

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers,
14 Atchison Street, St. Leonards.

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Meetings at the Club Room on Wednesday evenings after 7.30 p.m.

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THE OCTOBER GENERAL MEETING.

by Jim Brown.

No less than five new members were named at the beginning of the meeting, although only two, Rosemary Edmonds and Frank Malloy, were actually present for the branding: no doubt Ray Mitchell, Chris Sorenson and Lilian McIntosh will keep.

A minor amendment was sought before the minutes of the Half Yearly Meeting were signed and sealed - the object being to indicate that the Constitutional Amendment as put through in September had been varied from the original text given in the notice of the meeting. It was announced that the Sub-Committee formed to develop guide-lines for the instruction of prospective members had held a meeting, but would need a little more time to produce a finished programme.

Also, as a by-product of the minutes, we looked for a convenor for the Reunion Sub-Committee for 1973, and found a volunteer in Don Finch.

Then to correspondence, in which was an invitation for club members to join a private walk being organised by a non-member (20 years of age) for ten days from January 24th next in Tasmania - the Lake St.Clair area being mentioned. The Minister for Lands had acknowledged our protest against construction of an air landing ground at Duffy's Forest. Mention was made of a suggestion by Gordon Redmond that we notify the Chief Secretary we were not truly a charitable organisation, and did not need to submit the annual statements - Don Finch queried whether this would really save any significant effort, and may increase our Bank charges.

The Treasurer indicated our present level of working funds was \$1045, a little below the figure at the end of August, and we went ahead with the Walks Report, commencing with mention of Rod Peters proposed snow weekend at the beginning of September, which had to be cancelled for lack of starters. Steve Guthridge had taken his party of ten to and from Gaspers Mountain via Running Stream and Grassy Hill, finding a new fire trail south of Gaspers en route. On the Saturday Nancye Alderson went with a party of 12 to see very good wild flowers at Muogamarra, walking back to Cowan by moonlight. Evidence seemed to indicate Sam Hinde's Sunday jaunt from Engadine had gone ahead, but there was a dearth of positive information.

There had been one trip only on the second weekend, Jerry Sinzig's Colo River exploit, when 11 people turned out, and the trip proceeded as planned.

By contrast there were walks all over the place in the mid-month weekend. First was Wilf Hilder's snow country jaunt, which commenced from Thredbo, with the party spending a night in a very congested Albina Hut, the total crowd being 38, including the four S.B.W. Mt. Townsend was visited on Sunday. Neville Lupton's Friday night start trip was deferred to a date in November, but Sam Hinde's two-day jaunt along the coast from Otford to Bundeena went with four (although the leader was under the impression no-one had turned up - one of those cases where some confusion

about the movements of people had developed). All three day walks proceeded, but details of Jim Callaway's were not known: John Holly's and David Cotton's trips were both well-attended, and a very rare boronia added relish to John's trip.

Light-weight walkers came to the fore for Helen Gray's Budawang's trip on 22/24 September. Also came reports that large portions of the northern area of the Budawang's had been burned, and that the road access from Sassafras is at present blocked by the Army. There were two day-walks on Sunday 24th - by Gladys Roberts down Lovers Jump Creek to Cowan Creek, with 12 people, not counting those on the trail bikes whipping up and down the gully; and Bill Hall's trip out from Waterfall, which had 21, and diverted to Lake Eckersley for those who wanted to plunge into the Swimming Carnival's hole.

Finally, on the holiday week-end, the damp holiday week-end, there were eight folk up to the Nandewars, who found it a long, long journey to and from. David Cotton's crew went locally to the Upper Cox, where it was exceedingly wet: the scouts stayed out, the guides stayed out, the National Parks Association stayed out.....but, said David, his group gave it away and came home on Sunday. Also, there was to have been an alpine adventure conducted by Don Finch, but difficulty of getting into the area caused it to be cancelled, and some took it easy at Barallier instead. To wind up his Walks story, Wilf said in future he proposed to report on the trips between one General Meeting and the next, rather than month by month.

Ray Hookway's Federation Notes were presented in last month's magazine, but as a result of his account of the natural gas pipeline proposal, the Conservation Secretary is to look into the matter, and possibly write some letters. In the field of General Business, it was also thought the Re-union Sub-Committee might consider what was needed in the way of a song-sheet, while Wilf mentioned that tide charts for 1973 were now available, giving the times in terms of the 24-hour clock. He also commended a map of Sydney and environs produced by the UBD Street Directory people, available at 85-cents, which gives a very good showing of main routes between various areas, and also some alternative routes (provided local Councils don't close them off as residential streets).

We were at the end of all foreseeable business at 9.20 p.m.

A TASTE OF HONEY.

by Marcia Shappert.

One of the problems of volunteering to write an article for the club paper is actually writing it. It was so easy to say "I'll write an article," that beautiful September day, after lolling around, having eaten my fill of honey. I'm paying for it now!

Having a three year old son isn't conducive to doing as much bush-walking as Craig and I would like to do. So when David Cotton's bee walk appeared on the walks programme, we jumped at the chance to go. David assured me even a 3 year old can appreciate honey.

So, on Sunday September 17th, we all met at the Darkes Forest turn-off. From there we went to Glen ..something...Orchard, where David keeps his bees. I very dutifully took down all the names of the people attending but have long since lost the list. If you were on the walk, you know who was there, and if you weren't on the walk I don't suppose you care who was.

On arrival we got right down to business and had a look at the bees. David told us quite a few interesting facts about bees, very few of which I can remember. One thing I do remember is David telling us to always pick a bee up by its wings. Why I remember it, I don't know, I'm sure I'll never put that information to use.

Then David asked for a volunteer (this time I kept my mouth shut!) to be stung. Well, asking such a foolish question, you can imagine the answers, but no volunteers. So finally he had to have the bee sting himself. Believe it or not, David got a bee that wouldn't sting. No amount of persuasion could induce the bee to sting, so David had to get another bee by its wings. This time David had a winner and it well and truly stung him.

One of the interesting things about having a bee sting you, says David, is that you can watch the stinger pulsate, once you pull it out, for about an hour. David told us the whole interesting came out of the bee along with the sting. If you've ever heard the tale about a bee only living until sundown once it has stung some one, it isn't true. Often it doesn't last that long.

Then David showed us a very ingenious device, called a bee smoker. To me, it looked like a teapot gone wrong. David filled it with pine needles and then lit them. There was a bellows where the handle should have been, and the smoke came out of the spout. The smoke confuses the bees and David could lift out the whole comb from the hive.

It was very interesting to see the bees emerging from the waxy cells, the drones, workers and, of course, the queen bee. I can now truly appreciate the saying, "Busy as a bee".

Then came morning tea, a truly memorable experience. We had honey right from the comb on delicious bread. We all ate too much and then went

back for more. After which we all got pretty good at picking the wax from our teeth.

We then decided to take a short walk to a nearby waterfall. The walk was easy and there were lots of spring wildflowers in bloom. At the waterfall we demolished a watermelon with no problems.

Then back for lunch and more honey. Then a nice rest and some interesting conversation.

The others decided to go on another walk, while P.J. and I investigated an old house. When we re-grouped it was about time to head back to Sydney town. David insisted we all take back a jar of honey.

In all, it was a very relaxing and enjoyable day and I highly recommend David's Bee Walk to you all. When you go, be sure to take a large jar!

WALKING IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK.

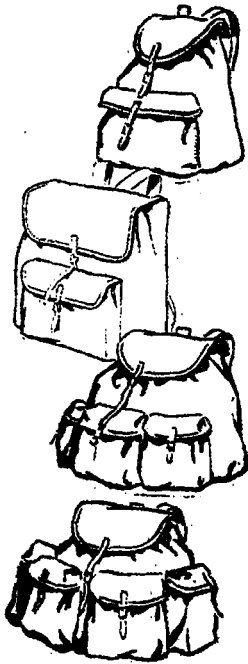
by Alice Wyborn.

After several miserable days of rain, our hearts were gay as we entered the Warden's Office at Glacier National Park in the Rockies last summer. Allan and I had planned to do a day walk to Balu Pass, down the other side and back to the highway several miles south from where we were to leave it.

On inquiring about conditions, the Warden informed us there would be a "bit" of snow on the pass, and the Assistant Warden, very doubtful of the ability of two middle-aged "hikers", offered to go down the highway to show us a spot where we could leave our car, then drive us back to the start of the track in his utility, thus saving a six mile road walk, for which later we were so thankful, as at the end of a long day, that six miles would have really knocked us. He also said he would mark the track where we were to leave it with a red plastic ribbon.

The track was clearly visible for the first couple of miles, but then we began to run into snow patches, which did not bother us, and the weather was perfect for walking. We followed a creek, visible here and there, and audible under the snow when it disappeared. Some wild flowers were in bloom, and some large stands of native dogwood were showing signs of waking from the long winter. Side creeks coming in were a delight and we stopped for photos and to admire the grandeur of the surrounding snowclad mountains. Large footprints were seen on a snow patch, and a lively conversation followed, as to what we would do if confronted by a grizzly bear. I was quite sure I would be petrified - luckily, we were not put to the test!

A lovely patch of avalanche lilies, one of the first flowers to appear as the snow recedes, called for a stop, then rounding a bend, and far ahead



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A single pocket, shaped rucksack. Suitable for overnight camping. Weight 1½lbs

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MOUNTAINEER DE LUXE

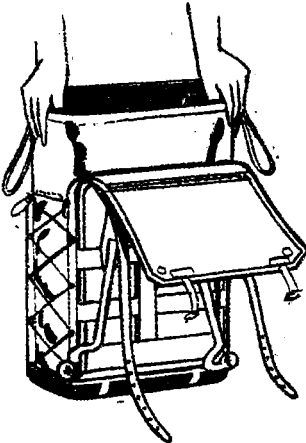
Can carry 70lbs or more. Tough lightweight terylene/cotton, proofed fabric with special P.V.C. reinforced base. 20" x 17" x 9" proofed nylon extension throat with double draw cord for positive closure. Flap has full sized zip pocket of waterproof nylon. Outside pocket. Bag is easily detached from the frame to form a 3' sleeping bag cover for cold, wet conditions. Weight 6lbs

MOUNTAINEER

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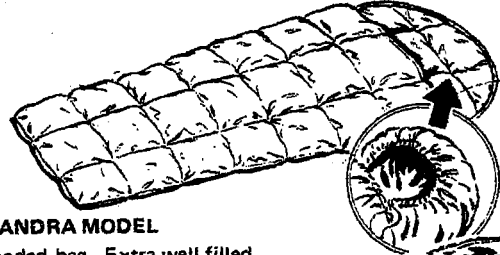
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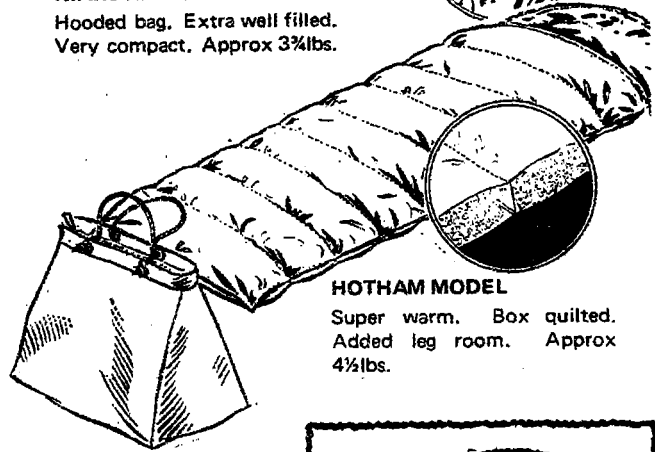
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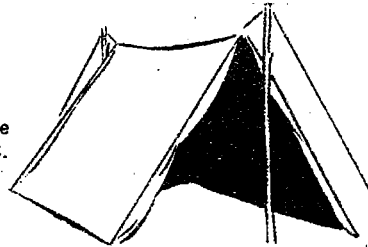


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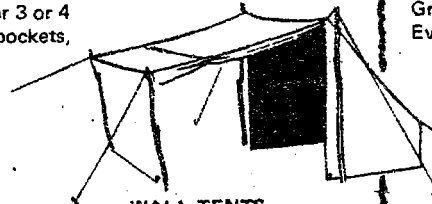
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WALL TENTS

Two, three or four man. From 3½ to 4½lbs



Compasses dry, oil filled or wrist types.
 Maps. Large range.
 Bushwalking books.
 Freeze dried and dehydrated foods.
 Stoves and lamps.
 Aluminium cook ware.
 Ground sheets.
 Everything for the bushwalker.



Paddy Pallen

and much, much higher, we saw the pass - with dismay, I might add, as there seemed to be nothing but snow before us. Oh well, we were committed, so on we went, and as the track had long since disappeared, headed for what looked like the lowest part of the quite extensive saddle between the high mountains. This was something of a mistake we found out later, as it became very steep and it was necessary to kick steps in the hard snow for quite a long way. The views looking back down valley were wonderful and gave us a good excuse to stop and rest. Ahead we could now see peaks appearing on the other side of the pass.

Eventually on top, a small hut was reached which enabled us to have lunch and spy out the land. To the north-west was a long snow covered valley rising steeply at its upper extremity, and which was marked on the map as Cougar Valley. It looked decidedly formidable. Soon after our lunch break, and while taking more photos, we noticed very heavy weather appearing at the top of Cougar Valley, and suddenly the clouds came over in every direction. The sun which we had been enjoying was gone, and a forbidding silence and heaviness filled the air.

With thoughts of a blizzard, we quickly looked about for a way down, at the same time debating whether we should go back to the hut, at least we would have shelter there. We kept looking, but this wasn't easy in the deep snow, and several obvious ways turned out to be futile, only leading to sheer drops. Eventually we found a gradual slope down which we quickly scrambled and slid, and picked up what appeared to be a track of sorts. We began to feel happier, as it would have been unpleasant to say the least, if we had been caught up top in bad weather.

The walk down became never-ending, but once out of the snow we made good progress. The weather remained threatening, but we reached the spot on the track marked with the red ribbon and a rough scramble down to the highway brought us back to the car at 7 p.m. After a wash and a change we headed back up the highway to report our safe return. Another warden now on duty was frankly surprised, and said no "oldies" ever went up there.

By this time a few drops of rain began to fall from a very black sky, so we went across the street to the Northlander Hotel, a good looking chalet-type building, where we enjoyed a meal.

There was no chance of putting up the tent that night, for as we left the hotel and went on down the highway, the heavens opened, and in the very heavy rain we could hardly see the road ahead. It was just on dark by this time at 9 p.m., and when we came to a small picnic area we pulled in off the road and were soon in our sleeping bags, thankful for the comfort of the station waggon.

FEDERATION NOTES - OCTOBER.

by Ray Hookway.

Moomba - Sydney Gas Pipe Line.

Federation are most concerned at the proposal reported last month to route the Moomba-Sydney gas pipe line through the Wollangambe primitive area to Mt. Irvine. Although the company claims that the route is still under investigation it is reasonably certain that they regard the proposal as firm. All walkers should take a personal interest in this matter and by contacting their state member keep the protest alive. The government and the developers should be made aware that national parks and reserves are not "fair game" for their exploitation.

An article in the October National Parks Association journal entitled "Taming the Technocrat" gives a vivid example of what can be achieved by conservationists being persistent. As stated in that article "All that is necessary for evil to prosper in this world is for good men to do nothing." Remember - the politicians permitting the desecration of our parks are our elected agents. Authority can be delegated ... responsibility cannot. Exercise your responsibility by informing your member of your views on the pipe line proposal.

Search and Rescue Practice.

The S. & R. practice held at Euroka on October 13th/15th was quite successful despite a relatively poor attendance (2 from S.B.W.!). Owners of land rovers from the Off-the-Road Vehicle Club assisted by moving searchers and gear closer to the main search areas, and film coverage was provided by Channel Ten.

The Search and Rescue on Sunday held in the Erskine Creek area led me to wondering why more S.B.W. walks are not conducted in this beautiful area.

Federation Ball.

Federation have decided to organise a ball in 1973 and Jan Vouters has again volunteered to be convenor. Jan would welcome assistance and/or ideas for making next year's ball a success.

Search and Rescue Meetings.

These meetings are held on the second Thursday of each month at Science House in Gloucester Street, City at 7 p.m. Supper is served and all are welcome.

WALKING THE BUDAWANGS WITH....

Helen Gray.

Bill Bourke, Anne and Graham Cunningham, Max Crisp, Nora Freeman, George Gray, Ray Hookway, Spiro Ketas, Noville Lupton, Peter Mills, Anne O'Leary, Rod Peters, Les Powell, Joan and Frank Rigby, Dave Rostron, Cathy Stewart, Frank Taeker, June Tuffly and Bob Younger (in alphabetical order).

A popular area, beautiful spring weather, and the promise of a full moon on Saturday night attracted the above 21 from as far afield as Gosford and Canberra. We spent our first night at Major Sturgiss', waking on Saturday morning to fierce winds. My carload may never have got moving had it not been for driver Ray who fed us, still in our bags, with tomato juice and yoghurt ("What flavour would you like?" "Banana!" "Raspberry!" "Apricot!" And he produced them!). Then followed coffee and biscuits to the accompaniment of the Brandenburg Concerto on his tape recorder. When Ray finally started re-packing the car, we really had to arise and help.

At Mongarlow Road we met the Ridbys, and confidently moved off to the road where we always left our cars, but didn't even recognise this time. The road has vastly altered, is now well made and has a slightly different route past a new farm shed and caravan. This now brings one at least 2 miles closer to Corang. Future parties please call at the caravan to ask permission to pass through - even though this road replaces the former public road and is therefore public too, the manager seems to be under a different impression. To me, it seems easier to leave it this way and maintain the friendship, and they do like to meet people, anyway.

Before walking, I produced my spring-balance for the weighing-in. I had specified 15 lb max. pack weight on this trip. Mine weighed 8 lbs., George, Spiro and Cathy each had 12 lbs., and a few more were right on 15 lbs. if only by sheer cunning. (Max Crisp, that experienced air traveller, wore a parka with bulging pockets; Frank Taeker had 5 lb. of camera gear around his neck.) But how could I force Peter to throw away his tinned food, or Ray (after giving me breakfast in bed) to throw away his brandy of which he had promised me a sip on Saturday night?

The wind continued to blow but the skies were clear. In about an hour we were on Corang. A few of us light-weights (pack, that is) had managed to run half way up the peak. From the trig we looked over the black, smoke-hazy scene ahead. The plateau has already been burnt, but the Clyde Valley was obviously still ablaze, and we would have no views to the sea this week-end.

We quickly descended the conglomerate slope and climbed up the slot on the opposite plateau. Here was a remarkably different landscape to any I'd seen before, a completely colourless one. The fires had scorched the ground and burnt every living plant to complete blackness, and the smoke-filled sky was quite white. Now every contour, every stone of the plateau could be seen, and the track, too well-trodden to be burnt, was a ribbon of white on the landscape. Stark, but with a strange beauty.

In the cave below Bibbenluke we found a shady, sandy floor on which to have lunch. George and I ate our peanut-butter and honey pre-cut lunches - they were looked on with scorn but they do save a lot of unnecessary weight in the pack.

Climbing up the slotted valley behind Cole we at last found ourselves in the greenery and some welcome shade. By 2.30 we were on that little knob, Rum Doodle, at the entrance to Monolith Valley. With 20 of us on the knob, we then coo-ed to our photographer Frank Taeker, who was as always way behind, having found insects to photograph even in that desolate landscape. The official photograph taken, we moved on into the cool valley, past the natural arch, and to our campsite. It was only 3 o'clock, and with no packs we climbed Shrouded Gods, from where we became aware of just how surrounded by fires we were. The sunlight was now quite red, and the dark plumes of smoke were rising from newly burning bush. Dave Rostron had climbed the Castle and returned in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

We were forced, by the still strong winds, to camp in a cave by the creek, so the full beauty of full moon in Monolith Valley was only enjoyed by the few who were strong-willed enough to move from the campfire. For the 5 of us who walked out of the Valley to view the Castle and the moon rising, we certainly had a spectacular sight, as we also saw the awesome sight of meandering ribbons of fire in the Valley of the Clyde.

I'd asked Max to wake me pre-dawn to climb the Castle before breakfast, giving him the instruction that I was easy to find as I had a blue sleeping-bag. When he did wake me there were already 5 other wide-awake, blue-sleeping-bagged bodies abusing Max. (I truly did believe I had the only blue sleeping bag, Max!)

Ray, Rod, Max and I set off in the now cold, absolutely windless, first light. The smoke was low in the valley, like mist, and the Castle and Bianji were islands above it. My "downhill" knee had stiffened overnight, so I soon dropped out - but at a spot where I could watch the sun rise over Tallaterang and see the first pink rays hit the valley walls behind me. I could still hear the voices of the 3 men walking around the Castle, but the coldness sent me back to camp long before they started to climb.

The three assured me, on returning to camp only two hours later, they they'd risked life and limb to shout and wave to me from the most precarious spots on the climb. They'd also put my name, and Owen Marks', in the book on the top, as being there in spirit. Owen - believe it or not - was working that week-end, but we promised to think of him all week-end. (We did, Owen!)

The smoke was starting to rise again as, after breakfast, we climbed the slot between Cole and Owen. On top we found ourselves back in the desolation of the previous day. Not even a turn of water was to be found, unusual for this area. After a long rest at the lookout point, we moved back to the slot, and on to a very early lunch in the previous

day's cave.

The fires were now much closer as we approached Corang - trees could be heard crashing not far away and Corang itself was alight on one side. Admiration Point was "out" because of nil visibility, so the trip finished very early. We used the remaining time very pleasantly in the Nerriga Pub.

THE TASMANIAN TIGER

(From "LANGANA" - The Launceston Walking Club, Box 273C P.O.
Launceston. 7250. Tasmania)

There was once a boy called Hans. He was a tulip picker. One day while picking tulips, he noticed water trickling from the dyke. It is probable that nobody would have believed a dyke could leak. He converted his observations to usefulness by putting his finger in the dyke hole. He saved Holland. The Hollanders were thankful. If a bushwalker found a Tiger footprint, or saw a Tiger and his sighting led to the proof that Tigers existed, many New Hollanders would be reasonably thankful too.

The Tasmanian Tiger is the largest marsupial carnivore. It has been found this century in all areas of Tasmania. Until the arrival of the dingo, with more recent migrations of the aborigines to the Australian mainland, the Tiger was widely distributed there as well. He could not compete with the dingo and became extinct. Fossil remains of the Tiger have also been found in New Guinea and South America.

The animal is a tawny-grey colour having twelve to eighteen distinct stripes from mid-back to tail-base. It stands two feet high to mid-back and specimens up to ninety inches from nose to tail-tip are on record. The Tiger, though a marsupial, has a dog-like head - an example of convergence (similar to the development of the duck's bill in the platypus, although the platypus is in no way related to birds through evolution). It has a one hundred and fifty degree jaw span. It has dog-like forelegs with five toes, though the fifth toe rarely shows in tracks. The toe marks are seen about half an inch away from the pads and a whole print would measure approximately two and a half by two and a half inches. The hind legs are notable by the very low knee and long heel showing the Tiger's close relationship to kangaroos. There are only four toes on the hind foot, and the heel marks are not often seen by trackers. The female has a rear-facing pouch and suckles three or four young. The Tiger's natural feed are wallaby and other marsupials, but it quickly took a liking to sheep. They are not fast but are relentless trackers with an unsurpassed olfactory capacity. It seems the Tiger is most commonly heard at night when hunting, having a harsh coughing type sound. Though clear descriptions are too hard to get, many a pioneer's child turned in the cot to this nocturnal cry. The animal moves almost exclusively (as the Tasmanian Devil) at night.

***** M O U N T A I N

E Q U I P M E N T *****

* * * * *

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BUYING OR HIRING

HIRING OR BUYING
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* * * * *

Various theories for the Tiger's disappearance have been advanced but it is clear that killings by man were the foremost. It is possible that a virus outbreak early this century may have killed Tigers. It is less likely that the introduction of rabbits, which the Tiger could swallow whole (thus causing fatal fur build-up and bowel obstruction) was a cause. In 1930 the last one proven to have been shot died at Mawbanna. In 1934 the last captive Tiger died in the Hobart Zoo. There is no irrefutable evidence proving the existence of one since 1934. A number of expeditions have set out to locate and retrieve the Tiger, notably those in 1939 and 1945. Though unsuccessful, the former claims to have found tracks.

The current search for the Tiger is established. Jeremy Griffith and James Malley have installed many monitoring systems in areas likely to harbour Tigers. Much of the information which has allowed these areas to be selected with satisfaction has come from the reporting of Tiger sightings by the public.

Bush walkers are comparatively likely to come across any tell-tale evidence of the Tiger's existence. They can help the search in a number of ways. The animal has been described herein. If you think you have seen one, please report it. This report will be treated in strict confidence if necessary. If you see one, report it quickly. The team's communications system allows for Malley or Griffith to follow up sighting within twelve hours of a report filed to the Base. Prompt reporting is obviously critical if tracks are to be found and the sighting proven. The four fresh sightings to the Team in July have defeated this communications set-up in that they were not reported for some days.

If you believe you have found tracks, you can best preserve these by covering them with an up-turned container (e.g. kerosene tin) so that water cannot enter the enclosed space. Before this, however, photographs should be taken using a match box put near the footprint as a size guide. Follow the tracks carefully to avoid obliterating any, and document the footprints seen, their direction, their actual measurements and distance of spacing. If possible carefully draw a footprint, noting the pad shape, claw marks and distance between the two. Do not be discouraged by seeing no heel marks. Ideally a plaster cast (these are simple to make if plaster is carried), should be taken of the best footprints after documenting and photographing. Note: It is often difficult to re-locate the area where tracks were seen. Place a clear marker before you leave the area.

If your tracks turn out not to be Tiger tracks, you will not be ostracised. The Team accepts all reports in sincerity, and is grateful to anyone who comes forward with information or observations.

If you have access to any past information for photographs re the Tiger, the Team would like to know about them. If you know anyone who has such information, we ask you to also encourage them to approach us. We are happy to answer any enquiries by telephone (Launceston 'phone 26-3163), and anyone wishing to visit the Base or talk to any of the Team is welcome at any time. (Bob Brown, Jeremy Griffith, James Malley.)

A WEEK-END AT CANBERRA

Frank and Joan Rigby, club members of many years standing, now living in Canberra, are having a "Visit Canberra Week-end" at their home -

77 Creswell Street, Campbell, A.C.T. (Phone 49,1198)

Date: 8/9/10th December

Bring meat for a barbecue to be held on Saturday night.

On Sunday there will be a li-lo trip down the Murrumbidgee (near Canberra). An easy walk along the banks for those who don't want to li-lo.

If you are planning to go on this trip, please ring Ann O'Leary, 'phone 55,3467 (your Sydney contact), who will give you any other details.

CONGRATULATIONS to Wilf Hilder and his wife on the birth of their second child.

S.B.W. XMAS PARTY.

The long awaited Xmas Party will take place at the clubroom on Wednesday, 20th December. Similar to last year's party, but this time supper will not be served until 9.30 p.m. From 7.30 - 9.30 you will be able to join in dances, talk, drink, talk, plan your holiday trip, drink, talk, help arrange the supper, talk and drink.

What to bring. A glass for drinking and a plate of food. Write on the list provided on the notice board what food you plan to bring, and this will make other people's choice easier. All drink (alcoholic, soft, punch) is supplied FREE.

Elaine Brown will supply all information about the party if you phone her at 93-4830.

Owen Marks, Social Secretary.