

Summer Newsletter

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Wollangarra
Outdoor Education Centre
Young People in High Places

Licola 3858

Patron: John Landy,
AC, MBE

Can someone tell me where 2006 has gone? I am sure all of it was there just the other day. Time flies for everyone, but out here it seems as though you are just getting into the swing of things and it is all over.

When I think about the year that was, my first thoughts are that it was a good year. I then think that if it was good, it must have been easy. And indeed there were times that were. But then it doesn't take long to realise that it wasn't such an easy year. In fact, there were lots of things about this year that were quite difficult and challenging. But it is interesting that it is not the hard times that stand out in my mind, but more the good times.

It was an interesting year for staff—the departures of Tim and Marty were hard on everyone, and we subsequently finished the year with one person down (or two fewer than the same time last year). However, this meant that the staff pulled together to form quite an amazing team. It also meant that we had to rely heavily on helpers. This show of support was really appreciated, and reminded us all of just how special Woll is to

so many people. So to all those that helped out on courses, a huge thankyou.

There were some difficult courses, too. Two in particular really made us earn our tucker, and at times made us question what it was all about. But then, there were so many other great ones, that it all ended up in our favour.

And then of course the fires. What I regret most about

the fires is how they stole the thunder from the departing staff. Rather than an end of the year that was full of reminiscing and nostalgia, it was more about rake hoes, back burning and Gladiator foil.

Nonetheless, we arrived at the end of the year safe and sound. To Nick, Steph, Loz and Freya—thank you for an incredible year. Each of you put in so much more than what was expected, to become the sort of team that is more like family

than staff. You are all very much loved by so many in the Wollangarra community, and you will be missed dearly. Farewell, and Over and Out. - Ross



What a way to end the year. The hill to our east ablaze as the front moves past.

Fruit Bottling

26th and 27th January

Bring yourselves. Bring a smile. Bring fruit.



S o L o n g & F a r e w e l l

Freya What an impossible task to write a farewell, I know that there is no way I can express myself enough in this short little piece. A year at Wollangarra is not something that can be described easily; in fact I'm not sure that it can be properly described at all. Woll is not a place that can be captured in words. It has to be felt, touched, smelt, tasted and heard...it has to be experienced to be understood, and what an amazing experience this year has been. Spending time at Woll makes you realise that there is so much to be thankful for in this world. There are so many good people out there who have touched so many lives, including my own, and it is actually impossible to articulate just how grateful I am to them. To all those people who showed me support, for all the chats, the smiles, the laughs, the generosity, the letters and for all those positive thoughts, thankyou.



The word Freya has Norse origins. If she were a Viking, she'd be "Freya the Photogenic".



To Ross, Nick, Steph, Loz, Billy boy and Gemma girl all I can say is thankyou so much for being yourselves, and thankyou for doing all the things that you do.

I lava yous guys, I lava yous guys a lot.

Steph

Wollangarra is a year of emotions, lovely people, exciting adventures and stories. I know we all say it but it really is hard to



sum up our year. There are sooooo (sooooo) many people to thank. So everybody, thanks! If I was to say my favourite thing about living and working at Woll then I think I would have to pick all the people you meet. There are so many interesting characters! It's a very inspiring thing to meet individuals who are willing to give up their time, young people who are open-minded to being taken into the bush for a week and stripped of all their creature comforts and all the staff who have donated a year of their energy and inspiration to living and working at Wollangarra. Billy and Gemma should get a mention in here as well. They are the nicest dogs I have had the fortune to meet.



Steph always complained that she didn't like porridge. She should have been more specific—she doesn't like eating porridge.

To the chooks all I can say is let's be friends next year, too. You are very, very funny.

This year would not have been as complete for me without Ross, Freya, Nick, Loz, Billy and Gemma. All of them brought their own special something to Wollangarra and worked so hard to make sure this year was fulfilling, thought-provoking and just plain old fun for each other. These four people and two dogs were strangers to me at the start of the year and now they are such an integral part of my life and I look forward to all of the adventures still to come. It has been an absolutely rogating year and it is very sad to have come to the tailend of it.

Thank-you to everybody for being such an accepting, welcoming and inspiring community.

Staff of 2006



Nick

Finally, an article all about Me. I came to Wollangarra, well groomed and fat, eager to develop new skills and gain new experiences (and possibly lose weight). I thought I knew what to expect of my new home, but nothing could have prepared me for my new life in the mountains.

Having now lived here for four seasons I have seen the river rise and fall, the land green then dry, the trees bare then fruitful, lambs born and chickens hatch. I have hiked in heat, cold, rain and snow with many great young people who have taught me much and enriched me in so many ways.

I am certainly going to miss the smell of campfire smoke in my clothes, repairing fences, sheep and chickens following me around, explaining to the girls why my jokes are funny, surprise weather conditions on hike, Vita-Weets for lunch and pasta pesto for dinner, not knowing or caring what time it is, the amazing view from the shower, and the endless adventure this year has been.

But Wollangarra isn't about me and neither should this article be. It is about community. The stage ones experiencing the mountains for the first time, the stage two's who make it all worthwhile and the energy of our incredible supporters. Wollangarra seems to be a magnet for good people and it is them I will miss most. I will especially miss my best mates and house mates whom I shared this amazing year with.

Thank you Ross, Freya, Loz, Steph, Billy, Gemma and Mr Juicy for all your love, patience, laughs, hugs and face licks. I can't wait to live our many future adventures together. PS. I did lose weight and also my well groomed appearance.

Loz

I've been putting this off for weeks. How do you say a year's worth of love, laughs, thanks, good times and spaces? It is impossible for me to say what this year has meant for me, and to share just how important you all are to me. I feel truly blessed to have been given the opportunity to make this magical place my home for a year, and am truly grateful for every moment.

Thank you to all the amazing supporters that give to Wollangarra. I have always been so moved by the energy and enthusiasm of local supporters who give so much to this place, without expecting a thing in return. Wollangarra touches so many young souls and fills them up with amazing energy because of all that you give. You may not see it, but be sure that you are having a huge impact on young peoples' lives. You inspire me endlessly, and I am so grateful to have made friends in you. You all have a very special place in my heart.



Loz was loved by the entire Woll community—especially the tree part of the community.

To the students who constantly surprise, entertain and challenge me, who make me laugh and make me cry. You have given so much, when you thought you were receiving. Thankyou for your laughs and games and conversations. I have been honoured to 'hang out' with you, and share your Wollangarra experience. In you I see a future for the earth, and look forward to a world when you are leaders. Make sure you spread a little bit to Wollangarra wherever you go!

To the teachers, thank you for being such an integral part of your students learning. I know you work very hard and I thank you for helping to create a better world. Thank you for encouraging students to come to Wollangarra, and for sharing their journey with them. To the animals of Wollangarra, thank you for your love, and for making me realise that any rough day can be turned on its head... you just have to imagine you are a Wollangarra animal, and all your troubles fade away! To the garden, thank you for growing and for being the perfect space for quiet time. To the mountains, for holding us for a year and for allowing us to step gently over you as we learn and discover about ourselves and the world around us. To Tim and Marty, thank you for all that you gave to Wollangarra. I enjoyed the time spent with you, and appreciated your hard work.

To the four fabulous friends who have shared every moment this year. You guys are amazing. I couldn't have found better workmates, housemates, and best mates, even if I'd picked them myself. Thankyou for inspiring and energising me. Thank you for caring, sharing, entertaining, laughing and crying with me. Thank you for giving so much of yourselves to this place, and for allowing me to share your lives for a year. I will treasure you all, always.



Nick was Woll's only male staff member. In spite of the pressure, he always represented "all that was male".



Stage 1 Courses

The end of the year saw the following courses come through: the free spirited folk of Preshil, the good ol' boys from Melbourne Grammar School, a holiday stage 1 course with a few locals putting on the Woll jersey, the wonderful Westbourne posse, the crazy Koonung krew, and the cool cats from Camberwell (all three courses). Commiserations to Ashwood, who were to make their debut to Woll. You could have come, but it would have been a little too warm, what with the fires and all.

Special mention goes to the crew that took blue metal to the Tussocky water tank stand. The screenings had to be shoveled into bags, loaded into the troopy, carried by hand up to the fox, picked up at the end by rickshaw, then taken across the flat to the Tussocky fox, picked up on the other side by wheelbarrow, then wheeled across that flat, past Tussocky up the hill to the tank stand. Ian Stapleton would have been proud.



Anti-clockwise from top: The Camberwell crew taking the blue metal to Tussocky in the convoy of wheelbarrows; Melbourne Grammar up in the Wellington area. The entire trip had to be cut short as they were hiking through knee deep snow. It took one of the groups many hours to dig through the snow for spaces for their tents, and quite a while to get their fire going. Continuing, we have Ross and Stuart showing what grown men get up to when their inhibitions and professional expectations are removed. Stuart is currently working on a school submission to have the uniform changed to the beautiful garment he found at Wollangarra: "I found that I could really be me in the Jumpsuit—for the first time. Imagine what it could do for young male self esteem." And finally, when too many lollies are not enough. Wollangarra's cup runneth over.



W h a t i s W o l l a n g a r r a ?

Wollangarra is an independent non-profit outdoor education project established in the firm belief that young people and mountains are natural partners with a great deal to offer each other. The pioneer-style homestead, which serves as our base camp, is situated on a small, remote river flat of the Macalister River, half way between the towns of Heyfield and Licola. Wollangarra is a unique and simple place. It has no electricity, is accessed only by flying fox and has been built by hundreds of enthusiastic volunteers using second hand recycled materials. Nearly 2000 old railway sleepers were used in the construction.



It allows young people the opportunity to discover the heart of Victoria's high country in small, well organised and supervised hiking groups, and shows them practical and important ways in which they can help the environment. The five staff and directors that live there balance education, environmental sustainability and the pioneering lifestyle through the development of the self, community and environmental awareness.

What's New At Woll



Mr. Juicy: Well, our favourite man-chook, Mystery had to go. He was such a mystery that we didn't know if he was a son, or brother or father to our chooks, and we were worried about his relations with them if he was, well, related. Our advice was to give him the chop, but of course we couldn't, so we did a chook swap. Out goes Mystery, and in comes Mr. Juicy. We're still getting to know him, but we must admit, he treats the ladies much better than Mystery and Graham ever did. So we think he'll be here to stay.

Henny Penny is the latest woman-chook on the scene, and she is a wild child. She has been living on the streets for 14 months, and finally found her way to Wollangarra. We suspect she may have run away or been dumped as she was found in the bush at Blores Hill by our friend Greg Kaska from Munjara Outdoor Ed Centre. He spotted Henny Penny there last year, and when he came back this year, she was still living up a gum tree, and roughin' it all alone in the bush. Greg (amazingly) managed to catch her, because he thought she could do with some company, and sent her to Wollangarra. She's settling in very nicely, and, although she still won't sleep in the chook shed and camps out in gum trees instead, she is getting along nicely with the other chooks. And, she hasn't run away yet, so we reckon she quite likes it at Wollangarra.

Chicks, Chicks, Hot Chicks: December has brought three new blond bombshells onto the Wollangarra scene. They are cute, bubbly, like a good feed and are full of fun. Born on the weekend of Folk, Rhythm and Life, their names are... Folk, Rhythm and Life.

Manna Gum: Well, the day came when that magical big manna gum by the swimming hole was laid to rest. The beautiful old tree was burnt inside out by the fire, and was threatening to fall any day. So we called in our bush god, Terry Higgins, to lay the majestic flora to rest. He said he hadn't felled a tree that big for 25 years, but boy did he do a good job. It was over quickly, and he even saved the fence. Thanks Terry, we appreciated you being so generous with your time, especially during the fires. We'll miss that big old tree, but at least all the other trees on the flat can breathe easy—that old manna gum will fill our woodsheds for decades.

Anti-clockwise from top: "Tree fellers wanted", but only two turned up for the job—Terry and his cousin. That manna gum was about 65 metres tall—that's one tall tree. And it fell so slowly, reflecting its majesty. We tried to save it, but the fire inside it just wouldn't go out. So thanks to Terry for an expert job. Next: Wheelbarrow, anyone? Brenda gave us the Rolls Royce of wheelbarrows, and Neil Barraclough exchanged his very personality-rich contraption for one that was much more streamlined. We call that one the "Wheel Barraclough". Next: the 2006 crew with our beloved Terry Higgins. I tried to think of a pun for this one, but I was stumped. And finally, the wooer of Wollangarra women—Mr Juicy. We will miss Mystery, but we don't like chicks with two heads. Baby chickens, that is.

B u s h f i r e s



December 14, 2006, was a day that many of us at Woll will never forget.

This page, from top right: Nick back burning around the shower; the DSE crew during a well earned break; “Elvis has left the building” but can be seen in a river gorge near you; Ross being interviewed on ABC radio; Next: one of our favourite questions is: “So how close did the fire get?” Yeah, pretty close. Next: the ford area on the morning after—look out for Wollangarra’s new patented blackberry removal procedure. All you need is a hot northerly wind. (Although it was actually a southerly wind that brought the fire up from the ford, heading north across the flat.)



Opposite page, clockwise from top left: Ross Davis had made some quip to the other Ross about “Nero played, while Rome burned.” So, voilà. A baby wallaby that fell out of its mother’s pouch near Matt’s Bridge. It was returned to its mother the following day. Next: the fire in the ford area. We were all looking to the north when Nick heard the fire in the south. We almost succeeded in stopping the advance, but then the wind changed, and we retreated to the homestead. Next: five weary fire fighters; the log dump over the road from the front gate. Not sure how that excavator managed to escape the flames. Next: Nick and Ross—tired, smoke affected, crispy, watering eyes, hairy, but happy. This photo was taken in the thick of the action (and broad daylight) but they still found time to smile (and pose). Finally, Nick and the Gladiator foil that was used to turn the entire flat into an art installation. The foil was used on all the open buildings because they were vulnerable to ember attack.



Summer 2006



Open Day &



Yee ha! What a weekend! This year's open day and bush dance went off with a bang. The day brought wonderful demonstrations from the likes of Jack and Fallsy, some beautiful spinning and knitting during the sheep to shawl race and some awful memories from the porridge eating competition. It was a great day, so thank you to all of those people out there who got involved and gave us their time and energy. And congratulations go to Nia and John Colpo for mastering the cross cut saw race, and showing us all how it's done. A huge thank you to all those who came and helped out at Open Day, especially those who came from afar to give demonstrations. As the day wound down, we fired up the barbies, laid out the carpet, filled the ice buckets, lit the hurricane lamps, put on our finest frocks and got our dancin' shoes out for the first ever Wollangarra Bush Dance held at Wollangarra. The verandah turned into a stage, the toolshed the bar and the carpet the dancefloor as people boogied to the sounds of the Spontaneous Bush Band (made up of Woll, Mitta, Typo crew and several others). The bush dance was a success as people kicked up their heels and luckily the rain and wind held off till early morning. A special mention must go to Mardi Thorpe (best dressed for the evening) and Eric Woodward (best dancer). A huge thank you to everyone who helped out in all sorts of ways to make the weekend run so smoothly.



B u s h D a n c e



Opposite page, from top right: the winning team of the sheep to shawl competition—congratulations! Ross and Wayne blade shearing the sheep, which was then fed to the spinners, then to the knitters; the tug-of-war proved popular, with more different categories than you could poke a rope at—random teams, young versus old, but they came from near and far to compete in the boys versus girls, with the sheilas taking victory over the blokes. Next: the wonderful spinners who made the sheep to shawl race such a success; Ready, Set, Go! One of the more distressing aspects of Open Day—the porridge eating competition. Freya was ruthless as she laid down the rules. Porridge had to be cold, with no additions (not even sugar) and had to be taken into the body without the use of any implements, not even one’s hands. For those of us that eat porridge all the time on hike, it seemed like a punishment, but the young people took it all in stride. Charlie Kat (pictured) put in a valiant effort, but he was no match for Angus Woodward.



This page, from top left: Graham Fall squaring the log (any suggestions for what to do with that log now can be forwarded to us here at Woll); Jack Gilbert with some of his wares—it was wonderful to have Jack make the 6 hour journey from Benalla to impress us all with his craftwork and stories of the bush; Marcus showing the winning shawl—only hours earlier that was on a sheep’s back; Jack Gilbert overseeing the cross cut race, with some of our more junior lumberjacks; Jack and Steph from Mittagundi show how it’s done; the victors—Nia and John Colpo.



A r o u n d t h e T r a p s



What do you do when termites attack the homestead? Well, you call up your mates and have a “Crafternoon” of course. We needed 50 wooden boxes for our termite baiting plan, so we gathered at the Medew house and spent the afternoon cutting and drilling and nailing and puttying (when we made mistakes with the drill) the boxes together. We thought, while we were there, we should whip up a few munchie bags, and before we knew it our speed demon seamstress June had them stitched up and ready to go. Our next step with the termites is to lay the baits in the ground around the homestead... anyone with shovel experience interested in a trip to Wollangarra?

We’d like to thank Maartjen Antjes for donating the wood for the boxes and of course Ken and June for having us and crafting with us, we had a great day!

There should be an addition to the livestock family, with two alpacas arriving soon. Alpacas are great for deterring foxes, which have been quite a nuisance, especially with any attempt to keep ducks. Any suggestions for names would be appreciated, or we might have to go with Ross Davis’s suggestoins—Al and Kerry. Packer, that is.

Water flows at Tussocky again, thanks go to the numerous people (young and old) that helped to relocate the water tank. I think we can all say that four inches of concrete in the bottom didn’t win that tank too many friends. But with the help of Ken Medew’s turfer winch, we soon showed it who’s boss.



From top: Tim Heywood was an absolute whirlwind of a helper, getting around to all the jobs that we were all too busy or too tired to do. Here is pictured with the great brickwork he did in the courtyard, to protect the grass from saturation when it rains. Next is Loz and Margaret Beckett during the last “advanced felting” work shop. I asked Loz for a comment, but she felt the picture spoke for itself. Next is Loz, Freya and the mighty June Medew with the munchy bags, while the rest of us toiled away in the garage under the tutorage of one Ken Medew. Ken was so embarrassed by June’s apron that he remained out in the shed for the rest of the day.



Stage 2

September saw the Stage 2 gang heading up Marathon Road to the beautiful Horseyard Flat. We base camped at Horseyard Flat and couldn't hold the Stage 2s back from lopping and chopping and using their bare hands to clear a track to the top of Castle Hill. Once at the top, we posed like models for the Wollangarra paparazzi, to make sure that everyone got a shot of our hard working team. Then we nearly got blown off the mountain.

We scrambled back to the cars and Nathan rewarded our hard work with his perfect campfire curry. The key to his success? Spill it on the fire at least 5 times and stir. Who would know one week could be so jam packed, from making human bikes and pyramids, to getting in touch with our inner tree at "Tree Time", to midnight tent relocations in crazy winds, to rising in the dark for a beautiful Pinnacles sunrise, before heading back to Woll for even more hard yakka, setting up Open Day.

The Stage 2s were such an integral part of the running of the weekend: they painted, they mowed, they gardened, they decorated, they cooked, they lugged, they chopped, they laughed and last but certainly not least, danced up a storm. A huge thanks to Ranger Pete Duncan for coming up to Castle Hill and helping us mark out the track and a big thanks to our amazing helpers Nia and Kara. And to the Stage 2s, you guys are amazing. Thankyou so much for all your hard work—what a great bunch to hang out with.

See you all again for the next Stage 2 in April!

Wish List

- Male staff member
- Block splitters (with or without handles)
- More donations for a new chainsaw (with decompression lever)
STOP PRESS—WILL FORD TO RESCUE!
- Metal watering cans
- Acoustic guitar
- Somewhere to hike that isn't burnt to a cinder
- Nutella
- Lettuce seeds
- Wooden spoons
- Big ladles
- Big dictionary (greater than 3 inches thick)
- Shovel handles
- Grazing pasture for sheep



From top: James Thompson and who we think is Angus Woodward enjoying their special breakfast on the morning after Open Day. James was the winning bidder for the super breakfast that was concocted by Nick and Jason and then auctioned off during the bush dance. Next: the Stage 2 brigade at the fire watch tower at the Pinnacles. They arose at a very inauspicious hour to make it there before sunrise. Sadly, that tower is no more, as it was burnt in the fires. Last, yet another flattering image of Nick. We don't know how Nick manages to look so masculine and well groomed, all the time.



From the Visitors Book

From the Students:

"It's pretty hard to put down on paper or in words how magical, warm and loving I found our camp here at Wollangarra. I've been never been so lucky to meet such a wide variety of wonderful people with such amazing and intriguing stories to share. Thankyou for such a fantastic chance"

"This has been the best experience of my life, all of the things I have seen and started to value so much more just makes me realise how much we take things for granted. Like our food and our water. Woll has changed my life so much. I feel enlightened, almost."

"It's weird being back home. I feel so confined in my backyard when I know only the other day I was looking at mountains and sheep and people doing cartwheels opposed to my boring back fence. I miss the environment so much but I also miss the people and the community we had there. I feel so lucky to have made 20 or so friends there who are so special in their own ways."

From the Teachers:

"To the wonderful people that run this place! First thanks for a wonderful time here in this 'sunburnt land'... Thanks for taking such good care of our kids. But most of all thanks for reminding me why I teach, and for reminding me of the best part of why we work with kids"

"As a non-outdoor sort of person I always felt very encouraged during my time with you. Thanks for letting me find my place in the kitchen and for encouraging me to relinquish my teacher's role for a few days. I certainly gained a great deal for the experience and continue to be challenged by the insights gained at Woll. I'm really trying to have shorter showers! You are an inspirational bunch of people!"



Fruit Bottling

On January 26 & 27 we'll once again crack out the Fowlers Jars, carve up the fruit and veg, sweat over the boiling jams and dodge snakes at the swimming hole. What more could you ask for, from a weekend at Wollangarra? The annual Fruit Bottling weekend is on again, and we need your help. The food we bottle this weekend feeds the staff and students for courses for the rest of the year. And it's a great opportunity to meet the new staff. Hope to see you there!

When: 26-27th January, 2007

Bring: fruit and veg, food for the pot, bathers, musical instruments, sleeping gear, and smiles.

Transport: TBA (check website www.wollangarra.org, or call us for details).



From top: Ross on Black Beauty, with Billy; Ross' father, Jack, and the fencing he did around the ODK; Freya and Corfe, from Aerial. I am sure that they're sports drinks they're holding, isn't that right Corfe? Maybe they've just finished a jog. And next we have Aleks, staff of 2001, having a little too much fun for someone his age on the see saw at FRL. The little boy looks on waiting for his turn.

Mittagundi Pioneer Skills

Enjoyed our bushdance? Up for some toe-tapping, knee-slapping good times? Well head on down to the Mittagundi Pioneer Skills Weekend, held at Mittagundi from the 12th-14th January, 2007. Pioneer skills is Mittagundi's open weekend, with lots of demonstrations, a rip roaring bush dance on the Friday night and lots of fun and food for the whole family. A great weekend away and a great way to support the Gundi. For more info, please call Mittagundi on 03 5159 7238

Cyclists for Sustainability

And we thought we were tough. Wow. These guys are unbelievable. The Cycle for Sustainability Crew visited Woll on their way from Sydney to Hobart. After battling gale force winds on blanket hill the C4S arrived at Woll just in time for the arrival of the amazing Star of the Sea girls. Not only did the C4S team ride here, they then jumped into life at Woll full of beans, helping out all over the place. They revolutionised the compost (which, we must admit, had been avoided all year) and they weeded and planted and gave our fruit trees lots of love. We were treated to the C4S travelling road show spectacular, which inspires and motivates people across Australia to contribute to a sustainable future. What an amazing bunch. If that wasn't enough, they even came out hiking (will anything tire this lot?)

We would like to thank you all: Nick, Ange, Ant, Michelle, Sophie and Steve for inspiring us all. It was lovely to have you here, and we were so inspired and moved by your journey.

Next Year's Staff

Wollangarra has once again found some gems to make Wollangarra their home. We nearly have a full team. Well, 4 out of 5 ain't bad. The staff for next year are: Gareth Shapiro, Jo Roderick, Tess Macrae and Tessa Lee. The staff of '06 would like to welcome them. We wish you an amazing year, full of all sorts of adventures, and we look forward to hearing your stories.

Whilst we think these four are great, we reckon they could use a hand. We're still on the look out for one more staff member. So, if you are a man and if your name isn't Tess (or even if it is) and you reckon you could tough it in the High Country for a year, we want to hear from you. For those of you who don't think you'd cut the mustard as a staff member, get on the phone and call your friends/cousins/grandkids and help us find one more Wollangarra gem.



Above: The Cyclists for Sustainability during the performance they put on for one of our courses. This play has been perfected after last year's Brisbane to Hobart trip, and again on this Sydney to Hobart venture. Below: The competitors and their mementos of the cross cut saw competitions. We're not going to name them all, but the winners are in the bottom right hand corner.



Stage 3 Report

Picture it. Yet again another awesome group of people, silly with city life, hit the mountains to be revitalised by the beautiful weather, surroundings and amazing people. After a busy and successful Open Day/ Bush Dance weekend, six Stage 3ers and the luscious Lizzy headed up to the high plains, to find snow, and that they hadn't packed enough warm clothes! However, the awesomeness of lunch seemed to make up for it, in fact the whole week's menu!

We headed to Moroka Gap track where we planned to work for the next few days. However, we found, upon reaching it, (after Lizzy had shifted a particularly large (ish) branch) that all the work had been done. But did this stop the group from fulfilling their intentions of the week? No, we went a-huntin' for some work. Trekking over the high plains heading towards Lake Tali Karng, we carried our tools, a-clippin', a-choppin' and a-shovin' any obstacles in our path. Finally, we found our challenge of the path/hill going up Spion Kopje, which became a lot more path-like after the tools had been taken to it.

Many a study session was had by the Year 12s as we crossed the mountainside, refreshing the Biology, History and German courses for the oldies and easing the consciences of the waggies. We found out that everyone speaking in a different language to one another isn't the best form of communication, but we did it anyway. Lizzy fell asleep to the sweet sounds of German (yes, German can be soothing if Deb speaks it). The evenings were spent in deep conversations inspiring the masses, or singing that went on and on once realising that the whole group could actually sing, again putting Lizzy to sleep. Heading back to Woll, with the sun in time for a swim, we were entertained by a holiday group of Stage 1ers. All in all eine tolle und super Woche, bravo ragazzi!

An awesome team of Soothing Deb, Ally the Best Storyteller, Sarah the Biologist, Penny of Singing-and-Equal-Rights-For-Women, Kate, who made a triumphant return after not having seen the place for six years, and Eric Sean the Boy! (along with other qualities, including a very convincing French accent).

A big danke, merci, grazie and thank you to Lizzy, who did the best kind of leading, advising us on when it was best to open the chocolate and how much of it to eat (now, and all of it!), and what is a sensible time to get out of bed in the morn-



From top: Karen came to help out with kids, and ended up a pyromaniac with a penchant for orange overalls and inappropriate behaviour in dangerous situations; Dave puts on all his charm for the camera—he must have taken photogenic lessons from Freya. Next, Ross showing that he, believe it or not, is the youngest in his family, and doesn't mind if he doesn't get his way. And lastly, one of the last photos of the amazing staff of 2006. We all wish you all the best for 2007, and hope that Nick continues to be surrounded by gorgeous women.





Girls only: Steph, Freya, Loz and 2005's Clare at FRL. Freya seems to be holding yet another sports drink. Does she ever stop?

FRL

The FRL weekend meandered along with good company, amazing music, excellent hamburgers and a haze of smoke. It was a great opportunity to catch up with people whilst enjoying the tones of whoever was playing. There is something about FRL that makes it the most relaxing and enjoyable festival around.

There was all sorts of entertainment for all sorts of people – giant play equipment for young and old (just ask Aleks Svazas!), chill out spaces, lots of coffee and food and plenty of new people to meet. Mother Nature even put on a spectacular show with her electrical storm on



Let's hope the musical offerings at FRL were better than those available at Wollangarra.

the Friday night. The music was sterling with a huge variety of performers who all seemed really happy to be there.

The annual Wollangarra food stall was a success. The dynamic duo of Nick and Jason combined their kitchen and hospitality experience and helped make Wollangarra look like the experienced, professional and well oiled team that we occasionally are. A big thank-you to everyone that came along and chopped, flipped, served and did everything with a smile. The stall simply wouldn't run without all of these helpers and everyone at Wollangarra is continually grateful for their efforts.

Hopefully everyone else enjoyed the festival as well and we all look forward into bumping into you next year.

Ode to the Helpers

The year has been great

A good one, all round

*But sometimes you may have seen us wear
a frown*

*For we got through the year with one
person down*

How did we do it?

Without everything going helter skelter?

I'll tell you a secret...

We had such wonderful helpers

There was Scotty Too Hotty

Who kept knocking on the door

Almost as many times as

Will Ford

And don't forget Tess

Who could beat all the rest

And then come back next year for lots

more

Who wore the coolest hipsters?

That's right—

Janet Ja-knitster

And if you pull a hammie

Who can you count on?

Our very own Tammie

If you're in a mess

There's Sarah Douglas

But you'll never be shabby

When you've got Maddy

Who's the helper that looks most neat?

Could it be Tom Street?

Maybe if he's tryin'

But he'll never beat Ryan

And who will protect the bush

Especially the ferns?

Count on Jo Burns

Who will be there to

Go, go, go?

Charlotte and Marco

Who will be there

When we're without Freya?

You guessed it—Maya

Forgive me if

I may have forgotten a few names

(But not our James)

Oh Mama Mia,

I nearly forgot about Cara and Nia!

Thanks to all of you

From...

The Wollangarra Crew

-Anon

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, single colour	\$25	Girly T-Shirt (old)	\$15
Wine, from Rutherglen	\$15/\$150	Unisex T-Shirt (old)	\$15
Stickers	\$1	Cards – Wollangarra Icons	\$2 each, 8 for \$12

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Please make cheque payable to Wollangarra Inc.

Note: new stock of shirts are regular sizes; old stock—order 2 sizes larger than normal.

Thankyou To...

General

- Ken and June Medew—for so many things we can't fit it all in here
- The Magnanimous McCallum Family—especially with the fire situation.
- Aerial motors—getting vehicles going and going the extra mile
- John and Gwen Colpo—more meat, and just being there for us
- Red Warren—tractors, sheep feed, you name it
- Sizer family—ducks and musicianship
- Jeanne Trebeck
- Andy Blackburn and Gippsland Grammar—gear
- Noel Harris—vehicle support
- Bryce Azlin—special equipment
- May Nix
- Maarten Aantjes—termite boxes
- Elizabeth Burkiss—knitting needles
- Des Coleman—vehicle stuff

- LEAF at Bendigo
- Brenda Pryce—the awesome wheelbarrow
- Neil Barraclough—another wheelbarrow
- RM Clayton Joinery
- Margaret and Merle
- Kate Walsh
- Nia
- Jenny Scanlon—lawnmower
- Scan—mowing the lawn the last time he was up, what would we do without you...
- Judy Knight—Mr Juicy, the rooster
- Scott Cromberge—Safe toilet paper
- LaTrobe Valley Electrical
- Red's son in law—Wozza service
- Ashwood Secondary College—gear
- Richard and Dianne Fawaz—dog-sitting
- Red and Barry Mitchell—hay
- The firefighters—Ross Davis, Aleks Svazas, Mike Bishop, Chris Balmford,

Karen McKenzie, Helen Collins, Clare Easton, Clare Wall, DSE, CFA, Ralph Barraclough, John Colpo, Red Warren

Open Day:

- Glenmaggie Wines
- Bogong Equipment
- Aussie Disposals, Sale
- Graham Fall
- Jack Gilbert
- Barb LLoyd (two capital Ls)
- Margaret and Heather
- Marcus Veerman
- Ian Morris and Richard Fawaz
- Meaghan Hunt
- Meri Greenwood
- Sass
- Alby and Ray
- Greg Hocking
- David McPhee

Course Helpers

- Sarah Douglas
- Nia and Kara
- Marco and Charlotte
- Scotty, Tess, Maya, Tammie and Jo
- Mardi, Tim, Tom, James, Ryan
- Cycle for Sustainability crew
- Will Ford
- Janet Wilson
- Maddy and Catherine



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