

DAY 1—2nd Jan

Treasure Clue #1.
Letter Substitution: Code word is ARTHUR:

+11 -9 -9 -3,
-16 +6 +2 -17 -8 +1 -19 +3 +17,
+2 -12 +10 0 +1 +19,
-12 -2 +7 -8, +2 +7 -13, -8 -7 -10 -13

Tribal Drums

Well! How hot it is? The temperature today reached 39°C. That's even hot for Queenslanders. Now that we're all working on Queensland time. Yes! That's proper time! We all arrived, eventually. There was only one hiccup with some CEBS missing their bus connection. The opening service had to be held in the Mess Tent. Our hats would have melted out in the gully. We all enjoyed a swim and canoe in the dam. The dam leaders made sure nobody got taken by Googi, the dam eel and answered many dam questions which mainly were about the water weed gripping their legs and what it would do to them. Don't worry, the rashes will clear up in a couple of years. We hope and pray the weather will be cooler tomorrow when the Seniors climb Mount Barney and the Intermediates hike to the Lower Portals. Every body will have to carry a minimum of two litres of water . . . Alan Victor

SCENES FROM DAY ONE



Garry Allen contemplates how to pack all the Victorians' considerable luggage into one tiny trailer. Shannon Victor seems to find Garry



Allen very amusing! Could it be the shape of his head?



Registration! Boy! Those Survival Tablets sure hit the spot. Mad caps and great tents.

JOKE !

Why did the hand cross the road ?
To get to the second hand shop !
QUOTE !
I'm not a Victorian, I'm a Gippslande.



Need we say more??????
Bishop Raymond, Fr Iain Furby and Paul Byl at the Opening Service with the altar



cloth made by CEBS on the 2nd State Camp at Magnetic Island, Townsville.

Tamora Harkness cools off in the barbecue shed and Callun Winter our resident musician plays at the Opening Service



JOKE !

Why did the kid bring a ladder to school ?
To go to high school ! I think that this camp is cool!
Felicity
Toby Foster—Juniors—Red Tent
Dear Tribal Drums
Today was great. Here I will tell you a joke. Is your fridge running ?
Then you better go catch it !
I can't wait till tomorrow. It will be fun. I will write tomorrow.



My Trip To Camp—By P.Cox

Thanks to the boys from St. James Carlton, I had a very sleepless trip to the 12th national camp. The bus trip started at 8.30pm from Sydney and the formentioned boys did not stop talking, laughing and singing above their walkmans to the offspring, gerling or alien ant farm. Other than the uncomfortable seat-belt the highlight was one boy who will remain nameless (from Gwyala Tribe), bringing up his breakfast, a meat pie on the seat next to me. It was a great relief to get off the bus and into the luxury vehicles, driven by David Gregory and Peter Smith and arrive at Pointro.

THE VICTORIAN BOYS !

Twas a warm summers day cruising the N.S.W tracks, but they soon got sick of that and tried to make a huge Moo Moo Cow in the way of Matt when his attention was distracted by a flock of flying pigeons. They really stink on hot summers days can you believe people keep them as pets! Apparently you can get discount air fares from Sydney, Lounge Street in the middle of the sky fell down onto his head causing severe injury. It wasn't that bad apart from a broken nose and a bruised butt. The smokers were just about to take their final puff when suddenly and without warning, their was a total eclipse of the sun !
After being knocked unconscious by a passing wheelchair, he awoke in the middle of a football field in nothing but his underpants with great holes in them. I ended up lending a pair of mine but in the end, John was saved and Jill ran off with the neighbour. The End.
Other twisted stories to come.