

The Australian Writer

Stamp

December 2016 newsletter

Official newsletter of the Fellowship of Australian Writers (Vic)
Supplement to The Australian Writer

Happy New Year

The Fellowship of Australian Writers
president and committee extends
best wishes for a happy and
prosperous 2017
to everyone.

FAW is embarking on a new way of doing
things. One is to
produce this monthly newsletter
as a supplement to the quarterly
Australian Writer anthologies.
Please take this opportunity to
be published by sending short
stories and poetry to
The Australian Writer

Contributions for publication

Please send contributions for publication in the Australian Writer to:- Jim Mynard, Editor, The Australian Writer, 453 Bourke Road, Katamatite, 3649 or to:-
mynardmedia6@bigpond.com

Please send details about competitions, publishing opportunities, events, and experiences of your work being published to share with members.

Be a published member

The Australian Writer is a medium providing opportunities for members of the Fellowship of Australian Writers to become published. We welcome all themes. Include a one or two sentence author bio with your submission. A photograph is optional.

Submissions may be emailed to:-

fawsubmissions@writers.asn.au

Or posted to The Editor

The Australian Writer

453 Bourke Road

Katamatite 3649.

Phone 0417 567 741.

Honorary Solicitor
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Secretary's Report

These last few weeks have been a busy time for the new committee. One of the biggest challenges has been how to rework the website. Luckily there is a cop out in those three words 'website under construction', which in other words means 'the secretary isn't quite up to speed with website construction'. But I think we are getting there. I believe we need to use the site for our marketing springboard and hopefully link in with global marketing Gil Steendam tells me is the way to go. Most of us write books, short stories, a little journalism, and poetry. Graham Simmonds would put them around the other way. Thanks to Graham for stepping in at the last minute to judge the Junior Poetry Award, which had 43 entries. Some of us also print and publish books. So why not sell them, with profits going to something like the National Awards and/or a scholarship here and there.

Graham hasn't been well and has had a trip or two to hospital for check ups so we offer him our best wishes. Former president Lynn Smailes, has a truck load of knowledge, including lots of know how on the intricacies of our web. Lynn has been a wonderful help and I am hoping for a lesson or two as things settle down in the new year.

The first Australian Writer anthology is well on the way and I encourage members to take this opportunity to get their work in print. I would like to see every member published.

Happy and prosperous 2017 to everyone.

Jim Mynard. 0417 567 741.

Summer Morning Bushwalk

By David O'Dwyer

My mental alarm clock tells me it is 7am Sunday so I wake and jump out of bed like Batman caught short and dress quickly so as not to waste too much time. My sports shoelace snaps and I do waste time searching for another, but can only find a black one. So. Who will see me or even care at this hour of the day? Maybe I'll get real daring and wear a black sock on the opposite foot to even things up. Now that's a bit odd.

I grab a banana and then have to empty the whiffy compost container into the main bin out back and on the way back our five fat feathery freeloaders, three Rosellas and two Butcherbirds, are sitting on the fence waiting to be fed. I curse a little, but grab the sunflower seeds from the cupboard and get the fresh chicken scraps from the fridge, fill the seed bin for the Rosellas and play catch with the Butcherbirds.

Yes. I curse them now and then at moments like this when I'm hurrying, but I love them.

Then Tomo, our cat, is sounding like he's never been fed in his luxurious life. He and the birds are superb big fat liars for they always look and sound like they've been starved for a month. Then I'm out the front door, but as I hit the last step I see our Collingwood bee is hanging around the lavender bush at the bottom of the steps, doing his imitation of a helicopter. No. That's wrong I think because he was around long before helicopters. The black and white stripes encircling his rotund body earn him his nickname and, even though I follow Carlton and know he's never heard of Mark Murphy, I think he's a bit special. As usual, I watch his antics for a while. He's an Australian native bee.

I'm about to go out the gate, but see the bird bath is a little empty and three Australian Noisy Miners are queueing up and shrilling at me to fill it and let them get on with their daily bathing ritual, so I do this and wish them a wet day.

At last I'm hot footing it toward the bush along the border of

Newsletter edited by Jim Mynard

our small estate. Not quite. Toby, the Beagle who lives ten houses away in the other direction is at my heels and wants to go walkies with me. Not today mate. I lure him back to his house and shut the open gate behind him and I'm going past my house when Gavin my neighbour spots me as he's picking up his newspaper from his driveway and says hello.

"What are you doing up at 7.30 Rick?" He asks as he scratches a spot on his expanding waistline and grins at me.

I go across and should tell him it is actually seven forty now, but naturally I don't, and greet him.

"I'm just out for my morning walk Gav. You know, keeps me fit and gives me a good appetite before breakfast mate," I say as he almost agrees with me.

"You're right. Maybe I could do with a few less beers and a bit more exercise too, but I never seem to find the time," he states as he pats his tummy before launching into some stunning news.

"Yeah. The telly was saying last night something about a super diet that would be in the paper today. I'll have a look at it right now mate," he says as he flips the index.

"Now let's see," he muses as his eyes flick across the page opposite the index.

"Hey! What about Buckley throwing his hat in the ring for a coaching job at Collingwood? You'd have to be nuts to take on that job, no matter what team you're with," he expounds and we get into a deep discussion of football ethics and even their morals, that concludes, when quite philosophically I think, he says, "yeah. No. They're only footballers, not film stars. Anyway I'm going in to have my brekky of bacon, eggs and tomatoes and read up on this diet stuff. Catch you later, mate," he says as he heads back inside as my insides shudder a little at the thought of his breakfast.

"See you Gav," I respond and stride off to the top of our street toward a short gravel road leading to the start of bushland.

I'm getting a tantalising whiff of the bush's tangy scents. I do a left turn and hit the gravel at a fast pace and have gone about twelve steps when I see a bunch of chestnut topped miniature toadstools has popped out of the earth on my left. I stop and marvel at the toadstools.

For one fleeting moment my lofty vantage point transports my naïve mind to a cliff top, where far below, I am granted a view of the coolie hats of Asian field workers as they huddle in a circle. A timeless moment later I blink my eyes in wonderment and once again they are beautiful fungi. I don't know how long I was standing there. Was it five minutes? I don't care or remember for that matter. I reluctantly dismiss my daydream and almost walk on an ant-wasp as I head off again.

His metallic blue coloured armour makes him look somewhat menacing, yet regal in a scary sort of way. He ignores me and carefully searches for prey as if he owned the world.

I'm off again like a startled hare and I've gone about twenty more paces when a lady in a small Toyota stops and beckons me to the car.

She's lost and has been driving around for hours because she can't find a road that's not in her ancient street directory; the book should have been discarded when Elvis expired.

I know the area well and set her straight as she thanks me and takes off like Ralph Schumacher from pole position on the starting grid. I shake my head and shake a leg again as I get down to a serious pace.

I go about two hundred metres when my mobile phone tries to jump out of my pocket. It's my wife imploring me to come home quickly because she thinks that Tim, our twelve to sixteen year old son has broken his toe while running down the passageway. I hear him screaming blue murder in the background as I take off for home like The Hound of the Baskervilles is chasing me.

I barge through the front door in a lather of perspiration and spy Tim sitting on the couch while gently rubbing his toe. He says to me, "gee Dad, it seemed like it was broken," with the innocence of a ten year old because it suits him to be ten in this moment.

That hound was a myth too or that myth was a hound.

My wife looks less concerned now as I tell her she did the right thing and that everything's okay. She looks relieved and says to me: "Hey marathon man! You must have had a great bush walk today. I know you get up at seven and now it's eight thirty," and beams.

I just nod and say: "Yes it sure was."

“The bush certainly smelt good and I did have some interesting moments,” I agree as I make a note to set my alarm for 6am next week.

Book Review

Harewood, Western Port: Stardust to Us
written by Dr Pat McWhirter.

at:- patvet@bigpond.com

Reviewed by Jim Mynard

This book appealed to me at first site. From as long as I can remember I was told stories about 'Harewood Mains' as we children knew the grand old house on the South Gippsland Highway, near Tooradin. And of how it was the first house built on the vast Kooweerup Swamp, albeit on the edge of the wetlands. We grew up to know it as the haunted house at Tooradin, all because of our ignorance about the pioneering Lyall family, from Scotland. The home might have spiritual qualities, but was never haunted.

We heard how William Lyall shipped materials in by boat across Western Port Bay, but made the bricks from Yallock Creek clay. Each brick has the name 'Lyall' imprinted on it.

The now Harewood House was the first home built on the swamp, initially as a hunting lodge for the Scottish Laird, William Lyall, but was extended to make a home for his family, and a meeting place for people in society. It also served as the last refuge for dwindling Aborigine tribes in the area. Among them Old Jimmy and Eliza.

Pat McWhirter came to Australia from America to make a new home and notes her story is an immigr-

ant's view of things. Well, another exotic, a Scot, William Lyall, came to Australia and built Harewood so we call it square.

Pat loves Harewood and is lucky to own it, just as Harewood is lucky she owns it.

Probably the classic qualities of this story are because of her love of the place, the treasure trove of Harewood House literature, from which she drew for her original thesis, and her scientific studies; a pretty good mix. So it was her doctoral thesis on Harewood, we saw developed into a book, essentially about the evolution of Harewood House and its special place in evolution.

In a way her readers were conned because she weaves the history of evolution in with the history of Harewood House, our indigenous Australians, and we Australians, so cleverly a reader hesitates to put the book down once started.

The story begins with the Big Bang nearly 14 million years ago and evolves, with interwoven history of how Harewood came to be; from then, to when I picked up the book to read.

And I guess the stardust still gathers.

As a writer and journalist I had the early feeling; it's not a history book, not a book on the science of the great cosmos, or the science of politics, but of how we came to be. Probably in the end I decided all those things I thought it wasn't, it really was, all rolled up in one package about us, the readers.

The placement of things on our earth provides interesting reading and it tells of Western Port and Harewood as a local story, but part of the big picture

Stories are mythical, spiritual, and scientifically factual, and we have poignant reading about our Aboriginals close to home, written with feeling and respect, happily embraced by our contemporary Aboriginal community.

We read about the pioneering Lyall family, the tragedy of war for them and their successes and times when success was hard to come by.

Of William Lyall's niece who lost her four sons in the war.

And the moving on of the Lyall family from Harewood after the passing of the ladies of Harewood, Maud and Florence Lyall.

The book is full of interest, well written and easy to read.

Methodology of Attraction

By Jim Mynard

Trevor Payne settled at his desk for the day ahead in the foyer of 1 Macarther Place, Melbourne, with little expectation of anything to amuse him, little to challenge him, but would watch hundreds of people come and go. His watch showed 8am and would slowly tick off his shift.

‘Well, security is an okay enough job, a good job, but where has my life gone, and what of the lives of all those people I see, some quite famous. Where will they end up’, he wondered? Some would head through the front portal and go quickly to the lift. Others would turn into the Treasury Café for a coffee, breakfast, or a quick meeting before doing battle over some business point upstairs or down at Treasury Place. Singles, couples, and sometimes as many as ten would pull a couple of tables together and sip on their coffee, setting themselves for the day ahead, or simply to enjoy each other’s company. But all safe because people like Trevor Payne watched over them. Something out of place and he would spring into

action. What of the young girl he sees each morning, where does she go after her daily morning coffee? Somehow he sees her with a difference; about twenty four or say twenty six, nicely dressed in an expensive business suit, computer, and small hand bag. All with an air of confidence.

‘Not my choice, too young anyway, but wow, she is nice’, he thought.

What of the young man of similar age, expensive business suit, computer in his right hand, the same air of confidence, who came through the large stone pillars at about the same time each morning. Was it coincidence? He wondered.

For the last three mornings the girl rose from her table and passed the young man near the entrance doors, offering a pleasant smile. After two or three days the young man began returning her smile with a pleasant ‘hello’.

Trevor upgraded his interest in the girl when she did the same for most of the next week. He doubted there was any sort of security risk involved in her behaviour, but it was different and repetitive.

Pattern changes are always of interest to security.

One morning the young man turned to watch her walk off down the steps toward Treasury Place.

He stopped the next morning and offered his name.

“I see you every morning, my name is Troy.”

“I’m Angelina.”

“I am down at number two, Treasury Place, but I get a coffee here every morning for a kick starter.”

“Mind if I join you,” he asked, oblivious to Trevor’s keen interest from his vantage point, the security reception desk.

“Wonderful, I would love to,” she replied.

“I’ll come on the earlier train,” he responded.

They chatted for two or three minutes and went their separate ways.

Trevor watched each morning for more than two months as the new couple enjoyed their coffee, lots of talk, some laughs, and as the days went by, parting kisses. He knew there was no security risk, just life going on and lessened his attention, until a strange thing happened during the September school holidays. The gentleman, Troy, came

down to the foyer during his lunch break and two little girls about five and seven years old threw their arms around him as he squatted to greet them.

“Daddy, can we go to Macca’s for lunch?”

He stood and greeted the young woman with a kiss.

“Mummy said we could go to Maccas, it isn’t far,” the older girl said.

So, thought Trevor, we have a conundrum, what can happen next?

‘If I was the gentleman, Troy’, he thought, ‘I would feel meeting with his wife and children at work was a problem. Now just say Angelina popped up for lunch in the Treasury Place Café as she did from time to time’. But she didn’t.

Troy and Angelina went on meeting each morning for the next couple of weeks, until things had cooled and she was angry about something.

“Why can’t we have a weekend at my sister’s place?” she asked in a frustrated tone, are you scared to become involved with my family?” she asked heatedly for others to hear.

“You can’t make a commitment, can you?” she said quite audibly, and stormed off through the portals.

He missed his coffee for the next two mornings and as he came into the foyer she left her table and met him without a smile.

“Well?” she asked.

“I prefer it was over, Angelina,” he said.

‘Well’, thought Trevor, mimicking her question in his thoughts, ‘that’s one way to end it, maybe better than a phone call or an email, or a text message or’, he thought, ‘his wife walking in to see one of those cheerio kisses, or finding out where he had been on those evenings when ‘I have to work back, love, I’ll be a bit late home’. So it was over, without too much collateral damage, thought Trevor. Several mornings went by and he saw Angelina enjoying her coffee, and conversing a little with a few other regulars at the tables. Troy was back to his former train time table and all seemed well settled. Trevor saw Angelina leave her coffee table and greet a gentleman, a few years older than Troy, but in an equally expensive suit. She smiled pleasantly as she passed him on his way to the lift. He returned her smile and looked back toward her as she headed for the exit.

Present Moments of Life

Within this moment as I write,
one babe is born in Babylon. Right?
This babe a saint, or martyr, maybe,
others born wise men, wait and see,
some born despots, few sages to be,
our guides over this, life's fickle sea.
Ten thousand are born, never will be,
as we ponder and cry, whatever to do
for their empty pots, not like you, me,
we sit, wonder, and think it's not due.
Few are presidents or doctors by chance,
to sway and heal us in nature's wry dance
of perceptions, reflections, but just a few
can grasp the true real, not the false view.
Now terror steals three thousand souls,
as foul madmen plot to pull the strings
of this plastic moment as it slowly rolls
on, a plane plunges on blood red wings.
The road toll soars loud, soars and swings,
mans' machine takes precious ones
as they laugh, drink from liquor's springs,
gone, our Mums, Dads, daughters or sons.
Words of hate sully minds of millions
that live, those happy, joyous, and sad,
words of love soothe hearts of billions
with dear words, scripted, sung and said.
Now hope glimmers on the far horizon,
for pondering on the things that vex us,
great men, women, keep minds eye on
answers that will fix life's nasty nexus.
The good minds bring miraculous change
of wisdom granted, instant given, strange;
thus! I know! 'twas in the moments range
of still thought where reality can rearrange.
Oh? Can we alter this, the doubters might say?
Yes! Heed! Awake to this point disarray.
Be mindful. Think in each second of the day.
We only live in the present, so do not delay.

Haiku

**gently swaying in breeze
tall kangaroo paws
paw high above ground**

Meryl Brown Tobin

**boughs heavy with buds
flowering gum sways
first yellow blooms open**

Meryl Brown Tobin

**in paddocks
unconcerned by misty rain
mottled cows graze**

Meryl Brown Tobin

Armageddon

Armageddon, holocaust, words used by some,
rightly so, for speeding bushfires created hell
so fast it took fathers, mothers, daughters, sons
from us, as the flames went on without a spell.
But more would die without the heroes plight,
when true men, women, responded. Duty bound
they came, fought flames all through the night,
next day too, then spent, fell upon the ground.
They awoke, did it all again, gutsy, brave,
as they fought off the never ending flame,
busted their guts, their thoughts to save
all they could, how tough, how nobly game.
They're broken and busted, many burnt too,
like the poor survivors who lost all they had,
but you can't break their spirit, I'm telling you,
they'll be back here tomorrow, or in just a tad.
As heroes gather where the church bell chimes,
I'll tell you one thing sure, fair dinkum old son,
those firebug cowards failed us a hundred times,
but those dear burnt souls have failed none.

**Minutes of the meeting of the Fellowship of Australian
Writers (Vic) held at 53 Summerhill Rd, Reservoir,
on Saturday 3 December 2016**

Meeting opened:- 2.34pm

Present:- John Covill, Pauline Csuba, Jim Mynard, David O'Dwyer, Philip Rainford, Angelo Salamanca, Graham Simmons.

Apologies:-

One Minute's Silence.

The committee observed a One Minute's Silence for Fellowship of Australian Writers immediate past president Gail Blundell who died on Wednesday 16 November 2016.

Previous Minutes:-No previous minutes were available.

REPORTS

President's Report:-

Welcome to the Fellowship of Australian Writers The Fellowship was established in 1928, and has branches and chapters across Australia. It has long been the same people running the fellowship. I wish to congratulate them for the years of hard work and dedication. Remember these have been people who volunteered their time and energy to keep this non-profit organisation running. They often had full-time careers as well as family commitments. Over time there has been a decline in our membership and our committee members with aging and illness at the forefront and the sponsors who have supported FAW over many years have dwindled. Running a magazine and a non-profit organisation without being paid is often a difficult thing to do. But there have been members who have contributed more than their fair share. If we are to keep this organisation afloat then you the members are needed. If you are serious as a follower of the fellowship then we need you. Times are changing and we are entering a new phase. I not only expect, but insist we will fill all positions on the committee. That membership's increase and members contribute works as originally intended. The fellowship is an organisation with aims to bring together all those interested in writing. An organisation made up of writers for writers to be able to write. As the newly elected president for 2017 I am looking for you to step up and contribute to the com-

committee. Submit your work for publication. There will be a regular newsletter and The Australian Writer will still be produced, albeit in a different format. I look forward to reading your many writings.

Secretary's Report:-

I was elected to the position of secretary of the Fellowship of Australian Writers Vic at the Annual General Meeting held at 53 Summerhill Road, Reservoir, on Saturday 29 October 2016. My first challenge was to restore active communication with the membership, lost with the demise of the quarterly magazine, The Australian Writer. Files of the magazine were not available to me. I took an executive decision to start from scratch, and as well, revamp the magazine to a monthly newsletter, and to replace the quarterly publication with a Short Story and Poetry anthology designed and produced as a marketable entity, published under the FAW Vic banner. It was important to me after reading the last magazine to rework the line of communication, and to provide a financial alternative to the massive drain the previous magazine had on FAW Vic resources. The monthly newsletter will be issued as a supplement to The Australian Writer and has sponsorship for at least three editions. With the correct management the anthology will provide a profit to FAWV and it is my wish to see this money used to enhance the awards and to eliminate the drag on this committee 'begging' for sponsorships, a difficult task in any field. I am in the process of updating the FAWV Rules of Association, based on the current version provided by Consumer Affairs.

Recommendation:-

That the secretary proceed with the plan to produce a monthly 20 page newsletter and to activate the plan to produce a 100 page anthology of short stories and poetry written by FAW members. And that the plan be reviewed at the March general meeting. That the secretary provide a draft of a revised FAWV Rules of incorporation.

Treasurer's Report:- No treasurer's report received.

Moved reports be received and the recommendations be dealt with in general business.

Jim Mynard/Second Pauline Csuba.

Correspondence.

Moved correspondence recorded be received.

Philip Rainford/Second Pauline Csuba.

General Business:-**Awards.**

In view of the death of Awards Coordinator Gail Blundell.

Moved Philip Rainford will prepare the awards entries, which closed on Wednesday 30 November, bank awards payments, send entries to judges, and prepare a status report to the committee in lieu of further processing.

Philip Rainford/Second Pauline Csuba.

Bank signatories.

Moved the matter of updating bank signatories be discussed at the January meeting.

Jim Mynard/Second Pauline Csuba.

The Australian Writer.

Moved the secretary proceed with the plan for the Fellowship of Australian Writers to produce The Australian Writer series of anthologies and this be reviewed at the March committee meeting.

Jim Mynard/Second Pauline Csuba.

Life member nomination/s.

Life Membership qualifications were discussed and held in abeyance for discussion at a future date.

Membership fee structure.

Moved discussion on membership fee structure be held over as part of the estimates preparation, and review of the Articles of Association being conducted by the secretary.

Pauline Csuba/Second Jim Mynard.

New committee member.

Moved Graham Simmons be co-opted to the committee, and be appointed vice president.

Jim Mynard/Second Philip Rainford.

Insurance.

It was noted the certificate of insurance to cover members involved in Fellowship of Australian Writers is published in the November Newsletter and posted on the website:- writers.asn.au

Contact with regional groups.

The secretary advised he is in the early stages of renewing con-

tact with regional writers' groups and this would be ongoing.

Sponsorships.

The secretary advised the issue of sponsorship to support fellowship activities was ongoing and that a small sponsorship had been arranged for production of the first three editions of The Australian Writer newsletter, which is a supplement to the proposed Australian Writer anthologies.

Print Post.

The matter of using the Print Post services was held in abeyance on the grounds the service was hardly worth the trouble.

Articles of Association (Rules).

The secretary advised he was working on preparation of estimates for the new committee, in conjunction with preparation of a new Articles of Association, and recommendations for a new membership qualification and fee structure as a package to be presented to the January meeting. But warned it was a large undertaking and might need to be held over to the February meeting.

Meeting venues.

Discussion was held about a future meeting venue, preferably in a centralised and easily accessible locality, was left open, but with committee members being asked to watch for a possible venue.

Fellowship of Australian Writers Seal.

Use of the Fellowship of Australian Writers Seal will come under a set of rules within the Articles of Association, subject to approval by the committee. Consideration needs to be given to the limitations of the Seal's use to such as important documents in the form of awards certificates, certificates of appreciation, and letters under Seal, but not as a signature for legal documents. In general to be used in a manner to engender its use as appreciable, important, and gratefully accepted.

Consumer Affairs.

The fellowship is able to have three delegates listed with Consumer Affairs. The secretary, who is now listed, must quickly deal with preparation of a report to Consumer Affairs from the October annual meeting.

Payment of \$55.80 is to accompany the report.

Anne Elder Trust.

The new committee must become familiar with the structure of the Anne Elder Trust, and documents must be retained in a safe place.

Historical records at State library.

Philip Rainford said the State Library was holding boxes of Fellowship of Australian Writers archival material and more documents needed to be placed in the archives. He said it was unlikely the material would be properly listed and documented because of the massive tasks in this field faced by the library. Pauline Csuba suggested it might be worth looking at the FAW archives to see if the history could be put in book form as a celebration record for the FAW centenary in 2038. She said this would also be a cost free service to the State Library.

Moved Pauline Csuba be invited to take on the task of preparing a celebratory centenary document and this be part of credits given toward her masters degree.

Jim Mynard/Second Graham Simmons.

Meeting closed 4.35pm. Signed by President Pauline Csuba.

The Australian Writer invites contributions of short stories, poetry, and monologues, from FAW members.

Please send contributions to The Australian Writer,
453 Bourke Rd, Katamatie, 3649

or by email to mynardmedia6@bigpond.com

Publication in The Australian Writer does not preclude authors from publication elsewhere at any time.

Opportunities

Tasmanian Writers Prize 2017 closes on Monday 13 February 2017. The award is for a 3000 word short story with an island theme, and has a \$500 cash prize, plus publication in Tasmania 40 South.

Details:- www.fortysouth.com.au

Listing

If you have a book out there please join our listing;
it just might sell a few.

Jessop, Lois:-

Benjamin Banjo Frog.
Tobop Productions.

Johnson, MG:-

No Time to Waste.
At:- mgjohnson.com.au

McWhirter, Dr Pat:-

Harewood, Western Port Stardust to Us.
patvet@bigpond.com

Mynard, Jim:-

On The Swamp.
Glenoword Books.com

Smith, Gordon:-

An Australian Story.
The Family That Went to War.
(Both translated into Portugese).
Lady Ruth Bromfield.
The Ministry Communications Unit.
All four books are being translated into Chinese.
(see www.gordontraffic.com)

Smailes, Lynn:-

A Prescribed Life.
Co-written with Tony Atkinson.
Affirm Press.

Stone, Dulcie:-

Changing Times, Changing Lives.
Spectrum Publications.
(free). publications@aiidd.org.au

Tavrou, Nenia:-

Magical Moments of an Adventurous Life.
nenia1@bigpond.com

Wilson, Edwin:-

New Collected Poems.
At good poetry stores or download:-
edwinwilson.com.au

FAW (Vic) Committee

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pauline.csuba@gmail.com

Secretary:-

Jim Mynard.

mynardmedia6@bigpond.com

0417 567 741

Treasurer:-

Philip Rainford.

philip@thehivecentre.com

Committee Members:-

John Covill; David O'Dwyer; Angelo Salamanca.

Interstate branches

New South Wales

www.fawns.org.au

North Shore NSW

fawnorthshore@gmail.com

Shoalhaven NSW

fawshoalhaven.org.au

Queensland

fawq.net

Tasmania

fawtas.org.au

Western Australia

fawwa.org.au

General Meeting

A general meeting of the new FAW Vic committee will be held at 2pm on Saturday 4 February 2017.

Newsletter sponsored by
Glenoword Books

Glenowordbooks.com

0417 567 741