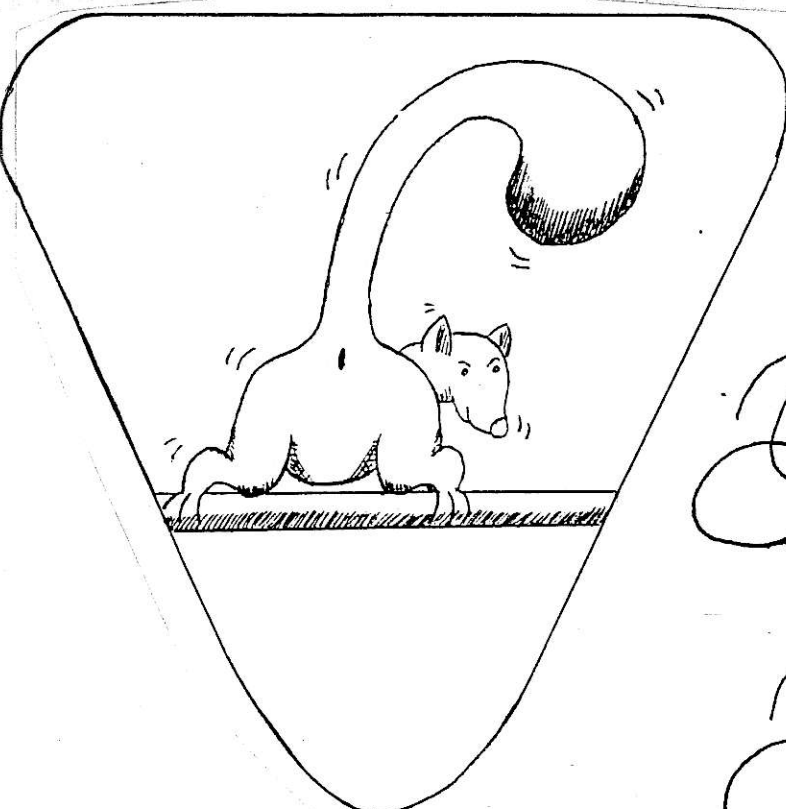




The Possum's Bottom

WHAT'S in

- Causes: it's not a crime to stand up for what you believe in... ask Richard Gere (freeing Tibet), Peter Garrett (land rights, no nukes) or Belinda Carlisle (banning furs).
- Cartoon and comic-book heroes — from Felix the Cat to Batman — emblazoned on T-shirts, worn on badges or enjoyed in the larger-than-life original.
- Working hard for the money — "sickies" are definitely on the decline.

WHAT'S out

- Explicit on-screen sex — the latest hit movies imply, underplay or leave it out of the picture.
- Fashion extremists — classic and comfortable wins hands down over "cool".
- Falling into routines — life's too short to be the same every day and only you can do something about it.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY"

A BIG HAPPY BIRTHDAY GREETING TO STEPHEN FORD (26-6-1966) AND TO DOYLE FORD (10-6-65)

JUNE - THE MONTH

What can I say? The big half way mark. The end of the financial year. The beginning of winter. And for some amazing reason we get a long weekend to celebrate the Queen's birthday. Happy Birthday old girl. And, finally as for the last two months June is also a name chosen by parents for their daughters.

Just a note...

I hope everyone did well in the recent Uni exams. Enjoy your holidays and good luck next semester.
(Ed.)

ROVER PRAY TO BE LEARN'T: PAGE FOUR

ZODIAC TIME: PAGE THREE

TAMMY'S BIT

Hi everyone, hope you've been enjoying The Possum's Bottom. If not blame Stephen. Why? Because he is Chairman and it is his job to take responsibility for any disaster. Okay.

Well, what a month it has been. Tasmania has been dipped and dangled (like a teabag) by its politicians and finally it is over. We are now governed by a Labor Party who has signed an accord with the Green Independants, which led to the defeat of Robin Gray and the appointment of Michael Field as our Premier.

Apart from this the Crew has been kept busy with events which include the Fortescue Bay camp, the Ausmas Dinner and a Wonder Picnic. We have also been tied up selling raffle tickets for our new tent.

Well, that's about it from me, hope you enjoy this issue. Don't forget, your contributions are invaluable, so use your imaginations and put pen to paper.

Stay happy,

Tamxxx

excuse me

●●● Constant interruptions when you're talking — especially when you're trying to get a point across at a meeting — are not only annoying: they can make you appear ineffective if you don't know how to deal with them. Try these techniques:

- Raise your voice slightly and keep up eye contact with the person you were talking to: this lets an unintentional interrupter realise that you had not finished.
- Hold up your hand to the interrupter in a stop-sign gesture — still looking at the person you're addressing.
- Never look at people who are trying to interrupt: they'll take this as a go-ahead to talk.
- If such silent signals don't work, you need to be more direct. Say, "I haven't finished. You can have your turn in a minute." Or, "I want to finish this point, and then you're welcome to comment." NEVER apologise: saying "Please excuse me, but I was talking . . ." sounds feeble and won't get you any attention.

ROVER THEATRE SPORTS CHALLENGE

Wow! What an event this will be. It is on Sunday the 16th of July at our hall. We have challenged the Hobart Rover Crew to a four team event and we had better win. So practise practise practise. It will cost you each a dollar to come in and you can bring friends (if you have any). Even if you don't want to enter come along and support your crew teams.

PRAYER TIME

Well team, it looks like it is time we learnt the Rover Prayer. So here it is.

By the spirirts of the just,

Made perfect in their suffering,

Teach us in our turn,
O Lord,

To serve Thee as we ought;

To give and not to count the cost;

To fight; and not to heed the wounds;

To toil; and not to seek for rest;

To labour and not seek any reward,

Save that of knowing that we do

Thy Will.

Amen.

Okay, so now you have a copy, so do your best to learn it.

Do you have a hopelessly cluttered desk? No need to worry — it's now believed to be a sign of creativity!

So you've made the big decision to give up smoking. Great! Now get ready for the time and effort it's going to take. Here are six tips to help get you through the trauma.

● Decide on a date to stop — don't try to quit when you know you are going to be under exceptional pressure, as this will make the job even harder.

● Be positive and determined. Throw out all your usual smoking aids including lighters and matches.

● Avoid eating as an alternative to smoking — the best substitute is a piece of sugar-free chewing gum.

● Put away all your old ashtrays, or place something in them so they can't be used for cigarette ash.

● Refuse to give in to the temptation to light up when you're around other smokers: always remember it takes "just one" cigarette to set off the habit again.

● If you feel smoking gives you an energy boost (false, by the way!), try getting that fix a healthier way — by going walking, jogging, or swimming.

ZODIAC TIME

ARIES: Financial problems may see you busking in the mall on a Sunday, so be prepared. A religious figure may have some significance this month, could be a funeral.

TAURUS: You will be dissapointed in love this month as you come to realise that the person of your dreams is a dope smoking transvestite with a toupe. However, you may win the lotto if you buy a ticket.

GEMINI: You may be prone to give your opinion where it is not needed, but as usual you will be right, so be persistant. Romance is on the cards. Play the right hand or you will be the joker.

CANCER: Friends at work could be against you and may use your personalized horrorscope mug without asking, so keep it with you. Your friends will want to serve you, so don't forget to use them.

LEO: Accidents highlight this month, so don't use electricity, water, public or private transport, have all food tested before consumption. Oh, and have a good month.

VIRGO: A prank may backfire and the egg will be on your face, so take care in the kitchen. A letter from overseas will tell you something.

BY XIROX XX.

LIBRA: Life has had its better months, in fact this could be the worst month of your life. It may be practical to stay in bed until August.

SCORPIO: Transport could become a problem, so get on your bike early this month. Demands at home could have you doing your own ironing. Remember, you don't iron jocks.

SAGITTARIUS: You could find yourself plagued this month by your mother's demands. Put her back in her place and things should be okay. Romance isn't a word you understand, so don't expect anything.

CAPRICORN: Domestic matters come to a head this month with you well and truly in the dog house, with the dog. New relationships will give excitement to some, boredom to others.

AQUARIUS: You will have a large financial outlay this month as your friends tell you you need new underwear. You discover the meaning of life, but no one believes you, so perservere.

PISCES: You could be left standing this month as the bus driver didn't see you signal. Money making is a big part of this month. But, remember, counterfeiting is illegal.

WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING

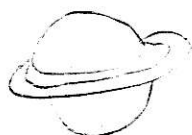
June 9-11: A crowd of Rovers celebrated the Queen's birthday by going to Fortescue Bay for the weekend. I am told it was wet and cold and wet and cold. Sounds like fun!!

June 23-25: The usual mob of White Water Wallers spent the weekend living on jaffles or snaffles or snackles (depending on pronunciation). Oh, yeah we did some climbing too.

A very nice sunny weekend.

June 27: Jo and Kerry initiated an on the spot picnic at the Botanical Gardens. Only four of us went, but it was fun. Maybe if there had been a little more notice more of us would have turned up.

Otherwise June was a fairly quite month on the activity scene.



WHAT'S HAPPENING IN JULY ???????

1-7-1989: Rover Reunion. This years reunion will be held at the Ulverstone Rowing Club. It will cost \$18 and should be a good night.

16-7-1989: Theatre Sports Challenge against Hobart Rovers. \$1 entry, it should be full of embaressing moments.

AND IN AUGUST ???????

4-6-7-1989: Winter Moot time. This year it will be at the Tahune Reserve. It should be really cold and wet, so make sure you are there. Hobart District Rovers are organising it. The T.B.R.C. AGM will also be happening this weekend and everyone gets to vote for who they want on the executive.

19-20-7-1989: Lake St. Clair weekend- another weekend which is guaranteed to be wet and cold. We have booked Milligania and it will cost \$6 a night each...Don't forget to bring plenty of change for the pool tables.

25-27-7-1989: Rover Stage IV Part 1- at the Lea.

and SEPTEMBER ??????????

15-17-9-1989: Rover Stage IV Part 2- In the Northwest somewhere.

HAVE WE FORGOTTEN CARR VILLA??

Don't forget, if you simply love skiing and want to get away from it all on the slopes then Carr Villa is available for you to use on the following weekends.

JULY 22-23

AUGUST 19-20

SEPTEMBER 23-24

So grab your skis and a lift and hot foot it to the slopes.

(Not the Aisian ones)

THE BIG UNIFORM QUESTIONAIRE

??

If you haven't had a chance to answer the uniform questionnaire then you'd better do so. The questions talk about Scouting as a uniformed movement, the cost of a new uniform, the protectiveness of head gear, a possible camp uniform and foot wear and the necessity of group scarves.

So have a think and give your view on our uniform. See Stephen for a questionnaire.

\$

ROVER RAFFLE

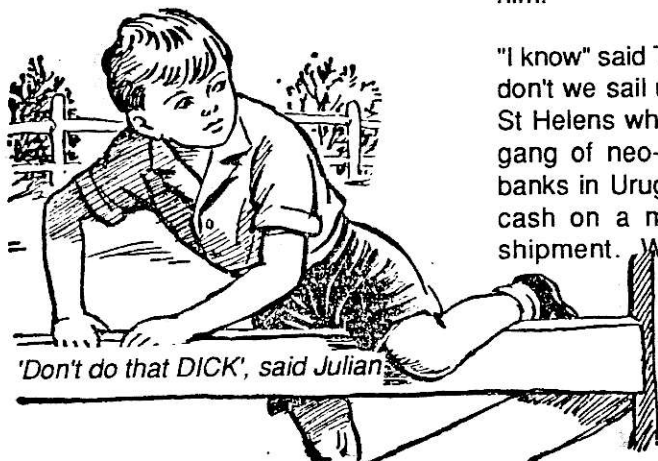
\$

Yes folks, that's right. We are selling 500 raffle tickets to raise money for a tent. So make sure you sell your 20 and get your money back to Nick be the 16th of July. That is when we will draw it. Not long to go, so sell, sell, sell or you can buy them all your self.

"FIVE GO DAFT AT BELLERIVE"

It was frightfully cold. Frightfully, frightfully cold. Julian stood outside watching his breath form miniature Union Jacks in the air.

"I say, DICK" said Julian, "It's terribly cold don't you think?" "Rather!" said DICK, standing naked beating himself with one of George's old belts. "Time for breakfast."

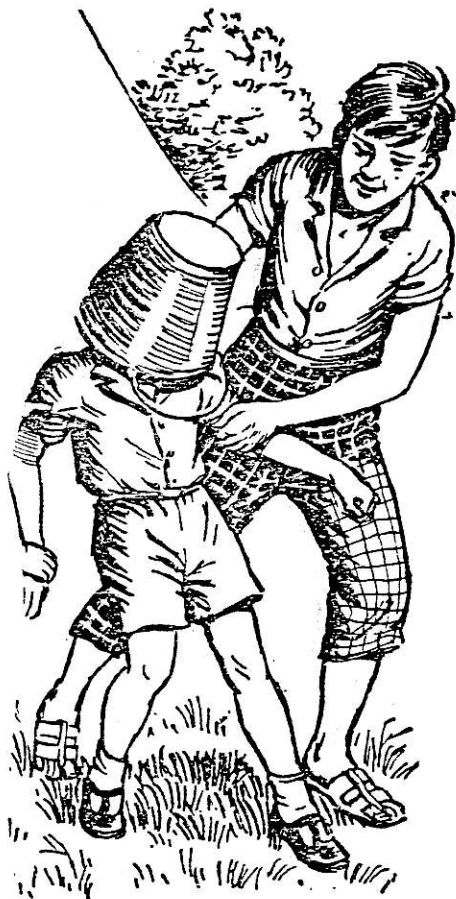


Don't do that with the margarine, DICK" said Julian. "Well, what shall we do for the hols, everyone." Each year the Famous Five went off and had an adventure. One year they helped a Chicago Soul band escape from a smugglers hideout. That year they called themselves the Famous Jive. A crazy glint came into DICK's eyes, but everyone chose to ignore him.

"I know" said Timmy the Dog "why don't we sail up the east coast to St Helens where we join a manic gang of neo-Nazis who raid 37 banks in Uruguay and spend the cash on a massive armaments shipment. We could take the

choose to OK?"

"Sorry George" said Anne. "I wouldn't have any more tea if I were you, Julian. DICK has just done something quite disgusting with the teapot."



'DICK (right) with playmate'

Into the quaint Sandy Bay cottage they went. Anne had prepared an absolutely scrummy brekky. Corn flakes, toast (made with fresh bread), porridge and oodles of jam.

"Hello boys," said Anne. "Don't do that with the toast rack, DICK. I'm jolly glad exams are over, aren't you?" Anne, who had had 14 law exams and was guaranteed to HD the lot, smirked.

"Fuck off, Anne", said George. George was a perpetual sociology student. She never sat exams because she said they perpetuate a calvinistic work ethic. She never wrote essays because she said they embody all that is patriarchal about modern tertiary education. She didn't go to tutorials because they institutionalised intimidation, and she didn't go to lectures because they were boring. She spent her spare time sleeping and spitting at Ray Martin on the TV.

weapons through a maze of secret Czarist tunnels into the heart of Moscow where we could establish a military base. Then on a night when Jupiter is in the path of Saturn we all disguise ourselves as Raisa Gorbachev and climb into bed with Mikhail. Then we could take control of the entire Soviet nuclear arsenal and blackmail the western world into capitalisation. We can then eliminate all minority racial groups and the unemployed with a crack squad of ruthless secret police."

"Why don't we hitch to Bellerive?" said Julian.

"Golly" said Anne, "we'd best ask Uncle Quentin first hadn't we?"

"For Christ's sake Anne!" screamed George, spilling coffee on her 'Female Eunuch', "throw off some of the shackles will you! We're trying to make a society where women are autonomous individuals who can hitch to Bellerive when, or when not, they

After some tidying up, Bellerive was agreed upon as the destination for this year's trip. Everyone packed their rucksacks and Uncle Quentin begrudgingly gave them \$2.

"You're a tight arsed git, Uncle 'Daggy Name' Quentin" said George. "Let's go you suckers." And so the Famous Five set off up Sandy Bay Road. Then Timmy got over excited.

"Look!" said Timmy pointing at a couple of tourists across the road. "Commie scum! They're taking pictures of the Casino as part of a pinko plot to turn our mighty



"You're a tight
arsed git,
Uncle 'Daggy
Name'
Quentin"

HAWKE
ELECTED
P.M.



phallic symbol into a bolshie
missile base. Let's get 'em kids!
Let's cause some serious pain!"

"Here comes a suitable truck" said
Anne, and sure enough, the large
orange truck slowed down and
the Five climbed aboard.

"Hello, working class type person"
said Julian. "Where are you
heading?"

"Bellerive, man" said the driver.
"Gosh," said DICK "What an
exhilarating coincidence. It makes
me feel quite excited."

George was looking curiously at
the man. She knew his face from
somewhere. There was a familiar
sneer to it. But where had she
seen it before? Then Anne said
something quite pertinent.

"Would you like a cucumber
sandwich? Would you, proletarian
man?" The driver became
nervous. A twitch appeared
around his mouth. Then George
remembered. Of course, she
thought, it's JPM Shweiner the
famous cucumber smuggler
whose cucumber racket the
Famous Five had smashed in
1983. George could still
remember the headlines of that
fateful day. 'HAWKE ELECTED
P.M.' Once again the Famous

Five didn't get the media
coverage they deserved. 43
mysteries solved in the last 7
years and still not a decent colour
photo in TV Week.

George looked at Julian who was
looking at DICK. "Julian" she
whispered, "I think. . ."

"Not another word, you English
scum!" screamed Shweiner
tearing off the wig which had so
successfully hidden his identity
for several months. "You are ze
scum of ze world, you scum and
now you are trapped. Now I vill
have my revenge!"

Shwiener smiled and spoke in
exactly the manner that all the
Eastern European stereotypical
characters do in Famous Five
books. And Shweiner still
looked good when he did it. You
know, it's not the clothes you
wear, it's how you wear them.
(Take Gandhi for instance)

Julian had a plan. Sorry, that's a
typographical error. That should
read "Julian had a plane." A plastic
one at home which was a pity,
because if he had had a plan,
DICK wouldn't have done what
then he did. He exposed himself
just as the truck was crossing the
Tasman Bridge at its zenith. This
gave JPM Shweiner, who was a
card carrying homophobe quite a
shock. He'd never seen another
chap's private bits before, and
stupidly assumed that DICK was
making a pass at him. The truck
swerved, hit a pole, and bounced
onto the Bellerive Football
Ground, home of the mighty
Roos.

Then the enormous and rarely
heard of, Ground Monster of the
Eastern Shore Castanet Society,
leapt from the earth and
swallowed Shweiner whole. With
one flick of its enormous, green,
scaley tail he sent the Famous
Five hurtling across the Derwent
and back into their house.

Robert Blyton
Grade 5
Creative Writing