

 **The
Aardvarkian**



ISSUE II

A.S. XXXIii

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SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

DOMINIQUE FOOSHA TOONE
DAFYDD OF THE GLENS
ULF LOWIS
LADY ANTONIA da RUCCELLAI
TADC O'CORCORAIN

BEHIND THE SCENES

There are two people I would love to thank:

B. FARROW
D. TOONE

DISCLAIMER

This is The Aardvarkian! The (soon-to-be) monthly publication for the Canton of Arrowsreach. Subscribing information is on Page 1. It is not a corporate publication and does not delineate S.C.A policy; just Marxist, Communist, Socialist, neo-Nihilist propaganda!!

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COVER: TADC O'CORCORAIN c)1998.

ORANGE ORACLE

Welcome again to another superlative installment of The Aardvarkian.

Important points:

The Aardvarkian is currently bi-monthly

All articles, artwork and news items are greatly appreciated (non members too) but please be succinct

Spelling will be checked but not necessarily grammar or punctuation (*I can't be bothered!*)

I would like to welcome aboard two important members of the publishing team:

Dominique *Foosha* Toone Co-Editor and Contributor

Will Cumyn Technological Guru and Web Page Director

So, as Matt LeBlanc so eloquently expressed at the Logies... *'Rock On!'*

LADY DRUID ORANGE GIRLIE

SENESCHAL'S BIT

In June we held the 'Boris is Back' Soup Kitchen and Tourney. The event was expected to be rather small, based on the bookings that we received. It was quite a surprise to see the attendance 50% higher than expected. In fact, there were so many people that we ran out of seats. Prince Boris and Princess Constance seemed to enjoy themselves and got to see and hear lots of interesting Arts and Sciences. I would like to thank all of the people who helped and/or organised the event; especially Shona, Vanessa and Marshall Privydigger, who spent almost the entire evening at the troll table.

We now have a hall we can use on Tuesdays. The hall will be used initially for Fighter Training, but it would be nice to see other people putting the hall to good use. Some people have suggested a Theatre Group or an Arts and Sciences venue. If you have any ideas, please let me know.

ATAR OF SARUM

PEOPLE PROFILE

HELGA

You may know her as Atar of Sarum's attractive consort, but as Arts and Sciences officer; Helga is responsible for the education and beautification of our dreary and mundane lives. More than equal to the task, this buxom wench also whips up a tasty muffin mixture when begged. A cook, an artist, a photographer and a student, Helga is more than qualified to lead the charge for artist's everywhere.

Always ready with a smile despite constant Combie troubles, she is always found helping others. Whether it is feasting, organising events, making delicious muffins, bringing Pale Ale Cascades for her parched consort or creating spectacular covers for prominent literary works. So, if you have any questions relating to making stuff... just call Helga!

SUBSCRIBING AND SUBMITTING

The Aardvarkian is now available online. Download at <http://home.mira.net/~evanessa>

Our plan is to make The Aardvarkian as interesting and cheap as possible. So far the cost is **\$8.00** for 12 issues. If you are online, it will cost you **nothing**, as there are no printing or postage costs. Those wanting it mailed, pay for printing and postage. What we need for postage is:

NAME:

ADDRESS:

MEMBERSHIP NUMBER (IF APPLICABLE) :

Please advise me on any address changes.

Send information and any articles to The Chronicler to the addresses below.

ARROWSREACH REGNUM

SENESCHAL:

Atar of Sarum (Simon Tambourine) -9500 0013 or tambourn@NOA.NINTENDO.com

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Lady Druid Orange Girlie (Mrs. Thomson) 1/7 Wordsworth St. Mooroolbark 3138 or e-mail me at:
evanessa@mira.net

ARTS & SCIENCES COMPETITIONS

TAVERN NIGHT in January 1999 Feasting Gear

NAGEL'S NIGHT in March 1999 Banners

NEWS BRIEF

- Thorrhill ini gangini Broj'sonn has been appointed Historian for Arrowsreach
- Thanks to the conscientious efforts of Sui we have a Hall for Tuesday Night Fighter Training
- Margie of Glenmore has appointed Sui as Deputy Marshal.
- We have the Arrowsreach Discussion List up and running . Contact Will Cumyn (Bill Farrow) for details
- We finally received the List of Addresses needed to submit our Name and Device for Arrowsreach!
- Thanks to Sharon Nevin who produced October's Stromscroll, she got us in the Regnum!!

TENTS AND PAVILLIONS

Anyone interested in making tents and/or pavilions for Rowany please contact Helga (Yvonne Van Vliet) on 9564 8302.

AARDVARKS... A TALE.

The Aardvarkian... conjures up sophistication, timelessness, exudes a sense of frivolity, or even whim. This title is no flight of fancy, the Aardvark is a creature with the most unique qualities.

To form a sense of history, and understand the nature and objective of The Aardvarkian, it is essential to explore the Aardvark itself, it's habitat, idiosyncracities, it's raisond'etre, and how these marry to create a mascot to be modeled on.

The Aardvark, it is not a Lion, strong and proud with razor sharp survival instincts, nor is it as graceful and majestic as the Giraffe. Indeed it has been described as, "A grotesque, thickset animal..." (1997 Charles R. W. Lyne).

The Aardvark is however, an enigmatic creature who scientists agree is truly unique; it is in a class of it's own. The Aardvark or for Latin buffs, *Orycteropus Afer*, is a medium sized nocturnal mammal with tubular nose and a long, extendible tongue. The Aardvark goes by several names less prestigious but as effective, The Ant bear or Earth Hog.

The name Aardvark derives from a poetic combination of Afrikaans –*Aard* meaning Earth and *Vark* meaning Pig.

Aardvarks do not move at excessive speeds and take time to enjoy life. Each night they employ an exceptional sense of smell, to locate their prey and dine on a feast of delicious African termites. During the days they can be spotted lazing at the front of their burrows, soaking up the rays. Having a brown hide, the Aardvark, doesn't have a compulsive need to remain clean, and finds that the African dust, adds to its highly developed camouflage.

Don't let this relaxed creature fool you, when alarmed or backed into a corner the Aardvark can move with astonishing speed. When their back is against a wall, they will rear onto their hind legs and paw at the attacker with the front paws. This failing, they will lie on their backs and paw with all four legs. Although this sounds slightly ineffective, take into account, that Aardvarks are accomplished burrowers. The claws combined with the speed they can dig, is a highly effective weapon. They will run, however having bad eyesight they have a tendency to frequently crash into trees, bushes and other obstructions, hence their flight instinctive is to burrow.

The Aardvark is at risk from hunting, some cultures believing that the hair and claws have obscure medicinal and 'magical' properties.

Why the Aardvarkian, it is an unique publication, made up of many talented individuals, who are seen mostly at night, but can be found languishing beneath fluorescent light in elaborate burrows during the day. Their strength of purpose is great and when required to attack do so effectively, for their own survival and that of their clan.

DOMINIQUE FOOSHA TOONE



ENTERTAINING THE POPULACE AT FEASTS **(PART 2)**

4. HOW FAR CAN I GO?

Well, you must remain courteous. Satire is dodgey. I really don't recommend this except in unusual circumstances. Crude? Depends on context. Medieval life was shall we say, rather robust, and you can get away with a fair bit of rudeness as long as you do it with style and gusto. And the better you are the further you can go. Remember that if you have adopted a clearly recognizable character persona you can go quite a long way as long as you stay in character. If you are a Medieval Fool, for instance, you can get away with almost. But being a Fool is, after all, extremely difficult. In the entertaining biz it's the backwards double twist, 2.5 somersault with pike.

5. OK, I'VE SEEN LAURELLY TYPE PERSONS DOING HIGH CULTURE. IS THERE TOO MUCH OF THIS? DOES THIS MEAN WE'RE ALL SUPPOSED TO DO THAT?

Not in the least. Do what you're good at. As far as renaissance motets and stuff like that goes, we do this because it's good for the populace to get high culture sometimes. Even if they don't like it, it's good for their souls. Also, here is the pointy bit, some of you may have noticed that a typical Dafydd song bracket usually ends with something very silly indeed in a serious style. This is intentional. You cannot have good humored satire unless there is a clear cultural ambience to send up. So what I like to do is get an atmosphere of serious arty stuff well and truly established and then send it up. Without the serious bit you don't get the comic contrast.

6. CAN I TELL THE AUDIENCE (NICELY) TO SHUT UP AND LISTEN?

This is always a controversial one. At times I do like to see the audience being told to belt up and listen. Especially if the performer is abit on the shy side, or it's going to be seriously quiet ensemble piece. For myself, I will take my chances with the audience. If they don't shut up then clearly I'm not at my best and it's my own fault. A bit of give and take between performers and audience is best. Audiences should keep quiet, and performers must not try their audience's patience.

Long live the Aardvarks!

MASTER DAFYDD OF THE GLENS

THE SPOT

Within the darkness of the mist
At the hour where all is still.
Icy columns, floating breeze
Disturbing all that is at ease.

Held out front, a sight unseen
Below, an unyielding haze.
Swirling about, within itself
What was done, now gone.

A touch sees what the eye cannot
A sigh within the cloud.
Shaken by the burning trunk
Marked a warning for all.

Grand emerging from the drift
Furnace turning around
Between the toes at the ancient one
The Spot, now is found.

MARSHALL PRIVYDIGGER

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO STOCKING YOUR FEASTING BASKET (PART 2)

A bottle suitable for decanting into it your preferred drink for the event, or a bottle bag to cover your mundane plastic bottles. Also a corkscrew or bottle opener so that you can actually open your drinks. One or two candlesticks, along with enough candles to last for the length of the feast and matches, or an oil lamp or two depending on your preferences. A table clothe, and two napkins help round out the list. (Please note this list is not exhaustive)

The minimum feasting gear that you will need to survive a feast is a plate, a bowl and a goblet, as well as a spoon and an eating knife. Anything over and above that is nice, but this list is the bare basics.

Some people prefer wood, others prefer ceramics, metal or glass. You may wish to take into account your persona when deciding upon your feasting gear. I have a late period Persona, and I prefer to use ceramics and glass. However, I also have wood for the practicality of being able to toss it into my luggage and know that it is likely to survive the trip intact.

Wood and pottery were quite common throughout period and could be had at reasonable prices. Naturally, the better quality pieces made by master craftsmen were far more costly to acquire. Metal was rarer and tended to be more expensive, whereas glass was extremely expensive. Not only because it was hard to make, but also because of the difficulty in transporting it.

I have always found it harder to find my cutlery than my crockery. Spoons in period tended to have rounded bowls, so a modern soup spoon would be closer than a modern dessert spoon. Forks were known in period, though not widely used. Queen Elizabeth was once presented with a set of forks. Two pronged for preference (if you can find them). Eating knives tended towards daggers style as opposed to butter knife shape.

Camberwell Market has yielded several Scadians' with two pronged forks over the years, though I understand that they are getting more expensive these days. Some pieces have cost me a couple of dollars, others have been somewhat more expensive. Still others have been gifts from friends.

If you are after such things as a glass bottle to hold your drinks, try Safeway or Coles. Nowadays both of these supermarkets have some very decorative bottles for a reasonable cost. For small bottles to hold your precious salt, try any of the \$2 shops that have sprung up. They often have small coloured glass jars that would suit.

Op-Shops have yielded lovely tablecloths and napery on occasion, but it really does depend on what has been donated. Old bed spreads have been used, as well as lengths of fabric. Not only do they help keep the table clean, they help to decorate the Hall and the Feast.

Antique and Bric-a-brac shops have also yielded treasures such as drinking horns, knives, forks, goblets etc. True these stores tend to be more expensive, but sometimes you can be pleasantly surprised.

Keep looking and collecting, with the aim to be that you should not borrow from others. Who knows, like many of us you too may end up carting along extra bits of feasting gear, "just in case".

LADY ANTONIA da RUCCELLAI

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Margie and Maidlin would like to offer our sincere appreciation to all those who have offered us love and support during Maidlin's illness. Maidlin is currently undergoing daily radiotherapy at the Peter Mac Callum Cancer Institute, and doing really well.

MARGIE OF GLENMORE

THE HUNT

The light of day is beginning to shorten. Lughnasadh has long since been, the harvest festival celebrated many moons past. Samhain draws near and at that time the warmth will leave us. And so we must prepare for these cold, dark times. The wheel of the year turns and, as dark must become light so must light become dark.

And so I hunt. I hunt so that we may survive the lean times ahead. I hunt because that is the talent I can offer the village. The forest will sustain us, the forest will protect us. I stealthily move through the undergrowth, the foliage overhead, casting bizarre shadows on the forest floor ahead of me. Moving as silently as I can, I make my way along the game track. Up ahead is the stream that provides the village as it meanders through the forest. I know I am downwind of the stream. I know this is how I must hunt. If I am lucky, there will be a great stag drinking from the stream. In the least, I hope for the tracks of a stag that has recently been there. I view the stream ahead. Unfortunately I view no game there for the taking. I cross the stream, though the water makes my toes go numb in my soft leather boots. I examine the ground on the opposite bank. My luck has held. There are fresh tracks in the soft mud by the water's edge. The tracks lead off into the forest ahead of me. On a tree near the water's edge is a rub with fresh velvet on the trunk. I follow the tracks through the trees. The stag must be looking to bed down for the night as the light starts to fade.

Suddenly, up ahead I view a great stag through the trees feeding quietly. The stag is big enough to feed the entire household during the cold, dark days ahead. I draw an arrow from the quiver strapped to my side. I nock the arrow on the string. I draw the arrow to its full length, sighting along the shaft. I aim for the point just behind the stag's shoulder hoping to hit the heart. I want the kill to be instant so the stag stays relaxed, which makes the meat tenderer. I loose the arrow smoothly and it rewards me with straight flight, striking the stag true. The stag topples and lies on the ground motionless.

The kill is clean, the hunt complete. I am exhilarated, I am relieved. The feeling of euphoria stays with me as I drag the fresh kill out of the forest and into the village where I can rest in front of the roaring fire, mug in hand, resting, preparing to hunt again.

ULF LOWIS

MARSHALL'S TALK

At the 'Boris is Back' Tourney, five heavy fighters competed with the overall victory going to Atar of Sarum. I would like to thank Atar for taking over my role as Marshall-in-Charge for the event.

Heavy Training is now occurring regularly at a Hall in Beryl Street Nunawading, every Tuesday evening. Attendance appears to be improving. Although there are some new fighter's, no new authorisations have been completed at this stage.

Some armouring workshops at Brian's have produced very pleasing results. Thorrgill's expertise in leather armouring has also helped those in need of making or purchasing armour for heavy fighting.

Where are the Arrowsreach lights? It's time to dust off your armour and string your bows- How about some light training? Or maybe an event including light combat?

MARGIE OF GLENMORE

ATAR'S FUNKADELIC SCHOOL OF HEAVY FIGHTER TRAINING

WHERE: 1st Tunstall Scout Hall
Cnr Springvale Road and Beryl Street. (Entrance off Beryl Street)

TIME: 7:00 – 10:30p.m every Tuesday evening

COST: Unfortunately there will be a new cost of \$5.00 to cover the Hall.

Coffee and tea provided.

Thanks to Sui for all his hard work in organising this new venue.

All spectators welcome, so bring your sewing, embroidery, have discussions, meetings or just chat!

MY TRIP TO ROWANY

(PART 2)

DAY 1: (ARRIVING AT ROWANY)

We arrived at 3:00a.m Friday morning to an encampment of exhausted Medievalers. With no orienteering skills whatsoever, we desperately searched for our well disguised Household. With feeble torchlight and treacherous turf to impede us, we eventually stumbled upon a blasted and eradicated Oak tree slung insolently over a hired tent. Jackpot! A nest of unruly Saarlanders lying blissfully unaware and covering our stumbling approach with melodious, choral snoring. What music!

To our surprise and delight, our Arch Ker-nig had arrived with his faithful sidekick Wolfram in tow. Amused by the icy night air and the dilemma facing the intrepid travelers, I mused on the comforting fact that I had sent my bedding ahead with Shona. Shona had arrived the day before and I was sharing a tent with her. She was to have my bed ready and waiting for me, so I could kiss this sorry lot goodbye and curl up and go to sleep.

So I commiserated with the others as they struggled to erect tents, whilst battling fatigue, stress, shitty children and below zero temperatures. After much sympathising, I unloaded the van and promptly went to bed. As my luck would have it, there was no bed! I woke a slumbering yet alluring Shona (again, liberal use of artistic license) and almost screamed, "Where's my *#@! Bed?" To which she sleepily replied that the most Depraved, Wicked, Malignant, Villainous, Base, Sinful, Vile, Corrupt, Infamous Baron known to Lochac held my most precious bed ransom! "Who?" I queried. To which she replied, "The EVIL Baron Alaine!"

(Dun, dun da!)

Pause... as the readers gather themselves for a most unexpected twist in the story so far.

"Why O Why?" cried I. Weeping shamelessly as all dreams of blissful slumber were dashed cruelly away. To which our torpid antagonist crustily informed me that it was in his tent and I could retrieve it tomorrow. 'Oh!' was all I could say. So with hopes dashed and with heavy heart, I trudged back into the icy morning and begged for bedding to sustain me till sunrise. With unflagging good humour and the inability to say "No!", Marg acquiesced and I secured bedding for the morning.

I chatted with Shona as she shared delicious, naughty rumours on the goings on so far (Primarily concerning her!!) Rehashed the trip's highlight's which consisted of not much and eventually was lulled to sleep by the dulcet, sweet sounding extravaganza so thoughtfully provided by Atar and Roland Ironbeard's nasal passages! A sweet lullaby indeed.

THE ANNUAL SAARLANDS SPRING WAR & PICNIC

(in conjunction with the Canton of Arrowsreach)

WHEN: Sunday November 8th

WHERE: John Gardiner Reserve; Auburn Road, East Hawthorn

COST: Normal \$2.00 tithe applies for hire of Field and Pavilion

TIME: Picnic begins and Lists open at 1:00p.m

Please bring along a picnic, blankets, games, musical instruments but most importantly a hat and sunscreen!

All merchants welcome.

Yummies and treats will be available to buy on site for a reasonable cost.

CONTACT: Lady Druid Orange Girlie (Vanessa J. Thomson) in regards to picnic and merchants
On 9733 4229

And Will Cumyn (Bill Farrow) in regards to the War on 9819 3714.

INTERSTATE REVELRIES

VALHALLA

27-29 November 1998

FRIDAY NIGHT: Soup Kitchen

SATURDAY: War and lots of it! Everyone gets to die. Collegia.

SATURDAY NIGHT: Loki's Night. Gambling, drinking, eating, drinking, singing, drinking, partying, drinking, wrestling, drinking. (*Bardic Competition- Norse Style*)
(Mead, Ale and Beer supplied FREE by the Brewers of Politarchopolis)

SUNDAY: Collegia, Bush KaZi, Archery, Village Football, and Rapier Tournament.

EVENT STEWARD: Llewellyn de Guerre (Andrew Hill)

EVENT HEAD CHEF: Drake Morgan (Craig Jones) Dietary requirements must be notified prior to the event.

COST: Before 1 November - \$35.00

After 1 November -\$40.00

BOOKINGS: Drake Morgan (Craig Jones)

Valhalla

G.P.O box 2435 Canberra, ACT 2601

Phone: (02) 6251 8101 (between 7-10p.m, 7 days) Email: Craig.Jones@airservices.gov.au

Nb. This is a camping event. Unfortunately bunkhouses are not available.

RIVERHAVEN BARONIAL INVESTITURE

Come and celebrate with us as we sadly farewell Agro Agwesi and Glynhyvar of Riverhaven as our Baron and Baroness, and welcome Hrothgar Breaksword and Eleanor of Caithness to the baronial Seat on the

17 and 18 OCTOBER.

SATURDAY 17TH - BARONIAL INVESTITURE AND FEAST

WHERE: Saint Joseph's Hall, Pine Mountain Rd, Ipswich (UBD, Map 47, L6)

TIME: 11a.m onwards. Feast begins around 6p.m.

SUNDAY 18TH - BARONIAL CHAMPIONSHIP & TOURNAMENT OF ROSES

WHERE: Sherwood Forest, Brisbane. (UBD, Map 33, N5)

TIME: Lists and Armour Inspection open: 11.30a.m . Tournament begins: 12.30p.m

COSTS: **Adult:** \$30.00 single day (including lunch) \$5.00, off Board:\$5.00

Children: under 5: free. Ages 6-13: \$15.00. Teens 14-18: Adult price

Family: 2 adult and 2 children: \$70.00. 2 adult, 1 child and 1 teen: \$95.00
or any combination in between, Maximum cost: \$120.00

BOOKINGS: Bookings required for Lunches and Feast.

DEADLINE: 14 October **CHEQUES:** SCA Riverhaven Inc.

Dyna or Leanda Jones: Ph: (07) 46 30 33 48. Address: Jones Rd Withcott, M/S 408 Toowoomba, QLD 4352.

When booking please include: Special dietary requirements, Billeting requirements, Bus & Airport pick up and drop off needs. Billeting is available, further details will be given when booking.

A & S REPORT

CANDLEMANIA

On a cold and wintry afternoon; Atar, Jake and Helga (that's me!) huddled around my mum's stove to... make Candles!! Glistening with each dip (the candles) and cooling into smooth, silky pillars that will illuminate us in all our glory at the Stormhold Birthday Feast. We will be bathed in their soft, flickering light; I mean Atar, Jake and I will be bathing! The rest of you slackers can loom in gloom saying, "Woe is me! For I did not go to the Candle making Workshop."

"Yes! Look upon us, with our super, period looking candles and be ashamed!"

And promise yourselves that you *will* attend the next A&S workshop with bells on; as soon as I figure what, where and when, I'll get back to you. Much love,

HELGA

WHO WAS THERE?

Woe is me 'til I see that
 what is, was done by thee.
 Blame doth shift with knowledge now,
 of what was done and when and how.
 Count to four, not three, nor more
 To see the man my lifetime saw.
 Regretful birth or choice of fam
 Naught left to do but to cram
 Intensity to the life
 Of who matters most, doer of strife.

A petty quarrel of great need
 Who suffered most, but thoust seed.
 I run away and back again
 The will break one day and then
 Thoust will not see nor, nor hide nor hair
 Nor hear the voice of who was there.
 Not hear the voice of who was there!?
 That seems too rash, let us repair
 The damage done by thee and some
 Let bygones be, let me be one.

**TADC O'CORCORAIN
 (TEIG)**

ARROWSREACH DRAMA GUILD

To one and all, we bid you an open invitation to join in an exciting new project initiated by the Canton of Arrowsreach.

Many of us have spoken of our love of entertainment and our interest in pursuing this interest within a group situation with other like minded individuals. A forum in which to express ourselves and to create works both personal and professional

A fun and relaxed atmosphere where 'everybody' is encouraged to participate both behind the scenes and on stage. An opportunity to direct, write, produce, star, design, create and work with published or even better, amateur productions. No experience necessary, only enthusiasm!

This is your opportunity to join in, have fun and create your own niche within the Society. So please come along to Tuesday Evening Fighter Training in Nunawading and help us create something new!

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HOSPITALLER HOUR

Greetings and Salutations,

Since the 'Boris is Back' event in June, the Hospitallery hasn't grown any larger, so if anyone has any feasting gear or garb to donate please contact me. Once we have sufficient funds, hopefully we'll have a sewing bee to make more garb for newcomers.

Yours to the Dream

SEONA DUNLIATH ni SHEACHNASAIG

WILLIAM MARSHAL MEMORIAL TOURNEY AND FEAST

STORMHOLD, SATURDAY DECEMBER 5TH

A Chivalric weapons tourney will be held on Saturday December 5th at **PRIDEMORE PARK, MASON STREET, HAWTHORN (MELWAYS 2H-H5)** from 11.00.a.m. Followed by a catered Feast at **FITZROY TOWN HALL (upstairs) MOORE STREET, FITZROY (MELWAYS 2C-B9)** from 5.00.p.m.

Entry tickets: \$20.00 for members
\$25.00 non-members
Cheques payable to SCA Inc. Stormhold.

Tickets will be on sale from the Autocrat from the 1st October until sold out or till 1st December.
(Wayfarers by arrangement with Autocrat)
There are a limited number of tickets (we have sold out for the last two years).

Chivalric weapons are either two handed swords or shields with either sword/mace/axe.
Next will be a Challenge Resurrection Melee (ransoms supplied by the event, commensurate with the status of the fighter) in the style of the 12th century.

Lists open 11.00a.m, Tourney from **NOON SHARP** (No S.C.A Time!)

At the Feast will be a Best Angevin Garb competition and the Baronial Arts and Sciences Championship.
Anyone with special dietary requirements please advise the Autocrat.

AUTOCRAT: Thorfinn Hrolfsson (Steve Roylance)
1592 Malvern Road, Glen Iris, Victoria 3146
(03) 9885 6348 e-mail: roylance@corplink.com.au

So again, thank you to one and all for their help.