

Wombatised Inc.

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Secretary: *Adrienne
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Treasurer: *Clive West*

Founder & Wildlife Specialist:
Tania Clancy

Education Officer:
Chloe Moore



Wombatised

A/C name: **Wombatised**

BSB: 802101

A/ C No.

For **membership:** 100075892

For **donations:** 100078422

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Wombatised Newsletter

Vol. 14 20211201

Wombatised is authorized by
Wildlife Rescue South Coast

Dear Everyone,

We have some amazing and long awaited news to relate - Wombatised has now achieved tax deductibility status with the Australian Taxation Office and you, our wonderful, kind and generous friends are now able to donate, knowing that your gift will be tax deductible. This couldn't have happened at a better time as Covid restrictions have drastically limited our fund raising ability and yet the demands of caring for injured and orphaned wildlife continue unabated. We are holding our breath in the hope of receiving some much needed support from our wildlife friends.

*But as Christmas approaches and 2021 draws to a close, it's now time also to consider **membership renewals for 2022** - and what better Christmas present could you give a loved one than a year's membership of Wombatised!*

Wombatised Membership renewal details:

- *Premium membership. Come and meet us!* \$50.00
- *Family membership (2-4 people)* \$30.00
- *Individual membership* \$20.00
- *Child membership* \$5.00

A/C name: **Wombatised**

BSB: 802101

A/ C No. **membership:** 100075892

We need your contact details in order to issue you with your 2022 membership and receipt so please send a brief email, either to

wombatisedinc@gmail.com or adriennebradneysmith@gmail.com

Donations to Wombatised

*For donations to be **tax deductible**, the money must be deposited in a **public fund**, separate from our everyday expenses account which covers membership renewals etc. This explains why there are now two bank account numbers in the top, right hand corner of this page. The*

account name and BSB remain unchanged for both accounts, but for **donations requiring tax deductions**, the public fund must be used, the details of which follow:

A/C name: **Wombatised**
BSB: 802101
A/ C No. for **donations**: 100078422

Once a donation is deposited in the Wombatised public fund, we will issue a standardized receipt **provided we have your contact details**. Please send your name and email address either to wombatisedinc@gmail.com or adriennebradneysmith@gmail.com

An update on Frensham's Lower Holt project is in order but in actual fact there's very little to report as Frensham keeps postponing the Land and Environment court appearance and we've just been notified that the new hearing will not take place until **21-23 March, 2022!** Will Frensham have a change of heart and decide on a less ecologically disastrous site for their Outdoor Education complex? Most unlikely - but we now have more time to galvanise our efforts to persuade the school to choose another, more suitable site for this project.

Best wishes to you all for a happy and safe holiday season,
From the Wombatised Team

SAVE the DATE!!

*Following the success of our wonderful seminar we held in May this year,
we are thrilled to announce that there will be another*

WOMBAT AND WILDLIFE MAGNETISIM SEMINAR

on

Sunday, 1st May, 2022

at the

MITTAGONG RSL

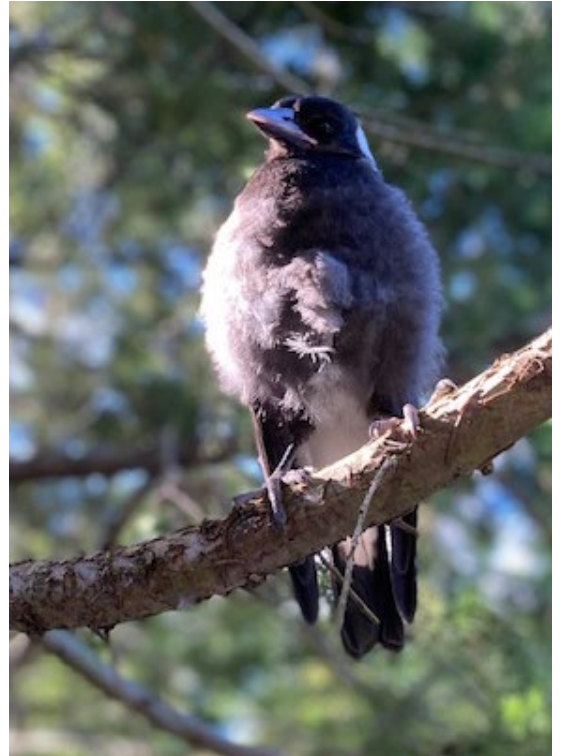
Speakers will include

- *Debbie Corbett – possum expert & long-time President of Wildlife Rescue South Coast*
- *Janine Davies – founder of the bat clinic in Nowra*
- *Beth Godwin – retired school principal famous for forming community networks to initiate change and galvanise people into action*
- *Alexandra Seddon – well known conservationist and founder of Potoroo Palace*
- *Sarah Cains and Heather Champion – environmentalists: Where the Greens are headed.*
- *Ray McGibbon – snake and reptile expert*
- *Tania Clancy – wombat and wildlife expert, Wombatised's founder and inspiration*

Magpie Musings

How often have we been delighted by the pure, flute-like call, often long and intricate, of the magpie! Does each bird have its own unique warble? Is the tune the same each time for each bird, or are magpies brilliant improvisers? In our last newsletter, readers were invited to send in their magpie stories, ostensibly to see if there was any truth in the fact that Southern Highlands' magpies are less aggressive than their urban counterparts as their habitat has perhaps been better preserved.

We received two responses: the first from Bowral resident Gerry Power who doubts whether loss of habitat has anything to do with magpie aggression. Here's what he wrote:



I spent about ten years as a primary school pupil in a tiny town, Timboon, in south western Victoria in the 1930s. Timboon, in the Otway Ranges, was heavily timbered and offered abundant natural habitat for a teeming array of wildlife. I walked a mile or so to school, and in spring magpies were fierce attackers, forcing us all to take measures of protection. This took place where magpies had vast areas of readily available safe havens, so I wonder whether lack of such refuges bothers magpies unduly.

*Our second response is from bird lovers Rachel Ranger and her husband. **Please note that not everything in this story necessarily complies with standard wildlife practices:***

Little did we know that we had bought a house within the boundaries of a breeding pair of Magpie Larks. We were a little surprised this information wasn't pointed out to us by the real estate agents, not to mentioned in the glossy brochures handed out at the door of the Open Home. The size in square metres and the number of bedrooms were listed, of course, but nowhere was a mention of this main feature of the property!

It wasn't until we woke to the calls each day, timed to the very second at sunrise and then when the day was done, piped into darkness as the last light cut through the trees, that we realised we had become the chattels of a pair of Magpie Larks – Magpie Larks, Peeweess... or as my Uncle Merv would call them, Piss Whackers.



We called this couple 'Mum' and 'Dad'. They would sit upon the highest point, which happened to be a nearby telegraph pole, where they would watch for intruders. Any intrepid invader would immediately be met with a rapid, vocal duet, accompanied by the simultaneous throwing of wings in a jousting star-jump motion. Mum and Dad had obviously concluded that such a display would terrify any unwanted visitor into taking flight, knowing how hopelessness it would be to try to match Mum and Dad's prowess on the wired dance floor.

Dad's satin black face and singular white, slightly cocked eyebrow feather, gave him a rather quizzical appearance. as if waiting for you to answer his question. In contrast, Mum, with her blank white face and lightly set pale blue eyes appeared almost devoid of character. Her personality was also distinctly bland. She was standoffish and disinterested, more akin to a clean sheet of A4 paper. Besides being the recipient of Dad's love, her other claim to fame was a clubbed foot, the result of having become entangled in string while she was a juvenile herself, most likely while still in the nest. Her deformed club foot gave her a distinctive limp and she would wander around the yard trailing a small piece of string like having toilet paper stuck to her heel. But we were never able to remove the string ourselves.

Mum and Dad would go about their daily routines of singing and dancing (or limping in the case of Mum) and staring. One day we noticed that Dad has started to build a mud nest in a neighbouring mature Lilli Pilli tree. He had chosen a precarious branch about 7 meters above the ground was seen laying mud-based mortar straight onto the upper surface of a tree branch, about as round as a human arm ... no thought of choosing a forked branch, or the shelter of a tree trunk, or the comfort of a hammock of leaves, or the security of twigs. Dad was here to build a house of bricks. 'Here is a clear spot, nothing to obscure my work'.....SLAP... 'Do you have a problem with this? How good is the view?' Cocks eyebrow!

The location of the nest was far enough along the branch to maximise the slinging forces of the slightest breeze. One gentle blow and the nest would bounce up and down like the tip of a catapult arm.



One day we came home, parked the car, and were met on the footpath by a juvenile pee wee, standing confidently on the gutter, its long-outstretched neck exaggerated by its vertically striped plumage which seemed to lead straight to long dark legs of the same colour. It was too young to fly, but just stood there, taking a great interest in all that was going on. We couldn't see Mum or Dad and the nest looked empty. So we scooped up the bird and placed it in a wicker

basket in the shade on the top step. It then perched on the edge of the basket, continuing to observe the goings on. With night approaching and several cats in the area, we brought it and put it in the bathroom.

The next day, the bird was placed back in the shade on the front step. We could see Mum and Dad vigorously collecting dragon flies, squidgies, midgits, winged termites, spiders, and anything else that moved. But they would take these meals down the side of the house, not to the bird in the basket.

Following their trail, we found a second baby, also healthy but unable to fly. We put it in the basket with its sibling and christened the youngsters 'B1' and 'B2', their stripped plumage reminiscent of Banana in Pyjamas outfits.

Dad had now become aggressive and would fly up into our face with his talons outstretched. The seriousness of parenthood had finally surpassed the necessity of a dance routine as far as he was concerned. We had to succumb to an occasional wack on the back of the head. It was a good sign as that he was fighting.



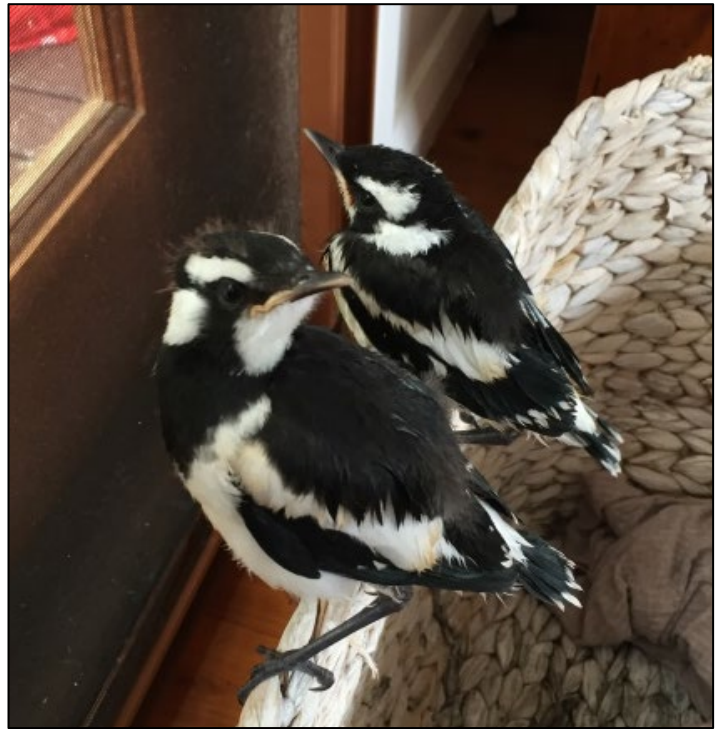
We moved B1, B2 and basket into the bathroom and placed them on the floor, shutting the bathroom door. The window was wide open. In about 5-10 minutes, we could hear the



unmistakable squeal for food, then some strangely muffled sounds. Yes, Dad had worked out he could come and go through the window as he pleased, bringing with him an insect or two to pop down their throats. This went on all through the day. Mum however appeared distracted. She would collect food, but would not bring it in the house. She

would fly off down the street with it.

Following her trail, we found a **third** Peewee chick, dehydrated and with a broken femur. This one I suspect had been thrown from the nest first and had been gone a few days after being exposed to the sun. We treated her with some water, some live grasshoppers and meal worms which we also shared with Dad. We also created a split for the femur using the plastic straw bodies from two Cotton buds and a small strip of tape. We had to christen her B3.



Mum, Dad, B1, B2, and B3 all took up residence in the bathroom. There they lived happily, growing bigger and stronger each day until eventually, after a short period – flew.

Dad completely accepted us as part of the family and seemed consciously aware that we were here to help. He would fly up the

street to perch on my head, shoulder or hand, looking for an exchange of insects and ideas. It wasn't long before we found all the children sitting in the top of the tallest tree, squawking with fear, uncertain how they had flown there and what they should be doing about it.



B1, B2 and the hopping but agile B3 were also quite willing to sit on a finger and have a chat. They would spend the days wandering about the front lawn. Mum and Dad meanwhile were growing increasingly tired of having a trio of adolescence birds refusing to leave home. And horror of horrors, B2 even turned up one day carrying a cigarette butt! Teenagers today – what next!! B3 even swam in the bird bath full off Lilli pili berries and dyed herself purple, as if to emphasise the rebellious nature of youth.

Dad would become quite cross with such delinquent behaviour and the children would drop their heads to the ground, fan their tails out wide and even play dead. We sometimes

felt the urge to intervene, but at the end of the day, it was Dad and Mum's call.

The situation wasn't without tragedy. It was at this time we found a trail of purple feathers spread across the ground and up the road to a resident cat's house. Strewn on the ground were the tell-tale signs of radial tears on the base of the feathers and tufts of down. I cannot understand how reckless and naive cat owners are.

We are now up to our fourth brood since the 'Bs'. We have had the Cs and the Ds but we had to change a 'D' to 'Brown spot' as he had a distinct brown feather on the top of his head. One of the latest brood picked up a limp after being attacked by a magpie.

So what have we learned from this? Well, we were always taught that if you help a baby bird, the parents will abandon it. Our experience proved that this isn't always the case. In fact they seem to appreciate it. Let the parents call the shots. Probably the most important lesson of all is to respect the bond between all living animals. We share a lot more with



birds and animals in so many ways. We are just all trying to adapt to this life the best way we can.

How best to feed magpies?

Magpies have a symbiotic relationship with humans as they eat flies, our rubbish, maggots and rotten meat resulting from road kill. The general consensus

is not to feed magpies but in times of drought and loss of habitat this rule may well be relaxed.

However, feeding them mince or steak does not supply them with a balanced diet as they need the calcium and fibre they would normally receive from eating insects which are not present in meat. A diet of mince alone can lead to metabolic bone disease which eventually deteriorates the bones so much they collapse.

When feeding magpies, moisten the meat with a bit of water and add either Insectivor (Wombaroo) or Chickstarter. The meat will then resemble a crumbed cutlet and will provide the magpie with the much needed nutrients for a balanced diet. Baby birds need professional care and any orphans are best reared with their own species by a licenced carer.

RAPTORS & SEABIRDS (WHOLE BODY-EATERS): Stuff 10g of whole fish, rodent or day old chick.

Cavities may be stuffed by preparing as a slurry and using a syringe

INGREDIENTS

Meat meal, fish meal, blood meal, whey protein, soy protein, vegetable oils, omega-3 and omega-6 fatty acids, lysine, methionine, taurine, carotenoids, vitamins A, B₁, B₂, B₃, B₅, B₆, B₉, B₁₂, C, D₃, E, K, biotin, choline, calcium, phosphorus, potassium, sodium, magnesium, zinc, iron, manganese, copper, iodine, selenium, 1g/kg Actigen® dried yeast prebiotic.

Store in a cool, dry place. Once opened store in an air tight container.

TYPICAL ANALYSIS

Protein	52%
Fat	12%
Ash	11%
Moisture	7%
Energy	16 MJ/kg

Storms and Birdlife

Wildlife groups have all reported great losses, particularly in possums and birdlife during the recent heavy storms in the Greater Sydney area. In fact a tornado tore through Thirlmere inflicting tremendous damage. Unable to escape the gigantic hail stones which pelted down, many birds were either killed outright or had to be euthanised. Our wildlife is at the mercy of extreme weather events, not to mention deforestation and encroaching human development.



Dylan Update

The people at Highlands Veterinary Clinic placed Dylan in our care about eighteen months ago and he is now ready for soft release. The gates are open and he is now a free-living wombat!

Dylan is a very respectful, gentle male wombat and will always respect people and his foster carer. The continuing bond between foster care and wombat is vital in case the animal needs to return to a safe place - and indeed some minor nips and hair loss show that Dylan has already received a bit of discipline from resident wombats - or if one needs to be treated for mange.

Dylan was lucky to have been released at a massive property which we call The Wombat Colonnade. Lush riverbanks and beautiful trees surround special burrows which have been conveniently dug for them – or at least the initial digging has been done – with an auger. It is crucial that our orphans have their own burrows as it's safer, not to mention more respectful, not to borrow a burrow from the resident wisdom. If this were to occur, it would be like one of us going to another town and taking over somebody else's residence. An enormous amount of preparatory work, therefore, must be done before a wombat can be safely released.



Above: Baby Dylan Below: Dylan and friends

It is important to stress that our pre-release wombats do not seek contact with unknown humans. However, a wombat in need of help might seek temporary refuge in a safe homestead or shed, for example when its burrow is flooded or food is scarce. The animals are very vulnerable during their early soft release period and bites from resident wombats open the epidermis to infection or infestation. This is the foster carers' perpetual nightmare.



Lots of rutting which is like a bull scratching the ground often occurs at night with male wombats but this is not necessarily a sign of aggression, rather an 'expression of interest'.



Above: Dylan Below: Dylan's buddy, Christopher

Rutting may occur for several hours, around the burrows, but is important social behaviour which establishes the hierarchical structure of the wisdom and the position of our young newcomer. Experience has told us that respectful wombats fit into a wisdom much more successfully than aggressive, anti social or spoilt wombats.

Our Land for Wildlife properties are safe places for wombats to visit and we are so grateful to landowners to be there for them. Releasing a wombat, albeit a soft release, is always a trying and very stressful time. 'Hard release' is when someone dumps a wombat into a site, without a true home. They need a safe home, supplementary food and water close by because it's nerve wracking for a young wombat to meet free living wombats during their transition into the wild.

Here's something which augurs well for wombats!

During the floods earlier this year, it was feared a wombat was trapped in a burrow which had silted up during the heavy rains. Quick thinking President Brendan hired an auger, an instrument used to dig fence post holes, and resolutely searched for the burrow, digging down at strategic spots to find the actual chamber. This turned out to be quite small – only about two metres square – and to everyone's relief, no wombat, dead or alive, was discovered. What a relief!



Realising the importance of the auger, the Wombatised team purchased our own machine which enables us to create, or at least start a burrow in an area where ancestral burrows have long since been bulldozed over. Wombats and humans have long rivalled over the need to build shelters above the flood line in the riparian zone and it's always wombats who lose the battle.

The auger is used to dig a shallow rectangular hole just below the subsoil, about 3 feet deep, and then the machine is placed at a particular angle to continue the burrow. However, such a contrived, man-made burrow is not always congenial to an adult wombat, so Tania came up with the brilliant idea to get our baby wombats to do a bit of preliminary digging. For one day, two visiting baby wombats have a wonderful time, wallowing in the earth, digging to their hearts content and at the same time absorbing the much needed biomes in the soil, and filing their teeth on the soil as they dig. And at the end of the day there is a beginning of a burrow, fit for any adult wombat!

Orphaned wombats vary considerably in age – or rather, in weight – when they indicate they are ready for soft release. Some want to go at about 18 kilos, others wait till they are about 25 kilos. Experience has shown that the younger the animal the better but at least 20kgs because older teenagers are not perceived as a threat to resident wild adults. Adult wombats will never hurt young wombats as it's natural for them to be left in a burrow while mum ventures off. Sometimes we do see young wombat orphans injured by adult wombats because they are terrified and lonely and push their way on an unwelcoming adult. We always practice soft release by providing a home for our orphans which consists of hand-made burrows with a little covered area above the burrow as well, which acts as a dry-dock

in wet weather. We like our wombats to be able to see out of their compound and commune with the locals without any injury being safe behind old hardened wire fencing, strongly secured into the ground. Michael says it's like building a prison to keep our older orphans in and the wild ones out.

Wildlife carer Chloe Moore cuts and collects huge quantities of grass for our grazing wildlife in care.



*Most of the photos in our newsletters have been taken by
professional photographer,
Tania Clancy.*

*If you would like photographs of a special event – a wedding, or a party –
or indeed photos of your precious pet,
please go to Tania's facebook page:
Tania Clancy Photography*

Bob, the Blue Tongue



Patients visiting the Wintergarden Family Clinic in Bowral will no doubt be familiar with Bob, the Blue Tongue, long time resident of the surgery gardens and very fond of sunning himself on the path leading to the front door! A photo of Bob stands in a prominent position in



the surgery waiting room, warning people not to be afraid of Bob, and miraculously he has remained, undisturbed in this habitat for at least a couple of years.

Blue tongues generally live to about 13 to 15 years old, reaching a size of about 50 centimetres. They are omnivorous, enjoying a diet of plants (greens and

other vegetables), fruit, insects and best of all, snails. To have a blue tongue in the garden is a real honour!

During their first year of life, blue tongues shed their skin about ten times as they grow, continuing to shed several times a year until they reach adulthood. Like most reptiles, they hibernate in winter, in fallen tree trunks or under rocks or decayed vegetation. In built up areas, they often choose a dark corner of the garden, making them vulnerable to the prongs of an unsuspecting gardener's fork. They also love to live in a dry spot under a deck or construction material. However, the greatest threats to the blue tongue are domestic dogs and cats, and sadly, lawnmowers and whipper snippers. Many a blue tongue has been stitched up by wildlife reptile carers after having been injured by any or all of the above.

Like many other lizards, blue tongues have an amazing defence mechanism called caudal autonomy where they drop their tail which continues to wriggle so that the predator is



confused, concentrating on the severed section rather than on the main body. The tail drops off at a series of fracture planes where the muscles sever all connection with the skin, nerves, blood supply and bones. Sadly the tail never grows back, save for a little stump which seals the exposed internal tissues - but at least this gives the animal a better chance of survival.



Reptile expert Ian Usher is our Blue Tongue Lizard and general reptile consultant and has thrilled school students with his wildlife demonstrations, many of whom no doubt now treasure photos of themselves draped with reptiles around their neck and shoulders. Ian used to travel around the country, visiting schools



and teaching children how to respect reptiles, how to remain safe in their presence and how to protect them and their habitat. Sadly Ian is no longer able to conduct these educational sessions due to government regulations and exorbitant insurance costs, so this wonderful educationalist is now silent. We have become such a litigious society, at the cost of so much knowledge, understanding and good will.

Lake Alexandra

A solitary dog walker happened to take these happy shots during a brief, sunny spell yesterday at Lake Alexandra, Mittagong!



A young lace monitor

A water dragon

Black wattle

Pekin ducks: Not all residents have to be native!!





Radiator pines – FRIEND or FOE?

For many gardeners, tall, luxurious radiator pines are nothing but a weed – an introduced species which grows rapidly and ferociously in areas where indigenous eucalypts and other native trees should thrive. However, there are some to whom their large, towering trunks and dark green needles, standing stark against Southern Highland skies, are icons which evoke memories of happy childhood visits to the Highlands.

One thing which most people forget is that radiator pines offer shade and shelter and feed for many native wildlife species and over the years have become ecosystems in their own

right.

The following letter from Tania Clancy is a plea in defence of the radiator pines and other introduced plant species which inhabit the Lower Holt:

I strongly disagree with talk about removing any of the old world habitat trees. The fashion of having just natives on site does not suit this finite ecosystem where a functioning ecology is already dependent in such a small space. We all know that Australia is now a cosmopolitan country. This term usually refers to humans but we have to understand that contemporary Australian vegetation holds the same mix.

The pine is part of the canopy and hosts a rich ecosystem within its massive surface area. The tree creepers moths, sugar gliders etc. depend on the little bugs that live within the deeply textured bark. This is just one example of how important the pine is. For us it would be the equivalent of destroying our homes, our food stores and much more if the pine is removed.

I understand that native gardeners prefer trees other than pines but pines sustain and protect gliders and insect life, particularly within the Lower Holt. To protect the Upper Holt as pristine bushland is a much more achievable and worthwhile project than endeavouring to revegetate the Lower Holt.

Pine plantation forests are full of life and sadly, when bulldozes come to harvest the pine, wildlife is again annihilated. The Native Nazi attitude fuels another persuasive excuse for developers to cut down trees and annihilate whatever wildlife exists. I refer to what happened to Ferguson Crescent. For those who may not know, it was full of old-growth pines of various species but I wonder how many people knew that ring tails loved it and had chosen it for their home, enjoying the leaves as part of their diet. It was a safe path and wonderful habitat. The frogmouth and many birds lived within that small space. This is because this ecosystem is full of volume - a vertical arboreal world not only across and above the land but deep down in the protected soil as well. Trees and scrub insulate the earth.

Contemporary thinking in conservation for example the philosophy of the World Wide Woodlands Trust, understands the necessity of maintaining vegetation to protect the earth. The situation has become desperate, and we need to outgrow the popular misconception that anything which is not indigenous should be removed. There are simply just not enough forest and trees left. We must realise that any tree, native or otherwise, provides shelter, nesting material and often food as well for our wildlife.

The pine that serves the hawk in the northern hemisphere functions the same way in the southern hemisphere. The plants that live around waterways which sustain the beaver sustain the platypus as well. Radiator pines have branches that catch the falling glider and allow them to move through the forest. Life is made of the same building blocks. The parrots beak is the same substance as our fingernails. Simple science.

The Lower Hot is already re-wilded but just because it's not within the native garden construct, doesn't mean it isn't sustaining life and protecting the waterway.

We have extreme weather events and substantial ecology brings healthy resistance no matter what species.

Native grasses will not sustain grazing marsupials within a small space. Our historical farming ability to develop sustainable pasture and grasses has allowed the grazing marsupials to have more sustenance. That's why farmers regard them as pests because they prefer to graze on their pasture- improved land rather than the native grasses within the national parks and native bushland. Given the choice a wombat or a wallaroo would prefer introduced pastoral grass species. I see this every day.

Many people have a tendency to believe a certain ideology without critical thinking, observation and independent research. This is a basic level of science.

If you remove the pines, no matter what you think, the forest will be degraded, the surrounding branches will be destroyed the canopy will no longer be connected.

I hope and implore that this attitude towards removing non-indigenous trees can slowly change the mindset about bush regeneration. **To add rather than subtract is far more sustainable.**

Christmas is coming!!

Looking for a gift for a little person?

***Adorable hand
crafted
kangaroos and
koalas \$20***

***Unique hand
crafted little
wombats and
cockatoos \$18***



Wombat Whiskers

***This delightful, educational book about wombats, for children of **all ages**
is now into its third print! Yes, 400 copies have already been sold!***

\$25

All proceeds go to helping our wildlife.



***Ring 4871 2731 for free delivery
on orders over \$75 within the Southern Highlands!!***



Wombatised Inc.

Vision and Mission statement

Wombatised covers an ever expanding network of people dedicated to the welfare of our native animals with a strong focus on education, conservation and community inclusion. We work for all wildlife with an emphasis on wombats.

Our vision and mission statement covers

- raising of healthy wombat orphans, guiding them to appropriate release sites to ensure their prosperous future.
- overseeing not only of wombats in care but those which have been released and are now free living.
- cultivating effective means of protecting wombats from mange and other welfare problems, saving them from all too common atrocities such as road accidents, being buried alive at development sites, being shot and poisoned etc.
- working with landholders and agencies with environmental focus to plant and protect trees and grasses, and to revegetate areas including riparian zones and wildlife corridors, protecting native habitat.
- liaising with experts in the fields of animal welfare, veterinary science, the environment, farming, construction and other skill areas to establish a cohesive network encompassing all aspects of wildlife care.
- maintaining treatment in the field of diseases such as mange and other parasitic afflictions introduced by early settlers.
- assisting and providing financial support for veterinarians and other experts in research / practise into areas such as respiratory problems, orthopaedic procedures and digestive ailments, learning from their experience and improving hospital facilities and medical provisions for native animals.
- educating and training foster carers and landowners, as well as alerting the community to the very real need to help our wildlife and to become actively involved in protection of wildlife and habitat.

How can you help?

We are now registered as a 'Deductible Gift Recipient' with the Australian Taxation Office. To make a **tax deductible donation**, please deposit your donation into the **Wombatised Public Fund**, with your name and 'gift' as the reference.

Our bank account details are:

BDCU/Alliance Bank

BSB 802-101

Account No. 100078422

Account Name: Wombatised

Reference: Please use your full name

Please advise us of your donation by emailing either

wombatisedinc@gmail.com. or
adriennebradneysmith@gmail.com

We will then send your receipt.

Hands-on Assistance

Hands-on skills would be also greatly appreciated such as construction skills (e.g. building pens), technology (e.g. making cards, sharing information on Facebook), the arts (e.g. photography, film making), tailoring (e.g. sewing animal bags, making burrow flaps), domestic duties (manning stalls), animal husbandry (cleaning enclosures), conservation work, marketing, as well as work on the field. Because of licensing regulations and duty of care, we need interested persons to have working with children accreditation, character references and to demonstrate a willingness to acquire new skills.

Name:

Phone:

Email Address:

Thank you so much for your interest in Wombatised Inc.
Adrienne Bradney-Smith, Secretary