



STUDENTS
NOTE BOOK

No. 594

LINDISFARNE ROVER CREW
LOG BOOK NUMBER 8

LOGBOOK

NO. 8

LINDISFARNE

ROVERS

THEATRE ROYAL
HOBART
FRIDAY
STALLS
D 5
PATRON PLEASE RETAIN

THEATRE ROYAL
HOBART
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THEATRE ROYAL
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PATRON PLEASE RETAIN

16 MAY 1986 - UNI REVUE

"Hades Comment"

Due to the absence of a noteworthy Western Swotchia from this state, the report on the trip to Uni Revue has reluctantly been taken up by ~~be~~^{me} (Editor!). It is now three and a half months since this event took place, and because it looks as though that inconsiderate certain person (indicated above) is never going to get off his backside and write this report I have had to do it.

Just goes to show you that the lazy creep had absolutely no consideration for the editor, nor any respect for such a coveted production such as the Lindhofme Rover Logbook.

Well, there were twelve Rovers at The Uni Revue and we all laughed a lot.

(There, now what was so strenuous about that! I spent one minute writing a report that a stupid Western Swotchia couldn't write in three and a half months - but then again, it has to be expected I suppose - after all, he is only a male!)



24 - 25 MAY 1986 - Sherwood Weekend

Kingborough and Northern Area Rover crews invited all other Tasmanian crews to attend their annual Sherwood weekend this year. Therefore, Riccy, Pear and Steve (WA), decided to attend. These three were made aware that a game of golf would be played on the Saturday afternoon, and that a change of clothes should be bought for Saturday day night's tea.

Although we were not able to obtain use of a golf set for the weekend, Mr J. Pilgrim loaned us a set of very antiquated clubs for the afternoon.

So, with Riccy sticking the clubs, Pear agreed to be his caddy whilst Steve, codolied for Mr Glanville. Barry McIndoe, ^{Perry Foster} and Alan Richardson made up the rest of the group.

The golf links were in magnificent condition, especially since the third hole had been moved to the nearer side of the river. The final fairway was magnificent as it was directly up the airstrip a grand sight. After a long afternoon of avoiding carpats, mud, puddles, reservoirs, stinging nettles and four foot grass tussocks we returned to the comfort of Sherwood to get ready for tea.

It was on Riccy's advice that Pear had felt suffice to wear jeans and a worn jumper to tea, however Riccy's advice was wrong. Pear realised this when she saw people change into hired tuxedos and ball gowns. How embarrassed was she! Completely! and her humiliation was not helped by Geoff Pilgrim constant jeering and heckling. Therefore, when tea



began, Bob sat herself down in the most remote corner and tried to be ^{as} inconspicuous as possible.

The tea was delicious and Kyrleborough should be well credited with the magnificent "hungry" which they prepared.

The night was wholly enjoyable and we retired thankfully to bed.

Sunday was spent sitting in front of the kitchen fire reading comics.





31 May 1986 - BOTTLE DRIVE

Kindisane Rovers do not have a magnificent bottle drive attendance record, but this year ~~after~~^{they} ~~the~~ outdone themselves completely with every Rover in attendance (one (that was Doyle who was suffering from an infected foot).

Most of their man/womanpower was used in packing crates away, and Greek's coloured bottles - which was much needed.

It was good to see their presence so noticeable at such an important group event!

May 1986 - Route Drive



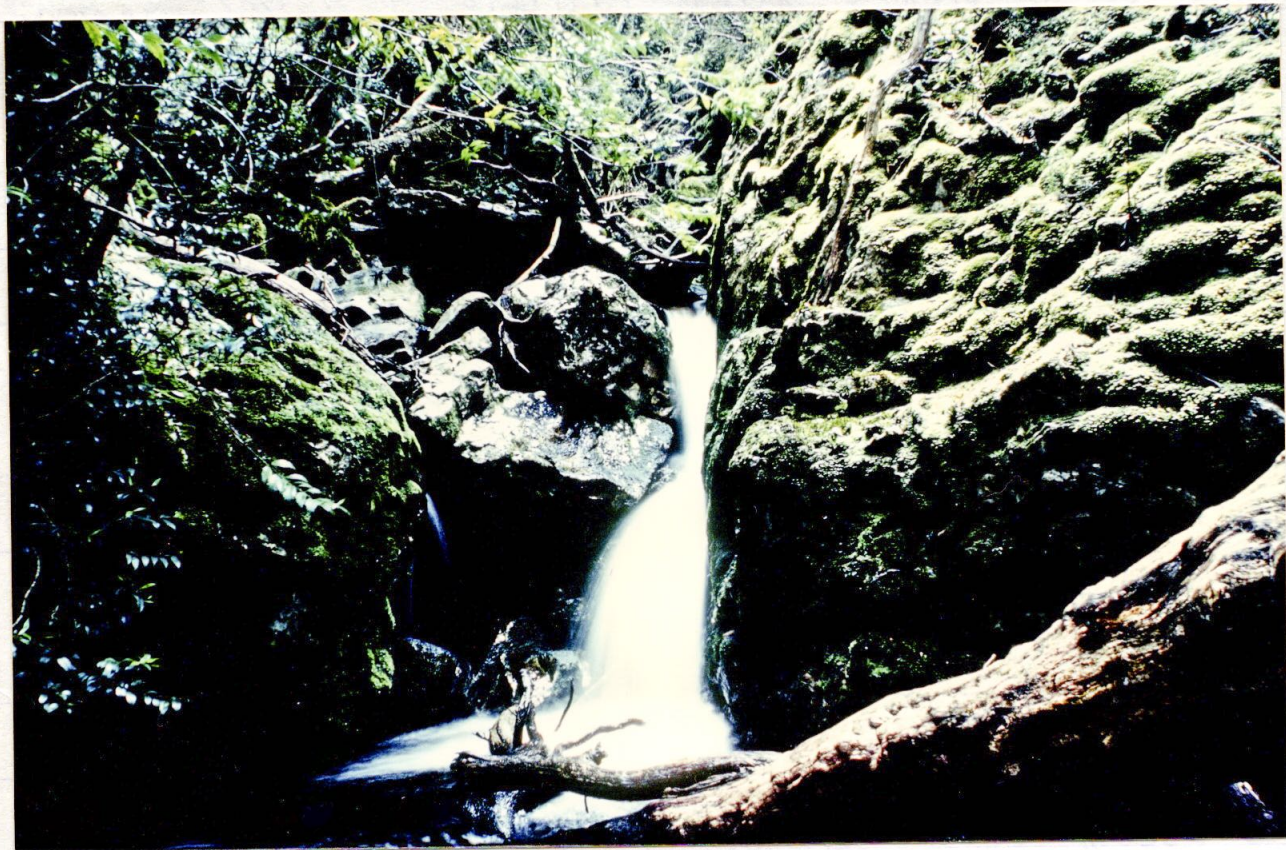
31 May - 1 June 1986 - WATERFALL BAY

After our record attendance at the bottle drive, Peter, Tim, Rice, Jason, Melinda and Colin assembled at the hall to go to Waterfall Bay for Jason's investiture. After a rather late departure we arrived at the car park at about 3.45 pm and, leaving Rice to wait for Nick and Vic, whilst writing a TBRC report in the back of his car, the rest of us made a quick sprint to the bluff campsite and hastily made camp so as to be ready for the investiture before dark. Jason took his vigil at the top of a 600ft drop with clear views to the horizon while the sun set behind the hills west of him. Inspiring! Nick and Vic and Rice finally arrived armed with suitcases and camp chairs. Uniforms were then donned and the investiture ceremony was performed at the bluff with a similarly breathtaking outlook. After Jason was welcomed to the crew a campfire was lit and tea prepared. Nick and Vic opened their suitcases to reveal their home steak and pineapple tea and proceed to cook this whilst relaxing on their camp chairs!

Sitting around the campfire in the evening was a rare luxury for those accustomed to working where fires are not used, but soon remembered that where there's fire there's smoke, and that the campfire is not all that wonderful when the wind seems to blow at you no matter where you sit. The evening was spent exchanging jokes (not rude ones!), sipping cordial and eating chips until retiring.

St. Anthony's Falls, June 1934

The old mill race, which was built in 1854, is still in use. It is a fine example of the old mill race, and is a very interesting sight. The water is very clear, and the rocks are very smooth. The mill race is a very important part of the city's history, and it is a very beautiful sight.



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to the tents. Pear, Rice and Toon rose at about 5:00am as Pear and Rice had to attend a TBRC meeting in Oatlands and they walked out to the car before sunrise. Meanwhile, Toon sat at the top of the cliff with his camera, and watched the sunrise and climbed around a bit. After everyone else rose (except Nick and Vic) we walked around to the bluff with nice views of the coastline to the south. Then we returned and walked to the top of the waterfall and up the track to Camp Falls. At Camp Falls we had a canoe race with the winner being the first "canoe" to reach the bottom of the falls. We then packed up and got Nick and Vic out of bed and undertook the gruelling walk back to the car and home.



7 JUNE 1986 - Caving

A long, long time ago in a cave far, far away, there were four Rovers (namely Pear, Steve, Ric and Tom). They had come to this cave, which tourists call Hastings Cave but our hardened cavers call Newdegate Cave, with their 5 helpers Ali, Sam, Steve, Tracey and Robert.

Their quest was to find the muddiest, poorest, bluest, yuckiest cess pool in the known galaxy. Now the Rovers knew that Newdegate cave did possess (?) somewhere in its depths this fabulous mud because they had seen it (and wallowed in it) in their dim distant pasts. However, on all their recent trips the cave was found to be dry and lifeless, as if the very life blood of the mud had been cut off. This trip then was one last vain attempt to find that for which the whole world sort, - gummy mud!

Moral seemed low as our desperate team arrived at the car park at the start of the quest but some clever face painting by Tracey managed to get a smile on a face or two (and a rather funny nose on Steve and some really cute love hearts on Robert).

With our spirits thus uplifted we removed our clothes (much to the surprise of several passing tourists) and donned the robes which made us the legendary "mud crawlers". (Well they'll be a legend some day). This brought our spirits crashing down into the earth that we were about to enter (especially as we realised that it is much easier to relieve yourself as a tourist rather than a mud crawler).

Anyway, with time running short they (notice how I keep on jumping into the third person, and



boy is she getting upset) they unlocked the mighty steel gates barring the entrance to the dark, dingy downthrodern doolane. Once inside they were surrounded by the inky darkness and the musty smell of a cave which had not been dyiled by human preeence for centuries (except for the occasional group of tourists every hour).

With one last longing lustful little look at the green, green grass of outside the gate they turned their backs on civilisation as they knew it and entered the dirty zone.

Down, down, down they went, deeper and deeper into the dirty depths until suddenly and with no prior warning whatsoever (except for their highly attuned instincts) they got to the bottom of the staircase. From this stage onwards they realised that their way would be rough, consisting of cemented paths with no handrails. Where one misplaced foot could go into their mouth and no one would hear them again (sorry about that bit of garbage but I just got back from having my lunch up at the bar, anyways...)

On and on they went ~~the~~ lead by their tepid (or intrepid, whatever) leader the guy in the front with the stalwart guy at the end bringing up the rear. Finally, a halt was called and the all important question "WHERE'S THE BLOODY TRACK, YOU BASTARD!!" was asked. "DOWN THIS POOEY LITTLE BIT BROKEN LIGHTBULBS, ELECTRICAL CABLE AND ABSOLUTELY ZILCH HANDHOLDS" was the mournful reply. "OH", they said, and with fear starting to worm their way through their overalls and down their shirts and into their bones. They left the safety of the main tourist routes, and, in single file, climbed down where few people ever go.

On and on they went and still there was no sign of water clad mud that they longed for. "BUMMER" they said, and with this thought in mind they entered BINNEY TUNNEL. This tiny tube had been dug from the living gorge by a handful of mad cave dwellers many years before when the word MAN still had its former meaning. For over 100 metres the tunnel, barely one metre in diameter, twisted and turned like some contorted snake in its death spasms, and there, at its deepest point, was found some nice muddy water that had to be crawled through.

Oh what joy! How happy! Wild jubilation etc. In fact if there had been more room our heroic little bunch would have jumped up and down. Instead they just rubbed their faces in the cool, cloggy water as they crawled through and made ecstatic utterances such as "UGH", "UUUH", "BLEEH", and "WHO BLOODY TALKED ME INTO COMING ON THIS HEROIC DISCOVERY EXPEDITION ANYHOW?".

However the water didn't last for long and all too soon they were back to crawling over little hard rocks which sort of work their way up into your knee cap and really hurt, climbing clay slopes which had long ago dried out yet still yielded no hold for eager hands which conversed them etc.

Finally they reached the end of Binney tunnel and traversed left over more clayey slopes, where one misplaced step could send you plummeting into the dark abyss millions of micrometres below. And then after many hair raising incidents and adventures too numerous to repeat here, they found themselves atop a massive cliff with nowhere else to go but down.

"OH. WHAT A LONG WAY DOWN" they thought.

"HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET DOWN" they thought.

"WE SHOULD HAVE GONE BOWLING" they thought.

"HEY" said Tim, "I'VE GOT THIS BIG BAG ~~OF~~ FULL OF LADDERS AND THINGS TIED TO MY BACK. I GOT THEM FROM MY MATE JACKO'S PLACE A FEW DAYS AGO AND FORGOT TO TAKE THEM OFF WHEN I GOT HOME. MAYBE WE COULD TAKE THE LADDERS OUT AND USE THE BAG AS A PARACHUTE?"

"YOUR A REAL NURD TIMBO" was the reply and Steve quickly rigged the pitch with the two ladders and the trace. These made a total length of ladder of some 25 feet. Unfortunately, from the tie off to the bottom of the pitch was some 30 feet. Oh well, you worry.

"WELL STEVE, YOU RIGGED IT, SO YOU TEST IT" they said.

"I DON'T MIND, I'LL DIE FOR MY CAUSE" replied the brave (but slightly silly) Steve. And away he went, hand over hand down the wire ladder with rungs just wide enough for a Rossi Falcon (arguably the best boot ever created) and held together by wire slightly thinner than a drinking straw. Boy, what a man.

Well, he made it O.K. (except for a slight plummet of some five foot at the bottom), as did everybody else, and you see, while everybody else was mucking around climbing down the ladder Steve ran ahead over this little hilly bit and down this real smooth (but dry) slope, and and and at the bottom of it, you see, there was this big creek and, like, it had heaps and heaps of water in it and it was really wet and so Steve took off his helmet and being the complete and utter naughty boy



that he is he got helmet full of helmet full of the water and threw them all over the big smooth slope (which by the way was completely surrounded by cliffs so that there was no way around it) and the slope became really mega-slippery so that when Tracy and Steve (not the just Steve but the other one from W.A.) and Pear and Ricie and Robert and Ali and Sam and Tim came to the slope they found it more slippery than a water slide but with not as nice a landing cause you slide down the slope and drop into the creek and usually back yourself against the wall on the other side. (Boy that could have to be one of the longest sentences I have ever written but it was worth it)

Boy were they happy ??!! The elation, the joy, the ecstasy, the spelling, the hopping up and down on one foot whilst singing PURPLE HAZE in A minor. Yes, they were happy. At long last they had returned to Mudgate and found it nearly restored to its previous glory. In fact they were so happy that they slid down that slope for quite a while and then they didn't anymore. In fact they stopped and followed the creek further and further into the depths of the earth.

... Well to cut a really, really long and boring story shorter a bit they followed the creek until they got to this really good place where the creek goes through a very tiny hole. In fact the hole is just big enough for you to fit in and when you do you're doing an excellent impersonation of a cork in a bottle of Perfolde and as a result the water starts building up

in front of you so that if you don't hurry you drown. Anyway, on the other side of the squeeze there's this big hill and at the top of it this big mud puddle (even bigger than the jelly patch that they use in jelly wrestling). Now if you don't want to go through the squeeze you can climb up the slopes of this hill, though a somewhat easier restriction. However, you become easy prey to the mean, heartless jinks who climbed the hill before you and plaster you with some of the best consistency mud known to man.

So we had this huge mud fight in which everybody got totally plastered, some considerably more than others. One of the best mud sculptures ever seen was also created in this spot using Tracy as the model. Really, a girl in her condition shouldn't have gone caving. Steve (from W.A.) had brought his camera down into the cave and so he decided to take a picture. Well, after he cleared all the mud off the lens and very carefully set everything up it turned out that he was out of film. How impressed were we, I mean we laughed till we stopped.

Anyway we went for a bit more of a stroll into the cave and then came back out again with more adventures back at the slippery slope and the ladder but I won't tell you about those so you'll have to go and have a look yourselves, won't you?

So we got back out and gave the key back to Roger the Rempant Ranger, had a shower down by the pool and came home. All in all it was a most enjoyable expedition (as Ray would say - IT WAS GREAT!).

P.S. SORRY! FROM TIM ALBION

EDITORS NOTE : The previous report has been transferred from the original document to this logbook letter for letter. Therefore, I take no responsibility for obvious spelling, lack of full stops or non-sensibility.
PEAR!

2002 29
EDDING NOTE
The Bureau report the last
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Bureau for the Bureau
in responsibility for the Bureau
lack of full steps on the Bureau
level

THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
5	6	7
12	13 *	14

13 JUNE 1986 - Friday 13th Party

FRIDAY THE 13th PARTY

It was at Melinda's and Colin's flat that they gathered to watch "Friday the 13th" parts 1, 2, and 3. Most people brought chips along for eating. One twisted person didn't bring chips, but brought twisties just to be different. Jason wasn't there but Jason was, cause he was the star of the movies, which were about a craved psycho-pathic lunatic maniacal assassin who persisted in making people-kebabs by night at Camp Lots-of-fun-with-naughty-bits-and-blood-spurting-out. When we weren't scared, we were laughing at the films. Gerard complained at the films' patheticity, whilst giving running commentaries from the critique box (the floor).

Catherine whizzed in and out at approx. 2.30.51 am which was an interruption to the showing of "Brewster's Millions". Her screams were difficult to discern and differentiate from Melinda's post-film hysteria (diagnosed as mild).

Next, people got sleepy and went home.

THE END

Love, Melinda and Vick.



21st 14th JUNE 1986 - Doyle's 21st

On Saturday 14th June 1986, we all went to that flat in Newdegate Street, North Hobart to celebrate the 21st birthday of Doyle. There was a lot of drinking at this party, which ended up with Vic and Nick doing lots of acrobatic things in the middle of the hall. There was heaps of people in this flat at the time of the party as well. Even Maureen made it down from the North Isle to help consume the drinking stuff. Catherine and Travel were also there, and they had their little bit of trauma about half way through the night. Wesley was being pretty serious, which is pretty normal seeing Wesley is a particularly serious person. We were probably in the kitchen a bit, and were most definitely we were lying all over the stairs, and as well as being in the hall we also were in Tracy and Sue's bedroom. We were also in outside slightly at some time. There were a lot of people taking pickup, and cooler, wine, beer and port were being transferred from place to place. Stephen and Pear had had sufficient enough to drink for them to share a dance together. Only problem being that they were dancing on top of a bean bag which was in turn on top of Gerard. Gerard was not particularly pleased about this, but ~~the~~ neither was Pear when she found herself falling down. She was rather glad when a sharp table corner broke her fall and she managed not to hurt herself. Then ^{Stephen} noticed she was dripping blood all over her shirt, and so after an examination by Nurse McNeill, Pear was sent to the hospital with Wesley where she amused a funny doctor for about half an hour. After he had stitched up her ear a fair bit he then sent her back to the party to consume some



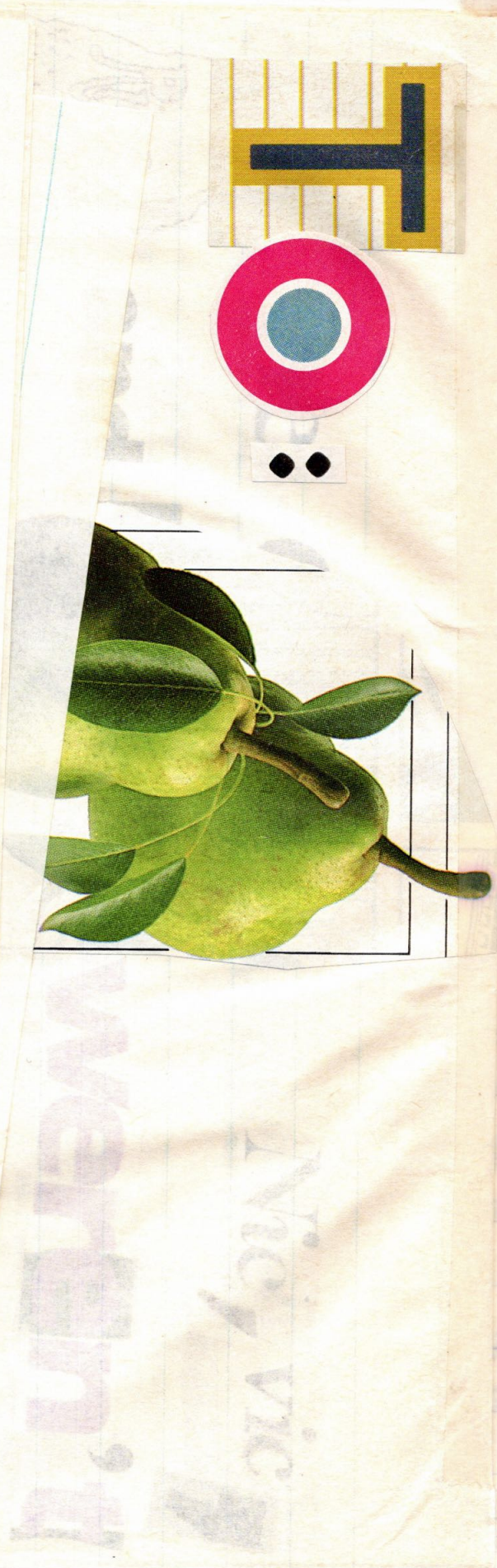
more anaesthetising agents. On the way back into the flat she tipped over Travel and Hogs sitting at the bottom of the steps in the middle of the crisis. Some people then went home, but those who remained were having a bit of a lorp to Eagle Rock when we decided to go and steal a Doyle Avenue sign in honour of Doyle's birthday. So off we went into the foggy night to the dark depths of Zenah Valley. After pinpointing the particular sign that we were going to succeed, spanners were extracted from the car, and with a lot of care and caution, the sign was displaced. We all then piled back into the car and went back to the flat. Then those people who were going home went home and those people who stayed, stayed.



15TH JUNE 1986 - CAPE RAOUL

it was all quiet. It was a lovely day and all
 people all the new house & the evening after
 the park so clear. The park was very green
 a small amount and it was a pleasant surprise
 because since we found out paper house. This was
 all for 1.15 (plus post) and 5 weeks work

no question of married to fellow-singer
 so in either of our Ben Brierley recalls. "It
 was quarrelling. It was stupid because I went
 that I've come to to live in the country with
 union that Tom is only evening clothes. Now
 on his own." all I have is the mirror."



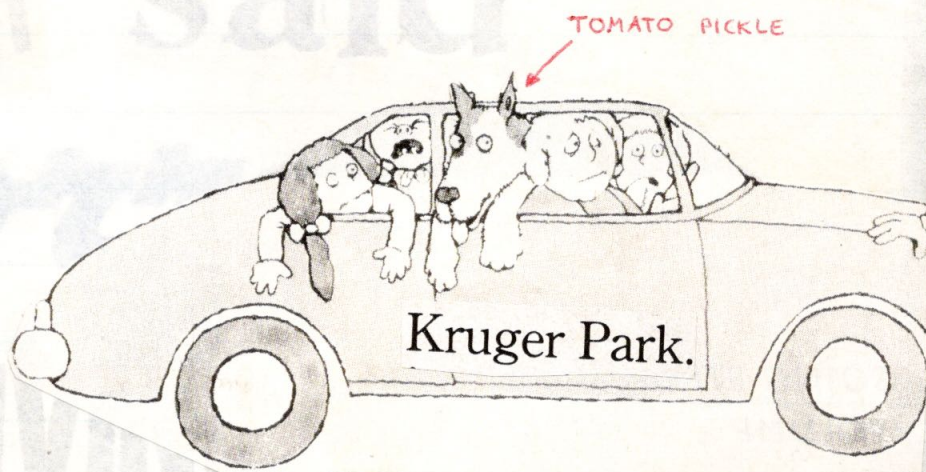
T **o** :



FROM: NIC &
vic

Cape

Raoul



SUNDAY 15TH

June

1986

The quads

Nic, vic



and steve weren't

Going
Places

because of

vic's

Toyota Corolla's

missing feeling.

BUT

Rice. The grain
of imagination

said

“Don't wotzy,

LEAVE THE DRIVING TO ME.

and

my

SUPERCAR

”

SO

ONE CAR, FOUR CHILDREN AND A

TOMATO
PICKLE 250g

ROLLED off To cape raoul.

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mildewed boots

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Step-by-Step

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WAY

so the rest

of this report will be written in black pen.

The day was perfect with clear blue sky and about 17° of hottness. The first hour or so of track was very good and dry which was good for fast progress. Good veins were present all along the top of the cliff. The plateau on the actual cape was very flat, very scrubby and in places very wet.

The end of the cape was not reached due to Nick getting himself, Vick & Ricey lost for about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. Lunch was near a lovely little pond of 'fresh' water that Ricey found very appetising. Tennis balls brought by every one except Ricey were placed strategically around the lunch site to protect us whilst eating. Riceys substitute golf ball formed a very weak link in the overall security formed by the tennis balls but it was adequate.

This trip was also a litter trip and 5 pieces of Al foil, 1 plastic bag (small & wrinkled) and 2 really rusty sardine cans were found and taken home. This was a small amount and it was a pleasant surprise finding the track so clean.

We walked out and ricey drove 3 sleeping people all the way home by 7 in the evening when it was all dark. It was a lovely day and we all had

PUGGLES OF FUN.

12th June 1988 - Cape Barrow



5-6 JULY - Wineglass Bay Litter Trip
(Nicks Community Service)

PRESENT: Nic, Vic, Tim, Rice, Pear, Steve, Mira & Col.

Nic, Vic, and Tim arrived at about 5:30pm on Saturday due to sport/uni things. The others arrived much earlier in the day with guitar, songs, port and inner circle.

Due to an unpredicted aroma phenomenon the early group did not camp at the pre-agreed campsite. Thus, after leaving a tellingly noticeable sign, they headed off to the 'hill' site. Steve and Col pretended to be gentlemen by carrying Pear and Mira and packs respectfully and respectfully over a raging river. Once the hill was scaled, camp was set and the wait began for the remaining three.

Vic, Nic and Tim toiled and trudged through the undergrowth in fast-diminishing daylight.

Touchees were turned on metres from the beach (about 400), as Tim was complaining of tripping over things (mostly himself). Upon reaching the beach, the above mentioned thought it would be really sneaky if we turned the touchees off so we could walk along Wineglass unseen by the pioneering party (Mira, Rice et. al.)!

These pioneers must have temporarily forgotten their mission as we managed to stumble upon a coke ® can in the pitch black.

Many minutes later, we arrived at the pre-arranged destination only to find nil/nobody/nothing. Nic probably swore at this stage, and Tim probably said something sarcastic like "buddy". But we don't remember, cos we were too pissed off. The aroma at this site was reminiscent of the Keger tent after



one certain Cottle Creek trip with Slopman (see log book). So we were kind of glad we didn't have to stay here.

after realising we had stuff-all idea of how to get to the alternative camp site, we headed for the beach. Upon arrival, we came face to face with an unshaven, black-haired, blondstoned lout wearing a blue/black bush jacket (the common variety).

"Hello Col" said Tim. Quite coincidentally, it was the Col. He was accompanied by some old man (who had a name something like Bice Rubble). The previously mentioned, trifically noticeable sign was then brought to our attention. Strange how it was 2m past the turnoff!

The swollen river was awesome from our dry feet's point of view, but they managed the vital crossing admirably. Footwear back on, we scaled the lumps of dirt and rock (hill) to reach our destination.

The party was in full swing and seemed most uncooperative once we brought our teen things out to be cooked on their fire. Tea happened. So did several hours of drinking and droning along to Col's guitar.

Nic pyjamaed off and came back in his bathrobe and matching (?) black felt hat. Stephen drank his Inner Circle which threatened not to stay inside too long. It did stay in though. Nic was being a real loner cos he kept going off to jiggle t.b.'s by torchlight. After mint slices [©] all round, the night's entertainment was declared over.

Sunday began with a massive clean up of previously left scunge. This consisted of al foil and a surprising quantity of smashed china (left over from a creek wedding?). Tennis balls began to fly and Stephen sick of modern civilisation returned to his



pumate self: Stephenus nearobthalensis. Cameras leapt down the slope to snap up this rare aquatic display of ablations time at camp. "Luckily no sea tortoises were around at the time", said Nic.

After several minor Tennis ball wars, camp was dismantled and we set forth to delitter the lower smellier campsite. This was assaulted for approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour, yielding yet more al foil, plastic bags, and lots of Toilet paper which was sensibly left, as no disinfectants were close at hand.

Lunch time hit us like sharp sticks, so we plonked on the sand and supped on John West® mushy spread stuff on bickies. Feeling energetic, a tuple jumping challenge was presented by Steve. Likely contenders, such as Ric, Col, sort of Tim, and Nic (in his p.j. jacket) lined up and leapt at Steve's line.

During this Olympic event, a very tiny length of rope was noticed to be poking out of the sand at the water's edge. Stephen started to pull on it and gradually more was exposed. This length was suddenly one metre and Steve called for reinforcements to help give a tug. The combination of digging, pulling at different angles and sheer brute force failed to dislodge this elusive ever-increasing in length, piece of smelly rope.

45 minutes elapsed, and the super tug Team had resigned with 2-3m of rope showing. There was still no sign of its source of anchorage. This stubborn length was to be cut off but the S.T.T. decided to leave it for future teams to tackle. So ended the 1st Wineglass Bay Rover Pseudo-Olympics and lunch. Now come the bulk of the community service. The idea was to walk up Wineglass Bay Beach whilst picking up all the litter we could



see. Obviously, approx. 5 rovers were looking either seaward or skyward, for when the remaining 3 began in earnest, the litter looked largely undisturbed.

About 20 minutes after the first group reached the end of the beach the other three arrived carrying mega-bundles of discarded junk. Amongst this were several interesting items such as a fluorescent tube, reflective shield off a weather balloon, floats off fishing nets, metres of blue plastic magazine/newspaper binding, stubbies and other drinking vessels. In all, there were 3 huge bags full of litter which the ensuing rovers relayed across the saddle.

After a brief look out at the lookout, we pedaled seawards. Ric was amazed to find his car in a different position to where he'd parked it 1 day ago.

The litter was stuffed into rubbish bins and cans which left promptly for home. Shortly before reaching the main highway, Nic realised his engine was H_2O less, and was driven by Ric to a wet river.

Once refilled, it stayed that way and lasted the trip home.



12 JULY 1986 - Wes and Doyle's engagement

Two of our most infamous rowers, Wesley and Doyle, finally decided that it was about time they got engaged. All of us were really excited, especially when we got invited to their engagement party. It was held on Saturday the 12 July 1986 at the flat in Newdegate Street, North Hobart.

The occasion was a nice quiet semi-formal evening with some absolutely delicious cakes, pavlovas, fruit salad, quiches, pies, fruit tarts, cocktail sausages, cheesecakes, trifles, sausage rolls, continental cake, etc., etc. to eat. Wes and Doyle got lots of nice presents and were grateful for everything. Stephen was going to be Wesley's best man and so led a toast, however they toasted "Doyle and Mary-Anne" instead. (- poor old Rice!). Anyway, we all enjoyed the evening and wish Wes and Doyle all the best.



19-20 JULY 1986 - WINTER MOOT AT
WADDAMANNA

The Winter Moot of 1986 was held at Waddamanna on the 19-20th July. Rice and Peck were the sole representatives from Lindisfarne. We travelled up there with no incidents arriving just before lunch. As this was a fully catered event, we were just in time for a nice lunch of cold meats and salad. After lunch most of the Rovers went for a stroll towards the power station, with the intent of climbing the pipes up the hill, this was well liked by Geoff Pilgrim who was trying to lose a bit of weight at the time. And so huffing and puffing we clambered up the pipe where we saw one little leak in the pipes, spraying water all around. Once at the top we had a good view of the surrounding area. We descended by way of the old pipes which were not used for the station, and so, a large clanging noise was heard as some of the more playful Rovers started rolling large rocks down the inside of the pipes.

By the time we all returned it was approaching tea time. This was another wholesome meal of root lamb and vegetables. After washing up and letting tea settle over a few social drinks, Trevor and Liz show their Bangladesh slides and gave an account of what they did whilst over there. Then followed, what has been recorded by many people in attendance, "the worst TBRC meeting I have ever been to". After this, with everyone still in a very rosy mood, the AGM was held, where Bruce Peck was elected Chairman, Peck as Secretary, and Craig Wilson as Treasurer. After this a more social mood prevailed



as the worries of the meeting were over.

The following morning dawned and the prospect of missing breakfast ensured an early start to the day. The earliest riders were a band of dedicated joggers (including Geoff who started the idea) who jogged approximately 10 kilometres up to Pendock Lagoon, before their breakfast. They paid for their efforts later with strained muscles, sore legs etc. After breakfast and after waiting for late comers, we had a tour of the Power Station led by our host for the weekend (who was also the caterer), and showed a turbine and how the whole station was operated by a large room filled with dials and switches.

After the tour was over and the clean up began and the weekend culminated in the closing ceremony, with an unusual memento being presented to all the crews.

EDITORS NOTE

Not only was the tucker great, but the accommodation was A1. A handful of rooms with 4-6 bunks in each room with pine panelling, carpets and heaters in each.

21 JULY 1986 - Pizza Hut "PIG OUT"

Try noughts & crosses

Hidden Words

Shade in the areas that are numbered 9 or 3 and something good to eat at the Pizza Hut® restaurant is what you'll see.

IN 1906, LORD BADEN-POWELL, WHO HAD WON FAME AT THE SIEGE OF MAFEKING DURING THE BOER WAR, PUBLISHED HIS BOOK, "SCOUTING FOR BOYS". THE SCOUTING MOVEMENT BEGAN IN 1908, FOLLOWED BY THE GIRL GUIDES, AND SOON BECAME A WORLD WIDE ORGANIZATION, WHICH HAS EVERY RIGHT TO RANK AS ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING BRITISH CONTRIBUTIONS TO INTERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDING.

P122A HUT REPORT 21 JULY 86

PIZZA HUT

REPORT

21 JULY 86

ROBBY, MARY-LYNN, STEPH, MARK, GERARD, ROB, RICE, WES, DOYLE
SUE, DAVID, DONALD, STUE, GABRIELLE, SHELIA, PHILLIE, HELEN
JASON, EVAN, GABRIELLE, MELINDA, COLLIE, TIMBO, ME,
PEAR, VICK, NICK, JUDE, JENNY ALL WENT TO THE
PIZZA HUT AND ATE LOTS AND LOT OF GARLIC
BREAD, AND BOY DID EVERYONE SMELL REALLY BAD! WELL
ANYWAY AFTER A WHILE THE G.B. STOPPED AND THEN
'IT WAS GREAT! EVERYONE GOT A GINGERBREAD MAN WITH
HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS ON IT (THESE ARE THE NEW LOOK
PIZZAS) Selenium and now we are waiting for the main dinner.

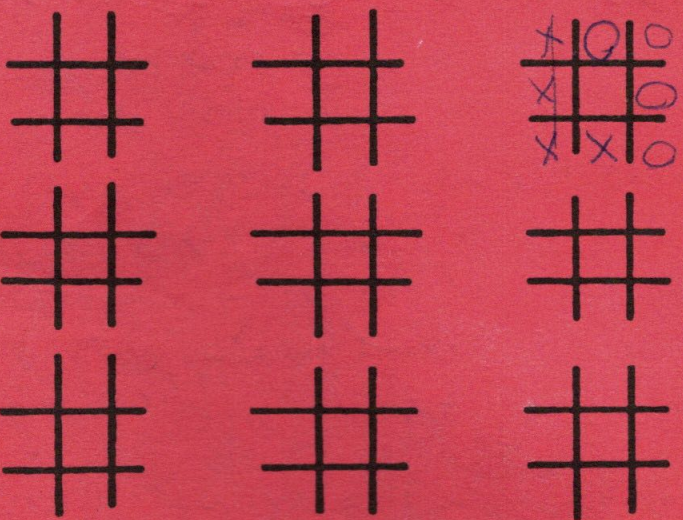
And meanwhile at the end of the table (waazers aint
it big), Gabrielle and Shelagh are veging out. But little
did they know that back on their home planet of
Hyberzon a conflict had started between the
Greeches & the Yahoos. These are both mainly
peace loving creatures who insist on eating
their grooble nuts in harmony with each
other whilst smoking a joint. RIGHT ON, But
meanwhile back at the Pizza hut....

The pizzas had arrived. MAL TURNED UP
LATE. WHAT'S GREEN AND GOES BOING BOING BOING? A SPRING
CABBAGE, HA HA HA - TWO GORGEOUS CHICKS called LYNN
and Felicity who wore skintight red checkered shirts leaved over over our tables
and served us pizza and drinks and GB and Pears getting really angry BUT...
NO NIP NOO EVERY ONE'S GETTING REALLY FULL AND LATER ON -
NO DOUBT REALLY FIAT AND EVEN SMELLIER THAN THEY ALMOST
EVER PREVIOUSLY HAD BEEN, THE WAITRESSES SHIRTS ARENT REALLY
SKIN TIGHT BUT THEY ARE (OR AT LEAST WERE, BY THE TIME THIS IS PUBLISHED)
CHECKED, NO BODY WANTS ANY MORE PIZZAZ AND SO THIS IS ABOUT
REACHES THE END OF THE PURPOSE OF OUR EVENING EXCEPT FOR PARTING
WITH OR \$7.50 EACH (AND A DOLLAR FOR THE STICKER FROM PEAR) THE
PLACE MATS WERE GREAT FOR BONG, WELL THAT'S ABOUT IT THEN! Evan had
6 1/2 pieces of pizza whilst at our end of the table Nick had
5! But Rob's illegitimate son is a haemophilic!!
and his dad (ie. Rob) wears colourful shirts and
colourful trousers - Billabong of course!



MIND GAMES

Try noughts
& crosses



Run
around
the
pizza!

Discover the words for pizza ingredients that are hidden among the letters surrounding this pizza. Begin with the first letter and jump every other letter until you've gone around twice.



ANSWERS:

pepperoni • onion • anchovy
mushroom • tomato • mushroom

Did you
know that...

- The first person to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel was a woman, Anna Edson Taylor, on October 24, 1901.
- The silicon chip or integrated circuit will be the most common piece of equipment on earth by the year 2000.
- Halley's Comet is due for a return visit to our skies in 1986.

It takes time to make a good pizza. Here at the Pizza Hut Restaurant we don't start until we get your order, and our pizzas are made with only the freshest ingredients.

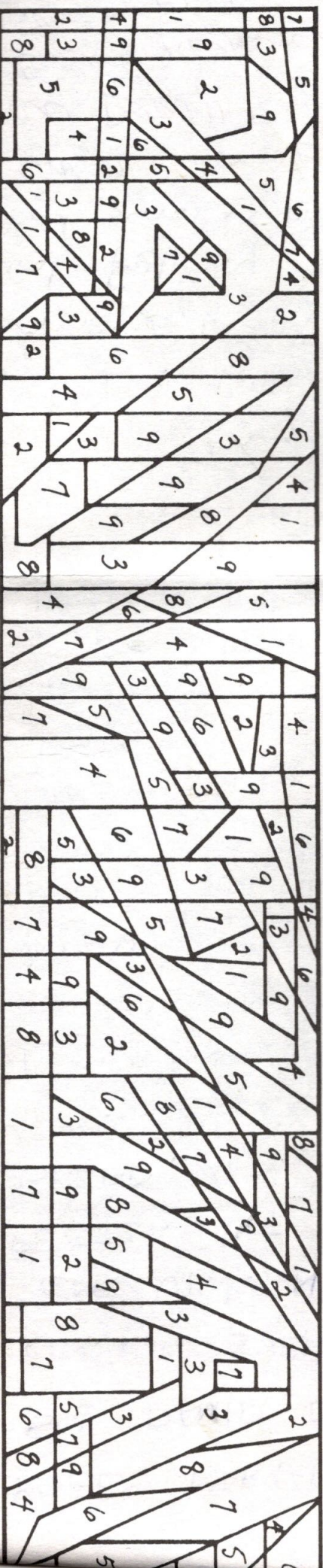
While you're waiting, we suggest you try our hot garlic bread or perhaps a fresh salad. Ask your waitress for a salad bowl and then serve yourself. The price is on the menu.

We hope you will enjoy using this Pizza Hut complimentary placemat, with games and puzzles for all ages.



Hidden
Words

Shade in the areas that are numbered 9 or 3 and something good to eat at the Pizza Hut® restaurant is what you'll see.



Vicky accepted the position of Treasurer. Well he was given the job anyway. Just THEN DESSERT arrived consisting of a large number of ~~these~~ nice and funny looking cheesecakes with purple stuff on top. 'MY! what a lot (and I mean lots) of ice cream' - sarcasm said Nick looking eagerly at his complimentary dessert. But the rather lacking creation was kindly filled up to standard by Gerard's (BUUU!) Moose - EEERRRRRRHHHHH (!) WESLEY IS BEING SILLY WITH HIS STUBBY

THE PEOPLE WHAT GAVE ME MONEY WTS

WES	MARYWIN
SUE	WOB
STEPHEN	MICHAEL
ROBERT	DONALD
TIM	DAVID
STU	STEPH
VICKY	
COL	
MARIA	
EVAN	
GABRIEL	
NICK	
HELEN	
PHILLIE	
GABRIEL	
SHEILA	
MALCOLM	
JASON	
JUDY	
JENNY	
GERARD	
MARK	
PEAR	

4
7.50
29
1645
150
1450

214.50

BUT WE COLLECTED \$217.70

WE MADE \$3.20 FOR CREW FUNDS

Our big profit bought us "Dot & the Kangaroo", a skate-board, Sport Billy, Snakes n' Ladders, crayons, all X2. What good value in a Pizza Hut funbag! Pizza Petes (spotty men) are excellent value too!

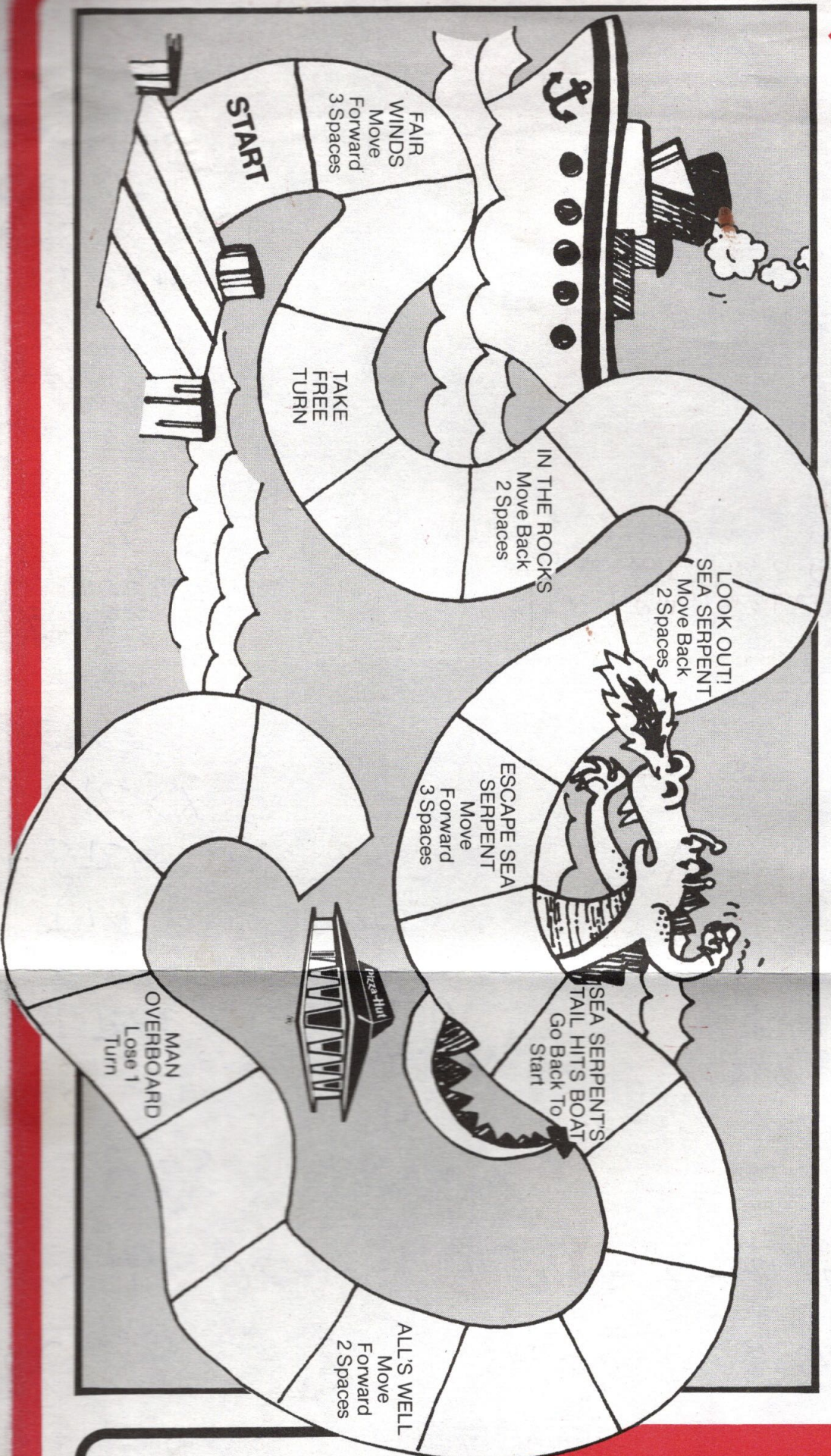
WE HAD A GOOD TIME



BRAIN TEASERS

Sail the Seven Seas to Pizza Hut

Here's an exciting adventure game. Each player takes a turn by spilling three coins on the table. Each coin that comes up heads allows the player to move one space forward. Use small coins as markers. As the players sail the seas, they land on squares with special instructions. The first player to reach the Pizza Hut Restaurant wins! Happy sailing.



BODY BUILDING BLOCKS Pizza Man has hidden, in the box below, Something that your body needs So that it can grow. His pizzas have a lot of this; He makes them just for you. To find the hidden answer now, Just colour in the twos!

9	4	3	9	8	7	5	0	1	9	6	8	3	1	8	7	6	3	1	9	7	5	3	8	6	9	4
0	2	2	2	9	6	8	1	3	7	4	5	9	4	6	8	0	3	5	7	4	2	9	5	7	8	5
4	2	9	2	7	5	8	6	0	3	1	1	4	9	2	6	7	0	5	1	3	8	4	3	1	0	7
1	2	8	2	9	2	2	2	9	2	2	2	4	2	2	2	1	2	2	2	6	2	0	2	2	2	6
5	2	2	2	5	2	0	1	8	2	7	2	9	3	2	0	3	2	4	2	7	2	1	2	4	2	3
3	2	4	7	3	2	4	3	7	2	6	2	4	1	2	5	4	2	2	2	4	2	3	2	5	2	7
7	2	6	9	8	2	6	8	5	2	1	2	0	8	2	6	7	2	0	6	5	2	4	2	8	2	6
6	2	0	1	4	2	7	9	3	2	2	2	6	1	2	3	1	2	2	2	1	2	9	2	0	2	3
8	4	1	4	3	7	4	6	5	0	3	4	3	5	4	9	0	8	6	7	0	9	8	6	5	4	3

PETULA-CROSS

The answer to each clue is a word that can be made from the letters in PETULA, such as ALP, TAPE and PLATE. No letter is repeated in a word, so there are no words such as PUP and TALL among the answers.

Across: 1 Jump 3 Whittish 6 Story 8 Run at full speed 10 Animal 11 A fuel 13 Freshwater duck 15 Musical instrument 16 Backward Paul

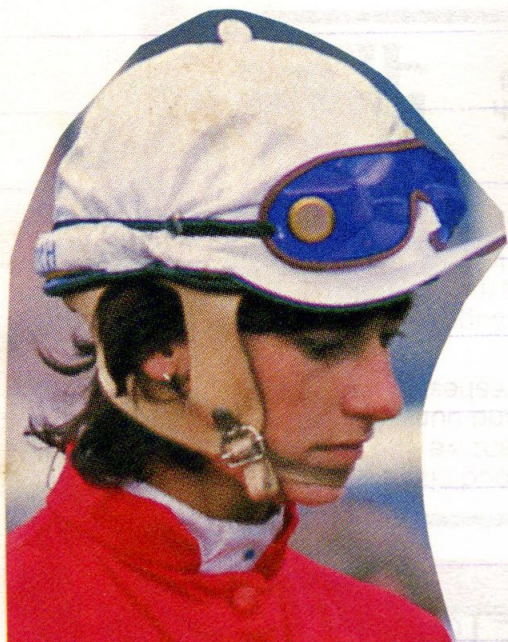
Down: 1 Allow 2 Fixed fold 4 A drink 5 Devour 7 Took food 8 Part of flower 9 Pasture 11 Companion 12 Suitable 14 Once round.

1	L	E	A	2	P	3	P	4	A	L	5	E
E				L			L				A	
6	T	A	L	E								
	T			A	10	P						
11	P	E	A	12	T							
13	A											
14												
15	A											
16	L	U	T	E								

It takes time to make a good pizza. Here at the Pizza Hut Restaurant we don't start until we get your order, and our pizzas are made with only the freshest ingredients.

While you're waiting, we suggest you try our hot garlic bread or perhaps a fresh salad. Ask your waitress for a salad bowl and then serve yourself. The price is on the menu.

We hope you will enjoy using this Pizza Hut complimentary placemat, with games and puzzles for all ages.



Rover Ski Weekend

Place: Carville, Ben Lomond National Park

Time: Friday 14th August - Sunday 16th August

Participants: Tim, Ricey, Wes + Doyle, Colin, Robert,
Gerard + Marlene + the special guest Sydney
Star — me!!

Weather: fine but very cold (it even snowed)

What could compare to the thrill of jumping out of an aeroplane? Well the trip up to Carville in Gerard's car came awfully close. I don't think my stomachs had as many butterflies since my last trip to Australia's Wonderland.

By what seemed to be a real miracle Tim was ready on time so off we went on our trip up to Ben Lomond for a weekend of fun, alcohol, laughs, alcohol, cards alcohol + even a few braved the weather and went skiing.

The drive up wasn't too bad until we hit the pea-soup fog in the National Park. We still all managed to arrive in one piece thanks to Gerard's skillful??? driving - although one of us was quite hungry thanks to lack of dinner. (Ginesties are quite tasty aren't they Tim?)

On arrival it was a case of survival of the fittest in the bid to grab a bit of bunk space and even though it appeared as though the place was overflowing we were by no means the last to arrive.

It appeared from the start of the weekend that Ricey was going to be the slayer of the group but old age must be catching up with him as he burnt out after one night.

Saturday morning dawned bright + sunny?? and the skiers of the group were out on the slopes almost before the

Sun's first rays had warmed the picturesque hillsides of Tasmania's top class National Park. (You didn't realize I was so poetic did you)

Those of us who were just spectating travelled atop the mountain a little while later but it didn't take us long to figure out that our true place was back at camp with the open fire and pack of cards.

We couldn't leave though until we caught a glimpse of Ricey Manoeuvring the slopes at the beginners class - well done Ricey!!!

That night we shared in a feast of spaghetti + mince and dessert comprising of chocolate biscuits, CC's, port and Kahuna + Milk - what a combination.

To everyone's surprise we didn't even end up playing cards much on Saturday night - not that Ricey would have known as he was sound asleep by 9.00pm (Assign of old age Rice??)

Breakfast of Muslie Bars were served in bed and the skiers of the group once again hit the slopes bright + early. The rest of us managed to roll out of bed just in time to pack our bags + have a few last games of cards before it was time to head home.

I'd like to thank all the members of Lindisfarne Rover Crew for playing their part in ensuring that I had a terrific holiday. I hope your crew remains strong + continues enjoying the scouting movement. Drop in anytime you are in Sydney.

Terri

21/9/87.

26 JULY 1986 - Mary-Linn's 21st

Mary-Linn turned 21 on July 25th 1986 and wanted to make a big thing of it, so she made everyone wear silly things on their heads. Some of these were:

- a teacosy on Gerard
- a seagull on Dale Parker
- a Wee Willie Winkie on Timbo
- an ultra conservative blue hat on Ricey
- a woolly Kossack on Colin
- a caving helmet on Steve

and a Fez that made Judy Eastman look like the Morocco Mole

Mr McNeill was an excellent provider of yummy eaty nibbly bits all evening, being capably assisted by Yogi's Mum. Nick and Steven were disgusting with celery and sesame batons (nasally inserted).

Doyle and Wes were being vigorous on the dance floor and Pear was stomping in those clodhopperous boots of hers. Tim's woman for the night was wearing a low cut garment in red with a deep and seductive plunge in the waistline. Her ankles showed too.

We had lots of fun and Mary-linn got lots of freebies.

THE END



2 AUGUST 1986 - Statewide Dinner, Lutherberg

Those of us who went: Wes, Doyle, Colin, Melinda, Mick,
Vicki, Gerald, Tom, Pear and Ricie.

We all arrived at the vast establishment at 7:30pm
on the said night. Once in the banquet room we
"moxled" with other lovers from throughout the state.
The bar prices were found to be advantageous to the
wallet - the drink of the night (not BACH port) was
Cathiano and orange juice at \$1.50 for a lot.

At about 8:00pm we sat at our tables, our view
were a bunch of unsouable snobs (we all sat Together).
The meal was a ~~smorgasbord~~ arrangement, mainly
cold meat. Certainly a few of us ate enough to feed
an army, and dessert was consumed in similar
quantities. After dessert we were coerced into buying
some BACH port (yuk). So I was the person
who drunk $\frac{1}{2}$ a bottle of the stuff. I can't
remember much more about the evening except
that I was chauffeured home. All in all I am sure
most people enjoyed themselves except Joan and
Steve who pulled out at the last minute.

AUTHOR Wes.

the first of the two is the first of the two



22-24 AUGUST 1986 - Lake St. Clair

Lake St. Clair (Friday)

Well It was Friday and only Kol and Timbo (thats me) had turned up on time. Mainly cause we had been up there for a week doing some relyy strenuous and mega difficult walking. It turned out to be a really nice sunny day like we hadent seen for the last seven days and so we wnet up Rufus for a while. We ll let me tell you it was so nice up there that i think im going to cry just thinking about it. The sunn was shining the birds were suinging and Noddy was really pissed of cause the elelphant had big ears. We climbed Rufus and took mega pics and wathched eagles soaring magaestically through crystal clear sea grren skies until some bastard (probbabley Robin) shot them with a twelve gauge. And then after a while we got to the top and broke all the world juggling records for on top of Mt. Rufus. Then we came back and got stuck in all the snow on the way down but it was fun. Then we got back to the e walkers hut and went to the pub with Colin and his wife (no Mina not Kol but Colin from N.S.W.) We had a few BEERS!!!!!! and nearly won the eight ball calcuta but got knocked out in the first round. Oh well btetter luck next time what. Any way there we were warming our buttocks by the rath er l rgeopen fire when all of a suddenthe whole pl ce was lit up, by a blinding light and we allhoped the laundryb would still be working the next day. Not to worry cause it was only Steve driving his R.R. with Gerards rather bright lights on the front. Well we continued doing what we always do at L.S. (mainly sitting in the ub drinking talking playing and generally being slack. After a while we sytopped and didnt do it any more cause we d dnt. so we decided that we had better do something so we went back to the hut where we probably did a bit of drinking and talking and playong cards and reading and other matcho things like that. Again we stop edv and thought "BOY!! I wonder if we'll do anything different tomorrow like sitting around drinking talking playing kards reading or sleeping in? PROBABLY NOT!!!!!!

OH WELL

I

SUPPOSE

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PTRETTY

TYPICAL

OF

US

MEGA

LINDISFARNE

R

O

V

E

R

S.

BYE BYE

SWEETY PIE.

LOTS OF LOVE

FROMME AND KOL BUT

HE DOESNY T KNOW ABOUT ITYET.

POO WHAT SHIT HOUSE TYPING WHAT????????????????????

Lake St. Clair. (Saturday.)

Well it started as a normal day atvL.S. We all were lying in bed at about 11 oclock in the morning when all of a sudden we decided to be really slack and get up. Well some of the more dedicated of us decided to stay in bed (mainly Kol & Timbo who had just finished a real mega walk up to the Labyrinth and Mt. Rufus.) After a while even these two stone-heart vharacters succumbed to the slackness and got up. Thats whenn things really started to go down-hill. All of us sat around doin reallyo exiting things like readingg , doing crosswords, sleeping in, juggling like sometging else, nd going to the pub. Then the really exiting bit happened!!!! NIK AND VIC arrived and everyone said

ICK ICK ICK ICK ICK ICK ICK ICKICK ICK CIK CIK ICK. A lot

Boy w s that something else? Then we went to the pub and played lots of 8-ball and video pooey games.

Well after we had tee (thats not really how you speld tea but I havent got any typex so thats what youve got and youd better like it or lump it!) we went back to the hut and Nik got ready to be injected. He chose his place to be on the bridge at Watersmeet in the middle of the night. We all trekked out there only to find that we didnt have any candles so Timbo got volunteered to go back and get them. Boy how scared was he going back the track in the middle of the night all by himself with heaps of really nasty rhings running around in the bush. Well we finally got everything set up and Nik went out to find his vigel. Well after a while he came back and it was windy as all poo out on the bridge where he had to light his candle. Well we finally got it going and so he then walked into the table and nearly knocked it into the river. How impressed were we? Not very!!

knocked it into the river. How impressed wie we. Not very.
TAKE TWO. Nick goes back into the middle of the bridge and then
when we were trying to light his candle again he gave one poor guy a
kiss on the cheek and nearly made him throw up. (not really Nik but
almost.) In the end we got it all going and he said his solemn o ah
and all these nasty things happened to him which are so secretive
that they can't be repeated. By this time I think it was Sunday and
that's Pears bit so I had Better stop.

Toodle Loo to you too.

Lake St Clair (Sunday)

On Sunday morning we started the day's activities with a teddy-bear fight with all of Nick's teddy bears. After such strenuous activity we were all stuffed so we laid in bed for a bit longer. The weather outside was typical L.S.C. - horrible! Anyway, we all got out of bed ~~on~~ because today was the day when we all had to go home. We didn't go and visit the dam on Sunday because we had already done this on Saturday - but Tim didn't tell you. Anyway, we spent most of Sunday morning eating the remains of our food before packing and cleaning up. Soon after lunch we had to depart and so our annual Lake St. Clair weekend once again came to an end. On the way home we stopped at the top of the Wawatosh Power Station, and Nick and Stephen checked each others tails and a big Tonk.

Jan 2 (Sunday)

In Sunday morning we started the day
activities with a fairly long hike into the
mountains. The trail was very steep and
we had to be careful. The weather was
fairly good - sunny and warm. We
went out of bed and had a good
day when we all had to go home.



7 & 28 September - Redgate Quarry.

Having chose Redgate Quarry as the site to hold our Venturer Initiative Course on, two Sunday afternoons were spent in the Reserve. The first afternoon we visited the area we walked around and chose the location of all our incidents, and decided on each incident to be held. We also chose the compsite area and decided on a night activity. The second afternoon involved walking around the whole course, taking times between each incident point, and compass direction from point to point. With this information compiled, organisation of The Initiative Course was well on its way!

7-22 September - Roadside Cleanup



5 OCTOBER 1986 - Car Rally

This year, the car rally started on top of Cosny Hill at 10.00am or thereabouts. The six cars that participated were: Gerard and Mark in REX II; Tim and Sharon in the Hummer; Peter and Shota in the SAAB; Jason and his friends in his diesel Gemini; Kol, Minna and Jason (Reed) in the Falcon; and Wes, Doyle, Robert and Vic in Terry Torana.

Notable incidents included Jason's car ending up in Seven Mile Beach; Tim drove halfway to Scull to find out how far away it was before deciding there must be some easier way; Robert did a U-turn on the Ecotern Outlet whilst on 'L' plates; the Hobdays had considerable trouble in lower Kaurah, as did most people.

The finishing point was Tolosa St. Park, and the first to reach there was Kol & Minna. They had decided that lunch sounded like a much better idea. Jason and his friends were next to turn up after getting completely lost and having to give up. Gerard and Mark were next to finish having finished the course completely. Tim and Sharon finally arrived at the Reserve, and after marking all the papers, ~~then~~^{Riley} announced Peter & Tim as outright winners. The winner's trophy was a mounted master brake cylinder. A cooking wine was presented to Jason for his efforts in unfamiliar territory!

TO ALL SOUTHERN REGIONAL VENTURER LEADERS

This is to inform you of the 1986 Initiative Course organised and ran by Lindisfarne and Knopwood Rover Crews.

The Course was a series of nine points ranging from a first aid incident to cliff rescue to water purification. The idea of these points, as the name implies, was to test the initiative and teamwork of all the participants.

Comments from the Rovers conveyed that whereas some groups organised themselves, allotting jobs and thinking about the incident, others rushed in without thinking and without using their initiative. An example of this was, at one point all the participants, their packs and a plate of water had to be carried across a 'river'. Some groups thought it out well and proceeded across quite easily, others however, rushed in and either spilt water or left one poor member across the other side with the plate expecting him to cross, and thus it was not a team effort.

A major failure with Venturers was their first aid. This incident showed that most Venturers had poor first aid knowledge. It is strongly recommended therefore, that all Venturers attend a First Aid Course in the near future. The first aid point involved splinting a broken shin bone, treating a cracked rib and transporting the victim. The concept of a 'good' first aid kit may also have to be corrected.

From the other points, it was discovered that some Venturers were unable to successfully complete such tasks as making a decent stretcher, use a car jack, change a tyre, distill drinkable water, or even tie a bowline or reef knot.

Several of the Venturers attending the Course seemed to have difficulty working with their group either due to their quiteness (and thus no input to the group) or a bad attitude (thus upsetting the group standard). This was reflected in their performance in the Course and unfortunately they failed. This may seem harsh but the meaningfulness of the Course (with its part in the Venturer Award) must be maintained. Other problems encountered were bad language and food fights which involved potato and raw egg projectiles.

For the main meal on Saturday night we provided potatoes, carrots, onions, eggs, flour and apples, to test whether the groups could make a decent meal from non-packet food. One group made quite tasty hamburgers and several others a passable damper. The other meals however, consisted of burnt mince and half cooked vegetables, with nothing with the apples.

Another criticism from the Course is the poor standard of camping of most participants, and the poor quality of equipment. During a sudden downpour it was discovered that groups with unfloored tents had no ground sheets, individuals had no woollen clothing or even a change of clothes, others still did not even have rain coats!

2.

Summing up, the Initiative Course brought out the best in the Venturers but highlighted their weaknesses in, jumping without thinking, basic Scouting skills and first aid. Some Venturers did not pass the Course however, due to quiteness or a bad attitude to the weekend, and unfortunately they failed.

Enclosed are the Certificates for the Venturers who did pass and on behalf of the two crews we wish them well in the Venturer Award Scheme.

Yours in Scouting,

Michael Kregor,
LINDISFARNE ROVER CREW



17 OCTOBER 1986 - Tim's Dentist Party

EDITOR'S NOTE: This report has been transcribed better for letter from the report given to me by Mr. T. Albion. Therefore, I take no responsibility for spelling or grammatical errors.

It all happened on Friday the somethingth of October (as they would say in Germany). I (ie Timbo) had been to the dentist on Tuesday and felt really depressed so I decided to have a bit of a get together at the Pizza Hut and to make things interesting we all had to wear ties or scarves. Well Vik had this cute bow tie that shot water at everyone, Rod had one of his mega broad ties on, Mumma had a cute little white bow tie, Doyle had a light blue scarf which matched her dress which was pretty fortunate cause Steve forgot to tell her that it was a tie party, Wes had a green scarf that I lent him, Rice had a very stiltish looking bit that matched his classy jacket, Nik had his groovy illuminest orange scarf, Jason didn't have one but I think that I might've have warned him about it (sorry Jason), Gerard and Marelene had been at Uni all night and were a bit out of it but Marelene managed to have an orange tie on that she found in Gerard's car and I wore my friend's school tie.

Well we all had a few pizzas and drinks and my wonderfull friends gave me some really cute pressies to make me forget the tragedy of that mans hairy paws poking down my throat.

Gerard flogged a big pile of pizza Pete Ginger-bread persons, Steven terrorised a lot of kids

17 OCTOBER 1980 - Tim's Dental Study



on other tables with these balloons which he blew up to this far // below breaking point.

And you'd probably all be really amazed to no that I got about 7 Phantom chronicles from Nik and Vik and a hambugger pencil sharpener and a thumb rubber and and a spinner pencil and a really nice pair of hot pink socks which I've worn everyday for the past ever and a really interesting book about what Katy did and these two really you beauts records which I've played so much that the labels have worn off and I can't even remember what their called and this really good game called Pente which I play so often and have become really good at it, in fact so good that noone will play me anymore (just read Kolb's account of the Grand Priests Party) and and a really good Dombrowski wilderness kalender and an amazing adventure book about something that I can't quite remember at the moment but I'm very trying so there!!

And after a while we all went down to the Bellreave bottleshop and got a few ~~too~~ bots and cracked back at Ricis. I can't quite remember what happened after that so I'll stop now. Bys byes you all.

Lets of love from Timbo xxxx



18-19 OCTOBER 1986 - JOTA

The 1986 JOTA camp dawned bright and early as Rice, Colin, Steve, Jason and Gerard wound their way down to "ROSY VANTAN" near Forsett to set up our kiosk and the flying fox.

Once there we found that we were missing a few things, such as clamps for the flying fox, gump and poles (and Len's temper). Once these were fixed up (by Steven going back to town) we started selling our cones, hotdogs, (the gasings were provided by Pittwater) and chips. While this was going on the scouts were canoeing, sliding on the flying fox, playing 'life be in it' games, horseriding and cooking. Our sales of our goods went quite well through the afternoon and we packed up and went home.

Sunday dawned a bit windier and gustier than Saturday. The auto tent housing the kiosk lasted the night and we set up for another day at the kiosk. An 'Anything Goes' competition was started with Pittwater Cubs winning the first round, so Rice, Steve, Robert and Simon Podman decided to enter and beat them. The race started with a 500m dash to the plankings and plankings for 200m, then dashing through the Earth Ball and racing up to the billy carts. Squeezing into the billy carts we were holding a very narrow fist over Pittwater Cubs; down the hill and onto the blindfolded string trail where we slipped behind; after the string we had to cross the cargo net over the creek where all of us got wet feet. We finished a dismal last!

After this we set about selling our hot dogs, chips and cordials, competing with Montagu Bay's Ice Cream Van. Late in the afternoon come the specials and give away and package deals of bread, and finally we made our final deal and ~~had~~ we ~~had~~ had sold everything. We made a profit of \$18.00, of which we paid most of that out in ice, gas and flying for clamps.

The weekend financially wasn't that good for the District which lost approximately \$200 over the weekend. The weekend was a success overall with many contacts as for as England being called.

25 - 26 OCTOBER 1986 - Grand Prix Party

AUSTRALIAN GRAND PRIX PARTY

It was great!



The day at Richmond was fine or rainy or snowing or something but I Didn't really notice because I didn't go outside all Day! Well we did a little bit while we threw the aerobee around the olde paddick for a while. But the party really started the night before what I had forgot about but just got reminded about so I'll tell you a little story okay?

Saturday was Gabrielle D's birthday so she and Evan and Tim and Pear but not RICE cause he was hobnobbing at the Faulkner dinner and not Evan really either cause he was being a girly swot and doing his thesis at uni and not at Richmond at all so I lied when I said he was there cause he wasn't and I just wanted to make that perfectly clear so's you wouldn't be at all misled by this entirely truthful account of the said weekend!

Anyway, Timbo bought round his new game of Pente which the ungrateful sot has not even had the decency to play or even really think about ever since so next time you see him tell him he's a real ungrateful bastard and that's the last time he'll ever get a wonderful thoughtful present like that for his dentist party so there, and the instructions were deciphered and a few games were played but The Beatles were accidentally on Tv so we had to watch them running away from screaming girlies and singing funny songs but then they accidentally got killed and the Grand Prix practice highlights were on and they were really exciting and the cars went really fast round and round and Senna would have got pole position eeeeeeeeeeesily but he didn't cause some other bastard got in the way and spoiled his fast lap but it was really exciting anyway and I forget who else was there and what the grid was cause Senna was the only one worth watching and if you really want to know come and visit and watch the video of the race or ask Pear if you're interested in crappy cameras on the side of funny yellow cars! We had some cake and stuff somewhere along the line and I'll bet they were really yummy but I can't remember specific details, sorry. We all went to bed sometime except for Gabrielle cause she went home but I suppose she went to bed eventually but I can't really say for sure cause I wasn't there and I'm too scared to ask her so well just drop the subject entirely shall we? I just got

reminded that we watched three years (well hours really but they seemed like years) of a Clint Eastwood movie called the Outlaw Josey Wales

where Clint is a simple farmer in the west but his wife gets raped and killed and his house gets burnt down so he gets annoyed and goes round killing lots of people and becomes a real worry to some people and squint a lot and gets chased and kills some more people while looking really cool all the time and some other things happen as well but nearly everyone was asleep by then anyway.

The day at Richmond was really fine or rainy or snowing or something but I said that before so I won't repeat myself and make this into one of those really long boring repetitive monotonous reports with no punctuation and really bad typing errors and piss poor spelling that make you get really angry when you read them and make you feel like hitting people and getting out your cat on nine tails and ropes and stuff, so I won't okay? Anyway some people turned up from various parts of the state including; Catherine, Trowel, Ricey, Norbett, Scott, Gerard, and Pot Belly Bear came too! It was rather crowded and Catherine had to be confined to the kitchen cause we couldn't hear the roar of the engines screaming around the streets of Adelaide in the thunder down under event of the decade over the noise of Catherine relating the latest gossip. The race was real exciting until Senna dropped out and then it got real boring but not really and Mansell was winning by miles except there were others in front of him but he would have got the world championship except

Pear was getting excited so he decided to blow a tire and nearly kill himself and Pear nearly cried and then Prost won by a bit and I'm running out of

30 OCTOBER 1986 - Blood Bank

As Mari-Lynn's service project as a squire, she decided to take us all to the blood bank. So, on Thursday 30 October, Gerard, Riccy, Pear, Nick and Vick all met Mari-Lynn at the Red Cross Blood Bank in town. After filling in lots of forms and then being given little badges, we sat down and waited patiently to be called in for our turn.

Nick was first, and we all took a short gasp as he disappeared into the room with all the big chairs. Through the window we could see Nick looking ever-so-slightly terrified, but Riccy was too interested in his 'Singles' magazine to notice. Then Nick came back out again looking rather drained - when we questioned him he said they told him he needed something extra to eat. So, he sat down and had to have a milkshake and some barbecue shapes etc. Riccy was next to go into the other room, but upon having his turn picked the nurse said, 'Oh, he's a bit low! Better wait a while', so Riccy got to wait back out with us again - but he didn't get to snaffle into the biscuits or anything. Vicki had also gone in by this stage, but due to her lack of food consumption that day, she too had to come back out and eat some biscuits as well. At this stage, those of us who had not yet been called into the 'other room' started getting stuck into the biscuits so that we would have had enough to eat. By this time, Nick had stuffed himself a lot, and so went back into the room to see if they'd let him bleed a little bit. - and they did! So, he was actually

the first to sit down in the big lounge chairs. Pear had been asked into the other room, and after having her thumb pricked went into the big room with all the chairs. By this time Nick had started to bleed, and Pear looked at him worryingly before sitting down. Gerard came in soon after, and he and Pear began bleeding. Vick came in once again, and then finally Riccy - and soon we were all bleeding together! Soon after, Pear and Gerard became excited when some nurses crowded around Nick's bleeding arm and started to play with the steel thing in his arm. They were hoping for some blood to hit the ceiling but they were disappointed because nothing happened. Soon after Nick's bag was bulging and so he had to stop - 'bleeding that is'. Pear noticed that Gerard wasn't bleeding as much as her but didn't think anything of it. In the meantime, Maxi-Lynn sat outside and scooped all the remaining biscuits and food, so that we bleeders had no sustenance for others. Anyway, back in O.R., Vick was bleeding quickly, Pear was feeling faint and Gerard hadn't bled anymore. Pear got a glucose tablet for her trouble, and then her bag was full so she stopped too. Gerard was having his arm poked around with, but he still wasn't bleeding so they gave up on him after donating a mere 100ml. Vick had almost finished her bleed by now, whilst Riccy was just getting into his. Vick and Riccy finished bleeding without dying or fainting and after all resting for quite a few minutes we were allowed to go out to the other room with all the biscuits and we all drank milkshakes and ate

all of the remaining biscuits. We all decided we couldn't wait till next time and that we were going to have a race next time.

P.S. The next day Gerard's aim was predominantly black.

all of the remaining biscuits we ate
we couldn't wait till next time and that
we were going to have a nice one time

92 The first ship I saw was a
Black



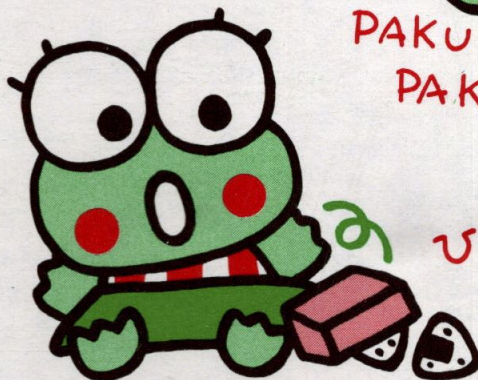
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TEKU
TEKU



PAKU
PAKU



ひっくりカエル

CHOPSTICKS

食品衛生法による規格適合品
原材料：シナ材

10膳入り

発売元 株式会社サンリオ
MADE IN JAPAN



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AMENOCHI
HARE KIKAKU

IT happened on November 2nd 1986.

THOSE partaking in **IT** were:

Pear, Tim, Nick, Col, Rice, Gerard, Vic, Jason,
Mary-Linn

IT was a cultural mega-trip to  China
and back
(from the comfort & relative safety of Yogi's
and Mary-Linn's loungeroom).

In summary,

the slides were really interesting
and great. It woz really nice of Mr
Yogi Bear to show them to us, and of M-Linn
to make us all a cuppa.

Three cheers for the Drop Bear Entertain-
ment team!

Meet Sam.



UBA1287L

WHIRR WHIRR WHIRR WHIRR WHIRR WHIRR WHIRR WHIRR
VROOM VROOM VROOM VROOM VROOM
THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK
RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE

CLUNK

SPLISH SPLASH SWISH SMASH

CLOP CLOP CLOP

CLATTER CLATTER

FLUTTER

SWANK SWANK

CRACKLE CRACKLE

CHOP CHOP CHOP

MORE CRACKLE

SING SING SING SING SING SING SING

DRINK DRINK DRINK

EAT EAT EAT EAT

WALK WALK WALK

HISS HISS

FLAME FLAME

PANIC

SCREAM

EXTINGUISH EXTINGUISH

SNORE SNORE

YAWN

CLATTER CLATTER CLATTER

STUFF STUFF

CLOP CLOP

SPLASH SPLASH

THUNK CLUNK

VROOM VROOM

MARIA ISLAND.



Mystery Bus Tour 15th / 16th November 1986

The weekend was set aside for BACH fundraising, and so Pear & Ricey represented the crew by going up North. We arrived at Catherine's Place early and so bought our tickets and ^{we} were filled in on the night's activities.

The night started with everyone piling onto the bus and headed out to the Westbury Pub, which kept us going thinking about which pub we were going to ~~head~~ eat at. After a delightful meal, we took a back road to ~~the~~ Exter and to Rose Vears Pub, where a band was playing and so we wound out a few hours there, dancing talking and drinking. We then headed back to Lاونceston and onto bed at Trowels place.

On Sunday after a late rise, Pear ~~and~~ me ~~and~~ Catherine, Trowel and Norbert went and visited the Botanical Gardens where we had lunch and enjoyed a Brass Band in the Park.

After this we Pear and Me headed back home after a wonderful weekend.

Wes and Doyle's Pre-Wedding Piss-Up

Because Wes and Doyle were going to get married, it was decided that they should have a Bucks party and Hen's night respectively. It was left to Mr Jeremy Prince (well-known Fisheries character) to organise Wesley's Bucks night while it was left to Miss Tracy Sekkers to organise Doyle's Hen's night. No doubt these two got together and decided to make sure things were easier to organise they decided to have both the parties in the same place. Therefore on the night of Saturday 22 November, we all went out to tea. All the males went with Wesley to the Eaglehawk Inn, and had some nice meals. Meanwhile, the women went to the Queen's Head and had some average meals and tried to win a bowl of meat. After tea was had, we went back to flat where we all started consuming lots of liquid refreshments. Those people of note who were there were: Gerard, Wick, Nick, Tim, Colin, Maureen, Gabrielle (Who was wearing a new ring!), Evan, Melinda, Mari-Lynn, Pear, Stephen, Jeremy, Simon, Tracey, Sue, Phillip, Gabrielle, Helen, a lot of Sea Fisheries people (including one woman which Robert Ford was chatting up, before Ricy butted in and told the woman how old ~~Ricexxxx~~ Robert was), a lot of underwater hockey people, and a lot of other people. There were lots of people in the kitchen and heaps of people in the two bedrooms - in fact a lot of heaps! In the kitchen, Robert discovered the bag of ice-cubes in the kitchen sink, and decided to fill his hands with ice-cubes and then threw them at someone, and tried to stuff them down their shirt or something. Naturally, the victim reciprocated, and in turn a few other people got in on the act. This was just the beginning of the greatest ICE?WAR in the history of 14 Newdeagte Street. Not only was ice being shoved down shirts, but also shorts, even fronts of shorts. And not in small quantities either! Lots of people ended up with very wet shorts - but we were not really sure whether this was just from the ice, or whether it was from the massive heaps of people lying on top of each other and being tickled in the hallway. Doyle was decidedly drunken by this stage and started biting people. Ricy and Colin had some Stone's and Royal Reserve, but managed to remain completely sober. Doyle's sister, Helen, told us about Tuesday all night and bored everyone to crystal clears. Pear and Vicki were doing some Headstand in Sue's bedroom but had to stop after a while. Then there were some piggy-back fights which turned out rather violent. Pear and Colin used a rather orthodox method called 'piggy-fronting' which was quite good, but was eventually outthwarted by Sue and Steve (who were having a good time). Beanbag conferencing was the next activity of the night. For this, you need about 4 beanbags, Gerard and some people that he can talk to. The idea is that everyone stacks up on the floor so that ears (for listening) and mouths (for talking) are located closely, then the beanbags are piled on for privacy. Gossiping under these conditions was quite a popular activity. Pretty shortly after this, the time was noticed to be lateish. Drove of people stated the arduous descent of the flat's infamous stairs, which lead to the real world of the Queen's Head carpark, which contained most people's transport home. They left. The hangers-onners (i.e. Rice, Wick, Gerard, and a couple of underwater hockeyers) were mainly sticking round cos they were having one or two difficulties persuading Rice that he really should take his ever-so-slightly-intoxicated self home. He did and so did the rest of us, and so ended a night of mirth and merriment.



28/11/86

TODAY TWO OF OUR FAVOURITE ROVERS, WELL LOVED BY MOST - ESPECIALLY EACH OTHER FINALLY GOT ROUND TO TYING THE KNOT (NOT REEF) (EDITORS NOTE: 'LAY TO GO WES + DOYLE!!'). WES + DOYLE WERE MARRIED AT SACRED HEART CHURCH. THE SERVICE WAS LOVELY. THE SCOUTS PROVIDED AN HONOUR GUARD FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL COUPLE, WHO WERE THEN BUNDLED INTO A 1949 PONTIAC. BY THIS STAGE IT WAS RAINING (SOGGY CONFETTI IS NOT EASY TO THROW).

THE RECEPTION WAS HELD AT NEWLANDS HOUSE, EVERYBODY HAD PRE-DINNER DRINKS WHILE WES + DOYLE HAD PHOTOS TAKEN. THE MEAL WAS VERY NICE AND FINISHED WITH LOTS OF DANCING, THE AWARD FOR THE MOST TEARFUL PERSON WENT TO PEAR DUE TO THE CHAMPAGNE COCKTAILS. THE HONEYMOON STARTED A WEEK LATER WHERE THE COUPLE WENT TO PERTH W.A. FOR 2 WEEKS AND THEN 5 WEEKS TREKING IN THE HIMILAYAS.

WES + DOYLE.





Scouts

LINDISFARNE SCOUT GROUP

60th ANNIVERSARY

TROOP SHOW

NOV. 29th. 1986

KOLIN

FIRST HALF

Song : "Turn on the sun" Dane
Song : "Sing. Sing a Song" Nathan
Song : "Troop Show Theme" Matthew
Cub Item : "The Circus."

Commercial Break

Scout Talent Time :

"The Clowns" Mark & Dean
"The Dancers"
"The Magician" Andrew & Rohan
"The Dancers" (Again)
"The Singer" Dane & Anna

Judging

Commercial Break

Another Commercial

"The Clark Trophy Story." Chris
"Skipperella at the Clark Trophy" Leaders

Bush Music Sing-Along :

"South Australia"
"Heel & Toe Polka"
"Botany Bay"

I-N-T-E-R-V-A-L

SECOND HALF

Lindisfarne's L-O-N-G History :

The Pirates

The Aborigines

The Scouts

The Space Age

Commercial Break

Song : "He is a Fine Musician" Cameron

Song : "It's a Small World" Matthew

Musicians : "Annie's Song"

Commercial Break

Rohan's "BACKCHAT" OO Rohan

Commercial Break

Dame Edna Interviews some Scouts.

The Group Leader's Yarn.

Scout Item : "STAR WARS"

Song : "Streets of London" Dane

Song : "Any Dream Will Do" Colin

Song : "Boy Scout Day"

THANK YOU FOR SHARING THE GROUP'S
60th ANNIVERSARY



The Leaders serve in a Voluntary capacity. Parents give Support



THE LINDISFARNE ROVER CREW HELD ITS ANNUAL, CHRISTMAS DINNER ON THE FORTH OF DECEMBER AT WALTERS RESTAURANT. WHILST THERE WE ATE FOOD, DRANK DRINKS, AND TALKED TO EACH OTHER, SAT ON CHAIRS, WITH OUR LEGS UNDER THE TABLE, TOOK PHOTOS OF ONE ANOTHER AND VARIOUS ADULTERERS WHO WERE INCONSPICUOUSLY STREWN AROUND THE RESTAURANT

SUGAR

THE LINDISFARNE ROVER CREW HELD ITS ANNUAL, CHRISTMAS DINNER ON THE 4TH OF DECEMBER AT WALTERS RESTAURANT. THE RESTAURANT SPECIALIZED IN GERMAN FARE WHICH WAS MOSTLY VERY TASTY EXCEPT FOR THE TREE-CAKE WHICH WAS FUNGAL AND BARKY. THE DRINKS WERE WET, EVEN THE BYO ONES AND WE DRANK THEM AS A TEXTURAL ADJUNCT TO THE FOOD, WHICH WE FITTINGLY ATE. PEAR WAS AN ENTHUSIASTIC PHOTOGRAPHER, NOT ONLY CAPTURING THE ROVERS IN THEIR VARIOUS DRUNKEN POSES, SHE ALSO SUCCEEDED IN OFFENDING THE LOCAL ADULTERERS. THE SUGAR WRAPPERS HAD LOTS OF DEEP AND MEANINGFUL MESSAGES WRITTEN ON THEM, AND TO SHARE IN THEIR NEW FOUND WISDOM, DOYLE, GERARD AND OTHERS THREW THEM AT OTHER PATRONS. AFTER EVERYONE HAD EATEN WE WENT TO THE KREGORS PLACE TO WATCH SLIDES OF PREVIOUS DEBAUCHED INCIDENTS.

THAT WAS ABOUT IT REALLY

ANON.

(L.B.K.'s NOTE: ANONYMOUS IT MAY BE BUT FROM THE DISTINCTIVE HANDWRITING I HAD TO COPY (COS THE PAGE WAS TOO BIG TO STICK IN HERE) AND THE COLOURFUL VOCABULARY I MIGHT HAZARD A GUESS THAT THE AUTHORS IDENTITY IS NO OTHER THAN THE ILLUSTRIOUS G.K.)



Ze Zwimmink Janivore

(The Swimming Carnival)

When: Last Saturday Night
Where: Clarence Thunderdome
Who: Pear and Rice (Cubbies)
Jason (Life Guard)
Tim and Kol (Counts)

What: Lots of splashing and shouting and lots of wetness and drowning and counting and wheezing cause there wasnt much air and errors in the way we done the things we was supposed to do and more splashing and shouting and drowning and towels rubbing and people winning and people losing but not from Lindisfarne much and more counting and progressive tallies and excitement and Lindisfarne scouts way in front but close for second and Montagu Bay is Second but now Howrah is second but now their tired and then it's Montagu Bay again but now it's Howrah and campania and pittwater have got 1 point each and they arent even there! But at the end theres only one point the difference for second and it's real exciting but on a countback check its Howrah! Hooray! They haven't been this happy since.... But Wait, they only came second cause Lindisfarne was just slightly ahead by a mere 79 points or so. Then Dane Jones threw Martin into the water and got him all wet so that he dripped all over the place so he chased Dane and cornered him in the revolving door and Tim just walked in so it's over to him for the cubbies excitement!

Well I just walked in and as soon as I did Kol told me to tell you all about the cubbies so I'm going to right now cause youd probably be really interested to know that Lindisfarne didnt win the cubby section cause they didnt even get close cause they didnt have anywhere as many points as the 1st Howrah group who did win but only just over the other lot what came second but I cant remember who they were but I dont really care and I bet that you dont either cause you want to know why Lindisfarne didnt win and you might think that Pear had something to do with it but you'd be wrong cause she did a bloody good job with her limited resources of boy power and managed rather well to beat the Campania pack who were known to be one of the all time greats in Clarence cub swimming and it was a mighty effort to beat them by the massive margin of some number of points whereas the winners (Howrah) only beat the guys who came second (someone else) by only one point so we were really (when I say we you should really read Lindisfarne kubs but I find it difficult to break my fond ties with them) much better than all the other little girlies who think that their so damn good and so I would just like to recognise the fine effort

HIP HIP HOORAH

HIP HIP HOORAH

HIP HIP HOORAH.

Fine effort guys. Do it again next year ah what?

(I should really point out that Campania only had three cubs but they didnt have any scouts so that makes up for it doesnt it?)

In conclusion I'd say that were all really fantastic and I'm sure you all agree. Dont you?

THE COUNTS.



New Year Eve Party.

This was held at Colin + Melinda's home at Richmond on 20 Dec. 1986.

Present were: Nick + Vicki, Pear, Timbo, Riccy, Jason, Geord, Marlone and other who I can't recognise there names.

The party was a dress-up and some came dressed in funny clothes.

Colin + ~~Melinda~~ was dress in females clothes melinda dressed and mens clothes.

Pear was a man at work (wearing overalls.)

Nick had dressed into a costume that the T.V. series "The Young one" ~~had~~ did on T.V. on a early program before this party.

On the ceiling was balloons which stuck up there by static electricity by our own body of which if a balloon fell and touch you, you were to remove a piece of clothing and subsequently replace the balloon on ceiling.

As the evening passed it died out and for gotten. Most of everyone slept that night, to have the next day hang-overs. and Col + Timbo flew Kites that ~~day~~ weekend too.

Jason.



10th Australian-World Invitational-Rover Moot

DINNER
Saturday, 27th December, 1986

**BROOMSTICK
GOLF**

**HILLS
CYCLE
TOUR**



10th Australian-World Invitational-Rover Moot

HALF DAY OFFSITE EXCURSION

10TH AUSTRALIAN - WORLD INVITATIONAL ROVER MOOT.

THAS CHRISTMAS DAY AND INSTEAD OF SLEEPING IN WITH BLOTTED BELLIES RICE, PEAR AND TIMBO WERE TO BE SEEN DRIVING TO DEVONPORT. THERE THEY MET UP WITH VIC WHO HAD BEEN SCOFFING XMAS PUDDING IN LAUNNIE.

THE ABEL TASMAN WAS BOARDED AND CABINS FOUND. THE SHIP WAS EXPLORED AND AND AND THERE WAS A MAN IN THE SWIMMING POOL (GLORIFIED BATH TUB ACTUALLY). WE HUNG OUT AT THE BAR (HEEMSKIRT ROOM), DOWNED A FEW ALES (AND OTHER THINGIES) UNTIL -- FOOD TIME!! THE COMMONERS (I.E. VIC, PEAR, TIM) DINED IN THE DEVILS KITCHEN (LUXURY FOOD ITEMS INCLUDED SPAG BOL, CHIPS, PLASTIC CHEESECAKE AND A REALLY HIP WAITER). RICEY, THE CULINARY EXPERT WHO'D MISSED HIS CHRISSY DINNER A LA CART'ED AT THE CARVERY AND HAD MEGA PRAWN COCKTAILS.

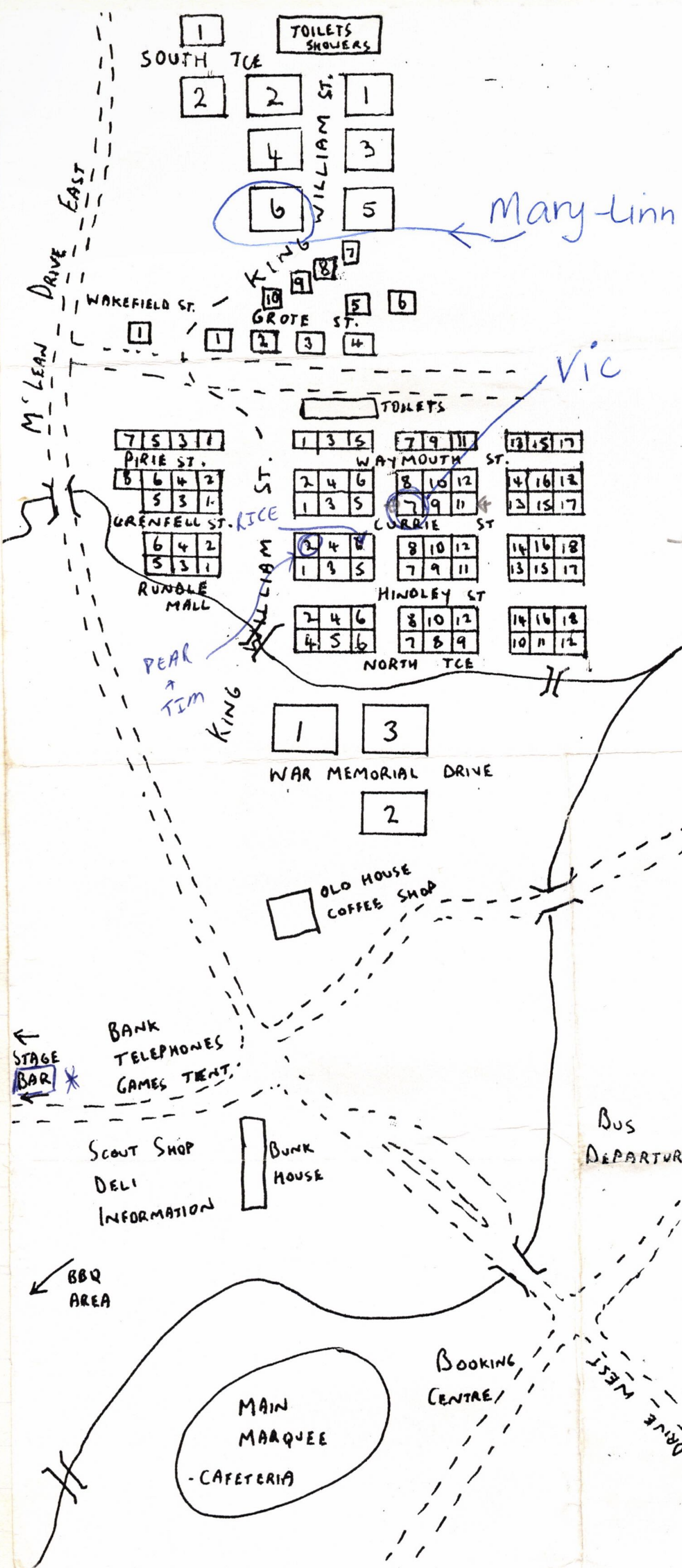
THE REST OF THE NIGHT WAS SPENT HOB-NOBBLING WITH OTHER TASSIE ROVERS. 500 WAS PLAYED, DRINKS WERE DRUNK, AS WAS BRUCE PEARSE. HE STAGGERED TO BED AROUND MIDNIGHT AND HEAVED (ESPECIALLY BRUCE) AND PITCHED THE NIGHT AWAY WITH THE ROLLING SWELLS.

DECEMBER 26TH:

'THE DAY DANNED TOO EARLY' (QUOTE: RICEY'S DIARY). WE WERE UP AND OFF BY ABOUT 8.15 AND THERE WE WERE IN MELBOURNE. THIS IS WHERE TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS BECAME TRICKY AS WE ALL SPLIT UP AND WENT IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS. PEAR AND VIC HEADED UP THE WAY A BIT FROM THE FERRY TERMINAL TO HAVE BREKKIE AT CHRIS'S PLACE (VICS BROTHER). THEY THEN MET UP WITH MARY-LYNN AND CHECKED OUT MELBOURNE FOR A DAY OR SO. VIC AND SMACKA THEN CAUGHT THE TRAIN TO ADELAIDE (DRINKING IT DRY IN ABOUT AN HOUR AND HAVING FOOTS OF FUN). PEAR STAYED IN MELBOURNE AND CHECKED OUT THE CRICKET AND THEN FOLLOWED VIC AND M.L. ON THE TRAIN.

MOOTCREW TENT LOCATIONS

MOOTCREW	STREET NAME
ABBOTT	WAR MEMORIAL
ANGAS	" "
BADDAGE	HINDLEY ST
BARKER	" "
BARTELS	WAYMOUTH ST
BARTON	CURRIE ST
BAUDIN	NORTH TCE
BONNEY	GRENFELL ST
BURKE	CURRIE ST
CURRIE	SOUTH TCE
DARKE	K/WILLIAM ST
EYRE	NORTH TCE
FLINDERS	" "
FRANKLIN	K/WILLIAM ST
FROME	" "
GAWLER	SOUTH TCE
GILBERT	K/WILLIAM ST
GILES	CURRIE ST
GLOVER	" "
GOODWOOD	WAYMOUTH ST
GOSSE	" "
GOUGER	K/WILLIAM ST
GRANT	NORTH TCE
GRENFELL	PIRIE ST
GROTE	GROTE ST
HANSON	K/WILLIAM ST
HINDLEY	" "
HINDMARSH	" "
HORROCKS	RUNDLE MALL
HURTLE	SOUTH TCE
JONES	PIRIE ST
KINGSTON	K/WILLIAM ST
KINTORE	WAYMOUTH ST
LEWIS	GRENFELL ST
LIGHT	K/WILLIAM ST
LINDSEY	CURRIE ST
MAURICE	WAYMOUTH ST
MORIALTA	K/WILLIAM ST
MORPHETT	WAKEFIELD ST
" "	GROTE ST
McKINLAY	HINDLEY ST
PULTENEY	K/WILLIAM ST
STUART	CURRIE ST
STURT	HINDLEY ST
TORRENS	WAYMOUTH ST
WELLINGTON	K/WILLIAM ST
WHITMORE	SOUTH TCE
WILLS	HINDLEY ST



RICE AND TIM PICKED UP 3 RANGERS AND JOINED A CAR CONVEY OF OTHER TASSIE ROVERS. THEY CRUISED OVER TO MOUNT GAMBIA AND STAYED THE NIGHT THERE BEFORE CRUISING UP TO ADELAIDE ON THE FOLLOWING DAY.

[THE ABOVE WAS A VERY BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HOW WE ALL GOT TO THE MOOT. MUCH HAS BEEN LEFT UNSAID (THANK GOODNES) AND MUCH HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN (ALCOHOL DOES THAT TOO YOU KNOW)]

WHEN WE ARRIVED AT THE MOOT WE WERE USHERED INTO A PARKING LOT WHERE WE PRECEDED TO STAND AROUND FOR QUITE A WHILE. AFTER A WHILE AN OFFICIAL LOOKING INDIVIDUAL POINTED OUT WHERE WE SHOULD GO TO GET REGISTERED AND WE DID. WE HAD OUR MUG SHOTS TAKEN, I.D. CARDS MADE AND GIVEN LOTS OF CONFUSING INFORMATION LIKE MAPS. WE THEN WENT AND FOUND OUR TENTS AND STARTED TO SETTLE IN. THIS WAS DONE MAINLY AT THE BOOZE TENT WHERE WE MET MANY HUNDREDS OF ROVERS. FINISHED UP ABOUT 1 OR 2, OUR THIRD 'NOT MUCH SLEEP NIGHT' IN A ROW AND ONLY A DOZEN OR SO MORE TO GO.

28TH DEC:

ROSE REASONABLY EARLY TO TRY AND GET BREAKFAST FROM THE BIG TENT (ONE OF THE VERY FEW BREAKFASTS THAT WE MADE IT TO AT THE MOOT. NORMALLY WE WERE ONLY 2 OR 3 HOURS LATE WAKING UP, AND THE BREKKIES WERENT REALLY WORTH WAKING UP FOR ANYWAY). MOST OF THE REST OF THE DAY WAS SPENT CHECKING OUT THE MOOT SITE, COLLECTING PEAR WHEN SHE ARRIVED AND TRYING TO KEEP COOL. (ADELAIDE WAS HOT!!). THEN IT WAS NIGHT TIME ALMOST AND WE HAD THE OPENING CEREMONY!! HAIR WAS SPRAYED, LOLLIES EATEN, PYRAMIDS AND COLUMNS MADE, DANCES DANCED,

T is for the apple tree, that stands so strong
and free

A is for the apple, that grows upon the tree

S is for the apple seed, that grows deep down
within

M is for the man, who picks the apples from
the tree

A is for the apple skin, that protects the fruit
within

N is for the big sharp knife, that slices through
the skin

I is for the apple isle, where the trees grow
~~so~~ far and wider

A is for the apple isle, and all the things in
Cider.

SPEECHES MADE, COMICS COMICED, FOOD EATEN,

①

RAFTING ON THE MURRAY RIVER

The thought of spending some 5 days and nights in summer, floating on a stable(?) construction with a bunch of foreign Rovers, sounded pretty good to Mary-Linn and I.

So, we did it!

The Torrens Park (S.A.) Retired Rovers (the "oldboys") were the organising bunch who supplied the food, drink, sold us icecreams direct to our rafts (kms away from any shops) and provided the star-studded entertainment by night. All of this was thanks to the help of their floating mega-house.

Yes... These old boys were real slackers. They wimped their way through the 5 days on a HOUSEBOAT. (How lazy is that?)

The real Rovers, i.e. us, got to live with seven people we'd never seen before, in the small confines of a 2m X 5m plank and drum arrangement. In my case, I shared a raft with 2 Swedes, 1 Kiwi, 2 Queenslanders and 2 Victorians. Mary-Linn was similarly cohabiting with a bunch of Yabbies (the name of her raft crew). I was a Galah (by name not reputation).

A normal rafting day consisted of slowly floating downstream using a paddle once or twice, burning/tanning, eating, sleeping, and

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slipping off the side now and then for a ce-
off. Awesome ~~battle~~^{water} fights became commonplace
and it was in these battles that Galahs reign
supreme. Our forward-thinking chief Galah, Guy
Elliot (Victoria) just happened to have brought
an artillery of pump action water pistols!

The "old boys" also cooked up this scheme
which required raft crews to declare war on
each other at almost any time. What they
actually wanted, was for us to create a bit
of the old Murray ~~pad~~ river boat days, when
graziers and gold seekers travelled on the
water. Thus, they gave each raft a bunch
of firewood, a bale of wool, a bag of wheat,
and a bag of "gold" ^{to carry!} We were supposed to guard
~~our own~~^{these} with our life, whilst trying to pillage
all the other rafts and steal their cargo.
That raft which held the most cargo on
the final day scored mega points in the
inter-raft competition.

Well, thanks to Mary-Linn having a good old
rummage in my rucksack seconds before our
cargo was checked, we were knocked down to 2nd
place. Thanks pal!

In sum, the 5 days were excellent and I'm sure
that all rafters are better gamblers (thanx to 'casino night')
better stealers of cargo, better drinkers, better friends,
and above all, better appreciators of the beer stick®!
(Well I am.) Vic.

TECHES MADE, COMICS COMICED, FOOD EATEN,
② ES RAGED, BOOZE DRUNK, PEOPLE MET AND
PLY COLLAPSES MADE. THAT WAS THE END OF
MOST MEMORABLE NIGHT AND WE ALL CRASHED
TH A PRETTY BUSY DAY LOOKING US DOWN THE
THROAT IN 3 OR 4 HOURS TIME. YES, THE 5 DAY
ACTIVITIES WERE ALMOST THERE!!



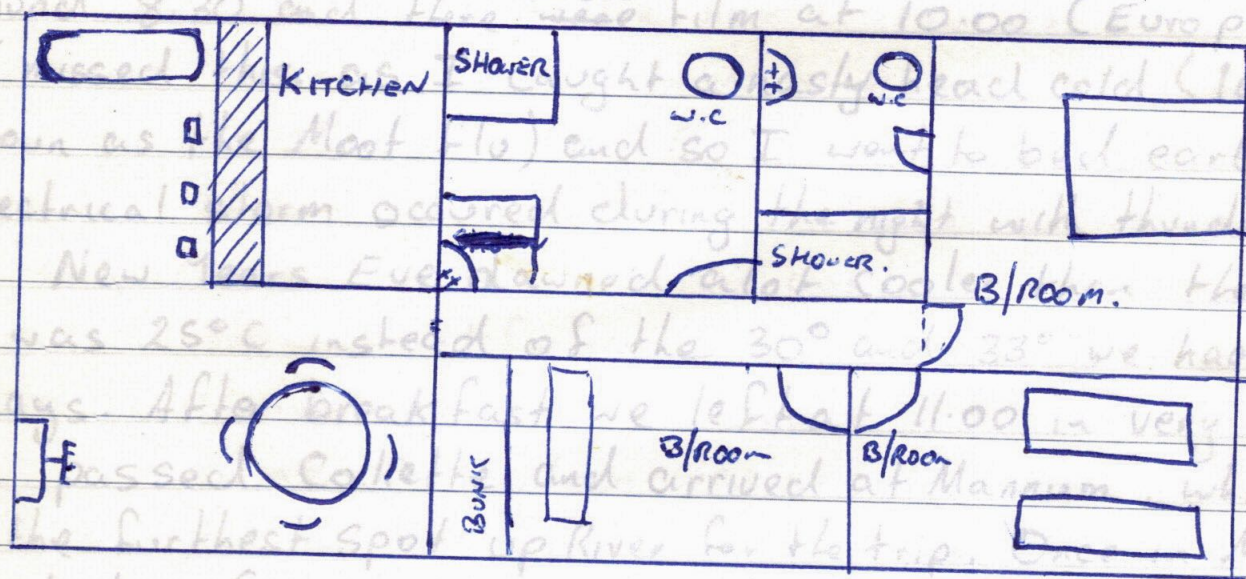
Five day Activity: House boating.

A personal account.

The 29th December dawned bright and early around 7.00am, with a shower and breakfast before going down to the buses. Here we loaded up with gear and the all important Food.

We drove to around 7km from Oakbridge at Koorngal Park Marina and off loaded food and gear onto 'Reflections', our home for 5 days.

After looking at the other boats, ours shaped up very well with a large lounge and room for 10 people



We left at approx. 3.15, after about 5 hrs on arriving. While travelling up to Murray Bridge we were continually crossed by water skiers. We arrived at around 5.15 and spent an hour or so there we saw the M.B. Bungip. We decided on going further on to Thieles landing (about 1km upstream).

However 'Jumbuck' had a ~~flat~~ flat battery so a tow was in order. With Ken, the New Zealander, at the wheel we rounded 'Mellissa' missing by 6 foot. This compared with 1 foot when docking at Murray Bridge with Robbie at the wheel and Sue (or Mum as we called her) being very worried as she is the Mam Activity Leader.

After that excitement, Thieles Landing presented no problems. We prepared Tea and started at 9.30pm and finished at 10.30. With all of us (10) around the table we had a few visitors, who

we then visited and partied on till around 1.00 am.

The following morning ~~we~~ most arose at around 9.00 for a breakfast of scrambled eggs and toast. After a few games of backgammon which I lost 2-1 to Maree we headed up River.

Taking the wheel ~~to~~ from Thieles landing to Avoca Dell Caravan Park, ~~we~~ we travelled up River enjoying the Sun, and after a little difficult steering at Avoca Dell, a group went up to buy some more ice at the kiosk. From there ~~a~~ most pleasant $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours was spent on the River (about 11km). The house boats then all rafted together at a spot near Pomoota and we settled in for the night. Tea was at around 8.30 and there ~~was~~ ^{was a} film at 10.00 (European Vacation). I missed this as I caught a nasty head cold (later to be known as the Moot flu) and so I went to bed early. A large Electrical storm occurred during the night with thunder and lightning.

New Years Eve dawned alot cooler than the other days it was 25°C instead of the 30° and 33° we had in previous days. After breakfast we left at 11.00 in very windy conditions. We passed Collette and arrived at Mannum, which was to the furthest spot up River for the trip. Once in Mannum, we headed in for supplies. Mannum is a reasonably busy town with a very long shopping area. It had a POST Office, a Pub and Males Buttery. Once back at the boat the Mechanic from the House boat Company visited and flicked a switch which started our second engine (which hadn't worked the morning of the 30th). [The switch was the Automatic choke and so we were always flooded]. We untied and headed back down the river ^{for 11km} to our New Years Eve Party site. For Tea we had a BBQ and started readying for the New Years Eve Countdown. We gave Sue a thank you Gift as she will be leaving us tomorrow. The gift was a wooden spoon suitably inscribed and signed it.

Countdown: 9.30 New Zealand.

(The Pirates have just attacked and wrecked our decorations and burst our balloons.

11.30 TASSIE, NSW Vic.

12.00 S.A.
12.30 8 QLD.
1.30 Japan
2.30 W.A.
8.30 Finland.

Woke up to hear fins celebrating New Years and got confronted with the results of last night's Tea and Party, which resulted in around $\frac{1}{2}$ hour of solid washing up. Sue left us to take the other ~~house~~ older house boats to Mannum, and so Andrea has joined us as our STEP mum. We had a little difficulty in going as the boat was so solidly stuck in the mud that Lady & Amelia had to tow us out. And so at 11.30 we started heading back to home, enjoying the sun on the sun deck for 5 hours till we arrived at Murray Bridge^(20.5 miles). After inspecting the town and a game of Cricket, we raided the cupboards, as this was to be our last night, and had Irish Stew, Frankfurters and Deb Potato for main course and Diced fruit and Rice Cream for desert.

A game of Pontoon was started which lasted over 3 hours with people coming and going. A 500 Championship between Tim and Terri and Me and Rob finished the night (3 games all at n) ^{4.00 am}

Awakening the next morning at 9.00 I found that we were under way, as we had to get the boats back by 12.00. We arrived back at the Marina, cleaned up and played a few games of 500 waiting for the bus to arrive, which it did, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours late at 4.30 and whisked off to camp. The trip back was a very sleepy one for all concerned. Once back at the camp and unpacked Tea was the major need and it was a lot louder in the Marquee with many more people knowing each other due to the expeditions. The night was spent in around the bar talking to fellow Tasmanians about the expeditions.



THOSE LAST 2 BITS WERE ACCOUNTS OF THE 2, 5 DAY ACTIVITIES THAT LINDISFARNE ROVERS TOOK PART ON, NAMELY RAFTING AND HOUSEBOATING BY VIC AND RICE RESPECTIVELY.

THE EXPEDITIONS WERE ALL PRETTY FANTASTIC, DIDN'T GET MUCH SLEEP BUT THEY WERE STILL PRETTY FANTASTIC. MET LOTS OF NEW PEOPLE, DID LOTS OF RAGING, DRANK HEAPS, SWAM HEAPS, DID LOTS OF LAZING IN THE SUN AND HAD LOTS OF FUN BUT THEY WERE STILL PRETTY FANTASTIC. IN FACT I'D GO AS FAR AS TO SAY THAT THEY WERE O.K.!!!

WELL AFTER WE GOT BACK FROM THE X'S WE WERE ALL PRETTY WASTED SO WE ALL ZIPPED DOWN TO THE BOOZE TENTS AND SAT AROUND DRINKING AND REMINISING ABOUT THE PREVIOUS FIVE DAYS AND TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT WE'D DO FOR THE NEXT MANY DAYS.

WELL (AGAIN), WE DECIDED THAT THERE WERE JUST SO MANY DIFFERENT THINGS FOR US TO DO THAT WE COULDN'T MAKE UP OUR MINDS AND WE'D JUST TAKE IT AS IT CAME. AS A RESULT WE WENT ON WINERY TOURS, PLAYED BROOM STICK GOLF, MADE PUPPETS, WENT TO ADELAIDE CASINO, WENT FOR BIKE TRIPS AROUND THE ADELAIDE HILLS, TOURED ADELAIDE, TRIED A BIT OF UNDER WATER BASKET WEAVING, HAD SPIT ROASTS, WENT TO THE BEACH, CAME 2nd (OR SO) IN THIS BIG INTERNATIONAL ROVER COMPETITION, WENT TO THE COFFEE SHOPPE, HAD PARKIES, SLEPT IN, HAD A BAND EVERY NIGHT, HAD AN IRON MAN AND ALLOY WOMAN COMPETITION, GOT VISITED BY OUR CHIEF SCOUT, HAD A REALLY NICE AL'CARTE RESTAURANT TEA, DIDN'T GET MUCH SLEEP AT ALL, DIDN'T HAVE MANY BREAKFASTS BUT DID HAVE LOTS OF VERY COLD SHOWERS, HAD A LIL' DRINK ONCE OR TWICE AND SO MANY OTHER TOTALLY AMAZING THINGS THAT I COULDN'T FIT THEM INTO SEVERAL LOG BOOKS (EVEN IF I COULD REMEMBER THEM). ANYWAY, ALL GOOD THINGS COME TO AN END AND SO DID THE MOOT. THIS WAS A RAGE IN ITSELF



AND WAS ALSO JOLLY FUN.

AFTER THAT SMACKA RAN AWAY WITH 20 OR 30 GUYS FROM QUEENSLAND, VIC WENT AND STAYED WITH SOME VIC ROVERS FOR A 21ST PARTY (SHE HADN'T DONE ENOUGH RAGING AT THE MOOT), PEAR AND BUBBLES WENT TO THE NATIONAL ROVER AGM. AND TIMBO WENT TO SLEEP.

SOME OF US MADE IT BACK (PEAR TOOK ABOUT A YEAR) BUT SMACKA STILL HASN'T BEEN SEEN OF, (BUT I BET SHE'S SMILING.)

ALL IN ALL I GIVE THIS TRIP A 10 FOR GOOD VALUE RAGING AND HIGHLY RECOMMEND THE NEXT ONE TO ANYONE THAT CAN MAKE IT (ASSUMING THAT YOU WON'T HAVE BEEN A MEMBER OF THE OLD BASTARD SOCIETY FOR MORE THAN 12 MONTHS.

