

The next morning, John discovered the most effective way to wake of getting Jane to wake up: pull the plug out of her lilo. However, the problem of the barrage of boots and thongs that follows is yet to be solved.

After the moot was officially opened at 10 a.m., the crew went to Baker's beach proper and then to Port Sorell, where we spent the afternoon swimming, kayaking, diving off the pier, sunbaking and playing beach. With reference to this latter activity, it was amazing how many times the tennis ball ~~was~~ would be hit so that one of the male members of the crew would have to retrieve it from right beside the hapless sunbathers.

After tea we went in a row rally organised by the host crew. Unfortunately, due to ambiguous questions and inaccurate addition of our marks, we only came 13th out of more than 20 entrants. When we returned to the camp site

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After tea we went in a car rally organised by the host crew. Unfortunately, due to ambiguous questions and inaccurate addition of our marks, we only came 13th out of more than 20 entrants. When we returned to the camp site

we found that Leo had arrived during our absence. Later, several members of Martin's boat and other crews were gathered around our imaginary camp fire when the subject of our hover adviser came up. Jane insisted that John should be the one to recount the saga of Ian at Meadowbank. Just as he finished doing this, Ian (who was not supposed to arrive until the next day) appeared out of the darkness and said "Well told, well told." He had heard the whole thing but seemed to take it pretty well.

The next day we went with the other crews to Baker's Beach where we played beach, swam and sunbathed. John and Leo tried land-sailing but the wind was only barely strong enough. After lunch, Simon, Stuart and Geoff went clay-pigeon shooting. The crew then decided to break camp and head for Bicheno. The reasons for leaving were the presence of flies everywhere during the day, mosquitoes everywhere during the night and jack-jumpers everywhere all the time. We left Baker's Beach in glorious sunshine and arrived in Bicheno at about 9 p.m. in heavy fog.

That night, as Simon, Leo, John and Kathy were talking and telling jokes, they were suddenly interrupted when Stuart began to talk in his sleep. He complained of being too hot but when Kathy suggested that she should take some of his clothes off, he laughed mysteriously to himself and went back to sleep. About 20 minutes later Stuart began to talk again but he had no sooner started than Jane also began to talk in her sleep. For those who had remained awake, it proved to be a very entertaining night.

We returned to Hobart the next day.

Exhibits. Note differences in style!

DEAR VICTIM

YOU NEVER DID COME TO VISIT ITVANDA , SO I THOUGHT I'D COME TO VISIT
YOU & LEAVE MY CALLING CARDS.

YOUR 'S in tharki,

Phantom T.P.'er xxxx

1. Original Phantom T.P'er.

DEAR VICTIM Dear Victim

Dear Vanda ,

This is just a little present to say "Hi".

Signed

Daedalus

(alias " The Phantom T.P.er ")

2. Daedalus placed a smartie with each of these notes, ↑

why Do you dilly dally Round
the House when thers work
to be done

love

icarus

3. Note from icarus accusing David Hudspeth being
Daedalus. D.R.H. being his initials.

Picture

Friday 30th. January 'Revelations' & Rocky Horror Show

This evening we met at the Possums' residence at 7.30 where we had a game of cricket whilst pondering over the strange occurrences of the past three weeks. Ever since the day we left for Marion's Bay we had all been receiving strange communications either in the mail or on our cars. It usually came in the form of a typed sentence on a strip of paper but it eventually became obvious that there were more than just one party involved.

The first communication came from a person who signed themselves 'Phantom T. P. 'er'. These notes were placed under the windscreen wipers of the victim's car. Most were addressed to Dear Victim.

A couple of weeks later letters were received in letter boxes which resembled the previous ones but were signed 'Daedalus' (alias "The Phantom T. P. 'er"). A smartie was also in each envelope.

The third communication was different as it was typed on loo paper and had a strange nonsensical line which contained David Hudspeth's initials in the capital lettering. The notes were signed 'Icarus' and placed under windscreen wipers.

Meanwhile many crew members were becoming increasingly perplexed and confused. Jare received a strange card which had letters from a newspaper cut out to make a strange message which was addressed to Daedalus and signed 'Not Icarus'. John also received a note addressed to Daed. and signed 'A Y. P. Victim'. This was hand written.

Jare, John and Simon began investigating the matter and started a series of interrogations reminiscent of the Spanish Inquisition. No stone was left unturned as the Super Sleuths extracted information from every possible source.

They managed to find out who the Phantom T. P. is,
Icarus, Not Icarus, a T. P. Victim were but they didn't
have enough evidence to prove who Daedalus was and so
they devised a new letter signed by Launcelot Gobbo
(a character from 'The Merchant of Venice.').

10 — 7 mm — A4

WANTED

20% OF THE TAKE

OR THIS WILL BE TAKEN

TO POLICE



← Identikit
picture cut
out of newspaper
was used.

These notes were left on Dave's car and on the door of Leo's house. An attempt was made (with Vanda who was a victim of interrogation) to place one on Jan's car but unfortunately one of the dogs began to bark forcing them to run for their lives.

On the evening of the 30th of January John found a note which was written with such words that they needed to be looked up in a dictionary to decipher them. It accused him of being Icarus and was signed Daedalus. The detectives were becoming increasingly suspicious of Jan.

It had been noticed by David that one of the identikit pictures of a robber in a recent bank robbery resembled Jan quite uncannily and so it was decided a joke would be played on him. A notice was prepared by Liz.

After this the crew were to see 'The Rocky Horror Show' at the Hayts Price. After the film we decided to go to the Slippery Slide in Dynnyre. The time was now about 1:00 a.m. We hadn't been there long when the police turned up (three cars of them). Apparently someone had complained that someone was running around the oval with only underpants on. We went back to the flat.

At the flat the detective trio revealed the true identities of the strange letter writers. The original Phantom 'Y.P.'s turned out to be Jan & Vanda, next was Icarus who was revealed to be Liz, Kathy & Leo, 'Not Icarus' was Vanda, 'A Y.P. Victim' was Jan and 'Lancelot Gobbo' was a red herring devised to catch out Daedalus who was assumed to be Jan.

He drove to Jan's flat & placed the notice on his doorstep, then went to his girlfriend's house and toilet papered his car.

IMPORTANT!
FOR CONCLUSION OF THE 'T.P. or Mystery' See 27/2
"SCOUT-RANGER REGATTA"

Sunday 1st February Squash

David looked the squash courts at the Eastside between 2.00 and 4.30 p.m. Some of us played raquette ball as well as squash which was quite enjoyable.

Those taking part were: Geoff Reynolds, Carolyn Reynolds, ^{Peter &} Simon Hopto, Stuart Roberts, Jan Morrisby, Kathy Vaughan, Liz Harlow, Roger Cochrane, Leo Morgan, Stephanie and Vanda Cochrane.

Saturday 7th February Vanda's 21st.

It was to be Vanda's 21st. birthday on the Sunday and so it was decided that we should go to the Ball & Chain in order to celebrate*. We met at the flat at 7.00 p.m. where Vanda was refused entry as an unusual birthday party was being prepared.

We arrived at the Ball & Chain at about 7.30 and sat down at a long table. As the evening was quite warm we migrated outside every now and then to cool down (a little). The meals were quite enjoyable with quite a selection on the menu. In between courses a small band played and those that wished were able to dance.

We all went outside for the presentation of the cards and birthday present and sang 'Happy Birthday' to the poor increasingly embarrassed girl (luckily for her it was dark). The first card was a huge thing specially picked out by Liz and Jan. Inside were placed certain objects^①. The other card was a Grandmother card. The crew also presented her with the 'Back Door Key.'

A little later the announcements were started to the shock and horror of Vanda. Jan and John had been plotting all evening on what they should have announced and thus Vanda was not looking forward to this part of the evening. Our announcement came last and then the 'Happy Birthday' song was sung to all those who

* Or mourn in V.B.'s case. ① Discretion prevents me revealing what they were.

had birthdays. The singer sang '21 Today' whilst the waitresses brought in the birthday cake which had twenty-one candles on it.

We left the Ball and Chain at about 11:30 and were back to the flat where we pondered on Liz's desire for an Australian flag*.....

Friday 13th February 'Friday 13th Party'

This evening we had been invited by John & Paul Ballantyne to attend their 'Friday 13th' party. The invitation stipulated that all guests should have a mask and be in bad taste suitable for the occasion. No one recognisable was to be allowed admittance. On arrival all guests were scrutinised by John and Paul. Anyone not suitably attired was sprayed with red colouring on their hair. Poor Jane was to suffer this fate as she arrived in normal clothing. The fact that she had a sm mask did not save her from a streak of red through the middle of her hair.

During the evening a water fight broke out after some splashing had occurred near the pond and Simon (dressed as a fairy) ran amok with a glass of water which he proceeded to soak everyone with. Even Jane was forced to escape and hide under a table to avoid a soaking.

* For completion of this episode please ask Liz, John or Simon.

1981

FOUNDERS' DAY - THINKING DAY

HYMN: EASTERN SHORE B. P. SONG (Tune: Ole Texas)

To God give thanks on this special Day
For B.P. Life and the B.P. Way
God gave this man a--a vision bright
To set all youth on a path that's right
To find within strength and courage too
And strive to live lives of true value
To use our time to the very best
And though he's gone still we cannot rest
He left behind a--a legacy
That must be lived by you and me
We'll find a way, follow out his plan
Love our God, our Land and our fellow man
Give thanks to God for Lady Olave too,
She kept his trust to Scouts and Guides
And was true.

So join in praise lift your voices high
For the B.P. way - May it never die.

SCOUT PRAYER:

CUB PRAYER:

READING:

THE PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS.....Mrs. K. Doherty

THE LAW AND THE RAINBOW.....Mrs. P. Young

Those who attended were Carolyn Reynolds, Jane Hafto
& Vanda Borkowicz.

Sunday 22nd February Founders Day Service

A small portion of us attended the Founders Day Service at the Guide camp in Lauderdale. During the Service we were tormented by Lindisfarne Venturers who were calling us Wovers.

Page 2

GUIDE PRAYER:

BROWNIE PRAYER:

COLLECTION HYMN.....ALLELU

Al-le-lu, al-le-lu, al-le-lu, al-le-lu-ia
Praise ye the Lord.

Al-le-lu, al-le-lu, al-le-lu, al-le-lu-ia
Praise ye the Lord,

Praise ye the Lord, al-le-lu-ia

Praise ye the Lord, al-le-lu-ia

Praise ye the Lord, al-le-lu-ia

Praise ye the Lord.

GOVERNOR GENERAL'S MESSAGE:

LORD'S PRAYER:

THANKSGIVING HYMN: (Tune Morning has Broken)

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| 1. Praise and thanksgiving | 2. Father providing |
| Father we offer | food for thy children |
| For all things living | Thy wisdom guiding |
| Thou modest good | teaches us share |
| Harvest of gown fields | One with another |
| Fruit of the orchard | So that rejoicing |
| Hay from the mown fields | With us, our brother |
| Blossom and wood. | May know thy care. |
| 3. When will thy blessing reach every people, all men | |
| confessing Thy gracious hand. Where Thy will reigneth | |
| No man will hunger, Thy love sustaineth, Fruitful the | |
| land. | |



Friday 27th Feb - Monday 2nd March Scout-Ranger Regatta

The Scout-Ranger Regatta was to be held at St. Helens this year so on Friday the crew made its way up to St. Helens at various times during the day and evening. Our campsite was at Kings Park Camping Ground.

Late on Friday night we were awoken by a loud mob of Formbey Rovers who had arrived late. Rather noisily they proceeded to set up camp very close to us. It took them ages to get their tents up and our tempers were being pushed to the limits as they shouted and banged in the pegs. Simon could take no more and asked them rather politely (in the circumstances) to be quieter. Unfortunately the request was ignored.

Next morning we decided to go to one of the beaches nearby for a swim. We were a little late getting back to camp to get ready for the opening ceremony and had only five minutes to get into uniform and deliver ourselves to the oval.

After lunch the events began. We did quite well in the Kayak events having Jonathon, Donald, David, Andrew, Stuart and Simon to represent us. During the dinghy doubles Andrew had a slight accident and lost his ~~p~~ oar. He was forced to jump out in order to retrieve it.

In the evening we went along to the roller skating but finding it rather crowded we went over to the cabaret. We stayed a short while and then most of us went to the Square Dance except for a few who went roller skating. As we had missed the beginning of the Square Dance we did not really know what we were doing but it was fun and we had a good laugh at our mistakes.



→ Kathy & Andrew

← Kingborough



After the Square Dance we went back to the cabaret and then returned to camp. At camp a court was brought into session for the prosecution of John Ballantyne, accused of being the culprit known as 'Daedalus'. * Dave acted as Judge, Leo was Council for the Defence, Simon was Prosecutor, Stuart, Geoff & Jon made sure he didn't escape whilst the rest of us were the Jury. We quickly found him guilty of the charge and Judge D. Hudspeth sentenced him to have his hair dyed with red and blue colouring. The sentence was carried out by Leo and Stuart armed with sprays of hair dye. John took quite a while to wash it out.

Next day we took part in most events though we were not always successful. Stuart was King of the Greasy Pole to our delight. In dinghy doubles we had a bit of trouble because we entered two teams of two people when you were meant to have a team of four people. We had to drop out halfway through and were needless to say quite embarrassed. At lunchtime we were required to serve out the lunch from a trailer.

In the tug of war we entered two teams, a strong one and a not very strong one which consisted mainly of females. This created quite a stir as all the other teams were made up of older, strong, muscular looking male Rovers. However, our number two team was taken pity on by some strong looking males who lent a hand when the judges weren't looking. We were, unfortunately disqualified.

After tea we decided to watch the film, 'Are You Being Served' as it was pouring with rain and after this was the Square Dance in the same hall.

Next day we were overjoyed to find out that one of our
* For further information turn back to Friday 30th January.

dues for the day was to clean out the loos. This was a fun job* which I shall not go into details over so as not to spoil the good taste of this book. Many events were cancelled due to the rain and so we had to sit around in cars for a while before lunch. After lunch was the closing parade and then we left to head back to Hobart.

A Press Clipping →

Venturer unit top at events

THE 18th Ranger Scout Regatta was held at St Helens at the weekend.

The Kingborough Venturer Unit won the rowing, the 500 metre sprint, and the long distance race.

Mr Brian Williams, the leader of the Kingborough unit, said they went quite well.

The unit of 24 scouts is steadily growing in number.

Saturday 14th March Kayaking at Plentry

Today some members of the crew had a most enjoyable time at Plentry where they were able to canoe and swim about despite the inclement weather conditions.

* Sarcastic comment.

Saturday 21st to Sun. 22nd March Strathgordon

This morning we were to have left the hall at 7.30 however we didn't leave till about 8.30 as one member of the crew had a slight breakdown on the way.

Once at Strathgordon a tent was pitched in the caravan park not far from the spot where Simon and Jane Hofto once lived. As is typical of that area it soon began to rain. After a quick lunch we followed the Hofto's around Strathgordon until we eventually stopped at the chalet.

Here we went inside to the recreation room where we played Space Invaders and various other computer games. Poor Jane took it to heart whilst playing Space Invaders with Kathy and let out many cries of pain and anguish as her space craft was exploded into oblivion.

After this we went to meet the man, who thanks to Mr. Hofto was to give us a V.I.P. tour of the Gordon Dam and power station. Once at the power station we were taken down the lift which went down an extremely long way into the earth. After a few floors down our guide let us out into the ventilator shaft to see how far down it is. At the bottom we were shown the tunnel down which tourists are allowed and were shown over the equipment and generators. One room was completely full of batteries. From the viewing area the place seemed reminiscent of a James Bond film setting.

Later we drove around to the Tourist Reception Centre where our guide took us down to the base of the dam in a strange tram-like vehicle. This little ride did not

appeal to Kathy who felt sure the man was making it bumpy on purpose. At the base we were able to walk about wearing helmets. On the way up our guide stopped at the top of the dam and we were able to walk along the top. David spat and we stood and watched it till it landed at the base of the dam. On the way to the top we waved to the tourists who gazed upon us with envy. After looking around the Reception Centre we were shown where the discarded water comes out. Then it was a quick trip back to Strathgordon where most of us were able to go for a swim in the indoor pool.

After this some of us went home whilst a few stayed overnight in the tent.

Those who came were: Jane & Simon Hofto, Jan Morrisby, Vanda Borkowicz, Pavi Saarimaa, David & Donald Hudspeth, Stephanie Hall, John Ballantyne, Kathy Vaughan, Stuart Roberts, Geoff Reynolds

Saturday 28th. March Bottle Drive

Today we held a bottle drive at Seven Mile Beach which was quite successful except when we had a slight 'run in' with the law. Some bottles fell off Geoff's truck and smashed on the road.

A policeman driving along stopped and switched on his flashing lights, holding up traffic whilst he ordered us to pick up the glass.

Saturday 4th - Sunday 5th April Water Skiing at Meadowbank

This Saturday the crew met at 9.30 a.m. to go up to Meadowbank to do some more water skiing. The weather was beautiful and more like Summer than Autumn which was very good. During the day Steph and Donald ^{and Paivi} were invested and also took an involuntary swim in the lake. The skiing was very successful and all who had a go were able to get up.

In the evening Paivi had to leave but Meg, Jan and Vanda arrived shortly ~~be~~ after dark. It was an extremely dark, moonless night so we all sat around a fire close to the water front. During a discussion arguments broke out which seemed difficult to resolve, however order did reestablish itself later.

A little later Vanda found herself in puddle when she put to test the word of Stuart who had just threatened to put anyone who unplugged his lilo in the lake.

Next morning we were dissappointed to learn that Jane and Stuart had failed to perform their sleep talking act. It was also pouring with ^{rain} and nobody felt like arising from their warm sleeping bags. Luckily the weather cleared enough to enable skiing to resume after breakfast.

Sunday 12th April Clearing The Hofto's Block

This morning the crew met at the Scout hall at 9.00 a.m. in order to drive up to Orford to help the Hofto family clear their block of land.

Stuart handled the slasher, Simon the saw, whilst the rest of us were armed with rakes. Lunch was provided by the Hoftos and afterwards they showed us an old, abandoned sandstone quarry which was now overgrown.

Back at the caravan it seemed that the short walk had made Kathy very thirsty as she kept refilling her cup with water. In fact, she was discharging the water over Stuart and Simon who tried to retaliate. Poor Kathy ran to Stuart's car and locked the doors not realising that the back window was unwound. She was dragged out unceremoniously so that revenge could be carried out.

Saturday 18th April Pictou River Trip.

In spite of a flood warning out on the Pictou we decided to brave possible death and go rafting on it. Scrounging 5 rafts by devious means, 9 of us set out on the trip, launching the rafts at the Upper Bridge. Liz fell in even before she got in the raft and got stuck; Simon + Stu pulling her bodily out in the end. Then Geoff and Stu tipped out in flat water, and Steph and Simon at the first rapids.

On the way down we saw several men on the banks: they told us they were looking for 2 friends in a Canadian, and said we had 'guts' going down the river, which made us feel brave and superior. This feeling didn't last for

long: most of the trip had been great fun with the rapids large enough for the rafts to handle, fantastic scenery and little need to paddle because of the current. But then we entered on a long gorge of rapids that culminated in a narrow opening into relatively flat water. In this narrow opening were 3 big 'stoppers' or standing waves. Having had fun in the gorge rapids we were unprepared, and 2 rafts, Liz and Kathy, Carolyn and Jane, bottled, frightening all of them by the fierce water which sucked them under and made it hard to get back into the rafts. John, in a single raft, didn't help any of them, later making a feeble excuse about being stuck on a rock. After emptying the rafts out we continued on our way, and a little later on came across the ~~raft~~ missing Canadian Canoe; sunk in the water, with only 2 ft of bow sticking out. There was no sign of the Canoeists, so we rescued their craft from its watery grave and Shepherd it down stream.

A little further on we came across a bridge: Carolyn and Jane thought it was Tahune Bridge, where we had left a shuttle car, and hopped out, cross-countrying with their raft until they reached the road, where they discovered it was the wrong bridge. Meanwhile, the others had braved another gigantic stopper under the bridge and gone on, with the exception of Steph and Simon whose raft had been swept under some big logs and who only just got out in time. All four retired honourably from the expedition while the others finished. We met the Canadian Canoeists, who were from a Victoria club, and returned their canoe, and in return they helped us try to rescue the raft, which happened to belong to Kim Christie & was therefore borrowed. We failed, but joined in a birthday party for one of their members. 2 bottles of port were handed round, with Stu and John apparently consuming most and joining in the singing very loudly.

Monday 20th April Carolyn Reynolds 21st Birthday

It was the eve of Carolyn's 21st birthday and it was decided to give her a surprise party at the Hofto Residence in the disguise of a Rover meeting. After sometime David gave the signal (known by everyone but Carolyn) and the poor bewildered girl was bombarded. Liz proceeded to 'T.P.' Carolyn and then the birthday presentation was made.

There was plenty to eat as everyone had made and brought something along and Carolyn made a fine job of cutting the cake.

Later in the evening we partook of a game of 'Pig' and when eventually sick of that we played 'Killer' before heading off for home at around 1.00 a.m.

Those present were Carolyn & Geoff Reynolds, Jane & Simon & Peter Hofto, Roger Cochrane, Steph Hall, Kathy Vaughan, Stuart Roberts, Liz Hanslow, Vanda Borkowicz, David & Donald Hudspeth, Leo Morgan, Jon Males, John Ballantyne and Michael (Rice Bubbles) Gregor.

Wednesday 22nd April 'Coming Up Ceremony' & Ian's Buck Party

This evening a 'Coming Up Ceremony' was held at the Scout Hall as one cub was going up to Scouts, a Scout went up to Venturers, and Gary Young came up to Rovers. He was given a Rover 'HELLO' instead of a 'BRAVO'. Later in the evening some of us took Ian Cutler out on a pub crawl and later to a party as it was the last evening before his wedding.

Those who attended the Pictou Trip: Stuart, Kathy, Liz, John, Geoff, Carolyn, Steph, Simon, Jane. ^{Toll: 1 lost paddle,} 1 hacked raft, 9 wet Rovers.

← * the raft was rescued when the river went down several days later.

long: most of the trip had been great fun with the rapids large enough for the rafts to handle, fantastic scenery and little need to paddle because of the current. But then we entered on a long gorge of rapids that culminated in a narrow opening into relatively flat water. In this narrow opening were 3 big 'stoppers' or standing waves. Having had fun in the gorge rapids we were unprepared, and 2 rafts, Liz and Kathy, Carolyn and Jane, bottled, frightening all of them by the fierce water which sucked them under and made it hard to get back into the rafts. John, in a single raft, didn't help any of them, later making a feeble excuse about being stuck on a rock. After emptying the rafts out we continued on our way, and a little later on came across the ~~raft~~ missing Canadian Canoe; sunk in the water, with only 2 ft of bow sticking out. There was no sign of the Canoists, so we rescued their craft from its watery grave and shepherded it down stream.

A little further on we came across a bridge: Carolyn and Jane thought it was Tahune Bridge, where we had left a shuttle car, and hopped out, cross-countrying with their raft until they reached the road, where they discovered it was the wrong bridge. Meanwhile, the others had braved another gigantic stopper under the bridge and gone on, with the exception of Steph and Simon whose raft had been swept under some big logs and who only just got out in time. All four retired honourably from the expedition while the others finished. We met the Canadian Canoists, who were from a Victoria club, and returned their canoe, and in return they helped us try to rescue the raft, which happened to belong to Kim Christie & was therefore borrowed: we failed, but joined in a birthday party for one of their members. 2 bottles of port were handed round, with Stu and John apparently consuming most and joining in the singing very loud.

Monday 20th April

Carolyn Reynolds 21st Birthday

It was the eve of Carolyn's 21st birthday and it was decided to give her a surprise party at the Hofto Residence in the disguise of a Rover meeting. After sometime David gave the signal (known by everyone but Carolyn) and the poor bewildered girl was bombarded. Liz proceeded to 'T.P.' Carolyn and then the birthday presentation was made.

There was plenty to eat as everyone had made and brought something along and Carolyn made a fine job of cutting the cake.

Later in the evening we partook of a game of 'Pig' and when eventually sick of that we played 'Killer' before heading off for home at around 1:00 a.m.

Those present were Carolyn & Geoff Reynolds, Jane & Simon & Peter Hofto, Roger Cochrane, Steph Hall, Kathy Vaughan, Stuart Roberts, Liz Hanslow, Vanda Borkowicz, David & Donald Hudspeth, Leo Morgan, Jon Males, John Ballantyne and Michael (Rice Bubbles) Gregor.

Wednesday 22nd April 'Coming Up Ceremony' & Ian's Buck Party

This evening a 'Coming Up Ceremony' was held at the Scout Hall as one cub was going up to Scouts, a Scout went up to Venturers, and Gary Young came up to Rovers. He was given a Rover 'HELLO' instead of a 'BRAVO'. Later in the evening some of us took Ian Cutler out on a pub crawl and later to a party as it was the last evening before his wedding.

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S.t. George's Day

Thursday 23rd April Ian & Jan's Wedding

This evening at 6.30 our Rover Advisor, Ian Cutler was married at the Holy Trinity Church in North Hobart.

Members of the crew attended the ceremony and later attended the reception in Howrah. Ian, being a news reporter for the A.B.C. was presented with a tape made by his co-workers which was quite amusing. Unfortunately he would only play part of the recording but a quick thinking John pinched the tape recorder and a cassette. It was in fact the wrong cassette but Ian did surrender over to us the one which John was so desperate to hear.

Those in attendance were: Jane & Simon Hofto, Steph Hall, Roger Cochrane, John & Paul Ballantyne, Vanda Borkowicz, Paivi Saarimaa, Kathy Vaughan, Stuart Roberts and later at the reception were Jon Males, Leo Morgan, Geoff & Carolyn Reynolds, David & Donald Hudspeth

HOPE THIS BIRTHDAY
MESSAGE ISN'T TOO
LATE!!



10th May 1981.

Since the 11th May was our anniversary or 1st Birthday we held a short party after a meeting on the 10th. Carolyn brought along a cake, and we all sang 'Happy Birthday to Us' very loudly. Carolyn then gave us the card (above) after we had eaten the cake; the message on the card means that, by rights, no one should be left to finish this log.

To 1st Indusfarne Rovers

....**YOUR CAKE
HAS BEEN
POISONED!!!**

Happy 1st Birthday

Hope There are Many More

GEOFF + Carolyn.

10th May 1981.

Since the 11th May was our anniversary or 1st Birthday w

Our Birthday Celebration Weekend

Saturday 9th May 'Investitures', Basketball, Counter Tea

This afternoon the crew met at the fort on Belle Vue Bluff in order to invest three new members. These three were sent off to do their vigil whilst the rest of us waited in the carpark. However, we had not been there long when a mob of drunken youths noticed our presence and made claim to the fort. When the three returned we found it necessary to move to a more discreet place so we drove round to Rosny and had the investitures in a grove of trees near the water's edge.

After this we had a game of basketball which was soon to sort out the 'fit' from the 'unfit'.

Later in the evening we met at the Shamrock Hotel in town for a counter meal. In here we had an unfortunate experience. One group of us who ordered on ticket number five didn't get our meals until an hour after ordering.

We were watching people who had come in $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour after us being served their meals. One member of the Shamrock staff became highly irate as some of our group were in one room and others were in another due to limited seating.

When we had all eaten we ventured to leave the Shamrock and walked (except some who drove) to the Glebe Hotel where we stayed only a short time before deciding to go to a 'house warming' party which Donald Hudspeth had been invited to attend. On arrival most of us hid round the side whilst Donald asked if he could bring in a few friends. (There were eighteen but he didn't tell the host that.)

After staying awhile we went in search of another party but instead found a Med-Student party which was going on. We were invited in.

'Come in if you've got grog!' we were told.

Some took up the offer, others searched on for the other party and the rest of us went to 'the flat' where we finished off our cask of wine and some watched the F.A. Cup.

Sunday 17th May - Handicapped Children's Barbeque at Sorell

Today the crew helped the Sorell Guides to give a group of handicapped children a barbeque. It was to go between 11.00 a.m. and 3.00 p.m. We looked after and entertained the children for that period of time which was quite a new experience for many of us. The children required constant attention.

After they had all arrived we took them for a short walk and then returned to the hall where a barbeque lunch was being prepared. David looked especially exhausted after the walk as he had been pushing his child in a pusher at breakneck speeds.

After lunch everyone seemed to aggregate in the hall where there were toys which the children could play on. Some paper hats were made for the children and David made a newspaper suit for one little boy who ended up covered in paper.

Later the children were gathered in a circle to sing some nursery rhymes and songs. Stuart didn't want to join in with the singing but during 'Old MacDonald's Farm' he made up for his lack of singing by making the sound effects (rather loudly!).

After this a few games such as 'Plum Pudding', 'Oranges & Lemons' and 'Hide & Seek' were played which many of the children enjoyed.

Sat 23rd - Sun 24th May Memories of Mt. Anne*

* By JANE &
JAN

We ambitiously set out to scale the treacherous heights of Mt. Anne, deliberately leaving hours later behind the others so as to take our walk as we desired. However, we were greeted by Paivi, David & John, the healthy specimens of our group who used near violence in an attempt to get us to climb with them. We refused and they set out ahead of us, which was a good thing as they got to the top in about a third of our time. We set out. It was a very steep hill: a short straight strip and a towering, uninviting hill in front.

We climbed steadily, with assured confidence, and made the top, only to meet more hills - - - and more hills - - -

With frequent stops we managed to appreciate the full glory of a sunny day in the South West and also restored our breath/strength which became almost non-existent.

However, just the sight of the hut at the top filled us with energy & we ran (nearly!) to the top.

During the afternoon in the hut we were invited by various bushwalkers including Andrew Hudspeth who with great heart taunted "Oh, you finally made it," which shattered our egos. He then proceeded to tell us of the man-eating rat family that invaded the hut at night, and we discovered the others had left us a note in the log book, which was severely incorrect - they had stated they got up the mountain in about an hour less than they had. We, of course corrected that gross error.

Our afternoons peace being rudely interrupted by the Hobart Bush Walking Club, we settled to an evening

of listening to their unentertaining stories. Eventually dying of boredom we climbed up the stairs (after Jane knocked their just boiled billy over) to a welcome peaceful retreat.

Hobart Bush Walking Club had strange ideas on camping - & not even practicable. They carried TINS of fruit, zucchinis, foam mattresses, heavy home-made pies etc, etc...

After retiring to bed in utter disgust we played cards by candlelight to be once again interrupted by the H.B.W.C. letting off crackers that were quite pathetic & didn't really give the desired effect. We looked out the window at them. Eventually, they retired to bed, & we had the misfortune to share the top raft with three hairy, hefty, undesirable old males. (can't help bad luck!) Their leader sleeping next to me fussed about like an old hen & after rumaging in his plastic bags eventually crawled to bed, & sent me crazy with his loud snores. Meanwhile Jane was trying to blow the candle out downstairs through a crack, as another male also had the hide to be reading a book.

The floor was very hard: whenever we turned over we hit one hip on the floor & the other on the rafters, the old b----- snored all night, crackled when he rolled on his bags & got up in the middle of the night. In the morning we feigned sleep until the others had left & then got up, & had breakfast.

The weather was very interesting: it was just starting to close in & the fog & clouds followed us down the mountain.

By the time we returned to the bottom it was quite bad
so we left a note for the others & started home.
It was really the way to travel - choosing our own
pace, stopping when we wanted while the guys
(+ Paivi) could do their own thing.

Friday 29th May Simon's Eighteenth

Tonight Simon Hofto was having a party for his eighteenth birthday and the crew was invited along to help him celebrate it.

Simon and Steph. had arranged a 'Pass the Parcel' game which had been very revelantly aimed at members of the crew. Unfortunately some people were not there to appreciate them. The discarded newspaper became useful to catapult at each other. Geoff concluded the game when he opened up to discover two pink dog biscuits in the shape of hearts.

After this Kathy had us playing a game in which two teams had to race each other to get a spoon on the end of a piece of string from one end of the team to the other. The catch was that it had to go up the first person's trouser leg, up through the jumper and then down the next person's clothing and so on. Little did the second team realise that Kathy's team had a longer piece of string and one person less which made it much easier.

Next a game in which the lid of a matchbox was passed along on the ends of each person's nose was attempted.

Later we played a few card games such as 'Pig' and 'Killer'. During this Simon felt it necessary to retire to the garden in order to recuperate.

Meanwhile the rest of us progressed on to a race in which two teams had to pass an orange by chin from one end to the other. John Ballantyne kept a strict eye on the opposing side to make sure no illicit cheating was being practised. Next we had a race passing a washer along the teams on the end of a ^{toothpick} matchstick which everyone had protruding from their mouths. Then another game with the spoon was tried except that

this time the spoons had been cruelly placed in the freezer.

Sunday 31st May Badminton at Cherry Tree

This Sunday we arranged to have a barbeque and a few games of badminton at Cherry Tree hall. Not many turned up but a good time was had by all that came.

On the way to the hall Carolyn and Geoff stopped to get the key but on arrival at the hall we found the key wouldn't fit. One of the windows was broken so Stuart climbed through, closely followed by Simon.

After a few games we had our barbeque and then resumed playing badminton. There was an old piano in the hall which some of us made a noise on whilst waiting our turns. Unfortunately (or fortunately perhaps) half the keys didn't work.

Those who took part were: Carolyn & Geoff Reynolds, John Ballantyne, Roger Cochrane, Stuart Roberts, Kathy Vaughan, Simon Hofto, Jan Morrisby, Vanda Borkowicz.

Sunday 14th June Car Rally Shoreline - Richmond

Today the crew took part in a car rally which was being organised by a soccer club. We were extremely successful in that one of our entries won and our others must have been very close. Stuart, Jan and Geoff drove and Stuart's team won the prize of two bottles of white wine. However, the rest of us were rather suspicious that some form of bribery was used by the Gemini team in order to appease the judges.

The rally began at the Shoreline where we received a sheet of clues and a list of articles which we were required to collect on the way. We needed to somehow acquire a live snail, a blow fly and a pinecone. It is quite amazing how illusive the humble snail can be just when you need one. Many fruitless minutes were spent hunting around the local nurseries in search of them. The blowfly was equally difficult to obtain and one team resorted to visiting all the local Richmond churches in order to find a neglected windowsill where a poor, decaying specimen could be found. Unfortunately, perhaps, most churches were found to be kept scrupulously clean as was the arts & crafts gallery which received a scrutinous eye.

The rally ended with a barbeque in Richmond.

Saturday 20th June Squash

This afternoon we booked two courts at the Eastside Squash Centre between 2.00 p.m. and 4.00 p.m. but unfortunately only a small number of us turned out for it.

Those who took part were Kathy Vaughan, Stuart Roberts, Jan Morrisby, Vanda Borkowicz, Simon Hofto, Geoff Reynolds, John Ballantyne & Leo Morgan.

Saturday 27th June Gliding at Woodberry

This morning the crew met at the Scout Hall at 7.30 a.m. in order to set off for Woodberry where Carolyn had arranged for us to be given introductory flights in gliders. When we left Hobart it was a beautiful clear, sunny winter day but once we reached St. Peter's Pass on the Midland Highway we had to travel through dense fog.

When we reached the Gliding Club it was still cloudy so we had to wait around awhile before the first glider could go up for a test run. Meanwhile we amused ourselves by having a sticky beak around. In the hangar we found a giant stuffed eagle and many interesting instructions.

Once the test flights were over Liz volunteered to be the first passenger. This momentous occasion was uniquely captured by David with his new movie camera. The tow plane pulled the glider with Liz

and her pilot inside up higher and higher until the tow rope was finally relinquished. There were two gliders which we were able to use and some of the pilots allowed us to have a turn at flying the glider once we were up.

Waiting around in the cold became quite boring but we obtained temporary relief by laughing at one of the club members who seemed to have nothing better to do than 'show off' in front of us. Looking rather cool he took his shotgun and started firing at logs for no reason. Everytime he walked over to his sleek, new Celica we played 'Marlborough Country' music very loudly to which he responded by lighting up a cigarette. Then he came over to us, asked if we had all been up yet. Kathy told him that she hadn't.

'Get in the car!' he ordered her. He then asked her if she'd ever been in one before. Kathy told us later that she didn't know whether she should say, 'In the Celica or the glider?'

When he returned he did a wheelie and revved up his engine.

Still, we all had a very enjoyable day and all vowed to do it again sometime later this year.

Taking part were: David & Donald Hudspeth, John Ballantyne, Jan Morrisby, Jon Males, Kathy Vaughan, Stuart Roberts, Carolyn & Geoff Reynolds, Steph Hall, Simon Hofto, Vanda Borkowicz.

Sunday 5th July Horseriding at Mountain River

This Sunday we arranged to go horseriding but as the weather had been so cold lately many of the crew went skiing instead. However, a small number of us made our way down to Mountain River.

When we arrived a group of mainly placid beasts were awaiting our arrival. One was quite a small pony which Stuart, (who had never experienced the thrill of horseriding before) immediately claimed. The little pony proved to be less placid than he appeared and even threw Stuart at one stage. Stuart was undeterred and even had a second turn at going for a ride.

After the first group had returned we had a barbeque and then the second group rode off into the foothills. Everyone had quite an enjoyable time.

Those taking part were: Jane Hutto, Meggan Billingham, Vanda Borkowicz, Carolyn & Geoff Reynolds, Stuart Roberts and Kathy Vaughan (who remained an amused onlooker).

Saturday 11th July The Troop Show

Tonight was the night we had all hoped to avoid. It was the night of the Troop Show which was being held at Rosny College from 7.30 p.m. to 10.00 p.m. Our crew only had a five minute slot in which to perform our act and we weren't on until after the interval.

It wasn't a bad night and we did quite well considering we hadn't had much practice. Our act was basically a 'send up' of New Faces incorporating ideas from Young Talent Time and Sale of the Century as well.

David was the compere of our show and Stu and Kathy played the judges who were Evie Hag and Ron Chewbar (in drag). The first contestants were a choir calling themselves the 'Towomba Welsh Miners' Choir', which was made up of David, Donald, Geoff, Roger, Jane, Vanda, Liz, Steph & Meggan. They sang 'She'll be coming Round the Mountain' with actions whilst Simon and Jan ran across the stage with cue cards telling the audience how to react. The miners were whisked off by Carolyn who had a huge crook just for the job.

Next came Liz who was to recite a piece of poetry, 'I Love a Sunburnt Country'. After saying a few lines she was crushed with a hollow 10 ton weight wielded by Geoff and Donald. Carolyn swept up what was left of Liz (a paper Liz cut-out).

Then the choir returned in the guise of the Towomba Church Choir which made a monastic type entrance and then proceeded to sing 'She'll be coming Round the Mountain'. Evie Hag jumped up in disgust and shouted them off.

After this came the judging session in which the Welsh

CHORUS SHEET

① Turn on the sun, Turn on the sun
Light up the world, Come everyone
Turn off the wind, thunder and rain
Turn on the sun, let's smile again.

② Turn on the sun, Turn on the sun
Open the doors, Tell everyone
Bad times are out, good times are in
Turn on the sun, let's smile again.

It's a small world after all
It's a small world after all
It's a small world after all
It's a small, small, world.

One hundred children, brave boys and girls,
We come from nations, all over the world,
One hundred children, marching along,
One hundred children, singing our song.

Friday 24th July Jan's Farewell Dinner
Choir received 1 point, Liz-2 points and the Church Choir-nil.
The judges awarded themselves the maximum score of '100'
points and were given the prize of a 'dinky car' presented
on a tray by Meggan. became a general nurse and is
going over to Sale in Victoria to study at the Gippsland
Base Hospital.

We all had an enjoyable though crushed evening. During
the meal Jan was presented with a gift and giant
card from the crew. Later in the evening he left the
Rumpkin Eater and went to an eighteenth birthday
party in Lindisfarne.

Sunday 26th July Gliding

This Sunday some members of the crew were to
have gone gliding. Unfortunately the weather was
unsuitable and it had to be cancelled.

Friday 24th July Jan's Farewell Dinner

Tonight the crew met at the Pumpkin Eater in order to bid farewell to our fellow member, Jan Morrisby. Jan, who has been in the crew since April 1980 has decided to become a general nurse and is going over to Sale in Victoria to study at the Gippsland Base Hospital.

We all had an enjoyable though crushed evening. During the meal Jan was presented with a gift and giant card from the crew. Later in the evening we left the Pumpkin Eater and went to an eighteenth birthday party in Lindisfarne.

Sunday 26th July

Gliding

This Sunday some members of the crew were to have gone gliding. Unfortunately the weather was unsuitable and it had to be cancelled.

Saturday 1st. - Sunday 2nd. August Annual Winter Moot.

This year the Winter Moot was held up at Mt. Field.

Friday 7th - Sunday 9th. August Fishing Trip

This weekend it was decided that we would head up to the lakes in order to do a spot of trout fishing.

Perhaps we could improve on last years effort of 'one fish', caught by Donald Hudspeth.

On the way up we made a visit to the Bothwell Hotel for refreshments.

At least one more car, so everyone was used to squash up until we got to Sorrell where Carolyn was able to acquire another vehicle.

The trip down was very long and unfortunately unsuitable for the young children of the family which Stuart drove down. They soon became car sick, forcing the ever speedy Stuart to slow down to record speeds. He stopped at Topping and showed them the mermaids and whale etc. in the pond.

At Port Arthur we made our way to the gas barbecues where we cooked our meat. After lunch a light hearted game of cricket was played which the Vietnamese thoroughly enjoyed. Later we took a stroll around the ruins before driving back to the Devil Park. Here we were chased by some unfriendly Cape Barren Geese.

Next stop was the Blow Hole where it seemed we might lose a couple of over enthusiastic Vietnamese who kept getting too close to the edge for our liking.

Despite the inclement weather it seemed that they had quite an enjoyable day.

Sunday 16th August Port Arthur

This Sunday the crew had planned to take a group of recently arrived Vietnamese refugees to Port Arthur and also the Devil Park at Taranna. In the morning we picked up our guests from their various residences and met at the HEC building in Davey st. At this stage we realised we needed at least one more car, so everyone was forced to squash up until we got to Sorell where Carolyn was able to acquire another vehicle.

The trip down was very long and unfortunately unsuitable for the young children of the family which Stuart drove down. They soon became car sick, forcing the ever-Speedy Stuart to slow down to record speeds. We stopped at Copping and showed them the mermaids and whale etc. in the pond.

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Friday 21st - Sunday 23rd August Ben Lomond Weekend

This weekend the crew was invited to Carr Villa to a snow weekend by Northern Area Rover Crew.

We left the hall at about 8.00 p.m. and made our way up the midland highway. This was quite uneventful except for the slight accident which befell Stuart when his car went off the dirt road and lodged itself on a small bank.

Luckily there was no damage and the journey was resumed.

Next morning we drove as far as the bottom of Jacob's Ladder and then hitched rides as chains were needed on vehicles. Some of us hardly had to walk a foot before getting a lift.

Once at the top we split up. The skiers went off to do some skiing whilst the beginners stayed near the bottom practicing or having a lesson.

Next morning we had more difficulty getting up the mountain as we couldn't get lifts. Cars were going straight past with plenty of room. Paivi decided that they were all Sunday drivers. Some of us had to walk all the way whilst some of the luckier ones got lifts at least part of the way.

The weather deteriorated later and some of us returned to the hut early in the afternoon. Everyone was back by 5.00pm and we left shortly after. Cameron was very low on oil so we returned via Launceston.

Saturday 5th September Workingbee At the Lea

This Saturday the crew was required to help with the building of 'Challenge Valley'. This task was part of the preparation at the Lea for the coming Corroboree planned for late December/early January.

Saturday 19th. September 'Scout-sitting' At Colebrook

This Saturday the crew was requested to travel up to Colebrook to organise a Scout Troop from Oatlands. The leader had to go to a meeting and there were only two inexperienced parents in attendance with the boys. Once we arrived on the scene the two parents lost little time in departing from the camp to a nearby farm-house.

The first activity we did with them was to send Stuart, Simon and two little Scouts off into the bush with a whistle which they were required to blow every five minutes whilst the rest of us had to try to capture them. This was quite difficult and we only managed to capture one little Scout who had tripped up whilst running away. The Scout whose nick-name was Trooper, (a very apt name considering the language which he blurted out continuously) kept trying to escape so once we had arrived back at camp we tied him loosely to a tree, thinking he would enjoy it. Kathy poked him lightly in the stomach and was told she would regret it. We then allowed Trooper to escape which it seemed he wasn't very keen on doing.

'Too tired!' he told us.

A while later Simon and Stuart arrived back at camp with a rather puffed-out Scout trying to follow.

Then it was time for lunch which the Scouts cooked up themselves. The two parents checked in for a few

minutes.

After lunch we sent the Scouts on a Scavenger hunt which the little horrors set off on with well publicised unenthusiasm.

When they returned we took them to a paddock and played British Bulldog with them. They appeared to enjoy this immensely. When we had collapsed on the ground they proceeded to cut out sods of earth with their pocket-knives and began hurling them at us. It didn't take long for war to break-out when we retaliated.

Tired, and fed up we trudged back to the campsite and stood around a fire whilst the little angels in our care gathered round another of the many fires which they had lit in the area. Some antagonism erupted and poor Kathy suffered a bleeding lip inflicted by Trooper. We spent the rest of the time waiting for the parents to return, listening to the football. Great sighs of relief were issued when just after three o'clock they were seen trudging up the hill with two bottles of beer in their hands.

at the Migrant Centre in Hobart. They returned a while later for the other two pages and then began the long wait. At about 3.00 o'clock (two hours after schedule) the newspaper was ready to be distributed amongst the Scouts. The day was over and we could relax at last.

Sunday 20th September Newspaper Preparation

This Sunday afternoon the crew met at the Lea in order to prepare ourselves for next weekend's practice run of producing a newspaper.

Ian had arranged for an experienced journalist from the Mercury to show us the basics of producing a newspaper. The newspaper for next weekend's District Competitive Camp was to be called 'The Pioneer'.

Saturday 26th - Sunday 27th September 'The Pioneer'

It seems that 'The Pioneer' was a very apt name to call our newspaper, not only from the Scouts' point of view, but also from ours as this was our first attempt at producing a newspaper.

This was being undertaken this weekend at the District Competitive Camp in order to prepare us for the mammoth task of producing a daily newspaper at the approaching Corroboree.

We began to arrive on the scene at 7.00 a.m. and quickly set about the task of production under the guidance of our able-bodied Editor, Ian Cutler.

It was very much a team effort, while the reporters rushed off with their note pads, the photographer went off to snap pictures. Back at base (the storm hut) the typist was busy typing, headlines were being made from 'Letraset', the lay-out worked out and then set-out. Slowly the paper began to take shape.

There were dead-lines to keep and it was quite a rush at times. At last the first two pages were ready and Simon made a spectacular departure in his car with the pages on the back seat ready for printing at the Migrant Centre in Hobart. They returned a while later for the other two pages and then began the long wait. At about 3.00 o'clock (two hours after schedule) the newspaper was ready to be distributed amongst the Scouts. The day was over and we could relax at last.

Monday 10th October The Canish Mount
Next day it began again except this time Ian decided we should produce two extra pages with photos. We managed it but we couldn't keep to the time and it became quite nerve-racking during the closing ceremony when it seemed the newspaper would never arrive back from the printers. The Scouts, were however, very eager and enthusiastic to receive their copies and seemed glad to wait for them.

Later in the evening we could not decide where to go, so after standing for about ten minutes in the freezing cold Spring air we made up our minds to go to Liz, Kathy & David's flat in Bursane St.

Once at the flat Liz and Kathy began making wheellets and they kept making more and more of them. They experimented with them and then brought them in to us where we were awaiting unsuspectingly as guinea pigs might do in a laboratory. After a few batches had been brought in Jane began hiding them in a paper bag under a chair.

Saturday 10th October The Cornish Mount

This weekend Jan was making a brief visit home for four days from Sale, Victoria and so it was decided we should take her out for a counter tea.

We met at the Cornish Mount at 7.00 p.m. and ordered what were rather reasonably priced meals. Whilst eating our meals we were treated to some of Jan's rather sordid and unappetizing nursing stories from the Crippsland Base Hospital.

Later in the evening we could not decide where to go, so after standing for about ten minutes in the freezing cold Spring air we made up our minds to go to Liz, Kathy & David's flat in Brisbane st.

Once at the flat Liz and Kathy began making pikelets and they kept making more and more of them. They experimented with them and then brought them in to us where we were awaiting unsuspectingly as guinea pigs might do in a laboratory. After a few batches had been brought in Jane began hiding them in a paper bag under a chair.

Saturday 17th October Leo's Beach Party - Dave's B'day

This Saturday things went a bit wrong. Leo had arranged to have a beach party at his parent's shack at Cremorne, however, this clashed with the party Liz had arranged for David whose birthday was on the next day.

At five o'clock Leo sat patiently at the Cremorne turnoff only to have one person turn up. After half an hours anxious wait Geoff came to say that everyone was up at the flat. Then it was a quick dash to town to find Liz cooking Tacos.

After tacos and icecream no-one could decide where to go. Some wanted to go to a pub and others wanted to Leo's shack at Cremorne. Therefore, the group split in two.

Saturday October 31st. Halloween-Barbeque

After many weeks of time and effort in preparation the day finally came for our planned car rally. The invitations had all been sent in advance and we were hoping to raise plenty of money in order to expand our wedding bank balance.

The rally was planned to begin at 10:00 a.m. however only two cars were entered at that time. There was a group of Ranger-Guides and a pair from the newly formed Sandy Bay Rover-Crew who staggered their starting times to prevent cheating. The girls left first and immediately went the wrong way. After both teams had set off on their journey we decided to follow them as some of us present had not been involved in the planning of the rally and therefore did not know the route.

We left Lindisfarne and made our way up Mt Runney where we had to decipher the fine print and then progressed on to the airport where we had to find out the price of the smallest toy devil. Then it was on through Midway Point and on to Sorell where a visit was paid to the cemetery to find a famous cricketer. We then drove on to Richmond to seek out a famous captain who turned out to be Morgan. From Richmond we travelled to Risdon Vale and thence to the Risdon Brook Dam where we had a barbeque.

We beat all the contestants but shortly later the Rangers' car pulled up in the car park.

Sunday 1st November Our Car Rally

After many weeks of time and effort in preparation the day finally came for our planned car rally. The invitations had all been sent in advance and we were hoping to raise plenty of money in order to expand our dwindling bank balance.

The rally was planned to begin at 10.00 a.m. however, only two cars were entered at that time. There was a group of Ranger-Guides and a pair from the newly formed Sandy Bay Rover Crew. We staggered their starting times to prevent cheating. The girls left first and immediately went the wrong way. After both teams had set off on their journey we decided to follow them as some of us present had not been involved in the planning of the rally and therefore did not know the route.

We left Lindisfarne and made our way up Mt. Rumney where we had to decipher the fine print and then progressed on to the airport where we had to find out the price of the smallest toy devil. Then it was on through Midway Point and on to Sorell where a visit was paid to the cemetery to find a famous cricketer.

We then drove on to Richmond to seek out a famous captain who turned out to be Morgan. From Richmond we travelled to Risdon Vale and thence to the Risdon Brook Dam where we had a barbeque.

We beat all the contestants but shortly later the Rangers' car pulled up in the carpark.

They were promptly declared the winners of the Award which was a matchbox car but unfortunately Stuart had forgotten to bring it. Sandy Bay eventually turned up saying they had got lost somehow.

Generally it was quite an unsuccessful event although it must have given our small number of participants some fun. The organisers greatly outnumbered the contestants and it looks as though we'll be back on the boring, back-breaking bottle-drives in future. At least they don't run at a loss.

Saturday 21st November Jan's 21st Barbeque

This weekend Jan Morrisby was returning home for the weekend from Sale and had invited us all to a barbeque which she was having in order to celebrate her 21st.

Unfortunately the weather was not as good as it might have been so it wasn't long before the guests had moved into the house.

Some members of the crew did not realise it was n't a B.Y.O. occasion and had come with arms laden with meat and drink. It was an embarrassed Jane who when no-one was looking stole back to the mighty mini with a suspicious object which to most would have appeared to have been a lunch container.

The crew presented Jan with a very nice book which contained many magnificent photographs of Australia and Tasmania was quite rightly the subject of the first chapter.

Sunday 22nd. November Float Preparations

This Sunday the crew met at Geoff and Carolyn Reynolds residence in order to begin preparations for the float being entered in the following weekend's Sorell Country Carnival.

Elaborate work was painstakingly carried out on the float as our crew had a fine tradition to live up to (having won the competition last year with the theme 'Scouting on the Move').

Also we needed the money after the shock of our car rally flop.

Saturday 28th. November Sorell Country Carnival

Today was the big day of the Sorell Country Carnival and like last year the crew provided a stall offering sweets and cakes at quite reasonable prices.

This seemed to be highly profitable and the take home money at the end of the day which included the 1st prize in the float competition was \$120.00.

The float was extremely successfull, however it was rather amusing to see a replica of our last year's effort ~~at~~ this time created by Pittwater Scouts.

Needless to say they didn't have a chance with our imaginative original. Rural Youth's effort was rather uninspiring, being a trailer with a plough on it (perhaps slightly better than their last years attempt).

Friday 4th December - 6th Dec. Waterskiing Dinner

This Christmas we once again decided to have a progressive dinner, similar to the one we had during the festive season last year.

We began the evening's feast at the home of Carolyn & Geoff Reynolds in Sorrell where we sampled some very fine soups prepared by the Reynolds. From Sorrell we travelled back to civilisation and to the residence of Steph Hall where a fine array of dishes were awaiting consumption by the hungry crew. The Halls' reclining chair which had been sitting innocently in the lounge room was made good use of by the notorious Hurispath Brothers who were at their full complement of three on this occasion.

When the washing up had been completed we made our way to the Hoffs' house in Howrah where the dessert course was to be served. Luckily, due to the cut-down in number of courses this year we still had room in our stomachs to fit in some of the delightful creations awaiting us.

After dessert the finale of this very successful dinner took place at Liz, Kathy & David's flat where coffee and tea was served and a wide variety of cheeses could be sampled.

Friday 18th. December Progressive Christmas Dinner

This Christmas we once again decided to have a progressive dinner similar to the one we had during the festive season last year.

We began the evening's feast at the home of Carolyn & Geoff Reynolds in Sorell where we sampled some very fine soups prepared by the Reynolds. From Sorell we travelled back to civilisation and to the residence of Steph Hall where a fine array of dishes were awaiting consumption by the hungry crew. The Halls' reclining chair which had been sitting innocently in the lounge room was made good use of by the notorious Hudspeth Brothers who were at their full compliment of three on this occasion.

When the washing-up had been completed we made our way to the Hofto house in Howrah where the dessert course was to be served. Luckily, due to the cut-down in number of courses this year we still had room in our stomachs to fit in some of the delightful creations awaiting us.

After dessert the finale of this very successful dinner took place at Liz, Kathy & David's flat where coffee and tea was served and a wide variety of cheeses could be sampled.



The Gum Nut

Scouts producing own newspaper

TASMANIA will have another daily newspaper next week when the Fifth Tasmanian Scout Corroboree gets under way at The Lea near Kingston.

The tabloid newspaper, called the Gum Nut after the symbol of the corroboree, is being produced voluntarily throughout the event by a team of 16 rover scouts.

The rovers — men and women between the ages of 18 and 26 — are completing final arrangements this week for the first edition, to be published next Tuesday.

This is the first day of the extended camp under canvas for 1,200 scouts from all over Australia, which will continue until January 5.

The corroboree will be followed by seven days of home hospitality throughout Tasmania for interstate and overseas contingents.

Mercury cut-out



● Left: Gum Nut newspaper sub-editor Jane Hofto (20), of Howrah, and chief-of-staff Geoff Reynolds (23), of Sorell, make final plans for their first edition.

from The Mercury

The Scout Corroboree got underway on the 28th Dec, 1981 and lasted for a week. During this time our crew produced the newspaper for the event - a newspaper called the Gum Nut which eventually became somewhat notorious. We prepared for the first edition the week before - writing stories, being allocated grand sounding names. Geoff became Chief of Staff, Ian the Editor, Steph + Jane Sub Editors, John Circulation Manager, David the Photographic Manager etc etc, right down to Sarah being the Assist. Sec lady! Everyone had a job, with appropriate responsibilities and name tag. We were given a tiny hut down at the Training Center for our HQ, and all our papers were produced from there. We followed a strict timetable in our work: the four pages of the paper had to be in at the Mercury, who were printing the paper, by 12.00, and Jane + Steph had to help with the layout at the Mercury at about 3.00 pm. During the afternoon we did reporting and writing, knocking off between 6 + 7 pm. The paper was collected + separated by John + Simon between 10.30 + 12pm and delivered by them next morning at 7³⁰ am. The rest of the staff arrived about 8.30 + the whole process started again. We produced five papers in cooperation with the Mercury.



● Right: Looking very professional yesterday were Gum Nut reporter Stephanie Hall (19), of Rosny, and photographer John Ballantyne (21), of Lindistarne.

from The Mercury

and one photostated version produced by ourselves. This was a very time consuming process, with the typing having to be exact to fit the layout. We had to do the layout ourselves, sticking the writing + pictures to paper, and photostating the resultant page. Since we had to produce 1400 copies of each page, and they could only be done one at a time, it took us about 18 hours to photostat the 3 page paper - a mammoth effort! At the end the photostat machine began to run out of ink, and the pages were progressively lighter.

On the whole, the paper's routine worked very well, and we always had plenty of people to help. We managed to cover a large + diverse number of activities that took place, and toward the end people were coming in all the time with stories and suggestions. We instituted a Junior Reporter column, and many boys wrote articles, some of which were printable, others not. One boy, Stephen Strauss, was an accomplished cartoonist, + sent in a number of really clever cartoons.

A number of the articles really stood out for what they covered or the response they generated. Our great joke competition in the first edition generated no response at all - not one joke!

In the first edition David's article titled 'Main Article page 6' caused much interest - though no one could work out what it was about, and it caused a panic at the Mercury, who thought they'd lost some pages! Of all the Editions, the 3rd paper was the most controversial. On the front page was an article of Sir Stanley Burkley, which some interstate lenders took exception to, and then there was the picture & article about QM John Carter - - - - !! This was very exciting - first John, who obviously has no sense of humour, grabbed Ian by the shirt front & told him how offended he was. Then there were rumours of a libel suit, and we were then informed the paper would have to be edited or reprinted for the souvenir editions because the upper echelons of the Scout movement agreed with Mr. Carter (ie Gas Knight did!) Ian then threatened to give the paper up, and things got rather heated for a while. We finally did the editing with green Tip-Ex, but Stuart absent mindedly left the crucial part in some of his papers, and guess who got it - - - .

Various photographers from our ranks contributed photos for the paper. In the first edition, because of lack of scouts, Simon & Steph featured prominently, and there was also a group photo of us. The photos tended to be both humorous and explanatory, while the large one of Pear Portridge, a kinderfarne Venturer, on the New Year's day edition generated much fan mail. He even went up in a light plane over the camping ground

to get some pictures, but it was John who achieved the photographic notoriety - he took a whole film full of nappies - but forgot to put the film in the camera! David and his did the developing at night and did a great job.

And then there was the saga of the phone ---! We were told when we first arrived that we would get one, but it was three days later before one appeared, and by that time we had managed to antagonise most organisers with our demands for the phone. When we did get it, it was marvellous - instead of having to go up to the main camp site for any information we just had to pick up the phone.

Toward the end we decided to send reporters on all the major activities undertaken by the Scouts, and this proved most entertaining. Carolyn, Genevieve + Sarah hitched a ride on the Richmond Tour, Jane + Carolyn went down Challenge Valley, Riecy + Donald went to Mt. Field and Carolyn, Vanda, Sarah, Genevieve and Jane went on the City Tour. On all tours the Scouts were interesting and friendly - great fun to be with.

Despite what we like to think of as the great popularity of our paper, we did have some competition in the form of the Arthur Colony Crap, which was produced by the leaders of Arthur

Colony under the pseudonyms of Luke, Bo & Daisy Duke, Sheriff Roscoe & Boss Hogg. The stencilled paper was quite popular but not, of course, comparable to Gum Not. Though we didn't get to see that much of the Corroboree, we did manage to see the closing ceremony, which was notable for its boring format. Leo Knight was in top form, and there were the usual speeches. The one aspect that was worth seeing was the entrance of the Bowen Colony who formed up in ranks behind banners and then lit red flares before rushing into the ceremony area.

Toward the end of the Corroboree, the Gum Not gained quite a great importance because of its souvenir value. Though we only originally intended to have 200 souvenir editions the number was increased to 250 and these sold out at the half way point of the Corroboree. Toward the end there was a rush of potential customers & we could probably have sold several hundred more.

Later we heard that a black market souvenir edition was selling for \$10.00; an increase of \$8 in price.

Throughout, the Gum Not was a very intense but enjoyable experience and we all combined well together as a team. John Thorne, the publicity manager for the Corroboree, was a great help, and Ian was superb - without him we wouldn't have known what to do. The Corroboree ended with a very enjoyable barbeque at his house.



5th TASMANIAN CORROBOREE "THE LEA"

29th December, 1981 - 5th January, 1982





5th TASMANIAN

The Scout Association of Australia, Tasmanian Branch, extends a warm and cordial invitation to Scouts, Rovers and Leaders from all States and beyond to attend the

5th TASMANIAN CORROBOREE

AT

'THE LEA', HOBART

29th DECEMBER, 1981 - 5th JANUARY, 1982

THE THEME: "SOUTH OF 42"

Tasmania is the smallest and southernmost of all the Australian States. Discovered by Abel Janszoon Tasman in 1642, the first settlement took place on the Derwent River in 1803.

42° South (Latitude) passes centrally through Tasmania — on the West Coast between Zeehan and Queenstown, and just north of Freycinet Peninsula on the East Coast.

A Corroborree south of the 42nd Parallel will focus attention on the rather special natural and historic heritage of the island State.

THE SITE

The site for the Corroborree is "The Lea", the Tasmanian Branch Camp set in 140 hectares of bushland and a mere 8 kilometres from Tasmania's delightful capital city, Hobart, with its superb setting on one of the best six harbours in the world, its houses dotted about the hills and majestic Mount Wellington towering above the city.

Water activities will be held at a site a few kilometres south of The Lea, while the nearby mountain offers superb opportunities for bushwalking in the best Tasmanian tradition.

ATTENDANCE

Present plans are for an attendance of 3,000.



ELIGIBILITY

Each State Branch will set eligibility requirements for Scouts, Rovers and Leaders in that State. Assistance with service tasks at the Corroborree would be appreciated from Rovers and from Leaders who are surplus to Troop requirements.

CORROBOREE BADGE

The Corroborree badge consists of a map of part of Tasmania that lies south of 42 and where Corroborree activities will take place. The map is overlaid with the concentric rings of a target with its centre at The Lea.

Four gum nuts in the bottom right corner of the badge are the woody fruit of Eucalyptus Linearis, the small-leaved peppermint which is the floral emblem of The Lea Camp.

The dominant colours of the badge, green and gold are traditional Scouting and Tasmanian colours.

ACTIVITIES

A genuinely e planned for be able to choos

Long Tours

Peninsula. Gro local zoo feat demonstrating blacksmithing.



29th DECEMBER, 1981 — 5th JAN

TASMANIAN CORROBOREE

ACTIVITIES

A genuinely exciting programme of activities has been planned for boys attending the Corroboree. Boys will be able to choose from a range of possibilities, including

Long Tours to historic Port Arthur and Tasman Peninsula. Groups taking this trip will also visit a small local zoo featuring Tasmanian Devils, and a bush mill demonstrating shingle splitting, woodturning and blacksmithing.



Discovery Tours in and around Hobart, including an historic walk through Battery Point, the most fascinating district of any Australian city.

Exploration Hikes on Hobart's famous Mount Wellington.

Water Activities — sailing, canoeing and water sports at nearby Snug and Electrona.

On-Site Activities, including Challenge Valley, a cunningly devised adventure trail, Science Centre, Orienteering, Construction, Archery, Life Games and many others.

NOTES ABOUT TASMANIA

Contrary to popular legend, it doesn't rain non-stop in Tasmania, and the December-January period usually provides fine, warm weather in the high 20's.

At all times of the year the State's incomparable scenery, its historic architecture and its relaxed way of life attract holiday-makers from all parts of Australia and from overseas.

At no time is this more apparent than over the Christmas New Year period. This is the time in Hobart for the finish of one of the world's great ocean yacht races, the Sydney-Hobart. It is also the time of the Tasmanian Fiesta, with a host of special activities going on in and around Hobart and also in other parts of the State. These include the finish of the West Coaster yacht race, a series of carnivals on the North-West Coast featuring athletics, cycling and chopping, street processions, a New Year's Eve Mardi Gras, fireworks displays, art exhibitions, concerts, fairs, fashion parades and many other attractions.

Tasmania is just under 300 kilometres from north to south, and a little more from east to west. Yet its compact form contains some of the most attractive scenic areas in Australia and in many places there is an atmosphere of living history.

Fiesta time — Corroboree time — any time is a good time to visit the "Treasure Island".

1981 — 5th JANUARY, 1982

OUR 5th CORROBOREE

The first two Tasmanian Corroborees were held in bush settings at Lake Sorell in 1927 and 1933, and for most Scouts it meant a hike through the bush from the nearest point on the passing train line some 15 kilometres away. The third Corroboree was held at The Lea in 1953 and marked the sesquicentenary of Tasmania.

The 1962/63 Corroboree was also held at The Lea at the time that Lord Rowallan was Chief Scout and Governor of Tasmania.

This is our 5th Corroboree and it will be the largest gathering of Scouts ever assembled in Tasmania.



THE SCOUT ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA
TASMANIAN BRANCH
107 Murray Street, Hobart



The Lea 'invaded' by 1,200 for camp

RAIN, mud and mist was the welcome yesterday for the 1,500 people in Hobart for the fifth Tasmanian Scout Corroborree at the The Lea, near Kingston.

About 1,200 scouts from throughout Australia are attending the corroborree which will continue until January 5. And 300 adults have the task of administering the big event.

Tasmania has not held a corroborree since 1962-63. A jamboree is held interstate every three years, but Tasmania does not take part because of the costs involved.

Since 1927 Tasmania has held smaller versions of the jamborees.

This year, 422 Tasmanian scouts will take part, 303 Victorians, 143 from Queensland, 121 from New South Wales, 80 from South Australia, 53 from West Australia, eight from the ACT and four from New Zealand.

That many hungry 11 to 15-year-olds means plenty of food — about \$47,000 worth.

One meal could involve 345 kgs of steak, 104 of cold meat, 312 of potatoes, and 117 each of tinned carrots and beans.

Each tent of 40 boys receives a fresh stock of food each day.

Just for one meal, 130 loaves of bread, 1,300 bread rolls and 1,300 small packets of jam will be eaten.

During the corroborree The Lea is treated as a town, with its own hospital, newspaper and garbage collection service.

The Army has lent organisers tents for the event, and insured them for \$63,000!

During the eight days of activities each boy will cut shingles to help finish work on a rotunda in the centre of the huge camp.

A team of 16 Rover Scouts, aged from 18 to 26, will produce a daily newspaper. The four-page tabloid will be distributed free to every scout while, at the end of the corroborree, they will be able to buy a bound souvenir of all editions for \$2.

Apart from the varied facilities at The Lea, scouts will go to Margate for canoeing, sailing and swimming.

There will also be daily tours to Port Arthur and Mt Field for interstate scouts.

Corroborree in full swing today

THE LEA scout camp will be a hive of activity today when the fifth Tasmanian Scout Corroborree gets into full swing.

About 1,300 scouts from all over Australia will take part in activities ranging from a commando course to canoeing, sailing and wood turning.

Yesterday was a settling in day for the scouts, but it will be a different story today.

The Lea, near Kingston, boasts its own shops, post office, phones, bank, police, ambulance and newspaper.

During the seven days of the corroborree, scouts will compete for the Lea Award, determined by participation in five areas of the activity program.

Bus service for visitors

A BUS service from the centre of Hobart to the scout corroborree at The Lea will alleviate traffic congestion at the corroborree site.

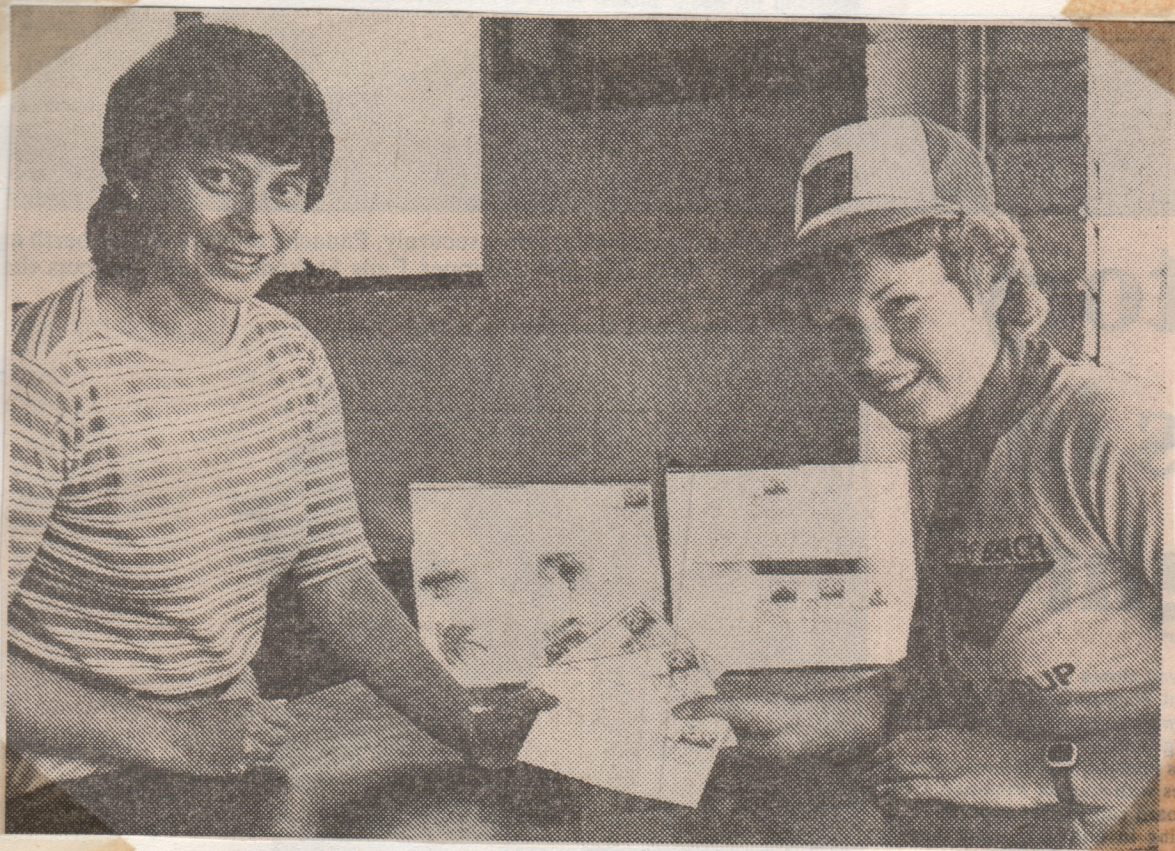
The administration secretary for the corroborree, Mr Malcolm Grant, said that MTT buses would leave from outside the HEC building in Elizabeth St for The Lea every day from 9.30 am every hour until 4.30 pm.

He said that visitors to the corroborree should use the service and help to alleviate the problem of traffic congestion at The Lea.

There was also a feeder bus service from the entrance to the site to the corroborree centre.



● Anthony Mulvihill (15), of Bendigo, Victoria, is one of the 1,200 scouts attending the corroboree at The Lea camp. Anthony has been learning to play the bagpipes for about two years and is a member of the Bendigo Highland Pipe Band. Naturally he brought his pipes to the camp to keep in practice.



● ABOVE LEFT: It may have been a public holiday in the rest of Tasmania yesterday, but the temporary Post Office at The Lea scout camp was still in full swing. Nerrilee Cuthbertson (left), The Lea postal officer, passes some stamped envelopes over the counter to Karen Dick (19), of New Zealand.

Billets required for scouts

THE Scout Association in Tasmania has urgently appealed to Tasmanian families to provide billets for home hospitality over the New Year period after the fifth Tasmanian Corroboree.

Mr John Phipps, the corroboree

chief, said the billets were needed between January 5-12.

The boys requiring billets — aged between 11 and 14 — were among interstate contingents attending the corroboree at The Lea camp, near Kingston.

Mr Phipps said Tasmania had

undertaken to provide 300 home hospitality billets, but so far it needs 100 more places in Hobart and 25 in Launceston.

He said people prepared to help could contact the scout corroboree in Hobart on telephone (002) 29 5477.

Billets are still needed

THE Scout Association is still seeking billets for interstate scouts wishing to stay on in Hobart for a week at the end of the current corroboree at The Lea.

Mr John Phipps, camp chief at the corroboree, said yesterday 60 billets were still needed for all or part of the period January 5-12.

He said of the 1,250 scouts attending the corroboree, 800 were from interstate. Billets, or "home hospitality" had been found for most of the boys wishing to stay on but there was a need to find another 60 billets. The boys range in age from 11 to 15 years.

Mr Phipps said in recent years thousands of Tasmanian boys had attended scout gatherings interstate and had always been well billeted.

"If billets cannot be found the boys will probably have to be put up in scout halls and the association subsidise them," he said. Anyone who can assist may telephone the corroboree at The Lea on 29 5477.



Homosexual sues scout association

2/5/81



● Timothy Curran, of Los Angeles, a 19-year-old Eagle Scout — the equivalent to Australia's Queen Scout — displays some of his merit badges after filing a suit against the Boy Scouts Association of America claiming

it had ousted him because he is an admitted homosexual. Behind Curran is an attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union, Mr Fred Okrand, who filed the suit. The scout association believes homosexuality is immoral.

Guess who's read Rovering to Success?



● Drawing their kit from Forestry Commission head office (from left): Joseph Hawkes, Astrid Ketellaar and Jonathon Males.

Astrid is first for Forestry

MISS Astrid Ketellaar (17), of Devonport, has started duty as the Tasmanian Forestry Commission's first female trainee ranger.

She is one of three trainees — a ranger and two assessors — in the commission's 1981 intake of technical staff.

The trainee assessors, Joseph Hawkes (17), also of Devonport, and Jonathon Males (18), of Lindisfarne, and Miss Ketellaar, were chosen from 50 applicants.

They have gone to their first postings under the commission's six-year "in-service" training scheme.

During the first three years, they gain experience in field and office work at various commission centres.

They are housed in staff quarters and are expected to care for themselves.

Miss Ketellaar was born in the West Indies and lived in Holland until 1970.

She matriculated at Don College, having attended Devonport High School and Shaw College. Her interests include rock climbing, bushwalking, canoeing, swimming and tennis.

Joseph Hawkes, who was educated at Devonport Catholic Regional College and Don College, also has wide outdoor interests.

Jonathon Males attended Geilston Bay High School and Rosny College, and is a keen canoeist and bushwalker.