

**FREE**

# Cradle Mountain & Lakes District

## Visitor Gazette

Serving the visitor information network of Penguin, Ulverstone, Devonport, Latrobe, Sheffield, Deloraine and Bothwell

Volume 3  
Edition 1

### THE HEART AND SOUL OF TASMANIA



#### A MOUNTAIN WITH A SOUL - MT ROLAND

Dan Fellow

Because of its obvious spiritual and mystical presence, Mt Roland has been declared Tasmania's Uluru. At first sight, its impact on the beholder can be quite remarkable, especially as you breast the rise between the tiny villages of Lower Barrington and Barrington on the B14 coming from Devonport, part of Tasmania's Treasure Trail.

Roland is revealed in its complete setting rising from the Kentish Plains flanked by its two companions Van Dyke and Claude with glimpses of spectacular Lake Barrington to your right. A beautiful panorama, have your camera ready. "So beautiful," an American tourist was heard to declare "it makes you want to love somebody".

Like Uluru, Roland changes colour, but far more frequently, rose, blue, grey and silver with deep purple in the fissures contrasting with the orange red of the salient formations at sunset. A winter's dawn can reveal, after a midnight snow storm, a mountain of glistening crystal with writhing gold halo as the sun rises directly behind it.

To the inhabitants of the area, Roland is a presence they are ever aware of, and they go back many generations. Ask any why they stay here, given the attractions and diversity of the wider world, and the answer is always the same. The mountain.

Often mistaken for Cradle Mountain by first time visitors, who cannot believe that two such spectacular mountains can be in the same area, Roland has gained its own group of admirers and devotees from all parts of the world. Just what the attraction is must be fathomed between you and your soul. Both Mt Roland and Cradle Mountain can be viewed from C140, the road to Lake Barrington, with Roland seeming only a stone throw away while Cradle is a 40-minute drive.

Yes, Mt Roland can be climbed, explored and rambled over but always remember, when accepting Mother Nature's challenge in the High Country, she dearly loves to win.

Full information at the Sheffield Visitor Information Centre.

**Are you battered, shattered, jaded, stressed out,**



**hors de combat - in need of succour?**

Do you need restoration, on a quest for a calm heart but can only spare a short time?

Do you need an environment that lifts the spirit and soothes the soul, that entertains and relaxes – a stress free sojourn, not as an indulgence, but of real need if you are to continue to cope, shore up a relationship, or find once again your inner self?

Then come, we are your "stress doctors", come in, stay awhile, go away stronger in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District, the heart and soul of Tasmania.

The purpose of this publication is to help you discover us.

#### An Index to Main Features

Page 2	Editorial
Page 3	Cradle Country
Page 4	The Walking Capital
Page 5	Getting Here
Page 6	Mural Fest
Page 7	Your Accommodation
Page 8	Blooming Tasmania
Page 9	The World According To Crackpot
Page 10, 11	The Overseas Trip
Page 12, 13	Tasmazia
Page 14	Livestock On The Road
Page 15	Towns & A City
Page 16	Do It Your Way
Page 17	Odd Bits
Page 18	A Chat About Chats
Page 19	A Different Drum
Page 20	To Help You Around

#### PORT OF GOLDEN BEACHES



Moreland Cook

Port Sorell is on the coast of the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District. The area comprises Hawley, Shearwater and Port Sorell. With its climate being Mediterranean and, on average, at least two degrees warmer than that of Devonport, it is now known as the Port of Golden Beaches.

Situated along the western banks of the Rubicon River, the area offers safe swimming, boating and fishing. On the eastern side of the Rubicon is the Narawntapu National Park with its abundance of marsupials and bird life. A visit to this park either at daybreak to see the birds rise from the lagoon, or at night to observe the native

animals is a very rewarding experience.

Shearwater, named after the short-tailed shearwaters or mutton birds, is by far the fastest growing area in the region, if not Tasmania, with a small shopping centre, golf course, country club and holiday accommodation.

There are many Bed and Breakfast accommodation houses in the area. It is adjacent to Freers beach, where it is safe for children to swim. Winter activities include walks along the foreshore to the ocean front and the penguin rookery and, of course, do not miss out on a visit to the National Park.

For those wishing for some indoor

activities there is the leisure centre at the Shearwater Country Club, or visit Latrobe where you can wander through the Platypus Gallery or get involved in an Art Class.

As Port Sorell is surrounded by some of the best vegetable growing areas of the North West coast, drive around the many local roads to take advantage of the view of spectacular farm land or, better still, go for a joy flight from Devonport aerodrome.

A comfortable base to explore further, offering quick access just outside the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District to the Tamar Valley Wine Region.

# Editorial by Brian Inder, Laird of Lower Crackpot



**Welcome to the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District.** What is it that you might find here, and what is it that we are about?

Well, we are about providing you, our visitor, with a holiday environment that lifts the spirit and soothes the soul, that both entertains and relaxes, a stress-free sojourn for those in this too busy world who need a stress break. Not as an indulgence, but of real need if they are to continue to cope, to shore up a relationship, or find once again their inner self.

**What might you find here?** Best answered perhaps by the following.

Imagine a wise guru, sitting surrounded by his students, and he poses a question. If God gave you an area of 100 kilometres x 100 kilometres and said you can create anything you want to make it a wonderful holiday retreat, what would you put in it?

Well the answers came tumbling out as everyone had a thought. There would have to be mountains with snow, not just big rocks, but mountains with a soul, deities almost, strange, compelling, with great impact when you first see them. And wilderness around them, beautiful, strange wilderness, but dangerous too, that promises high adventure, a test of self that confirms your inner worth.

**Rivers?** Yes, with wild, white water for more adventure - but still water also for mucking about in boats, wide river estuaries, placid streams for canoeing and swimming. Lakes, lots of lakes, enough so that you could have one all to yourself, fed by waterfalls of course.

**And beaches?** Surf beaches, sand and pebble beaches, wild beaches, remote and quiet beaches, and a whole port of golden beaches for kids to muck about on, safe, with lovely clear water, and sailing boats everywhere - and penguins.

**Would there be farmland?**

Yes, lots of countryside that reminds you of England, Austria, Scotland, Ireland, France, Canada and Italy and lots more places. With crops like barley, wheat, rye, oats, buckwheat, corn and huge fields of vegetables of a dozen kinds. And strange crops too, like opium poppies, pyrethrum, all

mixed up together for miles. And cattle to go with the farms, every different sort, deer and alpaca too. Geese, flocks of geese eating wild mushrooms in the fields and rabbits bouncing everywhere. And a lavender farm, we must have a lavender farm.

On the back roads you could find yourself surrounded by sheep or cows, all curious about you - and goats. And farmers, real men of the soil, who would talk to you and show you things and drive big tractors and big machines that you have no idea what they do. You could see ploughing and planting, harvesting and haymaking. Orchards, ones you could visit, olives, hops and apples, pears, apricots, cherries and berries, which you could pick and eat off the tree or bush.

A whole agricultural smorgasbord of delight and interest that would propel you into a life you know nothing of. Horses, you could hire horses and ride through it all and play at being landed gentry. Or hike, it would be a hiker's paradise. Half-hour walks or seven day treks. Soft and high adventure, farm walks, beach walks, bush and forest walks, garden walks. And if you wanted to go into the wilderness there would be marvellous strapping guides, full of wilderness lore and survival skills to teach us - with lots of small planes to joyride over it all.

**Vineyards and wineries?**

Dozens, that produce great wines of course, world-beaters. And cheese makers, goat, sheep and cow, and the cheese makers would let you watch. Chocolate makers also. And honey: lavender, floral, wilderness, meadow, raspberry, leatherwood, all sorts of varieties and some that have 30 kinds of liqueurs and spirits mixed in them for marvellous late suppers of tea, crumpets and honey. And they could all be linked together in a gourmet trail as you went from place to place and spoiled yourself.

**Fishing?** Yes, ocean, rivers, lakes, ponds, (mind the platypus) and there would be fishing schools if you don't know how - and people to tell you about fishing by the fireside until dawn.

**Roads?** A super highway, but not many on it, we want stress-free. Back roads wind and twist and suddenly reveal vistas that take your breath away. Fun roads, where a traffic jam is three cars at an intersection.

**Towns?** Small, old-fashioned, placid, curious, but they stock all you need. NO city? Well, one city, small though, but with everything a city should have. Banking, insurance, government offices, airport, seaport, theatres, nightclubs, supermarkets and shopping.

**Restaurants?** The whole shebang. From pub meals or a pancake parlour famous all over, to sophisticated candlelit dining. Mexican, Greek, Indian, Chinese, Italian and Irish restaurants. And not to forget fish and chips from the wrapping paper on a park table looking out over the sea on a still, warm night, counting the fairy penguins racing up the beach with joggers and cyclists passing by on their special track.



Upper Liffey Falls

Dan Fellow

**Art?** Art galleries everywhere, private, public and the world's largest outdoor gallery, and museums, historical, maritime, rail and steam.

**What about places to stay?**

Everything. Motels, hotels, self-contained cabins and cottages. Bed and breakfast guest houses and farmstays with lovely log fires - and a haunted cottage to stay in - if you're game. We must have a haunted cottage. Caravan parks and camping. All places where you could hole up, unpack once, be at peace without any hassle and then take short easy trips to discovery.

**WE ARE YOUR "STRESS DOCTORS", COME IN, STAY AWHILE, GO AWAY STRONGER. THE PURPOSE OF THIS PUBLICATION IS TO HELP YOU DISCOVER US.**

**What easy trips to discovery are there?** You could go to the races, speedway or travel 70 years into the past on a steam passenger train or go to the village fairs and flea markets. We would have lots of them all over, and

the world's largest collection of mazes, huge, and with it would be a model village, whimsical and charming where you could play Gulliver in Lilliput. Or visit the craft workers who would make all kinds of things, working out of marvellous old sheds. Makers of stained glass, silversmiths, jewellers, doll makers, chairmakers and wood and metal workers of all kinds who appear to live life in another century - as some folk do in the hidden valleys where they have created their own shang-ri-las, yours to find.

Or go to an arboretum where you could stay all day. Or go to the forests, pine, eucalyptus, beech, old growth where you are welcome to walk and feel the peace and experience the caress of nature. To feel the solitude and mystery of the secret, hidden places. **What mystery?** Why the thylacine of course, the Tasmanian Tiger. It must roam there because some have seen it and many believe it. We must have our own kind of Loch Ness monster - there must always be an unsolved mystery. We could look for it. We might find it in the canyons. There would be marvellous spellbinding canyons, deep and wild and, even if we couldn't discover a thylacine, we would discover a host of other wild animals, the place would be thick with them, and eagles and rare white hawks and ravens, an animal and bird watchers' paradise.

**Climate?** Well not hot, as some places call hot, and not cold as some places call cold. Temperate, where the difference between a warm day and a cold day is a woolly jumper. Where the air conditioning is outside, so to speak.

Not that that would matter in the caves, because we would have lots of caves, deep and scary with fireflies and underground rivers, but with guides to show us the way.

**Anything else?** Yes, the people. They would need to be friendly and be pleased to see us. We are stressed out and feeling fragile. We need TLC. But we would like some eccentrics though. Colourful, interesting people, who march to the beat of a different drum - and maybe just for a little while, while we are there, we might step with them.

**Where would this magical place be?** Why, where all magical places are - over the far horizon and across the shining sea on the way to the edge of the world.

**How would you get there?**

"Fly, from anywhere in the world" said one. "I want to get there on a great ocean liner", said another. The guru surveyed his pupils and quietly said - "It seems that God has anticipated you, for over the far horizon and across the shining sea on the way to the edge of the world, on a heart-shaped island, there is such a place, exactly as you describe it. The Cradle Mountain and Lakes District of Tasmania". **And you dear visitor, are now in it or soon could be.**

The editorial or "Guru" statement makes reference to "the Edge of the World". While travelling the North West Coast of Tasmania, you will find "the Edge of the World" at Gardiner Point on the south head of the Arthur River. Here there is a stone cairn erected by Tasmanian Parks and Wildlife Service displaying a poem by Brian Inder. (See page 16)

## WHAT IS REQUIRED IN A GREAT STRESS BREAK HOLIDAY DESTINATION?

- ◆ Ease of travel to and within the location, with use of own car.
- ◆ Low stress travel within location, low traffic density, low mileage, good roads, good maps and signs.
- ◆ A wide variety of interesting experiences both active and passive within location.
- ◆ Low stress climate, no high temperatures, humidity, insect pests, low noise levels.
- ◆ Wide variety of accommodation available suited to every budget.
- ◆ Accommodation located in urban, seaside, country, mountain and wilderness areas.
- ◆ Wide variety of eating places from haute cuisine to takeaways and coffee shops.
- ◆ In-depth tourist information easily available.
- ◆ Uncrowded, sense of space.
- ◆ Realistic and honest pricing policy by local business.
- ◆ Friendly locals.

**YOU CAN FIND IT ALL HERE IN THE CRADLE MOUNTAIN AND LAKES DISTRICT. THE HEART AND SOUL OF TASMANIA.**



# CRADLE COUNTRY

Of the many roads that lead to Cradle Mountain on the Cradle Country Touring Route, a must for any visitor is to travel the scenic roads that take you through the rural towns of Railton, Wilmot and Sheffield in the Municipality of Kentish.

## RAILTON TOWN OF PARKS, GARDENS & TOPIARY

The wide main street in Railton is testimony to the size and number of bullock-drawn wagons that once brought produce, primarily potatoes and timber, from outlying areas for shipment to the mainland states.

Topiary, the art of clipping shrubs into fantastic shapes, is fast becoming a major attraction in and around the town precincts with development of over 100 topiary exhibits as part of the Cradle Country "Outdoor Art Gallery". Dubbed by one visitor as "Living Murals", there are many topiaries underway in various stages of growth. In many instances, frames are in place that give a clear indication of how the topiary will appear once the plants are fully grown. Walking guides to the topiaries in town can be picked up at the local shops. Don't miss the "Cradle Mountain National Paddock".

Railton is a fun little town to mooch about in, sheltered, well-serviced by parks for quiet picnics and country tearooms. Also a must is a visit to Sanctuary Park to read some very interesting mathematical symbols on rock edicts that show how language developed. Then stop off in town to see the three spectacular murals depicting historical industries.

## WILMOT VALLEY OF VIEWS

On the original vehicular route from the coast to Cradle Mountain, Wilmot is a town set in an area renowned for magnificent views. Views across the valley show Mt Roland in all its glory and at the same time provide tantalising glimpses of Lake Barrington in between. There are several well-cared-for lookouts in the area where you can capture photos of Cradle Mountain to the south, as well as the panoramas across the valley.

One of the attractions in the area is the Coles' Family Store & Homestead, an historical reminder of the G. J. Coles family that started the nation-wide stores so well known to all Australians.

You will find awe-inspiring views along all of the Wilmot area routes and be sure to keep an eye open for platypus in the dams, lakes and rivers.

### Novelty mailboxes

Wilmot is having a ball with a creative art form they call "Recycled Art", using recycled objects to make decorative mailboxes. It has become an accepted annual competition to create the most imaginative letterbox. The novelty mailboxes are another part of the Cradle Country "Outdoor Art Gallery".

The results of all this creativity can be seen spread over some ten kilometres of country roads. It is creative art for the sheer joy of it, open to all comers. A must to be included in your tour of Cradle Country.

## SHEFFIELD TOWN OF MURALS

At the hub of Cradle Country is Sheffield, Town of Murals, a thriving and vibrant country town. How did Sheffield evolve to become the very centre of this special place with all its beauty and artistry? It has not always been this way.

During the late 20th century, as happened to so many other similar communities around the nation, improved roads and transport attracted shoppers to larger centres, rail systems closed down, post offices and banks faded from the scene. Falling returns made small farms uneconomical. Cost pressures on town businesses forced them to let go and they drifted off into nothingness. The young men left to look for their bread elsewhere. By 1980 Sheffield had nine empty shops looking out vacantly on an equally vacant main street. Many Sheffield residents, at a loss as to what to do, were prepared to let the town die, maybe understandably.

A handful of citizens decided they would fight back. They joined together to plot. Sometimes a beast that has lain down to die will somehow struggle to its feet and stand, trembling, bleary eyed but defiant in the face of death. And so Sheffield stood and turned to face its future.

The future was to be tourism. It was a sunrise industry and it had one very important saving grace. It was an industry for both small and big players. They could co-exist and support each other. The stock-in-trade of tourism lay all about. The scenery, the activities of a hundred kinds, the peace, the atmosphere and ambience, the people, the tourists themselves and the history. It couldn't be packaged, controlled, warehoused, supplied to only those with a preferred contract at designated points of sale. And it didn't pollute or change the environment. It was like the air - everybody's. Even so, there was great amusement in some quarters. Hitherto there was a standing joke about Sheffield. It only got six tourists a year and they were looking for the toilet.

The entry point into the new kind of industry for Sheffield was to have the town painted with murals depicting the history and culture of the region. Then grow it from there into a world renowned art town, a place for artists, writers, musicians, poets, sculptors, performing arts. A long-term plan for sure, but possible and still being worked on.

The idea took off even though many were not happy with the new direction. Some found it difficult to get their minds around this new concept. As one old-timer is reported to have said, "you lot are trying to turn that bloody frog into Prince Charming". He got it in one.

The Mural concept took hold and there are now well over 30 murals in the town and more throughout the surrounding district. Tourists have become a growing presence and no longer do empty shops stay empty for long. The local council has moved boldly to support the community in the next stage of development of the mural concept - The Murals Festival more commonly called Mural Fest.



A fine example of the topiary at Railton



Novelty mailbox - Wilmot

Dan Fellow

## THE DON RIVER RAILWAY

*A train buffs' paradise*

There is a story of this young fellow, in days gone by he would have been called a callow youth, fresh out of Sydney and Sydney had been his entire life experience. He surveyed the local scene with a jaundiced eye. The lack of traffic, quiet atmosphere, unhurried pace of the citizens, the number of century-old buildings, and declared to an old timer nearby, "Heck! You people must be thirty years behind the times."

"That's right son," came the reply, "and we're working hard to make it fifty."

That we appreciate here the charm and quality of life that that other age offered is no secret. We have no wish to be drawn into a mad commercial competition with our fellows that can add nothing to the beauty of life.

At the Don River Railway you can touch that life of 70 years ago and even a century back. Features include a ride on a genuine vintage train along Tasmania's first railway line by the banks of the picturesque Don River. View the largest collection of steam locomotives dating from 1879 to 1951



Bruce Hutchison

and passenger carriages dating from 1869 to 1961 in Tasmania and diesel locomotives dating from 1938 to 1963. Get close to the restoration work that is always in progress, view the railway museum and let that Old World touch you.

Stony Rise Road, Don  
Exit off Bass Highway at Don Road.  
Just west of Devonport.

# Walk The World, But Start Here And Wander The Wonderland

## *We Are Indeed The Walking Capital Of Australia.*

The total length of the combined walking tracks in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District has never been ascertained, but it would run into thousands of kilometres.

The tracks range from gentle foreshore and esplanade walks along most of the 275 kilometres of beaches we have here, moving inland through the farming areas and into the many forestry reserves. Most are suitable for children and the not-so-young.

Walking in our historic towns can be rewarding, while riverside walks are very popular, some leading to wild orchid reserves and rainforests.

The adventure builds when you roam the National Parks and ascend to the high country where it is high adventure in every sense of the word. Guide country mostly, especially for the inexperienced. Deep shock to the psyche of many, that nevertheless leads to an inner growth, a rite of passage, a coming of age, recognition that "I am nature's child".

For details of walking tracks and suggested walks use the Tasmanian Visitor Information Network; they will be keen to help. Good books are available on the subject and there are walking clubs that will be pleased to assist you and perhaps even welcome you to join them on one of their adventures.

Expeditions into the high country, where one can experience the real stuff of legends, are best done by the inexperienced with Wilderness Guides. There are a number of very good guides available. Choose the ones that are accredited members of the Tasmanian Licensed Guiding Operators Association. Contact the guides through Cradle Coast Authority phone: (03) 6431 6285, email: admin@cradlecoast.com or consult the listings in Tasmanian Travelways.



## THE HIGH COUNTRY

*Great Western Tiers*

*Dan Fellow*

For many that travel into the high country it is a mystical, even religious experience, for which the poets speak. For others, at the other end of the spectrum, perhaps Sir Edmund Hillary speaks. On his return to base camp after his conquest of Mt Everest, Hillary was reported to have said, "we knocked off the bastard".

Clearly there are those who see an adventure into the High Country as a testing of their self-worth, a challenge, a rite of passage, a beating of the chest following successful red-blooded conquest.

And then there is the middle road, so beautifully expressed by John Eldredge elsewhere on this page. Wherever you fit, the high country lakes and canyons are a presence that cannot be ignored.

Make the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District your base camp for your Everest.

### Did You Know Within the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District there are:

- 5 mountain ranges and 56 mountains
- In excess of 2000 km of walking tracks
- Over 4000 lakes and tarns, many in World Heritage areas
- 18 rivers plus their tributaries
- 275 kilometres of beaches of all types
- 2 canyons
- 3 separate and extensive cave systems
- 5 National Parks

### MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS

Adventure, with all its requisite danger and wildness, is a deeply spiritual longing written into the soul of man.

The masculine heart needs a place where nothing is prefabricated, modular, non-fat, zip lock, franchised, on-line, microwaveable.

Where there are no deadlines, cell phones or committee meetings.

Where there is room for the soul.

Where finally, the geography around us corresponds to the geography of our heart.

*John Eldredge - Wild At Heart*

*Thomas Nelson Publishers Nashville. Available on the internet.*

### Mountains of Jupiter

*What manner of man are we  
Who no longer follow blindly the lead  
Of pushing and shoving, and using  
our fellows  
In search of fame, or for greed?  
We who give thanks for the mountains  
Thrown up by nature forewarned -  
Barriers against the march of man -  
For nature he has scorned.  
Jealously they guard their earthly  
treasures,  
Saviours of our lands,  
Deep blue lakes, like gems  
Clutched in pencil-pine fringed hands;  
Scarred and worn.  
Ravaged by storms running riot;  
Bathed by the sun, or draped in snow;  
Guardians by might.  
We who are few,  
But growing in number,  
Must lead our youth ever onward.  
To cherish, not plunder.*

John Reed

### Land of Lakes

We lift packs to our sweating backs  
And struggle on up the Western Tiers

Ever onward we trek, for the land of a  
thousand lakes!

Down past the Walls of Jerusalem,  
Lake Adelaide,  
And beyond to the ridge in the haze  
Where you stand in a tight little group,  
And silence is golden as you gaze;  
For stretching before you,  
Like glistening sequins on a ballerina's  
gown,  
Are a thousand tiny lakes,  
Making a mockery of man-made  
monuments,  
Of city and town.

John Reed

### WHICH IS WHICH?



*Our two mountain  
deities ~ Cradle Mt  
& Mt Roland -  
which one is which?*



# GETTING HERE

Don't you believe it if people tell you that we do not have an airport here in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District. It has excellent regional air services with easy connections via Melbourne to the world's major airlines. Devonport is our very own airport and Burnie Wynyard is within easy access to our west.

Qantas Link, from Melbourne, has 25 flights a week flying every day into Devonport. Rex Airlines services Burnie Wynyard also with 25 flights a week. It provides a service from Melbourne and its regional mainland bases with seamless transfer to the Virgin Blue system.

Just to our east lies Launceston, serviced extensively by Qantas, Jetstar, Virgin Blue and Tiger Airlines.

The strength and depth of our airlines guarantee us the premier stress break destination in the Commonwealth.

And then there are the ships - from over the far horizon and across the Shining Sea, our two ocean liners: Spirit of Tasmania I and II. These are state-of-the-art ships designed for rapid and reliable sea travel, carrying you and your vehicle in complete safety. No clapped-out rust buckets where passengers feel compelled to count the lifeboats and rehearse in their minds a midnight abandon ship à la Titanic.

Where else in the world will you get an economical sea voyage to start and finish your holiday? Tasmania, quality all the way (no pirates either!).

Spirits I and II provide a daily service between Melbourne and Devonport (a 10 hour voyage) during off peak periods, and a twice daily service (a 9 hour voyage) during peak periods. And you can bring the kids. They will have a ball and they won't be sitting in the back seat with all that 'are we there yet' stuff.



Dan Fellou



Dennis Harding, - Tourism Tasmania

Fishing in the highland lakes

## FRESHWATER FISHING

The Central Plateau in the Central Highlands of the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District is *The Place* for all serious anglers. A showcase trout fishing region, it is one of the must places to cast a line for those for whom trout fishing is a religion.

It was here that Malcolm Fraser, during his time in politics and as Australia's Prime Minister, had his secret lake, his stress break refuge from the pressures of office.

Good information on how to access this area (and other good fishing locations) is available from your Visitor Information Centre or Travelways. Choose from over 4000 lakes and tarns.

For in-depth fishing update and a boatload of fishing information go to [www.tasfish.com](http://www.tasfish.com) or seek out at newsagents a copy of *Tasmanian Fishing and Boating News*.

## SALTWATER FISHING

Any of the mouths of the 18 rivers in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District provide sport for anglers. Salmon, mullet, garfish, cod, flathead, squid, gummy or school shark, whiting and sometimes cuta can all be caught from the shore.

Higher up, rivers still in the tidal areas will often have bream.

Spear fishing should provide flounder on all sand flats. Consult the locals for their detailed knowledge.

Port Sorell, the Port of Golden Beaches, has proven to be a reliable area for making a good catch.

**Check with local authorities on legal limits and sizes for different varieties of fish when saltwater fishing.**



Dan Fellou

Tassie Devil

# DIRT ROADS

We have a few here in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District. What's mainly wrong with society today is that too many Dirt Roads have been paved.

There's not a problem in Australia today - crime, drugs, education, divorce, delinquency - that wouldn't be remedied if we just had more Dirt Roads, because Dirt Roads give character.

People who live at the end of Dirt Roads learn early on that life is a bumpy ride... that it can jar you right down to your teeth sometimes, but it's worth it if at the end is home, a loving spouse, happy kids and a dog.

We wouldn't have near the trouble with our education system if our kids got their exercise walking a Dirt Road with other kids, from whom they learn how to get along.

There was less crime in our streets before they were paved. Criminals didn't walk two dusty miles to rob or rape if they knew they'd be welcomed by five barking dogs and a double-barrel shotgun. And there were no drive-by shootings. Our values were better when our roads were worse! People did not worship their cars more than their kids, and motorists were more courteous. They didn't tailgate by riding the bumper; or the car in front would have choked you with dust and broken your windscreen with stones. Dirt Roads taught patience. Dirt Roads were environmentally friendly. You didn't hop in your car for a litre of milk. You walked to the cow shed for your milk. For your mail, you walked to the mailbox.

What if it rained and the Dirt Road got washed out? That was the best part. Then you stayed home and had some family time: roasted marshmallows and popped popcorn, had a pony ride on Dad's shoulders; and you learned how to make prettier quilts than anybody. At the end of Dirt Roads, you soon learned that bad words tasted like soap.

Most paved roads lead to trouble. Dirt Roads more likely lead to a fishing creek or a swimming hole. At the end of a Dirt Road, the only time we ever locked our car was in February, because if we didn't, some neighbour would fill it with too much zucchini.

At the end of a Dirt Road, there was always extra springtime income from when city slickers would get stuck. You'd have to hitch up old Dobbin and pull them out. Usually you got five bob. Always you got a new friend - at the end of a Dirt Road.

Paul Harvey

## Do you want wildlife up close and personal?

- Do you want marsupials like kangaroos and wombats?
- Do you want to be in the midst of the densest wildlife population in Australia?
- Do you want birdlife that rises en masse from a lagoon?
- Do you want to roam the coastal hills?
- Do you want to camp or swim in a safe bay?
- Do you want to fish, water ski, go boating, walking, and bird watching or just veg out in the sunshine and do "nuffin"?

Well, you can at Narawntapu (na-ron-ta-poo) National Park, formerly the Asbestos Range National Park.

Interested in non-polluting technology? Then check out the new "hybrid loo" toilet block within the park. Only a short drive from Devonport CBD.

Seek further details from the Visitor Information Network. You can contact the ranger on (03) 6428 6277.



Dan Fellou

# International Mural Fest Sheffield

## We are the Lead Dog

For an artist - the real ones - those with a driving need to create art, the art scene can be a very daunting place.

As in any other sphere, that world is populated by its full share of prancing show ponies, snobs, villains, mean spirits, vicious vendettas and hopeless and narrow-minded bureaucrats.

For an artist to succeed, their work must be seen. All too often all of the above conspires to see that it doesn't happen. Our lonely artist stands, brush and palette in hand, confronted by this impregnable Maginot Line. So they quietly starve in their garrets.

But we in Sheffield, Town of Murals, top centre of the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District, being good and kind and pure, busy creating an art town and spiritual home for the arts, decided, Zorro fashion, to ride to their rescue.

We did it, not in a full frontal assault on the enemy, but as the Wehrmacht did in surmounting the real Maginot line in World War II. They simply walked around the end and set up business behind it. So we did the same, and created - Mural Fest.

Here artists of any age, from any place in the world, are invited to exhibit their work in company with eight other artists; to be in lighthearted and friendly competition each year to win the following:

- The Mural Fest Judges' Award of \$AUD6,000
- The Mural Fest People's Choice Award of \$AUD2,000
- The Mural Fest Visitors' Award of \$AUD1,000.

In addition, the major part of their expenses will be paid, as will their art supplies. Their work will be on public exhibition 24 hours a day, seven days a week for 12 months at Sheffield Mural Park. And the world visits it. Also, Mural Fest will **pay the artist** a rental fee of \$700 to keep their work on view for the full year.

This arrangement does not exist anywhere else in the art world. We are at the cutting edge, worldwide, to enable the creation and support of viable artists. It's a love job.

Come and join us. Just fill in the application form to enable you to participate. You will have to 'show us first your penny' by producing a miniature of the work you intend to do. To enable us to compare apples with apples, we will give you the subject.

Otherwise, if you want to support and participate in this work, you are invited to vote for the artist of your choice via the two 'voting manors' to decide the People's Choice winner. A gold coin fee will do the trick. The money is used to keep Mural Fest alive.

But there's more. All your votes will go into a draw at the end of the voting period, but votes without the gold coin will be deemed invalid. The winner receives \$1,000.

This money is provided by the Patrons of Mural Fest, Brian and Laura Inder of Tasmazia and the Village of Lower Crackpot.

*You should visit the site of Mural Fest at Mural Park alongside the Visitor Information Centre in Sheffield.*

*Choose your artist and cast your vote. You can vote for as many as you wish and this will make you ~*

**A PATRON OF THE ARTS!**



Kerry & Malcolm Nicholson – "Precarious Passion"



Jose Loza – "Fire & Life"



Andrew & Caroline Kruger – "Gaia"



John Eathorne – "Perdition"



Gillian Robnik – "Rebirth"



Marc Spijkerbosch – "Fire & Life"



Pat Kirkcaldy, Jeanette Edwards & Nadia Mitchell – "Earth Womb"

how to enter  
**next year**

For information on entering Mural Fest visit the Mural Fest website:

"Everybody should live among paintings - I love it" - Billy Connelly

[www.muralfest.com.au](http://www.muralfest.com.au)

[info@muralfest.com.au](mailto:info@muralfest.com.au)

# Your Accommodation in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District - *Hints and Advice*

The essence of enjoying the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District is to elect for one stop accommodation. Move into the place of your choice, unpack once and make it your base for the duration of your stay. There is a wide range of styles of accommodation available to meet all needs, from basic to total indulgence, throughout the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District. All provide easy access to the many walks and tourist attractions, including those at Cradle Mountain. You will be delighted at how everything is within easy reach. You will be able to explore in a new direction each day, using all your time and energy enjoying the environment and activities without the hassle of packing, unpacking and driving to new accommodation each day. Make sure you choose accommodation that meets your needs and expectations and does not restrict your options. There is so much to see and do in this area, so make the most of the opportunities that present themselves in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District.

A full listing of available accommodation throughout the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District and, indeed Tasmania, is provided in the Tasmanian Travelways publication and the Tourism Tasmania website at [www.cradlecountry.com.au](http://www.cradlecountry.com.au).

## THE CRADLE MOUNTAIN AND LAKES DISTRICT ~ WHERE LIFELONG MEMORIES ARE MADE

### BED AND BREAKFAST ACCOMMODATION

*Have you experienced the delights of staying in traditional hosted Bed & Breakfast accommodation?*

#### *Would you like to see:*

- ◆ views that go on forever to join the shining sea
- ◆ lush farming land, a little bit of England in the Antipodes
- ◆ wildlife at home
- ◆ mountains reminiscent of the Italian Dolomites
- ◆ platypus at dusk busy about their affairs
- ◆ world's premiere light show, the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District night sky with support from Aurora Australis and the Southern Cross?

#### *Would you like to experience:*

- ◆ clean, clear fresh air
- ◆ being pampered in a stress-free environment?

#### *Would you like to go:*

- ◆ horseriding
- ◆ bushwalking
- ◆ on an easy ramble across country fields to nearby woods?

#### *Would you like to meet:*

- ◆ other adventurers from the mainland and overseas and join with them to discuss your sojourn in Tasmania
- ◆ hosts who have a wealth of knowledge of their area and pride and joy in its existence?

*If you answered 'yes' to any of these questions, then try the Bed & Breakfast experience in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District.*

## THE HIDEOUTS

Here in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District we can supply you with some pretty broad action if that's what you want. Horse riding, stock car raceways, casinos, some of the world's best golf courses, deep water and whitewater sports, mountain climbing and high adventure enough to sate the appetite of any extreme sports freak.

Many of us though work in a high effort and demanding environment. This writer remembers one place where the sign that greeted employees each day was, 'Good Morning. Let the stress begin.' We dig that. We have done that so we know.

That's why we have declared ourselves your 'stress doctors' and we have created for you Australia's premier stress break holiday destination.

Sometimes we need a quiet, hidden place where the world does not impact on us - a Hideaway. But that can sound a bit wimpy. Deep down we know that we are Butch Cassidy or the Sundance Kid so for us it's a **Hideout**.

We can point you to a few, but by no means all.

### Lemonthyme Lodge Wilderness Retreat

Tree Top Cabins. A true hideout deep in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District. Full services with easy access to Cradle Mountain and interstate transport. Moina.

Phone 03 6492 1112 for reservations, or [www.lemonthyme.com.au](http://www.lemonthyme.com.au)



Dan Fellow

### AAA Granary

A family hideout at the Promised Land that keeps the kids out of your hair. You can sleep in. Very close to Lake Barrington. A very convenient location to everything.

Phone 03 6491 1689 or [www.granary.com.au](http://www.granary.com.au)



Dan Fellow

### Silver Ridge Wilderness Retreat

Another great hideout on the slope of Mount Roland. Easy access to the sights and delights. Got a silver mine too, to really hide out in a 60 hectare farm.

Phone 03 6491 1727, or [www.silverridgeretreat.com.au](http://www.silverridgeretreat.com.au)



Dan Fellow

# Blooming Tasmania

Come into the garden, Maude ~

Even for those who don't know an Oxalis from a Clematis, a well-cared-for, well-planned mature garden can generate an immense delight. The frustrations of the day slip away, nature works her magic, a peace descends on our soul and we become whole again.

Just what is needed for our battered, shattered, jaded, stressed out fellow beings who are hor de combat and in need of succour. Here in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District we have it all.

Find yourself suitable accommodation, stay put, and spend your days immersed in some really glorious and inspirational gardens, all of them within fairly easy reach in every direction.

Here are a few, but we recommend that you avail yourself of the *Blooming Tasmania Guide to Tasmanian Gardens* - available at Visitor Information Centres around Tasmania.

Phone freecall 1800 651 827 or visit [www.bloomingtasmania.com](http://www.bloomingtasmania.com)



**Allendale Gardens and Rainforest Walks**  
Edith Creek via Smithton  
Phone 03 6456 4216 [www.allendalegardens.com.au](http://www.allendalegardens.com.au)



**Emu Valley Rhododendron Garden**  
South Burnie  
Phone 03 6431 6505 [www.emuvalleyrhodo.com.au](http://www.emuvalleyrhodo.com.au)



**Hawley House**  
via Port Sorell  
Extensive gardens and lakes  
Phone 03 6428 6221  
[www.hawleyhousetas.com](http://www.hawleyhousetas.com)



**The Tasmanian Arboretum**  
Eugenana via Devonport  
46 Old Tramway Road (off C146)  
66 hectares - a gem  
World's largest collection of temperate area conifers  
Phone 03 6427 2690  
[www.tasmanianarboretum.org.au](http://www.tasmanianarboretum.org.au)



**Tasmazia**  
World's largest collection of botanical mazes  
Lavender plantation and Lilliputian village  
Phone 03 6491 1934 [www.tasmazia.com.au](http://www.tasmazia.com.au)



**Wychwood Garden**  
80 Den Road, Mole Creek  
Temperate garden and Labyrinth  
Phone 03 6363 1210 [www.wychwoodtasmania.com](http://www.wychwoodtasmania.com)



**Villarett Gardens**  
789 Railton Road, Moltema  
4 hectares of gardens dating from first years of the 20th century  
Phone 03 6368 1214 [www.villarett.com.au](http://www.villarett.com.au)



**Kaydale Lodge Gardens**  
Nietta  
A two-generation masterpiece, 2 hectare cool climate garden  
Phone 03 6429 1293 [www.kaydalelodge.com.au](http://www.kaydalelodge.com.au)

**Home Hill**  
Devonport  
1916 site was home to Prime Minister Joseph Lyons and Dame Enid Lyons. Her extensive gardens remain.  
Phone 03 6424 8055  
[www.nationaltrusttas.org.au](http://www.nationaltrusttas.org.au)

**Wythbrooke Garden**  
584 Lapoinya Road, Lapoinya  
Woodland garden, lakes, waterfalls  
Phone 03 6445 4361 or email [susan\\_oberg@activ8.net.au](mailto:susan_oberg@activ8.net.au)



# The World According To Crackpot

Dear Reader,

Have you ever wondered why things don't go along well and the world is in a mess? Have you ever said, "I can't work him out. I don't know where he's coming from."? Well, I wondered too, and my interest was sparked by a conversation I had with a much older man, now sixty three years ago.

I had said, in response to an unhappy event, that the world was a hard, cruel place. His reply was, "there's nothing wrong with the world son, it's the bastards what's in it."

Taking that as my direction, I began to observe those bastards 'what's in it', and I started to put my finger on and recognise the many different behaviour patterns in the people that make up our society.

Maggie Thatcher has declared that society was bunkum, that there was no such thing as society. There were only individuals interacting with each other and trying to survive within a mob.

I had already reached such a conclusion and had identified seven different behaviours that formed people's coping mechanism in a commercial environment. These had nothing to do with a person's IQ and it explains why some people, quite intelligent, can do some really stupid and awful things.

I called it the seven levels in the way people relate to commercial life. I also observed that each level did not understand the motives of the level above it. It also explains why things don't go well.

## Level ONE

This is made up of those who are intellectually handicapped to the point of not being able to function in a commercial environment. They will not be included in our deliberations.

## Level TWO

These are the people who 'get with the strength'. They join with a leader or an organisation that they perceive as strong and can protect them in some way. They give them their utmost loyalty. They don't care or want to know if the strength they adhere to is somewhat suspect. They hang in there and support their iniquities or good works - whatever. Hitler had a few.

## Level THREE

This is the criminal element. They see the world as made up of chickens and foxes. They are the foxes and the rest of us are the chickens. You can observe out there in the commercial world some pretty big foxes enjoying chicken dinners as the economy collapses. And the little foxes, being chased down an alley by a TV reporter calling out, "Mr Jones, what about Mrs Smith's swimming pool, house, whatever, you have just duded her on?"

## Level FOUR

These are the workers, the mainstay of the economy since the industrial revolution. They do an honest day's work for an honest dollar. They don't care what it takes in capital, or where it comes from to provide them with a job, or what goes on in the business world. They are interested in their award wages, perks, entitlements, job descriptions and knock off time. Anything else is not their concern.

## Level FIVE

The quintessential, two-fisted, batter-your-way-to-the-top business leader. He will exploit people, the environment, the tax system, bend the rules to build his factories, create mines and massive infrastructure. He is happy to pollute while at the same time creating employment, a strong economy and security for many.

## Level SIX

The hairsuite hippy-cum-greeny type. He is at war with Level Five, ties himself to trees and bulldozers, marches in protest parades and battles police at this summit or that. He fights for a better, cleaner world.

## Level SEVEN

This level is honest, incorruptible and concerned about the state of the world. They understand how all the lower levels operate and what drives them. They know what needs to be done. They should rule the world. The levels below don't have any understanding of them or what they are on about - which makes them ineffective in changing things.

If they approach Level Six and point out it is not good to destroy and disrupt Level Five because in doing so they make life difficult and uncertain for the rest of us and they should try a different approach, Level Six then accuses Level Seven of being in the pockets of big business and therefore the enemy.

In approaching Level Five and pointing out that pollution and destruction of the environment is not a good look and things must change, then things are reversed and Level Seven is in the pockets of Level Six and is therefore the enemy.

In approaching Level Four for help, they don't want to know - not their business. They are going to the footy, pub, races or the beach. They brand Level Seven as stirrers and troublemakers and get nowhere.

When Level Seven comes after Level Three, Level Threes use all their scumbag ploys to defeat them - even to the point of assassination or being thrown in jail.

Level Twos offer no help either. They only get with the strength, the strong man. Level Seven has no strength, no power, no following, so they are dismissed as wackos - of no account and nothing to offer.

So there, dear reader, you can see why we got into a mess and will remain in a mess.

Sorry to spoil your day.

Brian Inder



## HOW DID WE GET THOSE NAMES?

*Promised Land, Paradise, Garden of Eden, No Where Else, Devils Gate, Kentish*

The short answer is from the pioneers who settled the Kentish area.

For the most part these pioneers were Scottish immigrants, forced out by religious and political persecutions and the ongoing effects of the Highland clearances, when landlords swept thousands of crofters off the land, and in some cases, literally into the sea. They were denied home and hearth and a place for themselves in their own country.

Sustained by a strong faith, families grouped together and immigrated almost as small tribes, enduring all the terrors of early 19th century migrations until they arrived here - in the heart of the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District.

There was cheap, sometimes free land. They fanned out and settled the district and in their relief and gratitude, pronounced they had arrived at the Promised Land - nay Paradise - nay, better yet, Garden of Eden. All the names stuck.

They founded a church. The families are still here, so is the church. They prospered and with other Scottish immigrants entered into colonial politics. When statehood arrived they were in positions of control. What sweeter revenge than to have the Celtic Lion emblazoned on the State flag of Tasmania where, for over 100 years, it has proclaimed the unquenchable spirit of the Scots. The ultimate raspberry?

## NO WHERE ELSE

The road headed south from the tiny hamlet of Barrington until it reached the home of a settler named Ivory and then petered out a little way past in the bush.

When asked where the road led to he would answer quite truthfully, no where else. Eventually, as more settlers moved in, the road was extended to join up with the West Kentish road. So a new little farming area was created. It needed a name - so what else could you call it but - No Where Else.

## DEVILS GATE

There are cliff formations on both sides of the Forth River; at one point they are not very far apart, only a few metres. These cliff formations cause the flow of the river to surge through with frightening power and had to be negotiated by those early pioneers because, as in the rest of Australia in those days, the rivers were the only roads leading inland. Because the river led to Paradise and the Promised Land and the formation was a formidable and potentially fatal obstruction to them - they dubbed it - The Devils Gate. There is a dam there now and it creates Lake Barrington. Easily accessed and worth a visit. Get to it through Barrington or No Where Else.

## KENTISH

It is the name of the municipality whose seat of Local Government is in Sheffield, Town of Murals. It derived its name from Nathaniel Kentish, a colonial government surveyor who discovered the area in 1841. There is a large three-part mural in Sheffield commemorating the occasion.

Nathaniel's surveying gang consisted of 'trusty' convicts led by Jorgen Jorgenson, a man of great ability, and an adventurer "extraordinaire". Known as the 'convict king'. His biography is a great read. They laid out the town of Sheffield and the surrounding farms using a compass and the old surveyor's chain in basically what was uncleared bush. And they were good at it. The surveyors of today report that nowhere can they find these original measurements more than 75mm out.

## THE STARS ARE BIG AND BRIGHT

Deep in the heart of the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District. One of the things often remarked on by visitors is the night sky. Here we do have the cleanest air in the world. Pollution is rare and the paucity of brightly-lit suburban and city areas means that our nights are very dark. On a cloudless night with no air pollution or light pollution and especially if you are at the higher altitude of the "High Country" the stars are revealed in their full intensity and the sky can be a mass of starlight. Before you settle in for the night, take a stroll outdoors and enjoy.

# TASMANIA: THE OVERSEAS TRIP YOU HAVE WHEN..

## *Some Deep and Meaningful Thoughts on Tasmanian Tourism*

Our boffins did some poking around and came up with this: 80% of the Big Island were identified as not being interested in visiting Tasmania. It was enough to make me want to seek help from Beyond Blue.

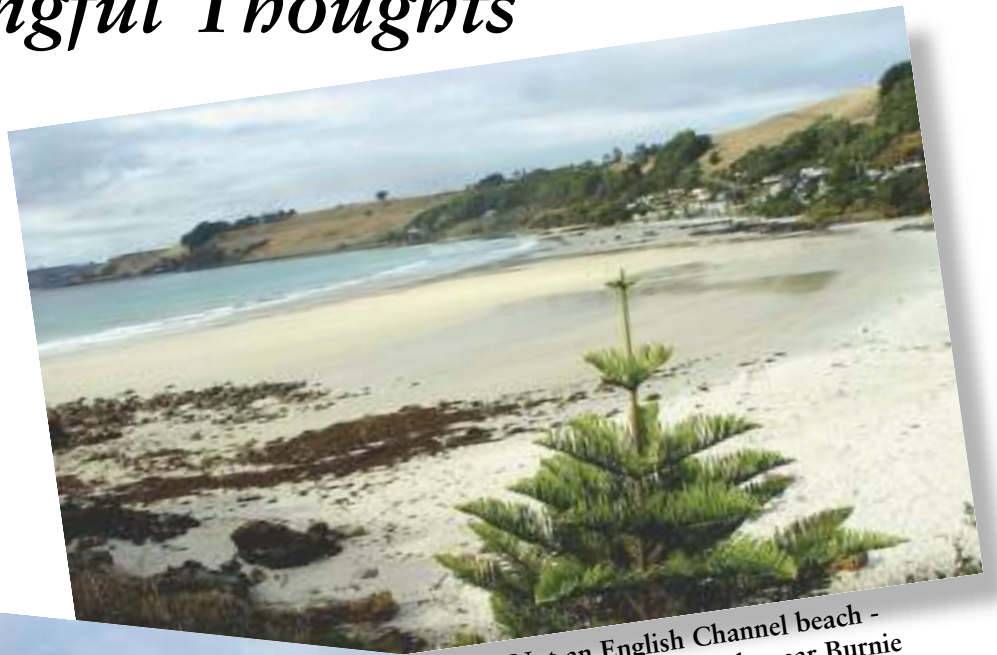
But I will admit it did not come as a surprise. Over a period of years, I have examined the reason why so many potential mainland visitors won't consider Tasmania.

The broad answer is a mental attitude. If we take Sydney as an example (and as an ex-Sydneyite I know the mindset well) they think north not south. Melbourne is cold, foggy, inhospitable and populated by unfriendly people. Tasmania, even further south on the edge of Antarctica, is quite beyond comprehension or interest and has to be worse (outer Slobovia most likely). Of this they are certain - everyone knows it.

So they dream of an overseas trip to Europe, the UK and North America where it can be cold, foggy, inhospitable and probably populated by unfriendly people - they know this too.

So, cold and unfriendly is not the real problem. What they really seek is the charm, mystique, kudos and the excitement and adventure of an overseas trip. But the problem with life is, making a living gets in the way of having fun and making overseas trips.

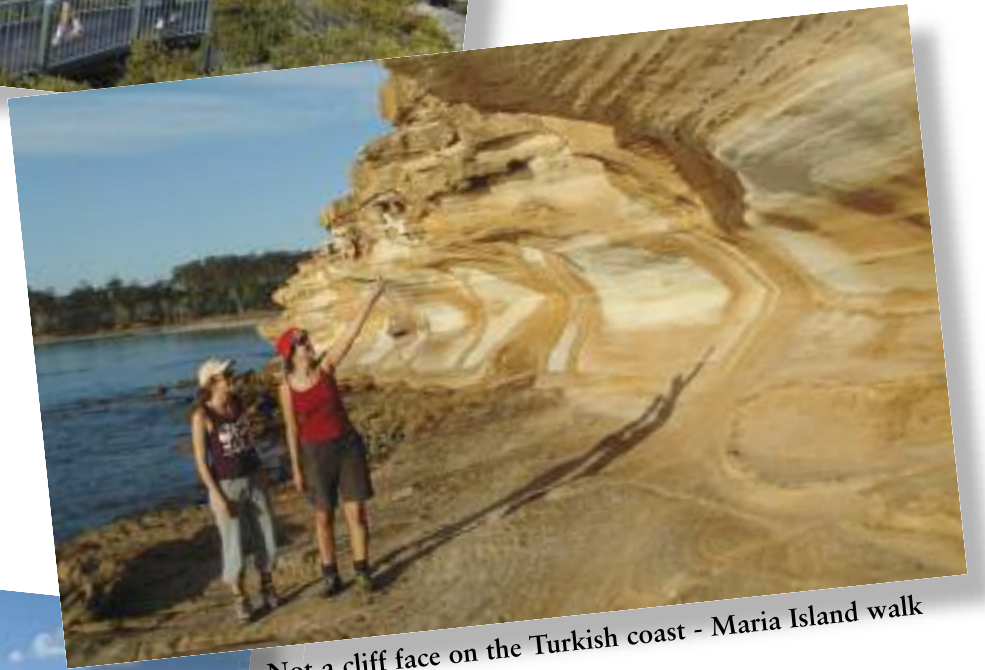
It can be loosely said that *"we all aspire to a Rolls Royce but we make do with a Holden"*. We all aspire to an overseas trip but we make do with Bali, Lord Howe Island, the Barrier Reef or the India Pacific. We make do with a Holden until we can afford the Rolls.



Not an English Channel beach - Boat Harbour beach, near Burnie



Not a scene on the Mediterranean coast - the Cape Tourville walk



Not a cliff face on the Turkish coast - Maria Island walk



Not Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies - Lake St Clair



Not a hedgehog - a Tasmanian Echidna



Not the Loire Valley in France - the Tasmanian wine country

# ... YOU'RE NOT HAVING AN OVERSEAS TRIP

But if we point out to the mainlanders that the essence of what they want can be put easily within their grasp, they will, being human, stop to listen.

We can point out that we can give them the sights and experiences they crave for. A different feel in the streets, a freshness in the air, an awareness of being in a different place. An ocean or air voyage to achieve it, just like the real thing. Going through quarantine, an 'in your face experience' not unlike passport and customs. Strange grass, different flowers, bush, different countryside, mountains, lakes, farms, rivers, towns, all strange and exciting to a mainlander's eye. A sense of isolation from your home environment, you can't easily get back, you are dependent on planes or ships, just like the real thing. Different police, different thought processes by the locals, different attitudes, customs - all giving that marvellous 'on edge - keep sharp' feeling that is always part of foreign travel.

We can show that Tasmania can give them what they want. They know it is not really foreign travel. They know what is meant by 'a Clayton's' and they also know that a Clayton's can turn out to be as good as the real thing. We who live here know that Tasmania stacks up with the rest. Nobody will be 'duded' and his or her Clayton's overseas adventure will be in finding that out.

They will realise that Tasmania is where you try your fledgling travel wings. An overseas destination where you can have a practice run with a safety net, where everyone speaks English (or at least Taswegian) and your money is on par, where you can read papers from home and your Medicare card still works.

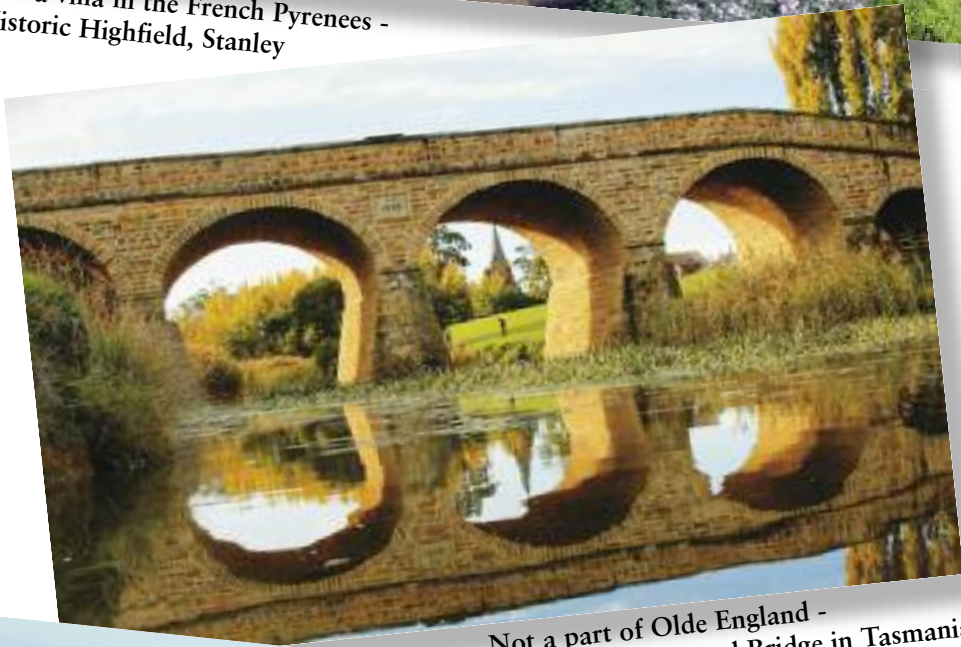
Mum and Dad can relax and not worry so much as their beautiful daughters and headstrong sons step out to seek high adventure and discover this wide and beautiful world we live in. Travel is fun, but you need first to learn the basics.

*And there is no better place to start than the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District.*

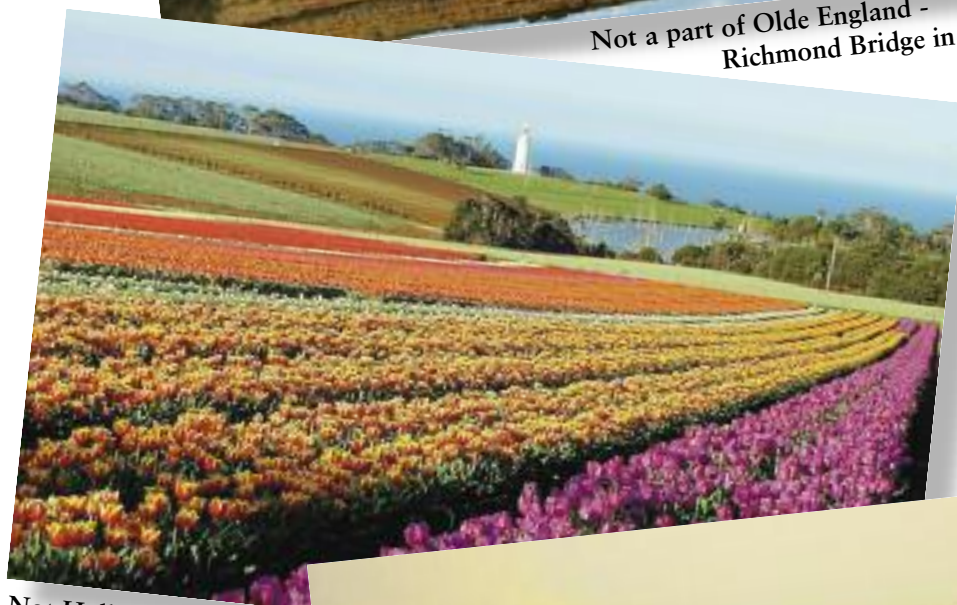
*Small enough for a weekend. Large enough for a lifetime.*



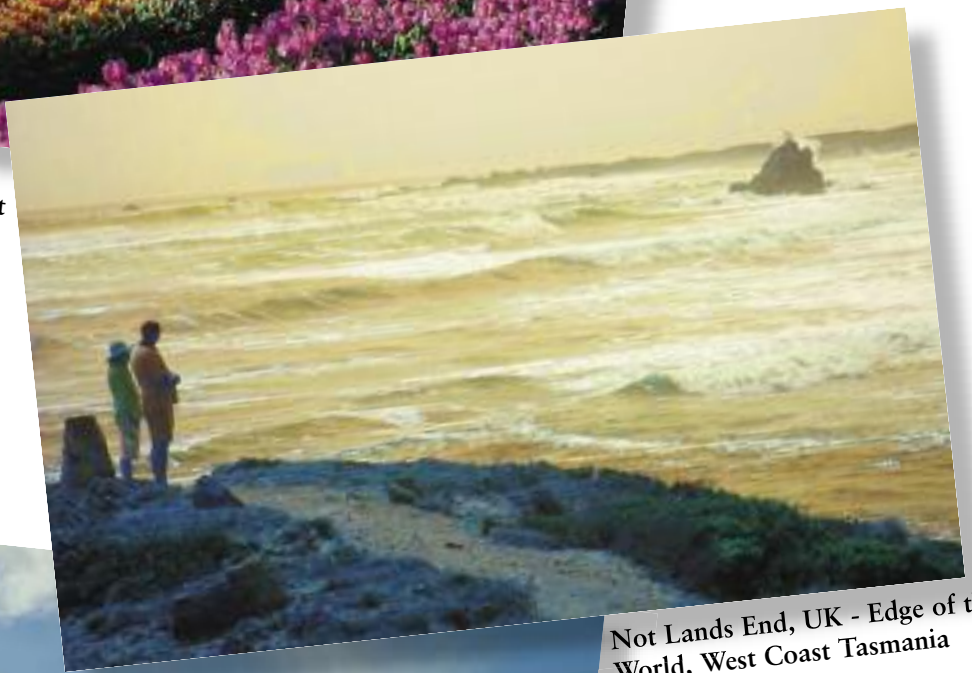
Not a villa in the French Pyrenees - Historic Highfield, Stanley



Not a part of Olde England - Richmond Bridge in Tasmania



Not Holland and the North Sea - Table Cape at Wynyard and Bass Strait



Not Lands End, UK - Edge of the World, West Coast Tasmania



Not a lonely homestead on a prairie in Montana, USA - Winter shadows, Tasmanian Highlands

*And we've got our own Channel Islands ~ King Island and Flinders Island.*

All photos by Dan Fellow except \* by Richard Eastwood

Dan Fellow



# TASMAZIA

## FOOD FUN

Find us on the scenic route to Cradle Mountain (C140) at the entrance to Lake Barrington rowing course via Sheffield or No Where Else. (Follow the signs.)

Curators: Brian & Laura Inder  
500 Staverton Road  
Promised Land Tas 7306  
Phone (03) 6491 1934  
International +61 3 6491 1934  
Fax (03) 6491 1245  
Open 7 Days  
(Closed Christmas Day)  
www.tasmazia.com.au

## SO WHAT'S THERE?

Tasmazia is arguably the foremost fun attraction in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District. (Well, the Don River Railway is great too. You decide.)

Situated on the scenic route to Cradle Mountain, at the entrance to the Lake Barrington International Rowing Course, it is on "Tasmania's Treasure Trail", 35 minutes from Devonport and 45 minutes from Cradle Mountain.

### The Village of Lower Crackpot

- 8 Mazes
- Cubby Town
- Crackpot Correction Centre
- The Pancake Parlour (a place of indulgence)
- The Honey Boutique
- Souvenir and Gift Shop
- Lavender Farm

### MANIFESTO of THE LAIRD of LOWER CRACKPOT

CHIEFTAN OF CLAN CRACKPOT

*Here at Tasmazia we do things the Crackpot way. Here fun and laughter rule. Love warms our mountain air, the broad and all encompassing spirit, is the canvas on which we paint our delight in the joy of life.*

A demanding character, impatience, self-centredness, discourtesy and a mean spirit are not virtues here. They will not be allowed to pollute the sunshine of our day.

This is not their place.

*The eccentric, the artist, the composer, the poet, the writer, the musician and those who love these things, those of a soft and kind nature, those who suffer under the domination of harsher, cruder spirits, those who step to a different drum, the loners, the creators, the adventurers, the visionaries, the lovers, the givers and not the takers, the young at heart, the gentle folk - this is their place. May their spirits dwell in eternal summer.*

## THE MAZES

Tasmazia has eight mazes, making it the largest maze complex in the world.

### 1. The Great Maze

At the time of planting, the world's largest and no signs of a successor yet. A place of wandering and discovery, your goal is the Three Bears Cottage. Make sure you seek out the secret passageway on the way.

### 2. Hampton Court

A repeat design of the maze at Hampton Court Palace in the UK. It retains all the salient points of the original and is exact to the last metre (1000 metres). As an extra, it has a central viewing platform as your goal.

### 3. Hexagonal Maze

A six-sided maze that plays rotten little tricks on you. Your goal is the centre wherein is the memorial to posts and poles.

### 4. Confusion Maze

Designed by a lady, it has a reputation of being easier to get into than out of. "That would be right," said a young fellow who was having real troubles with it. "Easy enough to get into a relationship with a woman, just try and get out of it."

### 5. The Yellow Brick Road Maze

A fairy tale maze for toddlers and small children. It is at Upper Lower Crackpot, the residential area of Lower Crackpot. It contains the Fairy Princess' castle. Magic.

### 6. The Balance Maze

A low wall maze, 100 mm wide, on which you must balance to negotiate it. If you do, it leads to the Crackpot Correction Centre and Cubby Town.

### 7. The Cage

You must find it within the Great Maze. Built of timber in a cage format it is not for the faint-hearted, but boys love it. Your goal is Australia's only known monument to a plumber.

### 8. The Irish Maze

On special days when we get lots of visitors we have a real Irishman who insists on conducting guided tours through this one. Find it within the Great Maze.

### So What Are You?

Don't get the idea that a maze is a boring place, only for kids. It isn't. It's too good for kids, but we can't keep them out. It's the adults we have to hunt out at the end of the day.

A maze is an infallible guide to your character. Just as in life, your way is uncertain and your destination unknown. As you proceed along you find yourself blocked and have to rethink your situation, but life takes a lifetime to happen. In a maze it happens very quickly and you can see people spit the dummy very quickly.

### Are You:

Leader, follower, adventurer, timid, control freak, relaxed go with the flow, ethical, criminal mind, vandal, carer, thinker, blunderer, good loser, bad loser, big ego, gentle soul, persistent or a quitter.

Go find out. Dare ya!!



## Lavender Farm

10 000 lavender shrubs in one massed planting. A picture throughout its January flowering period. On a warm night you can smell it from five kilometres away.

In early February we harvest by hand with sickles, the same as in centuries gone by. Very picturesque.

We dry the flowers for our own Tudor Lane and Lavender House range of lavender products. All available at the shop.





Dan Fellou



# and FANTASY

## The Pancake Parlour

Ever mindful of Miss Piggy's dictum - "never eat more than you can lift" - at Tasmazia we set out to create a memorable eating experience. We could rant and rave on, but we will let Christine Salins of the Canberra Times speak for us. Here reprinted with their very kind permission.

*"When it comes to good food, it takes a lot to stop us in our tracks, but the pancakes at Tasmazia did. Sensibly, I had opted for just one; a sensational jaffa pancake, which came with lashings of chocolate and orange sauces. Sanity flew out the window, however, when my husband thought he could manage both a savoury number and a "Devonshire" special, which came with a fresh raspberry puree and mountains of cream.*

*This terrific little pancake parlour, located in Northern Tasmania at a place called Promised Land, just across the way from Paradise and down the road from No-Where-Else (yes, the names are genuine!), is part of the well-presented Tasmazia complex near the entrance to Lake Barrington.*

*The complex, which also incorporates mazes, a lavender farm and honey boutique offering free tastings of natural, liqueur and fruit-flavoured honeys, was one of many great finds during a recent trip to Tasmania."*



## Cubby Town

Found within the Great Maze. While every Aussie man should have a shed, every Aussie kid should have a cubby and here at Tasmazia we have a town full. From Ma and Pa Kettles to Cubby Theatre. A fire station, pancake parlour, supermarket, doctors rooms and more. A smorgasbord of cubbies - go for it kids.

For our overseas visitors a translation; "Cubby" is a private play space for children ranging from a space under the stairs or a sheet of cardboard leaning against a fence, to a tree or purpose-built, miniature house.

## Souvenir & Gift Shop & Honey Boutique

We manufacture many of our gift and souvenir lines at our factory in the Promised Land. They are displayed in our spacious gift and clothing shop. All of our own products are exclusive. We do not wholesale to other outlets.

This includes our unique range of liqueur honeys. The original and still the best. We have a tasting table. Choose your favourite from:-

- |                      |                   |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| Raspberry            | Honey of Paradise |
| Strawberry           | Wilderness        |
| Leatherwood          | Lavender          |
| Apricot              | Drambuie          |
| Rum                  | Grand Marnier     |
| Irish Whiskey        | Swiss Brandy      |
| Midori               | Ouzo              |
| Contreau             | Tequila           |
| Jim Beam             | Southern Comfort  |
| Jack Daniels         | Vodka             |
| Apricot Brandy       | Kalhua            |
| Galliano             | Green Ginger Wine |
| Coffee Liqueur       |                   |
| Kick-a-Poo-Joy Juice |                   |
| Wild Turkey Bourbon  |                   |

## The Village of Lower Crackpot

Is a whimsical artwork created by Brian Inder. A model village built to 1/5 scale. Each building has a story to tell, and is connected to real people, so in a way, the town is inhabited.

There is the Cathy Freeman Sports Centre. Sir Joh Bjelke Petersen is the member for Lower Crackpot, complete with ivory tower. (Yes they know about it and all are members of Clan Crackpot.)

It is a university town, with, among others, The School of Lateral Thinking, C.B.D., factories and even a sleazy end of town where you will find Shirley's Joint, Wild Jo's Disco, Shanghai Reds and the headquarters of the Crackpot Angels Motor Cycle Club (new members accepted - buy your badge at the shop). The residential area is at Upper Lower Crackpot.

The Village Motto is 'Fractis Sed Utilis', which translates, 'broken but still useful', which a cracked pot is.

The village is dedicated to all those in middle life who, in this new economic age, are "adjusted" out of their jobs, professions, businesses, farms, careers and thrown onto the economic scrap heap, there to start again, someway, as happened to its creator, Brian Inder at age 54.

The village is meant as an inspiration to these people - you can pick yourself up and succeed in a new life, you can thumb your nose at the "new order" and still have a ball.



## LOWER CRACKPOT CORRECTION CENTRE

Beloved of schoolteachers is the Lower Crackpot Correction Centre. Here they can dream of what might be instead of what is. Here they can impose discipline and select the punishment to fit the crime. They can fine tune.

For starters is the **dungeon**. A truly subterranean black hole where the inmates can be thrown to reflect on the error of their ways.

More direct punishment can be found at the **flogging triangle** complete, in the old Tasmanian convict tradition, with cat-o-nine tails.

For lesser crime the **pillory** and next to it, for lesser offences still, the **stocks**; a gentle soft place compared to the full-sized traditional old French **guillotine** which stands alongside. A swift but certain end Madame Le Guillotine; not so the **gallows**. History has shown hangmen are notorious bunglers and the end can be drawn out and painful.

A person of softer heart might only sentence you to the **Rail**. Here the offender is tied horse riding fashion to an elevated rail, covered with hot tar and then dowsed with feathers. The much-loved tarring and feathering of earlier generations.

Next the **Rack**, when only prolonged and painful punishment will be enough to assuage the shattered inner soul of our schoolteacher. Perhaps our schoolteacher is of a 'military frame of mind'. In which case he or she may choose to rid themselves of their persecutors by standing them against a wall blindfolded and tied to a stake where, in the grand old tradition, they will be **shot at dawn**.

But the angst of our schoolteachers often runs too deep when the punishments available are simply not enough. Then, the sentence is to be **burnt at the stake**. To be tied to the stake, firewood heaped high all around and then lit at midnight, the fire kept going till dawn.

*Is this the final answer to the mayhem in many of our schools?*



Bruce Hutchison

The full horror!

## HELP! THERE IS LIVESTOCK ON THE ROAD

One of the charms for visitors to the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District is a probable close encounter with livestock as you move about the back roads and byways.

They will be very curious about you as you may be of them. But remember they know nothing of road rules or the law and it will be up to you to negotiate a safe passage.

Therefore, this is the drill.

### HORSE WITH RIDER

You may be familiar with using horses in the capital cities for crowd control. These horses are "traffic proof" or "crowd proof" and are especially selected and trained for the job. The horses you meet WON'T be. First thing - slow down, a lot, and try and pass on the opposite side of the road if it is safe to do so. The horse may be nervous and reacting to your presence. Give the rider a chance to keep the horse under control. If a car is approaching from the opposite direction then keep well back. Do not sound your horn under any circumstance. If the horse is quite nervous and looks like it may start lunging, STOP. Wait for the opportunity to pass safely. Patience and good manners are the key.

### HORSE OR HORSES ALONE - NO RIDER

This usually means they have broken out from somewhere and are off having adventures of their own. Be very wary, slow down, expect that they may run in front of you. Pass with extreme care. You may find a similar situation with cattle or sheep. Especially if they are young you can fully expect them to run out in front of you. Again, slow down, don't sound your horn, drive with caution, be prepared to stop.

### A HERD OF MILKING COWS BEING TAKEN ALONG THE ROAD

There will always be someone in charge of them, man, woman, youngster or a dog.

If they are coming towards you, pull to the edge of the road and stop. Let them come on and pass on either side of your car. You will be perfectly safe, they won't damage your car and you will have a close and personal encounter with a large herd of cattle. Enjoy. We'll just call you Clancy of the Overflow.

You come upon a herd of cows from the rear and wish to overtake.

1. First look up ahead and see if the person in charge is close to their destination and will soon be taking them through a gate. Best advice then is to tail the herd until they clear the road.

2. If it looks like a long droving job then you are in "the long paddock" situation. It is permissible then to edge into the herd and slowly move forward, do not sound your horn. Cows move at walking speed, so you should too.

Give them time to clear a path for you. They will sort themselves out, but there will be much crossing to and fro across your immediate front. Cows have a definite pecking order and won't move ahead of another animal out of their order. Patience and good manners are again the key.

Cows have a definite pecking order and won't move ahead of another animal out of their order. Patience and good manners are again the key.

So why are you in a hurry anyway? This is the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District, you're here to relax and have fun. Won't do you the least harm to put yourself on "cow time" and go with the flow.

### SHEEP

Use the same technique for sheep but be aware that while cows are pretty placid, sheep can be volatile and dumb. This can make for an interesting time - and never use your horn. Slow and steady and you will survive the encounter - so will the sheep and the stockman will thank you for it. Stock has been using these roads for a century and a half. They have kind of got used to doing things their way. So who are we to interfere with tradition?

### PIGS

When you see these stay alert. They are usually bolters - on the run and heading for freedom up in the hills. Pigs are very intelligent with enough sense to stay out of your way - just the same, watch.

### FOX

There shouldn't be any, but if you see one please mark your location and report it to the nearest police station. The mainland has "boat people" - we have "boat foxes" and they are much more dangerous to our economy and the environment than the refugees.

### DUCKS AND DUCKLINGS CROSSING THE ROAD

They have TOTAL right of way, don't you dare pass until they are over. Penalty - 100 lashes at least on the flogging triangles at Port Arthur or at Lower Crackpot Correction Centre.

### ROAD KILL

One of the few sad things about this beautiful district is the road kill. There is an enormous amount of wild life here, testimony to the fact that the environment supports them in large numbers.

Once the sun goes down, you will often come upon wildlife on the road attracted by the warmth of the bitumen. They will move off the road for you if you are patient. Wombats are slow, give them plenty of time because after they have cleared the road, and this is the sad and inexplicable thing, they may immediately turn from their point of safety and run back under your wheels.



Dan Fellow

Echidna crossing

You should never swerve to avoid animals unless you are absolutely certain there is no danger to yourself or others from oncoming traffic or other road hazards. In most cases the best you can do is brake as rapidly as you can with safety and if necessary stop. The animals are sometimes impossible to avoid so it doesn't always happen. It is not because the locals are heartless and cruel with no compassion for wild things; they despair as much as you will. However, nature wastes nothing and these animals in their turn provide sustenance for Tasmanian Devils, crows, hawks and ravens, which are continually cleaning up. You will come upon them often. One animal's death is another's life. Nature's way.

*"The Cradle Mountain and Lakes District is a beautiful place to live. I enjoy the comforts and pleasures as much as anyone. The poems in this publication are not meant to be a direct criticism of white man's failure to understand the greatest, and first fundamental law of nature, that being to respect her, not try to defeat or substitute. I hope I have been able to convey to future generations, that the comforts they enjoy have all been bought. A price had to be paid."*

John Reed.

## WHY DO WE CHANGE COLOUR?

For the most part we are green, we are another "green and pleasant land". We like it that way.

We do however have a temperate climate, not really cold, not really hot, with a typical temperature range of 0° to 30° celsius and it follows a regular pattern.

Our winters, while generally mild, can be wet and with snow. Spring also, but then spring can be everything - wet, cold, warm, snow, windy and just plain gorgeous, all in the space of an afternoon. You have all the drama of spring as experienced in the Northern Hemisphere.

This results in pasture growth that is luxurious and green and, as it

matures towards seeding, becomes a deep "Kelly" green. Our rainfall then eases off towards December, allowing crops to be harvested, silage and hay first, then all the other crops in their turn. It also allows farmers to till and prepare summer planted crops for autumn and winter harvesting. The result is a tanning of our countryside, shading to brown the further into summer we travel.

By then we have moved into our patch

work phase. Brown pasture, deep red tilled soils some grey. Bright green irrigated crops, the spellbinding shaded pinks of our opium poppy crops in flower, fields of cream daisies atop the grey foliage of pyrethrum. The deep green massed rows of potatoes and onions, eventually displaying their cheeky flowers atop.

The summer settles down, the long lazy days of summer, daylight still at 10 pm and then the magic nights that last till dawn, only a few hours away.

The rainfall decreases and outdoor activities can be organised with a degree of certainty. Beach weather. This continues until the autumn break, that brings good rainfall about the end of March or into April. Sometimes the rains are late and we enjoy an Indian summer. After the rain, the earlier the better, (El Nino calls the shots here as it does elsewhere) we become green again. Then we experience a calm warm autumn; many of our trees turn to gold, a soft and gentle time here in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District.

### White Man Came

Spirits dwell in darkness deep,  
Firelight flickers;  
Glistening bodies sleep  
White-man came -  
Primitive bonds,  
Tribal songs,  
Lost forever.  
Spirits weep.

John Reed

# Deloraine

A very charming rural centre with a pronounced English feel and a very English river flowing through the town, complete with a water mill. Lovely riverbanks turned into parkland. The perfect place to just sit and “veg” out. The town has an old and honourable history of pioneer effort with buildings to match.

A very central town to make your base. A good range of accommodation (some very elegant) only 30 minutes from Devonport airport and ferry terminal along a modern expressway through soothing rural landscapes.

From here quick access up into the highland lakes and fishing, the cave systems at Mole Creek and then on to Cradle Mountain. Another, and just as scenic a route to Cradle Mountain, is through Sheffield “Town of Murals” and then, perhaps after some assistance with directions from the Visitor Information Centre, on to the scenic route to Cradle Mountain through West Kentish, Roland and the not to be missed Promised Land. A great area to poke about in, much to see and all enjoyable driving. Many a snug watering hole to be had.

The opposite direction will get you, without much effort, into the Tamar Wine Region and the city of Launceston. On the way, take time to poke about Westbury, drive the back streets and soak up the ambience of olden times, right down to the village green.

Early each November, Deloraine hosts Australia’s largest craft fair and in early May just a way down the road at Carrick is Agfest, the country’s largest Agricultural field day. Both will ‘knock ya dead’. And if you are into cemeteries, Deloraine has a beauty.

*Detailed information about the whole district, including fishing, can be obtained at the Deloraine Folk Museum and Information Centre, Main Street.*

Phone 03 6323 1117

*“We’ll build a sweet little nest  
Way out there in the west  
And let the rest of the world  
Go by”*

From an old time popular song.

*Meander River Deloraine*



Dan Fellow

# Latrobe

Easily reached from the Devonport Airport or ferry terminal in less than 15 minutes and located at the centre of a stunning rural landscape that lifts the spirit and soothes the soul. Latrobe is an historic town, as the evocative poem “Bullock Teams and Sailing Ships” by John Reed testifies.

A great many of the buildings of the period still exist and are in use, giving the town a quaint charm and depth. It is another good town to base yourself for exploration in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District.

A selection of motel, hotel and b&b accommodation is available. Many of the town restaurants specialise in fine dining taking advantage of the splendid ambience of the elegant colonial buildings. They refer to themselves as the Parisian end of the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District.

Cradle Mountain, Mole Creek caves, Sheffield “Town of Murals”, Lake Barrington with nearby Tasmazia, the high country lakes and the Tamar wine region are among the many attractions that can be accessed quite easily from here in day return trips. Also, there is easy access to the beaches all along the coast, golf courses, a speedway and racetrack, a platypus centre and miles of easy walks.

Latrobe has flea markets and the most splendid collection of antique shops, comparable with those to be found anywhere, with art galleries and

## THE PROMISED LAND

Between sunny sided slopes  
Up ahead  
The eyes lead onward  
To green hills  
Sharp blue ranges  
Distantly, lofty greys  
In cloud twirled mystery  
Merge into sky fabrics

Ken Ng

studios as well. Nearby are the Axeman’s Hall of Fame and the Dolly Dalrymple Memorial where, in her old homestead, you will hear a tale of desperate pioneer adventure.

Call at the Visitor Information Centre at the Axeman’s Hall of Fame, Bells Parade for detailed information on the area.

Phone (03) 6426 2099

## BULLOCK TEAMS AND SAILING SHIPS

The hot still air is snapped  
By crack of bullock teamster’s whip,  
There hauling produce  
Through the town, down to the ship.  
The two masted schooner’s lying to  
Down to Bells Parade,  
While men in white boaters  
And Ladies in bonnets and gowns,  
Line the banks in the shade.  
The soft brown dust rises lazily into the air.  
Some driving eight, some six, some only a pair.  
There’s old Squinty King from Rubicon River way.  
Plodding slowly through the dust beside his dray.  
Bill, the barber, leans on his pole and jokes with a few  
One old bullocky calls for a plug of tobacco to chew  
Oh! What a sight to behold when your only eleven.  
It’s Gilbert Street, Latrobe, 1877.

John Reed

## City of Devonport

*Gateway to the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District*

*A city, yet not a city*

*tho’ cars abound,*

*yet not around the outskirts*

*where the mountains and the sea*

*are found -*

*in beauty*

John Reed

At Devonport is the TT-Line Bass Strait passenger and car ferry terminal where the ships Spirit of Tasmania I and II berth at the end of their journeys from Melbourne. Only minutes from the CBD is the modern and efficient airport, with regular interstate and intrastate services flown by our regional airlines.

From Devonport, the roads lead you throughout this exquisite district, all of it within easy reach. And then beyond, to the rest of Tasmania. It is the most convenient and central gateway to use when planning your travel to this magic isle and intending to enjoy the delights of the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District.

Devonport is a tourist-oriented, vigorous sea port city. The port activities are easily viewed and well worth a long browse around its perimeters.

Naval and merchant ships keep the port busy. Frequently, visiting yachts from all ports of the world are moored here as their crews seek a little R & R from the rigours of the sea. The giant ferry is a never to be forgotten sight of an evening when it departs, as it

manoeuvres itself full circle, at a point in the river not much wider than the length of the ship.

Like the rest of the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District, Devonport has a complete range of accommodation ranging from back packer hostels to modern hotels. All of the accommodation is within a comfortable distance of the many attractions in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District, including Cradle Mountain.

Restaurants are many, Mexican, Indian, Chinese, Italian, Irish and fish and chips from the wrapping paper on a park table looking out over the sea. And, wait for it, a McDonalds that was declared to serve the world’s best value Big Mac hamburger.

There are art and craft centres, racetrack and speedway. Close to Devonport, and still within the municipality, are the Tasmanian Arboretum and the Don River Railway. The Don River Railway is a Mecca for train buffs and guaranteed to turn to water the knees of the child that is in all of us.

And there are plenty of other good things to see and visit. Like the Imaginarium Science Centre, a “hands on” you make it work collection of over 50 exhibits located at 19 - 23 MacFie Street.

To get a handle on all this call into the Devonport Visitor Information Centre. They have information on everything you want to know about the city of Devonport and the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District, including accommodation, day tours, attractions, cruises and national parks.

**Contact them at**

**92 Formby Road Devonport**

**Phone (03) 6424 4466**

**Fax (03) 6424 8476**

**Yes, they will book your accommodation and transport.**

# Ulverstone

A comfortable little town to make your base if you prefer the seaside to mountain wilderness. Take time to visit the Australian Naval Memorial, a tribute to the Scrap Iron Flotilla, just a few hundred metres along the river bank towards the heads from “the old potato wharf” referred to in ‘Chat about Chats’.

A gateway to Leven Canyon, Gunns Plains caves and Cradle Mountain - and exquisite drives through the high, wide and handsome rural landscapes of Sprent, Central and Upper Castra and Nietta. Much to see, much to explore.

Ulverstone has a splendid river, splendid beaches, a calm non-hassle environment with a good variety of shopping, eateries and pubs. There is extensive accommodation throughout. It is an ideal base for bushwalkers with good access to Black Bluff where there are prospects of discovering gemstones in the waterways.

An easy drive from Devonport and Burnie airports and the Bass Strait ferry terminal, Ulverstone is well served by the expressway skirting the town.

The seaside village of Penguin is part of Ulverstone’s municipal area. Get to Penguin via the old coast road scenic drive, which is a real delight.

*Detailed information is available from the Visitor Information Centre, 13-15 Alexandra Road, Ulverstone Phone 03 6425 2839.*

# You Can Do It Your Way

One of the great charms of this district is its suitability for alternative life styles. Not necessarily the full “hippy” bit (we have that too, and many a kindred spirit you will find here), but a gentle retirement from the perceived “rat race” of the major mainland centres and their economic pressures and demands. A “sea change”, a place in the sun, just for you, master of your own destiny.

We, all of us I suppose, dream that dream. The trick is to bring the dream to reality and in doing so it is necessary to bring the front of your head to the problem, and not the back of it.

- How will I make a living?
- Can I find a market for my skills?
- How much capital do I need?
- Is there a market I can tap into?
- Is there room for craft people?
- Can we live off the land?
- Can I set up a bed and breakfast, camp sites, be a tour guide, wilderness guide?
- Can I grow flowers, market them if I do?
- Start a vineyard, be a wine maker?
- What if I have this special idea?
- Is there room for herb growers, how do I market?
- A place for artists, writers, poets?

There can be affirmative answers to all these questions and there are many who dreamed a dream and set out on the great adventure, walking an unlit way, completed the journey and did it “their way”.

People like Jeanette and John Sinclair, who migrated from South Africa because of the growing problems there and have created a wonderful ‘mountain hideout’ to provide peace and succour for the many mainland and international visitors that come to them.

Or Dr Dirk, a chiropractor who made his way to us after life in Zimbabwe became untenable and has established a strong practice. As have done many other professionals in many fields.

Or Graham who left the United States as becoming ‘pretty crazy and superficial’ to pursue his retirement dream to indulge his lifelong interest in confectionery. He has opened the Cradle Mountain Candy Company at 44 Main Street, Sheffield, to the delight of visitors and locals alike.

And then there is Shane Harris and Wendy Parker, who came to the district via Newcastle and Darwin and set up in business with a total capital of \$5.75 and a laptop, carving out a prosperous business in building and maintaining website designs for private and government customers, with over 40% of their business now originating from the USA.

Then meet Jan from New Zealand who deliberately chose the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District to showcase and market her art. See her story on page 19, Playing for Keeps.

*Pleased to meet ya!  
Introducing our  
newest immigrant*

## Bombus Terrestris

Creating a lot of interest among many visitors over the warmer months is the bumble bee.

This fascinating furry black and gold little insect has its origins in the Northern Hemisphere and is believed to have jumped ship from New Zealand and arrived in Hobart in 1992. Since then it has spread statewide and turned up in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District circa 1998.

The bumble bee is not aggressive but will sting if feeling threatened. It signals its displeasure ahead of time by raising one of its middle legs. So, watch out for that left or right hook. Otherwise they are quite laid back and seem unaware of humans. So there is no need to fret if any are close by. They are friendly and welcome little visitors to our gardens.

They prefer to collect honey and pollen from introduced plants rather than natives. Sometimes they will emit a high pitched buzz (sonicate) to dislodge pollen from flowers to make it easier to gather, so don’t be alarmed if you hear it. They aren’t angry, just into hi-tech food gathering.

The very large ones are the Queens and almost cover a \$1.00 coin. Unlike the honey bee, bumble bee queens are often out and about gathering pollen or searching for new nest sites. The drone, which cannot sting, is somewhat smaller, while the worker bee is smaller still.

They tend to nest in holes in the ground but the nests are small, about the size of a fist, supporting around 100 bees. A thousand would be a very big nest.

An interesting observation is that since the arrival of the bumble bee the numbers of very aggressive European Wasps (*Vespula germanica*), which have similar nesting habits, seem to be reducing. It would be a good thing if there is a connection.

In other countries the bumble bee is very much the farmer’s friend and a great boon to agriculture. It is hoped it will be so here. In the entire insect world it is recognised as the most efficient pollinator, enabling big increases in fruit and orchard crop yields.

According to the law of aerodynamics, the bumble bee, because of its short wing span and large body size is incapable of flight. But the bumble bee, being unaware of this, goes ahead and flies.

Now isn’t there a lesson in there for all of us.

Bees are the complete masters of their own social and industrial complex. We have a lot to learn.

*John Reed*



Dan Fellow

### THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

I cast my pebble onto the shore of Eternity  
To be washed by the Ocean of Time  
It has shape, form and substance  
It is me  
One day I will be no more  
But my pebble will remain here  
On the shore of Eternity  
Mute witness for the aeons  
That today I came and stood  
At the edge of the world.

*Brian Inder*



### THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

A mystical and spiritual place in a wild and natural setting. Some don’t dig it. Many do, and grieve for those who don’t.

It is

- ◆ A place for young lovers to cement their relationship.
- ◆ A place for old love to pledge eternity.
- ◆ When it is realised that death is to tap a loved one, to hold hands and cast a pebble, hallows a mystical place of remembrance, known always to the both of you.
- ◆ For the lonely, the outcast and the alienated, their pebble confirms that they live, they matter too, they are part of the universe and eternity and will be remembered.
- ◆ For the traveller from a far place, a reminder that they came here and will remain forever a spiritual part of this place.
- ◆ And for some, the final words of the Maoris’ Farewell are enough.

*Please remember me.*

The Edge of the World can be reached in a day return trip from most anywhere in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District. Leave early to keep the sun behind you and delight in the light playing over the beautiful countryside of the North West Coast. A repeat performance in the evening with the sun now behind you again.

Make your way to the Arthur River via Marrawah, cross the bridge and take the second street past it and make your way to the car park (only a short distance) at Gardiner Point.

The stone cairn with the poem can be easily reached from there. Your only problem is you will be sorely tempted to explore all the other great places up that way.



# THE GHOSTS

With a history as old as the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District one would expect a ghost or two. But there are many more than that and if you are in the company of a “white witch” you will find they seem to be picking them up all the time.

So, just a few locations are provided here, with deliberately vague descriptions to protect privacy.

- In the main street of **Latrobe** there is a house (of some history) with a “presence”. It knocks on walls, but never on walls in the rooms where people are, always the next room. If people show irritation it fills the house with a disgusting odour.
- Approximately 40 years ago at **Spellman’s**, near the town of Wilmot, a local lad often visited his young lady friend at her home in Castra by taking a short cut across the Wilmot River rather than the longer route across Spellman’s Bridge. One particularly stormy and windy night at about 11pm the young man was taking the short cut home when, above the noise of the wind, he heard a terrifying moaning noise and then a sound like clanging chains!!!! Memories flooded back into his brain and his hair stood on end as he recalled the story that had been passed around the district a few months previously about frequent sightings of a ghost at Spellman’s. Later, when telling a friend about his experience, he said “I know I walked or almost ran across the river and my boots didn’t even get wet”. Needless to say he never took the short cut home again.
- **The Crying Child** heard at night in a paddock at Promised Land. Old-timers remember a house on the spot. A small girl died there under unknown circumstances and was buried in the paddock, the grave left unmarked. Later, the house was pulled down and today there remains no trace - just the crying in the night.
- **The Old School House**. It would be too easily identified if given a location name. Suffice to say it is not that far from Cradle Mountain, in fact there is a good view of the mountain nearby. The old school house is resided in by a single lady who has transformed it into a delightful “pad”, oozing charm and style and reflecting her rather off-beat character. She’s pure Cradle Mountain and Lakes District. Asked if any of the old pupils ever come back, she said, “Yes, their shades gather in there,” pointing to what used to be a large common room.

- **The Ghost of Daisy Dell**. It was an old timber town pre second world war with a population of some thousands by all accounts. Now hardly a trace remains except the road sign on the road leading to Cradle Mountain. The old post office tree was part of it. In 1941 a young blonde woman was reported murdered at Daisy Dell and her body hidden. She is often seen at night by log truck drivers standing in the middle of the road with her hands held out. On being approached she disappears. So common is the sighting, her ghostly figure is depicted on the Sheffield Mural “Cradle Mountain Beauty”. Look for her right of centre, low down.

## TASMANIAN ARBORETUM

The Tasmanian Arboretum or Tree Park of about 50 hectares is located at Eugenana 10km south of Devonport.

Planting began in the mid eighties and many amenities are provided. Early plantings were mainly in the Tasmanian and Gondwana sites. Now there are specimens from all the cool climate regions except southern Africa.

First impressions will settle on the Arboretum’s topographic complexity. A central alluvial plain, bisected by Melrose Creek, gives way to light red soil slopes and limestone outcrops. A more significant waterway, the Don River, courses through the eastern flank of the site gathering up Melrose Creek on the way.

For technical and educational reasons planting is being designed around geographic regions, some more advanced than others, as the Arboretum is still in a developing mode.

A significant step forward was the decision in 2001 by the Royal Tasmanian Botanical Garden in Hobart to plant its collection of Southern Hemisphere conifers on the site and oversee their development. This is a very important collection.

There are also collections of the prominently flowering species that dominate from spring to autumn, from Gondwana land species to oriental shrubs.

The Arboretum is a large landscape project; managed by dedicated volunteers and financed by whatever methods they can dream up - true garden lovers.

Many visitors will be absorbed in its horticultural beginnings, while others will enthuse about its potential to showcase tree species as an attractive display. If you’re into gardens, this is for you.

*John Langford*

*We have it all, here in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District.*



Dan Fellow

### CRADLE MOUNTAIN CLOUD

*Tasmania’s most popular mountain*

*Famous for it’s freak storms.*

*Even in summer when Mrs Winter*

*Leaves her cradle, man must go.*

CRADLE MOUNTAIN CLOUD

*See how she clings to the lofty cradled crest*

*As a frightened child clings to her loving mother’s breasts,*

*The mountain frees her shrieking winds*

*To break the tender grip; plummeting her down,*

*Twisting and writhing like tortured sails on a sailing ship.*

*Spreading forth her silver petals*

*Like shining fairies on the wing,*

*She nestles slowly down,*

*To cover all who venture not within.*

*You may well stand proud*

*With scarred and creviced peak, but heart of stone;*

*Cast down at all the beauty she has sown.*

*Though her tumbling, fleecy whiteness has long since gone.*

*Her mantled soul remains behind, for all to gaze upon.*

JOHN REED

## THE CEMETERIES

Many of the towns and areas in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District have witnessed almost 80% of the entire white history of this country. Our roots run deep.

The early pioneers who lived, worked and died in those towns and areas (to quote the beautiful words on the Tucker Box pioneer memorial at Gundagai, “*who won the land when the winning was dangerous, and are now gathered unto her again*”) were buried in numerous cemeteries, easily found. The headstones of many display potted histories of their lives, some funny, some moving, all interesting.

Take time to visit and to reflect on the lives of those who have gone before, who helped to create this place. A quiet time for you. We owe them much.

## ODD THINGS

**What are those big plastic wrapped bales you see lying in the fields or stacked along farm fences?**

Silage, or more accurately ensilage, which is used for cattle fodder. It starts off as succulent green pasture cut at the peak of perfection in the spring. It is then wrapped as you see it to exclude air. Then takes place a process of anaerobic acid fermentation that results in marvellous cattle feed that will keep for years. Canned grass. Good silage will smell like a great pipe tobacco and you may catch a whiff of it as you drive around.

You can see the harvesting and wrapping operations throughout November. Sometimes the bales are all wrapped together and form giant caterpillars maybe a hundred metres long. Just about every dairy farm will conserve fodder this way. A farmer

will tell you “On silage, my cows milk like Niagara Falls”.

**What are those little A-frame constructions you see along the road verges?**

Shelter for goats. Many property holders use goats to control blackberries and weeds along their boundary fences. Goats, while a very friendly and intelligent animal, are not very hardy and require shelter at night and during inclement weather. It is illegal in Tasmania to tether a goat without access to shelter.

**Dry Stone Walls**

You will see a lot of Dry Stone Walls here and there. The red soils in the Lakes District are a result of ancient lava flows and the volcanoes also spewed out rocks, millions of them. So, there is a never-ending supply and they keep coming to the surface.

When the land is cleared of rocks, they have to be put somewhere. The pioneers used them to fence their holdings and many of the stone walls they built are still there. Great, aren’t they?

Nowadays there is a revived interest in Dry Stone Walls and there is a subtle and low key competition among farmers to build a better wall than “the bloke next door”. Angle of batter, width of base, how level the top, neatness of fit and smoothness of the face are all taken into account, and points awarded or lost accordingly, when comparing the product of their efforts.

Success in this field can often lead to a further challenge. Building the all stone house. You will see a lot of them in your travels through the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District, and more continue to be built. The builders relate totally with the statement of the American philosopher Henry Thoreau - “*I cannot conceive of a more natural occupation for a man than to build his own house*”.



Waldheim Chalet

Bruce Hutchison

## WHATEVER THE WEATHER

Many people from afar, especially those who “enjoy” temperatures in the high 30° and 40° celsius, are of the fond belief that Tasmania “freezes over” when the Easter Feast is finished. This is indeed far from the truth.

The Cradle Mountain and Lakes District has a unique climate. It is situated in the north west of the island of Tasmania. Its climate is very much influenced by the Roaring Forties, so called by the old time sailors who took advantage of the north westerly winds which blow around the earth at and below 40° south latitude.

The Cradle Mountain and Lakes District lies between 41° and 42° south. The Roaring Forties, which often blow in the late winter and spring, have the effect of cooling the influence of the hotter Australian mainland, which lies only a couple of hundred miles to our north. This leaves the district with a temperature range that science tells us is the best for the human metabolism and also for animals and plants. That must be why the nations best beef and 80% of its vegetables are sourced from here.

A look at our temperature chart shows Tasmania’s mean winter temperature is only about one degree less than other States who boast about their warmer winter levels. In summer our mean lowest temperature is higher than many of our mainland state neighbours, while our highest temperature is many degrees less and therefore not miserably hot. In short, our climate is not cold; it’s just that it is not hot.

**What does this temperate weather mean in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District?**

**Answer:**  
THERE ARE DISTINCT SEASONAL VARIATIONS.

**What does this mean?**

**Answer:**  
**WINTER** - snow on the mountains, warm snug accommodation before open fires in traditional northern European style comfort, with crispy sunshine walks in weather that most often does not require gloves or parka.

**SPRING** - masses of daffodils, bluebells and tulips peeping through paddocks of fresh green, with buds appearing on the many native and imported deciduous trees that make

our landscape so unique. We have all the drama of the northern spring.

**SUMMER** - when temperatures go no lower than most mainland states yet do not reach above the comfortable high twenties, warm enough for sea bathing but cool enough to sleep at night under bedcovers, long evenings and beautiful sunsets. A truly civilised climate.

**AUTUMN** - the season of the splendid rustic colour of nature taking the mantle of leaf fall, cool mornings but warm sunshine and calm still days, helping the harvest of our fruit and vegetables which furnish the markets of our mainland neighbours and even further afield in Asia and beyond.

In summary, the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District of North Western Tasmania brings our visitors a pleasant but variable climate enriched with a change in each of the four seasons, unique in the southern hemisphere, pleasant but variable in each, and mother nature very close all about.

## A CHAT ABOUT CHATS

Visitors to our district are often mystified by the many varieties of potatoes available. Elsewhere in the country a spud is a spud - but not here. Tasmanians take their potatoes seriously, as befits the major potato growing State, and it is quite usual for a household to stock four or more varieties, each one performing best for a particular dish. Some are all-rounders, so here is a list of many you will run into, plus a little of the history.

### BROWNELL

The original Tasmanian quality spud. A huge industry was founded on them. Brownell is excellent all round; chips, mashed, baked or in a salad. Red skin, white flesh, good flavour. When organically grown, still the king. The first exports from the Lakes District went to the Victorian gold fields and sustained the men on both sides of the Eureka Stockade, then went on to nourish a nation. They still do. Those first spuds left the wharf at Bells parade, Latrobe - it still exists and is well worth a visit.

distinctive flavour. Oval to long tubers. A major variety in the Netherlands.

### PINK EYE

Another great favourite. Very early and much sought after as “new” potatoes. Creamy white with purple eyes, wavy flesh that holds its form while boiling or microwaving. Not good baked or chipped. Round - usually small, great for potato salad.

### BISMARCK

Early. When dug semi mature one of the best “new” potatoes for boiling. White with purple eyes, white flesh.

### KING EDWARD

An all-rounder. White skin with pink blotches, white to cream flesh. Presents well as a mashed spud. A SUPERB ROASTING POTATO. Less suitable for microwaving or salad.

### KENNEBEC

Great all-rounder. Excellent hash browns. The spud of choice by fish and chip shops. White skin and flesh. Irregular oval shape.

### COLIBAN

Very attractive white round to oval tubers. Presents well as a whole boiled spud. Can be microwaved. Baked in its jacket or chipped is out, but it mashes well.

### PONTIAC

Round shaped with red skin, deep eyes and white flesh. You name it, it does it.

### UP TO DATE

White skin, cream flesh. Presents well as a mashed spud. Great baked or in potato salads.

### SEBAGO

White skin, white flesh. Similar to Kennebec but arriving later in the season. All purpose and mashes superbly.

### KIPFLER

Pink skin, yellow flesh. Boiling or steaming. A classy table potato to impress guests. Cigar shaped with creamy full flavoured flesh. Unsuitable to mash, great for salad.

### ROYAL BLUE

An impressive looking spud. Deep blue skin that fades when cooked. Deep yellow flesh that converts to a rich fluffy mash. Favourite of the Irish.

### DUTCH CREAM

Light gold skin. Yellow flesh that makes a superb mashed potato with a rich flavour. Not good for chips or baked.

### RUSSET BURBANK

Many many thousands of tonnes are produced in the Lakes District. The spud of choice by the fast food chains. Very long potatoes well adapted to make french fries. Not often in the supermarkets but keep your eye out for them at farmers markets or roadside stalls. Cream skin, off white very firm flesh. Good baked. Do not boil or microwave.

### DELAWARE

Oval with white skin and flesh. Suitable for all purposes, except mashing. Excellent for roasting and makes good chips.

### DESIREE

Oval with shiny pink skin and gold-yellow flesh. Excellent for boiling, roasting, potato salad and microwaving. Can be used for mashing or frying, but may not be as good as some other varieties.

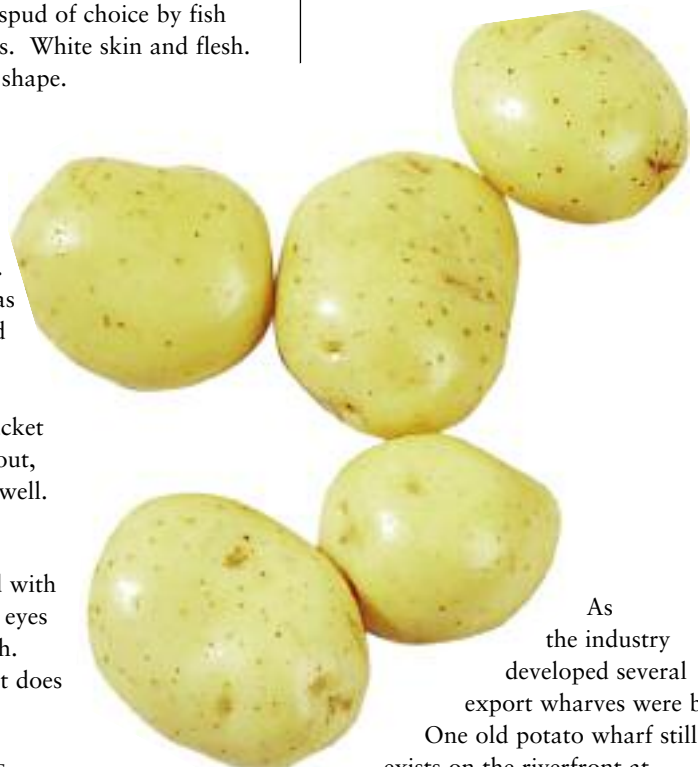
### NADINE

From Scotland. White very smooth skin and creamy flesh. First-rate boiling and mashing potato.

### RED RASCAL

A tubular shape, ginger red skin. Mashes and boils well. An interesting flavour.

You will see potato planting operations from October onwards. The giant harvesters begin their work from March onwards and continue for many months.



As the industry developed several export wharves were built. One old potato wharf still exists on the riverfront at Ulverstone at the bottom of the main shopping street. Mute reminder of prosperous old times past and work for all besides being a good place to view visiting yachts.

Nearby an excellent fish and chips shop and restaurant built out over the water - a fitting site.

**WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN A POTATO IS OF MORE VALUE THAN YOUR COMPUTER.**



## Matthew Simms

This attractive area, with its secret and hidden places, resplendent with gentle animals both domesticated and wild, has long been a refuge for our fellows that are not at ease with this high powered society that has evolved from slower times.

Their life pulse belongs to an earlier century. They have traditionally gathered here, seeking a Shangri-La where modern life makes no demands on them.

Hippy in no way describes who they are. They have been born out of their century and there is no time machine to take them back.

Such a one is Matthew Simms. One can imagine him as a contemporary of Henry Thoreau, content to study nature and share his philosophies with him on Walden Pond, and an accepted and productive citizen in Thoreau's beloved Concord.

But in the absence of Dr Who and his time machine, Matthew must remain here.

You may easily meet him, for to pay his way he busks in the Scottish scone shop in Sheffield's Main Street. He is happy to talk with whoever approaches him.

We can assure you it will be an experience you will remember.



## Playing For Keeps - Our Marble Lady

After moving around the world with a metallurgist husband Peter, Jan Clay, a professional photorealist oil painter, decided that 37 moves were enough. They wanted to settle down and stay put, open an art gallery - somewhere.

They were living in New Zealand at the time and she listed her 'druthers':

- ◆ It had to be somewhere beautiful and rural;
- ◆ It had to be a tourist town;
- ◆ It had to have a main street frontage;
- ◆ It had to be a commercial / residential property;
- ◆ It had to be in an art-oriented locality;
- ◆ It would be their 38th move and their last. Here they would stay and send down roots.

Jan searched around and, attracted by our motto 'You can find it all here, in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District. The heart and soul of Tasmania', she checked us out and found a perfect fit.

The outcome? The establishment of her art studio Art Etude at 34 Main Street, Sheffield. Here she could indulge her gift in the creation of glass art, especially glass marbles to such effect she soon became known as the World of Marbles.

As she says, most people have played a game of marbles at some stage of their lives, so as well as being beautiful works of art, marbles also evoke a lot of nostalgia. People will happily spend an hour watching a marble being made and wondering how it is going to come off the piece of glass at the end.

Readers might now have the notion that these are not the marbles you would play 'big ring' or 'nine hole' with and they would be right. But they could be, though certainly not for keeps. They are superb little balls of art destined to be treasured keepsakes and admired a thousand years hence.

Check her out at: [www.worldofmarbles.com.au](http://www.worldofmarbles.com.au) or contact her at [info@worldofmarbles.com.au](mailto:info@worldofmarbles.com.au)



## Leanne - Our Tractor Tragic

Since she was a very small girl Leanne has been involved with engines and tractors, first in her father's farm machinery and tractor business and then as his secretary.

She often went missing from her desk, only to be found deep within the bowels of some mechanical monster assisting the mechanics as a self-appointed 'offsider'.

As she describes herself, "In a dress I'm a girly girl, but once I'm in overalls I'm a blokey bloke."

Her reputation with engines rapidly spread within the trade and she was soon snapped up by one of the world's largest tractor manufacturers, John Deere.

The next fifteen years saw her travelling the world as John Deere's 'top female salesperson', a respected equal in a world of 'blokey blokes' and 'tractor tragics'.

Now to our great delight she is here, at the Sheffield Shed with her husband Paul, creating a new life for herself with her own business among the 'blokey blokes' selling and servicing engines, farming and horticulture equipment.

But the girly girl is still evident. She stocks pink garden gloves.



## Charmed In Sheffield

Our Alpaca Man, Ludo Mineur, started breeding alpacas about seven years ago. About this time he walked one of his young alpacas through the main street in Sheffield en route to his paddock. Tourists stopped, asked questions and took photographs of this novel sight and obviously loved the opportunity to get up close to these elusive but cute, furry creatures!

From that day on Ludo spent lots of time every day with his alpacas, on the street, to entertain visitors to the Sheffield community. He has trained ten young alpacas to be at ease with traffic, dogs and children.

Alpacas are by nature shy animals. However, starting from very young with lots of time and patience, an alpaca will become surprisingly people friendly.

Ludo's alpacas come into his home, even helping themselves to the fruit bowl! And they jump into the car. House training is not necessary as alpacas will only do their 'business' in designated areas. Biting is not a problem either since they have no top teeth. And a well-trained animal will not spit in public.

Ludo's alpacas have been on Japanese and national TV and many magazines and newspapers. They regularly visit Aged Care facilities, school fairs and shows and continue to charm visitors in Sheffield.

## Harry Clark

Although sadly he recently passed away, it is worth mentioning one of Sheffield's legends - Harry Clark - who at his retirement was Tasmania's longest serving policeman.

He served most of his long career at Sheffield, now known as the Town of Murals and was part of the scene for 25 years, and in a way, still is.

You see; Harry is featured in one of the murals. It's on the Commonwealth Bank, facing "The Blacksmith". It was put there out of love and respect, for Harry was a unique and very capable policeman. His wit, compassion and good humour were legendary, his love for his fellow man was so obvious it charmed all.

It wasn't possible just to say "G'day" to Harry in the street. That would always extend to an hour of yarning, jokes, anecdotes and stories. Quite capable of using the iron fist of the law when needed, mostly it was the velvet glove on the marshmallow fist.

Harry never booked anyone for drink driving. He would pull them over and say - "give us your keys, now hop in and I'll drive you home, you can get them back in the morning". Harry was a father figure to the kids, a favourite son to the old ladies and a big brother to the rest of us. He was always there - and when he retired they still wanted him there.

The depth of Harry's compassion stays with me still, now 19 years on. I'd lost my lovely wife Molly to cancer just a few weeks before. I was devastated and miserable, sad beyond measure and couldn't sleep. Molly and I had started a lavender bag business, as a sideline, as things were becoming tough on the land. This was before I became eccentric. She tied the pretty bows and I sewed and filled the bags. Now I had to tie the bows and I was slow and not good at it.

It was 2 a.m. and I still struggled with them with an order to fill by morning. Came a great banging on the door. I opened it and there was Harry, splendid in immaculate uniform, buttons and badges all a gleam.

"I have a report of a stolen horse and I have reason to believe that you have it in there with you. Now put the kettle on, it's freezing out here."

For the next hour and a half, Harry sat with me, we talked of Molly and the sadness that can come into people's lives, the things that he had seen. And all the time we talked he tied bows on the little lavender bags - with his buttons all shining and his badges a gleaming.

We finished the order and I was able to get my first real sleep since Molly had gone. That is just one reason why you will find a policeman's portrait on a town wall in Sheffield, Town of Murals.

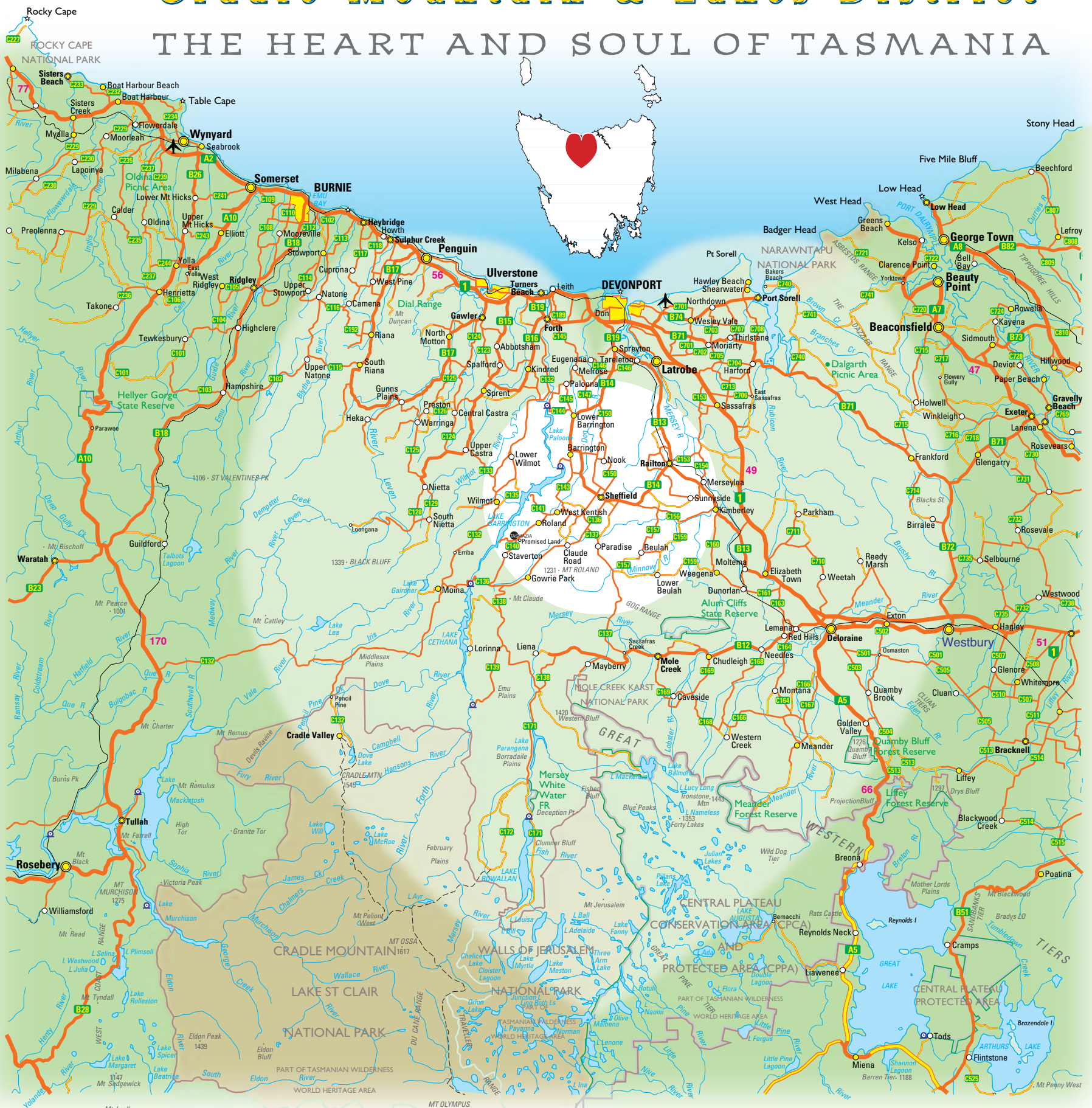
*May your spirit dwell in endless summer.*  
Brian - The Laird of Lower Crackpot



*Mural of Harry Clark, Sheffield  
Cheyne Purdue*

# Cradle Mountain & Lakes District

## THE HEART AND SOUL OF TASMANIA



The sign to help you. Tasmania has a network of Visitor Information Centres throughout the State to provide information and booking services that allow you to get the most out of your holiday.



These are local information centres, operated by community organisations or small businesses to provide local information to travellers.



**Penguin**  
78 Main Road  
Ph (03) 6437 1421



**Tasmazia**  
Staverton Road, Promised Land  
Ph (03) 6491 1934



**Ulverstone**  
13-15 Alexandra Road  
Ph (03) 6425 2839

The Advocate Newspaper is available at all newsagents within the district.

For over 130 years the Advocate has been our regional newspaper in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District. Winners of many awards for excellence, it has kept the spotlight on our day to day life, recorded our failures and triumphs, our hopes and dreams and kept us abreast of National and International affairs.

If you should want to take a closer peek at us here in the Lakes District, we privileged denizens of this beautiful environment, then you could not do better than prop a copy of the Advocate in front of your morning coffee. They have a real estate section too.

Published in 2010 by Tasmazia  
500 Staverton Road  
Promised Land Tasmania 7306  
as a service to the Communities of Kentish, Launceston, Central Coast, Devonport, the Central Highlands and Meander, comprising the Cradle Mountain & Lakes District.  
Publisher & Editor - Brian Inder  
Secretarial - Kim Johnson  
Layout & Design - vercoedesign  
Published online  
[www.cradlemountaingazette.com.au](http://www.cradlemountaingazette.com.au)



**HARRIS PRINT**

Proudly printed by Harris Print  
"Our people successfully providing printing solutions" 1800 246 244  
Email: [print@harrisprint.com.au](mailto:print@harrisprint.com.au)

## HOW TO USE YOUR TASMANIAN VISITOR INFORMATION NETWORK

No matter where you roam in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District you will find a friend waiting to meet and talk with you. The Laker's definition of a stranger is a friend they haven't met yet. They will be anxious to talk with you and direct you to the 'real' sights and activities of their immediate area.

All you need do is look for this sign. It's the sign indicating the location of a Tasmanian Visitor Information Centre. Information Centres are staffed by friendly local people (most are volunteers) who want you to see and enjoy the best part of this state. In the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District they are open 7 days a week and contain a wealth of information and advice. Use them.

You may also see similar signs with identical colouring and an "upright i" rather than the "lazy i" as shown in the above diagram. These signs may indicate unmanned roadside information displays or private shops and centres where visitors can also obtain useful information about the surrounding area.

### Visitor Information Centres in the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District are:



**City of Devonport**  
92 Formby Road  
Ph (03) 6424 4466



**Deloraine**  
Main Street  
Ph (03) 6362 3471



**Sheffield**  
Pioneer Court (behind the Post Office) Ph (03) 6491 1036



**Latrobe**  
Axeman's Hall of Fame  
Ph: (03) 6426 2099

## To Help You Around

To help you around and to get a handle on the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District, there are two publications that we cannot speak too highly of.

**Tasmanian Travelways is a free, comprehensive travel guide to the whole of Tasmania, including the Cradle Mountain and Lakes District.**

It has been said - "all you need is a set of wheels and Travelways and you are at home in Tasmania". What do you need to know? It will tell you, town by town, the location of all accommodation and attractions, events, fuel, transport - the lot.

Copies are available from the Visitor Information Centres and many other places. Visit Travelways' internet site at [www.travelways.com.au](http://www.travelways.com.au)