

BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - February 5th, 2010 7.30pm MC Jill Miller★
Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

**February is
 Back to School Valentines Day
 Bushfire and Cyclone seasons**

Being the month of Valentines Day, I thought a few love poems would be appropriate, so to start this edition, we have a Henry Lawson poem:

The Free Selectors Daughter

I met her on the Lachlan Side --
 A darling girl I thought her,
 And ere I left I swore I'd win
 The free-selector's daughter.

I milked her father's cows a month,
 I brought the wood and water,
 I mended all the broken fence,
 Before I won the daughter.

I listened to her father's yarns,
 I did just what I 'oughter',
 And what you'll have to do to win
 A free-selector's daughter.

I broke my pipe and burnt my twist,
 And washed my mouth with water;
 I had a shave before I kissed
 The free-selector's daughter.

Then, rising in the frosty morn,
 I brought the cows for Mary,
 And when I'd milked a bucketful
 I took it to the dairy.

I poured the milk into the dish
 While Mary held the strainer,
 I summoned heart to speak my wish,
 And, oh! her blush grew plainer.

I told her I must leave the place,
 I said that I would miss her;
 At first she turned away her face,
 And then she let me kiss her.

I put the bucket on the ground,
 And in my arms I caught her:
 I'd give the world to hold again
 That free-selector's daughter!

Many of the Australian rhyming poets of past times wrote love poems, not the flowery sonnets of the English poets, but stories that were set in reality, among the day to day life of our largely rural population of that time, This poem is from Barcroft Boake and is titled

On The Boundary

I Love the ancient boundary-fence,
 That mouldering chock-and-log.
 When I go ride the boundary
 I let the old horse jog
 And take his pleasure in and out
 Where the sandalwood grows dense,
 And tender pines clasp hands across
 The log that tops the fence.

'Tis pleasant on the boundary-fence,
 These sultry summer days;
 A mile away, outside the scrub,
 The plain is all ablaze,
 The sheep are panting on the camps,
 The heat is so intense;
 But here the shade is cool and sweet
 Along the boundary-fence.

I love to loaf along the fence,
 So does my collie dog,
 He often finds a spotted cat
 Hid in a hollow log;
 He's very near as old as I
 And ought to have more sense,
 I've hammered him so many times
 Along the boundary-fence.

My mother says that boundary fence
 Must surely be bewitched;
 The old man says that through that fence
 The neighbours are enriched;
 It's always down, and through the gaps
 Our stock all get them hence,
 I takes me half my time to watch
 The doings of that fence.

But should you seek the reason
 You won't travel very far,

'Tis there a mile away among
 The murmuring Belar:
 The Jones's block joins on to ours,
 And so, in consequence,
 It's part of Polly's work to ride
 Their side the boundary-fence.





Walking Different Tracks

From the general poetic world - Each Saturday afternoon the WA Poets Inc. present "readings" - which features a guest poet or two, also they have "open mic" where anyone can have a go. It's at The Moon cafe. 2-4pm, 323 William Street, Northbridge

Are you interested in short story writing , if so the Bundaberg Short Story Competition might be for you.

This competition seeks short stories up to 2,500 words. \$5 per entry (5 entries for \$20); Prizes: First \$300; Second \$100. Closes 12 March. Details and entry forms available at website listmail.bam.com.au/t/r/l/kuklw/cfjrkr/k (the address would almost qualify as a short story—Ed)

In February:

- 1606 First recorded landing by a European on Australia (Willem Jansz on Cape York Peninsular)
- 1779 Capt. James Cook killed in Hawaii
- 1858 First manned balloon flight in Australia
- 1895 First women's right to vote in Australia (South Australia)
- 1913 Construction of Canberra commences
- 1915 Allied warships unsuccessfully attempt to pass thru the Dardanelles—this led to the later Gallipoli campaign
- 1942 Japanese first bombing of Darwin
- 1964 HMAS Voyager collides with HMAS Melbourne, killing 82 sailors
- 1966 Decimal currency introduced into Australia
- 1983 Ash Wednesday bushfires in Victoria and South Australia
- 2009 Victoria's Black Saturday bushfires in which 178 people lost their lives



Australia Day 2010

I'm writing this on the eve of Australia Day—so I've no idea just how it will go, but I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of those people who make events such as this possible. In the previous Bully Tin, we asked for a few "young" blokes to help with the physical work—no sooner had it been delivered than I got a few phone calls and e-mails from members offering their services. Thanks, blokes. Again, we have more than enough poets, which means that each will have only a relatively short spell at the microphone. In the past I have heard a few performers express such comments as , "It's a long way for only five minutes" - This is surely a rather selfish view—no matter how long or short your stint at the mic' is, you are there to represent the WA Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners, not as a personal ego trip. Even if you are not performing at all, I would hope that you would come along to this, our major metro function for the year. For myself, I have purposely cut my performance time so that our audience can hear more from the country people who have travelled long distances to perform, and whom we generally see very little, if any of, at normal musters.

So in anticipation of this, once again being a top class event, I would like to thank not only the workers, but the performers and the people in the background for presenting our Assn to a (hopefully) very appreciative audience. .

Unfortunately, the only funding we were able to attract was from the City of Melville. Once more they have been very supportive and we thank them for this.

Bentley Park Access—Seems that demolition and building at Bentley Park continues to create access difficulties - If you come into Bentley Park via Aidie and Talbot Rds, you may have problems for the Feb Muster - I'm told that the entry that most people use— i.e. **Plantation Dve, from Jarrah Rd, will be open**

March Muster - Festival of Writers -

We are seeking poems from **not performers** and country members for presentation at our March Muster. So - Could you all PLEASE submit a poem or two from your list. Something between about three and five minutes would be ideal. We will select poems from your submissions, hopefully being able to make a well rounded presentation.

We are also looking for "Readers" to present these poems to our audience and will try and match the poems with suitable "readers"

So— would writers please give or send their poems to Dot (who will be MC) either at the February Muster, e-mail brumbrum@tpg.com.au or post 2 typed copies (font size 12 or bigger), to 86 Hillview Tce, St. James 6102.

Intending Readers, also please inform Dot of your wish to participate.

Poets in the Park — Brunch at Mosman Park

We have been asked by the Mosman Park Council to help them promote their refurbished "Bay View Park" and to this end we are currently negotiating the details for a Morning Brunch event.

This will take place on Sunday, April 18th, commencing at 10am and going through until 12.30. The venue is the Perth end of Bay View Park, on Johnson Pde, Mosman Park, just up the road a little from the Mosman Park River Shop. There is ample parking, BBQs etc. The park has magnificent river views and will be an ideal place to present ourselves to the western suburbs public.

The format will be similar to previous "Poets in the Park" where several poets present our form of poetry in the open air, with the audience sitting around under the trees.

At this time, the Mosman Council are still negotiating with a couple of community groups with a view to having refreshments available for sale. under the trees

We would like to have about 5 poets performing - interested? Please contact President Brian.

From **Bushfire** by Frank Halliwell. (Jimboomba Qld)

The sun hangs like a furnace
in the brassy sky at noon,
All living things are hiding from it's blaze.
The sultry air surrounds us
like a smothering cocoon,
The distance is a dusty, shimmering haze

The ever shifting puffs of wind
become a steady breeze
And swing around into the north northwest.
It strips the last of moisture
from the grasses and the trees
And gently rocks some fledglings in their nest.

The months of drought have turned
once verdant land a lifeless brown,
The earth is parched and cracking from the heat.
The trees are dry as bulldust
from the roots up to the crown.
A week of steady rain would be a treat.

But down along the river
to the west, below the ridge,
It seems that fate has formed a different plan,
For a curl of smoke is rising
from the grass beside the bridge.
For whatever reason, here the fire began.

Timid at first, the flames advance
across the earth's dry face
Toward the litter lying thick beneath the trees.
And a bone dry bush says 'welcome',
to the flames' torrid embrace
And the sparks go swirling downwind on the breeze.

And where they touch the flames spring up
to spread the fire wide
And the insects die in millions in the grass..
As the questing flames seek out the spots
where they have run to hide
And the searing heat leaves nothing room to pass.

Emboldened now, it crackles on
along the river bank
As choking smoke goes streaming through the trees.
And up the slope beside the track
through herbage dry and rank
And it vaults across the narrow road with ease.

And the fire spares no pity
as it rages up the slope
With it's smoke and heat and flame that act as goads
To the mass that flee before it,
with evaporating hope
As the superheated canopy explodes.

It cascades burning embers
as it leaps from tree to tree
And spawns the fires' offspring far and wide.
Two scared young hawks await their fate
in their remote eyrie
As the fire charges up the mountainside.

The hot wind is a living thing,
a servant to the beast:
To this ever changing monster without form,
And the oxygen it carries

Thank God It's Over

Another Christmas is over; yeah, it's surely been and gone,
The fat bloke was supposed to visit; well, he didn't stay here long.
I reckon I musta upset him, not leaving him out a drink or a feed,
But fair dinkum pigging out at every house is sheer blooming greed.

They call it the festive season; oh yeah the season of good will,
But to make all that ham, thousands of pigs they have to kill.
And I wouldn't wanna be a turkey getting fattened and in my prime,
For our feathered friends you know Christmas is a most unhealthy time.

They get stuffed full of seasoning and cooked on the range,
For the season of goodwill I reckon these acts are pretty strange.
And that's when all the rellies visit, including them that I don't trust,
I have to bite me tongue and hold me words, until I'm fit to bust.

Me I'm glad it's flaming over all this bloody Christmas cheer,
Them visitors ate all me tucker and drank all me blooming beer.
And they nearly burnt me shed down with their carols by candle light,
Then expected me to sing along and welcome Christmas night.

And what about all this rubbish on the telly, Christmas movie repeats,
All showing snow and ice, while me, I'm sweltering in the heat.
The radio programmes are different; I dunno what I'm listening to,
And just when I'm comfortable I'm told it's time to light the barbeque.

Retailer's whinging Christmas sales are down, they'll soon be going broke,
They're being interviewed on telly, our sympathy they try to evoke.
They must think I'm dumb, only born a day or two ago,
Something wrong with me head; perhaps they think I'm a little slow.

Then there are them Boxing Day sales now that's a circus and a half,
All them shoppers getting conned, boy that really makes me laugh.
The sale price is probably what it should have been all along,
People think they are getting bargains in the surge of the maddened throng.

Thank goodness it's another twelve months before it all happens once more,
But you know what they already got Easter eggs down at the local store.
Things are too commercial that's why I'm not keen on the festive season,
People spending money they don't have without any rhyme or reason.

So yeah I'm glad things are back to normal, the worlds been set to rights,
And people have removed their Christmas tree and taken down the lights.
Turkeys and pigs can relax for a bit, the majority of us are sick of ham,
An' if you think I'm a grumpy old man, well yeah, I suppose I am.

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garnishes it's master's feast..
As it feeds the all-consuming firestorm.

At the plateau's edge it falters,
here the boulders thickly lie,
And the grass and scrub grow sparsely here and there,
And without the fuel to feed it,
it must very quickly die,
And the hot wind wails a note of pure despair.

The blood-red sun descends to earth
beyond the ravaged plains
To be swallowed up beneath the distant seas,
And through the night the hungry flames
consume what fuel remains,
Punctuated by the crash of falling trees.

The new day arrives in glory,
with a sunrise to amaze
The like of which is seen by very few,
But it lights a scene of stygian murk
and drifting smoky haze,
With blackened ruin the only thing in view.

January Wrap—up - by Dot

A brand new year saw us having our muster a week later because of the dates of the first Friday (it was New Year's Day). Still we had a very good turn up of some new people and some familiar faces.

Our best wishes to performer Bob Chambers who is not well we all wish him the very best.

With our MC for the night **Trish Yensch** running late due to a flat tire, there was a bit of a scramble at the start but she settled down and did a fantastic job.

POETS PLEASE REMEMBER I need a copy of your poem when it is your own **OR** it is by someone we normally don't hear from. The classic writers (Banjo, Henry, CJ and the like) I have access to via their books or the Internet. I also have Jim Haynes book BUT there are many poems I can't track down, both in the normal presentations and in the "Readings from the Classics".

Frank Heffernan from Narrogin was the first of our presenters tonight and he had a difficult topic to tell us about, or is it? "Domestic Violence", tells of the drama of playing chess with the wife particularly when you have been the one to teach her the tactics of playing to win. Seems that 'she' had lured him into a corner just at the time he thought he had the upper hand. His second presentation "Bring Back the Train" examined the impact on our roads of so many trucks carrying grain and produce that used to be carried by rail.

Dot Note You may get your wish as the current Government examines the pro's and con's of reopening train lines to southern and different parts.

With Alec 'Mac' Cormack's poem "Believe it or Not", **Grace Williamson** told of the gun shearer who had come to the end of his run and was on his way home with a pocket full of cash. Stopping for the night he was joined by an old swaggie. The shearer started to brag about his good fortune while the swaggie went and got a knife out of his pack. The shearer panicked at this point remembering stories of people who had been murdered while they slept. Waiting for the swaggie to fall asleep he crept away but he kept hearing footsteps behind him so he got faster and faster, but tripped and fell. The swaggie stood over him and asked 'who's after us son?' No one is after us, 'then why are we running son?'

With guitar to accompany him **Wayne Pantall**, who loves John Schuman's musical renditions of Henry Lawson's poetry sang "To an Old Mate". This just shows that these words written so long ago can be 'modernised' with musical arrangements to bring them up to date. Perhaps if the children heard these they would be more interested in our old poets? But then again it would have to be done in "rap" wouldn't it? The poem (song) is written to an old friend to tell him that he isn't forgotten and in place of the letters that he had promised to write, he's sending some poems.

We welcome a new poet to our midst. **Pat Sundstrom** is a writer who has just come to the village. Sorry I missed the title but her poem told of the old Church and Rabbit O'Dan who came to church accompanied by his two dogs. The dogs would go under the Church where the rabbits were hiding and just as the prayers started would set up a dreadful din. Dan would turn the air blue as he told them to stop but the kids would stir up the dogs again. The old parson, being deaf didn't know what was happening and thought that Dan had a kidney problem.

It seems that **Owen Keene** has been inspired by the shenanigans over the "emissions trading scheme". He presented his "ETS RIP" and told of the scientist saying there is a price to pay for the cars we drive and the trees that we take. But the politicians are worse as they suggest we will trade and offset these carbons with others.

Next, with one of her own, **Caroline Sambridge** told of "Billie Goats Gruff" who was rough and tough and formed a motor cycle gang called the bar room cheaters. In her second "Hey Santa" she told of how dirty he was after being down the chimneys and if he continues to carry that heavy sack he will hurt his back.

John Hayes then performed "Bush Bay" which paints a word picture of this spot which is dear to his heart. Although the facilities are spartan and there's no water taps or power, the surrounding country is beautiful with wildflowers and animals are foraging for food. Sharing a campfire with other folk gives him a contentment of soul.

With "Tangmalangaloo" written by PJ Hartigan (John O'Brien) **Marjory Cobb** told of the excitement when the Bishop came and sat in lordly state in the old bush church at confirmation time. Ignorance was profound as the Bishop in tones severe asked "what is Christmas Day and why is it special" He picked on a tall and lanky lad from Tangmalangaloo, whose knowledge was sadly lacking. But he did have an answer, albeit not the one the Bishop wanted to hear. "It's the day before the races out at Tangmalangaloo" the lad replied.

With one of his own written to the tune of "On the road to Mandalay" **Graham Hedley** had "On the Road to Wanneroo". According to him it is such a boring little place that you would want to put your foot down as you pass through it. While he used to live there, he is ok now as he has moved to Mullaloo.

Ron Ingham then came to the podium with Banjo's "Its Grand"; A tongue in cheek poem about the effects of drought and other calamities. It's grand to be a Squatter and sit upon a post as you watch your sheep die. As you shovel out the sand to build a house and to go and pluck the wool off a dead sheep. The rabbits have all died too from lack of food. It would be so grand in this fair land if only the Lord would send some rain then it would indeed be grand!

Rita Paul had a poem from Tom Quilty's book The Drovers. "Miss Underwoods Cake", was a terrible thing that no one could even get a slice off it. It had apparently been made of axle grease mixed with goanna fat and emu plums (droppings!!) and covered with berries and speargrass seeds and bottle tree nuts. To cut it up you needed a cross cut saw.

Brian Langley then reminded us that it's time for "New Year resolutions". Now that the New Year had started he was going to do all those things that would help him have a healthier life. But when he reads the list back he discovers that these were all the things that he promised to do Last year.

For supper we were in for a treat with John Turnbull bringing along small tubs of ice cream for everyone. Thank you John for this unexpected treat.

With Readings from the Classics **Chris Preece** presented Robert Quinn's "The Fisher". Sorry Chris but I searched the 'net and couldn't find this poem. Please see my notes at the beginning of this write-up.

With his own "One Day in Paradise", **John Hayes** tells of the time that he pitched his tent where he could see the sunrise. As the sun comes up the birds are all in full song around the waterhole. The sun moves on throughout the day and the changes in the bush are profound as the silence is now observed and the shadows hide but as the light is blending with the deep twilight he hopes that everyone could share this time with him.

Trish Joyce was next with one of her own "Giving Orders" was so short that I really didn't get time to write much down. It was about a Chauffer to a Nobleman whose name was James?? Sorry Trish please see my earlier notes

Colin Thomas can claim to be our oldest member and he writes with a subtle wit. With his first "My Telephone" he asks what is the use of the thing if it won't ring? He also asks why should he pay for it if it won't ring? His Doctor can't help him with medication and he is frustrated because it just won't ring!! In his second "Are You Too Old to Remember", he tells of finding under a tattered book his old school bag. Once it was pristine and complete with straps that could buckle up. But it has journeyed far and got dumped and kicked around.

Next up was **Barry Higgins** with one of Jeff Bebb's "The Rain Gauge Man" where he tells of the bloke who daily read the rain gauge at 6am. But on one morning he had dallied in bed with his partner who had that look in her eye and he was now asking for forgiveness as he had read the gauge one hour later.

Graham Hedley loves to put other words that song writers have put to music and have his own unique poetry. Using Bob Dylan's Blowing in the Wind as a base, he turned this into "How Many Times do you try Before the Jigsaws Fit?" He asks how many times do you have to try and get something to work before you quit. Or how many times must the handle fall off or you must fiddle with the set top box..

Gosh **Frank (Heffernan)** you really tackle the hard issues. With his Tommy, Frank tells of our terrible road trauma. When a young person only 17 years old vows to drive carefully but with one careless night after heavy drinking he and a mate just have to try out the ute. The night ends in tragedy with the mate dead and Tommy in a coma for weeks. We grieve with friends and family and both sets of parents.

With one of Banjo's more obscure poems **Rita Paul** presented "Tar and Feathers". This story is of a lad who thought that he would get out of paying to get into the circus. But the proprietor was awake to him and grabbed him and covered him in tar and feathers. He then made him walk around and announced on posters to come and see the 'feathered what is it from Narrabri. The magistrate also was not amused and fined him so the lad was fed up with circuses.

Wayne Pantall wrote a poem "On Old Albany Road" telling of the past along Albany Road that is now a Highway. With the smell of bread baking and setting out to the shops with a billy can to get the milk. With a penny to buy a bun for toast to have with butter and jam, the little girl skips down Albany Road where there will be bitumen for hundreds of miles.

In Banjo's "Brumby's Run" **Grace Williamson** told of the place that lies beyond the Western pass and with not a survey mark to define this odds and ends of mountain land with tracks across the range and rocks. A wild and unhandled lot of horses make up Brumby' mob and the musterers of these wild horses go out again with eager eyes to scour the strongholds where the wild mobs hide.

With another Banjo poem "The Last Parade" **Ron Ingham** included the last unpublished verses that were considered too "politically incorrect" to be allowed to be published in those days. The story tells of the horses that went overseas with our soldiers but did not return home. Though they carried their riders through all sorts of hardships, come the end of the final parade before departure for home, the horses were taken out and shot. . I believe that there have now been steps to rectify this most horrible and ignominious end for so gallant an animal, by arranging statues and the like to mark their contribution to the war. This poem brings up the hair at the back of my neck.

As we were running out of nominated poets **Brian** did a few of his short ones. Nightmare tells of the worry that all parents have when their children go out for the night. When that knock comes on the door and there is a policeman standing there, this is every parents Nightmare. "Swine Flu" asks if pigs go to the vet when Human flu hits them. "Joining the Club" points out the benefits (or otherwise) of spending large\$ to join a sporting club— The biggest benefit is the cheap price of booze.

You can't keep **Shan Rose Brown** from sharing her love of the poetry in Ian McNamara's books From Robert Prior in Victoria comes "My Green Boots", He had lost his favourite pair of boots that he had cut down from a pair of waders They were the best fitting boots he had ever had. How do you loose a pair of boots as if you leave (from previous page) them lying around someone will fall over them and yell for you to put them away and the smell will always lead you to them. New ones just don't fit so he left them there in the store and now he will just have to suffer having wet feet

John Hayes also got up to fill in the gap with his "Geriatric Gypsy". Everyone calls him this because he likes to hit the road to places far away and camp in the quietness of the bush. With all the places he has been he doesn't do much hiking because he can't stand the groans of his aching muscles. His hearings rather fuzzy and he can't read a road map to find the town to get some provisions. His children say he is crazy but he is enjoying it and

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☆☆ Upcoming Events ☆☆

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

Feb	5	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park Heat 2 of Novice Performance Comp (if required)
Feb	18-21	Country Music Festival	Boyup Brook — 2 Poets Brekkys at sporting clubs, Poets in the Park, 2 workshops and the BIG Sunday morning Brekky and a Written comp. The BIG WEEKEND in WA Bush Poetry — See November Bully Tin for details
Mar	5	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park - Festival of Writers
April	9	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium— changed date due to 1st Friday being Easter Friday
April	16	Entries Close	Bunbury “Shorelines” Writers & performers Fest—See January Bully Tin entry forms available from www.bunbury.wa.gov.au (enter “shorelines” in search window)
April	18	Poets in the Park	Brunch at Bay View Park—Johnson Pde, Mosman Park - 10am—12.30pm see page 3
Regular events - Albany Bush Poetry group		4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606

having fun spending their inheritance.

Dot Note as we are getting more and more presenters along with our performers this is making my task extremely difficult as I struggle to keep up with the amount of poetry that is presented at the musters. Please help me out by giving me copies of your poems so that I don't have to spend an enormous amount of time looking up the poems and searching for them Thanks

Dot Note Once you get over the hill, you'll begin to pick up speed!!

Do you want to be part of the National Scene — Then you might consider joining the Australian Bush Poets Assn www.abpa.org.au Now is the beginning of their year, so it's a great time to join. Annual membership \$30 Stay up to date with events and competitions right across Australia

Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed - Please Contact Vice Pres—Grace

**Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.com**

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	Victoria Brown CD Peter Blyth CDs, books Rusty Christensen CDs Brian Gale CD & books John Hayes CDs & books Tim Heffernan book Brian Langley books & laminated poems Arthur Leggett books, inc autobiography	Keith Lethbridge books Corin Linch books Val Read books Caroline Sambridge book Peg Vickers books “Terry & Jenny” Music CDs
<p>Members' Poetic Products</p>		

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