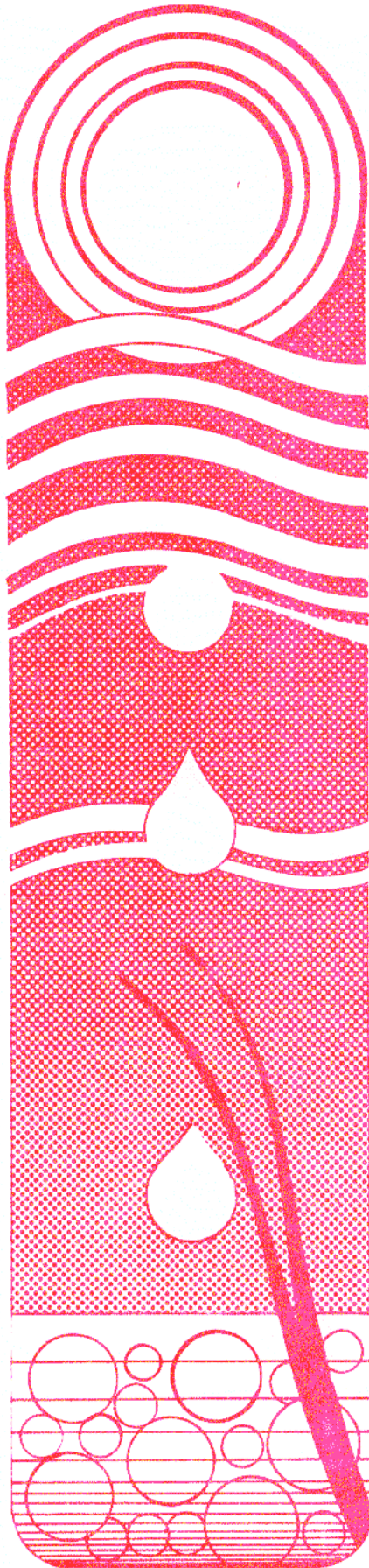




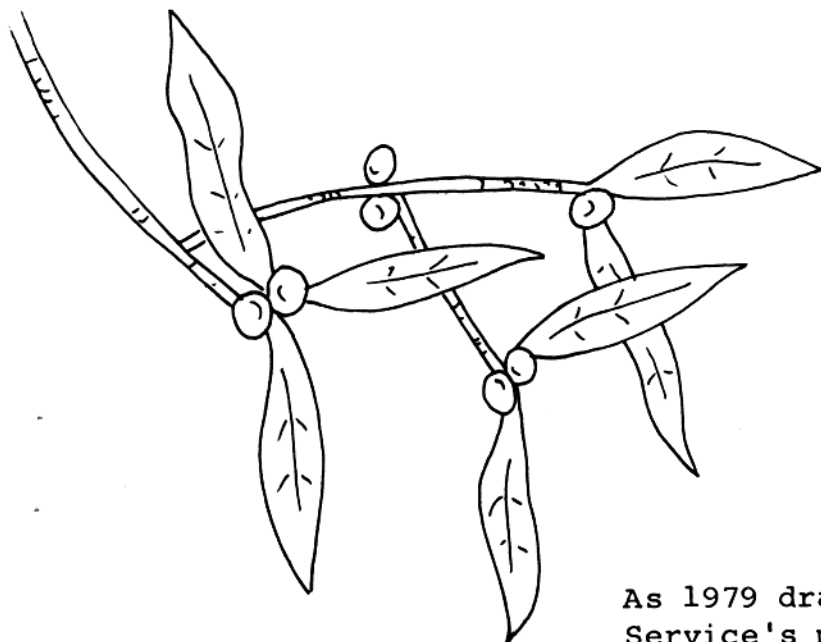
QUEENSLAND
NATIONAL PARKS
AND WILDLIFE
SERVICE

Ringtail

December 1979



*Merry
Christmas*



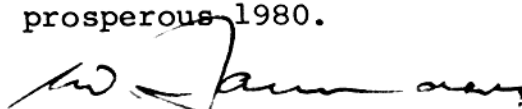
As 1979 draws to a close, I am mindful of the Service's many achievements during the past twelve months. These were made possible by the loyalty, dedication and hard work of all staff.

After the first flush of simply being, we are now entering a consolidation phase. I genuinely believe that the next twelve months will see an end to the two problem areas besetting the Service, namely clerical staff shortages and accommodation difficulties. This applies to head office and country centres.

We have a new Minister who is enthusiastic and supportive of Service aims and ideals. With our foundations soundly laid over the past five years and the backing of a vigorous and imaginative Minister the future augurs very well indeed.

My one regret is that the Service is growing so fast that already it is not possible for me to visit all staff during a year. Nevertheless, you may rest assured that I am conscious of, and ever grateful for your efforts whether you be located in head office or in some remote part of Queensland.

Please accept my sincere wishes for a joyous Christmastide, and I look forward to working with you all into a brighter and more prosperous 1980.



(Graham Saunders)

DIRECTOR



time, and I thought that magpies could look after themselves pretty well, but they were hopelessly outnumbered, and run into the ground. They did manage to breed reasonably well though. Strangely enough the Mickey birds (oops noisy Minors) did O.K. and bred and survived quite well.

The Kookaburra used to get a lacing though. The curras never gave 'em a rest. A Kooka would dive on to the ground and dig out a beaut grub - then be immediately surrounded by a dozen curras. They wouldn't allow him to even swallow his meal. They worked in together in a pre-arranged plan, and then when poor Kooka couldn't think clearly and didn't know what to do, one currawong would take the grub out of his mouth, Then, and only then, would Kooka get a bit of peace. So I guess that's something - to enjoy your empty tummy in peace.

Years later, way out here in the sticks at Carnarvon, a young lady came into the office and asked if anyone had handed in the top of a set of bikinis. After I picked my glasses off the floor, I said,

"No, nobody has handed in a bikini top. Where did you leave it?"

"Oh, on the clothes line at our camp, and when we returned from our walk, it was gone."

"Was it pegged to the clothes line?"

"No, just hung on it."

"Well," I said, "A Currawong has taken it".

"A Currawong, What's that?"

"It's a fairly large black and white bird with yellow eyes."

"And why should a currawong take my bikini top?"

"Well, I'm not too sure lady, but this time of year they get around in flocks after having reared their young, and, having no real worries till next breeding season, get into all sorts of mischief, and sometimes fly off with things that don't belong to them. It's probably dangling off a tree or shrub somewhere in the bush within a few hundred yards of your camp."

Exit one puzzled young lady.

Come to think of it now, perhaps there is something good to be said about the currawong. After all the bird did show a certain amount of spect and consideration for the lady - it only took the TOP part.

A guy came in not so long ago for the lend of a silicon sealer gun. He was camping in a caravan, and having a great time feeding the curras in between walks. They would have a feed and then have a whale of a time on top of his van. Thought this was great, till he realised that they were getting stuck into the sealer on the van - jolly good tucker - hence the request for the sealer gun. I don't think that he fed those birds after that.

I was telling another guy in the office one day about currawongs. He left with a "I know-it-all" smile. Unbeliever. Two days later he called back.

"I know what you are talking about now," he said. "I watched a group of currawongs knock hell out of some rainbow lorriakeets today, and I came in to tell you that I won't be feeding any currawongs again."

Friends for life.

Because of these reasons the books regarded as "Rare Books" are not available for Loan. Staff can use them at Head Office. But because our collection is such a good one, it's well worth a trip to the Library to see.

Denise Scorey



Joe had a small pond in his backyard and in and around the pool, 12 fully-grown seals were generally enjoying themselves - seal fashion -.

It appears that after raising them from small cubs, they were becoming a problem to look after,

Joe thought he had the answer. He offered Paddy \$10.00 to take the seals to the zoo where they would be properly looked after.

Paddy obliged but to Joe's surprise arrived back after a few hours with the seals.

Joe:- "Was the zoo closed?"

Paddy:- "Gee I don't know but we went to the pictures instead of the zoo - it didn't cost as much!"

On behalf of the officers of the Administration Branch, may I say thank you to all those officers in the other branches, sections and regional areas of the Service for their assistance and support during 1979. Staff shortages have continued to frustrate the administration of the Service in many areas, however, we have battled through and can, I am sure, look back on a year of further achievements.

As the task of providing administration within the Service becomes more and more difficult, I am heartened by the support which I continue to receive from officers in all areas of the Service.

I sincerely thank my overworked clerical and typing staff for their tremendous work effort during the year. Without their devotion to the cause we would have failed long ago.

I know that I speak for all the Administration Branch when I say that we appreciate the leadership which has been shown us by our Director, supported by our Deputy Director and we look forward to bigger and brighter events in 1980.

May I wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

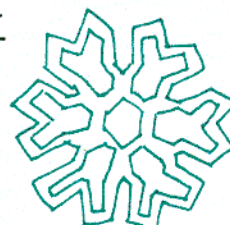
Bill Chadwick
Bill Chadwick

SECRETARY

Heard in the Corridor

A senior staff member often says to his Secretary - "I'm just slipping out for 10 minutes".

On one particular occasion, it was raining and this certain Secretary was tempted to reply - "Mind you don't break your leg!"



It was good to hear that Charlie Roff attended the Cape York Peninsula Conference at Gympie for the complete session. Seems he is straining at the leash to enjoy our company in Head Office on a full time basis again.

Best of everything to you Chas and Mrs Roff for the festive season and coming year.

They tell me the Magpie Season is not tooooooooooo far away!?

Mr. Jack Giles of the New South Wales National Parks and Wildlife Service in discussing the conservation of the yellow-footed rock wallaby at a recent meeting in Canberra, spoke of the large size of the local feral cats.

He said that the live weight of seven cats caught had been 9 kilos and the largest two weighed 16.0 and 16.1 kilograms.

In response to the ever courteous but persistent promptings of our indefatigable editor that I give him some copy for Ringtail, I took the easy way out and handed over the notes I had written on my northern trip for my immediate family, with the comment - "if you find any of this suitable feel free to use it as you wish".

In view of its many imperfections and because he seems to be using it all, I seek to make this explanation of its origin and to comment further on my reference to uranium mining. It seems that neither I nor our typist know how to spell the name of the mine for we used two versions, probably both wrong (Editor's note - Narbalek is the correct spelling) and I said I would check on Ray Dasmann's quote (I spelt his name wrongly too!).

In his keynote address, National Parks, Nature Conservation and "Future Primitive" for the 1975 South Pacific Conference on National Parks, while discussing his concept of ecosystem people and biosphere people (the latter drew on the whole biosphere, if they ruin one resource they merely fill their needs from elsewhere) he said:

"In Australia there is an enormous uranium deposit, an estimated 1 per cent of the world's known supply, on aboriginal land at a place called Gabo Djang. According to Robert Allen, this is known to the Aborigines as the Dreaming Place of the Green Ant, and if it is desecrated, the Great Green Ant, one of the powerful spirits, will come down and ravage the world. Queensland Mines Limited offered the Aborigines the munificent sum of \$7,425 in 1971 for the right to mine this 300-million dollar ore supply, but later raised the offer to \$891,000 along with more than 13 million dollars in royalties. The offer was for a long time refused, but in December 1974, it was reported that the people had agreed to sell. The biosphere people have again triumphed and that much more uranium will be turned loose to do the work of the Great Green Ant in ravaging the world (Allen, 1974)."

Details of the Allen reference are:-

ALLEN, Robert, 1974. Hunting Peoples: harmony between community and environment. Ecologist/Resurgence, 4 : 315-317.

One impatient elephant to another: "Oh, forget it!"



I Never know what to get them!

BRISBANE VALLEY DEER OVERS

KANGAROO CONTROL KIT

MAGGIE REPELLENT.

MAKE YOUR OWN OFFICE BLOCK

AB. ART.

MAKE YOUR OWN ABORIGINAL PAINTINGS.

WHO NEEDS THE REAL THING.

UNBREAKABLE GOVT. CARS. RACEWAY.

BASH THEM SMASH THEM YOU CAN'T HURT THEM.

BLOW-UP. Staff.

Blow them up and do what you want.

or do what you want - then blow them up...

THE SNAKES + LADDERS Promotions game.

FRIENDS BY THE STARS.

FIND OUT WHO YOU'RE COMPATIBLE WITH

PERSONALITY DART BOARD.

Staff at Natural Bridge are constructing a new (additional) septic tank and have been continually pestered with questions (by the bus load) of 'what are you doing?'

The present answer is that they are moving the "Natural Bridge" formation as it is too far from the toilet block, too far to walk as many have complained at the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile circular track, and that the heavy visitation (7,200,000

per annum) is having a detrimental effect on the wilderness values of the park. To confine visitors to the picnic area with the newly located "Bridge and Cave" should similarly contain most of the litter and maintenance problems.

Perhaps we should consider re-locating natural features of other parks. Any suggestions?

Gil Field



WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1979

QUEENSLAND Agricultural College at Lawes has released its end of 1979 examination results.

Competent graduates Reserves and Wildlife. who were prepared to be He believed they would flexible in their approach make a definite contribution to employment. would have made a definite contribution to the continued little trouble in obtaining development and management appropriate positions. the age of national parks Dr. Morrison said yesterday. Dr. Morrison said he was impressed by the motivation, enthusiasm and dedication of the college's first graduates to qualify for its Associate Diploma of Wilderness

A Visit To The Far North - Part II

The ship sailed some hours later to bring us into the Blyth River shortly after daylight. Then the work began. First task was to check out the navigable sections and ensure that there were reflective markers at requisite points - every 5 km up from the mouth and sometimes at the mouths of tributary creeks. The Blyth was navigable for about 50 km to our small boats and the Cadell River which joins the Blyth 19 km up from its mouth could be run for about 30 km at high tide but a tree across it at 28 km blocks us at half tide or less.

On the Nassau survey on Cape York Peninsula there was only one high and one low each day which gave long survey periods, but on the Blyth there are the usual four tides per day and available time for reflections in a spotlight at night and the tide needs to be well down so that the water is away from the vegetation. At high tide they can swim in amongst the fringing vegetation and are then difficult to see.

With two boats working we completed the general survey in two nights and then the catching began. It is part of a study on growth rate, survival, movement etc. In June 1978 as many hatchlings as could be caught were measured, marked and released, each at its place of capture. Because of their eye reflections they are easy to spot and being young and inexperienced they are easy to catch and it is certain that nearly all were caught and marked.

Crocs have two rows of vertical scutes down their backs. These scutes are scales supplied with blood vessels which project above the crocs back and play a role in warming the blood when the croc is basking. The two rows of scutes come together on the tail, the posterior part of which has only a single row. By using a hot wire (electrically heated) it is possible to brand a crocodile so that the normal straight line where two body scales join is distorted by scarring. Thus by using the first single scute on the tail as a reference point one can count forwards and backwards on both sides of the tail along the row of scales and mark the appropriate scale to give a four digit code. Each croc is then individually recognisable if caught again.

Last year's hatchlings are now only about 2 or 3 feet long, so that there is no real danger in catching them. But they were caught in June last year and many of them again in September, so that they are now rather wary. They associate the light and the boat with their previous captures and behave accordingly.

When caught, a croc tries to rotate his body rapidly and can do so with remarkable strength. To experience this, I caught (by hand) a 3-4' croc (not involved in the present study and therefore easy to approach because he had not been caught before) and until I grasped his tail with my left hand, it was all I could do to hold him by the neck with my right hand along. Once the tail is restrained - they usually quieten down - at least the small ones do.

The basic technique is to train the spotlight on them while the boat runs slowly up to the croc. The catcher leans over the bow of the boat and either grabs the croc by hand or uses a "snake stick" - which is in effect an extension arm: an aluminium tube about 5 feet long (1½m) with crocodile-like jaws on the front and a handle at the back to work them. One tries to catch them by the neck as this is the only sure place to hold them (and the safest!) but anywhere will do if you can hoist them into the boat. Once captured, the croc's jaws are tied up, and in the case of the small ones this is done with plastic tape. We used orange tape which gives a festive appearance, even if the evil gleam in their hooded eyes doesn't quite go with their "Christmas parcel" beribboned snouts.

Time and time again the wary ones will disappear below the water just before the boat gets in range, but the really tricky ones are those that hide in the vegetation at the bank or even climp up the bank into the shrubbery. One cunning individual No. 1821 kept us going back and forth for 45 minutes from one end to the other of some low mangrove branches. We left him then and came back later - he'd made the mistake of leaving the vegetation and we got him.

Sometimes a croc will run up a mud bank just out of reach, then the catcher may be tempted if he thinks the mud is firm enough, to go after him. Mangrove mud is notorious: firm mud is mid-calf in depth; usually one sinks knee-deep, but it can be waist-deep or worse! And its

very black and very clinging. It's amusing (for those safely back in the boat) to see the catcher lose first one boot then the sock, then the other boot, then ditto sock. It says much for his forbearance that he didn't throw them at us as he retrieved them from the bottom of his leg holes in the mud after missing the croc!

Once caught and "taped" the crocs are put into a holding basket and eventually brought back on board ship where they can be held for a couple of days, if necessary, without harm providing they don't get too hot. So they are placed in the airconditioned lab at the back of the ship.

Originally a large range of measurements and observations were made on each croc but now in light of experience these have been reduced to the essentials - weight, total length, (and because crocs not infrequently lose part of their tails, length snout to vent); skull width, skull length, and sex. (Bill Green of the team is the official croc sexer how delightful to be able to write "crocodile sexer", on all those official forms one encounters these days, where one is required to state one's occupation!).

Big crocs are notoriously territorial and have even been known to attack boats that intrude on their stretch of river. But even the hatchling's, it seems, will stick to their own "home" area once they find a suitable one. Time and time again we found individuals in exactly the same stretch of river (within 2 or 3 hundred metres) as they were in September and June last year. So great care is taken to release croc exactly where he was caught.

Two other interesting facts associated with this have emerged - (1) the crocs appear to have a good homing instinct: when deliberately taken well away from point of capture and released they've found their way back;

(2) the upper reaches of the river with fresh water appear to be poor food sources and this forces the baby crocs to move. They then may move quite long distances - possibly because once moving, they are continually encountering the situation where another croc is already in occupation. One such weighed only 100 grams in September 1978 (most hatchlings were then 200/300 grams) but this year after moving to a more suitable area he was weighed in at 1075 grams.

The normal croc catching team is three: boat driver, map reader and catcher. The map reader records the details of the catch (time, location, etc.) and holds the spotlight while the croc is actually being caught. We have been operating two teams of four: Professor and Mrs Messel, Bill Green and his fiancée Sandra, in one boat, Graeme Wells catcher, George Vorlicek recorder, John Bunce driver, and myself as map reader, in the other. The map reader is required at night and at speeds up to 30 km per hour to be able to say at any time where the boat is, preferably to one-tenth of a kilometre.

Syd Curtis

A woman with a newly developed interest in government wrote to the editor of a big newspaper: "I want to get into politics. Do the taxpayers have a party?"

The editor wrote back: "Very seldom, lady. Very seldom".

The following is an extract from a letter of complaint recently received by the Secretary.

"I do feel, however, that I should bring a couple of things to your notice. Without telling you how to run the Department, I do think the Rangers should be disciplined and remonstrated with for not spending more time controlling the locals.

The tourists generally were well behaved, but the locals caused considerable trouble not only to ourselves, but to all those around us, and nothing was done by the Rangers to overcome the problems.

The locals need training, discipline and education, and where else can it come from but from your Department?

After all, why should we be disturbed every morning at 6 o'clock by the kookaburras. The 'roos were very cheeky - anything up to 20 of them sat around and begged for food while we were eating, or chomped grass after dark and kept us awake.

If that wasn't bad enough, the possums held a council of war outside our tent because, we presume, we took our ice boxes inside and they couldn't get to the food.

The kurrajongs and 'greenies' practised low flying at all hours of the day.

Bill, all these things are just not good enough! The locals will have to be disciplined if you aim to attract more visitors.

The walks, however, were as delightful, the scenery as majestic and grand, the people as friendly and the Rangers as helpful and co-operative as ever."

Two new national parks were gazetted covering 898.018 hectares.

National Park 1332 - Parish of Tamborine (gazetted 7.10.78). Situated in MacDonnell Road, Mt. Tamborine. The Park consists of 2.918 hectares and represents one of the few remaining stands of rainforest on Mt. Tamborine which is not preserved in the national park system.

National Park 14 - Parish of Marengo (gazetted 14.10.78) is situated about 130 kilometres north west of Taroom and is an area of 895.1 hectares. The southern sector of the park runs up onto a spur of the Carnarvon Range complex.

On 12 existing national parks, additions were gazetted which totalled about 9614 hectares.

National Park 737 - Parish of Melcombe (gazetted 4.8.78). It has an area of about 38 hectares and borders the Logan River which separates it from the Mount Barney National Park.

National Park 603 - Parish of Haly (gazetted 21.10.78). This is an extension to the Bunya Mountains National Park and has an area of 83.323 hectares.

National Park 647 - Parish of Rockingham (gazetted 28.10.78). This extension, about 20 hectares, is an area of closed road and is within the Hull River National Park.

National Park 281 - Parish of Broadwater (gazetted 25.11.78). An extension to Girraween National Park and having an area of 775.832 hectares.

National Park 255 - Parish of Gloucester (gazetted 23.12.78). This extension has an area of about 43.4 hectares and is situated about 14 kilometres east of Bowen.

National Park 114 - Parish of West Hill (gazetted 23.12.78) is an area of about 340 hectares and borders the southern bank of the lower reaches of West Hill Creek, situated about 60 kilometres south of Sarina.

National Park 1024 - Parish of Gladly (gazetted 23.12.78). This area is situated between the Seymour Range and Ella Bay about 6 kilometres north of Flying Fish Point and is about 2915 hectares.

National Park 453 - Parish of Gundiah (gazetted 23.12.78) has an area of 227.384 hectares and is an addition to Mount Bauple National Park which is situated roughly midway between Maryborough and Gympie.

National Park 750 - Parish of Beerwah (gazetted 10.2.79) is about 245 hectares and is an addition to the Mt. Beerwah National Park.

National Park 331 - Parishes of Pemberton and Polmailly (gazetted 3.3.79). These two areas total 782.759 hectares. One portion contains part of Oakey Creek and the other is on the eastern fall of Mt. Stanley in the Many Peaks Range.

National Park 771 - Parish of Meunga (gazetted 31.3.79). This extension has an area of about 139 hectares.

National Park 281 - Parish of Folkstone and Tenterfield (gazetted 26.5.79). This addition to the Girraween National Park has an area of 4004.031 hectares.

Seven environmental parks were gazetted totalling about 1504.268 hectares.

Environmental Park 393 - Parish of Dargin (gazetted 5.8.78) is known as Thomas Island and has an area of about 7.97 hectares. It is situated about 8½ kilometres south-east of Port Denison.

Environmental Park 229 - Parish of St. Peter (gazetted 19.8.78). This area totals about 1,140 hectares and parts of it are situated west of Springsure and to the south is Mount Boorambool.

Environmental Park - Parish of Inkerman (gazetted 7.10.78) contains about 6.06 hectares and is situated about 12 kilometres south-east of Home Hill.

Environmental Park 1411 - Parish of Niminbah (gazetted 28.10.78). This park adjoins the Lamington National Park near Binna Burra Lodge and has an area of 68.088 hectares.

Environmental Park 673 - Parish of Boompa (gazetted 25.11.78) is situated on the right bank of Eel Creek about 10 kilometres south-west of Boompa, and has an area of 5.55 hectares.

Environmental Park 288 - Parish of Baffle (gazetted 27.1.79) is approximately 130 hectares in area and is about 27 kilometres south-east of Miriam Vale.

Environmental Park 1429 - Parish of Telemon (gazetted 7.4.79). This park of 146.6 hectares is situated approximately 10 kilometres south of Rathdowney.

Queensland's first Fauna Refuge was declared over subdivisions 1, 2 and 3 of portion 151, parish of Conway on 4.11.78. The Refuge has an area of 105.11 hectares.

Milo Station was gazetted a Fauna Sanctuary on 19.5.79. It has a total area of 3592 km² and is within the parishes of Cothallow, Coombie, Thurnby, Margaret, Kenneth, Coomeete, Costello, Gundary, Boogana and Mitting.

It is with regret that we report the death by accident of one of our colleagues Gordon Haworth.

Gordon was working for the Service at Injune with Graham Walsh on the Aboriginal site recording programme. He also spent some time working at Carnarvon Gorge where he was travelling to at the time of his accident.

He will be sadly missed by those of us who had the pleasure of working with him.

Our sympathy goes to his widow and his children.

I have resisted calling this - 'At My Desk'. One Ita Buttrose is enough for any country. Nevertheless, I am back 'at my desk', after 4 very busy (and one hopes) fruitful days at the Forestry Training Centre on the Maryborough side of Gympie.

There is something about that place which makes everyone relax within hours of getting there. I think it deserved the architectural award it won for Works Department. While we were there it was certainly tested as a structure; and came through very well. It lost only a piece of roof lapping which I was told, needed fixing before the big storm struck. The rain was horizontal and found its way through some of the door panels. Other than that, since the accompanying noise and blackout made conference work impossible, the building provided a nice safe place from which to watch the storm. We were told the wind reached 'the ton' (in kilometres anyway) and it was certainly spectacular. Nature sometimes shows she can do things that even the Ansetts, Holmes a Courts, Bonds and Murdochs of the world can't manage.

The Conference commenced with discussion papers ranging from information statements to action plans. We then broke into committees which reported back with recommendations which as Chairman, I'll take back to the Director. Each night those with slides and films relating to the area made contributions to the discussion while Bill Carter and Dick Clarkson showed their wares from thier over-seas trips.

It was great to see Charlie Roff attending and contributing. He should be an inspiration to Juliet Jones' half brother. He handled the steps with no bother at all and the only mishap in fact was to Neal Mee who scraped a couple of centimetres off his height by rubbing against a notice. To set the record straight, the notice did not read 'Job safety is important' and the accident was before the night of the barbeque.

Peter Ogilvie, like Charlie Roff, expressed his keenness by 'giving a sickie'. That's the opposite of 'taking a sickie' and it means going to work when you're on sick leave.

In the field of jargon, I note that 'multidisciplinary teams' is an out term - I didn't hear it once, while 'anthropocentric' and 'biocentric' are still in. Trevor Vollbon won the new word award by quoting some person who used 'probabalistic'. Hugh Lavery was there only for a day otherwise I'm sure we'd have heard 'synecological' and 'autecological'; but I think they too might have to be put on the endangered words appendix if somebody doesn't use them soon. 'Methodology' is alive and well.

All in all, I don't think this will be the last Service Conference at Gympie and many people attending suggested further workshop sessions on important Service topics which from time to time need concentrated attention. Certainly Don Gilmour and his staff made us feel very welcome and I repeat my expression of our thanks to him and them.

The report and its attachments will be made available to delegates. I make no time slot commitments; but I will say I'll be trying to finalise our recommendations to the Director as soon as possible. I hate conferences where the papers take months to reach people.

I conclude by thanking the Director for releasing so many of us at, I suspect, a fair degree of inconvenience to himself, and to wish all Service officers and their families and friends warm Christmas wishes from me and mine.

Clive Price
Deputy Director

Although the 6th floor reception displays "ENQUIRIES 5TH FLOOR", on a reasonably large sign, people persist with statements like - "I want a brochure on Bunya Mountains", "I want a roo permit", "Camping Permits, where are they?" etc.

After working three years at the 6th floor reception, I answered each enquiry - "Permits, maps, brochures, etc. are all on the 5th floor, one floor down.... there is a stairway on your right".

Ruth almost always answered each enquiry - "Permits, maps, brochures, etc. are on the floor below There is a stairway on your right."

Would you believe it -

One day a school lad of about 14 came to the counter and asked for stickers. Ruth answered "On the floor below". Silence was supreme. The boy looked at Ruth, looked down at his feet, looked again at Ruth, baffled, took two steps back from the counter and searched the "floor below" obviously for a display of stickers!

Robyn Kreis

Well, here I am back at work after wandering around the good 'ol U.S.A. for a month, meeting new people and seeing new places. Actually it was quite an eye opening experience seeing other people's lifestyles and ways.

I'd like to and most definitely will go back there, but next time I will be more intent on seeing the country and her ever-changing scenes and steer away from the huge cities which were mostly on my scheduled itinerary for this trip.

Even though I did find the cities fascinating, I think that I'm a country girl at heart. I was so bewildered by the huge never-ending canyons of steel and mortar and the wariness and nervousness of the people of the northern cities like Boston and New York compared to the hospitality shown by the Southerners together with their easy-going devil-may-care attitudes, this made me feel more at home there. I found the Old Southern Mansions and the Louisiana Swamps, particularly spectacular, like something straight out of "Gone with the Wind".

Their Creole way of cooking is a delight, if ever the chance arises, try some of the Creole Gumbo, it's an experience never to be forgotten.

The old saying "Home is where the Heart is" never had much of an impression on me before, but now after leaving the nest for a little while, I sure do understand and appreciate its meaning a lot more.

Glenys Lindsay

Want Ad in City newspaper:

"Woman, 21, would like job running elevator in office building. Has no experience and would like to begin in low building."

Forward Planning for what?

Just recently a film was screened in Head Office called 'When the chips are down'. A film that graphically portrayed the rapid advances of the computer industry, and its intrusion into the industrial and commercial world to such an extent that virtually everyone is living under the shadow of its influence.

The films message was clear - as the computer industry continues to advance many ugly problems will raise their heads. To many, the implications were frightening reactions were varied. For instance. One segment of the film showed a supermarket scene in Denmark where cash is not a necessary part of the transaction. Indeed, cash there would have no purchasing power. The Credit Card is King. The girl at the checkout operated a sophisticated computer linked to the city's banking system. Once the credit card number was inserted, the computer took over and made all the necessary adjustments to the balance sheets.

The money-less society is closer than most people think. As I said, reactions were varied. Let me share mine with you. My thoughts immediately turned to a biblical prophecy that was coming true in our day. A statement made by Jesus Christ over 19 centuries ago, when he foretold the day when no one would be able to buy or sell unless he had an allotted number. Not on a credit card or bank card, but invisibly tattooed onto the skin that will become visible when exposed to the now common 'black light'. After all, cards can get lost or stolen. What better place

for the number of a man than on the man himself.

The thing is, that hand in hand with the money-less society the other ugly problems immediately start to raise their heads. Problems such as global changing events, that not only will affect industry and commerce, but the very topography and vegetation of the earths surface will undergo dramatic changes. As our world enters the birth-pangs of a new era, many of our National Parks and new proposals will suddenly be non-existent.

Let's not waste a lot of time and effort planning for something that won't be here in its present form by the turn of the century.

Bible prophecy hasn't been wrong yet, and it's not about to start making errors now.

The wise planner will take its words into account as a foundation for forward planning.

Des Collins

The catering corps from the St. Helena Opening wishes to thank the following people for their valuable assistance. They helped make a successful and enjoyable day for those that made it. It is a pity that some of you had to miss out.

Our thanks to:

- Esther and Graeme McConochie
- Ann and Tony Moriarty
- Kerry and Shamus Conway
- Suzy Oxnam
- Colleen Reeve
- Ken (More beer and more ice) Moore
- Alan Chenoweth - for suffering a take over of his residence on the Saturday; and he didn't even get any food.
- And any one else who we have forgotten, not because their efforts were less, but because of the passage of time.

A special mention must be made of John Wallace from the Brisbane Markets whose assistance both on the Saturday and Sunday made the job easier, more enjoyable and an education in culinary shortcuts.

Bon Aperitif

The workers in Management Planning have had a good year and we hope you all have too. We didn't get to see you all, but we plan to try harder next year.

Receiving particular attention in the New Year will be our friends in the Far North at Lakefield and Cairns; at Carnarvon; maybe the Townsville region, Girraween, Scenic Rim, St. Helena Island and more.

Thanks for your help, have a Merry Christmas and we look forward to the wins outnumbering the losses in the New Year.

Best wishes from Pamela, Trevor, Bob, Paul, Barry and Grahame.

Another year is drawing to a close, a year notable (amongst other events) for the birth of 'Ringtail'. I take the opportunity to express my appreciation for the work of my fellow officers in Management and Operations. That I do not wish you a Merry Christmas is not so much an absence of religious prejudice as a keen awareness of the problems that arise during peak holiday periods for those of us responsible for the day to day running of our more popular parks.

Our fledgling Service has never been overstaffed and Management and Operations Branch has felt the effects as much as any. Especially has this been the case for our wildlife officers, whose numbers are so small for such a vast responsibility. Happily, the situation is slowly improving: the secondment of two police officers to fauna work has provided a valuable boost to morale and a small but definite increase in wages staff plus the hope of our first intake of cadets may be a sign that we're turning the corner. I fervently hope so!

Chuck Wilder used to have a two-column tally board labelled 'wins' and 'losses'. I haven't seen much of it lately perhaps it was becoming too lop-sided. Let's work towards redressing the balance in 1980. I thank you all most sincerely for your dedication to the Service's responsibilities during the past year and may 1980 prove most rewarding for us all.

Syd Curtis

Forger: A man who makes a name for himself.

"Will you call me a taxi?"

"Certainly lady. You're a taxi."

St. Helena in focus

Mrs. Gibbs, wife of National Parks, Recreation and Culture Minister, christens the new National Parks and Wildlife ship Cormorant on Sunday at Manly, prior to leaving for St., Helena.

The Cormorant was battle scared after its rescue operations. It had paint off its sides from its bashing against the Mirana.

After the official opening in the ruins of the old gaol, a barbecue lunch was provided for guests along with a tour of the ruins.

Wynnum-Redlands Herald

Wed., October 10, 1979

Coast Guard in 'Dunkirk'

Wed., October 10, 1979

Wynnum-Redlands

Coast Guard little ships in St. Helena

'Dunkirk'

'Little Guard' rescue operation in Sunda

Courier

MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1979

Minister for National Parks, Culture and Recreation (Mr. Gibbs) officially opens St. Helena National Park.

TWO hundred people, including a State Cabinet Minister and two other Members of Parliament, were "rescued" from St. Helena Island yesterday.

A fleet of small boats and three helicopters in a shuttle service between the Moreton Island and the island, 8 kilometres from the mainland, began yesterday morning. Strong south-westerly winds struck the island, and the drama began. Helicopters were being chartered for the dedicated St. Helena as the drama began. Helicopters were being chartered for the dedicated St. Helena as the drama began.

Helicopters

Three helicopters, including one chartered from Sea World on the Gold Coast, were used for the rescue.

Coastguard rescue at St. Helena

Helicopters were used to bring people back to Manly from St. Helena.

The Mirana receiving a battering off St. Helena. She returned to Manly soon after this picture was taken with about 100 on board.

Drafted

Mr. Yowe said that Mr. Chas. Carroll's barrister was drafted into service. "Many of the people were elderly men and women."

No jetty

Mariners Corner

Well, Moreton Bay showed her contrary nature for the St. Helena Island National Park opening.

While busy trying to keep the CORMORANT from being stranded and telling passengers aboard the MIRANA split families first first!! the cry came from the ruins - 'We need more Grog and more Ice!!' (All things are relative you see) ▲▲▲▲

Oh!, saw deck-hand Oxnam practising for the trapeze off the bow of another boat, better to throw a rope than be a rope. Though you need someone to throw it to - pity some of those standing on the poop (upper) deck of the MIRANA had fish hooks in their pockets.

Well: those who got to the Island had twice the food and grog, speed boat or helicopter rides home, though it was a terrific day.

- : those who missed out have been promised another day; and some of
- : those who didn't go were naturally most knowledgeable about the event.

It will be a hard act to follow of Bills, Geoffs and Ron's for the next national park opening.

Whilst on inspection of Moreton Island, Acting Regional Superintendent (Southern Division) lost the

his Service shorts aboard a 35' luxury craft at Tangalooma. Pity after a dawn dash back to the mainland aboard the CORMORANT, so as to get to a meeting at Binna Burra, the car keys were still in his shorts.

Heard shorts must be worn at all times to complete Service uniform.

Act II

After hitching a ride to Enoggera (without shorts?) to get his own car to get to Binna Burra, he had a flat and you guessed it - no spare.

MORE ORGANIZATION !!!

Meanwhile, back at the ranch (on Moreton Island), two Brisbane lady overseers in efforts above and beyond the call of duty were working untiringly to improve relations with Queensland Boating Patrol. The fact that they operate a luxury 35 footer, anchored in front of the resort at Tangalooma helps.

Oh!, who left his pants in the rubber ducky?

Allan Chenoweth for the most improved Service boatie was promoted to Captain (as he was leaving the Service) and given a Captain's peak cap inscribed - M.V. SHAG.

Best of luck Allan in your new job, heard it was terrestrial.

Wishing you all a nautical Christmas,

Marine Observer

Adult: A person who has stopped growing at both ends and is now growing in the middle.

On a trip from Charleville to Birdsville a coat - recently dry cleaned - was neatly placed on the back seat of the 4.W.D. with supplies stacked carefully on top.

After a few hours travel, a yellow stain began to appear in the back of the Toyota.

Ask two well-known wildlife Rangers, what it's like to have egg on their coat.

Jim McDonald

How to Lose your Head but be in the Know with New South Wales National Parks and Wildlife Service.

One of our field staff whilst on leave recently at Gibraltar Range National Park, New South Wales, managed to have a near head-on collision with a Toyota Land Cruiser.

His motor cycle right front fork connected with the on coming right wheel of the vehicle, catapulting the rider through the Toyota indicator light and the bike into the mud guard of the vehicle. Fortunately only his two ribs were broken.

Ironically enough, the vehicle was occupied by the New South Wales National Parks and Wildlife Service 'big wigs' who were conducting a field conference on the park. Some of those our bloke got to know were the Grafton Regional Syperintendent, Ranger and Interpretive officer, and Interpretive officers and Management and Operations Staff from Sydney.

Fine way to treat a guest! Steer clear of south of the border!

If you would like advice on how to cut down a very very large mango tree, ask the Administration Officer.

This same 'gentleman' has been asking advice on how to erect a fence - he denies that these two items are related, well I err-r-r.... believe Neil, don't you.....?

Sometimes I think that whoever writes Government forms has a sign on his desk reading:-

"If it's easy, make it harder,
If it's hard, make it difficult,
If it's difficult, make it impossible, and if it's impossible -

IT'S PERFECT!"

'From the Field'

SMART KID!

A postmaster ran across a letter from a little girl to Santa Claus asking for \$100. Not knowing just exactly what to do with such a letter, he sent it to his Member of Parliament. The Member was touched and decided to send the little girl \$10.

A few days later the postmaster was the recipient of another letter to Santa Claus from the same child. It read:-

"Dear Santa, Thanks for the hundred dollars. But next time don't send it through Canberra. Them dirty politicians kept ninety per cent!"



Scene: The office at Yeerongpilly. I am in there trying to figure out where Tricia keeps the paper clips when the phone rings. There is no one else in the room as the Rangers are all out performing their duties in some part of the state other than the Yeerongpilly office. I resist the temptation to flee and foolishly pick up the 'phone.

Little Old Lady (presumably):

"Hello. What looks sort of like a fish, is about 10 inches long and blue and looks out at you from under the stones on the pavement".

Me (warily): "I don't think I know" - looking around frantically for help".

L.O.L.: "Well, will it bite me?"

Me (resignedly): "Could you tell me more about it?"

L.O.L.: (warming to the task):

"Well I live under the Chemist shop and every morning when I go out to get the paper I used to meet this thing like a fish coming in the door, you know. Well, I would look at it and it would look at me and go and get under the fridge because its cool under there, you know. This went on for about a year I think, then once when I saw it, it had 3 babies and they would follow it in every morning, you know".

Me (interrupting): "You say it's blue?"

L.O.L. (excitedly): "Yes, and looks like a fish, you know".

Me: "Has it got legs?"

L.O.L.: "Yes, and its about 10 inches long and looks out from under.....".

Me (elatedly): "It's a blue tongue lizard!"

L.O.L.: (not particularly interested): "Is that what it is? Well, anyhow, as I was saying, it and its babies used to walk in and get under the fridge because, you know, its cool there. Well, one day, when the babies were about 10 inches long, I stood on one by accident and it ran out and got back under the stones on the pavement. Now, whenever I go past it hisses at me (Fair enough I thought) but it doesn't hiss at anyone else. What I want to know is, will it attack me?"

Me (sensing a chance to escape at last): "No, blue tongue lizards are very docile - there are no records of attacks in the literature".

L.O.L. (pleading): "Well, how can I make friends with it again?"

Me (rather frustrated): "Well, try not to stand on it again - apart from that I don't know much about making friends with lizards".

The conversation went on for a while but the remainder was less spectacular. When I finally got off I contentedly patted myself on the back for another satisfied customer and gave thanks for the 10 years of hard study at University which had resulted in my expertise in such intricate herpetological matters.

Bill Lavarack

Minor Operation: One performed on somebody else.

Diplomat: A man who, on surprising a lady bathing, says, "I beg your pardon, sir."

With only one article behind me, I'm already straying from the subject of little known out-of-the-way parks by this Issue, taking you to the Glasshouse Mountains.

It seems that although these monoliths tower over the Bruce Highway north of Brisbane and may even be seen from many high points in Brisbane, very few people I have encountered have bothered to examine them more closely - possibly discounting them as being too difficult to negotiate. However, this is not the case.

As most people know, the Glasshouse Mountains were named by Captain Cook in 1770, however, not after the Glasshouses we are familiar with, more likely from the shapes of the glass factories, known as the glasshouses, that dotted the industrial landscape of his native Yorkshire.

The Glasshouse Mountains are generally regarded as consisting of 9 peaks, four of which have been reserved as National Park while the remainder are situated in State Forests or Timber Reserves.

For those who are not feeling very energetic, it is possible to drive to the summit of one. A fairly steep road is trafficable by conventional vehicle in dry weather to a lookout on top of Wild House Mountain on the eastern side of the highway. From the summit a magnificent mountain panorama unfolds as projections of national parks appear to explode over a face of forestry pine plantations.

However, before attempting the drive, have a close look at the relevant forestry map for road directions and obtain a permit to traverse from the Beerburrum district forester (071 96 0166).

Of the four national park mountains, the summits of three are readily accessible for those interested in a "steep hike" while the fourth - Coonowrin, or Crookneck - requires some experience with ropes etc. or a knowledgeable guide. Only the three will be discussed here.

Mt. Tibrogargan, which looks formidable from the road, may be quite easily climbed from behind. Drive north through the township of Glasshouse Mountains then follow the road south that will take you to the point closest to the western base of the mountain. The track goes straight up and at its worst is no more than an arms and legs scramble. A forty minute climb (preferably in the morning to avoid the direct midday and afternoon sun) will bring you to the double-humped summit with the best views from the rocky ledges on the eastern side of the mountain over the highway and pineapple and pine plantations to the Pumicestone Passage and Bribie Island while views to the other Glasshouses may be taken on the climb or descent.

The smallest of the three mountains we're concerned with and nearest to the township of Glasshouse Mountains is Mt. Ngungun. Just out of the town turn off the bitumen road near the school onto a dirt road that leads in the direction of the southern base of the mountain. As the road passes near the base a smaller access road leads a hundred metres closer

from where the track begins. Although at 775 feet (236 m) it is one of the smallest of the mountains, it is worth the walk. The track leads up through fern and orchid beneath towering rocks. About half-way up, a large cave is passed on the right. As the track nears the top, it levels out slightly to the relief of the walker until the rocky crest of the mountain is reached. The crest is followed up to the bare rocky summit with a precipitous drop down to the access road. The 30 minute walk (which may seem longer) awards the walker with a 360° view over the surrounding mountains and over a curious plateau just below the summit on the north-west side. Vegetated with a low heathy community, a walk through the dwarf forest makes you feel somewhat removed from reality as you tower over the miniature landscape leaving your footprints in the thick moss-covered ground while just 10 metres below the summit.

Which brings us to the highest of the Glasshouse Mountains - Mt. Beerwah. From close up, this 1,823 foot (556 metres) high pyramid shaped mountain is one of the most striking in Australia. Its steep, scoured, open rocky slabs seem unscaleable, however, don't be deterred. About a mile from the township of Glasshouse Mountains, turn off to the right onto a dirt road that leads off at 90° to the bitumen. Follow the road for a couple of miles to a parking/picnic area at the base. The track leads up steeply for a hundred metres or so to the first bare rock slab.

Actually, this first 20-30 feet is the hardest part of the climb owing to the lack of footholds.

Imagine you're a fly and once you've negotiated this section, it's generally fairly easy going. The first half of the climb is arms and legs stuff and gets a little awkward in places - once again, don't be deterred and if you haven't got a head for heights, don't look down unless you are securely seated.

Remember - at all times don't roll stones down behind you at any stage as there could always be walkers/climbers/strugglers below.

About half way up, you arrive at one of Beerwahs most spectacular and unexpected features. Situated in a patch of semi-rainforest at the base of the sheer vertical cliffs, dropping down from the summit are spectacular caverns, overhangs and wierd rock shapes. The track winds its way along the base of these cliffs, up and over a shoulder, and then it's just a steep hike to the (once again) bare rocky summit.

The 60 minute climb to the top, to my mind, is one of the best mountain climbs in Queensland. With plenty to see and do on the walk/climb up and the views from the top are first class with steep drops on all sides.

Because of the time involved it is quite possible for the energetic (or perhaps self-abusive) to climb the three mountains in the one day, however, being only half-an hours drive from Brisbane's northern suburbs, the mountains provide an ideal alternative to what could be an otherwise dull morning or afternoon.

Paul Curtis

Confession Magazine: A place where people write their wrongs.

"TIP TRUCK"

When it became necessary to shift any fill, rock or cement along walking tracks, I found the time and effort involved was formidable.

Putting the old grey matter to work, I came up with the rather simple idea of tip truck back on a Rover Rancher 2. As seen by the diagram, the back is the big rubber tyre wheelbarrow bowl.

The original design was to utilize the Rover Rancher, normally used for mowing. All aspects were for conversion. However, since mine is now on a Rancher that has been pensioned off mowing, I have since made a few other modifications which have proven beneficial.

1. Moved the rear wheel mounts back approx 4". (Puts more weight on the front wheels thus improving the steering).
2. Used the rover seat instead of the one I made.
3. Made a dozer blade for the frong (Armstrong Hydraulics). This also adds weight to the front and is very handy for spreading fill and filling in trenches.
4. Further extended the steering wheel and put a ball bearing on the top of an angle iron stay, which is welded to the fire wall.
5. Last but by no means least, a trailer.

The trailer is the same width as the Rancher and has rear rancher wheels. (If anyone wants it I could draw up the plan). It has a telescopic pole which can be extended to carry up to 4 m lengths of bridge timbers. The front and tail gates can be removed for this job. In it's normal position, it is used to cart fill for the track, or sand, rocks and cement for steps.

Yes, I know everyone is saying what about steps? Well if there are big sets of steps, certainly you won't get up them, but if there are only a few sets of 3 or 4, or half a dozen, all you need is a couple of sets of planks of different lengths. Set them up for the day while you are working, and away you go.

Next question - "How do you turn round?"

Answer - "Wherever you can".

In the rainforest, in mountains, a lot of places where we cart fill we can't use the trailer. With the Rancher by itself, we turn round when we can, even if you then have to reverse the last 100 metres. We have been using the machine now for over 3½ years, and it has saved us many hours of toil.

Anyone with any further questions on the conversion, please do not hesitate to contact me at Eungella.

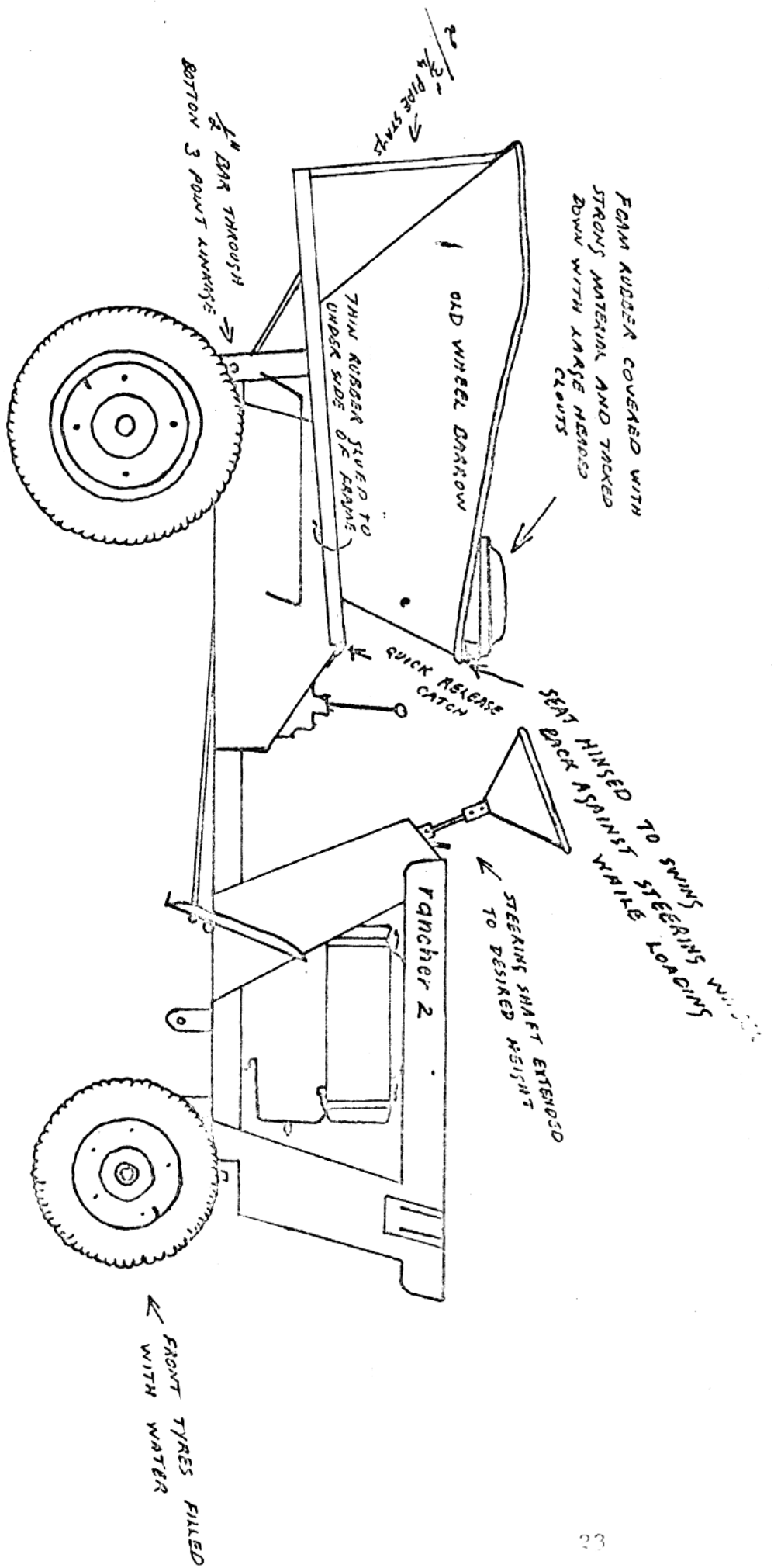
VERON HANSEN

Veron -thanks for your contribution to RINGTAIL. The Rancher Tiptruck seems very practical. I wasn't able to use the photos as RINGTAIL is printed with a bench model offset printer and although I think the results are of a good standard - half tone photos, even though we use a "screen", loose a lot of their identity.

I saw an invention similar to your "RANCHER" at BINNA BURRA recently, maybe Bill Whiteman can send me a plan and we can compare notes.

I know spare time is almost non existent but maybe all field staff could contribute to inventors corner. How about it?

RON KELLY



RANCHER TIPTRUCK

DESIGNED AND BUILT BY

V.R.T. HANSEN

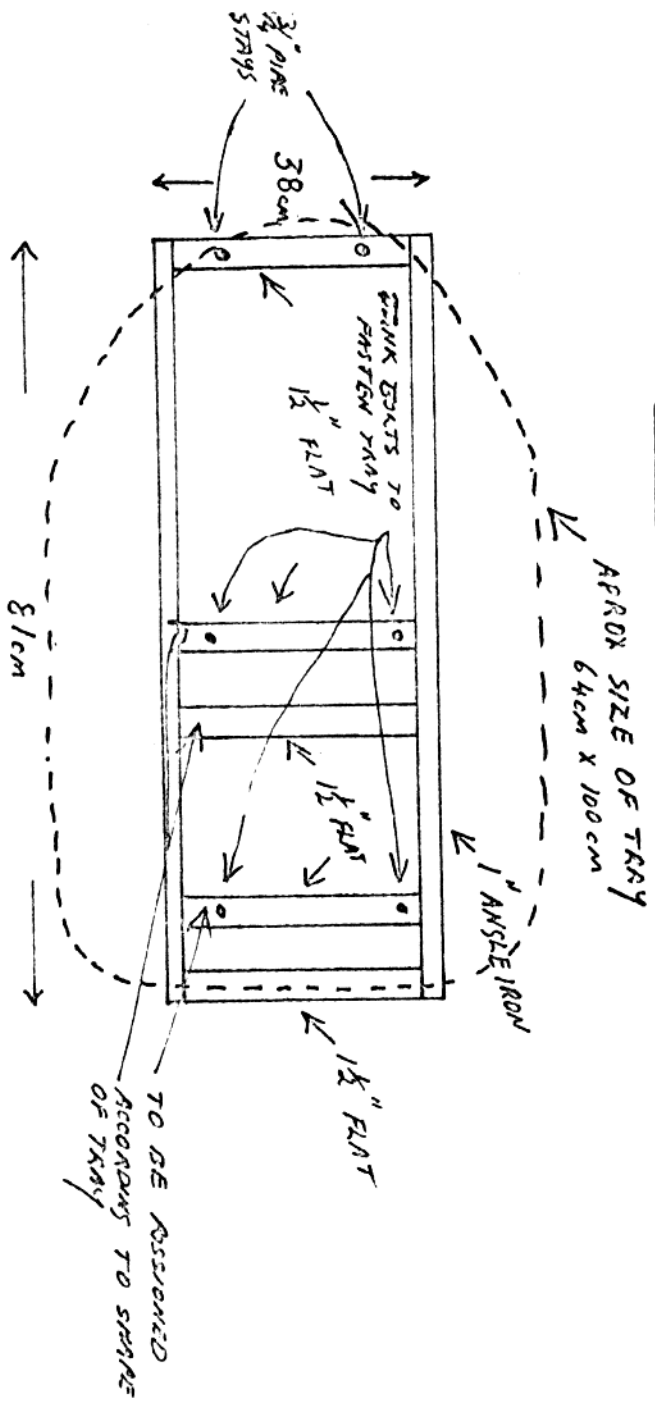
SCALE 1mm = 1cm

RANCHER TIPTRUCK

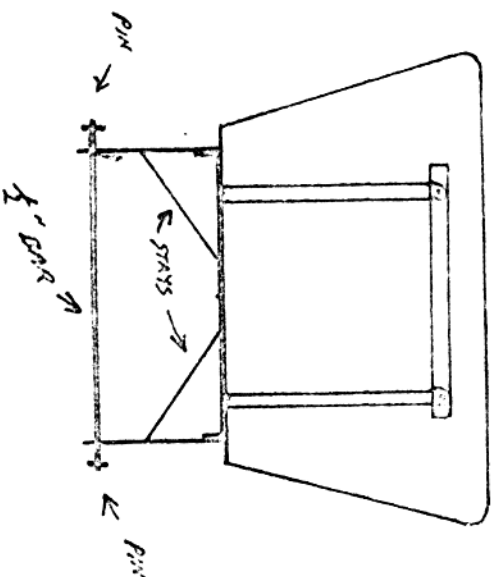
DESIGNED AND BUILT BY VIKI HANSEN

SCALE 1mm = 1cm

PLAN



REAR VIEW



BIG NIGHT OUT.....

On Friday, 7 December, 1979 the QNPWS Social Club conducted the annual Xmas Dinner Dance at the Polish Club. Chief organiser, Danuta Kolarski, was responsible for one of the best nights out ever! Great food, great drinks, great music, great company - who could want more. Everyone present had a ball.

The undoubted star of the evening was Sheena (Wonderwoman) Mc Taggart who, apart from becoming the star of the dance floor, partnered Graham Saunders in one of the finest displays of hot rock ever seen. All present were spellbound! Not to be outdone, husband Bob also danced brilliantly, although more in the Arthur Murray style, much to the plaudits of the onlookers.

Clive Hughes sent all female hearts fluttering by being announced as the best dressed (and most eligible) male - and why not? - complete with cream disco jacket and carnation with fully colour co-ordinated accessories - he looked a million dollars. At the same time, however, the men present voted Clive's sister as looking two million dollars.

SUPERMAN was present. We now know his identity - Shamus Conway. What a shock! He leads a double life - quiet, conservative, coolly efficient by day - but at night he turns into a snappy dressing, gyrating, pulsating disco king accompanied by even more dazzling disco queen. This pair fully deserved the trophy of king and queen of the dance floor!

The towering frame of Robert Seymour was seen to advantage on more than one occasion - lets face it - it was never out of sight. Robert was the winner of the lucky door prize.

It is a sad fact that, after about five hours of wining, dining and dancing, the catering staff had to remove the remaining food. There was just too much to get through, although we all tried out best!

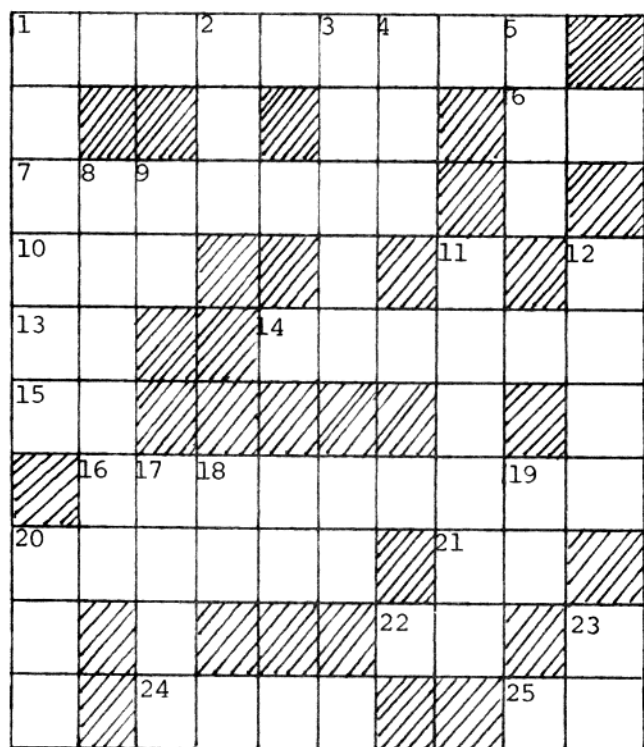
The Social Club committee is to be congratulated on putting on such a great function. Our thanks goes to Danuta who put such a tremendous effort into it.

To say that the Service's first Christmas Tree function was a huge success would be an understatement.

A small band of workers led by Jill Higgins did a great job of organising, while Father Christmas (alias Shamus Conway) provided plenty of excitement for the small fry.

The heat of the afternoon was soon forgotten when the word went out that Father Christmas was due to arrive at any minute. The expectancy on the kids faces was something to see. Some excited, some a bit tense and others uncertain. But when "he" arrived with his sack, all the worries were over and from then on it was just great fun.





ACROSS

1. Flora and Fauna in National Parks are _____.
6. Overseer (abb.)
7. A pastime on National Parks, a permit is available for it.
10. National (abb.)
13. Island (abb.)
14. National Park recently opened in Moreton Bay. St. _____ Is.
15. Creek (abb.)
16. Supervisors on a National Park.
20. An _____ must be registered in order to keep birds
21. A section in Head Office (abb.)
22. Concerning (used in memos.)
24. A bush _____ can be enjoyable.
25. Environmental Park (abb.)

DOWN

1. Many families use National Parks for this.
2. Highest Point.
3. This may be used at a National Park which is near the water.
4. This is needed in order to sell a kangaroo skin.
5. This animal is prohibited on National Parks.
8. Ranger - Mackay region.
9. Mount (abb.)
11. Strikeout.
12. Animals that live in Mt. Etna caves.
17. Many people go to National Parks for this.
18. Each (abb.)
19. Regional Superintendent (abb.)
20. Goal
23. National Park (abb.)

A 2m high fuel tank rests on the ground and has 3 holes in it. One 10cm from the top, another 1 metre from the top and the last 1cm above the ground.

Which stream of water would first hit the ground the furthestest from the tank?
Chuck Wilder has the answer.

The answer to the egg "problem" on page 7 of Sept. edition was seven (7).

Solution: 25 Letters.

W	A	L	L	A	B	Y	O	R	K	S	G	A	T	T
F	I	L	E	Y	R	A	U	T	C	N	A	S	R	R
P	R	L	E	C	T	U	R	E	S	L	A	O	A	A
P	T	E	D	N	O	I	T	U	C	E	S	O	R	P
R	R	G	A	L	A	M	I	N	G	T	O	N	E	E
O	A	A	C	D	I	S	W	I	M	N	P	A	P	O
P	V	L	N	E	N	F	E	R	S	A	E	E	O	P
O	E	A	S	R	H	S	E	A	S	O	N	R	R	L
S	L	A	I	C	O	G	G	E	R	T	O	A	T	E
A	E	A	N	O	N	T	R	I	N	G	T	A	I	L
L	C	A	R	A	E	E	C	H	I	T	A	L	N	T
I	R	G	R	E	V	O	W	E	U	S	T	I	G	R
B	U	T	R	I	I	I	T	S	R	L	N	H	Y	I
R	O	T	R	S	T	T	C	H	H	I	E	A	D	P
A	B	C	T	D	A	F	A	U	N	A	D	A	T	A
R	R	E	I	R	N	L	I	T	L	N	O	O	N	R
I	A	R	M	I	G	O	S	E	U	T	R	A	C	K
A	H	E	R	B	E	R	T	O	T	R	U	O	A	C
N	S	D	E	E	R	A	R	K	E	E	P	R	P	O
C	A	M	P	I	N	G	E	S	E	P	O	W	E	R

SOLUTION:

National Parks:

----- -- --
 ---- - - - - - --

HOW TO PLAY:

First read the list of words, then look at the puzzle. The words are in all directions - vertically, diagonally, horizontally, and backwards. Circle each word found and strike it off the list. The letters are often used more than once. When you find all the words in the list, you should have 25 letters left, which spell out the solution.

Happy Hunting
 Alison C.

WORD LIST

ACT
 AIRTRAVEL
 AREA
 ART
 AVICULTURE

 BATS
 BIRD
 BRANCH

 CAIRNS
 CAMPING
 CAPE
 CHITAL
 COGGER

 DATA
 DAY
 DEER
 DIRECTOR

EAST
 ERECT
 ETNA

 FAUNA
 FILE
 FLORA

 GROUND

 HARBOUR
 HERBERT

 KEEP

 LAMINGTON
 LEASE
 LECTURES
 LEGAL
 LIBRARIAN

NAILS
 NATIVE
 NOOSA

 OPEN

 PARK
 PEOPLE
 PERMIT
 POWER
 PROPOSAL
 PROSECUTION

 RANGER
 RARE
 RAT
 REPORTING
 RINGTAIL
 RIVER
 ROCK
 RODENT
 ROOS
 RUIN

SANCTUARY
 SEASON
 SHUTE
 SWIM

 TAA
 TAGS
 TOAD
 TORRES
 TRACK
 TRAP
 TREE
 TRIP

 WALLABY
 WILDLIFE

 YORK

These commandments by Bill Johnston in 'The Sample Case' (U.S.) should be taken to heart and acted upon by every driver every day.

1. Thou Shalt Heed the Stop Sign

The octagon tablet that calleth on thee to pause - and the lamp that turneth to red - hath real meaning to the wise; to wager thy years against a moment truly giveth thee the appearance of an idiot who knoweth not the odds. The lamp of amber doth call upon thee for caution; and heedest thou it not, the charm of luck shalt depart from thee and thy days in traction shalt be long and miserable.

2. Thou Shalt Not Exceed The Limits of Speed

Though the horses under thy foot be many, suffer them not to lead to any destruction. Even though the Angel of Death rideth not on thy shoulder, the Eye of radar doth spot thee from afar, and his master shalt carry thee before the judge.

3. Thou Shalt Not Pass When The Way Is Not Clear

Thy life is surely thine own, if ye must cast it away, but thy way-faring brother and the dependents that are his have no defence when thy juggernaut doth roar upon him. They perish in the ruins, and thy ignorance shalt not wash from the hand the blood of these innocent persons.

4. Thou Shalt Show Courtesy Unto Others

A journey into the temple on a Sabbath hath small meaning if the screeching wheels of thy chariot doth make thy brethren cry out against thee. Thy blaring trumpet causeth not the objects in thy path to crumble; but verily, love doth depart from those who must leap unto safety, and they shalt call maledications upon thy head.

5. Thou Shalt Not Follow Too Closely

Tailgating shalt not only put knots upon thy brow; it surely turneth thy grill work into junk. It causeth thy insurance to zoom, and the Patrol to looketh upon thee with disfavour.

6. Thou Shalt Stay in Thy Proper Lane

The lanes that are marked for thy journey upon the highway are not for thy pleasure, but for thy safety. Weaving is the trade of the cloth maker; it is not that of the charioteer. It sendeth thy roadmates into ditch or pasture; and they loveth thee not.

7. Thou Shalt Dim Thy Lights When Needed

The lamps of thy chariot are of many candles. Shouldeth thou blinda the eyes of thy road mates, they shalt charge thee with fury of an herd of elephants; for though they have eyes, they seeth not.

8. Thou Shalt Not Drive Unto Exhaustion

Thou Shalt rest when thou are needful of it. Let not thy weary orbs deceive thee, nor pep pills be a prop unto thy tired brain; for they leadeth thee into eternity. And sleepeth thee at the wheel, thy earthly moments shalt be fewer than the mourners at thy tomb.

9. Thou Shalt Keep the Heap in Good Condition

Thy chariot runneth not without attention. The counsel of him who careth for thy crate, if he be worthy, is good; for he is mindful of its needs. Thy life, mayhap, could be in the skilled hands that are his; and truly he hath the power to make thy journey care-free.

10. Thou Shalt Not Drive While Partaking of Drink

The fruit of the vine may refresh thee after the completion of thy journey, but touch it not while wheeling unto thy destination. It maketh thee a man of distinction only to thine own self; and it aideth greatly in making a widow of thy helpmate. It shalt cause thee to lie in dark dungeons; and thine innocent victims shall moan, and shall die, upon the roadside.

Recent acquisition - 1 crawler bulldozer for Lakefield.

Volunteers required to walk in front of crawler bulldozer with RED FLAG when dozer is being driven from Cairns to Lakefield by Mike Harris.

The Doctor said to his patient -

You have 3 mins. to live

Patient- Gee, can't you do anything for me?

Doctor - Thinking deeply -
I can boil you an egg.

List of Characters

C.M.O. (P): Behind desk

Ringtail reporter: present

Intercom: On CMO(P)'s desk

Telephone: On CMO(P)'s desk

Intercom (in voice reminiscence of Secretary):

"Are you there Chuck?"

CMO (P) (In voice reminiscence of America):

"Yeah"

Intercom: "Would you pick up the hand piece?"

CMO(P) Lifts handpiece of telephone to ear.

Intercom: I wanted to speak privately to you.

CMO(P) Looks confused - then realises - drops telephone handpiece and to the accompanying of raucous laughter of Ringtail reporter, picks up intercom handpiece.

DISCUSSING YOUR PROBLEMS

With Dr. Felton Groper.

Ringtail has been receiving more and more letters from staff members who are seeking help with personal problems. It has been necessary to enlist the aid of Dr. Groper who has kindly consented to make his very valuable time available.

If you have a problem, simply write to:-

Dr. Felton Groper,
C/- Ringtail.

Please state whether you want a private reply or whether you would like the reply printed in future Ringtails.

The following are some of the letters received during the past month. Those letters received, of a more personal nature, have already been answered privately.

1. SIGNAGE AND ME(E)

Dear Dr. Groper,

I have this terrible personal problem. Please help. Just recently I got the opportunity to help with a major conference, the highlight of which occurred when I was asked to deliver the new signage manual to the Chairman. Unfortunately, on the way, in haste to impress, I ran into a sign and was knocked cold. My head looks a mess.

Here is my problem. Everyone is laughing at me. How can I face the Chairman again?

(Signed) Cut Up

Dear "Cut Up",

You certainly do have a problem. However, you must learn to overcome these minor embarrassments. I suggest you get some skin coloured sticking plaster, apply to the affected area, and take a month's holiday after Christmas. You'll find everyone has forgotten this incident by then.

Dr. Groper.

2. Dear Dr. Groper,

I hope you can help me with this problem. I feel I can't discuss it with any of my friends.

I have always had this ruddy complexion, and was brought up in the belief that people with this type of complexion invariably suffered from weak backs.

I recently fell in love and married a delightful girl, but I was too embarrassed to tell my workmates because of my complexion and my suspect back.

Imagine my horror when I couldn't return to work after my honeymoon because of a crook back! My problem now is I am frightened to be seen by my workmates - how can I ever face them? I've really got myself in the soup.

(signed) Big Red

Dear Big Red,

It is unfortunately true that nature played a cruel trick on humanity by giving some of our more unlucky brothers a ruddy complexion. Yes, it is true that people like yourself will always suffer from crook backs. BUT you can alleviate this problem to a large extent yourself For example, if you have a Government Car - DON'T DRIVE IT ... jog to work;

do plenty of exercise; go on a sensible diet - and by no means DRINK ALCOHOL!

Above all, face up to your work-mates NOW!! Things only get worse if you don't face up to them. Write to me next month and let me know how you got on!

Dr. Groper

Ringtail Recipe Corner

GREAT NEWS for all you gourmets - the Editor has at last been successful in getting that well known cook of television fame, - Fritz Gilet - to provide us with some of his famous recipes and cookery hints.

I am indeed privileged to be asked to spread some of my undoubted and widely acclaimed expertise in the world of gourmet cookery to the staff of the Queensland National Parks and Wildlife Service.

For this very special occasion, I have created a most unusual dish which I think you will agree would be ideal for those occasions when called on to entertain.

I have called the dish OVERSEER'S SURPRISE. It has been created especially for the wives of Overseers when entertaining visiting Regional Superintendents, etc.

OVERSEER'S SURPRISE

Take one sweet, yellow, firm cavendish banana per serve.

Make a slit in the outer skin, being careful not to bruise the banana.

Gut each banana.

Stuff each banana carefully with cotton-wool and sew up tightly with yellow cotton.

Serve, scar downwards, on heated plates, garnished with parsley.

Now for a more tasty dish - try this for a nice quick entree.

Tracy's Quick Prawn Cocktail

Ingredients:

½ kilo green prawns
clarified butter
1 cup tomato soup
1 cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon black (Worcestershire) sauce
ground white pepper
corns
salt to taste
¼ teaspoon curry powder

Peel prawns. Put 2 tablespoons butter into skillet and cook prawns for approximately 5 minutes.

Add to a bowl soup, mayonnaise, lemon juice, sauce, pepper and salt, curry powder. Beat at high speed for a couple of minutes - until sauce becomes a lighter colour.

Place a lettuce leaf in a boat shaped dish. Put in prawns and spoon mixture carefully over them.

Decorate each dish with a whole prawn and serve with parsley bread.

Happy cooking in 1980. See you in the next issue of 'Ringtail'.



A woman charged her husband with being uncouth.

"What d'ya mean uncouth?" he snarled.

"Didn't I take you to the opera, the ballet, the horse show, and all that garbage?"

A Protestant minister and a Catholic priest were involved in an auto accident. Both were quite peeved, each thinking that the other was at fault, but tried bravely to restrain themselves.

"If I weren't a minister, I'd tell you what I think of you," moaned the reverend.

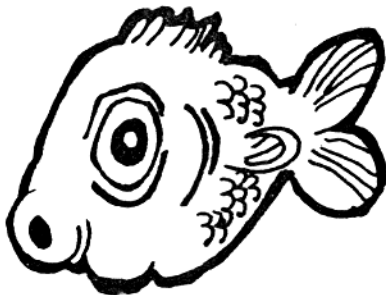
"And if this wasn't Friday, I'd eat your ears off," roared the priest.



Camel: A Warped Horse.

As he paid his bill the departing guest turned and yelled to the bellboy, "Quick, boy, run up to room 454 and see if I left my pyjamas and razor. Hurry up because I've got just six minutes to catch my train."

Four minutes later the bellboy was back, all out of breath. "Yes, Sir," he replied, "they're up there".



"I shouldn't be serving you wine. You are head of the Temperance League", said the charming hostess.

"Oh, no, I'm Chairman of the Anti-vice League."

"Well, I know there was something I shouldn't offer you."



Upon entering a room in a country hotel, a woman recognized a well-known industrialist pacing up and down, and she asked what he was doing there.

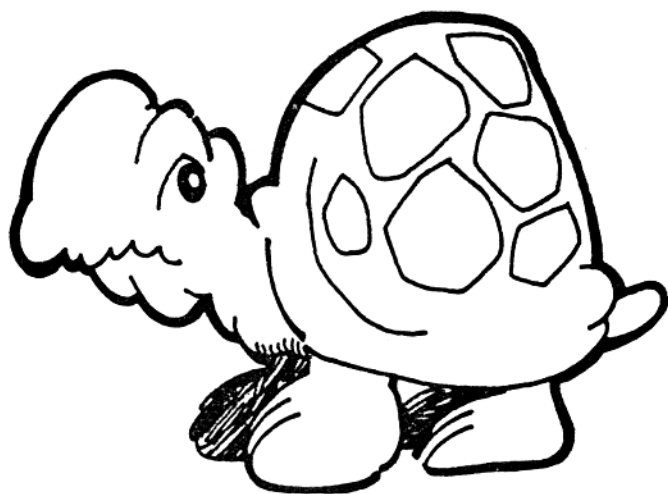
"I'm going to make a speech," he said.

"Are you always this nervous before you make a speech?"

"Nervous?" he replied. "No, I never get nervous."

"Is that so?" observed the woman.

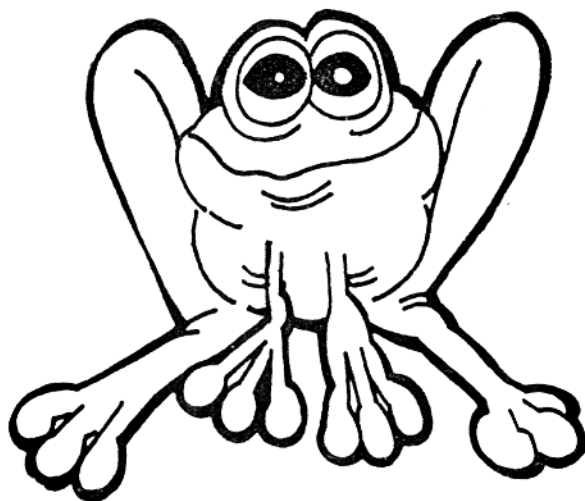
"Then what are you doing in the Ladies' Room?"



A character actor confided to a pal, "I'm 65 years old, have saved half a million and have fallen madly in love with a dashing young blonde of 19. Do you think I'd have a better chance of marrying her if I told her I'm only 50?"

"I think you'd have a better chance to land her, if you told her you're 80!"

Shotgun Wedding: A case of wife or death.



A young man, when asked if he had fun on his trip to Italy, replied, "Not at first, but you know that old saying, 'When in Rome, do as the Romans do'?, well, that put new zest into my holiday. I spent most of my time pinching woman tourists".

"You fellas give permits to kill birds", he said.

"It depends". I said, "What's the trouble?"

"I grow corn," he said. "My farm is in a basin surrounded by scrub and the cockatoos are giving me hell. They camp in the scrub and chew hell out of the corn from daylight to dusk."

"Have you tried carbide guns, or scarecrows, or anything to scare them away," I asked.

"Yeah, the bloody lot".

"Alright, I'll give you a permit to destroy, but it will have to be by shooting, and it will only be valid till such time as you harvest your crop".

"Fair enough", he said.

It must have been all of 18 months before I saw him again.

I said "How's the cockatoos. You didn't come up for a permit this time."

"Don't need it mate", he said.

"Got the game sown up. No guns, or scarecrows, no poison, nothing, and they're not worrying me a bit".

"What have you done"? I said.

"Got a pet eagle"?

"No," he said. "When I got the permit from you I started shooting and wounded one, one day, and I had a bright idea. I took him home, put him in a cage and chucked a bag over him. I'd feed him regular and kept saying the same thing to him. One day, when I reckoned he was ready, and just before dusk, I painted him with luminous paint and let him go.

He flew straight out into the scrub and perched in a tree with his mates. That was alright and they seemed pleased to see him. But, when it got dark and he began to glow, they wanted no part of him and flew away to the next tree.

Of course, he flew after them and this went on all night; them flying away and him flying after them saying - "Pull up you buggers, pull up you buggers" (I taught him good). And they used to be so tired from lack of sleep at night, that they just didn't worry the corn the next day".

ROY AASKOV

Prelude: Complaints had come from Mackay regarding the difficulty of painting the new router.

Location: Mackay Sign School

Scene: CMO (P) demonstrating the new router templates and the router machine. He completes the double pass and returns to remove the remaining middle part.

Comment from "unknown" park ranger: "Hey why are you taking out the middle?".

COLOURING IN COMPETITION

The winner will be entitled to shout the Secretary to a lavish luncheon. At the winners expense of course.



The old Crank Telephone clattered tiredly for attention and being the only Ranger still on duty at the end of a hectic holiday long weekend, I hoped it would be the last call of the day.

"Police here, Sergeant Benson", cracked over the line.

"Yeah Bob, what's up - and don't say a fire", I said.

"No Chuck, but can you confirm a Jack Carter as a camper at Folsom Lake this weekend?"

After checking the book I said, "Yes, Jack Carter, He lives at Oakland".

"Well, I don't believe it" was Benson's reply.

"Yeah, he was here with a big camper on the back of a pickup truck", I stated with curiosity mounting.

Benson's laugh would have easily lasted a full minute. Then he told me a story I will never forget. Here's Jack's story.

Jack Carter played hard all weekend and being dead tired decided to let his wife drive home some 100 miles distance. It was stinking hot so he climbed in through the rear door of the camper, opened the windows, stripped bare and collapsed on the bed. He fell immediately asleep as the truck rumbled homeward.

The new traffic lights on the limited access freeway near the park boundary were exactly one week old and precariously located around a sharp bend at the bottom of a steep incline. No one had grown familiar with the new lights and Mrs Carter was no exception.

When she reached the intersection of Granite Bay Road and Highway 50, four giant red lights loomed unexpectedly before her and her reaction was instantaneous - full lock all four wheels!

The heavy camper truck slewed sideways violently and nearly tipped over as it skidded into the intersection.

Every cupboard door in the camper flew open and pots, pans, dishes and sleeping bags showered upon Jack in his gloomy but now considerably exciting world. He thought there had been a smash for sure and he wanted out!

Jack must have been fairly moving by now as he rocketed out the door, starkers, and it must have been precisely as his bare foot touched the bitumen that the light turned green. A small frypan clattered to the road from the open door. In any case Mrs Carter sensed the danger of being across a busy intersection as well as the embarrassment of the predicament she was in - she bolted.

Jack remembered two things very clearly. He almost caught that runaway camper and he would have if he hadn't stopped to grab the frypan. He also remembered that the road was very hot on his bare feet. Strangely, no one would stop to help poor Jack.

When the Folsom Police deputies first saw Jack he was still running, frypan in hand, along the 6 ft chain wire fence which was really to keep pedestrians, dogs cattle and deer off the freeway but also worked equally well, in Jack's mind to keep naked people from escaping from the freeway.

The deputies put a rug around him, talked amongst themselves about what the perverts from the city would try next (this was pre-streaker days) and nodded humourously at his ravings.

So, that's when I got the call to corroborate Jack's story. His wife was still driving home confident that her loved one was only inches away and sleeping like a baby.

What happened when she got home is a classic event - but then that's another story.

Chuck Wilder

A statement recently made by an Arab leader is one most likely to affect the 1980's with regards to our way of life.

Quote:- "My father rode a camel,
I drive a Roll's Royce,
My son has a personal
jet aircraft,
His son will have his
own super sonic
travel,
His son will ride a
camel.

Frightening? - Those who are not concerned, should be. If Arab Chiefs are aware of their oil wealth limitations, the barrel cost of oil at the well head must rise dramatically.

Please have a thought for our artist. Simon contracted pneumonia and has been ill for some weeks. Simon - I hope this issue finds you well on the way to recovery.

Our Senior Draftsman came to the rescue and allowed June's sketching pen to pour out Christmas spirit.

Santa's expression on the front cover was too good to cover up - wow - those eyes really call out - have a Happy, Holy and a Merry Merry Christmas.

Thanks June - Thanks Des.

I hope you like the splash of colour throughout this edition and that you can find use for the "Ringtail" Calander. If you would like more, drop me a line. I have a few left over. I suggest that you place them in very handy positions at home or at work and each time, well perhaps only each second time) you look at the calander you write an article for Ringtail.

I know I'm an urger but I believe that "communication" is the life blood of any family or any organisation - RINGTAIL is your media. I'm just the feller to put it into a presentable form and it's a great communicator.

Let's also give a thought to what Christmas is all about while enjoying the festive season. To you and yours - a happy and holy Christmas and let's hope the 1980's will be good to the Service and the Service Staff and their families.

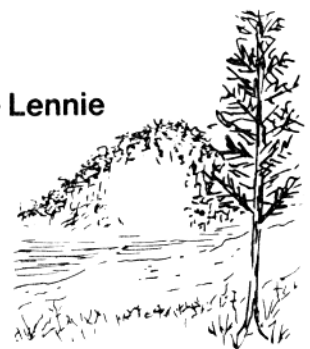
Ringtail

Editor
Ron Kelly

Artist
Simon McLean, June Lennie

Typesetter
Joanne Shambler

Printer
Maureen McDevitt





Merry
Christmas

Happy

New

Year

