

Number 66

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Licola 3858

Patron: John Landy,  
AC, MBE

It's winter at Wollangarra – quite definitely. Your breath hangs in the air in front of you and the sun takes so long to rise above the horizon to reach the homestead. The swims in the river are, at best, exhilarating, and at worst, painful, and always brief.

And it's half way through the year. The courses come thick and fast for the first half, and then slow right down and then pretty much stop until after winter. It is as though we all finally streamline our course delivery, and then the young people stop coming. Was it something we said? I guess that also signals me being here for a year now. Wow, the time really flies. I think you can really judge something after a year, after seeing the same place through every season. And I can safely say that Woll truly is an amazing place, with its crazy summer heat and freezing cold winter mornings, and everything in between.

Over winter we'll be diverting our energy into other things around the flat – catching up on lots of small jobs, as well as tackling a few major projects. These include fencing (the ford revegetation area, repairing the boundary and river fences), building a duck mansion for Trevor and Maude, putting in a new phone line to Tus-

socky, moving the garden toilet (the hole was completed in the days after woodchop—thanks Sam!), bringing in a new toilet that we've acquired, maybe some revegetation work. Additionally, we'll do a bit of a road trip in The White Rocket to say g'day to Mittagundi and The Crossing. And I'm sure that there will be things that go wrong between now and then that will occupy as also.



*The obligatory group shot of the 2006 wood chop—thanks to everyone!*

The staff continue to be a truly impressive bunch. The way we all work together, live together, and even choose to play together. I think that it is that last point that really strikes me the most. As if we don't spend enough time together, to choose our own company if we have a coffee in town, or watch a movie at the McCallums. That really says something. And not to mention inviting one another to an im-

promptu "rave" in the kitchen, complete with flashing head torches for that disco effect.

And so we settle in for the last half of the year. Let's hope it is as rewarding and exciting as the first half, but not too exciting.

- Ross

## Open Day & Bush Dance!

*September 23*

*At Wollangarra*

**Bush skills by day, dancing by night.**

*I'll be  
there. Will  
you?*



# The 2006

The Alpine Walk occurred during March of this year, starting from the Woll side of the mountains and ending up at Mittagundi 11 days later. The Woll young people raised over \$6000 (or “six large” as I like to say), money which will be used to help Woll do what it does—take young people into the mountains, especially those that need financial assistance. But enough of my yacking—let’s hear from those that were there.

## Alex Pontonio



*Alex scratching her head, wondering who talked her into doing it. Wilbo still manages to smile.*

It was amazing. I actually find it difficult to respond when people ask me how the walk was, and the reason for this is there is no one word, sentence or phrase to describe it. I doubt that I am able to fully articulate the experience, perhaps it is impossible, but here is a snapshot of the journey.

It’s a different world in the high-country: a place so untouched and away from the ‘real’ world. For eleven days we woke up before the sun, walked its hours of light and used it as our only sense of time. Days began with the struggle of opening our eyes in the pitch black mornings that they were, followed by the climb out of the warm sleeping bag and into the reality of another day. This day we knew would involve heavy packs, tough climbs and hard times; often the warm sleeping bag seemed a more preferable option, although we always knew that the day awaiting would be full of the best times and challenges and the arrival to our new campsite would bring an indescribable rewarding and accomplished feeling.

Conquering The Viking was one of the most rewarding experiences of my life so far. For days we had spoken of the hard climb ahead, a mountain renowned for its challenge and strenuous difficulty. The morning we awoke with Mt Viking awaiting us, I felt a deep gut wrenching feeling of both anxiety and fear. It wasn’t until half way up the mountain that the fear stopped, I realised that it was possible, and whoa— I was climbing The Viking! We were amazing, it was amazing, and there on the top of The Viking I realised just how special it was— the walk, the people involved, the experience and the three special places: Mittagundi, Wollangarra and Typo Station that gave us young people the possibility to be there. Truly fantastic, all I can hope for is that our efforts will allow more young people to experience what we did.

## Ally Styger

Well after 11 long days it finally came to an end. And now people are continuously asking, "What was the best bit?" This question is very hard to answer... Every moment was the best bit. The people, the views, the same conundrums as we get every stage, the singing, the puns, the freezing water, the steep hills, and even the 9 out of 11 early rises before light... The list goes on. It may sound strange but even the pain was great! For without it the walk would not have been the same, we would not have had the encouraging saying of, "Take the pain!" So the best bit? Well, the whole walk was the best bit. And a fantabulously, great, incredibly awesome walk at that!

## Hamish Macrae

Tea is about to be served, we’re just beyond Mt. Speculation. We rose before the sun because we wanted to try to get to the Howitt-Crosscut junction for sunrise. It didn’t really work because of the thick fog - we couldn’t see the sun. We had breakfast at the junction, after walking down a great piece of track I worked on during a Stage II a while ago. We decided not to walk to Howitt because there would have been no view. We played hacky and did the banana dance to warm up. So after muesli we walked along the Crosscut. It was a bit disappointing at the start because thick fog obscured any views most of the time. Our pace was OK but we had quite a lot of breaks. At one point the fog began to clear, sometimes dramatically revealing a great view then covering it back up.

That night at camp, we did a long water mission—I carried 22 litres. When we got back the others had a fire going and water boiling. We had a tomato-veggie-spaghetti thing which was yum. We had a good talk over tea. I’m going to lead



*Ally: tired, but in high spirits at Mittagundi.*

# Alpine Walk

tomorrow, we're going to try to get an early start and take fewer breaks. I'm having a lot of fun; my pack sort of sorted itself out today so it wasn't hurting my back and shoulders too much. Right now we're finishing off the crusty bits of spaghetti stuck to the side of the pot. I feel very content and happy.

**Kasey Anable**

When I first heard I was doing the Alpine Walk I was stunned, amazed and so excited! My pack ended up weighing 30kg which was a pain but everyone was in the same boat except Will the freak with a 42kg pack! The views everywhere were amazing, so spectacular especially on the Viking when the clouds looked like a waterfall. The only downside was the blisters: I didn't get many just a lot of hotspots. The other highlight was the freezing nights I got to spoon with my fellow tenter Alex...



*Kasey showing her bikini, while the others looks amused.*



*Eric in his sister's ballet outfit.*

**Eric Woodward**

*Woll:* The red iron sheeting of the homestead, reflecting the sun's rays and filling our hearts with warmth and tranquility, in the knowledge that you are safe in the company of friends.

*Macalister:* The cool flow of running water. Clear enough to see your reflection and be overcome with thirst as you observe its cleanliness and take in its natural, untouched surface. Watching it as it passes through the rock crevasses, calming your spirit, a fresh start to each day, a new beginning.

*Morning:* Awakening to a forest of unending tree trunks, protruding from the damp earth and rolling up into the sky as the sun seeps through the branches, revealing the dawn amongst the mist and fog, the light at the end of the tunnel, we can appreciate the beauty knowing that we've earned it.

*Night:* Blends of yellow, red and orange flames lick at the sky, entrancing your eyes as you gaze into the heart of the fire, huddled close to those who you have come to know so well. Musing over world problems and our solutions, what we can do to help, how we can minimise our effect on nature.

*Summit:* Sounds of nature, birds chirping as they weave through the forest's fauna, gusts of wind through our hair, cleansing our tired bodies and soothing our souls, as we sit on the peak with an awe inspiring view to bedazzle our eyesight, clouds below us.

*Hiking:* The rhythm of our feet and the sound of our voices as we play together sillily, pondering life and its many fascinating subtleties, completely comfortable in each other's presence and free from worry or fear, in total harmony as one collection of wanderers.

*Mitta, the Journey's End:* Arriving at our destination, emotions welling up in our hearts, not sure how to feel as we reunite with families loved ones, deep down we know that it's not over, it is just a part of our journey, a part that will always be with us, this is how life should be.



*Wilbo being treated to some Bon Jovi upon his arrival by the Woll crew.*



## The Chainsaw Course

What do you do when you are bored at Woll, and surrounded by trees? Do your cross cut chain saw ticket, that's what! Much fun was had by all when Whitey (see Number 65, last issue) came back to Woll for more fun and excitement, of a Stihl variety. Again, Whitey conducted an excellent 4 day course, and we thank him muchly. He also provided facial hair inspiration for Ross (see below).

Before you all get stropopy about supposed tree-huggers getting trigger happy on a big 20 inch bar, we should tell you why we use chainsaws at Woll. Need more fire wood—*whack!* If there is an evacuation needed from a 4WD track and a tree is down—*whack!* If there are strainer posts needed for fencing, or stay holes to be bored—*whack!* Building anything involving timber—*whack!* Trees blown over by the wind, onto the pumphouse—*whack!* It's pretty fun and you've finished all your jobs—*whack!* (Must remember to delete that last one before we print this newsletter...)



*Anti-clockwise from top left: Nick looking disturbingly proud of the mess he has just made; Steph gives her chainsaw the big thumbs up: "Oh, yeah!"; Loz coming to grips with what she is about to do; Freya sharpening her skills— "We came, we sawed, we conquered."*



## Calendar

- Sep 17 - 22: Holiday Stage 2 (*Changed*)
- Sep 23: Open Day and Bush Dance that night (*At Wollangarra!*)
- Sep 25 - 29: Stage 1 (*Changed*)
- Oct 28: Typo Open Day
- Dec 16 - 21: Stage 2
- Dec 23: Staff Leave

## Wanted—Troop Carrier

We are retiring Stevo, our trusty 4WD friend. After many miles over dusty and corrugated roads, we will be setting him free to roam the country side, to set off on new adventures.

Conversely, we will open hearts to accommodate a new vehicle, that will be loved and adored by young and old.

So, if you know of a troopy that is looking for a new home with loving owners, then give us a yell. The requirements are:

- Toyota Landcruiser Troop Carrier
- 11 seater
- Diesel, non turbo
- Power windows—NOT
- Central locking—definitely NOT
- 5 speed manual
- Between 80,000km and 100,000km
- Bull bar preferred, but not essential
- 6 stacker CD and sub woofer—just kidding

Give us a hoy if you know of anyone that can help.

## Stop Him, Before He Shaves Again



*Ross and his "Whitey".*

It has now been a year that Ross has been at Wollangarra, and there are concerns about his well being. The isolation and lack of facilities are taking their toll and are manifested in the only outlet Ross can find—his facial hair. It is clearly a sign for help. We will keep you posted.

# What's New At Woll

We've been pretty busy out here since the last newsletter. We've just finished putting in a new fence as part of an environmental management plan that was drawn up last year. This is a plan that will help Woll control its weeds and manage the stock in order to look after the land. Thanks to the folk during Woodchop that helped with that, too.

The flying fox is finally finished (yippee!). We were getting pretty tired of looking at that silver frame with no cable on it, so we took a bit of a gamble and put up the new one on the Thursday before Woodchop. Luckily, John and Red had the nouse to get the show on the road. If it weren't for them, there might have been a lot of wet people making their way across the Macalister for Woodchop.

We've had signs made for all the vehicles with the new logo, so now we can be spotted wherever we are. Whatever we are doing. Even if some of the things, we shouldn't be, not that we would, but if we did.

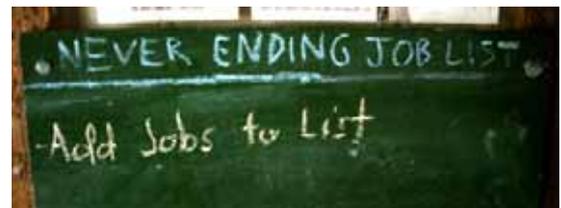
On the livestock front we are currently experiencing a veritable baby boom of a sheep kind—more new lambs than you could fit in the oven. Interestingly, mostly twins. These lambs are two much! Sorry.

Anyway, we have a few new chickens donated by Conrad (aka The Chook Whisperer). This includes another rooster that Steph named Mystery, before we found out she was a he. And of course the ducks—Trevor and Maude. You can read about them later in the newsletter.

The new toilet is in operation on the flat—Geordie mainly worked on it last year, and Nick has been able to get it operational this year, with a lot of help from arguably Woll's most charming and handy supporter—you know who, Ken Medew (see more about Ken later in the newsletter). And, additionally, there is another toilet being dug—see photos elsewhere in newsletter.

And there is action in the garden, with numerous plants coming up, and virtually no weeds.

There is a new phone line being dug from Woll to Tussocky—this is currently providing much amusement for the Woll folk. Prepare for Dad joke. Nick: "Hey Freya, do you dig phone trenches?" Freya: "Yeah, they're alright."



*Clockwise from top right: Red, Ross and John showing the strain as the new fox cable goes up; Loz and Steph showing their brick laying prowess; the sign of a productive period; Julio came over from Perth and helped Hugh repair Ricki the rickshaw, including the world's most over engineered axle (Julio can offer more details—ring Woll for his toll free number); Hugh, Jack and Cam making caps for the strainer posts—just before Cam nearly severed his hand with the tin snips (even if smiling for the camera, remember to keep your mind on the job).*

W o l l W o o d



Woodchop 2006 began with all the helpers getting a smooth ride into Woll on the newly renovated fox. People arrived at all times of the day and night and all were ready for some hard yakka.

Saturday came and went in a blitz of blisters, splinters, lots and lots of satisfying splitting noises, grunts and great food. By the end of the day the wood shed was three quarters full. That night we had a blazing bonfire and everyone settled in to catch up with friends, new and old, and enjoy the novelty of being too hot on a Wollangarra winter night.

So much was achieved at last years woodchop and on Saturday so a whole new list of jobs was started and woodchop became a job free for all.

Wollangarra was a hive of activity with some still wood stacking and carting, others fencing, people digging a really, really big hole for the new toilet, gardening and digging a trench to lay the Tussocky telephone cable.



*Anti-clockwise from top right: Jason, Jo and friends stacking the woodshed; relaxing on the Wollangarra verandah; Freya, Simon and Mardi staying put on the fence; Josie, Fi Fi and Maddy apparently standing around doing nothing; Ziff made a return to Woll after a hiatus—would you let this man near you with a scalpel?; Scotty showing tips he learnt from his time here—how else to wear socks; Nathan splitting kindling; the ever smiling Lizzy Rich, showing current staff how to smile while being worked like a slave.*



C h o p 2 0 0 6



Everyone achieved so much over the weekend and every single effort was appreciated.

To the many cooks—yumbo! Everyone was treated to amazingly delicious meals all weekend. Luckily there was plenty to do in order to work it all off.

To all the past staff—thanks for coming back and helping run things. Woodchop really would not run without the boundless energy and initiative of past staff.

To the young people—this place is here for you, and thanks for helping out with it.

During Monday everybody trickled out leaving Woll with just the usual five (and Sam, the mystery Tasmanian man and persistent toilet digger) and we realised that most of our big projects for winter had been done and we had to start thinking of a whole lot more.

It is amazing to see so many people come to one place for a weekend to work hard just because they want to. It's fun and satisfying and a great thing to be a part of. Thank-you!



*Clockwise from top left: "Closed for Business" - say good bye to the garden toilet; Marco performing the "toilet dance"; the unsung heroes—the cooks, featuring Claire Wall; Kasey demonstrating her safe food handling skills, while Tammy looks on in amusement; Steph, Hugh, Loz, Freya, and deep down in the hole, our mystery Tasmanian—Sam; even further deep down the hole; Jill and Tim doing their best Shire worker impersonation as they lay the cable for the Tussocky phone line.*



## The Licola Ball

Licola came alive in April when punters came from far and near to the annual Licola Ball, which happens each year. It is a fundraiser for the local CFA, which might explain why everyone was on fire that night. The band pumped out the hits, while the gaily clad men and women paraded and stomped around the dance floor.

If you haven't been before, then try to make it next year. It really is a great night, with much hospitality shown by the Licola Lions Camp.

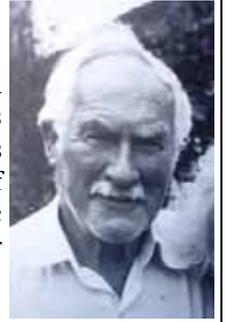
See you there next year!



*The Woll crew (plus Hayley) living it up as they get down.*

## Vale Jim Kingwill

It was with great sadness that we learnt of the death last year of Jim, known to many Woll supporters through the book "Jim and Molly". Anyone that has read the book would know of the amazing nature of this man, and the great deeds that he did for those around him. The Wollangarra community sends their sincerest condolences to his family.



## New Merchandise

Brand spankin' new stock has arrived, with the new logo (as seen on the front of the newsletter). We have unisex t-shirts, girlie T's, and also polo shirts with an embroidered logo. Additionally, we have work shirts also, but these are only available to past staff and council members.

## Wollangarra Quotes

*"I got livestock when I was beautiful." - Nick*

*"Everything always happens to my face." - Freya*

*"It's really hard to collect firewood in the dark, with a fading Maglite, wearing nothing but a pair of Blundstones, not even socks." - Ross*

*"She's, like, strictly kisses, no hugs." - Marty, pondering his relationship with Gemma*

*"Just for one second, let's imagine that you girls are really hot." - Nick, winning the hearts of Steph, Loz and Freya*

*"Pasty, semi-bald—Nick, you're not beautiful any more." - Steph*

# EXPOSED

## Appalling Staff Living Conditions. Case Study: Nick Procter

It has come to the attention of the media that some staff are living in conditions at Wollangarra that can only be described as paltry. Here, we examine one of them, Nick, and find out just how tough things are at the so-called hippie la-la rainbow camp, Wollangarra. Where not everyone, it seems, is a happy camper.

"It's terrible", said Nick. He showed us inside his room, and there it was. We were shocked. "Look at them all." We, indeed, looked at them all. "All these copies of Secondhand and Solid. There's so many, I don't have any room for my things." Nick wiped a tear from his eye as he continued, his voice trembling. "I don't have any room, well, to be... me."

It is true, ladies and gentleman, that Nick's room is almost entirely overrun with copies of Ian's book about the building of Wollangarra. You can help Nick lead a normal life. If you haven't bought one, buy one. If you have bought one, buy one for a friend or get your friend to buy one for themselves. It is an amazing read—if you think you know Wollangarra but haven't read it, then you really don't know Wollangarra. Copies available for \$15.



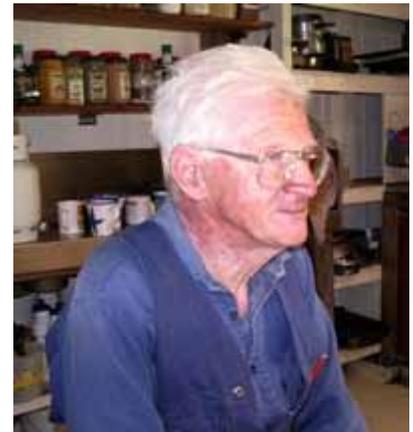
*Unhappy camper: Nick Procter can't lead a normal life due to what doctors describe as "an inability to pass solids" - "Secondhand and Solid", that is. Help Nick, to help himself, by buying one.*

## The Ken Medew Page

We love Ken so much that we thought we would include as much as possible about in him in this issue. (We endeavour to include some images of June in the next issue.) Ladies and gentleman, Wollangarra presents, Ken Medew:



*Anti clockwise from top: Chariots of Fire—Ken being chauffeur driven around the Wollangarra flat; Ken working on the new toilet—when Nick can't handle it, we call in Ken; Loz, Ken and Nick shortly after their stroll down the catwalk for the Heyfield Overalls Fashion Parade; a rare shot of Ken taking a break to sit and eat.*



## Open Day and Bush Dance

It's on again, so you'd better be there, for the Wollangarra Open Day and Bush Dance. Just for something different, we thought we would hold the dance here, at Woll, on the night of the Open Day. So if you come for the Open Day, enjoy dinner, then get your dancing shoes on.

The music will be provided by the Spontaneous Bush Band, the same talented group that brought you such memorable gigs as the Mittagundi Bush Dance. The band formed five minutes before their first performance, and, ah, haven't played since. So it should be interesting, to say the least. Between sets their will be an Open Stage, so bring your instruments if you want to have a go.

- When:** Saturday, September 23. Open Day from 10am, Bush Dance from 7:30pm.
- Where:** Wollangarra, 34 km from Heyfield on the Licola Rd, immediately after Hickeys Ck.
- How:** We will provide a shuttle from the front gate at 10am, 11am, 12pm and 7pm. Otherwise just walk in (allow 20 minutes).
- Moola:** Open Day: Free. Bush Dance: \$10 adults, \$8 concession, \$5 kids (12—17 years) and 11 years and under free.
- What:** ...to bring. Sleeping gear, your wallets. All other food for sale (brekky gold coin donation).
- What:** ...to expect. Sheep shearing, including by hand; master axeman demos; competitions such as the crosscut saw race, gumboot throwing, pumpkin seed spit, tent erection, blind rucksack pack, and featuring the sheep to shawl race.

Special Feature...

## *Trevor and Maude: A Wollangarra Livestock Love Story*

Freya and Loz went into town one day to pick up the new fox rope and buy dog food and curry paste. One would expect that this was a very simple town mission. So, some of you may be surprised to find that this particular town mission took over 8 hours. We feel the need to explain ourselves.

It was a bright and sunny day, and we were quite pleased to be spending it touring the countryside. We had our "town mission" folder with us, and were ready for a quick and painless visit to town. We told Ross we'd be home for lunch.

We mastered the first part of the town mission early, having successfully purchased dog food and curry paste. That complete, we headed towards the big smoke (Traralgon) to pick up the rope for the fox. Things were going to plan, and we were quite pleased with ourselves. And then, we saw it. Somewhere between Cowarr and Toongabbie. A bright yellow sign sparkling in the morning sun, "Ducks for Sale".

At that moment, the quick town mission ended, because at that very moment we fell in love with an idea. During the next few hours in the big smoke, we convinced ourselves that ducks were a necessity for Wollangarra life. We had a few questions though: where would they live? What would we feed them? Would they start a war with the chooks? What would we call them? How can we choose a name, we don't even know their sex ("let's settle for a good androgynous name like Trevor")?

Despite our concerns, it was very clear what was missing from our lives: ducks, Trev and Maude to be precise. We hadn't met them yet, but as we drove up the driveway we had 'that' special feeling. We spoke with the breeders about duck feed, housing, community (would they get on with the chickens), and cost. We were tickled pink with the idea of ducks at Woll, but we thought we better go home and ask the others, it was the right thing to do. You don't just bring home ducks without checking with your housemates first. So, after a long chat with the duck breeders we told ourselves it was best to go home and make a collective decision. So, off we went. We got to the

end of the driveway, before turning to each other and asking "How much money have you got?" With the answer being "none" (what a surprise), we took a sharp right to Toongabbie for an ATM. Full of cheeky happiness, we headed back to that big bright sign somewhere between Cowarr and

Toongabbie, we were going to get DUCKS!

We arrived only to find our dreams shattered. The breeders were gone, the cars no longer in the driveway. With no one home, there was no way we could buy ducks. As we attempted to pick up the pieces of our broken duck dreams, we came to the conclusion that yes, "bang ups and hang ups can happen to you".



*Trevor and Maude, paddling, at home in the Fruit Forest.*

We packed up and headed towards Heyfield. A sombre silence enveloped the car and we knew we were both thinking, "it could've been perfect". Suddenly, like out of a dream we saw it. That small, beige Hyundai. "That looks familiar", said Loz. "Is that who I think it is?" said Freya. "THAT'S HER, TURN FREYA, HANG A UEY, DO IT, CHASE HER, GO FREYA GO!" screamed Loz. In a display of automotive prowess reminiscent of Michel Schumacher, Freya turned that little Leone and there was no doubt that Trev and Maude were ours. We followed the duck breeders to their home

(legitimately), and purchased the love of our lives, Trevor and Maude.

There were a few small teething problems: Trev attempted suicide on the trip home (apparently the cardboard box he was in wasn't suitable for him to travel in, he wanted the front seat), they barely survived the flying fox, we had no house for them, and it was pitch black. After a temporary stay in the strawberry patch, we decided the fruit forest was the place for ducks. They love the pond, and spend the day cheerfully waddling around looking for insects and other treats.



*Nick working to specifications on the Duck Mansion.*

At the time of writing, the "deluxe duck mansion" is moments away from completion (huge thanks to Hugh and Nick for design and construction). There is no doubt it was meant to be, Trev and Maude have provided us with so much joy, and we look forward to a long and happy future together.

## Stage 1 Courses

The last few months have seen some great school courses come through Wollangarra, with the last three classes of The Geelong College coming through, as well as the boys from St Kevin's College. Plenty Valley showed plenty of guts and determination as they descended in Tali Karng. A special mention of their teacher, Rod, who s arguably the teacher that shows the most enthusiasm for Wollangarra year after year.

There were also the groups of little tackers from Geelong Grammar. Every year two classes of grade 6 young people (should that be very young people?) trek up from Geelong and do a modified local walk, whereby they walk up the old horse trail used by Burgoyne himself and out to Basin Flat.

We also had a group of adults do a week on the flat when the crew from Outdoors Inc arrived. We managed to get the fence started, as well as many other jobs around the place.

## Wish List

- Garden forks
- Lavender cuttings
- Plastic whistles
- Knitting needles
- Wool
- Plastic coffee cups for hiking
- Scrabble dictionary
- Full set of metric and imperial spanners
- Tool box
- Firefighting knapsack that doesn't leak all over you
- Green and Blacks fair trade chocolate
- Fair trade percolator coffee
- Flower seed
- Klezmer sheet music
- Speed awl
- Wheel barrow
- UHF radio for The White Rocket

## Stage 2 Courses

Picture it. Sicily, 1922. The first Stage 2 of the year. Actually, it was Kellys Hut, Victoria, 2006, and what a beautiful place to be. Although the hike started with an unsuccessful attempt at an 11 person pyramid, it ended with a very successful game of "Hey Howie", with a certain someone with 8 spots of Vegemite on her face. The first night began wth Ranger Wayne joining us at the campfire with a very interesting and informative history of the local area, beginning with the first human settlement up to the present day. The next day we woke to a bitterly cold morning with an amazing view of the mist over Holmes Plain. Wayne started the day's work by leading some native grass planting along the 4WD track to stop erosion.

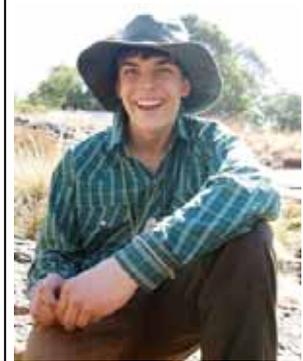
The following day, the hard work was rewarded with a walk to the summit of Mt Reynard, one of the highest mountains in the area. We finished with a hike over Mt Arbuckle to the awaiting vehicles. A huge thankyou to all Stage 2's for sharing a fun week with Nick, Freya and the rest of the Wollies.

*Clockwise from top: Tess showing her contribution to the mug situation; Paul smiling; Esther showing some girl power; the Stage 2 posse; Ranger Wayne and the Stage 2 crew getting ready for some work.*

## Supporters Dinner

In May, the staff at Wollangarra put on a special dinner to say a big thankyou to all of our supporters that have helped us over the years. There was a good turnout, with folks travelling from all over the country side to come and enjoy a bit of Woll hospitality, and some pretty darn tasty home grown lamb.

We all got a big kick out of being able to say thanks to you all, even if you couldn't make it. Wollangarra only operates because of the generosity of its supporters—your gestures and support means we can keep running our unique, world class programs for young people for a long time to come.



# W o l l M e r c h a n d i s e

Second Hand & Solid	\$15	Polo Shirt	\$25
Jim & Molly	\$8	Girly T-Shirt (new)	\$25
Unisex T-Shirt, coloured neck and arm bands (new)	\$25	Work Shirt—full & half button, long & short sleeve, fawn & blue (past staff only)	\$35
Unisex T-Shirt (old)	\$15	Girly T-Shirt (old)	\$15
Wine, from Rutherglen	\$15/\$150	Cards – Wollangarra Icons	\$2 each, 8 for \$12
Stickers	\$1	<i>Note: new stock of shirts are regular sizes, old stock—order 2 sizes larger than normal.</i>	

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Total (including donation for postage) \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Please make cheque payable to Wollangarra Inc.

## Thankyou To...

- Russell White: chainsaw training, and more of his fish and the magic potion
- Aerial Motors: for the kind and caring words of encouragement
- The Wonderful McCallums, continuing to dig deep and making us feel welcome
- Ken and June Medew—the new toilet, work on the boiler and all sorts of other things
- The Freemasons
- Tom Lester, Ross Davis—Babysitters
- John and Gwen Colpo—continued support
- Julian (Julio) Ilich and Hugh Rabonovici—Ricki life support
- Hike helpers—Paul and Tess Macrae
- Rob KT—droppers and light diffuser
- Heather Ogilvie—rug
- Sab and Kim—special coasters
- Andrew and Linda Fullagar
- Marg and Bob Thomas—tyre support
- Blair McCallum—lopping the branches above the flying fox
- Conrad McKee—attemped fox control and purveyor of chickens, as well as hard work around the flat
- Scan—star pickets
- Neville, Carol and Allison Clarke—their donation in memory of James Clarke
- RL & DF Andrew
- H & D Campbell
- Catherine Noble
- Shaun McGee—radiator and TLC shown to Wozza the tractor
- Ross Davis—avocadoes
- Woodchoppers—all of you!
- Red and John—getting the fox up
- Sam from Tasmania



*If undeliverable, please return to:*

*Wollangarra*

*Licola 3858*

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