

BRUSHTALE

AT LAST !!

the mad **MAD** **MAGPIE** edition



In this issue.....

- . LIFT OUT MOGGILL STAFF DIRECTORY
- . 1st episode of 'LOVE IN THE SERVICE'
- . LOTS OF STORIES ON MAGGIES;
THE RESULT OF ANOTHER MAD
SEASON
- . Bears, teddies and
koalas - 'Was God a
Sewing Machine?'



This space looks a
'little bear'.



Gymnorhina tibicen

éDitOriaL

Good heavens! It's an issue of 'Brushtail'. For those of you who have forgotten what 'Brushtail' is for or about as the case may be - it is the Southern Region's newsletter wherein information may be found (I stress **may** - any credibility you attach to anything you read in this is your own fault so don't come whinging to me), views and opinions expressed, discourses distributed, debates disseminated etc, etc. It is, in short, a mechanism of communication and better communication is recognised by most of us as one of those things falling within the acceptable limits of goodidity.

Some of you will be cringing in terror because you've been a lazy ... person (Interp Rangers aren't allowed to 'bastard' as its undignified) and not written your thoughts on the subject of firewood.

I've just had the good fortune to spend two days walking around and over Mt Barney National Park (as part of the Scenic Rim Mangement Plan work) with District Ranger Jerry van Delft (who had not previously walked to the summit - good on yer, mate) and contract (I nearly said 'contracted' but that would allude to having 'contracted management planning' as in 'contracted a cold or other terrible disease' ... but I digress) management officer Greg Oliver.

Mt Barney is one of south-east Queensland's most significant primitive (No, it isn't a wilderness. There is/am/are/was/were no wilderness left in this corner of the state) areas. It has long been a Mecca for bushwalkers but in recent years, like most near Brisbane national parks, its visitation has radically increased. At the summit of East Peak, amongst hordes of bees, both feral and native, feeding on the flowering *Pultenaea whiteana* (which has a yellow flower), hakeas, leucopogons and leptospermums we found half a garbag of melted plastic, burned tins, and myriad bits of aluminium foil.

To fuel the campfires at least 20 stems of *Eucalyptus approximans* had been broken off living plants. The large pile of ash and charred rubbish was surrounded by rocks extracted from the surrounding soil.



Three things can be said about campfires at prime sites like Mt Barney's East Peak:

1. They reduce the quality of the 'wilderness' experience as ugly and unsubtle reminders of the presence of the rest of human kind;
2. They encourage destruction of living plants some of which may be so restricted in distribution (or narrowly endemic as botanists say) that firewood scavenging may be ecologically significant - ie, may wipe the species out).

Where the plants aren't narrowly endemic firewood scavenging can consume all of the fallen timber and even the standing green vegetation regardless of its likelihood of burning (ask the Moreton Island staff).

3. They are frequently seen as an alternative rubbish disposal mechanism. As we all know anything tossed into a fire immediately becomes non-litter and need not be further bothered with.

This campfire situation is repeated at the Lower and Upper Portals campsites, the Barney Gorge junction campsite, at Cooloola, at Moreton Island, at Lamington etc, etc. It would seem that there is, at the very least, prima facie evidence that the campfire carrying capacity of popular and/or prime destinations in southern Queensland is being exceeded.

Backpackers have no excuses as cheap, reliable, effective fuel stoves are readily available. Car campers have less excuse as gas stoves have been around for years. Problem solved.

But is it? I'd suggest that campfires and all their attendant problems are not the result of a need to heat something up to make it marginally palatable. No, siree. Campfires are for social intercourse (yes, of varying kinds). The mechanisms and techniques we develop to reduce the impact of campfires will need to recognize this. Without doubt, we need to act now to control campfires as they threaten the biological, landscape and recreational values of many of our (by 'our' I mean the community in general, not just the Service) best national park areas.

On another subject - no amount of rearranging the administrative and organizational structures of the Service is going to totally disguise the simple fact that we are bloody well too understaffed.

Putting another manager in to manage the half dozen lackeys who are actually producing/doing something is counter-productive. An appropriate response from the organization to a staff shortage is to actually employ some more staff to do rather than manage.

Recently new positions for marine parks 'regional managers' (salary range \$30-32 000) and 'rangers' (salary range \$20-21 000) were advertised. The qualifications list for the rangers was three times as long as that of the regional managers. If someone can explain this, good. However, I reserve the right to giggle uncontrollably at the more extravagant extrapolations of reality.

Put that fire OUT! *Dave Batt.*

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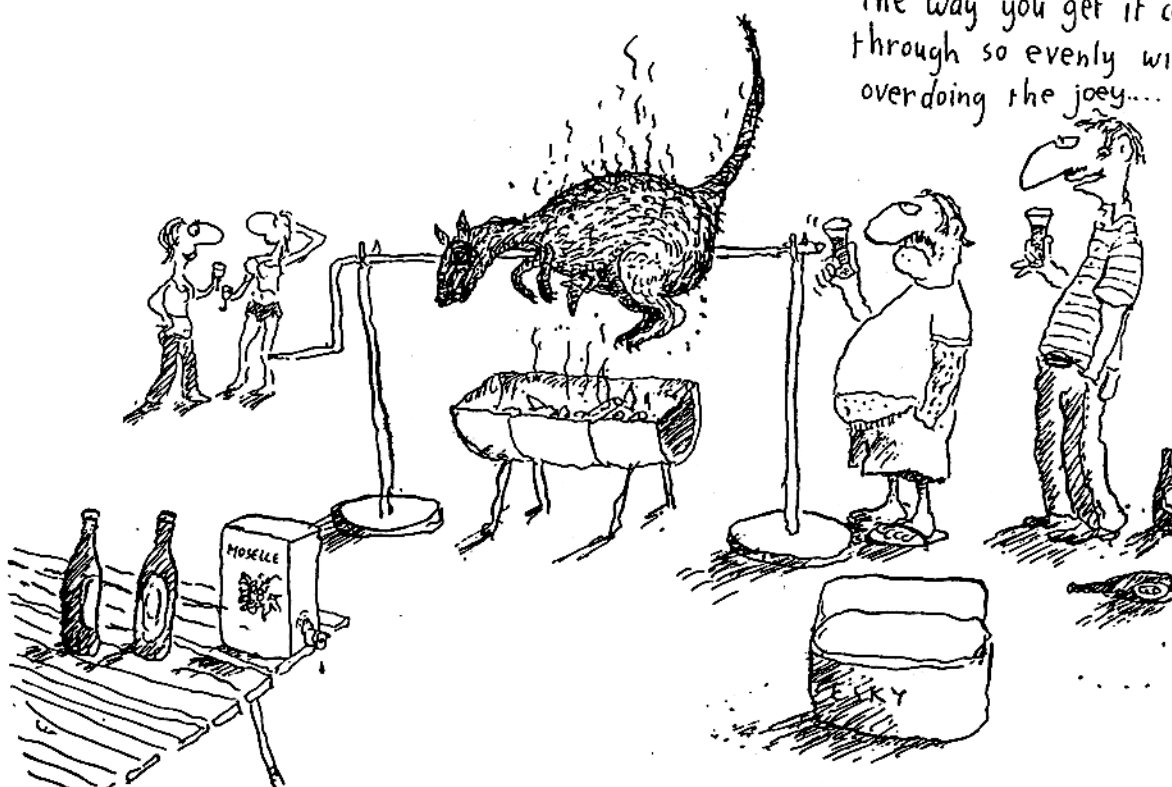
RATBAG IS BACK IN ACTION!!!

It's up to you to rat on your fellow workmates, make up the most malicious gossip and send it in to:

'RATBAG'
Southern Regional Centre
PO Box 42
KENMORE, Qld 4069

I have to take my hat off to Dot. Compiling Brushtale is about as much fun as a Jehovah Witness Christmas party, what with everyone saying they are too busy, they can't write an article or story or even draw a cartoon! I'll probably end up in Boggo Road after this edition as I've had to infringe every copyright just to fill up the gaps! So help me out, put pen to paper and see what happens, or else I'll just ...

Di



Geez Des... you're a bloody nob the way you get it cooked through so evenly without overdoing the joey....

Leunig

MOGGILL'S MAGPIE MEAL

'Good morning, National Parks and Wildlife Service.'

'I need someone to get rid of a magpie.'

'You'll have to speak to a wildlife ranger. They're on the phone and there are three calls waiting for them. Would you like to wait or have them call you?'

'I want something done now. This bird is dangerous. It's not like the others. It's extremely viscious and it's killed my two year old.'

'It killed your two year old?'

'Well, a bit.'

'Have you tried wearing a hat?'

'No, no, I've tried all that - nothing works. I want to kill it.'

'Well, they are on the phone. You can wait if you like, or they can call you back.'

'I asked them to call be back half an hour ago and they still haven't got back to me yet.'

Probably because there are always three calls waiting, you silly person.

'They have a lot of people to call back about magpies. Would you like to wait?'

'They're always on the phone. Why can't you just put me through?'

Because they're on the phone to people like you, whinging about magpies, that's why.

'I'm sorry, I can't put you through when they are on the phone.'

'Well, can you send someone around to get rid of it?'

'I can't send anyone around. I'm not in charge of the wildlife section. You would have to speak to them personally.'

'If you don't send someone around I'll have to contact the Minister.'

He won't catch it for you either.



'You just tell them to come around and get it. I'll wait here.'

'I cannot say that they will come out. They have so many - '

'Then I'll just kill it.'

Emotional blackmail.

'You'll have to speak to a ranger if you plan to do that.'

'Look, you just tell them that if they don't come and take this magpie away, I'll shoot it. And if it kills or harms anyone in the meantime, we know who to blame!'

KLUNK!

'Tis such a joyous season! Even so, it seemed 'twas time for a major tension release situation, as Moggill staff and others prepared to 'celebrate' the HEIGHT OF THE MAGPIE SEASON at the Kookaburra Cafe in Paddington.

Dianne MacLean dictated the fashion in her black and white shorts outfit. She had announced firmly and decidedly that morning that we were all to wear black and white for the evening, and the guests responded with an overwhelming enthusiasm. There were at least two of us dressed in the magpie colours!

There was talk of wearing special maggie hats with dangling claws and someone even suggested baking a 'mag-pie'.

Following preliminaries at the Paddo Tavern, the majority joined the handful of early-birds who were in the process of joyously eating 'as much herb bread as they liked for no extra charge.' Introductions were then made, for those from neighbouring territories.

It was a while before the main course that Main Magpie Alaric Nattrass and his amazing acoustic guitar decided to 'show these ignorant bastards how to truly worship the magpie!'

The entire congregation joined in enthusiastically with the 'hymns', 'Maggie' ('I wandered today past your nest, maggie ...') and a short piece supplied by Gavin Ricketts of the Police Fauna Protection Squad ('Maggie, maggie, magpie') which he learnt in grade 2. (A TIMELESS CLASSIC!)

As Ricketts was incapable of supplying us with the tune, this masterpiece was eventually sung to the tune of 'Eight Days a Week'. WARNING: DO NOT TRY THIS YOURSELF.

Weren't we embarrassed - you may ask - singing at the top of our lungs, clapping and stomping in this tiny function room with the remainder of the restaurant listening? Hell no, they joined in! By the end of the evening, two function rooms had merged into one as we sang our little hearts out in praise of this mag-nificent bird. Indeed, the evening would not have been the same if not for the considerable musical talents of Ric Natrass. It seemed that all the magpies of the world were reaching out to us through the voice of this one man.

Then it was taxi time but some of us were not so lucky.

To their eternal shame and the Service's disgrace, Tim Moore, Ric Natrass, Ross Patterson and Dianne MacLean were among those who had to be escorted home by the police - Detective Senior Constable Ricketts - who was able to supply a sketchy report the next morning of a very 'relaxed' Messrs Natrass and Moore, lying in the footpath at home contemplating the stars. Mr Natrass later responded to these allegations stating that the alleged contemplation took place for a time not exceeding two hours, causing a minimum of disturbance to those who had walked over them.

But most importantly, what was gained from this dinner? For a start, we learnt that there is no topless bathing in the United States, certain ladies at the dinner prefer to use the men's room, a certain male diner could burp very loudly and that some enjoy the occasional sword-fight in the men's room, but mainly we ate, drank and generally beed extremely merry. Some of us may even be looking forward to next year!

Mr Natrass has already proposed 'Le Magpie' restaurant at Hill End for the next 'celebration'.



SONGS TO BE SUNG AT MAGPIE DINNERS

Maggie

I wandered today past your nest maggie
And you zap their heads as you dive
The folk are all gibbering wrecks maggie
It's amazing that you're still alive

Now some folk say we should all feed maggies
To make you as sweet as a rose
But for folk that don't feed and don't heed
you maggie
You still belt the hell out of those

They say that your times nearly gone maggie
Your nest in the park soon forlorn
But the school grounds still ring with the
screams maggie
Of kids with their ears pecked and torn

Now someone will come with a gun maggie
And blow you away heaven knows
Just keep it up and you'll find maggie
That you'll join the bats and the crows

They say that your time's nearly gone maggie
Your nest in the park soon forlorn
But the school grounds still ring with the
screams maggie
Of kids with their ears pecked and torn

Lyrics by Ric Natrass

Maggie maggie maggie???

Maggie maggie maggie perched up in a tree
High above the branches singing merrily
Singing very early in the morning cool
To wake us up and belt us on the way to
school.

Contributed by Gavin Ricketts' grade 2
singing class. Music by the Beatles.

NULLA-NULLA

"AUSTRALIA'S WHITE HOPE,
THE BEST HOUSEHOLD SOAP"



OVERHEARD WHILE EAVESDROPPING

Brett Porter: Did you sleep well last night, Stacey?

Stacey Thomson: Yes, my headache went away.

Brett Porter: Was that just after I left?

Elaine Skinner: You just have to keep wriggling and shoving until its ready to go again.

What does this mean???

MAGPIE MAGIC

It seemed that this magpie dinner was destined to be a pretty mad affair. As all the oddballs added their name to the guest list, more astute persons started making their apologies. It seemed at one stage that the event may even have had to be cancelled so recruits were called in from the United States, Head Office, Moreton Island, Main Range and a local chook farm. We made up a mad baker's dozen.

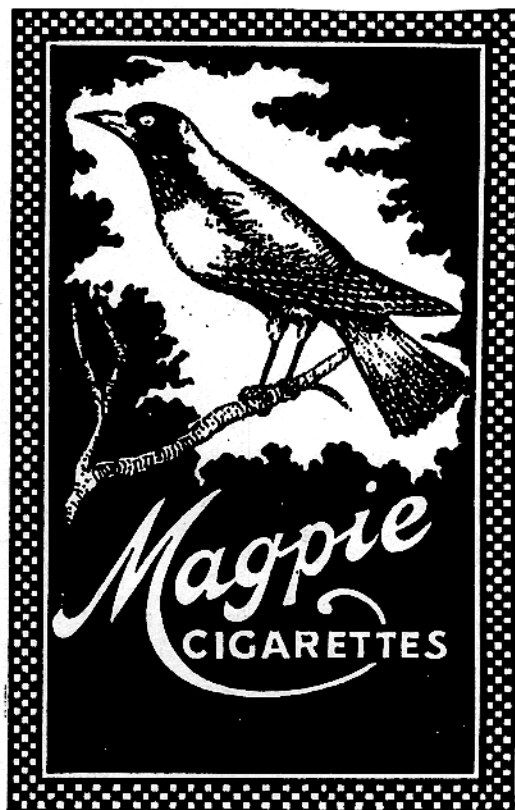
Brigitte Maki-Neste had us in stitches when she demonstrated 'the executive walk' - similar to the Monty Python silly walk except that certain management staff here actually walk like that! (Especially from their offices to the typists out tray and back again)

There were a few people at dinner who just couldn't get a word in edgewise. What with Tim Moore, Dave Batt, Ric Natrass and Gavin Ricketts yelling the whole dinner through - we had no need for conversation - they supplied the entertainment! If you wanted to say something you had to walk down the end of the table and scream in Gavin's ear to 'shut up!!'

Anyway, a pecking good time was had by all!

MAGPIE ROLL CALL

Joe Roggenbuck	(US professor/ beachwear critic)
Jana Kahabka	(Moreton Island)
Karen Hunter	(Main Range)
Rowdy Shephard	(Chook farmer)
Debbie Hotchkis	(Wildlife officer)
Dianne MacLean	(Completely normal)
Brigitte Maki-Neste	(Maggies-nesting)
Darren Prosser	(Deadly!)
Tim Moore	(Ratbag)
Ric Natrass	(Ratbag)
Dave Batt and Meghann	(Ratbag + partner)
Ross Patterson	(Ratbag)
Gavin Ricketts	(Extremely nasty)



ALARIC the GREAT

The Moggill magpie man - Alaric the Great (ALARIC MAGNUS)

Ringling again through the pine corridors was the oft repeated phrase, 'Madam, when you go to the clothes-line wear a hat!' Who is this modern day crusader teaching the populace to co-exist with our fauna? To discover the nature of the man we have to go back in history to the time of the Visigoths. In 395 they chose Alaric as their leader who proceeded to devastate Thrace, Macedonia and Greece in lightning attacks and frightening swoops. This was particularly alarming for the young and the elderly who were often taken unawares with little time or means to defend themselves.

Stopped but not defeated by Stilicho, a Vandal and Roman general, he retired northwards and by an agreement with the emperor Arcadius, occupied Epirus. He attacked and drove off any enemy likely to threaten his territory. Alaric the Terrible stormed and sacked Rome in 410 and then aggressively fought Sicily and Africa. It was unlikely that Alaric would revert to normal behaviour. A storm destroyed his fleet and Alaric died of an illness. He was buried with his treasures near Costenza in the bed of the Busento River which was temporarily diverted from its course.

Research showed that once removed, Alaric was replaced within XXIV hours. The new male was Athaulf, his brother, who displayed the same aggressive behaviour in Spain against the Germans. Athaulf married Galla Placidia but before they could make a nest or raise chicks he was murdered. The call for his removal or destruction had not been considered very carefully.

Alaric II, a later Visigothic King of Spain issued the BREVIARY OF ALARIC or the LEX ROMANO VISIGOTHORUM which was accompanied by commentaries.

THE BREVITY OF ALARIC THE SMART

- I Always prevent deliberate provocation.
- II Avoid the territory if practical.
- III When entering territory keep enemy under constant observation.
- IV If swooped on do not crouch in fear or stop.
- V Protect yourself. Wear the regulation helmet.
- VI Dismount from your horse and walk through the territory wearing helmet and carrying the standard of your legion. (In zoology a subdivision of a class higher in rank than an order.)

Alaric II was slain at Vouille in 507 and the line continued until we find his successor in our midst today. Alaric Nattrassigoth however is not famous for his BREVITY. Replies to telephone queries can take up to XXX minutes. This Alaric of Moggill plans his strategies well and draws up charts to study the adversaries. He knows the territory of each attack and can identify individual enemies. He knows that each defensive action lasts for V weeks after which he can rest and demobilize his cohorts until the next season of war led by *Gymnorhina tibicen*.

FIGVLVS
MCMLXXXVII

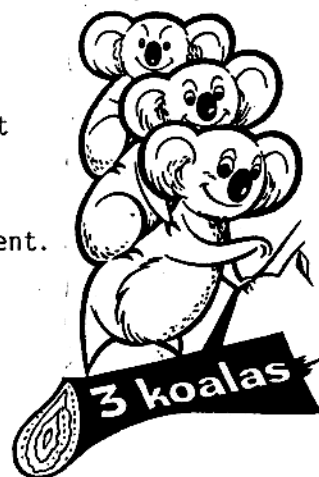




National Koala Survey news

Ross Patterson's work on the Queensland bit of the National Koala Survey is providing some interesting responses. Some comments from rural landholders are reprinted below for your edification, education and enjoyment.

If you want to know more about the survey results or have koala sightings to report, contact Ross Patterson at Moggill on (07) 202 0216.



Rosevale.

'Following one of the worst bushfires in my area in October 1936, I decided to do a survey on the koala. During the past 50 years I have found the koala population is definitely increasing. All koalas are living to a pretty long age. Many of the older ones are losing their fur, but healthy. I have not found any serious diseases in the koala population in my area. Upon making inquiries over a wide area I have been told many people have sighted koalas during the last few years. During my survey I have also noticed a big increase in the bandicoot, possum and pretty face wallaby in my area.'

Clermont.

'1915 was a disastrous drought year. It was also the year the bear season was opened for about three months. I used to go koala bear shooting with our Japanese cook on Sundays and we would often shoot and skin 60 or 70 bears in one day. They were so plentiful that we would find bears in practically every gum tree along the Isaacs River. This occasional open season and shooting bears kept their numbers down to reasonable proportions. However, the do-gooders and wildlife cranks kicked up such a row that the government announced that there would be no more open seasons for bears. The result was that they increased in such numbers and finally contracted some disease and were practically wiped out. In 1927 you could ride 20 miles and be lucky to see one bear.'

Samford.

'In 1910 the trees were crawling with bears and were shot out by shooters for their skins. I haven't seen a bear around here since.'

Rosewood.

'We did not have koalas for many years. My dad told how when he lived on the property there were plenty about (1900-1932). Now in the last 10-12 years they are building up again.'

Ferny Grove.

'Koalas were known to be in this area in the very early days. They just disappeared as the properties were cleared.'

Marburg.

'I have lived on this property for over 50 years and there have never been koalas seen here until approximately three years ago.'

Esk.

'Die-back in trees has affected their food source and population.'

Harrisville.

'Koalas have reappeared within the last 35 years and have been seen on and off in slowly increasing numbers since.'





While I live I'll climb.

Mt. Mee.

'No knowledge of koalas. District is dairy farming - green desert - no trees!'

Rosewood.

'Koala numbers seem to fluctuate considerably. They have been around here for 20 years. Before that they were never known.'

Dayboro.

'When I saw them on my property I was 12 years of age, in the year 1933 and I saw six of them. The country got cleared up and they disappeared.'

Harrisville.

'Pressure in this area is because of over-clearing of land. Recently approximately 600 acres plus, has been cleared without any thought for even one grove of trees. Why don't some of you Government Departments get off your butts and make people at least leave a sensible number of trees of certain types or 'shelter belts'. We are not greenies but would like to see something done to at least preserve some of the natural habitat of the koala, instead of the 'scorched earth' type of clearing which is common. Unfortunately, we ourselves live on an over-cleared block, but do not have the resources to plant enough trees.'

Maleny.

'Koalas were shot in this district over a period of twelve months open season which from memory was soon after the first World War. It seems to me that they never recovered. However, this was also a period in this district's history in which rapid clearing, particularly of the softwood forests, took place.

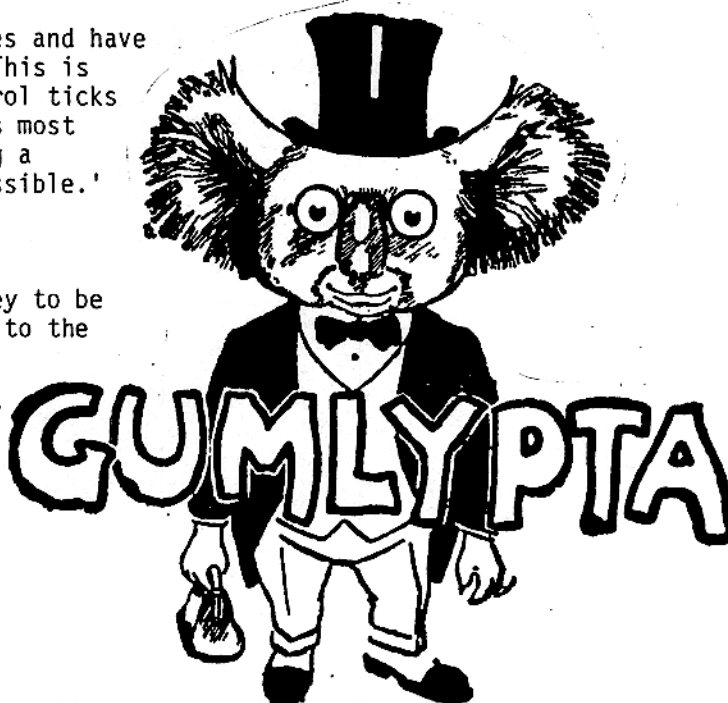
Before this period wildlife was abundant. Not only were koalas common in the hardwood forests, but so also were gliders, curlews, scrub turkeys, six species of pidgeon, the catbird, dragoon bird to name a few. The gliders and curlews have gone. I haven't seen a bronzwing pidgeon for many years. Wonga and Wompoo pidgeons are rare; the flock and bally pidgeons move into the open country from probably the Conondale Range area when suitable berries are available. I haven't seen a platypus on my stretch of the Obi for many years though I have been told of their sightings upstream.

Up to the last World War bird song at daybreak was such as to be one continuous noise in which it was difficult to distinguish individual calls. Large flocks of mudlarks nested in a clump of wattle near the house and plovers were always nesting in the open paddocks. Today most of this has disappeared. I blame the introduction of the new more toxic insecticides and herbicides for this.

I became an honorary ranger in the thirties and have preserved about 15 acres of rainforest. This is not enough; unless a way is found to control ticks and insects without these lethal chemicals most of our wildlife will disappear and earning a living from the soil will no longer be possible.'

Anon.

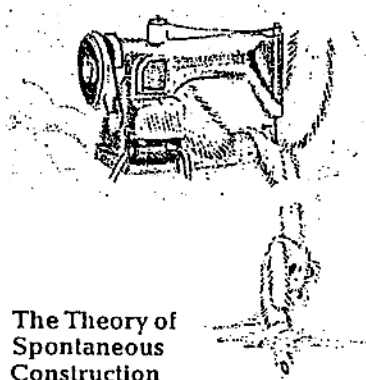
'Is there not more need for taxpayers money to be spent on worthwhile projects? Leave this to the greenies.'



WAS GOD A SEWING MACHINE?

and Alternative Theories of Creation

Although most thinking bears now lean towards the evolutionary theory to explain how bears came to inhabit the earth, many other ideas have been put forward to explain the miracle of creation.



The Theory of Spontaneous Construction

Many bears are not prepared to believe that they evolved from a cushion. How could such complex, sensitive, intelligent beings develop from an old bag of feathers? Since ancient times bears have passed down legends of their creation by a mysterious being. He is known by various names in different parts of the world — "Pfaff", "Neff", "Eastman", "Singer" — but all these different racial religions have one common factor. The image of the sewing machine crops up in all the major religious groups and it has been suggested that this is a deeply rooted racial memory in every bear's subconscious, although its meaning is

not clear. Some creationists believe that this god/sewing machine spontaneously created the first bear and they point to the marks of seams and stitching on our bodies to uphold this strange theory.

Extra-terrestrial Bears

Is bear an extra-terrestrial being? Some very convincing evidence has been put forward by Erich Von Furrykin, who maintains that the constellations Ursa Major and Ursa Minor were the original home of bears. He has found on a rock in his

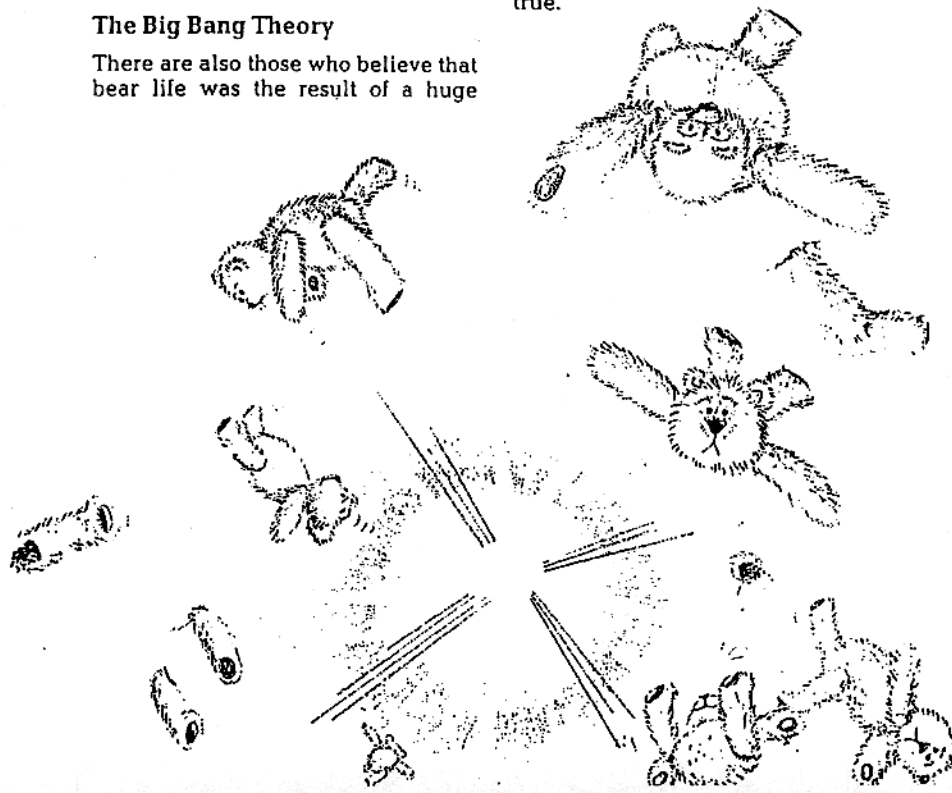


back garden what he believes is a primitive illustration recording how a rocket ship came to earth from the Great Bear group of stars and left behind two of its crew of bears. We do not know if these bears were sent to colonize the earth or whether they just missed the last rocket home, but Von Furrykin believes they were the mother and father of all bears.

explosion of supernovae caused by the interaction of pulsars and quasars when subjected to the Doppler Effect and Hubble's Law. The dynamic energy so released injected life into the cosmic fibres suspended in the nebula, which were brought together by neutrino attraction to create bear as we know him. As nobody can understand this theory it is probably true.

The Big Bang Theory

There are also those who believe that bear life was the result of a huge



A TRUE STORY

(Only the names have been changed in order to protect the author.)

Elaine, that is.

Would he never return? Had he left her alone with her word processor once and for all? Since Muriel Hubbard, aged about 40 (maybe, we aren't sure) first began work with the Service, in fact, since the first time she had laid eyes on him, she had been possessed by an uncontrollable lust which sent her shivering and weak every time he so much as glanced in her direction. Muriel thanked her lucky stars that she had taken that computing course before she arrived, for the man she had her heart set on - Jerome Mandell - was a computer genius.

At least, that was Muriel's way of describing him. Most people called him a 'computer freak' who stayed up late at nights with his computer creating 'thrilling' programs containing such humorous equations as ' $3x - r^2$ ', and ' $45 - 0.03^3$ '. Muriel trembled with excitement and anticipation at what he might think of next.

Together they would work late into the nights on Jerome's fascinating programs which always sent them into giggles, much to the distress of Bernadette, the 19 year old typist, whose severe paranoia led her to believe they were always laughing at her. (BUT OF COURSE THEY WOULDN'T DO THAT!)

But, despite the long hours they spent together by her word processor Muriel could not be sure the he felt anything for her. Yet, sometimes she could swear that she almost caught something in his eye. The way that he always looked her way when he entered the room, the way he secretly watched her every time she passed his office - all these could be taken as subtle indications of his feelings for her.

Once he had even joked with her. While typing one of his programs, he had leant over her shoulder and whispered wickedly in her ear, 'Perhaps this time we'll type a 5 instead of a 7.'



Janice knew beyond a doubt that she would one day have his child.

This, of course, sent them into peals of uproarious laughter, which sent Bernadette into such a state of fury that she refused to speak to them again. In fact, little did they know that she was planning her own secret little revenge. A revenge that would absolutely crush Muriel Hubbard and wipe the smile off Jerome's face forever.

* * *

Meanwhile on the other side of the building, a shady deal was in progress.

'The job will cost you twenty-five thousand,' said the man in the dark blue raincoat.

'You'll have it,' said Rex Lawson, an evil gleam in his eye. Rex was known affectionately to everyone in the Service as 'Banjo' but little did they know that beneath the gentle surface lurked a man intent on destruction. Something was evil within the Service. And Rex Lawson was going to destroy them all. One by one. He had already chosen his first victim.

* * *

Janice had always admired her legs. They were the best part of her, she knew, but always she covered them in long trousers. As she idly rubbed moisturiser from her ankles to her thighs she wondered what it would be like to have someone else do it for her - to have a man really admire her legs and body. But she had made a vow of chastity until she was married and fantasizing was not going to help matters one bit. Oh, how she ached to have a man inside her.

Life had always been difficult for Janice. With her long blonde hair and trim figure she had never learnt to adjust to a working place full of hungry male eyes. Particularly now that she had promised her mother to remain a virgin when she was working amongst some of the most exciting male specimens she had ever seen. She always had difficulty keeping her eyes on her work when Jerome Mandell entered the room, but it was an absolute physical impossibility for her mind to function normally at the sight of Rex Lawson.

Janice knew beyond a doubt that she would one day have his child. But - there was something strange about him - something elusive, almost sinister - and the detective in her (NO, THERE WAS NOT A DETECTIVE INSIDE HER) had to find out what it was - before it was too late.

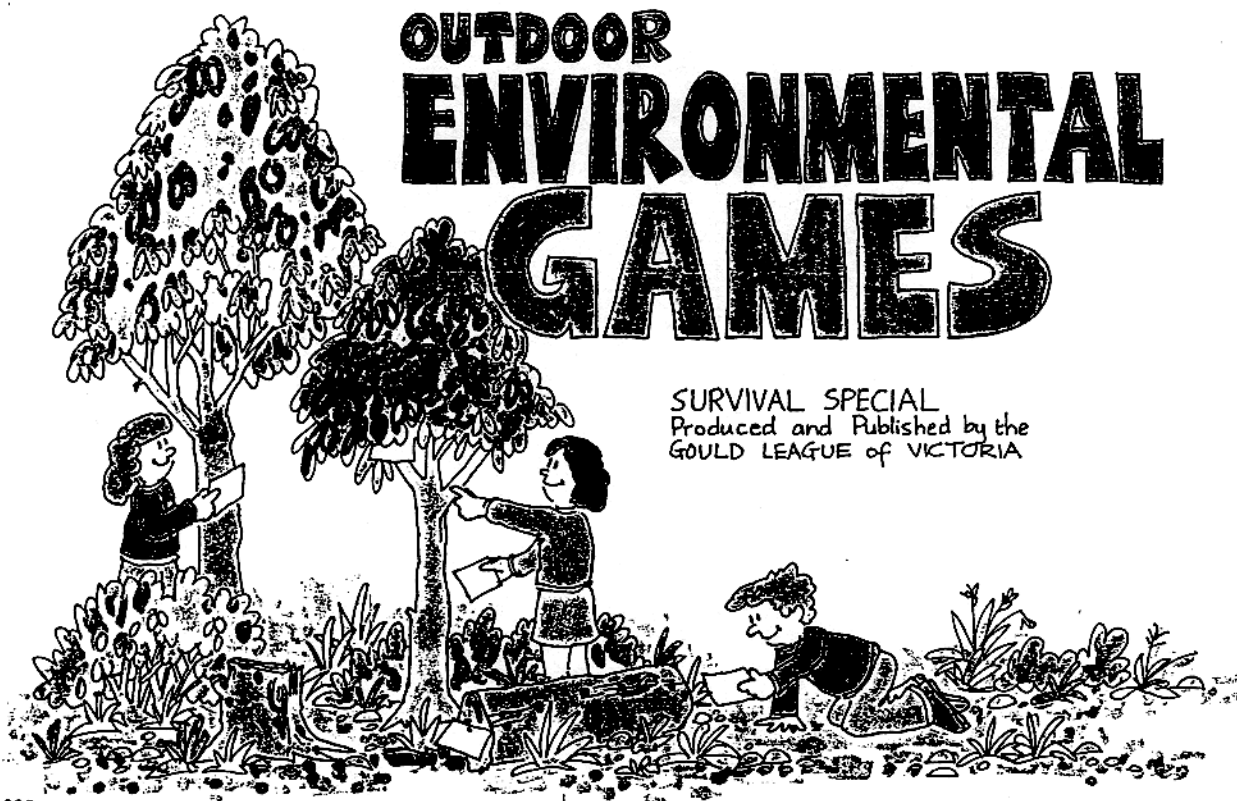
To be continued in the next issue.

* * *

Important note: The character of Rex Lawson is in now way meant to represent Noel Dawson. The real Rex Lawson is in fact involved in research.

For those of you interested in children, the following book is available at Moggill for loan. In future Brushtales I hope to dedicate a couple of pages to environmental education, the theme is 'fun'!! For the young or young at heart.

Moggill

372.357
REI

OUTDOOR ENVIRONMENTAL GAMES

SURVIVAL SPECIAL
Produced and Published by the
GOULD LEAGUE OF VICTORIA

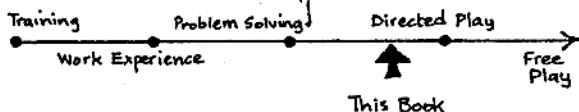
INTRODUCTION TO ENVIRONMENTAL GAMES

Why Play Environmental Games?

If our children are to survive in the environment of the future, they must have worthwhile experiences in their present environment and test its dynamic character.

If our children are to shape the environment of the future, then these experiences must relate to the ecological principles that decide the quality of the future.

One way of experiencing the environment is through direct instruction by parents or teacher and leaders in formal situations. A second way is the setting of simple environmental problems for the children to solve. A third is through directed or undirected exploration or play in a particular kind of environment. In fact, an educator can build an experience continuum, ranging from strict training schedules to situations of unfettered play.



Most of the games in this book would fit somewhere between Problem Solving and Free Play on the experience continuum. All of them combine a sense of fun with some teaching on ecology.

Environmental play is not just concerned with knowledge of the environmental setting and the animate and inanimate objects within it. It is also concerned with the development of feelings and attitudes towards the environment.

Through play in a variety of environments, the children can also realize their own capacity to change those environments. Because some environments are very sensitive to over-use, children must develop a code of behaviour towards these places.

Because environmental games have rules and goals and an element of excitement or fun about them, they are intrinsically interesting to children.

What an interesting way to learn!

WOMBAT SQUASH¹²

THEME :	Un-natural Selection
FORMAT :	"Hoppo Bumpo"
NUMBERS :	12 +
AGE GROUP :	7 to 57
BEST PLACE :	Old track, or open space

You Need: (optional) Tags or pictures identifying the role being taken by each player.

The Game: Half the players stand along one side of a make-believe road and the rest on the other side. They are named as either kangaroos, wombats, emus or ducks, etc. When their own animal name is called they must cross the road using that animal's way of moving.

One player is chosen as a big truck coming down the left hand side of the road. If the truck touches a crossing animal, it dies - becoming a truck and goes to the nearest end of the road for the next call.





PARTY THE WESTERN WAY

So you think that the cities have the monopoly on good entertainment? Well think again.

Charleville has just survived another annual B & S (Bachelor and spinster) ball. And what a ball it was too !

For the uninitiated, the B & S ball is somewhat of an institution in most country towns. Some are grandiose affairs with up to 1500 guests. Charleville prides itself with a well organized ball catering for a comfortable 500 participants. Aptly named " **Mulga thumpers** ", the Charleville B&S is strictly a black tie affair. (Thank God for the salvo's and St.Vinies).

This years music was supplied by Brisbane circuit band " The Winters ". The action started on the Saturday night at 8pm, and most goers rocked on until 3am. The " Recovery " (very misleading term) hit off at 10am Sunday morning, and the band played on until 5pm (a big weekend).

So what does one do at a B&S ball ? The answer is simple : Drink & dance, drink & eat, drink & talk, and drink & drink.... There's always plenty to eat and good music to rock your socks off. Now as for the drinking, thats an art in itself. Here's a few facts and figures on the drinks partaken by the 550 thumpers at this years ball.

	Total gals	Total lts	mls/head	oz/head
Beer	442	2007	3,424	120.7
Rum	38	171	292	10.3
Scotch	8	37	63	2.2
Gin	3	15	25	0.9
Vodka	5	22	38	1.3
Brandy	1	3	5	0.2

This was all washed down with 666 lts of coke, 132 lts of ginger ale, 100 lts of orange juice, and the list goes on...

What's it all cost ?

The tickets were \$42 each, a real bargain. With just over \$24,000 to play with, we managed to spend \$21,000 on the ball, leaving about \$3000 profit. Most of the profit from B&S balls is donated to local hospitals, homes for the aged and of course the Royal Flying Doctor Service. The local sporting and service clubs make about \$1500 for staffing the bar and cleaning up, and they earn every cent!

They're big, they're very popular and they're lots of fun, so if you get a chance to go to a real country B&S, take it.

Keith Smith
Charleville.



This sign appears on toilets in Papua and New Guinea. Ian Beeson (Managing Director Clivus Multrum Aust) spotted it on one of his tours up there.....

SIT DOWN GOOD DO NOT STAND (SQUAT)

SINDAUN GUT - MASKI SANU

ON SEAT

LONG DISPELA SAMTING.

WHEN YOU FINISH USE PAPER

TAIM YU PINIS, YUSIM PEPA.

SHOVE HERE
TO MAKE WATER RUN
SUVIM HIA, MEKIM
WATA RAN

DO NOT USE - LEAF

MASKI USIM LIP

OF TREE TO RUB YOUR ARSE

DIWAI RABIM AS

BILONG YU

WHEN YOU FINISH MAKE

TAIM YU PINIS, MEKIM

WATER RUN

WATA I RAN.

HUMILIATE HER TODAY WITH A ROSE

Office girls at the Southern Regional Centre have been inundated with flowers. Guess who received this note with a red rose?

To Mrs Snowbear Prosser

55 Pryors Pocket Road

Moggill

National Parks and Wildlife Service



Kenmore Village Florist

ARTISTIC DIRECTORS
Lynne Connelly Lynn Knight
DIPLOMA N.Z.P.F.S.

Kenmore Village
Brookfield Road
Kenmore 4069
Queensland

Phone Shop: 378-5266

Arranged Flowers for every occasion



Teleflora Worldwide



To Snowbear,

To the kindest and the most beautiful girl I have ever known.

P.S. When I get home tonight we can do rude things.

Sunbear.

ANY ARTICLES FROM PARK STAFF (which are badly needed) will go into Brushtale or Ringtale depending on the content;

... FOR YOUR NOTICE

RINGTAIL DEADLINE 15th NOV.

We need **YOU** to send in articles!!

The theme for this issue is ... **FIRE WOOD**

Where is it supplied?

Where isn't it supplied?

Why isn't it supplied?

Ecological costs?

Alternatives!

We are hoping each park will write a short article about their firewood situation. In this way we can forewarn and educate the public so they are better prepared for camping over the Christmas holidays. Sound like a good idea? Send us your firewood story by 15 November.

Some other topics for an article are:

- Spring activity in your park - what are the birds, bees and shrubs up to?
- Have you got a Christmas holiday programme and what is it?
- More information for visitors, what problems does your park have over the very busy period - how can campers overcome or avoid them (sandflies, don't feed the dingos!)

Send all your articles, photos and stories to the
Regional Overseer, Moggill by 15 November or else!!!

