



A4



INTERNATIONAL NOTE BOOK

RULED

No. 595

BACK LOG

Log Book
11

4/9/88 - 18/12/88

DATE	ACTIVITY	Report Writer	Completed (✓)
4/9/88	Rupert's Investiture	Rupert	✓
10/9/88	Car Rally	Tim	✓
10/9/88	Video Night	Jason	✓
11/9/88	Marlene's Bike Trip	Marlene	✓
16/9/88	Pancake Relay	Steve	✓
16-17/9/88	Cuboree + working bees	Vic	✓
17/9/88	Log Book Party	Pear	✓
23/9/88	Bush Dance	Doyle	✓
24/9/88	Horse Riding	Sally	✓
1/10/88	Slide Night	Gerard	✓
8/10/88	Clashing Clothes Party	Vic	✓
15-16/10/88	J.O.T.A. Canteen	Sally	✓
5/11/88	Bottle Drive / Group Spit	Doyle	✓
12-13/11/88	4nd. Cub Camp	Jo	✓
26/11/88	Troop Show	Wes	✓
27/11/88	Helicoptering at Ross	Gerard	✓
3/12/88	Orana - Pampas grass etc.	Tim	✓
4/12/88	Skip's farewell.	Tim	✓
10/12/88	Rock climbing		
15/12/88	Cadbury's Trip	Jo	✓
16/12/88	Jason's Grading	Jason	✓
18/12/88	Jason's 21 st	Jason	✓
18/12/88	Chrissie BBQ.	Richard	✓

FINISHED

Writing on

14/5/89.



Rupert's Investiture

It was a night to remember.

(because if I could remember it this report would be a lot easier to write)

Situated: At my house - great I didn't have to go anywhere.

When: About mid 1988 - someone else might help you with the line details.
4/9/88

Wear: Uniform - silly question

Bring: Food - or what you want to eat. But I did supply the barbeque, which means we had a barbeque, obvious really.

Do: Investm me - It was an interesting investiture but the details are confidential, so there is no much to say here except probably the words: strange different weird unusual beware!!

And Finally The End.

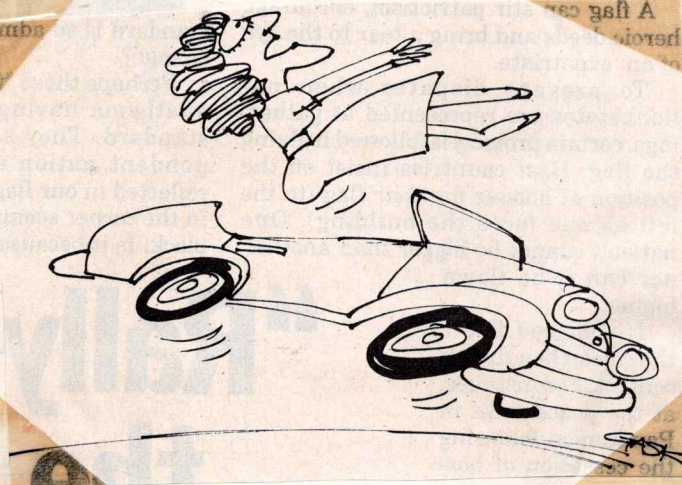
ANNUAL CRYPTIC CAR RALLY

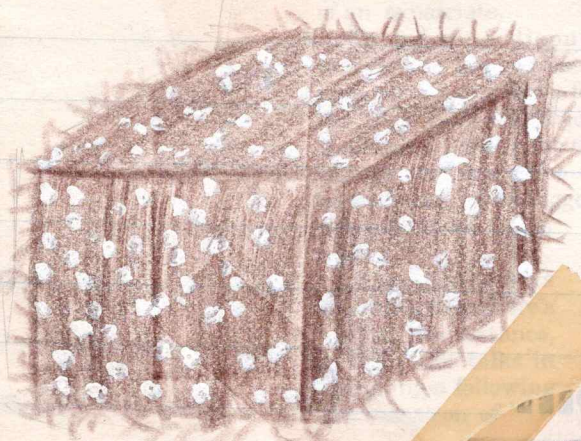
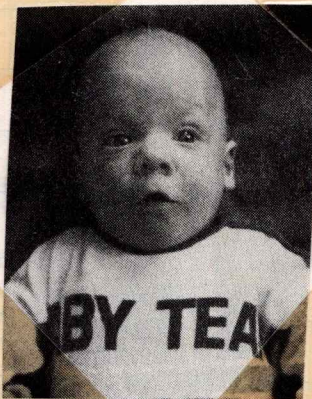
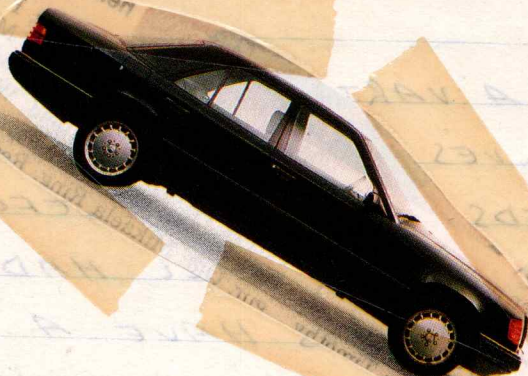
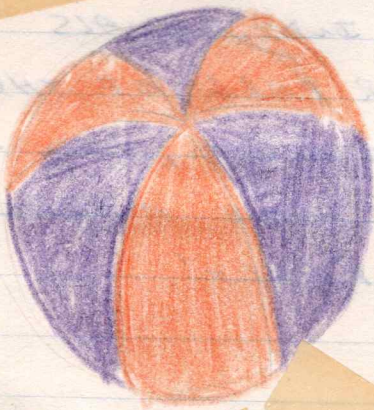
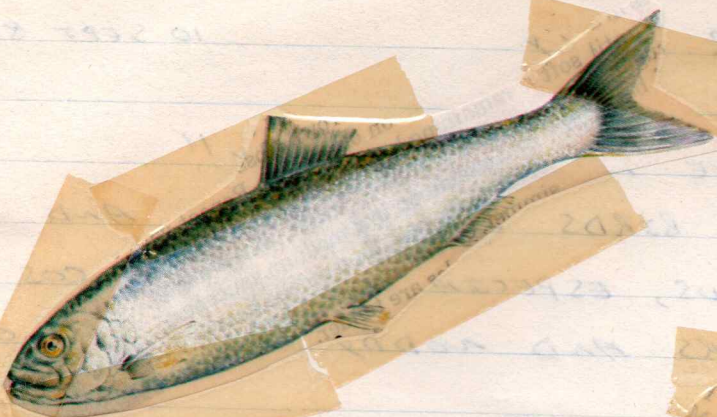
10 SEPT 88

WELL IT WAS REALLY QUITE A WIZARD DAY!!
THE SUN WAS SINGING, THE BIRDS WERE SHINING AND
EVERYBODY WAS MOST JOYOUS, ESPECIALLY NODDY COS
THE ELEPHANT HAD BIG EARS AND NODDY WAS SICK OF
HIM.

QUITE A VARIED COLLECTION OF INDIVIDUALS FOUND
THEMSELVES GATHERED IN THE CAR PARK OF THE GOWER
PYRAMIDS AT A BIT BEFORE 10.00 AM, AND ALL OF
A SUDDEN THEY ALL HAD THE SAME MIRACULOUSE?
THOUGHT 'LETS HAVE A CAR RALLY'.

AND SO THEY DID!!







LATER THAT DAY

LUCKLY NICK, VIC AND STEVE WHO JUST HAPPENED TO BE THERE (EXCEPT FOR STEVE THAT IS) HAD SPENT THE PREVIOUS FEW MONTHS PREPARING A CAR RALLY AND, BY AN EVEN BIGGER SLICE OF LUCK (OR WAS IT FATE), IT JUST HAPPENED TO START AT THE PYRAMIDS.

SO OFF THEY ALL WENT. I COULD MENTION THAT THERE WAS PETER AND BELINDA IN THEIR SAAB AND THAT STENZIE AND BEV WERE IN THEIR CUTE LITTLE WHAT-CHA-MAKALIT, AND SOME HEC EMPLOYEE AND HIS 3 SONS WERE IN A DATSUN, AND JASON AND HIS MISSUS WERE IN THE MACHINE, AND THAT THERE WERE ALL THESE OTHER PEOPLE INCLUDING PEAR AND RICE AND RUPERT AND ROB AND HENDS OF OTHERS BUT I WON'T COS THERE WAS ONLY ONE WINNING TEAM AND THEY DROVE A CORDIA.

THAT WAS A VERILY BRILLIANT RALLY. WE STARTED AT THE PYRAMIDS, DREW SOME FUNNY PICTURES, CHECKED OUT BOWENS ERECTION (OO-ER), DROPPED OUR ROCKS OFF THE BRIDGE, HAD A LOOK AT SOME HUMMING BOXES (WELL IN FACT LISTENED TO ONE BOX BUT IT WASN'T REALLY HUMMING AT ALL), SAW A MEXICAN AND DID LOTS OF OTHER FUN THINGS AROUND LUTANA HEIGHTS. WE THEN CRUISED UP THE BROOKER DID SOME ODD THINGS AT THE GRASSY PLACE, WENT ALL THE WAY TO THE TWENTIETH FLOOR OF THE SHERATON (~~COULD~~ EVEN THOUGH ITS ONLY GOT 10 FLOORS), PRICED SOME LEATHER GEAR AT THE BLACK ROSE AND FINALLY ENDED UP AT THE BARBEQUES DOWN AT THE LINDISFARNE RESERVE.

ALONG THE WAY WE HAD TO COLLECT LOTS OF RATHER ODD THINGS SUCH AS LIVE FISH, DEAD LAMINGTONS, INFLATED BEACH BALLS, DEFLATED BABY PHOTOS OF THE COMPETITORS AS WELL AS A SPEEDING TICKET.

ALL IN ALL IT WAS A DAMNED FINE RALLY ESPECIALLY COS THE BEST TEAM WON, THANKS FOR THE STARTER MOTOR AND THE BOWENS ERECTION (THANKS FOR THE STARTER MOTOR AND THE BOWENS ERECTION).



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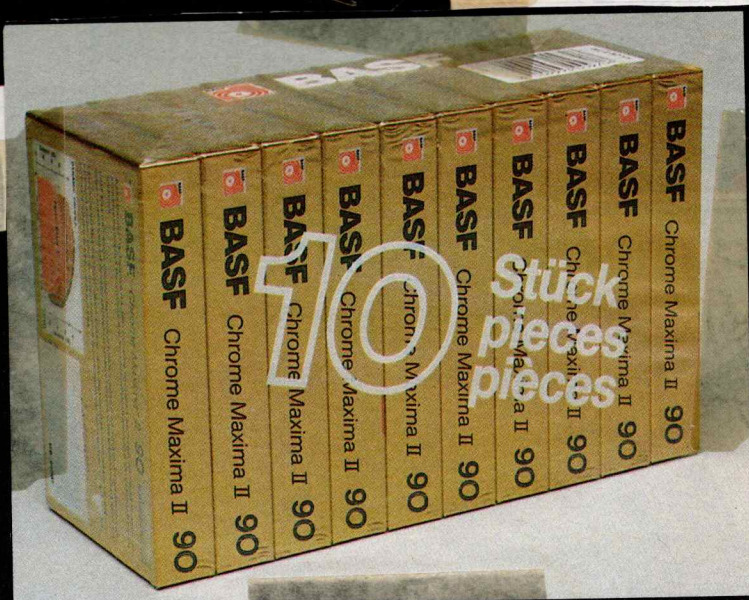
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ALL IN ALL IT WAS A DAMNED FINE RALLY ESPECIALLY COS THE BEST TEAM WON, THANKS FOR THE STARTER MOTOR AND THE BOUNTIES (THEY WERE REALLY ZIT-FULL).



VIDEO NIGHT

10-9-89

After everyone arrived we started with the video by Ian Hart and he did a great job.

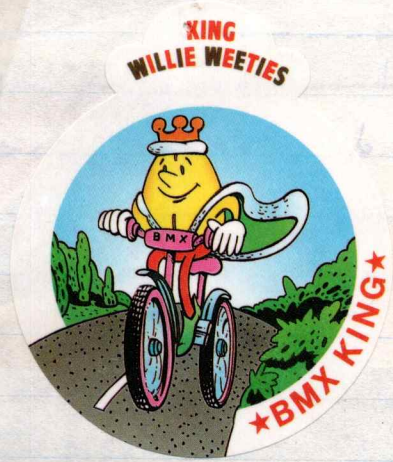
The next video was the Mudhash of which we found very funny and ~~extra~~ interesting cars. There was one car from Tassie which Mr. Faulken own and run in Mudhash.

There was Movie video but I forgot the name. (Anyone who know what it is. help!)

I hoped that the young rovers would see these videos of rovers in action, but none of them turned up and so that conclude this report.

Jason





BIKE RIDE Sunday 11 September

At around 10.30 Marlene, Gerard, Tim and Stewart met at the Scout Hall with ~~their~~^{our} bikes and started on a bike ride along the Eastern fore shore bike path. It was a cool day and very windy, which made it pretty tough going for us little bikers in some places. We made rapid, wind assisted progress around to Bellerive Bluff, with Stewart pedalling so fast his bike sounded like a range rover.

At Bellerive Bluff we turned up Thomas St to pick up Vic and to have a nice cool drink of water.

From there we continued along to Bellerive Beach and made a brief ice cream and playground stop. We started off again and continued as far as the Shoreline Tavern. There we had a nice counter lunch served by a stern faced bar woman, and few relaxing drinks.

After about an hour we reluctantly strolled out of the pub and made our way back home. Stewart abandoned us along the way and went exploring somewhere.

As we got round to Vic's place conditions worsened, with strong head winds slowing us to a standstill and gravel blasting our bare arms, legs and faces.

After dropping off Vic it started to rain. We eventually arrived home at around 3.30 very wet and tired and with sore bums.



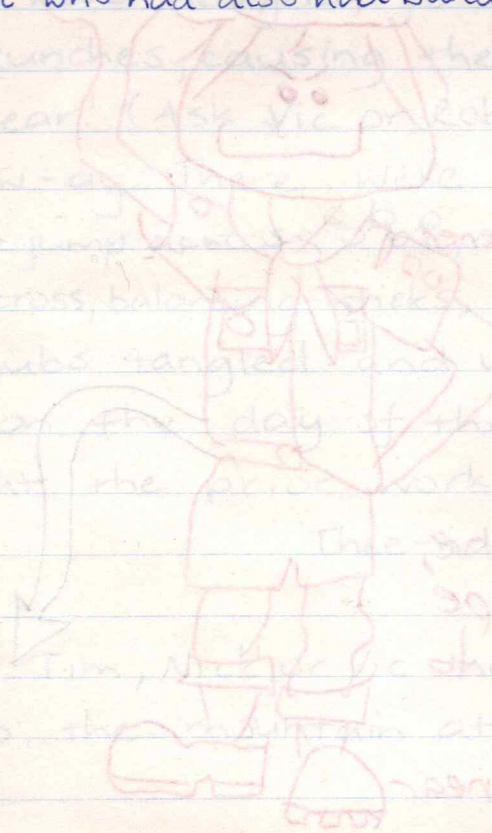
(P.S. It's hard to draw people on bikes.)

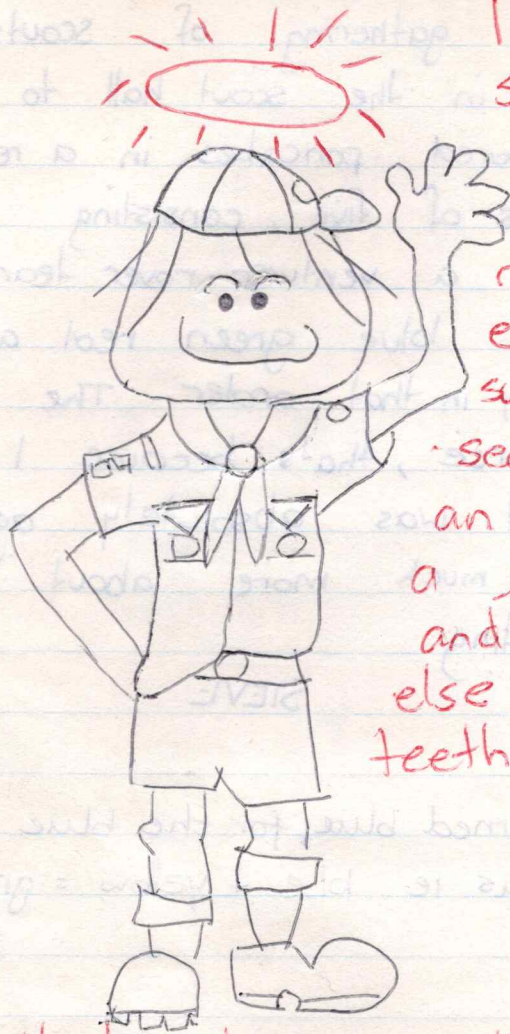
PAN CAKE RELAY

One Friday night a small gathering of scouts, venturers and rovers gathered in the scout hall to stuff themselves with funny coloured pancakes in a relay type fashion. The four teams of five, consisting a rover team a venturer team a venturer-rover team and a scout team consuming blue green red and purple pancakes, not necessarily in that order. The team which I was in won of course, that's because I made up all the rules. Well that was absolutely ages ago and I can't remember much more about it so I'll get back to mooting

STEVE

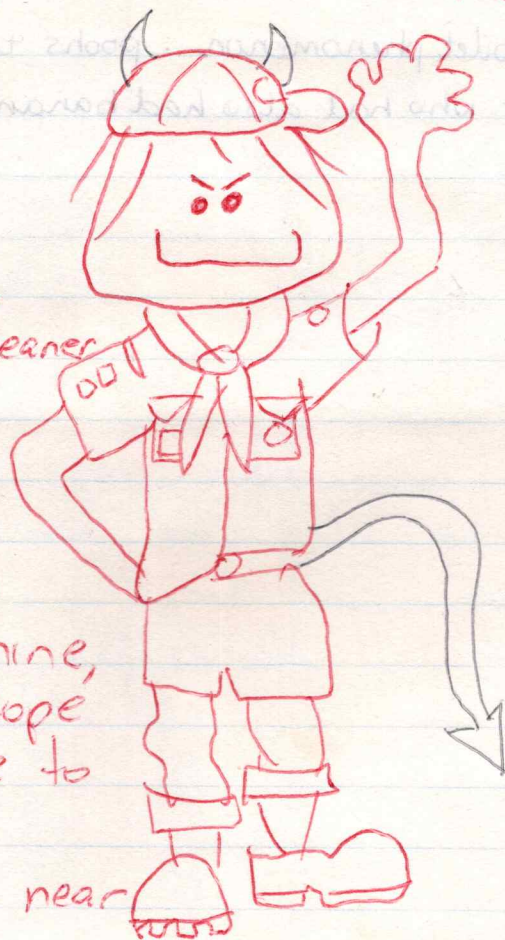
P.S. The toilet phenomenon: poohs turned blue, for the blue team (except Robert who had also had bananas i.e. blue + yellow = green)





I like boys - these arrogant, self-assured, cocky little men-children who assume that all the great big world revolves around them. Who else could be a fireman, sword fighter, cowboy, deep-sea diver, all in the space of an hour and then solemnly hold a funeral, complete with cross and coffin for a beetle. Who else can be cuter without teeth, meaner without malice,

Kinder without embarrassment
sillier without foolishness, and cleaner
without neatness? They smile
when I need a smile, they
keep me from taking
myself too seriously. No, I
don't wish I were eight, nine,
or ten again. I just hope
that somehow God will see to
it that I always have
someone that age in or near
my home or heart

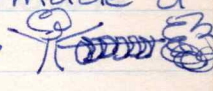


(Author unknown).

The Cuboree (and previous bits of work)

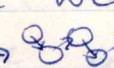
Quite a small handful of Rovers were fortunate e-nuf to be cho-zen as obstacle ca-wss constructor people.

Rupert, Ricey, Robert and Jer-'ard composed a string and twig ensemble for clambering betwixt and between. (They called it a 'bridge').

During the whilstm-ean, Marlene (and later Jer'd) made a rubber doughnut suspension tangle (swinging tyres →  which were bogged down with frog larvae).

Stevey and Nicky made a swingy thingy out of a ropey and a sticky. The cubs loved it.

Tim-b.o., Vic, Jason et. al. put cargo nets in strategic places. Tim moved gongery between obstacle possies cos he had dyna-mote in his pintts (he likes to think so anyway). The nets were designed to make cubs struggle thru on their haunches, causing them to swear and curse. Yes! Cubs swear! (Ask Vic or Rob).

Anyw-ay. There were 8 obstacles in all : rope bridge, tyres to jump across → , nets to crawl under, a net to bounce across, balancing sticks, a ladder, a swing, and the tyre tangle. Cubs tangled and we tired. We had freebie burgers on the day of the Cuboree, and several counter lunches at the prior working bees.

P.S. It is now Thee-nd. Feb 1989.

P.S. Ask Tim, Nick or Vic how much fun it is to carry tyres up the mountain at the Lea. -About negative 35 fms, actually

Logbook Party at Kol's.

17 September 1980

As usual the efforts to keep the logbook up to date had failed, and another log book was organised. As other log book nights had proved to be successful it was thought that as we were about 4 months or so behind another night could come in handy.

Unfortunately, people need to be at these logbook nights to make them successful - lots of people, lots of enthusiastic people, and especially sober people. On this particular occasion Tim, Riey (who had recently left the crew), Vic, Nick, Gerard, Col. and Pear were there to write stories. In other words the same old people who always write logbook reports. Riey was very reluctant to write anything and it took a lot of gentle persuasion to get him to write the report about his boot out. After the rest of us had written 2 stories each we became very despondent and were easily distracted by jigsaws, Gerard's drunkenness, and playing golf on the computer.

Anyway at least we got a few things done.

P.S. It is now the 6th Feb 1989.

Almost time for another logbook party!!

VENTURER BUSH DANCE

A long long time ago I can't

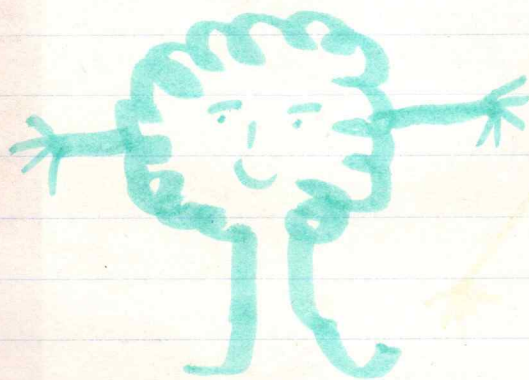
really remember when Friday

23rd September 1958

We all had a top night dancing
two steps forward, two
back etc turn around and
your hands.

was held Wesley Church
and it was the same
Band that Emma & Gabrielle
at their Wedding Reception.

lets Dance

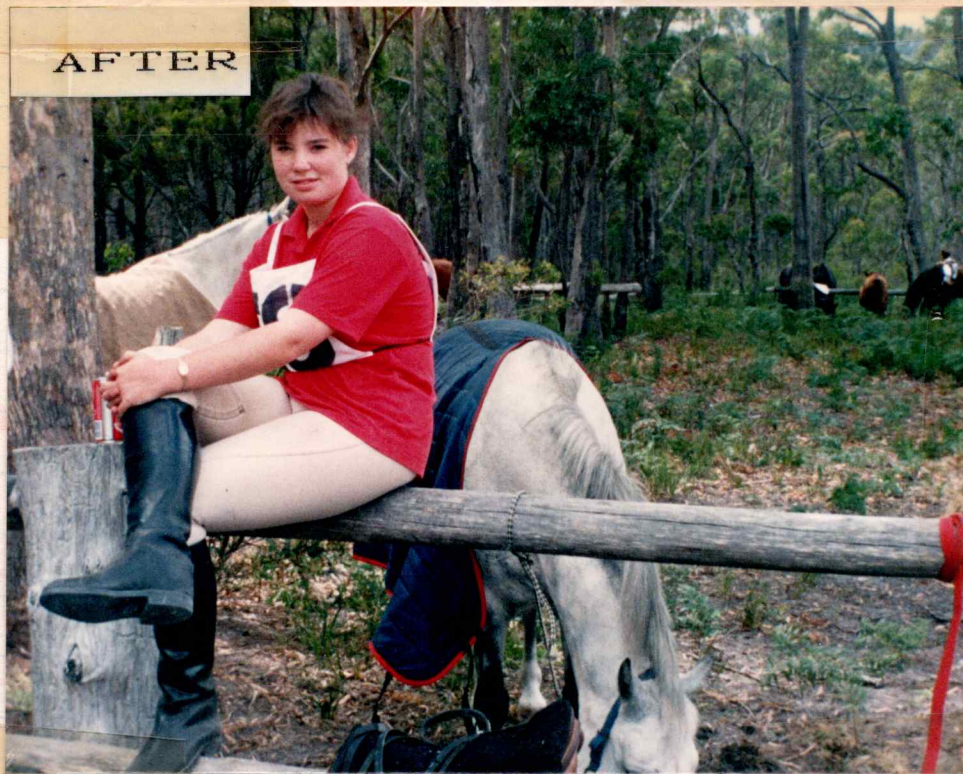


BEFORE



Dear Log Book,
As there were no good pictures of ANY horse riding I thought I'd give you a couple of pictures of Sally at the Tasman Gymkhana before and after the days events... Txxx

AFTER



Horse Riding
Saturday
24th September 88

On Saturday morning Jim, Wes, Boyle, Rob, Jason, Stuart and myself went down to Kooragang on the Yaman Peninsula to go horse riding and also to find an appropriate spot for the summer moat.

Unfortunately we only went riding for an hour but it was well worth it. Wes mastered the art of trotting at a fast pace and Stuart showed all of us up.

After the ride we tried to find a good spot for the moat. We trudged down to Newman's and checked out the beach. There weren't many places to put up tents, so we asked about a paddock but to no avail.

We then decided that we'd continue this back home.

Overall it was a very successful day, the weather was great and we got a bit of a trip to Nebraska as well.

Sally.

SLIDE NIGHT

ON THE FIRST OF OCTOBER 1988 SEVERAL ROLLERS MET AT 12 CRESCENT CRT TO EMBARK ON A ONCE GREATLY FAVOURED ACTIVITY WHICH HAD IN RECENT TIMES FADED TO BECOME A NOT QUITE SO FAVOURED ACTIVITY AS IT USED TO BE.

NAMELY A SLIDE NIGHT!

THEY SET OFF TOWARD SANDY BAY TO ONE OF THEIR FAVOURED SLIDES AND THE SPRING HORSES !!! . THEY SLID + SPRUNG MERRILY FOR MINUTES + MINUTES UNTIL THEY MOVED ON. ~~THE~~

ON TO LEVATH VALLEY THEY WENT TO THE VIBRO-MASSEUR ROLLER SLIDE AND THERE, ONCE AGAIN, THEY SLID, OR ROLLED, IN THIS CASE.

THEN TO PARLIAMENT ST TO THE LONGEST SLIDE IN THE GALAXY WHERE THE SLID AT NEAR FREE FALL SPEEDS, PLUMBETTING THOUSANDS OF FEET IN SECONDS TO LAND SOFTLY ON THE ANTI-GRAVITY CUSHIONS BENEATH.

THIS IS ALL CRAP, A WERE FLIGHT OF FANTASY, REMINISCENCE OF DAYS GONE BYE.

THE REAL STORY IS THAT WE ALL SAT PERMD AT MY PLACE AND WATCHED MORE SLIDES THAN ANY ONE WAS KEEN TO AND GOT QUITE BORED THEN WE DRANK A BIT + ARE SOME DIP + THEN WENT HOME !!!



8th October, 1988

We arrived clothed and clashing at what was unofficially billed to be party of the year. The "we" were: Pear and Vic. Ricey was already there. He lived in the house that the "we" arrived at.

The three "we" clashed resplendently all night :- Rice clad in a loud pair of shorts and Gerard's many coloured paisley t-shirt,
- Pear in a pink and orange ensemble of varying textures,

- and I in my childhood dressing-gown (vomit-coloured) which was later unbuttoned to reveal Bat shorts, a ghastly shirt, pink beads, red shoes, and my very favouritest of my whole life stockings (green Fijian silkys). Oh yes, and mum's genuine Moroccan fez was stuffed on my head.

After a few intakes of alcohol, we got our voices clashing really well together to the tune(?) twanging of guitar and recorders - it was a musical clashing clothes party after all.

Stephen and Nick turned up after a number of hours disappointingly clad in blue and white, and blue and blue. Nick however, was probably wearing clashing jocks (his green diamondy ones), and Steve's belly button fluff probably clashed with his ear wax.

After several games of computer golf, this auspicious mega-rage was declared over.

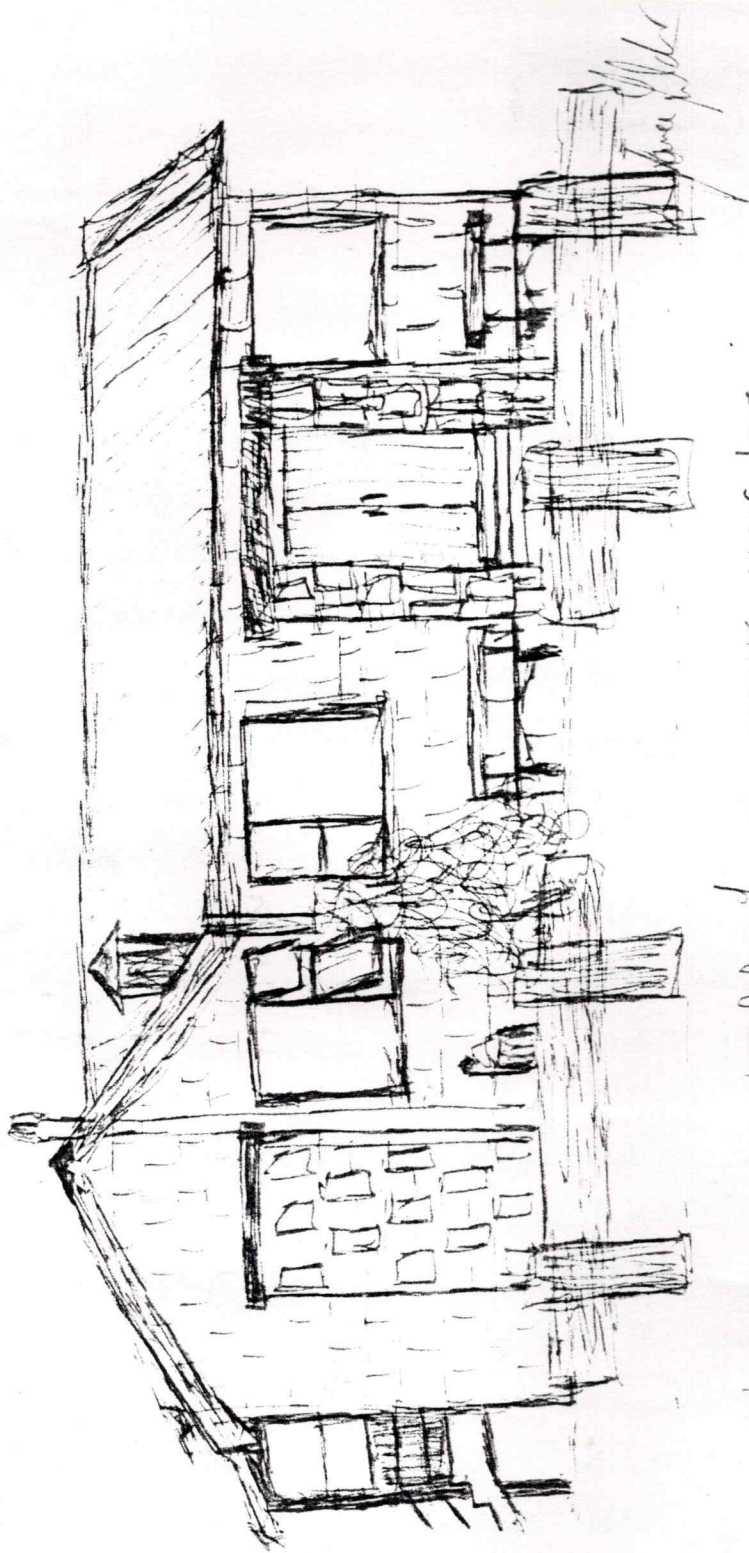
Vic.

15-16 OCTOBER 1988

J.O.T.A.

Well what can I say, not a great deal.
This is the big event that never was.
Fortunately I had the help and
assistance and cooperation and
generosity and support and charity
and deliverance (cause he was going
to deliver it) and service and good
tern and voluntarismness and
attention and obligingness and aid
and backing and adjuvment and
do-goodness and contribution
and chip iningness and constructiveness
and collaboration and partisipation
from the highly praised, dignified,
noble, gentlemanly, generous, grandiose,
famous, fashionable, devastatingly
charming, glorified, respectable, worthy,
illustrious, impressive, splendid,
celebrated, tall poppy, distinguished,
honoured, immortalised, admirable,
household name hero of a man known
to us and all mankind as the one
and only Mr Peter Hobday

Thankyou.



picture as I was banded... I can imagine you here.

This wonder picture was framed courtesy
of Kerry

Kerry's Framing Co.

Cub Camp - 12-13/11/88.

This was almost the all time first rover activity that I ever attended in all my rover life. What it was the second's rover activity I ever attended in all my roving life.

This was the 1st Lindisfarne Cub camp held at the Lea, from the 12-13 of November 1988.

During the course of this fantastically great fun, rather good even, camp I wrote Tammy (who was in Melbourne) a wonder extender letter. I know she absolutely fully appreciated it ^{as} kept it and offered it back to me. She told me to quote the letter in this wonder report, so all quotes will be from my wonder-extender letter.

"I will tell you the people who are here, at camp that is. Me, Rachael, Gerard (Rach told me how to spell it, so don't blame me if it's wrong), Vic, Pear and another QM woman but I can't remember her name and Michael"

← The ^{next page} ~~below~~ picture was done in the middle of the wonder extender letter. It shows our wonder camp house.

Camp was so much fun, suprisingly fun. Much better than browser camps had ever been. I mastered feed thousands well twenty one very large and loud cubs that only ate for the sake of eating. I acted extremely cool, calm and collected when a large, hairy man/woman eating spider was stalking fiercely through my tomatoes.

So calmly in fact that I didn't mention it, I just tried cutting them up from the door, (the tomatoes that is) until such time that some ^{one} asked thoughtfully what I was doing? I ~~can~~ answered bravely "It's only a little thing" and pointed in the direction of the trebling tomatoes bag.

That night we all strolled casually toward the camp fire which turned in to a Geoff Batten type expedition. We were treated to a night of brilliant type singing and general entertainment lead by the master of song himself Ricey.

"I'll tell you what we've done to day in fact I'll highlight the days events.

- Me driving the beast (VW) here.
- Bobby Batten saying "Is that Joanne Folder? Good I like to pick on her"
- Making 3L of jelly.
- Peeling bags of potatoes and two bags of carrots - I am an hero woman.
- 27 salad rolls
- Cameron shaving off, as I'm here.
- Michael saying he had better lead the walk as he was the only one who knows where there going.
- Michael saying we could swap brothers
- The boys eating so much morning tea.
- Cameron being louder than ever thought possible - poor Fords.
- Me forgetting to bring my homework - which I must add I wished I'd brought as I thought I'd try a new thing and study.
- I didn't bring any plates etc - As I didn't know"

The night concluded with Rachael and I being introduced to a so called straight forward, simple, you must be extremely stupid if you can't work it out - type game - 500

The next day went fairly uneventfully

The main highlights being

- The boys eating even more food
- Pear procrastinating extremely well
- The temperature being a mere 35°C .

I can't remember any other high lights as this event only happened six months ago.

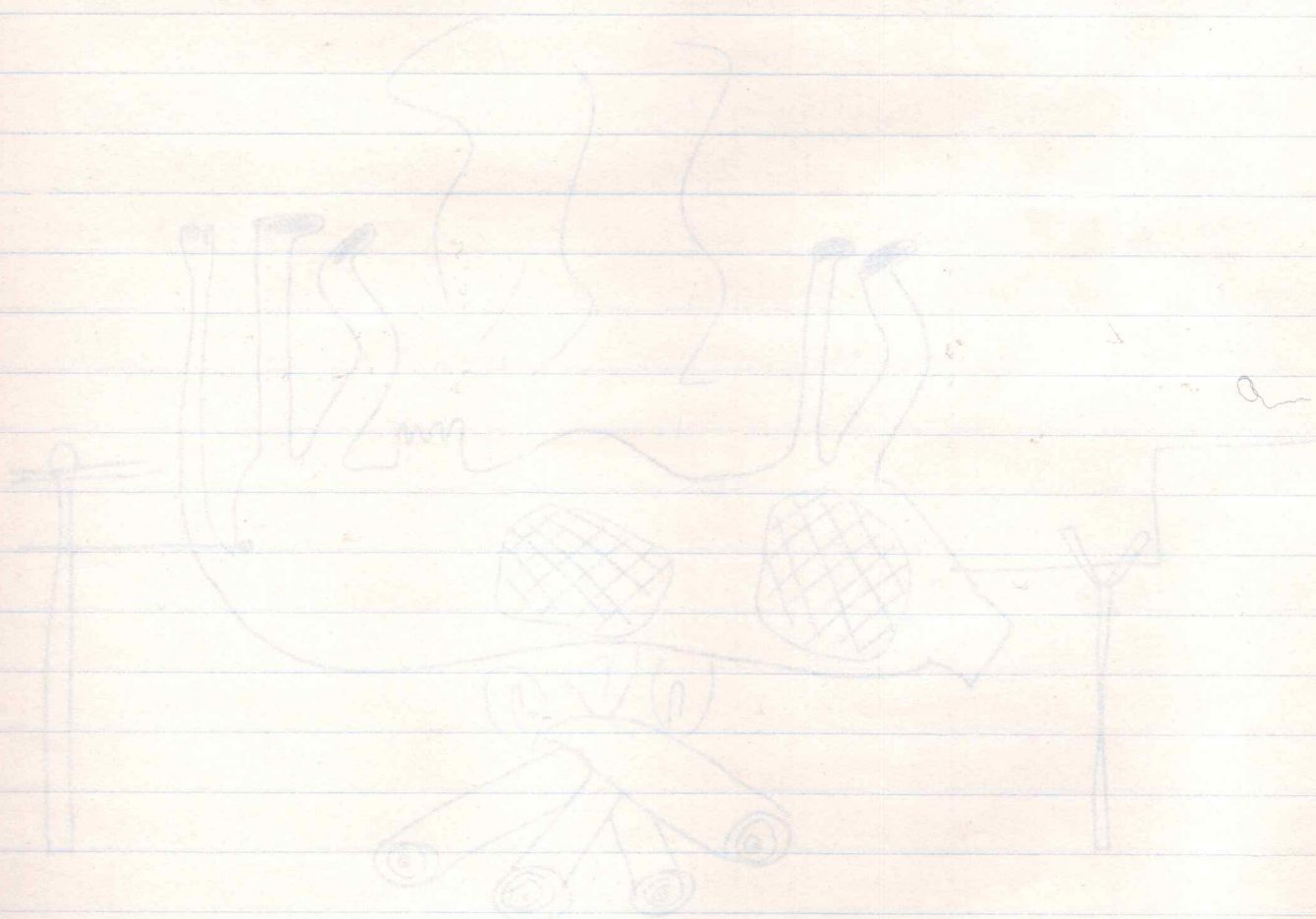
That about finished an extremely good cub camp in fact my best cub camp ever.

In the end we all packed up and bevered home, and yes the VW did make it home (I know that will surprise some)

Thus ending the camp

Thank-you and good-bye.

Every body had a great night (I think)

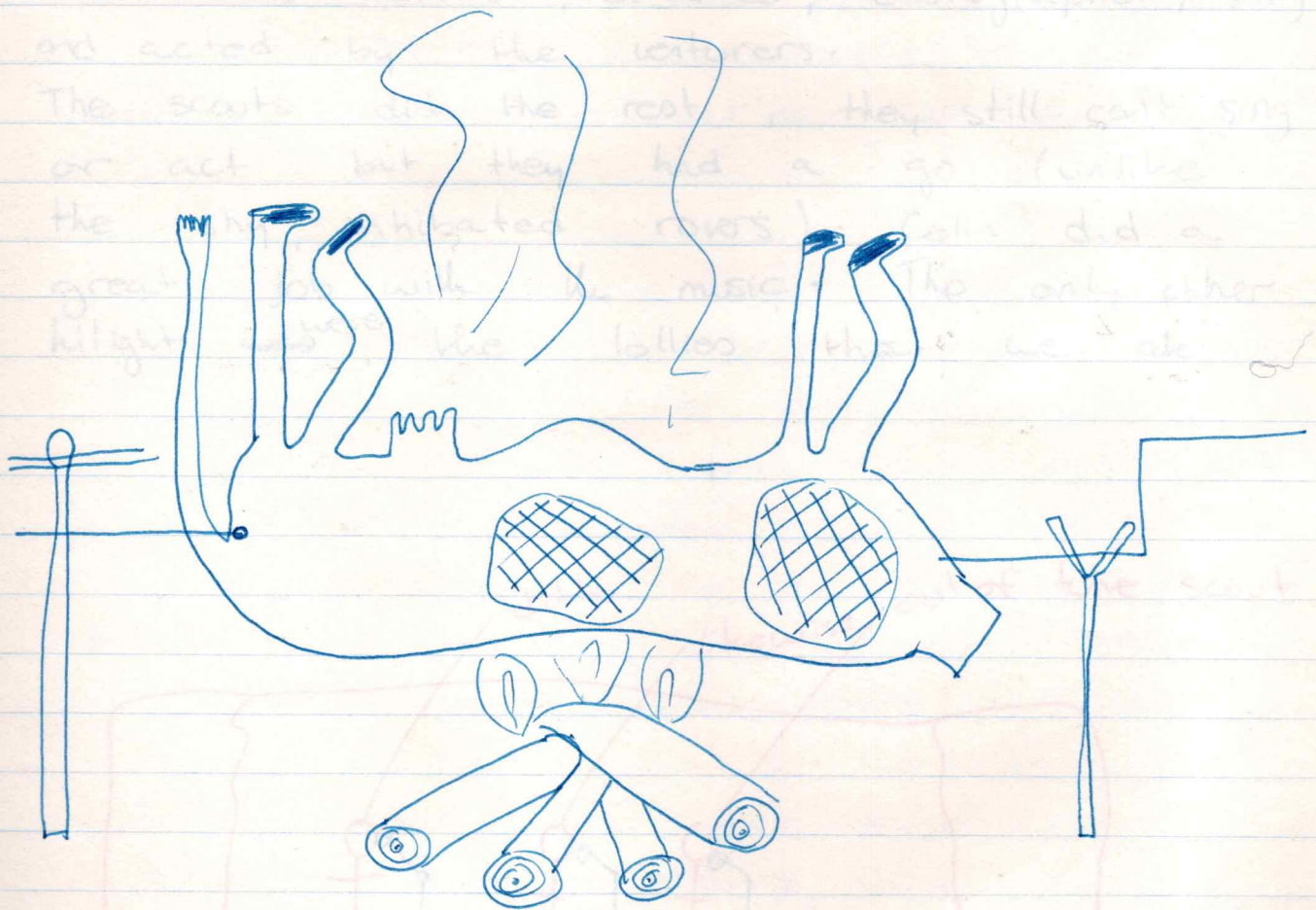


Group spit roast 13/11/88

Again the group committee organized a spit roast for parents and friends and rovers.

The meat was provided by David Amos, he cooked 3 big hunks of dripping flesh (beef) on a gas spit. We were all fed large pieces of juicy tender beef and copious amounts of salad.

Every body had a great night (I think



Troop show 26/11/88

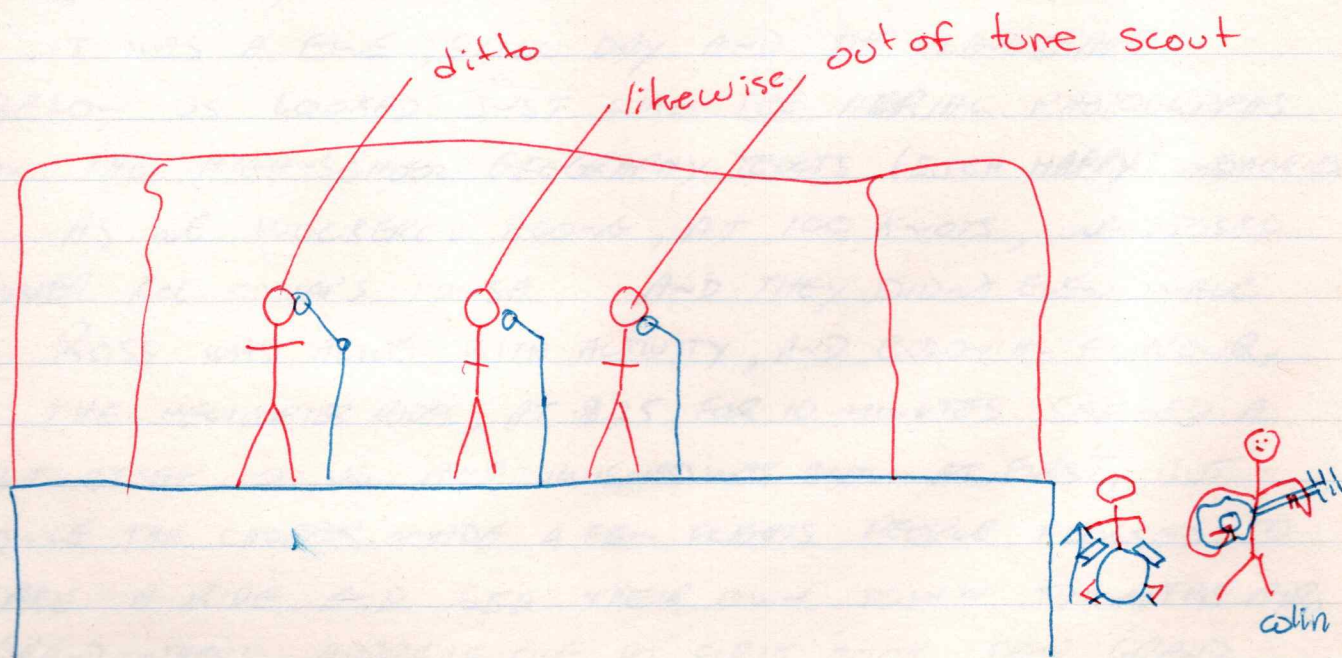
This was the last troop show organized by skip (Ray Christie) before he retired from being Scout leader (covered in another chapter of this wonderful issue. Any way the show went on with the participation of the rovers (who were trussed and blindfolded and dumped in a cupboard to prevent them from performing a skit).

The cubs performed something

The leaders did something

the venturers did something really silly that was written, directed, choreographed, sung and acted by the venturers.

The scouts did the rest, they still can't sing or act but they had a go (unlike the shy, inhibited rovers). Colin did a great job with the music. The only other highlight ^{were} the lollies that we ate.



A HELICOPTER CALLED SIMON!!

WELL! FIRST THE EARTH COOLED + THEN CAME THE DINOSAURS, BUT THEY ALL GOT TOO BIG + FAT + DIED + TURNED INTO OIL + THEN CAME THE ARABS WITH THEIR MERCEDES + HELICOPTERS!

HEY THAT REMINDS ME VIC + PEAR + I WENT IN A HELICOPTER ONCE JUST ONCE. AND IT WASN'T AN ORDINARY, "I'VE SEEN ONE OF THOSE ON SKIPPY" TYPE OF HELICOPTER, IT WAS A REALLY EXPENSIVE, SPIFFY, FAST ONE. AND IT WAS FREE!!! AND WE DIDN'T HAVE TO GET LOST OR BREAK OUR LEGS. HA!

ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS TO BE THE MOST POPULAR, ACTIVE + DESERVING ROVERS IN THE WHOLE CREW SO THAT BOB WALKER (OF PAR AVION) WOULD ASK US TO GO ON A FREE, SPIFFY, FAST, NOT LOST OR INJURED HELICOPTER RIDE TO ROSS.

WE ARRIVED AT CAMBRIDGE EARLY, TOO EARLY, + FOUND RICK, THE HELICOPTER DRIVER BUSY PREPARING HIS CRAFT.

HE SHOWED US THE ROPES, AND THE ROTORS + DOORS.

AFTER REFUELLING WE STRAPPED OURSELVES IN AND WERE OFF, SHUDDERING INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER.

IT WAS A FINE, STILL DAY AND THE LANDSCAPE BELOW US LOOKED JUST LIKE THE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE HIGH-SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY TEXTS (SUCH HAPPY? MEMORIES)

AS WE WUCKERED ALONG, AT 100 KNOTS, WE PASSED OVER KOL + MIA'S HOUSE AND THEY DIDN'T EVEN WAVE.

ROSS WAS ALIVE WITH ACTIVITY, AND COLONIAL FLAVOUR, THE HELICOPTER RIDES, AT \$25 FOR 10 MINUTES SEEMED A BIT STEEP TO US AND BUSINESS WAS SLOW AT FIRST BUT ONCE THE CHOPPER MADE A FEW FLIGHTS PEOPLE FLOCKED TO TAKE A RIDE AND SEE THEIR OWN TOWN FROM THE AIR, GRANDMOTHERS, APPREHENSIVE AT FIRST TOOK THEIR GRAND

← This is a reply to the sick, perverted, gross,
horrid and not very nice report on the preceding
page as it was totally uncalled for and rather not nice.

Quite awful in fact!

We can't help if we ^{are} ~~are~~, well still are, wonder bush walkers.

ORANA - PAMPAS GRASS, FIREWOOD ETC

CHILDREN AND LOVED IT, YOBBS DIARED EACH OTHER TO GO AND CAME BACK SHAKING IN THEIR BOOTS.

IN ALL WE MADE ABOUT 25 FLIGHTS BEFORE WE HEADED HOME AROUND 5:00.

ALTHOUGH WE WORKED A BIT FOR THE PRINCESES. I WOULD LIKE THANK BOB WALKER FOR THE FANTASTIC OPPORTUNITY.

GEORGE

ORANA - PAMPAS GRASS, FIREWOOD ETC

3/12/88

IT WAS A DAY TO REMEMBER!! AND I REALLY WISH I COULD BUT YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE WRITING A REPORT 6 MONTHS AFTER THE EVENT. AS A RESULT INSTEAD INSTEAD OF WRITING A FEW CONCISE LINES SAYING WHO WAS THERE AND WHAT WE DID I'LL PROBABLY WRITE SEVERAL PAGES OF COMPLETE GARBAGE THAT NO-ONE WILL EVER READ. DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU.

A LONG LONG TIME AGO (I CAN STILL REMEMBER HOW THE MUSIC USED TO MAKE ME ----) THERE WAS A PIECE OF PAMPAS CALLED PAULUS. HE AND HIS PARTNER PATRICIA AND THEIR PROGENY PATRICK, PAMELA AND PERGATROID AND A PHEW PHURTHUR PHELLONS PEACEFULLY POPULATED A PLACE CALLED ORANA.

WELL, ONE DAY PEAR AND HER PALS PRETTY VIC, PEACEFUL NIC, PASSIVE STEVE, PRESUMPTUOUS (?) GERARD AND PONGY SOMEONE ELSE PREPARED TO PERFORM A PRETTY PAINFUL PRANK ON THE POOR PITIFUL PARENTAGE. BY PRYING THE PIDDLING PERIFERAL (?) PORTIONS PHROM THE PUNY PLANTS, POKING AND PRODING THEIR PLUMP POSTERiors AND PUSHING AND PULLING PLENTY OF THE PLANTS PARTS THEY PRISED THE PRIMITIVE PAMPI PHROM THEIR PLACES AND PROPELLED THEM IN A PANTECHNICON POWER BY PETROL AND PILOTED BY PEAR WITH HER PHOOT ON THE PEDDLE TO A PILE WHERE THEY WOULD PRESENTLY PORTRAY A PYROTECHNIQUE PHENOMENAMENAMENAMENA.

THE PACK OF PRANKSTERS WHO PERFORMED THES PAGANISTIC PERPETRATION PROCEEDED TO PI GO AWAY PLEASED AND PRETTY PROUD OF A PURSUIT PERFECTLY PRACTISED.

SKIPS BOOT OUT.

4/12/88

THE DAY AFTER THE ONE BEFORE!!

Boy!! How lucky am I?? TWO REPORTS IN A ROW!!
SUCKERS ON ANYONE WHO HAS TO READ THIS!

ON A SLIGHTLY MORE SERIOUS NOTE (FIRST TIME THIS
LOG BOOK) IT WAS A GREAT LOSS FOR THE LINDISFARNE
SCOUT GROUP THE DAY RAY CHRISTIE DECIDED TO
TRANSFER FROM SCOUT LEADER TO STATE COMMISSIONER.
HOWEVER "WHAT A MAN'S GOT TO DO A MAN'S GOT TO DO"
(OR SO THEY TELL ME) SO IT WAS "GOODBY RAY".

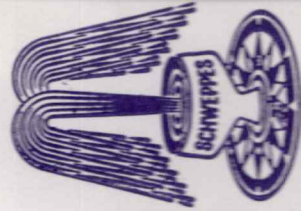
NOW YOU CAN'T BE SCOUT LEADER OF THE
LINDISFARNE TROOP FOR 15 YEARS AND SIMPLY
DEPARTMENTAL SO THE GROUP HELD A BIG BARBY,
CANOE TRIP AND PRESENTATION AFTERNOON. AS
MANY OF THE ROVERS HAD BEEN THROUGH SCOUTS WITH
RAY AS OUR LEADER IT FELL UPON US TO PERFORM A
"THIS IS YOUR LIFE" PRODUCTION OF RAY'S LIFE
SHOWING JUST WHAT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU WHEN
YOU'RE A SCOUT LEADER.

THE PRODUCTION INVOLVED A SLIDE SHOW (SLIDES
SUPPLIED BY RAY, COURTESY OF MRS C), LOTS OF
EMBARRISING STORIES FROM THE AUDIENCE AND
LOTS OF BORING WAFFLE FROM THE M.C.

MOST PEOPLE MANAGED TO STAY AWAKE AND HAVE
THEMSELVES A GOOD GIGGLE. A LOT OF PEOPLE
GOT MORE THAN SLIGHTLY EMBARRASSED AND THAT
ALWAYS HELPS THAT SORT OF THING. ALL IN ALL
IT WAS A GOOD DAY AND HOPEFULLY WE WON'T BE
HAVING ANOTHER ONE FOR QUITE A WHILE.



Cadbury Schweppes



Cadbury's Trip!

Well this is my all time second ever rover report. I bet you can't wait for me to start, well you will as I can't fully remember exactly what I'm going to write, so I'll write what I think, well know, what would have or did happen.

It all started at 11am when we - Jo, Rachael, Uie, Nick, Tommy, Pear and non-rovers at the time, Kerry and Susan - meet at my all time favourite place **CADBURY'S**

We were ushered to our tables by a man who was sent here by Cadbury's when they started in Tasmania.

We were treated by to a wonderfully, stimulating, exciting rather boring film about cadbury's and its history, abilities (chocolate making of course) and its ever wonderful working conditions

Then the best part of the whole trip, the TOUR.

We were given some very attractive hats (that don't sit on your head anyhow, so there rather useless!) also some wonderfully useful earphones.

Our charming tour guide (I think she come over with the male tour guide) started our long awaited tour

The highlights being

= THE FLAKE SECTION.

- The stairs - all of them.
- lots of freebies - EATING
- Boxa section.
- the great fun coco boxing machine
- Almost the Top Deck section.

After finally finishing (alas alas!) our wonder tour we pigged out on more freebies - biscuits & cold cocos.

We then had to part ways but not before buying enough discount chocolate to start our own cadbury's - What an interesting idea.

Well then we all dragged our chocolates out and finally left.

PS Did we have a mummy day? or what.

The night started 6pm with a pre training session and exercises to loosen up the muscles.

The class goes for 1 hour. and then Dale arrives (Dale is the examiner 5th Dan Black belt). Once he sits down he tells who and what order to grade us.

After $\frac{3}{4}$ hour later Nick, Vic and Gerald arrive to watch me grade.

I didn't get graded until around 8.30 that night which was a $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour ~~and~~ since 7pm. of sitting around doing nothing.

When I went up to grade I felt a bit nervous, but I came over that as I started.

What I did: Pattern, exercises, Roundhouse turning roundhouse, Sidekick turning Sidekick and Last Sparring.

The sparring that I did, I had the bloke or person in my last grading.

This person had done tournament training and when he sparred he was trying to get full contact of which he wasn't meant to do, then I missed one of his kicks and got to me. and landing on the floor, I quickly got up and gave loud key-up to say I'm ready and I believe Dale picked that up and passed me. My next grading is Red belt one stripe for B.P. Award.

By Blue belt
3 stripe
Jason.

16/10/88

THE KNOWLEDGE

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
21-0

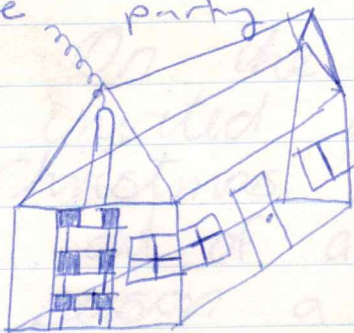


JASON 21st

18-12-88.

CHRISTMAS B.B.Q.

The party was at my place.



The Rover tent was pitch at the Backyard for it was to rain, but didn't. At 1pm everyone was arriving and those are:

Wes + Doyle bought me camping stool, but I pinch everyone else at camp.

Colin, Melinda and Tim - Handbook in photography.

Andrew + Catherine + pear. water container

Marlene + Tammy.

Vic + Mick

Rice + Gerard. Wildness calendar

and some one got me Haldern 40 year motor racing + How pick-up Fat Woman

My girlfriend Jane got me a Soderac sign pendent. and that my 21st.

THANKS to all who bought usefull presents

CHRISTMAS B.B.Q.

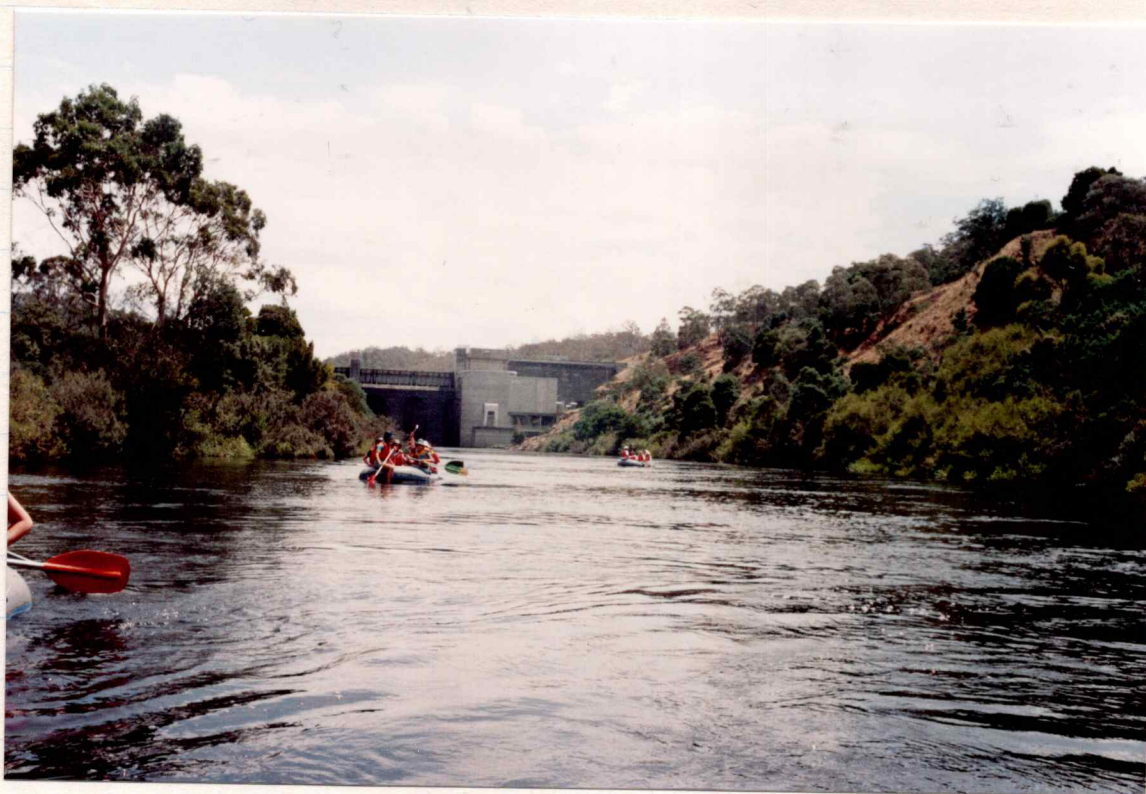
On the 18th December everyone was invited to Richards house for a Christmas B.B.Q. Everyone pulled a name out of a lunch box and bought that person a Christmas present. Among some of the more memorable presents were Pear's Irish Sex Manual and Roberts Motor Head tape, Alistairs unusual underwear, and Joanne's pink Flamingo (star of the spa). To issue these presents was S^t Nicklas Timboclause, inclusive with Shaving cream beard. We all drank, speed, ate and were merry. Here ends Christmas 88.

Merry Christmas
TO ALL Love
Richard

Xxx.



Meadow Bank Dam



Moondani Rafting Trip 16-18 January '89

After many months of Wes running around organising gear, mending it first - the Moondani Rafting Trip was a goer. Because we needed experienced people who knew ^{lots} about white water Rivers (the Derwent) ^{we had} the famous canoeist Vicki Eastman, the rest didn't know all that much, but they learnt along the way. They were Doyle, Gabrielle Zeitzen (Doyle's sister - a non-Rover) Phillip Radcliffe (9 year old wonder Boy, who ended up with more girl friends than Gerard! {Doyle's Nephew}), Tammy Dell (the ex-Ranger-Guide, now Rover), Gerard (who was Mr. Playboy for this trip) and wonderful Wes, (who kept the whole show on the Road-er-River - so the speak).

On the trip we had 15 Ranger Guides aged between 14 & 18, 2 Rangers + 2 leaders.

We started out on Monday lunchtime from Meadow Bank Dam (just below) and floated down River for a couple of hours, we then camped on the Johnson's property, next to the water Pump. This ^{night} was an uneventful ^{one} with the Chief Commissioner for Guides coming to have a cup of Tea with us.

The next day we were off to Bushy Park this day was quite good, we went through a few rapids. Tammy's boat liked the rapids so much that her team managed to rip a hole the whole length of the raft. Well done Tammy. The water was so warm, that the girls spent more time in the water than in the rafts. When we got to the section where the stix

P8 Moondani Rafting

River flows in, the girls swarm the rafts up River to the Bushy Park Show Ground, where we set up camp for the second Night. Wes & Tammy made themselves very busy mending the whole in the Raft.

The girls prepared, cooked and served up all the meals - they did an excellent job, except the food was not very nice to start with.

By this stage Gerard had his Harem of six girls or so.

We transported all the gear by 4-wheel Drive and trailer, so Wes & Doyle took turns in Driving.

On the third day we paddled down to plenty via the log rapid, which Gerard & his girls did three times, and through broken Bridge.

There a bus met us and the trip was over. A "great" time was had by all.



Taking a swim



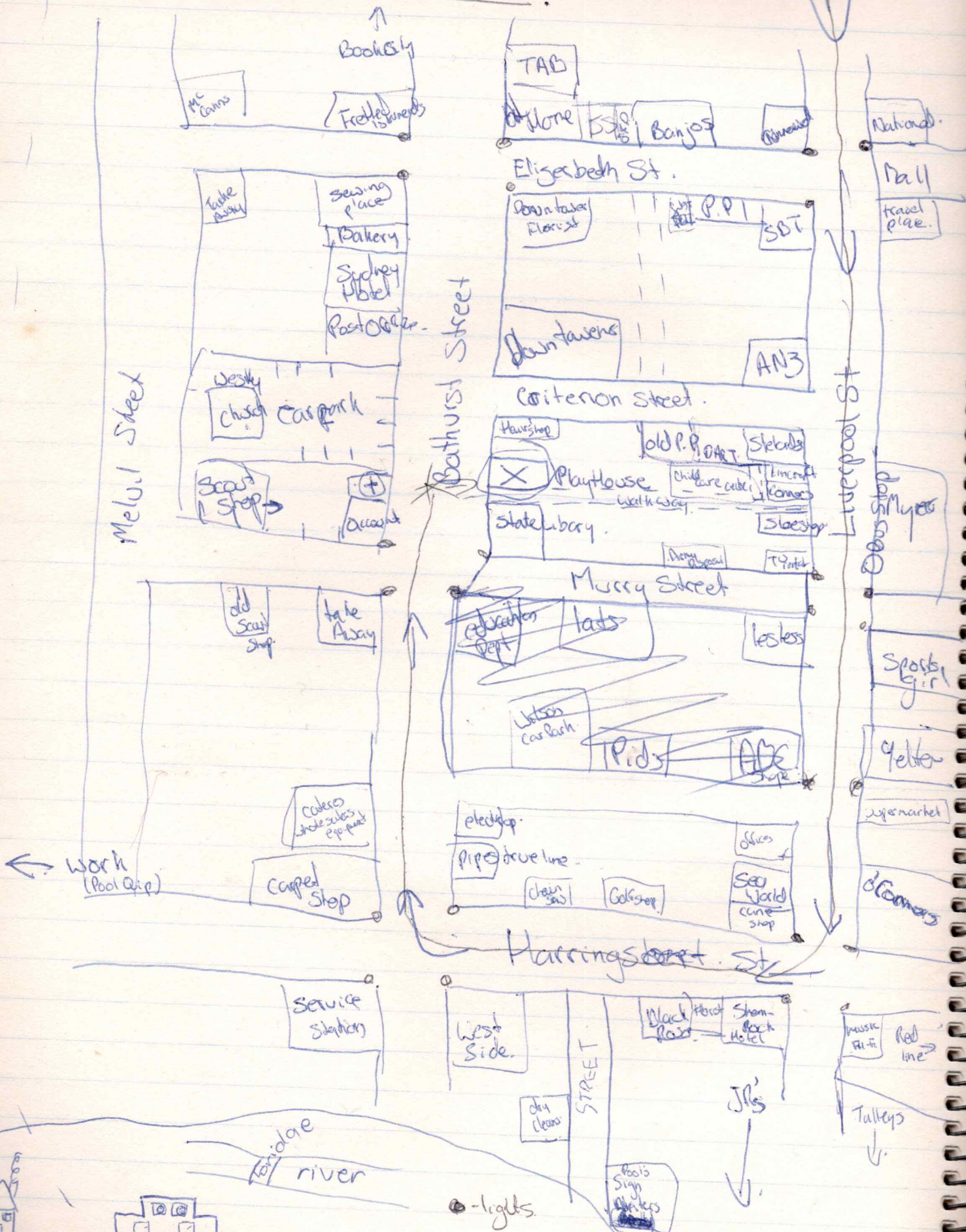
Gerard & some of his women.



off to brave more rapids.

How to get to the Playhouse Theatre.

Bridge



Kerry's house

Kerry + Susan about to embark on an epic journey through town. Only if you can find it. But of course, thanks to my wonder map.

hysterically because Vic goes bushwalking
and is never seen again. Tronel is kidnapped
and is held for ransom. Sally accuses his
wife of having an affair with Ricky. Colin
receives a dozen red roses from Gerald.
Martene suspects her husband is having
an affair with Vic.

CHAPTER 1.

Nick starts beating his wife, who falls in love with Riccy. Steve goes missing without a trace and joins an expedition to the south pole.

Pear looks a candlelight dinner for Jason (taxi driver) and becomes a vegetarian. Melinda decides to learn belly dancing, has two dates on the one night and asks for a divorce because Richard enters a goldfish-swallowing competition. Mojo decides to become a nun, finds out his car has been stolen and loses his job. Stuart discovers a murder and becomes a missionary who finds out later that she can't have a baby.

Marlene arrived home to find the house on fire, takes up harate, records a hit single with Wesley, a Lebanese belly dancer. Vic believes she is being followed by Rebecca, a stray cat.

CHAPTER 2.

Gerard wears a see-through outfit to the Xmas party and tips a bucket of water over Jo. Stuart says he wants a divorce but no one in Ramsay St really believes that. Rebecca who disappears mysteriously the following day loses her memory and is reported lost at sea along with Catherine, the village idiot. Riccy takes up swimming every day and ends up in hospital with head injuries. Steve goes missing without a trace and finds out he's going to become a father. Nick wins \$50,000 in the lottery. Rachael begins laughing

TODD LANDERS (Richard) (Richard) MRS MANGEL (Tammy) (~~LOCAL~~ DRUNK)
MIKE YOUNG (Rob) BOUNCER (Mojo)
PAUL ROBINSON (Col.)

MADGE BISHOP (Doyle)

1 Jason

JANE HARRIS (Pearl)

2 Stuart

KATIE LANDERS (Marlene)

3 Rebecca

SCOTT ROBINSON (Steve)

4 Catherine

GAIL ROBINSON (Melinda)

5 Trowel

JIM ROBINSON (Nick)

6 Sally

CHARLENE ROBINSON (Rachael)

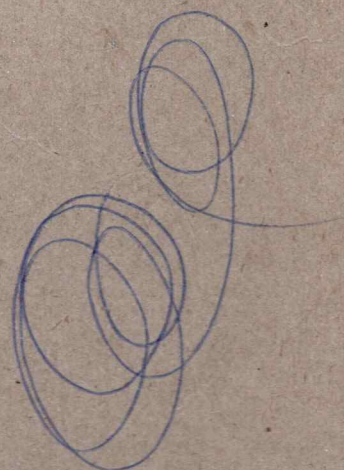
HENRY RAMSAY (Gerd)

DES CLARKE (Riley)

BEVERLEY MARSHALL (Vic)

HELEN DANIELS (Jo)

HAROLD BISHOP (WES)



Winter Meet

(Heveston) Toohorne. \$3 per.

Raft Race.

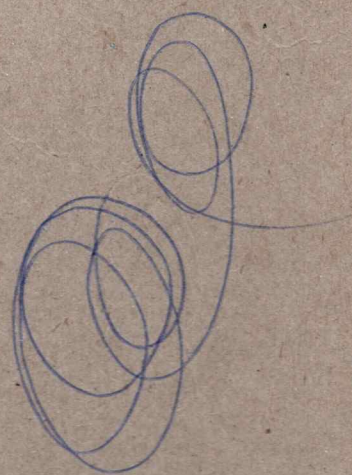
(Start) Derby acc. at Derby. 1st April

Stage 3B ~~March~~ March \$400

Rover Reunion

Neil Westaway at Regatta.

CHAPTER 1
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