

BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - May 2nd, 2008 7.30pm ★

Mt Pleasant Bowling Club, Bedford Rd, Ardross

MC for May, Lorelie Tacoma

**May is
Autumn Mothers Day
Time for some to pack the caravan
and head North for Winter**

We are looking for a new home

Financial constraints, Insurance etc at the Mt Pleasant Bowling Club have made them have to take a very close look at usage of their facilities, which includes us. Not surprisingly, we are unsustainable (largely to do with the little bar sales we create (It's nice to know we are such a sober bunch)). Consequently we are unaffordable and so need to find another low cost venue. - Several options are being considered, but if you know of any thing suitable (it does not have to be licensed premises), Please give president Brian a ring or contact any other committee member - We are continuing at Mt Pleasant for the next couple of months and will keep you informed as to what's happening



The Origin of Mother's Day goes back to the era of ancient Greek and Romans. But the roots of Mother's Day history can also be traced in UK where a Mothering Sunday was celebrated in medieval times. However, the celebration of the festival as it is seen today is a recent phenomenon and not even a hundred years old. Today Mothers Day is celebrated across 46 countries (though on different dates) and is a hugely popular affair. Millions of people across the globe take the day as an opportunity to honour their mothers, thank them for their efforts in giving them life, raising them and being their constant support and well wisher.

And Grandma's too...

While we honour all our mothers with words of love and praise.
While we tell about their goodness and their kind and loving ways.
We should also think of Grandma, she's a mother too, you see....
For she mothered my dear mother as my mother mothers me.
Author Unknown



With ANZAC Day having just passed it is still an opportunity time to present poems and stories relating to our military forces. I recently came upon a website devoted to the Australian Soldier and on it found this poem. Unfortunately its origin is given "Author unknown". I am quite sure that somewhere, someone will lay claim to it—my apologies for presenting it without acknowledging the poet.

The Final Inspection

The Soldier stood and faced his God,
Which must always come to pass.
He hoped his shoes were shining,
Just as brightly as his brass.

Step forward now, you Soldier,
How shall I deal with you?
Have you always turned the other cheek?
To My Church have you been true?'

The Soldier squared his shoulders and said,
'No, my Lord, I ain't.
Because those of us who carry guns,
Can't always be a saint.

I've had to work most Sundays,
And at times my talk was tough.
And sometimes I've been violent,
Because the world is awfully rough.

But, I never took a dollar,
That wasn't mine to keep...
Though I worked a lot of overtime,
When the bills got just too steep.

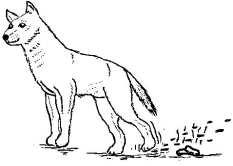
And I never passed a cry for help,
Though at times I shook with fear.
And sometimes, God, forgive me,
I've wept unmanly tears.

I know I don't deserve a place,
Among the people here.
They never wanted me around,
Except to calm their fears.

If you've a place for me here, Lord,
It needn't be so grand.
I never expected or had too much,
But if you don't, I'll understand.

There was a silence all around the throne,
Where the Saints had often trod.
As the Soldier waited quietly,
For the judgment of his God.

'Step forward now, you Soldier,
You've borne your burdens well.
Walk peacefully on Heaven's streets,
You've done your time in Hell



Scratchings

Dot and I are now back in Perth and hopefully the other dramas that have been going on in our lives having largely been resolved, so things can return to normal (Whatever that might be) We may be away for a short time during mid May.

And another "Different" muster again last month. If you recall, we ran a short poem competition. It had some fairly strict size limitations and the topic was "Autumn". Having planned for about 10 entries (double that of the last similar competition) I found myself having to add extra numbers to the judging sheets, finally stopping at 22. This was an overwhelming response, even more so as we had poems from 4 people who had not previously had any of their work presented at a muster. See Dots Wrap Up on page 6 for the results and more info. I would like to thank Hadley Provis for coming up with the concept, all of the poets who put their rhyming caps on to present a wonderful range of Autumn verses, and also to the people who read the poems from writers who were not present or were new and a bit apprehensive about standing up to present their work. It is not an easy task to write a good rhyming poem but when you have to fit within some quite tight restraints as to the number of lines and the length of each line, it is even more difficult. A big thank you also to the five people who "volunteered" to be judges, three of who happened to be along for the very first time. Talk about getting an instant introduction to rhyming verse. Congratulations all.

We were all saddened to hear of the passing of member, poet and judge, Bill McAtee — Our sincere condolences and sympathy are extended to his family. It was unfortunate that last month's Bully Tin had just been sent to the printer when I found out the sad news.

As you have seen on the front page, we are looking for a new home. So far several members have contacted me regarding possible new venues, a huge THANK YOU to all of those people who have taken the time to find out some details. These will all be looked at in the next two weeks or so. If you can think of any others, please give me a ring. The criteria we are looking for are: seating for about 80 people, kitchen facilities, adequate parking, low cost, access for those of us who are no longer able to leap tall buildings and I suppose we should be in the Fremantle - Vic Park strip (this is where about 80% of our metro members live), although other locations are not totally excluded (We did have one tentative offer at Bullsbrook, but I did think it was a bit far away).

Our AGM is getting closer (it will precede our July Muster) and it is time to consider YOUR involvement in our Association. I will be re-nominating for the President's position, and if elected would like to have all positions filled with enthusiastic, pro active committee members. Some of our current committee members will not be re-nominating and it is hoped that their positions can be filled. In the past several years, we have, unfortunately, had difficulty filling some important positions which has created some management difficulties. It would be nice if we could also include a person or two who has (or is prepared to learn) some web management and desktop publishing skills as I find that as I also do these tasks, I have limited time for other organisational aspects.

A big thank you to whoever anonymously left a box of Australian poetry and story books on my doorstep. Some I will retain as reference for this newsletter, the remainder will shortly find their way into our library which Grace Williamson manages. Member are reminded that books in our library are available for loan. Either give Grace a ring or see her at our Musters.

Regards to all

Brian Langley, President.

What's on in the Bush?

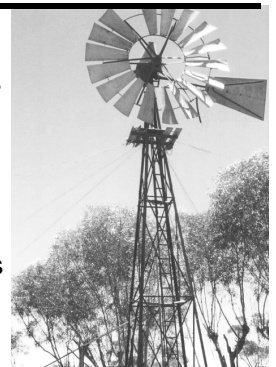
The **Moondyne Joe Festival** will be held at Toodyay on Sunday, May 4th. Any last minute poets who will be at Toodyay and want to tread the boards, Please ring President Brian ASAP. I'm not sure what is meant to happen if the wet weather we have been having during April continues. Hopefully there is some contingency plans for this.

I recently received an e-mail promoting the first of what hopefully will become a regular event. It seems that our existence was not previously known to the group organising the event but this has now been corrected and we hope to see one or two along at our musters. Anyway, the event is

PIES, POETS, PUNS AND PERFORMERS NIGHT

It will be held at the "**Chequers**" **Golf Club just north of Bullsbrook** (that's up near Pearce RAAF airstrip on Gt Northern Hwy on Friday May 9th commencing 6.30 and finishing at 10pm. The evening has no formal programme but will draw upon the talents of various people from the district and from Perth. It will include finalists from local schools "Anything Oz" poetry competition. The cost is a mere \$10 per head (adults) \$5 for school kids and this includes Dinner. If you are interested in attending, please book a table for 4, 6 or 8 ASAP by phoning 9386 1530 or 9296 4968 or e-mail goodmate@westnet.com.au When booking please indicate if you are willing to be part of the entertainment.

Dot and I will be going along— does anyone want to join us - Brian L



Country members - Is anything Poetically Australian going on in your neck of the woods? If so we'd like to hear about it and if it fits our criteria, give it some promotion.

And one of several equal fifths

Autumn -Revisited John Miller

I think I've been "ere" before!
Cool cloudy weather "knockin" at "me" door
It seems only yesterday I was relieved
When summers hot sting was finally sheathed.

"Complainin'?" Not I, just startled you see
The way that the seasons are racing by me
"All the leaves are brown"; they sing
In a blink they'll be Green and it'll be spring

Surely it comes round quick, when "yer" old
After twenty one, its "down-hill" I'm told
But twelve months have past since autumn was
"ere"

Four seasons gone and I've aged a year.

Autumn! I can't believe "me" eyes
Watching the rain clouds appear in the skies
I'm not "complainin'" that's life you see
To "savor each moment" I think is the key.

With April having, for us, (at the time of writing) almost reached the all time record rainfall, we can dispense with poems about drought and look at those about rain, fortunately for us here its been steady and not destructive flooding as in some other places. So here is a little ditty from an 11 year old girl in Queensland.

Drought Breaker

As the farmer knelt down on the salty sand,
He needed rain to save his land.
The crops were wilting, the cattle all dead,
He looked around, not a word was said.

The ground was dry, where is the rain?
What could stop this worthless pain?
The farmer cursed in sheer despair,
He did not have a drop to spare.

A thundercloud covers the western sky,
A bolt of lightning explodes near by.
The farmer looks up and begins to pray,
Hoping that the rain will come his way.

Then drip-by-drip it starts to fall,
The crystal water like a clear glass wall.
The trees and flowers all in bloom,
Then once again, gone is the gloom.

The water fills the old parched creek,
The rivers bulge as the waters peak.
The mud squelches through the farmer's dry old hands,
As he thanks the Lord for saving his land.

© Meg Hayes St Mary's Primary School



And another Mother's Day poem, this time with kind permission of "The Poem Guy", **Mick Colliss**, who many of you may have heard on 6PR. You can find out a whole lot more about Mick by going to his website www.thepoemguy.com.au

A Lesson from my Father

My father's taught me many things, some more use than others.
The most important thing he taught me centred on my mother.
"Son," he said. "No matter what you do or you become
Just make sure – no matter what – you always love your mum."

"Your mum is without doubt the greatest gift I've given you.
She's thoughtful, kind and patient and she's honest, through and through.
The thing that you don't realise are the many roles she plays
The many jobs she does with ease on every single day.

"Your mother, she's a diplomat, an all rounder, a vet.
Alarm clock, dietician - and a wife let's not forget.
A peace maker, a hairdresser, a teacher, volunteer
Lie detector, dress maker, domestic engineer.

"Baby sitter, memory maker, psychic, navigator
Photographer, psychiatrist, a painter/decorator
She shops for you, she finds your stuff, cleans up the mess you make
Does your clothes, washes up and decorates your cake.

"Comedian, detective, chef – there is nobody wiser.
Match maker, recycler, and a birthday organiser
Money lender, tooth fairy, event co-ordinator
I tell you, she does everything – there is nobody greater.

"So when your mother says she's tired, you know it's not a lie.
When she says she needs a hand, I hope you now know why.
You only have one mother, son. So cherish her with care.
You'll never know her value till you see her empty chair.

© Mick Colliss 2007

Letter to the Editor: My daughter, Philippa Newman, came third in the City of Melville Bush Poetry recitation last year. She thoroughly enjoyed the experience and I noticed that there seemed to be some problems 'getting the news out there' to interested children that the competition was on!

I'm launching a children's literary magazine in mid-2008 called Alphabet Soup, for children who are interested in books, poetry and creative writing. The magazine will have an 'events' section. If you are planning future competitions for children, please email the details to me I would be happy to include them in the events listings. (

Perhaps some of your members may also be interested in submitting bush poetry (or short stories) that would be suitable for children under 10? If so, the guidelines for adult's submissions are available on the website under 'writers wanted'.
www.alphabetsoup.net.au

Regards
Rebecca Newman

Anybody interested in writing for kids, please Note - Ed.

April Muster Wrap-up - by Dot

After a brief introduction by President, Brian Langley about the rules that would be applied for the Autumn short verse poetry competition, our MC Trish Yensch, wearing her Gallipoli "T" shirt reminded everyone about Anzac Day and her visit to the memorial service last year.

Rusty Christensen was our first presenter with Bert Beroz's poem "Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels". With the story about the Kokoda Track (not trail as some would have it) and the incredible "Fuzzy Wuzzy" people who helped our soldiers. With tattoos on their faces and leaves to keep off the rain these people were a savior with their exploits, and made many think that perhaps Christ was Black.

Barry Higgins went to present his autumn poem, but was asked to wait until the competition, he quickly changed tack and gave us some stories about his kids and grandkids, and how do you reply to a young person when "that" question is asked!

Then, with Henry Lawson's "Scotts of the Riverina", **Grace Williamson** told of the father that would not forgive his son for running away from home so he scratched out his name from the family bible. The boy enlisted and the family begged for pardon but the old man would not be moved. After hearing the news that the boy had been killed at Flanders, they found the old man dead with the bible opened before him and a name newly rewritten there.

Next to the podium was **Frank Heffernan** had his views on "Climate Change", a poem he had only recently completed, It presented a very solemn point of view as a wake up call for everyone. For it is a war on the environment, with ecological disasters polluting this planet. We have green house ultra violet rays, and our rivers are eroding. The fish are dying and we have dust storms every day and we get glimpses of the future through a dim and misty curtain.

Christine Boulton then trod the boards and told us a rather long one of her new poems about Crooked Mick (of the "Tales from the Speewah" fame). This amazing sequence of events resulted in the light poles along the Freeway getting their curves. It seems that when the straight poles were installed it was noticed that they didn't light up the road so it was decided that they needed to be bent. Various suggestions resulted in Crooked Mick's plan to get a bullock train and pull them over, but this resulted in an enormous pile of bullock 'poo' along the way. The smell was offensive so it was gathered up and used as burley to attract sharks, but fish came from everywhere and so did the Pelicans and Cormorants for this feeding frenzy. While waiting to digest their food the Pelicans settled on the light poles on the Freeway and as they were bloated with fish the poles bent under the weight. Of course we had to put up with the road being covered with 'bird poo' but the fishing was great.

A new face **Graham Hedley** presented his own prose "Grey" about the colours of his working week, but come the weekend he can relax and have a good time.

Bob Chambers then came to the microphone with one of his own "The Ballad of Bodgers Brook" which told the story about a bet made that not a drop of rain would come. As Bodger staggered home he lay down in the gully with his barrow full of his supplies. His mates left him there while they debated whether the rain would come. "Hughie" sent it down alright and Bodger lost the bet. The next day when the valley had been blocked up and flooded they saw the cause of this new inland lake. It was Bodger and his belly.

Trish Joyce reminded us with her own "Secretaries Day" that when 'he' had accepted the job of being secretary she had to do all the work, typing and preparing all his letters. But revenge is sweet when she gave in her resignation

New member and poet **John Miller** who's brilliant work we were introduced to last month then presented one of his own he had just written, "Old Blokes". You hear the old blokes telling their war stories, of the hardships they endured and the loss of the young men that were full of hope and dreams. Men who had heard the call to serve King and Country and through the mud and blood where fever reigns and sickness is ever present as they set off did they really know what they were about to face?

With another new one, **Caroline Sambridge** presented a quirky look at "Crows Advice". Outside the Belmont shops the crows had gathered and in the afternoon breeze they were eating anything they could find from the bins, because eating rubbish keeps you alive.

With a reminder that the '50's were a time of great social change, **Brian Langley** told of Rock and Roll, the introduction of TV and the Melbourne Olympics, but our language too was undergoing change, albeit for a different reason. His "Speakin' Strine" told of the influence that fly screens, rubbish removal and the change to flushing loos had upon the way we speak. It reminded city dwellers that the old way of speaking can still be heard in country folk. Why you may ask, this was answered in the last line "out in the bush, they've still got flies

With a story about Palestine **Trish Yensch** concluded the first half with David Mc Nicoll's "Airline". The thousand voices from heads bent in prayer could not hide the sound of planes coming into Galilee with the mail. The sights and sounds of home would be bought to us from the mail that we received.

We had an early supper as the list of poems for the "Autumn" Short Poetry Competition just kept getting longer and longer. Many poets had produced 2 poems, and some poets had excelled themselves in writing 3 or 4 but had to limit themselves to just two.

Nearly half of the presentations were from totally new or just emerging poets, which is fantastic for the future of writing and performing poets. We had 22 written poems presented not necessarily by the writer to keep some semblance of mystery as to who the writer could be. We chose the Judges by raffle ticket number and out of the 5 judges chosen, we had 3 who had attended for the first time, so we had some fresh people adjudicating the poems.

All the Judges took their task seriously and marked according to their feelings and thoughts. A really big THANK YOU to them as it must have been hard to keep up with the poetry and mark and listen and appreciate the work all at the same time.

The topic for the short poetry competition was "Autumn" and we had poems about the colours of the leaves changing from green to bronzes and browns, the promise of cooler weather bringing the hope for rain, along with the farmers eternal plea for a good start to the season. Other interpretations of the theme resulted in The autumn time of our lives when things slow down a bit, and also the fact that it is usually nine months past the cuddly snugly colder winter weather when autumn babes are being born. The autumn government budgets were commented on as well as several who blessed the passing of Daylight Saving and the beginning of the 'footy' and there were still more and more leaves of different colours.

The difficulties of rhyming with "Autumn" were overcome with some ingenious uses of dropped letters to get "caught 'em and transport 'em".

The results were very close and only a very few marks separated the first and fourth places.

The Winners were	First Place	Frank Heffernan
	Second Place	Brian Langley
	Equal Third Place	Paul Johnston and Barry Higgins

And congratulations to ALL our poets for you are the backbone of our association and the future is secured with the talent displayed on this night.

One of our new and emerging poets, *Brian's words*, (*Dot Note I wonder when you will become just one of the bunch John*) **John Miller** then presented his first Autumn poem "Autumn Weather" which was about B@#\$% day light saving, the weather and cooler times. He had sent this to Brian for comment. Brian had replied with some suggestions but had indicated that there were too many syllables in many of the lines for it to be a valid entry. Brian then read the reply to this that John had sent him, "Autumn, Desyllabised" in which he wrote about stuff close to his heart but unfortunately that too had too many syllables to be a valid entry.

With a long poem by Henry Lawson "The Roaring Days", **Grace Williamson** gave us a tremendous performance. With the glasses raised on high and the toasts to the past of the days spent with faithful mates as they looked for the wondrous places their eager eyes sought. The images that this poem brings is of a land full of opportunity as our pioneers traveled through out living rough, clearing the timber and looking for the gold then moving on when another opportunity beckoned.

In a return to the mic' **Graham Hedley** presented another piece of prose (non rhyming poetry) about his love/hate relationship with cricket. Graham has only recently arrived from Pommie land and has yet to come to grips with our genre's style of consistent rhyme and rhythm, perhaps we'll need to work on him a bit! But it is great to see new talent treading the boards.

With Bob Magor's poem "Grandma's Washing Machine", **Rusty Christensen** presented this fortunate woman with her pride and joy, a brand new washing machine with its own wringer. But much to her consternation when she got her apron and then her dress caught up in the wringer, her boobs got caught as well and were somewhat flattened.

Frank Heffernan then presented CJ Denis's "The Play". What a performance with only the smallest of stutters. CJ is so hard to do well with his dropped consonants and rhyming slang but Frank did a marvelous job. The play is all about,well it's a story about going to the play Romeo and Juliet with Doreen and Bill (the Bloke) deciding that the whole thing is quite ridiculous. This is a very good summary and parody on the famous love affair.

Brian Langley finished the night's entertainment with two of his own short ones Migration and Morning Noises. With the coming of the cooler months the great migration starts with the grey nomads heading off for warmer parts beside oceans, lakes and tree filled parks to spend these times in a space almost as large as their bathrooms back at home. In Morning Noises there is the continuing interruption of the early morning by birds, Kombi van doors, Trucks, trains whistles, kids bouncing basketballs up and down, folk that chatter as they pass and the council workers mowing the grass. If only everything would be quite until half past b#\$%@ eight.

Dot Note (Sorry I have been on holidays and what with all the dramas happening in our lives my sense of the ridiculous had disappeared but I'm back.....)

"At our age people expect us to be mature, wise and sensible. Disillusion them. Wear the fairy dress out shopping!!! Now if I can just find my wings"

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2007—2008

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Noreen Boyd	Secretary	9472 1384	
Phyllis Tobin	Treasurer	9364 4323	
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Anne Hayes	Committee	9377 1238	hayseed4@optusnet.com.au
Trish Joyce	Committee	9493 1995	
Rusty Christensen	Past President	9364 4491	rustnjude@bigpond.com

Members please note— Please contact any of the above committee members if you have any queries or issues you feel require attention

☆☆ Upcoming Events ☆☆

Please let the editor know if you are aware of any event which might be of interest to the general membership

Apr 28	May 1	Qld State Champs	Charters Towers Qld — see earlier Bully Tin for contact details
May 2	WAPB&YS Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club	Guest Artist Peter Harries Lorelie Tacoma MC
May 4	Moondyne Joe Festival	Toodyay — Poetry being co-ordinated by President Brian	
May 9	Pies Poets and Performers	Chequers Golf Club, Bullsbrook	see page 2 for details
May 10-11	Stockmans Hall of Fame Championships	Longreach Qld	www.stockmanshalloffame.com.au
May 25	Monto Cream Can Awards	closing date, Written comp — no entry fee	CNBT 24 Newton Street Monto Qld 4630
May 30	Bush Lantern Written Awards	Closing date - Bundy Muster	Sandy 07 4151 4631 lees@interworx.com.au
June 6	WABP&YS Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club	Experienced Poets. Barry Higgins MC
June 8	Beaudesert Bush Poetry Comp	Beaudesert, Qld	07 5541 4355
July 1	Derby Poets brekky	Derby WA Robyn	08 9191 1611
July 4	WABP&YS Muster	Venue unknown at this time	preceded by AGM
July 11	Australian Bush Poetry Championships	Closing date— Written Comp - entry forms from	www.abpa.org.au/Bush_Poetry/entry.html
July 31	Nandewar Open Written Comp	closing date	SSAE PO Box 55 Narrabri NSW 2390
Aug 22	Womens Weekly / Meat & Livestock Bush Poetry Comp	closing date, BIG prizes – entry forms in August	“Australian Womens Weekly”

Regular events - Albany Bush Poetry group 4th Thursday of each month **Peter 9844 6606**
Geraldton Bush poetry Group Last Friday of each month **Catherine 9938 3813**

Do you want to be part of the National Scene — Then you might consider joining the Australian Bush Poets Assn
www.abpa.org.au Annual membership \$30 payable to Treasurer Margaret
 coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au (02) 6652 3716

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.com

Country Poets

Coming to the City? - City lights are fine, but 1st Fridays could see **you** shine at our Muster. If you are coming to the big smoke on a muster night why not come along and be part of our get together. Give us a bit of notice and you might even find yourself being star act (but only if you want to be). This applies also to Bush Poets from other places and those past member poets whose lives have now gone in different directions.

Country Poets -Is there anything poetic going on in your neck of the woods. If so, why not drop us a line and tell us about it

Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit our website www.wabushpoets.com Go to the “Performance Poets” page	<table border="0"> <tr> <td>Members’ Poetic Products</td> <td>Rod & Kerry Lee</td> <td>CDs</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Victoria Brown (new)</td> <td>Arthur Leggett</td> <td>books, inc autobiography</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Peter Blyth</td> <td>Keith Lethbridge</td> <td>books</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Rusty Christensen</td> <td>Corin Linch</td> <td>books</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Brian Gale</td> <td>Val Read</td> <td>books</td> </tr> <tr> <td>John Hayes</td> <td>Caroline Sambridge</td> <td>book</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Tim Heffernan</td> <td>Peg Vickers</td> <td>books</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Brian Langley</td> <td></td> <td>books & laminated poems</td> </tr> </table>	Members’ Poetic Products	Rod & Kerry Lee	CDs	Victoria Brown (new)	Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography	Peter Blyth	Keith Lethbridge	books	Rusty Christensen	Corin Linch	books	Brian Gale	Val Read	books	John Hayes	Caroline Sambridge	book	Tim Heffernan	Peg Vickers	books	Brian Langley		books & laminated poems	
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