

Autumn Newsletter
 Number 65
 www.wollangarra.org



Wollangarra
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Wollangarra
 Outdoor Education Centre
Young People in High Places

The first rainy day of the year, or close enough. You get so accustomed to the heat that you forget what it is like for it rain here. And I remember when I arrived in winter that I became so accustomed to the rain that I forgot what it was like for it to be hot. You certainly notice the seasons here at Wollangarra.

So now the mornings are crisp, and we have to put on a few layers to keep the cold out. But then by the afternoon we are stinking hot and sweating. And in the morning the Macalister River has a gentle mist that sits over the water as you have your first swim of the day. And such a wonderful way to greet the day.

But I guess the biggest changes this year are the new staff. It's funny how each year you think, "Wow, the staff are so good. Certainly next year's won't be able to live up to the reputation of last year's." But it seems every year, 5 amazing people sneak out of the woodwork and offer themselves to Wollangarra. This year, as you may have gathered, is no exception.

In reverse alphabetical order, they are Steph, Nick, Marty, Loz and Freya. Later in the issue you can read more about them, but let me say a few words

first. When I started at Woll last year, I was blown away by the staff. They knew their stuff, they worked together as a team, they got the job done. But in the back of my mind I kept thinking that they were leaving in December, and I wouldn't be able to depend on them any more. And I didn't know what sort of people I was going to attract for 2006. The mathematical part of my mind didn't help, either. I mean, surely there must be a finite number of good people in the world—let's call it x . And if Woll has been attracting between 4 and 5 people each year (lets say 4.5) for 16 years, then that it is 72 people. So the number of good people left in the world (let's call it y) would be given by $y = 72 - x$, where $y \geq 0$. Which suggests that $x \dots$ OK, let's stop there, but you know what I mean.

What has amazed me the most is how the staff have bonded so closely and so quickly. It's pretty interesting to watch things develop from "So, what did you do last year..." to just being able to sit in a pleasant silence with one another, while sitting on the verandah watching a sunset. Being able to handle crazy courses with four evacuations and no-one really bothered by it, all the while looking after one another before looking after themselves.

It's going to be a great year, and I look forward to it.

-Ross



The new Woll crew: (clockwise from top left) Ross, Nick, Loz, Steph and Freya. They seem remarkably happy and full of energy at the end of the first school course of the year.

Wood Chop!

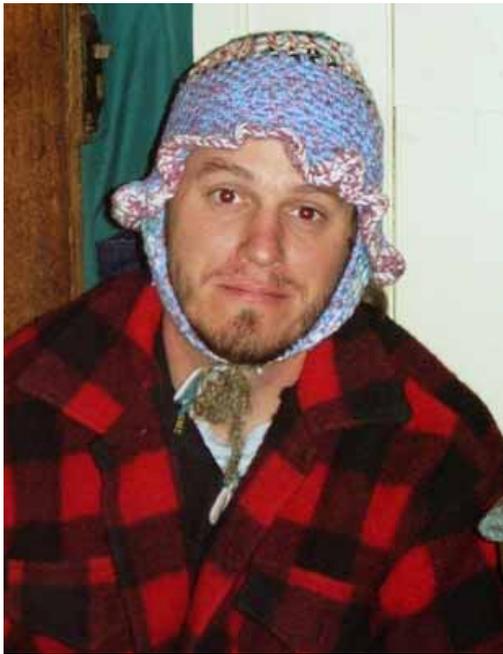
Liz's Birthday Long Weekend (The Queen, you know).

June 10, 11 & 12.

This year young people get to chop. Yeah!



And Now, the



Nick relaxing in the kitchen. "Some people think Wollangarra is soft, but I think this photo of me demonstrates that we are pretty tough here."

Nick (or Doctor Procter)

Trying to encapsulate a person in a few sentences is always going to be difficult, but I'll try to do my best to give you a glimpse of Nick.

Nick first came to Woll on Open Day last year and the moment he came across the river on the fox, he was in love. Nick thought that Woll was so special, he wanted to stay. He says that Woll was unlike anything he had seen before and he just wanted to be a part of it.

After an initial unfortunate incident in Glenmaggie with a sick bag, Nick has really blossomed at Woll. He has shed his "so city" persona and become a man of the country. In years past you may have found Nick crafting some magic in a kitchen or shopping in town, but how things have changed. You'll now find him building fences, killing sick sheep, tinkering with vehicles or huntin' rabbits. This week, Nick has received intensive stump burning training from Will 'mountain man' Ford so we expect to see Nick tackling the few stumps that remain on the flat with a vengeance.

But, there's more to our man of the house than his country ways. He has quite a colourful past, which includes being spat on by Tommy Lee of Motley Crue and Red Simonds of Skyhooks (quite an achievement, he has led us to believe!) He's a chef by trade, but has an incredible knowledge on all sorts of topics such as history and music. He has travelled to many exotic places and loves getting out on his bike.

So, what's it like living with Nick? Well, he's actually a pleasure to have around. I'd like to describe Nick as a colour, because Nick beams colour.

This may seem like a strange thing to say, but he radiates such good energy and happiness that you can almost see it. I think it's safe to say that Nick is pretty darn happy at Woll, and it's wonderful for the rest of us to have his warm presence and smile here to share (and by the way, I think he'd be a pinkish-red with a dash of orange). *By Loz*

Steph (or Stephanartachook)

Although she began her time at Wollangarra as 'the enigma', she has most definitely become an integral part of this most beautiful home. Whether known as Chook, Lady, Beef, Stephwany, Stephanartachook or Stephanishka, she remains the same country gal who loves to carve up the dance floor late into the night. From Markwood, to Tassie to Melbourne to Mt. Hotham to China, she has certainly had an awful lot of fun times, and has picked up many tricks along the way. From dancing to singing to playing footy, the way she conducts herself is almost impossible to describe. What is for sure is that she's the kind of person who you can sit down with and have a really good chat, she's the kind of person who can cook up a feast for any meal of the day, she's the kind of person who can make you laugh merely with a simple look... yep she's that kind of person. A person who reminds me of good times in a country pub, wasabi and mashed potatoes, red lipstick, 'solo duets', a mother hen, the 'yellow peril', basil, singing, town clothes and chicken poo...

She is just one of those people who is not afraid to take charge, whether with her housemates, workmates, chickens or young people, she speaks openly and is always assertive and strong in an amazingly subtle manner. I guess what I am trying to say is that she really is just one of those people that adjectives escape. It is, therefore, quite difficult to describe and communicate exactly what it means to live and work with someone like her. Really, she can only be appropriately described as Steph. *By Freya*



"You know, all the other photos on this page look so dramatic." Steph waxes lyrical on her presence at Woll. "But it doesn't worry me. Really, I'm the wild one of the bunch. That's right—the top dog. And that's how I'll be remembered."

Staff of 2006



Loz relaxing near Piemans Falls. Speaking to the cameraman: "Am I backlit? Is my hair glowing?"

Loz (or Lozenge)

Who is Loz? Websters dictionary describes Loz as "rhombus, diamond figure, as bearing in heraldry". This doesn't sound like the person I know. She is more of a person shape than a rhombus.

I first met Loz (AKA It) a month before I started working at Wollangarra. She greeted me with a warm, caring smile and a hug to match, and no matter how hard her day has been or how tired she is, her smile still lights up the room.

She has brought a lot to Wollangarra. Her good natured and caring spirit has really enhanced the experience for the young people who come here. Her energy and positivity have been amazing for the staff morale. And her wrath comes down strong and swift on us whenever we make a mistake such as buying battery eggs.

Her vast knowledge of plants is providing a plentiful harvest in the veggie garden, where she spends a lot of her time tirelessly working.

Loz is always keen and willing to try new things whether it's vaccinating a lamb (the needle may have gone in a little too deep) or driving a land cruiser down a hill too steep to walk on. I understand she is also keen to catch any snakes that are seen on the flat to protect the rest of us from being bitten.

She has spent a lot of time in the area both as a stage three at Woll, as well as living at her family's holiday house at Coongulla. I think this has helped her feel very at home in the mountains. As I write this, she is swimming in the Macalister River on a morning that can best be described as sub-arctic.

That was a concise yet hopefully improved definition on the dictionary's entry of Loz. I just looked myself up in Websters and I am described as "notch serving as catch, guide or mark". Not a very accurate book at all really. *By Nick*

Freya (or Frey Frey)

To complete the 2006 Woll family is the lovely Frey-Frey and with her she brings smiles, the Name Game and "uppy time!". Straight from the slick city Frey adapted very quickly to Woll life and could be found tending to sick lambies, fixing sheep, perfecting her rabbit eye or getting her hands dirty in the garden.

Frey is fun, enjoys a quiet read of Agatha Christie (the suspense!), a snazzy little dancer, a social butterfly, an expert ghost story teller and a lover of all things bush. She has the special talent of being able to make everybody feel welcome at Wollangarra – the young, the old and everybody in-between. She is strong minded, assertive, calm in times of stress and eternally optimistic.

If you want to find Freya around Woll then just follow the singing. With a voice like a bush siren, Freya compensates for the lack of music by always humming, singing, scattng or enjoying a little "solo sing" with others. Her music also comes in handy as an alarm clock out on hike. The young people love it...

In short, Freya is a brilliant little addition to the Wollangarra community and staff and has many amazing attributes to offer throughout the year. She is a great person and knows that nobody can get by without a wittle help from their fwiends. *By Steph*

Our final staff member is on the next page. Drum roll please...



"When things get too much" groans Freya as she lifts the mattock, "well, I have ways of dealing with them."

And Introducing . . .

Marty (or “You-Look-Familiar”)

After a short yet exhausting search a new staff member has been found to join the Woll family. He is Marty (perfect attendance in year 10) Bryant. After extensive staff phone conversations, mainly consisting of on phone call in which we each said ‘hi marty’, we have all come to the decision that we like the sound of him. And through these aural experiences we have come to the conclusion that his appearance must be thus:

He is shortish and baldish, Pasty and clammy, 24 years old with red tufts, He has 1 blue eye and 1 green eye, He is stocky yet has thin legs, He wears high shorts with a flanny tucked in and buttoned all the way, He also has hairy, red tufted, long, yellow toe nails.

We would like to thank Marty for his courage and bravery in the face of his certain fear! Can’t wait to actually see him!



Artist’s impression of the little-known-about Marty. Next time we might try to make a police style Identikit.

Wollangarra Quotes

“Hey guys, does anybody have a knife? I want to cut my feet off and drag my stumps to the car.” - Loz

“There’s gotta be some guys out there who want a woman in hard yakkas and an eighties jumper.” - Steph

“You make me look like a real tool. Not a partial tool—I don’t mind being a partial tool.” - Ross



Freya, Loz and Nick relax in the new garden (or is that more like collapsing?) Note the sitting area, spiral—all this work, and yet does anybody think to put a head on the scarecrow?

The Hop!

The flanny’s will be ironed and the blunny’s nugged again this year for the annual Wollangarra / Mittagundi Mountain Hop.

When: June 30th, 7pm

Where: Collingwood Children’s Farm

How Much: \$10/\$8

Why: To raise money and have fun

Food: BBQ and salads

Drink: At bar prices

Be there or we’ll set Gemma upon you with her power tongue, and lick you to death. Billy might do something threatening also, like wag his tail on you. Really fast.

We also need helpers. Contact us if you can be of assistance in any capacity, such as the BBQ or on the gate.

The Garden Party

A huge thankyou to those that braved the heat and turned up for the Garden Party. It was a big weekend, and we are all thankful for your support.

The idea behind the Wollangarra garden is a weed free technique. What this means is that the garden is taken back to bare earth, the weeds boiled and then returned as mulch, the soil covered with newspaper or cardboard, then mulch added for the garden beds. The paths are made with sawdust. Easy? Well, we have decided to cut the size of the garden down by about half this year, in order to make it more manageable. We put a fence in and let the sheep in on the fallow section (which might become the potato and pumpkin section in the future) and worked on the other half. However, getting all of that material across the fox took quite some work—there were about 4 trailer loads in the end.

Neil Barraclough is our local expert, who thrives on the challenge of convincing all of us that he is right. We generally acquiesce, mostly because he has a pretty good point. So, much thanks to Neil, who even turned up with a trailer load full of mulch, and then went back for more.

As we speak, the garden looks amazing. The beds are all laid out, the spiral finished, the seating area completed, the stumps of the fruit trees burned (with special thanks to Will for the detailed incineration instruction), and we even have a few seeds planted.

“When the world wearies, and society ceases to satisfy, there’s always the garden.” - Anon.



Clockwise from top right: Two heads are better than one—except when there should be three—Sarah and Penny posing beside the scarecrow; weeding theatrics—Helen and Clare using drama to cope with being overworked; “Tomatoes, anyone?” - Helen and Clare again pretending to smile at the Wollangarra Child Labour camp; the staff showing what their hair will look like by the end of the year.



Ode to the Garden Party

*'Twas late Friday night
No-one in the Heyfield Church steeple
But what's that I hear?
The fox, and the arrival of Young People*

*There were some oldies too
But we won't hold that against them
So the party grew
Along with the aforementioned*

*They came to tackle the Wollangarra
weeds
O'er the summer they'd grown
They came to show those weeds who's
boss*

Just like the grass they'd mown

*Master Gardener Neil arrived
A bit late—did he have a snooze?
But boy could he shovel mulch
Even if he doesn't own a pair of
shoes*

*Who could forget Linda and An-
drew
He had such a strong work ethic
Maybe because he went to school
with Ian
He made my efforts look a bit pa-
thetic*

*And the staff were such troupers
Nick, Loz, Steph and Freya
But that is going to be a hard one to
rhyme
Except something like “hey ya”*

*On that profound note I'll say farewell
And bid you all adieu
But remember the work that went into
the garden
The next time, on our vegetables, you
chew*

-Anon

What's New At Woll

The new toilet is coming along. Nick has taken over from Geordie as Thunderbox Superintendent and the project is nearly finished. This has come at a good time, as one of the toilets is nearly full. It recently had it's cone knocked over, and we don't need to point out what little fun that would be.

The new rooster is here—Graham. We'd love to say that he is a charming gentleman of the clucking variety, but he's not. He bullies the chooks and terrorises the pullets. Not that we think he is a terrorist, but then again... was that an AK47 he was toting the other day?

We have decided to bite the bullet (maybe one of Graham's) and buy new gear for our young people. The old Nalgene bottles have really had enough (we were breaking 3 or 4 on each hike), and the rain pants were really so last season's styles (or totally trashed, as the real reason is). So we have lashed out and bought a whole lot of stuff, including:

Canvas gaiters (for snake protection), Water bottles, Rain pants, Map cases, Food containers

As you can imagine, this stuff isn't cheap, so if you feel like making a donation, it would be more than welcome. You might like to do it by sponsoring an Alpine Walker (see article in this issue).

Calendar

- Jun 10 & 11: Wood Chop
- Jun 19 - 23: Holiday Stage 1
- Jun 25 - 30: Stage 2 (*Changed for The Hop*)
- Jun 30: The Hop
- Sep 18 - 22: Holiday Stage 1
- Sep 23: Open Day and Bush Dance that night (*At Wollangarra!*)
- Sep 24 - 29: Stage 2
- Oct 28: Typo Open Day
- Dec 16 - 21: Stage 2
- Dec 23: Staff Leave



Clockwise from top right: Hard at work on the staff hike to Spion Kopje (or as Nick calls it, Spion Kopje); the amazing Tree leading the staff hike; Freya and Ross enjoying breakfast. Freya comments: "I think Ross was nice to me this particular morning."

The Year Thus Far

So what happens at the start of the year? There are no courses, no young people—maybe it is one big tree hugging sit in, for 5 weeks? Maybe not. How about this:

- Jan 6—Staff arrive
- Jan 9 & 10—Staff hike: local walk
- Jan 11—Fire training
- Jan 12—Meet the locals
- Jan 13 & 14—Mittagundi for the bush dance
- Jan 16 - 20—Holiday Stage 1
- Jan 21 & 22—Fruit Bottling
- Jan 22 - 30—Wilderness First Aid at Mittagundi
- Jan 28 & 29—Josie’s wedding
- Jan 31 - Feb 3—4WD training
- Feb 6—Rotary dinner
- Feb 7 & 8—Staff hike: Wellington Plains
- Feb 10—Health inspector visit
- Feb 10 & 11—Swift Water Rescue at Eildon
- Feb 13—School courses start

So somewhere in there we managed to squeeze a day off (I think) as well as learning how to do all the Wollangarra jobs, in addition to other training that goes on, like navigation, ropes and knots, trailer reversing, food handling certificates, vehicle maintenance, felting etc.

Pretty crazy, but as a result, the staff have really hit the ground running. There have been a few tricky moments this year, but all were handled with aplomb.



Clockwise from top: Loz, Nick and Russell White. “This is how high you might have worn your pants in the past”, explains Russell, “but now...”; two lovely ladies (or felting gurus)—Margaret and Merle; DJ Loz spinning out some hits on the Wheels of... Wood; the Swiftwater Rescue mob, featuring the Woll and Mittagundi crews, and our svengali Murray Tucker .

Alpine Walk

Well the excitement is building, the nerves are starting to take control, forcing those 'what if' questions to arise every few minutes. There are mountains of food building up on the Woll kitchen table, and to add to the nervous excitement it has started to rain. What those young people are in for, no one can exactly say.

Will they get lost? Most probably. Will they be filled with unbelievable amazement? Most definitely. Will they come to love the pain of plodding up those never ending and false summated mountains? Absolutely!

The 2006 Alpine Walk is underway—at the time of writing they are currently being driven to the Macalister Springs carpark. From Wednesday the 25th of March, 10 young people and 3 leaders from Mittagundi, Typo and Wollangarra will walk over 150km from Mt. Howitt to Mittagundi. Travelling through some of the most remote areas in Victoria the alpine walkers will tackle such summits as Mount Speculation, Mount Buggery and The Viking over the proceeding 11 days.

The Alpine Walk began in 1995, and each year young people from Mittagundi, Typo and Wollangarra are selected to participate in this walk which raises money for financially disadvantaged young people to visit these places. It is a challenging, rewarding, inspirational, sensational and motivational walk, yet for the past couple of months the young people involved have also taken on the intimidating task of fundraising! So thank you to all involved for all your hard work, and for taking on The Alpine Walk!



The Chosen Few: the Alpine Walkers just before they crossed the Woll fox on their way up to Mac Springs. Why they chose to wear their packs for the photo is anyone's guess, especially when one weighed in at 41 kg. Anyone know a good chiropractor?

The Wollangarra Website

The Woll website continues to grow. Latest additions include more archived newsletters, an extended photo gallery, and the Director's Diatribe. Yes, read the rantings of a man sequestered in the Victorian high country as he slowly loses his mind. You can read about it *first* at www.wollangarra.org

Holiday Stage 1

We are looking for keen souls to come on the next holiday program. Tell your friends to come. Lie if you have to.

Forms are available from the website, but they should ring also. It costs \$99 for the week, and that comes with one complimentary unburnt munchie, if we can manage it.

Left: Freya runs a tight ship, as these unsuspecting souls soon found out. Note the bandage worn on the left, to cover the signs of the beatings administered by "Freya the Frightful". Right: Lizzy Rich and Elaine showing how its done.



From The Visitor's Book

Wollagarra (sic) is so amazing!!! It's pure and everything is great, Oh I lost the game! I thought I was going to die on the hike, thankyou so much, I love you guys...OMSK OMSK!

Mr. Ross man! Grow a beard. "Happy Valentines friend day/week"

I had such a great time! I learned to appreciate everything around me. And to those reading "life is what you make it, so make it good"

Thanks to the entire Woolengarra (sic). This camp has been inspirational, motivational and sensational. I will take many memories home.

All Wollagarra staff, thanks for a great experience outside the comfort of civilization. You have created many treasurable memories for us and your friendliness and warmth won't be forgotten.



David (left) patting Gemma, while Ross (right) wishes he was patting Billy. "I guess I'll just twiddle my thumbs, then."

Fruit Bottling

It was another huge weekend this year when the community rallied together to restock the Wollagarra shelves of its preserved fruit. Ted and Elaine returned once more as the bottling experts and instructed young and old alike in the ancient tradition of fitting fruit into bottles. There were some tense moments, such as when Ted and Elaine were stranded on the other side of the river for quite some time without anyone knowing they were there. Lucky there's no time at Woll, or they might have left. What made it worse was that they could see all these people coming and going from the homestead, but no-one bothered to look up and see them.

Additionally, it was a total fire ban day on the Sunday. This meant that we had to get most of the bottling done on the Saturday so we didn't burn the place down. So, it was full steam ahead, and we were able to do what we set out to achieve.

There had been less bottled fruit eaten during 2005, so there was still quite a lot of old stock. We are now still eating stuff from 2004. So, we are all making a concerted effort this year to clear it all out this year by filling our bellies with chutneys, jams and preserved stone fruit. Don't be surprised if you come up and eat apricot crumble for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

If you like helping out, make sure you make it to Wood Chop.



Left: Wozza comes to the rescue. The hungry hordes had their appetites sated by our friend of traction. Right: "I suppose all the fruit's been bottled, has it fellas?" "Ohh, but um, lead me bust out just a few more bars of 'Crazy Train'..."

Special Feature...

Valentine's Day: A Wollangarra - Mittagundi Love Story

This year, we all decided to celebrate Valentines' Day in the only way we knew how—to randomly select a Valentine from the Mittagundi crew, and for them to do the same. It gets a bit lonely here, and when you see the local pub advertising romantic Valentine's Day dinners, and we walk past, all smelly and unkempt, well, you start thinking of alternatives. Even drastic, desperate and pathetic ideas look good at the time. So, here, for the first time, are some of the love letters that were exchanged.

PG

Readers should be warned that these letters were intended for a mature audience (although you wouldn't really think so).

*Lauren, my petal, my sugar, my dear
It's Valentine's Day and I wish you were near*

*You see, Murray Tucker can have his rivers
Because when we are close, I get the shivers
And Kirkus? Leave her with tourniquets and Doug
For you baby, dishwasher I would chug!*

*When you look at me and say "hey, hey, hey"
Girl, that fills my fingernails with clay
You are everything to me, I will not lie
Without you, I'm a first responder without BSI*

*Yet you know me not, and I think I like it
Well, I would if I were a sicko, 'cause your drink—I'd spike it
You are to me what cricket is to Brian Lara
Sweet thing—you're a ray of sunshine on a dull Wollangarra*

*I just wish that we'd met when I had the chance
As you make me sweat—my blisters you lance*

*So will you be my Valentine? I sure do desire ya
Please write back,
Signed,
Your Secret Admirer.*

*My dearest Tim
In wild emotions I swim*

*Words come hard
I st-st-stutter
You make my heart*

*A flutter
The Macalister and Mitta Mitta rivers*

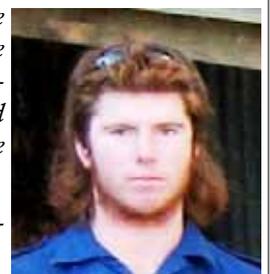
*I'd cross
And before we kiss
I'd surely floss
Though you are far
At Mittagundi
You are loved by all
And sundry
But no-one loves you*

*As much as me
However, secret is...
My identity*



We suspect that Mittagundi's Matt might be responsible for some of the poetry, but we also find that hard to believe. The haircut shown here, affectionately known as the "mullet", raises several questions. First, why would one man do such a thing to himself voluntarily? Second, why is Matt so proud of it? Third, what goes on in the mind of a man that is capable of both beautiful poetry and also masochistic styling? We worry about the Mittagundi mob—maybe their isolation brings these things on.

Matt is also available for children's parties. Phone Mittagundi for bookings and details.



Stage 1 Courses

Well, it must be said that the first stage of the year was a little bit intimidating for us new staff, as we had only been at Woll for 10 days! However, it was a nice way to start the year with 6 lovely young people, and 2 amazing helpers; Clare Easton and Anthi Emmanouil. Will Ford and Lizzie Rich also made an appearance, which meant there were many hands at work helping us through our first course experience. The hiking began with timid young people and subtly nervous staff heading deep into the bush around Bryces Gorge. However, by the end of the hike, the young people were running towards the vehicles, laughing and giving high fives with their faces decorated with charcoal. And the leaders? Well they were smiling exhausted smiles... their faces decorated also!

Overall, it was a very successful holiday Stage 1 with many things shared and lots of fun and games— thank you to all involved!

The school groups then started arriving when The Geelong College hit town. The first of 3 groups came through, although not entirely without drama. The tally for courses vs. evacuations thus far is 4:5, which includes a correctly diagnosed appendicitis. Interesting.

And the year has only just begun...

Wish List

- Lawn Mower (just one more now)
- Chooks
- Fencing materials, especially
- Star pickets
- House for demolishing
- House paint
- Sewing kit and contents
- Holiday Stage 1 folk
- Used feed bags
- Cooler weather
- Hike food containers
- Nylon string acoustic guitars
- A hairdresser
- Nuttela
- New tea towels
- Fool proof knife sharpener
- Muso's for the Spontaneous Bush Band to play at the Bush Dance



It's all low-tech at Wollangarra—except when helicopters fly over and say g'day during the hike talks with The Geelong College.



Some people wonder what goes on at Wollangarra, and rightly so. The staff were asked about these photos, and offered the following: "We feel that you should adopt a post modern approach to these images and simply let them speak for themselves" said a staff member who chose to remain anonymous. "However, we would like to make it clear that the boys shown did in fact bring their own caps. Wollangarra denies any involvement in coercing young people in sartorial matters."

Woll Merch

What	Wollangarra Red Wine, from Rutherglen	T-Shirts, mens and womens, XS to XXL (sizes run small), in brown, aquamarine, navy with emerald, khaki with raspberry	Secondhand and Solid—the book of how Wollangarra was built.	Jim and Molly—2 Very Special Australians	Cards—Wollangarra Icons.	Stickers
How Much	\$15 each, or \$150 dozen	\$25 each	\$15 per book	\$8 per book	\$2 each or set of 8 for \$12	\$1 each
How Many						

Name: _____ Phone: _____

Address: _____

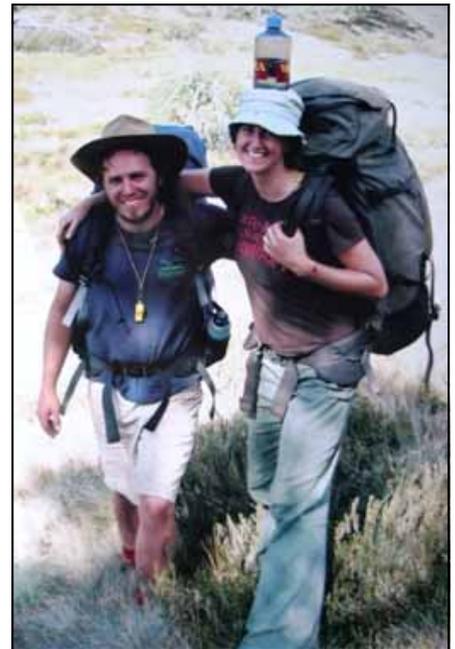
Total (including donation for postage) \$ _____

Please make cheque payable to Wollangarra Inc.

Note: some stock of t-shirts has been returned from FRL. So, we again have a full range of sizes.

Thankyou To...

- Norm Linehan: for repairing the pump
- Murray Tucker: great swiftwater rescue course
- Neil Barraclough: gardening advice and elbow grease
- Ted & Elaine: fruit bottling masters
- Our hike helpers: Clare Easton, Anthi Emmanouil, Tree
- Andy Rigby: repairing the tin whistle and new dongers for the marimba
- Our last stage 2 of 2005 roast cookers: Kasey Anable, Claire Wall and Lauren Gook
- Our Christmas babysitters: Noel, Tree and Nia
- Rob KT: cement and sky light sheeting
- Tom Lester: new soccer ball and ice-cream
- Sam and Kirkus: Wilderness First Aid
- Russell White: 4WD training, the fish, and the magic potion
- Aerial Motors: continued support,
- even if wrongly accusing us of “blinky lights”
- Nick Keays: Ortlieb dry bags
- Margaret Beckett and Merle: felting workshop, tortilla maker, plums, figs, wool
- Kev and Helen: food, gear, travel, guidance for the Alpine Walk
- Kara Spence
- Heather Robinson
- Norman and Marian Eysers
- Joy Menzies
- Michelle Allen and Nick Towie
- Alby Drew
- Lynne Parsons
- Garden Party helpers
- One Planet:: pack repairs and chest straps
- The Munificent Macallums. “Ranger Wayne, he’s our hero...”
- Will and Lizzy: coming back to work for nothing, after a year of the same



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