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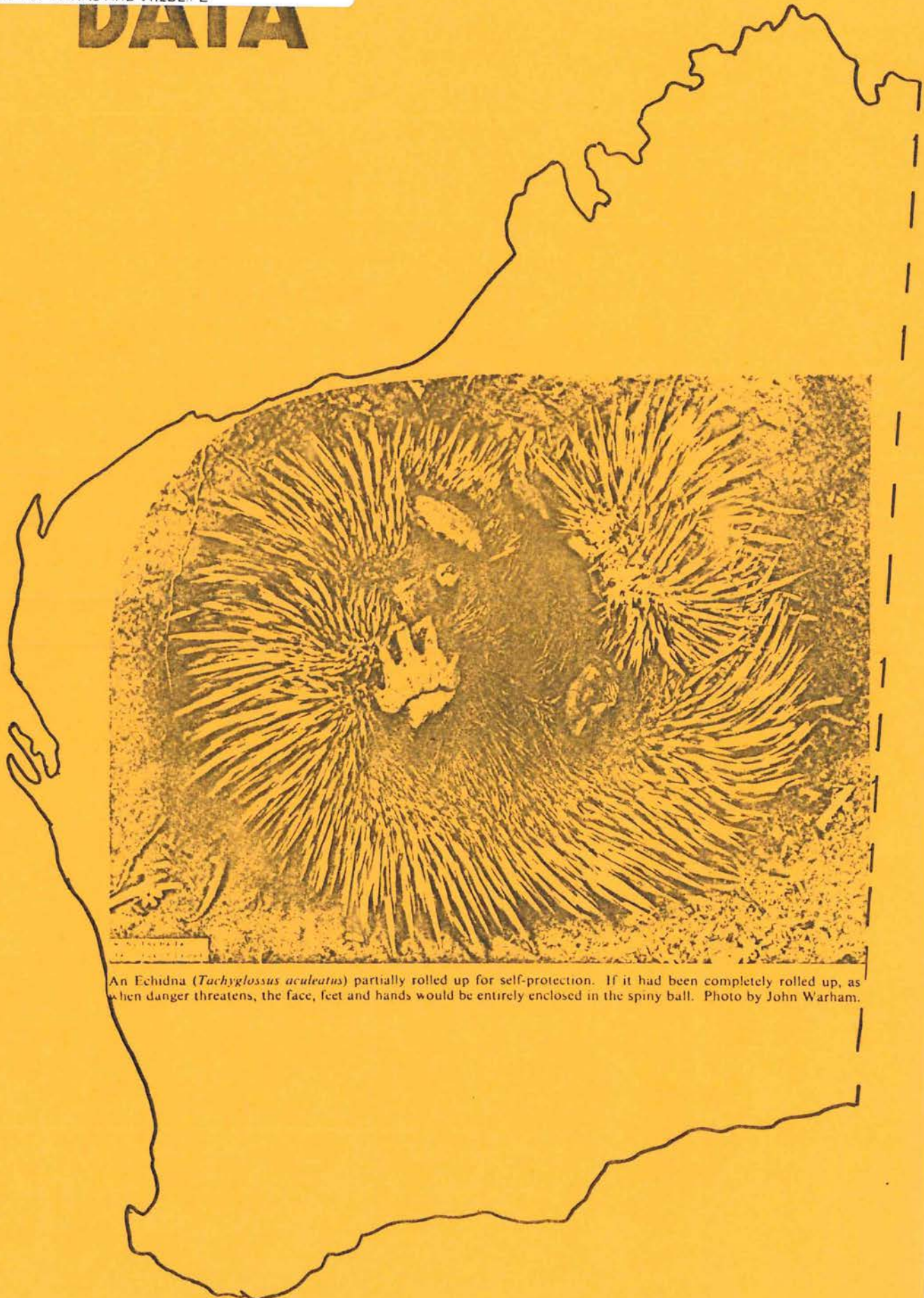
DELTA

3(2) 1979

DEPARTMENT OF PARKS AND WILDLIFE

DATA

NEW LIBRARY SERVICE  
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An Echidna (*Tachyglossus aculeatus*) partially rolled up for self-protection. If it had been completely rolled up, as when danger threatens, the face, feet and hands would be entirely enclosed in the spiny ball. Photo by John Warham.

EDITORIAL:

After sojourn~~ing~~ on the southern coast at Stokes Inlet - lovely spot - for the summer months, we geared to move to our beloved North for the winter season, when lo! and alas!, the word came through that it was not to be!

For a while we licked our wounds, wondering how we had displeased to be sentenced to Siberia, or pushed to the Polar regions, and as we shivered we listened to the progress of the lucky ones winding their way north.

But then the sun shone on Yokinup Bay!  
we are sold!

Anyone who has not seen the incredible colour of the creaming, multi-blue sea as it washes the beach to even greater whiteness, or stood in the twilight as the kaleidoscopic cloud effect from setting sun and rising moon is reflected in the wet sand, is really missing out, and we count yet another blessing that we have experienced it.

Add to this the chance of long walks along the beach, fishing with my new rod, and the promise of myriads of wildflowers already showing their colours, and Cape Arid has been grossly misnamed and misjudged.

The beauty of the bays and isles of this southern coastline could well serve as a suitable antidote to the special harsh beauty of our northern parks.

Epilogue to last issue:

1. Mention was not made that the description of Park of the month, Pemberton was forwarded by Ranger George Duxbury. Thanks George, and my apologies for the omission.
2. Who is hiding his or her light under a bushel! That ant, complete with beard and walking sticks certainly has his eye on someone!
3. Thanks to the world record price for gold, the price of those gold medallions for the 150th Anniversary rose by \$50 each by the end of March!

Best wishes to all.

*Brenda James*

Closing date for next issue - 8th September.

HEAD OFFICE NOTES

PROMOTIONS: Congratulations to Dr. Tony Start who has been appointed to the position of Regional Superintendent North. His office will be located in the Regional Administration Centre at Karratha.

RETIREMENTS: Hurtle Martin - Yanchep retires 5 July 1979.

RESIGNATIONS: Miss Margaret Goyder resigns from Head Office 16 August 1979.  
Mrs Sue Hughes (Yanchep) resigned 24 May 1979.  
Sam Hoare (Fitzgerald River) resigns 9 August 1979.

NEW STAFF: Mrs Leonie Henderson commenced at Yanchep 11 June 1979.  
Ian McGill to commence at Yanchep 15 July 1979.

LONG SERVICE LEAVE: Bob Mitchell Head Office to commence four months leave on 17 August 1979.

MOBILE RANGERS MOVEMENTS:

John Arkey at Hamersley Range

Max Host at Cape Range

Vern Vagg at Geikie Gorge

Kevin Holmwood commences Annual Leave 25 June 1979 from Geikie Gorge to resume duties at Walyunga in August.

Jack Shaddick at Millstream

Ron Hollands at Kennedy Range

Jack James at Cape Arid

Mike Kosorotov at Windjana Gorge

Geoff Richardson at Kalbarri

John Savory at Geikie Gorge

Dick Tindale at Cowaramup, commences annual leave 5 July 1979 and resumes at Pemberton in August.

Frank Walker at Pemberton Caravan Park.

YANCHEP NOTES:

Well it is all over until next time - the fire course that is. We hope that those who attended the course enjoyed their stay at Yanchep and we look forward to having you back when the next occasion occurs. The get together was of considerable advantage to Rangers in that those who had not met before could do so, and most importantly, Rangers could discuss problems for mutual benefit. By no means was

the week all work and no play, as shown by the evening activities at the Inn and the Mobile Arms. With eight Yanchep Rangers attending the course this Park almost came to a halt work-wise. However, we did manage to complete planting, keep up with mowing, firewood etc., as well as repair work to vehicles.

A bit of nostalgia returned to the Park on 13 April 1979 by way of a lap of "honour" by a group of "bikies" to commemorate the old race circuit in the Park. All machines were vintage units and were restored to original condition. While the vintage bikes were limited to 40 km per hour, it is said that the record for the approximate 1 mile circuit was 61 seconds. The programme of one of the last race days (3 October 1954) shows names well to the fore in those days. There is no way such sport would be condoned now, but the races were part of the history of this Park before being granted National Park status.

Current and recent development work includes new or upgraded firebreaks and toilet renovations. We are nearing completion of renovations to the toilet opposite the office. Except for the walls and rafters, all other parts of the building have been renewed. This toilet is used by many thousands of overseas, inter-state and local visitors, and when finished will be far more appropriate than the original building.

An interesting recent report in the press on a Koala stolen in the Eastern States reveals that the animal was "valued" at \$4000. How such value is worked out makes one wonder about the value of our wildlife. What is the value of a Kangaroo (commercial interests aside), or the value of endangered species such as the noisy scrub bird or short-necked tortoise. There is also the case of the baby mammoth's body discovered in the U.S.S.R. which is insured for millions of dollars. While one could write a book on the subject, surely the value must be infinite.

Staff who have recently been, or are on holiday are - Mr. and Mrs. P. Congreve, Ron Shimmer, John Wheeler, Bob Rickman, Colin Gibbs and Ken Gibbs. Ken has recovered from his hospitalisation and Roly Hill is currently in hospital.

Sue Hughes will be leaving us on 24 May 1979 to shift to Perth and Hurtle Martin commences a well earned retirement in early July after over sixteen years at this Park.

Advantage was taken, while there were a number of Rangers from other Parks here, to get our Rangers Association off the ground. While we now have a large number of members there are still some Rangers who have not yet joined. (Just a reminder for those Rangers). It appears that there are going to be a number of items for the next Committee meeting to discuss and those will be circularised shortly.

From Dr. Swami, Indian representative to the Australian Academy of Science Jubilee:

"How simple is simple? Even man finds it difficult to be human".

ANSWERS TO CHILDRENS QUIZ

1. Waratah
2. Eucalypts, there are over 600 species.
3. Queensland maple, Queensland Walnut, the silky Oaks, the tulip oak, crab apple white beech, turpentine, brush box, myrtle beech, blackwood, and some native conifers. Mostly found in the rain forests of the Eastern Coast.
4. The famous pitcher plant at Albany, Western Australia, lures insects into its lair.
5. Western Australia, with over 7000 species of wildflowers.
6. Red and Green Kangaroo Paws.
7. The platypus.
8. Spiny Ant eater or echidna.
9. The Great Grey, or Forester Kangaroo. The record size being 9 feet 7 inches.
10. Koala.

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Happiness is a wine of rarest vintage, and seems insipid to the vulgar taste.  
Logan Smith 1865 - 1946 "Life and Human Nature".

PARK FOR THE MONTH

CONTRIBUTED BY RANGER IAN SOLOMON

HAMERSLEY RANGE NATIONAL PARK

Area - 590 206 hectares (approx)

File No. - 6/1

Litho - Roy Hill, Mt. Bruce, Turee Creek 1:250,000

Comprising Reserve A.30082 Windell Locations 7 and 50 located near Wittenoom.

The area is one of spectacular mountains, gorges, water courses and plateaux. Fortescue Falls and Circular Pool in the Dales Gorge are important scenic attractions via Yampire Gorge. Joffre Falls and Red Gorge also are worthy of a visit. Includes Mt. Bruce. Purpose - National Park.

So you have decided to hook the caravan on and head for Hamersley Range National Park for your holiday, you won't be sorry.

If you come inland via Meekatharra you have bitumen to Newman then 268 km of pretty good gravel to Wittenoom, a total of 1445 km. There are two other routes, West Coastal Highway to 6 km north of Nanutarra then gravel via Tom Price, a total of 1643 km or West Coastal Highway to Roebourne then gravel westward through Chichester Range National Park. (Papa Delta Data Vol2. No 3) to Wittenoom, a total of 1933 km.

Which ever way you come you will need to go into the town of Wittenoom for fuel and supplies, and to pay the spectacular Wittenoom Gorge itself a visit, although it is not in the park. Named after Mr. Frank Wittenoom owner of Mulga Downs in those days.

After fueling and stocking up you head eastward for 24 km along the north side of the range, then turn southward into the park via Yampire Gorge. The first characteristic you will notice is the nakedness of the landscape. There is very little concealment of the landforms by any mantle of vegetation. Bare rocks everywhere like building blocks accentuates the geology and the primitive origins of these massive hills. Their colours are deep red, browns and coal-like black, these hills yielded much crocidolite (blue asbestos fibres).

Yampire Gorge is a natural waterway carved out over the many thousands of years. The creek bed is edged with the beautiful white trunked River Gums *E. camaldulensis* which stand out among the rich rock colours, you will cross the creek something like 40 times. Along the road 12 km you come across Fig Tree Soak. It is an old watering point for camel trains that travelled through the area. Was later used by a Mr. George Park to water his horses, he took up land in 1926 sold out in 1956 and today the area is park. Today the soak is a watering point for the many birds, Honeyeaters-white plumed, brown, spiny cheeked, grey headed, yellow throated miner also zebra and painted finches, diamond dove, spinifex pigeon and bower bird. It is also the home of a brown rock python (*Liasis olivaceus*). A sit under the shade of the Native Fig (*figus platypoda*) to watch the birds coming and going is very rewarding.

Back on the road for a further 5 km and we arrive at the site of the old Blue Asbestos mine which was worked in 1936. There are still the remains of plant and equipment around the area and the mine shafts penetrating into the sides of the gorge. Only 1/2 km further a permanent spring is close to the road, the area is thick with magnificent cadjeputs (*melaleuca leucodendron*) and one solitary white necked heron. Close by are the concrete floors of the previous mine manager's house. The road continues to cross back and forth over the creeks until the first authorized camping site is reached 47 km from town, another 4 km and we turn east once more, with only 10 km to Dales Gorge camping ground.

When you see this gorge you will be aware of the harshness of the sharp-edged, iron hard terrain. The effects of water are clearly visible, torrents after cyclones and trickles at other times from seepage, water has cut deep (200-300') into the ranges. This took many millions of years, but this ancient part of the continent was probably being eroded into its present shape while other areas were still beneath the oceans. Some rocks from Dales Gorge have been dated by the C.S.I.R.O. at 1,600 to 2,000 million years.

A walk down the concrete steps at Fortescue Falls gives you an awe inspiring view of the gorge and puts you at a magnificent swimming pool. The falls continue to run all year round, it is much cooler down in the gorge where there is seeping water and permanent shade from the overhanging rock ledges. Banks of venus hair ferns (*adiantum cappilus veneris*) and chinese brake (*Pteris vittata*) contrast with the hot dry environment on the exposed ridges. A short walk upstream from Fortescue Falls finds smaller falls with a deeper waterhole, ringed with cadjeputs and river gums. This pool may be the future source for the Ranger's Residence when he is located in the park.

Dales Gorge was named after a well sinker that worked on Mulga Downs Station, and winds its way for approximately 30 miles to eventually flood out over the mulga flats of that station. There are many spur creeks creating gorges and waterfalls that flow into Dales Gorge, two such creeks are within walking distance of the camping ground. The first such waterfall creates Circular Pool, it was a near perfect circular pool at the base of a fall approximately 200 feet high. Until 1975's Cyclone Joan caused many boulders to be dumped in the pool. It is still a very rewarding walk down into the gorge and along to the pool. Where this spur meets Dales Gorge there are some very primitive aboriginal art and etchings. The second fall is Gordon Falls named after the Gordon Family that owned Millstream Station for many years, it is in many ways similar to Circular Pool in that seepage forms a pool at its base allowing the ferns to flourish.

One could spend a lot of time looking around this end of the park but if you are to see it all, you had better head westward.

Thirty-five km over plains covered with the harsh spinifex (*triodia*). Every leaf is stiff and needle pointed, they grow in dense hemispherical clumps with patches of totally bare ground between hummocks. The trees being mulga (*Acacia aneura*) bloodwood (several) and snappy gums (*Eucalypt brevifolia*) has you at Kalamina Gorge.

This gorge is not as deep as many in the park but does not loose any beauty because of it. There is a small waterfall which feeds another very good swimming hole. The horizontal beds of rock with rich bands of red, brown and blue show in the cliff walls. One can walk the entire length of this gorge out to the Wittenoom/Roy Hill

road in a full day. The best aboriginal art I know in the park is at a waterhole called Dreaming Cliff some 2 1/2 hours walk from the carpark. Upstream from the falls is a grove of cadjeputs with a solitary Date palm which is infested with flying foxes (*pteropus scapulatus*) on many occasions, their total movements are not clear at this stage.

As we drive back the 6 km to the main access road we witness a panoramic view of the densely wooded mulga flats and ranges to the south, Mt. Vigors standing out.

During spring all the roadsides throughout the park are flanked by *cassia venusta* and some sixteen varieties of *ptilotus* (mulla mulla) making a beautiful blend of yellow, pinks and blues.

A further 10 km west we arrive at another camping ground and the turn-off to Joffre Falls and Knox Gorge. Joffre Creek and its tributaries drain a large area of the park from Mt. Frederick, Mt. Stevenson and Mt. Vigor sections of the ranges. All the creeks are flanked by river gums and Coolibah trees which make good nesting spots for Little Corellas, Pink and Grey's, Port Lincoln Parrots and Crows. Both the Red Backed Kingfisher and Sacred Kingfisher burrow into the banks while the Little Grebe nests in the bullrushes. There have been some 100 species of birds observed within the park which makes it somewhat of a bird watcher's dream.

Joffre Falls is the point at which the creek becomes a gorge - some 150 feet deep and less than 30 feet wide, the falls can be easily descended, even carrying an airbed which is a must. This airbed will allow you to float and paddle for some four hours down to Junction Pool or carry onto Wittenoom. From the bottom of the gorge the sunlit walls glow like fiery coals against deep blue skies. The small white trunked ghost gums (*Eucalyptus papuana*) grow unbelievably from fissures in the cliffs.

Back up top we continue around to the carpark at Knox Gorge. A walk of 700 metres has you balanced at a point overlooking the junction of Red and Knox Gorges, just north of this point Red Gorge becomes Wittenoom Gorge. The colours from this point have to be seen to be believed, the red, oranges and maroons seem to penetrate deep into the cliff walls. Knox Gorge can be walked, but it isn't for the faint hearted, there are two waterfalls that without a couple of hundred feet of rope cannot be ascended. The first fall is situated where the black/blue water polished walls are only 3-4 feet apart, there is a long slippery dip effect above the fall. You eventually just sit on your tail and slide over, dropping 15 feet into a large pool of deep, cold green water - very exhilarating!! The second fall is adjacent to the top pool, the water at the bottom of this sheer fall is not always deep, so it can be quite hairy standing looking down at a shallow pool, and looking back at the



unscalable first fall. One eventually jumps, it doesn't take long to hit the chilly water, recovering we wind through a short passage 18" wide and stand looking out over a large pool which marks the junction of Knox and Red Gorges. The cliff walls have been some 150-200 feet high all the way along this gorge, which was named after Mr. E.W. Knox who was a onetime chief of C.S.R.

A further 17 km from the Joffre camping ground through stony, undulating spénifex country you arrive at the fourth and last recognised camping area - Weano Gorge. The gorge scenery in this area is perhaps the most impressive in the park, the most spectacular point is at Gordon Oxer Lookout, where four tremendous canyons meet. The lookout was named after Dr. Gordon Oxer who resided in Wittenoom for 19 years, and was responsible for much of the exploration and naming of the Gorges. He died 26 December 1978. Red Gorge is joined by three narrow, crevice-like but equally deep canyons, Joffre, Weano and Hancock Gorge. The lookout sits precariously on a rock spine that projects between Weano and Hancock Gorges, so that on three sides there is a frightening vertical drop of some 300 feet, to the river pools. These pools can be reached by climbing down into Hancock or Weano and walking to the junction. Weano is the natural choice as there are 60 concrete steps to help your descent. Walking downstream the gorge narrows until a small waterfall and beautiful swimming hole is reached. From here on there are some patches of wading, in places the gorge is so narrow and over-hanging that the sky cannot be seen. A waterfall with a drop of some 90-100 feet guards the junction with Red Gorge - by staying level with the top of the fall and going around to the right a descent can be made down big black, brown building blocks to a point near Junction Pool. By swimming this pool you enter the very narrow gap that is Hancock Gorge, named after Mr. Lang Hancock's father George Hancock, who owned Mulga Downs Station. This gorge is similar to Weano and if possible even more beautiful and spectacular, the narrow gaps of water polished blue/black rock with a fine white trail of water trickling down them. One stands unbelievably looking and feeling very insignificant at the stark and magnificently created features of nature.

The full length of Hancock Gorge can be walked in about 4 hours, or you can get up at a point where the gorge opens out, this puts you back at the carpark. Quite often in the evening twilight Brush-tailed Rock Wallaby can be seen hopping around the near sheer walls of these gorges.

You have now visited all the usual tourist spots of the park, but in no way is it all the park. The park area stretches for many miles south of the gorges and includes places such as Mt. Bruce 4024 feet (second highest mountain in the state). Coppin Pool where there is some excellent aboriginal art and geologically this area is different to most of the park. Both Milli and Mindi Springs show signs of the early days with date palms growing by the water holes.

The Hamersley Ranges were named by F.T. Gregory in June 1861 after one of the most liberal promoters of his expedition - Edward Hamersley.

I hope I have managed to convey some of the magnificent beauty of this park to you - if not, pay the park a visit sometime and see for yourselves.

---

TO THE GREAT NORTH LAND

Ancient land with rugged crown,  
Bathed in purple, red and brown,  
Bright in sunshine, heat and haze,  
Jewelled antiquity with wealth ablaze.

Your lovely rivers wend their way  
Through deepest Gorge and widest plain.  
Sometimes to fall a hundred feet  
At others, gentle little streams to meet.

Where nature's moods the pace dictate  
Your rivers run at such a rate  
That banks can't hold the rising tide  
And water stretches far and wide.

A little while and you will show  
A riot of colour where flowers grow,  
Pink and purple, white and blue  
Given new life by the old Fortescue!

C.H. WALMSLEY

Pilbara 1970

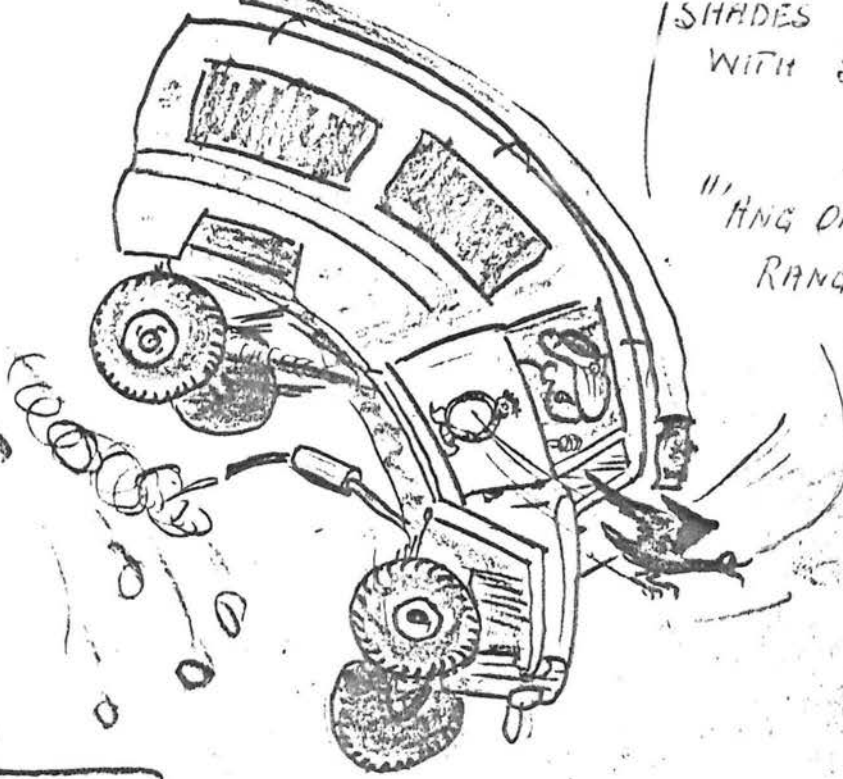
KNOW YOUR FAUNA

SPINY ANT EATER (*Tachyglossus aculeatus*)

When the spiny ant-eater was first seen by the early settlers, they named it the native porcupine because of the sharp bristling quills. Correctly speaking, it is not a porcupine, nor a hedgehog, for neither of these mammals lives in Australia, and neither lays eggs. The spiny ant-eater, together with its close relative the platypus, is different from all other mammals living in the world today, for it lays eggs. However, it is a true mammal for it has hairs mixed with the spines in its coat, it is warm-blooded, and the young, when hatched from the eggs, suck milk produced by the mother. Spiny ant-eaters are found on the mainland of Australia, in Tasmania, and in New Guinea. The Tasmanian ant-eater has fewer spines and more

SHADES OF CLIFF RESCUE COURSE  
WITH S.A.S. REGIMENT!

"HANG ON STRANGER! THIS  
RANGER WILL SAVE YOU  
FROM DANGER!"



*Chief 77*

hair than the mainland type.

#### DESCRIPTION:

The stout spines, which are really developed from greatly enlarged hairs, are yellowish-brown with darker tips, and grow to about 2 1/2 inches long. They only protect the back and sides; the rest of the body is covered with coarse brown hair thickly mixed with flattened bristles. To protect the soft parts of its body, the ant-eater can roll up into a ball or cling firmly to the ground digging itself in if the earth is soft, so that it appears as a bundle of sharp spines to its attacker.

The long snout combines both mouth and nose, and has the nostril openings near the tip. The mouth opening is very small, only wide enough to allow the sticky tongue (its scientific name of *Tachyglossus* means rapid-tongued) to flash out and in again. Spiny ant-eaters do not have teeth at any stage in their life; instead, they grind their food between hard ridges on the roof of the mouth and horny plates on the tongue. There are two round eyes, on each side of the head, with the ear openings just behind them. Their hearing is very keen and they rely more on this than on their sight, for they can only see clearly those objects which are close at hand. The hands and feet at the ends of the short stumpy limbs each have five nails. The fingernails are used for digging and turning over stones; on the foot, the second toe-nail is very long and is used for scratching between the spines. There is a poison spur on each ankle of male ant-eaters, but these are less developed than those of the platypus.

#### FOOD

Ant-eaters live in open forest or scrub-lands, but are probably more at home in rocky areas. They are often seen in the daytime, after leaving their snug retreat or hollow log or a hole under roots or stones, in search of food. As their name suggests, they feed mainly on the small black ants and their eggs, but they also eat termites ("white ants") and the grubs of other small insects. They thrust their long sensitive snouts under logs and stones, for ants are usually to be found there. This is accompanied by much snuffling, for the sand and grit clogs their nostrils, interfering with their keen sense of smell. Once food has been found, the long sticky tongue flashes in and out, busily gathering the ants. Any sand and grit taken in with the food help digestion in the stomach. The snuffling noise made when gathering food is the only sound they can make, although this sound deepens to something like a low sneeze and cough when they are alarmed.

#### LIFE HISTORY

The Spiny ant-eater, unlike the platypus, does not dig a burrow in which to rear its young. Although it is not a marsupial, the female ant-eater develops a small

temporary pouch on the underside of her body during the breeding season in September. As a rule, only one small white egg is laid, possibly directly into the pouch, where it hatches in 2 weeks' time. The young ant-eater is only half an inch long when hatched and begins to suck the milk oozing through pores in the mother's pouch. For about 10 weeks the young one remains in the pouch, feeding and growing. After that time it begins to grow its adult spines and is then placed in some safe hiding place. Soon, however, it is old enough to gather its own food.

#### PROTECTION

The Spiny ant-eater is in less danger of dying out than any other of the Australian mammals. Its spiny skin is a good defence against foxes and dingoes, and it is not hunted by man, for its hide is not valuable and it does no harm to crops. The chief danger to it is the steal traps set to catch rabbits, though it has a remarkable power of recovering from severe wounds. It is also, of course, protected by law.

In the colder climates it hibernates during the winter months, and even during the warmer weather it can live for at least a month without food.

#### CLASSIFICATION

Spiny Ant-eaters are classed as mammals because -

The mothers suckle their young on milk

They have furry coats

They are warm-blooded, air-breathing animals.

Spiny ant-eaters are further classed as monotremes because the females lay eggs.

From the Australian Museum leaflet No. 8.

References: Troughton, E. le G. "Furred Animals of Australia"

Wood Jones, F. "The Mammals of South Australia - Parts I-III"

The Australian Encyclopaedia.

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To look is one thing

To see what you look at is another,

To understand what you see is a third.

To learn from what you understand is something else

But to act on what you learn is all that really matters.

(Rae Anstie Aust. Nurses Journal)

Contributed by Audrey Tindale

RANGERUS MOBILUS: (Common Name MOBILE RANGER)

The following report is the known facts of this rare breed apparently indigenous to Western Australia.

Up to two years ago there were only five known members of this breed surviving. However, since then the numbers have almost doubled, so that there is no longer any fear of the breed becoming extinct.

Very little is known, at this stage, of the particular habits of *Rangerus Mobilus*, but we do know that generally they summer in the South of the State and migrate North at the onset of Winter. Some of them get as far North as the Kimberlies. One member, tagged for two years at Cape Range National Park, has been found happily scratching in the mud at Windjana Gorge. The species does not readily take to water or wet weather, and in the above case many sounds of discontent were noticed by the observer until subject was fed on cooked Cherubin and cold cans of beer.

One *Rangerus Mobilus*, tagged at Windjana Gorge last winter, has been reported as staying on the south coast this winter, so that a more thorough investigation of migratory habits is needed.

The nature of this species seems to be quite docile, though some reports say that they are quite aggressive if approached in the early hours of the morning. This needs verification, as all previous studies have found it impossible to find the species at that hour of the morning. They are known to be very partial to rubbish, and will pick it up from where-ever it is thrown and take it away. They will also keep a close watch on all toilets, to remove all signs of uncleanliness.

They are basically very shy, and will disappear rapidly into the bush at the sign of approaching tourists. However, they can be enticed out again if cold cans of beer are placed strategically.

Latest reports have it that some six of this species were recently at Yanchep National Park. The behaviour there leads us to believe that *Rangerus Mobilus* is very happy to meet others of its species, and will chatter and chirp all day and most of the night while consuming the contents of cans and bottles.

Their breeding habits are as yet unknown, but further intensive study will continue.

Any information any reader has on this species would be much appreciated through the pages of this magazine.

Mike Hotel

(MOBILUS RANGERUS)

I foresee some very interesting facts being reported about this species, when the genus, or geniuses, or even ingenious respond, and we look forward to them coming in.

Mobilus Rangerus Rangeress

---

Particularly applying to those being taken into National Parks and coming face to face with a Ranger! "It's a good thing for a dog to have a few fleas, it keeps him from brooding over being a dog."

---

The Pythagorean Theory on Age - (or comfort for those contemplating, or already growing beards in anticipating the need for a transplant to the top).

Pythagorus divided human growth into 4 stages, representing the seasons:

Birth to 20 years	-	boyhood
20 - 40 years	-	youth
40 - 60 years	-	manhood
60 - 80 years	-	adulthood

Then of course, instead of the transplant, do as a friend of mine did! He got his wife, an artist, to paint a rabbit on his dome - said at a distance it could be taken for a hare!

*Jack James*

NIGHT STORM IN SPRING

I walked -  
And the Storm came after.  
Rumbling canopies of cloud lit up,  
With flickering blue -  
Then blackness.  
Silence -  
But for my footfalls  
On rocks, ringing clear.  
Then a grumbling roll of thunder -  
And blinding illumination,  
Of motionless bush.  
I crept under a friendly old Banksia,  
As fat drops of warm rain  
Came pattering to the dust.  
Filling the night  
With gentle sound.

*Len Otte - CAPE ARID NATIONAL PARK*

PEARLS OF WISDOM

We all wish sometimes we could stretch out and indulge in an afternoon nap. This Yoga exercise in Rhythmic Breathing is simple, can be done at any time, and after ten minutes you will have had the equivalent of an hour's sleep.

Lie down on the floor, close your eyes, let your feet rest comfortably apart, and place your arms at your sides with palms facing the ceiling. Relax! Breathe slowly and evenly. Inhale to a count of 4 and hold breath to a count of 7, (as you advance, hold to 12 counts) and exhale to a count of 8. All this is done through the nose. (Try to count to the rate of your heartbeat).

This slows down the nervous system and thus provides maximum relaxation.

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THE PESSIMIST'S CREED

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

What's the use of sunshine? Only blinds your eyes.  
What's the use of knowledge? Only makes you wise.  
What's the use of smiling? Wrinkles up your face.  
What's the use of flowers? Clutter up the place.  
What's the use of eating? Nothing, only taste.  
What's the use of hustling? Haste is only waste.  
What's the use of music? Just a lot of noise.  
What's the use of loving? Only for the joys.  
What's the use of singing? Only makes you glad.  
What's the use of goodness when the whole world's bad?  
What's the use of health? You might as well be sick.  
What's the use of doing anything but kick?

---

Starting your barbecue fire with black and white newspaper is fine, but don't use bright colour pages for that purpose, or for burning in your fireplace. Colour pages, reports the A.M.A.'s Department of Environmental, Public and Occupational Health, are loaded with lead that could go into the food when used in a barbecue, or in a fireplace, up the chimney, polluting the atmosphere. There is little lead in black printer's ink; coloured inks with highest lead are yellow, red, green and blue.

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TOURISTS AT CIRCULAR POOL

(Dales Gorge)

In deepest Gorges, magnified,  
Your voice comes back to me,  
It's clamourous notes won't be denied  
And echo stridently.

Near softly trickling little springs,  
Where ferns and mosses grow  
How harsh the loudest echo rings  
When you are down below.

Please have time for quietness too,  
Tread softly as you go,  
For peace will soon your health renew  
And on your faces show.

C.H. Walmsley

PILBARA 1974

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Here's something for those lasses whose husbands catch too many fish (there is no such thing as TOO many fish, according to the male fisherman) and they will keep for horsdeuvres, nibbles for "drinkies" or whatever.

RONA'S ROLL MOPS - but they are flat!

Cut small fish fillets into pieces, after sprinkling with salt and spreading with prepared mustard.

Thinly slice 2 onions and gherkins, and alternate fish layers with these, and a few capers, if available.

Boil 1 1/2 cups of cider or wine vinegar and 1 cup water with a few peppercorns and a couple of bay leaves, and chopped red capsicum (optional).

Pour over herring, cover, and let stand about a week.

*Audrey Tindale*

FOAM BISCUITS - From tourist C. Jarvis after several cuppas with mobile rangers in Caravan.

These are known as Depression Biscuits - the recipe makes plenty and is economical.

3 Cups Plain Flour                      1/2 cup Milk                      1 teasp. Carb Soda  
1 Cup Marg. (Good dripping can be used)      1/2 cup coconut.

1. Rub butter or marg into flour
2. Boil sugar and milk, add carb soda and allow to cool.
3. Mix cooled mixture into flour. Add coconut.
4. Roll out fairly thin and cut into shapes.
5. Bake in moderate oven about 15 mins.

These can be varied with fruit, peanut paste, flavouring etc.

JUNIOR SECTION - For the Young at Heart.

CHILDRENS QUIZ

1. What is the floral emblem of New South Wales?
  2. Which is the most widespread of Australia's Trees?
  3. What other trees are found in Australia?
  4. Are there any "insect trap" plants in Australia?
  5. Which State has the largest variety of wildflowers?
  6. What is the floral emblem of Western Australia?
  7. Which animal is famed as Australia's "living fossil"?
  8. What is often called a "native porcupine"?
  9. Which is the largest marsupial?
  10. What is another name for the native bear?
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Here's a good game to brush up on your tables. The more players there are, the better. More fun too if you include Mum and Dad!

Start with your 5 times table. Players start counting from 1 and when they come to 5, or a multiple of 5, they must not name the number, but say "buzz".

For example: 1,2,3,4,buzz,6,7,8,9,buzz and so on. Anyone who says the wrong number, or forgets the place, is out. To make it more difficult, add the 7 times table, where 7, or any multiple of 7, is replaced by "fizz", so you can get; 1,2,3,4,buzz,6,fizz,8,9,buzz,11,12,13,fizz,buzz,16,17 and so on. The last person remaining is the winner. P.S. Move quickly!

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What happened when Abel died?

He became Unable.

What do you call a stupid flower?

A blooming idiot.

How many skunks does it take to make a big stink?

Quite a phew!

WANGANENNI

(Contributed by Kylie Holland)

Long ago, a tribe of people lived near some hills and a plain. They hunted many different animals. They did not hunt a small brown bird that lived near them. The small brown bird was a special bird. It belonged to the tribe, and the people were taught to look after it. Often, the bird came near them. It was not afraid. It knew that the people would not hurt it.

One year, the rains did not come and the land was dry. The people didn't have enough to eat. They became hungry and thin, but they did not touch the bird.

It came and walked near them and they saw that it was plump. The men looked at the bird and wanted to kill it. The women looked at the bird and wanted to cook it. The children looked at the bird and wanted to eat it. The people remembered their law and did not hurt the bird.

One old man in the tribe looked at the bird too. He was not a very good man. He sometimes broke the laws. He caught the bird and began to stroke it. He spoke to it softly. He spoke to it in loving words. He pretended that he loved it. Soon, the bird became sleepy.

"How do you stay so plump?" he asked the bird "Where do you get your food" The bird began to sing sleepily. It sang about the food in a tree. Again the old man stroked the bird "Which tree?" asked the old man "Which tree holds your food?"

The bird sang sleepily. It sang about a tree on the side of the hill. "which tree on which hill?" asked the old man. By this time the bird was asleep. It did not answer. Gently the old man put the bird on the ground. He hurried away to look for the food. He looked into each tree on the first hill. Then he looked into each tree on the next hill. He looked and he looked, but he didn't find the bird's food. He went back to the people. He looked for the bird, but it had gone.

The next day the bird came back. Again, the old man caught it. Again, he stroked it and spoke to it gently.

"Where is the hill with your food tree?" he said. The bird sang sleepily. It sang about its tree. It sang about the hill with the rounded top.

"Which way is your hill?" asked the old man. By this time the bird was asleep. It did not answer. The old man put it on the ground. Then, he hurried off to find the hill with the round top. He looked and looked. Many hills had rounded tops. He could not find the right one. He went back to the people. Again, the bird had gone. No one knew where it had flown. No one had seen it go. On the third day, the old man caught the bird. He stroked it and spoke to it gently.

"In which direction is your hill with the rounded top?" he asked.

Sleepily the bird sang about its food tree and the hill. It told the old man that the hill was in the west. Then it went to sleep. All day, the old man looked westward. He saw many hills with rounded tops. He looked into many trees, but he never found the bird's food. On the fourth day he caught the bird again.

"How far away is your food tree?" he asked the bird.

The bird sang sweetly. It told the man that the hill was not very far away.

"It's a short flight for a bird" sang the bird. "It's not far for a man to walk". Gently and quietly, the old man put the bird on the ground. Then, he went behind a tree and waited. When the bird woke up, it flew off, and the old man watched to see where it went. He saw it fly to a low tree on a rounded hill. It was not

far from where the people lived. The old man waited until the bird flew from the tree. He hurried up the hill. He came to the tree and looked inside. He didn't see any meat. He didn't see any food that he could eat. He grew angry. He only saw seeds from the grass that grew near the camp.

"I can't eat them!" he said, and he grew very angry.

On the fifth day, the old man picked up the bird again. This time he did not stroke the bird gently. He did not speak to it softly. He killed it.

As the bird died, it turned into a young and strong man. He killed the old man. Then, he sprang into the air and flew into the hills.

The other people were very sad. They looked for this bird. They looked for it in the trees in the hills. They didn't find the bird, but they did find its food. They found the seeds and crushed them and ate them.

After that, they found more seeds in the grass around the camp. They crushed them and cooked them. They grew strong again. They had enough to eat.

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