

BULLY TIN



Next Muster March 2nd 7.30pm MC Grace Williamson 93614265

Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Drive Bentley 6102,

THIS DAY IN HISTORY

Thursday 1st March

Australian History

1901 - The Postmaster-General's Department in Australia is put into effect.

1942 - Japanese forces sink the HMS Perth, resulting in the loss of over 350 men.

1975 - Colour television begins broadcasting in Australia.

On the night of 1 March 1942, the HMAS Perth encountered a Japanese amphibious landing force including aircraft carriers, battleships, three cruisers and ten destroyers, near Batavia. The two Allied cruisers managed to sink two Japanese destroyers and four loaded troop transports before being overwhelmed and sunk. Of the 680 men aboard the Perth, 357 were lost. Survivors were gradually picked up by Japanese warships and became prisoners of war, where they were ultimately sent to labour on the Burma-Thailand railway. Of the 320 who were captured, 105 or nearly one-third died before they were liberated in 1945.

Immediately after the fight a lifeboat was seen drifting by some of the survivors and it was used to get some of them to shore. A sail, believed to be from that lifeboat was subsequently decorated by some of the survivors who had become POW's. A former ex-Perth POW, Vic Duncan, later added 310 names of those of the crew who had become POW's. He also added his own poem to the sail, which is now held as part of the Australian War Memorial collection. I had hoped to have a copy of the poem to put in this Bully Tin, but have not been able to get it in time. I will instead put in a poem that is believed to have been written about one of the Australian Navy ships. If anyone knows who wrote the poem, I would love to have their name.

The Lost Ship

Dear ship, the hours of laughter on your deck
return not now that comes the night,
for you are cast away as something done,
nor shall you see again the dawning light.

So many lands your slender hulk has roamed,
so many people marvelled at your size,
but never more you'll see those far off ports,
and death and stillness ever round you lies.

But one remains in silence on the bridge,
his head bowed low as he remembers still
those hours of laughter in a distant land,
memories that linger with you still.

He once had loved you, ship, but now he saw
your mighty heart was stilled and duty done,
your spirit faded like a dying song,
and vanished with the gold of setting sun.

For you were gone where stars are ever bright,
in heaven built for ships that have passed by,
and there one day he'll find you when he too
is called across the sea where sailors die.

The Australian Spirit was well known in the Australian men who fought our wars. They showed immense courage, while still keeping their sense of humour and lark-in ways, and they were well respected by all who fought beside them.

Why We Shall Prevail
FJ Leigh

Not because our hearts are stouter;
or that we are better men;
not because we mock the doubter,
fighting battles with his pen.
Not because our arms are stronger;
or that we are better born;
But that we can hang on longer,
even when we're spent and worn.

Not because our Navy's greater
or our store of shells is more;
not because our guns are 'later',
guns alone don't win a war;
not because our Empire's peerless;
or that we have got more 'tin'
But, because, when things look cheerless,
we can set our teeth and grin.

Submissions for the Bully Tin

Just a quick reminder to everyone that this is **your** newsletter. Please feel free to submit your poems for inclusion, keeping in mind the need for size constraints.

President's Report - John Hayes

Notes from the President at Boyup Brook - where the excitement has died down and it's time to move on after a most enjoyable four days.

At the last committee meeting of the WAPB and Yarnspinners a motion was put forward to hold our Annual General Meeting in September rather than July to give the Treasurer plenty of time to have the books audited and to give members time to pay their subscriptions. All committee members voted in favour of this motion.

At last years meeting there were only twelve financial members therefore we believe that changing the date to September will ensure many more of our members are financial. We are hoping that all members will endeavour to pay their subscriptions during this extended period and not allow the fees to drag on into the following year which makes more work for our Treasurer.

It was also decided to retain the RSL Hall in Fred Bell Pl. in St.James for our committee meeting at twenty five dollars per meeting. We also have some of our equipment in storage at this venue.

This hall would also be suitable for holding entertainment events for our club but there limited security and this would have to be resolved.

The committee is always open to suggestions and we are hoping that we have a good response to the survey slips that were distributed. It is your club and guidelines should be set by our members.

Our MC for the May muster will be Robert Gunn and he will set the theme and arrange the programme.

Meantime Anne and I will be travelling around the south coast promoting poetry and canvassing for new members. So it's cheerio until next month

Unique Opportunity - Rare Book for Sale

1924 Book "Dryblowers Verses" for sale

It is in quite good condition, the cover has a bit of scuffing and the pages have yellowed inside but the spine and binding is very strong. There are a couple of newspaper clippings glued into the back cover of the book. Due to it's rarity I have it for sale on the Internet for \$250 at the moment (there is another for \$350) I am quite happy to let it go for \$150.

Anybody wanting to buy it please contact Linda at trevlin2@bigpond.com

POET PROFILE

If you would like to feature in the Poet Profile section, please email me a short intro about yourself, along with a photo -or information regarding a poet your would like to see profiled.

Monday 8th March is International Womens Day, and the aim is to celebrate the achievements and contribution of all women.

I love the poem, Women of the West, as a tribute to women years ago. But I would like to post another poem, written by Fred Rutter

A Toast to Pioneer Women

And here's to the ladies, God bless 'em,
they never got statues or fame.
Their menfolk went off into new worlds
and, God bless the women, they came.

They were doctors and cooks for their menfolk
as they made a new home in the wild.
They aged from the harsh style of living
and often died birthing a child.

They cared for their menfolk and families,
as the gentlemen bragged of their deeds.
They faced all the dangers their men did,
put aside all their personal needs.

And what did they get for their troubles,
in the wilderness they helped to tame?
A greening bronze statue of husband,
in a city that bears a man's name.

So here's to the pioneer women -
the men couldn't do it alone,
'God bless the pioneer women',
it ought to be carved into stone.

How many of you still have those nerves at getting up in front of a crowd to recite your poems?
I know I do!!

My one minute poem at Boyup Brook was about what scared me - the audience! - but Janine Haig obviously has had the same thoughts!!

Public Speaking

They told me I should learn my rhymes;
say them out aloud;
put myself on centre stage,
recite them to a crowd -
But the thought of doing that
really makes me quake;
to stand alone and tell my tales...
my knees begin to shake.
My throat goes dry, my heart explodes,
the words come out all wrong...
with flushing face and sweating hands
one minute feels too long.
I've tried all the suggestions
to defeat my fear somehow.. and...
I picture you all naked and
I feel much better now!

Janine Haig - from her book 'Always Wear Clean Knickers



Anzac Day Poetry

For anyone interested in the ANZAC Day Centenary Poetry Project, please be aware that the project has had a name change. It is now called "100 years from Gallipoli" Poetry Project. The name change is to do with the protection of the 'ANZAC' name.

This project challenges poets to answer the following question:

What does ANZAC Day mean to you, to today's families, communities or nations?

The outcomes of the project will include the publication of a collection of two hundred poems as well as a 100

Years from Gallipoli Poetry Prize.

The objectives of the project are:

- ♦ to use new poetry written by today's poets to illustrate the diversity of current views about Australian & NZ commemorations and anniversaries of military history
- ♦ To contrast these modern views with those from the past

Full details and entry information are available from <http://www.ozzywriters.com/index.php/100-years-from-gallipoli> or by contacting the Co-ordinating Editor by phoning +61 (0)3 6362 4390, or emailing gallipoli-100@ozzywriters.com

Closing date is Remembrance Day, 11 November, 2013.



Bush Poets at the Sunday morning Breakfast - Boyup Brook

Back Row:

John Hayes, Roger Cracknell, Christine Boulton, Peg Vickers, Catherine McLernon, Irene Conner, Robert Gunn

Front Row:

Brian Langley, Peter Blyth, Bill Gordon, Gary Fogarty, Carol Heuchan, Dave Smith

21st March is World Poetry Day. As a reminder to how important it is for us as poets to capture what is happening today in our world, I would like to reprint part of the words of Irina Bokova - Director General of UNESCO - for World Poetry Day 2011

Poets convey a timeless message. They are often key witness to history's great political and social changes. Their writings inspire us to build lasting peace in our minds, to rethink relations between man and nature and to establish humanism founded on the uniqueness and diversity of peoples. This is a difficult task, requiring the participation of all, whether in schools, libraries or cultural institutions. To quote the poet Tagore - "I have spent my days in stringing and unstringing my instrument."

Perhaps we can all make a special effort to write a poem this month on issues that reflect part of our society today.

For further information about World Poetry Day, go to www.un.org/en/events/poetryday

Song of the Pen

A B Paterson

Not for the love of women toil we, we of the craft,
Not for the people's praise;
only because our goddess made us her own and laughed,
Claiming us all our days.

Claiming our best endeavour - body and heart and brain
given with no reserve -
niggard is she towards us, granting us little gain;
Still, we are proud to serve.

Not unto us is given choice of the tasks we try,
gathering grain or chaff;
one of her favoured servants toils at the epic high,
one, that a child may laugh.

Yet if we serve her truly in our appointed place,
freely she doth accord
unto her faithful servants always this saving grace,
work is its own reward!

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 Stay up to date with events and competitions right across Australia

Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed - See John Hayes Please Contact any committee person

Still on World Poetry Day - some musing from Henry Lawson - on the poets good old friend, the Waste Paper Basket!!

Song of the Waste Paper Basket

Oh, bard of fortune, you deem me nought but a mark for your careless scorn.
For I am the echo-less grave of thought that is strangled before it's born.
You think perchance that I am a doom which only a dunce should dread - nor dream I've been the dishonour'd tomb of the noblest and brightest dead.

The brightest fancies that e'er can fly from the labouring minds of men are often written in lines awry, and marred by a blund'ring pen; and thus it comes that I gain a part of what to the world is loss - of genius lost for the want of art, of pearls that are set in dross.

And tho' I am of a lowly birth my fame has been cheaply bought, a power am I, for I rob the earth of the brightest gems of thought; the Press gains much of my lawful share, I am wronged without redress - but I have revenge, for I think it fair that I should plunder the Press.

You'd pause in wonder to read behind the lines of some songs I see; the soul of the singer I often find in songs that are thrown to me. But the song of the singer I bury deep with the scrawl of the dunce and clown, and both from the eyes of the world I keep, and the hopes of both I drown.

Australia

Louisa Lawson

Australia for ever! Beloved home giver, bright haven of rest the wide ocean between
How many in sorrow take heart for the morrow
When nearing thy borders thy beauty is seen.

The weary world ranger, the poor and the stranger,
find all that they need on thy bountiful shore;
with hope's sweet annealing, soft over them stealing
They bless thee, resolving to wander no more.

Australia for ever! Found hearts leap and quiver with pleasure and pride as they echo thy praise;
and ready whenever the word is 'together',
to beat or to bleed thy proud banner to raise.

THE GOLD SEEKERS

Terry Piggott - Winner - Boyup Brook Written Competition

All Bleary eyed I stretch and yawn and seek the strength to face the dawn,
then stumble out still half asleep and shiver in the morning chill.
And stealthily the shadows creep to wake the outback from its sleep,
just as the morning chorus starts to echo out around the hill.

The ashes have been coaxed to life - the billy's boiled - I call my wife,
and soon the smell of toasted bread wafts through our camp to tantalize.
We huddle by the glowing coals while eating muesli from our bowls,
then watch the last stars fade away before the sun begins to rise.

As daylight starts to gather speed, the fading shades of night recede,
and sunshine soon will flood the land and bathe the earth with warmth again.
A golden glow has touched a hill then shines on leaves that shimmer still,
to sparkle just like precious jewels that brighten up this harsh terrain.

Then off we go to search for gold - an occupation for the bold.
My love and I for years have toiled and found enough to just survive.
But little do we really care, we're happy with our meagre share,
reward enough this life out here where freedom blooms and dreamer's thrive.

Excitement comes with each small bit we find among the stones and grit,
and spurs us on to search for more throughout a long and tiring day.
Our smoko's bring a chance to rest - compare our finds and joke and jest,
and then sit back, enjoy the views, and let our minds just drift away.

We love this land of clear blue skies where outback beauty greets our eyes;
the breakaways and sun burnt plains, gnarled mulga trees and ghostly gums.
An ancient land of weathered hills with winding tracks and creaking mills,
now warmed by beams of autumn sun, before the chill of winter comes.

We dream of course we'll make a hit, instead of just the odd small bit,
with nuggets laying all around, just waiting for that special day.
Reality though soon returns; it's not like that one quickly learns,
persistence is the thing you need, then lady luck might smile your way.

(Cont page 6)

Boyup Brook Country Music Festival 2012

Bush Poetry Report

Over 2000 people attended the Bush Poet's Breakfast on Sunday morning, the largest audience we have had for that event. They were treated to a feast of top quality entertainment by some of the best poets and yarn spinners in WA. This was capped off by performances from our guest poets Carol Heuchan and Gary Fogarty, who showed the talent that has made each of them former Australian Champions as well as award winners in the United States.

Carol and Gary performed at the Friday morning shows at Harvey Dickson's Country Music Centre, after which they gave workshops for the students of both schools. They also presented writing and performance workshops at the Bowling Club on Thursday.

30 people attended these very informative workshops. Each person has their own writing and performance style, and to have the very best poets sharing his or her own approach helps everyone individually and bush poetry generally.

The Bush Poetry program kicked off again at the Tennis Club with a well-attended breakfast on Thursday morning. This year the Friday afternoon line-up behind the Tourist Centre saw a mixed program of Country Music interspersed with Bush Poetry.

The Saturday morning session at the Bowling Club had a capacity crowd, with people sitting on the lawn and fence outside. The one-minute competition, where poets had to present a poem they had written on a topic they were given only two days before, was a highlight of this morning. Several very good poems came forth, with Peg Vickers from Albany winning with her poem about the things she most hates, including traffic policemen who refuse to be seduced.

A big thank you to the Country Music Club and to the sponsors, Boyup Brook Farm Supplies and Lynton Marriott of Professionals Real Estate, for their support in bringing professional poets from Eastern Australia. Bush Poetry is undergoing a huge resurgence right across the country, but nowhere more than Boyup Brook.

Bill Gordon

PS And a huge thank you to Bill Gordon - who's hard work and dedication ensures that the poetry program, and standard of poetry at Boyup Brook just keeps on getting better and better.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Next Muster

Friday 2nd March 7.30pm
Bentley Park Auditorium
26 Plantation Drive. Bentley.

Friday 4th May 7.30pm
As above.
MC - Robert Gunn

One of the highlights of the festival was the 1 minute poets brawl. Entrants were given their topic 2 days prior, and recited their resulting poem at the poets breakfast on Saturday morning.

The winner was selected by the audience appreciation. The winner, on a replay with Peter Blyth, was Peg Vickers for her poem.....

But the Thing I hate the most is...

I hate midnight crowing roosters,
treacle in my hair,
squealing tennis players
and bull-ants on my chair.

I hate airports, mobile phones,
getting fifty lashes;
lumpy gravy - tripe and onions,
randy drunks wot's got moustaches.

Biros when the inks run out,
washing dishes - scaling fish;
wishing wells wot take your cash
and do not grant your wish.

I hate garlic munching lovers,
jokes wot are not funny;
washing dirty socks
and running out of money.

But the thing I hate the most is
when my list has been reduced
are the lousy rotten speed cops
who refuse to be seduced!!

And closely contested by Peter Blyth ...

They should never send me shopping and I'd better
tell yer why,
I can never get it right mate, doesn't matter what I buy,
And them supermarket trolleys won't go where I want
'em to,
They just choose their own direction, doesn't matter
what I do,
And there's always some old sheila thinks she's got the
right of way,
And that's just the bloody reason that I pulled the pin
today.

Now I had me trolley loaded and was headin' down the
aisle,
When this old dear cut me off mate, with a wicked evil
smile,
Well I tried to swerve and dodge her, and I felt a bloody
clown,
When I hit the canned food section and the lot came
crashing down.
I thought all me ribs were broken and me legs were
black and blue,
While me ego was deflated and I'd lost me dentures too,
Then the old dear stood and told me, with a smug look
on her gob,
They should never send me shopping; it's a bloody



Almost \$500 in prizes. Submissions open until 13th March 2012.

Visit the Castaways Web Gallery at <http://rockingham.wa.gov.au/Leisure-and-recreation/Art-and-craft/Castaways/Castaways-Gallery.aspx> and view the 32 images of entries from previous exhibitions. All entered poems must be inspired by, drawn upon, or use the theme of, images in the Castaways Web gallery.

Send a maximum of 3 poems, attached to an email in rtf or doc format, to castaways@rockingham.wa.gov.au with "POETRY SUBMISSION: Your Title" as the subject line.

The body of your email must include your name, address, phone/mobile number, email address, and the title & line counts of your poems. To ensure anonymity, do not include your details on your entered poems themselves. Do not post entries. Only entries received via email will be accepted.

Each poem must be no longer than 24 lines.

Poems must be original, unpublished, not have received an award in another competition, and not be under consideration elsewhere from the time of entry in the awards until the official announcement of the winners.

For further information contact Lee Battersby, Community Development Officer (Culture & Arts) on 9528 0386 or lee.battersby@rockingham.wa.gov.au

Southbound Plane

Jack Sorensen

The mulga spreads to reach the hills
That seem to meet the skies
The long brown track winds past the mills 1
To where the homestead lies
And, glittering in the morning sun
Up in a cloudless sky
As yet its journey but begun
The Mail 'plane passes by

Up in the azure dome alone
The mail is on the wing
I hear the drowsy monotone
The triple engines sing
It shimmers overhead and then
Drifts to the lower sky
And Oh!, my heart is heavy when
The Southbound 'plane goes by

Like some huge bird of shape anew,
It glides upon its way
Across the mighty vault of blue
Into the after-day.
While I sit on my horse below
And watch it with a sigh.
When to my lonely camp I go
The Mail 'plane has gone by.

Along the fences, I must ride
And I must tend the 'mills;
But oh! The mulga plain is wide
And changeless are the hills.
And I have yearnings now and then
For other scenes, so I
Am always disconcerted when
The Southbound 'plane goes by.

Yet he who guides the Southbound 'plane
Above the land and sea
Is but a link in mankind's chain,
As station hands like me.

I ride the boundary, mile on mile
He has his 'plane to fly
Yet I am filled with yearning while
The Southbound 'plane goes by.

But always when I've fed my moke
And dog at fall of night.
And settled down to read and smoke
By lantern's mellow light.
When warm winds sweep the mulga plain,
And white stars light the sky,
I quite forget the twinge of pain
I feel when 'planes go by.

The Gold Seekers (cont from page 4)

We pause to watch the setting sun; then head for
camp now day is done.
Excitedly we weigh our gold and see just what the
scales reveal.
We tidy up as daylight dims and soon will rest our
aching limbs,
but first the oven's placed on coals and left to
slowly cook our meal.

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.

The Old Australian Ways

A B Paterson 1902

The London lights are far abeam
Behind a bank of cloud
Along the shore the gas lights gleam,
The gale is piping loud
And down the channel groping blind
We drive her through the haze
Towards the land we left behind,
The good old land of never mind
And old Australian ways

The narrow ways of English folk
Are not for such as we.
They bear the long accustomed yolk
Of staid conservancy.
But all our roads are new and strange
And through our blood there runs
The vagabonding love of change
That drove us westward of the range
And westward of the suns.

The city folk go to and fro
Behind the prison bars.
They never hear the breezes blow
And never see the stars.
They never hear in blossomed tree
The music low and sweet
Of wild birds making melodies
Nor catch the little laughing breeze
That whispers in the wheat.

Our fathers came from roving stock
That could not fixed abide
And we have followed field and flock
Since e're we learned to ride.
By miner's camp and shearing shed
In land of heat and drought,
We followed where our fortune led
With fortune always up ahead
And always further out.

The wind is in the barley grass,
The wattles are in bloom.
The breezes greet us as they pass
With honey sweet perfume.
The parakeets go screaming by
With flash of golden wing
And from the swamp the wild ducks cry,
Their long drawn note of revelry
Rejoicing at the Spring.

So cast the weary pen aside
And let the papers rest
For we must saddle up and ride
Towards the blue hills breast.
And we must travel far and fast
Across their rugged maze
Towards the Spring of youth at last
And bring back from the buried past
The old Australian ways.

(Continued)

ASSOCIATION WEB PAGE DOMAIN

Currently the Association Web Page Domain is registered in the USA under a .com category as www.wabushpoets.com i.e. as Commercial Domain. The Committee has researched Incorporated Association compliance requirements and established the Association, as a Not for Profit Incorporated Body, should re-register here in Western Australia as a NFP Association linked to a local WA Provider.

Re-registration as www.wabpys.asn.au has been effected and is programmed to be active in a few weeks, however in the mean time Members and the Public will be linked to the "NEW Domain" through the old generic .com, until such time as a member review of the .com is undertaken.

So! As members linked to E-Mail and the WEB the Committee invites your comments and suggestions about what the Association Web Page should provide to Members first and then out to the World at large?

Your Member response to robert.suann@wanet.com.au with comment about Web Page Content, Layout and Design together with any other related suggestion will greatly assist processing the review outcome to "User Friendly Status", in the shortest possible time.

The Old Australian Ways (cont)

When Clancy took the drover's track
In years of long ago,
He drifted to the outer back
Beyond the Overflow.
By rolling plain and rocky shelf
With stockwhip in his hand,
He came at last, the lucky elf
To the town of Come-and-help-yourself
In rough and ready land.

And if it be that you would know
The tracks he used to ride
Then you must saddle up and go
Beyond the Queensland side.
Beyond the reach of rule or law
To ride the long day through
In Nature's homestead filled with awe
Then you might see what Clancy saw
And know what Clancy knew.

Are you looking for Bush Poetry books or CDs—there is a website selling a range of these, along with other "self published" music etc you can also sell through them, Go to www.tradandnow.com It's an Australian group, based in Woy Woy, NSW

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2010—2011

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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

- ◆ Friday 2nd March Muster. Bentley Park Auditorium at 7.30pm. 26 Plantation Drive. Bentley
- ◆ Friday 4th May Muster. Bentley Park Auditorium at 7.30pm. 26 Plantation Drive. Bentley

Regular events: Albany Bush Poetry group 4th Tuesday of each month Peter 9844 6606
 Geraldton Growers market Poetry gig 2nd Saturday Catherine 0409 200 153.

Do YOU have any poetic events which need to go in this space? Or for that matter anywhere within this newsletter — it is YOUR newsletter, I would like to see more direct contributions from members and friends.

If you would like to be part of a forum—post your poetry, see what other contemporary bush poets are writing, keep up to date with poetry events throughout Australia—visit www.abpa.org.au or www.bushverse.com

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.com

Please contact the Webmaster, Brian Langley on 93613770 if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.

**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	Members' Poetic Products Graham Armstrong Book Victoria Brown CD Peter Blyth CDs, books Rusty Christensen CDs Brian Gale CD & books John Hayes CDs & books Tim Heffernan book Brian Langley books, CD	Arthur Leggett books, inc autobiography Keith Lethbridge books Corin Linch books Val Read books Caroline Sambridge book Peg Vickers books & CD "Terry & Jenny" Music CDs
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Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The Editor "Bully Tin" PO Box 584, Jurien Bay 6516 e-mail iconner21@wn.com.au	Address all other correspondence to The Secretary(Teresa Rose) WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 10a Seaflower Crescent- Craigie 6025 Ph:9402 3912 tarose5@bigpond.com	Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer (Robert Suann) WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn 40 Central Rd, Rossmoyne 6148 Ph: 9457 2715 robert.suann@wanet.com.au
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