

# BULLY TIN



**Next Muster March 3rd 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park**  
**MC : Robert Gunn 0417099676 gun.hink@hotmail.com**

### Future events and contacts

Contact for the  
**Bunbury Bush Poets**  
Bunbury group contact while Alan is away is  
Ian Farrell 0408212636

### **Bunbury Show**

8th April contact  
Adrian 97919701

### **Derby Bush Poets Breakfast**

2nd July  
Contact Robyn 91911782 or 0417918862

### **Mandurah Bush Poetry day**

Sat 20th May.  
Flyer to come soon

### You've got a friend in me

It's hard to find your world has changed  
Your way of life is rearranged  
Time was gone when you'd had a drop  
And now you find it's hard to stop  
Your drinking seems to know no end  
A hangover is now your best friend  
The grog can truly wreck your life  
You lose your kids also your wife  
You know the situation's dire  
As you wallow in abysmal mire  
It's up to you to help yourself  
Your money's gone so to your health  
They say that booze can be a friend  
But sometimes friendships have to end  
Beer and rum and whisky tod  
Have made a far worse man of you

For heaven's sake please hear my plea  
You know you've got a friend in me  
I'm not here to nag and moan  
With my help you'll never be alone  
No matter what you say or think  
I'll help you beat the demon drink  
I know cos I was a gin soaked sot  
And I too found it hard to stop.  
Roger Cracknell,

Poet's Brawl , Boyup Brook, 2017



### **The show went on.**

People were most impressed with Roger's more serious take on his line. Congratulations Roger.

Peter Blyth displays other talents on his plastic pipe lagerphone.



**Outback Country Music**  
Friday 3rd Saturday 4th & Sunday 5th March 2017  
A whole weekend of great music at 62 Rowe Road Serpentine

Tickets \$50 All Weekend  
Phone Jan 9525 2355  
Or 0407 772 627  
Camping from Friday afternoon  
**Sorry No Pets Thank You**

<p><b>Friday 6-30pm</b> Bush Dance Billy Higginson &amp; Pale Moon Riders</p> <p><b>Saturday 12-4pm</b> Déjà vu with Sarah</p> <p><b>Saturday 6-30pm</b> Billy &amp; Pale Moon Riders Anne Kirpatrick Reg Pool Laura Downing Wayne Pride Kate Linke Moiria Scott Jim, Flora, Family &amp; Friends</p>		<p><b>Sunday 8-30am</b> Bush Poets Breakfast</p> <p><b>10.30am-4pm</b> Billy &amp; Pale Moon Riders &amp; Walk Ups</p> <p>Compered By Brendon T</p>
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Bring Your Own Van, Swags, Tents Chairs & Drinks  
B.Y.O Food & Spud Van On Site

**This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of KATE DOUST MLC and posted with the generous assistance of Ben Wyatt, MLA - Member for Victoria Park.**



Much as we have enjoyed our travels during the past year, we have really had a marvellous time since Meg and I have returned to WA. The welcome home we received at the Muster and then reconnecting with so many friends at Boyup Brook reminds us how fortunate we are to be members of WA Bush Poets.

A huge thank you to all the poets who came to Boyup Brook. We continue to be a major part of the Country Music Festival and have a very loyal band of followers there. This year we had an added bonus with a group of musicians staying at "Northlands", and entertaining us each evening. Feature poets from the east, Dave Proust and Robyn Sykes, were full of praise for the WA poets, and particularly for the high standard of poems in the poets brawl.

It was a pleasure to attend the Bunbury group gathering last month and to see their progress. From very humble beginnings Alan has built it up to a group of over 30 very keen poets and supporters. While reciting our poems is the preferred way to go, readers should not be discouraged. They add to the evening's entertainment and I know several reciters who would never have started without being allowed to first read their poems. Ian Farrell is doing an excellent job keeping the group going ahead while Alan and Debbie are enjoying themselves in the USA.

This month some of our members will be performing at the Down Under Country Music Weekend hosted by David and Therese Higginson (they provided the music at Wireless Hill on Australia Day). This is an excellent weekend of ballad style country music and this year we see the return of Stuiie French and Camille Te Nahu and their very talented son Sonny.

Meg and I will be staying put for a few months and are looking forward to being involved in the poetry scene in WA, and to catching up with members and groups closer to home.

Bill Gordon President

Thanks for being such great hosts...I know I speak for all the people who stayed out at Northlands. ED.



**I PROMISE**

I promise for ever to be true,  
Always keep the vows I make to you  
All my wild times are in the past  
No more I'll give the booze a blast.

No more nights with a raunchy girl  
A family man, a perfect pearl  
A man you can forever trust.  
Your dreams will never turn to dust.

I'll work so hard with all my might  
To serve you every day and night  
Whatever you wish is my command,  
And all you need will be at hand.

Your friends will want to come and see  
How you did find a man like me  
One thing there is for you to note  
On March eleven, give me your vote.

Bill Gordon 17.2.2017  
Bill's entry in the Poet's Brawl at Boyup Brook

**Boyup Brook Country Music Festival, the best fest in the west.**

I'm off to Boyup Brook in February the weather's always fine  
But the joker in the celestial skies thinks other things this time  
Huey's had a gutful, he's sending down torrential rain  
The punters and the townfolk are flooded out, it's a crying shame.

So everyone is rallying round to pull the show together  
So Huey can be thwarted, bugged the flaming weather  
They've imported giant bunyips and water guzzling Tiddaliks  
To swallow up the flood waters and make them go back quick.

Now the water is receding, the sun's come out to shine  
The poets are sprouting bullshit and the music's on just fine  
Guitars are twanging, singers singing, fiddlers bowing up a crest  
For Boyup Brook Country Music Festival, the best fest in the west.

Christine Boulton, Poet's Brawl Boyup Brook 2017

It was requested that this be included...it's pretty rough ED.

**Resolutions -  
Entries in an 8 line competition**

I've got eight lines to write a poem , the subject, resolutions;  
I search for great enlightenment, but find no quick solutions.  
I search in every cranny, every nook inside my brain;  
I find in there no answers so I look and look again,  
But inspiration stays away, a fickle mistress she,  
My mind seems like a foggy cloud, there's nothing I can see.  
Then finally it comes to me, an answer to my mission,  
My resolution is quite clear, I'll avoid this competition.

(c) Brian Langley Dec. 22<sup>nd</sup> 2015

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Oh Lord above, please heed my prayer, the one I ask of you tonight,  
The last ten years you've got it wrong, so Lord, this year, please get it right.  
The resolutions that I've asked, your aid in helping me achieve  
No aid at all, from you I've had, and so it is that I believe  
My prayers have fallen on deaf ears; you've understood them not at all;  
They are not difficult I know, in godly terms they are quite small.  
And so this year, unlike the past, no resolutions have I made  
THIS year. Dear Lord, ONE thing I ask. Please get yourself a hearing aid!

(c) Brian Langley Dec. 27<sup>th</sup> 2016

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**Jem's Gems**

**For you old diggers.**

He was getting old and paunchy  
And his hair was falling fast,  
And he sat around the R.S.L.,  
Telling stories of the past.  
Of a war that he once fought in  
And the deeds that he had done,  
In his exploits with his mates;  
They were heroes, every one.  
And 'tho sometimes to his neighbours  
His tales became a joke,  
All his mates listened quietly  
For they knew where of he spoke.  
But we'll hear his tales no longer,  
For ol' Jack has passed away,  
And the world's a little poorer  
For a Digger died today.  
He won't be mourned by many,  
Just his children and his wife.  
For he lived an ordinary,  
Very quiet sort of life.  
He held a job and raised a family,  
Going quietly on his way;  
And the world won't note his passing,  
'Tho a Digger died today.  
When politicians leave this earth,  
Their bodies lie in state,  
While thousands note their passing,  
And proclaim that they were great.  
The Media tell of their life stories  
From the time that they were young,  
But the passing of a Digger  
Goes unnoticed, and unsung.  
Is the greatest contribution  
To the welfare of our land,  
Some smoothie who breaks his promise  
And cons his fellow man?  
Or the ordinary fellow  
Who in times of war and strife,  
Goes off to serve his country  
And offers up his life?  
The politician's stipend  
And the style in which they live,  
Are often disproportionate,  
To the service that they give.  
While the ordinary Digger,  
Who offered up his all,  
Is paid off with a medal  
And perhaps a pension, small.  
It is not the politicians  
With their compromise and ploys,  
Who won for us the freedom  
That our country now enjoys.  
Should you find yourself in danger,  
With your enemies at hand,  
Would you really want some cop-out,  
With his ever-waffling stand?  
Or would you want a Digger  
His home, his country, his kin,  
Just a common Digger,  
Who would fight until the end?  
He was just a common Digger,  
And his ranks are growing thin,  
But his presence should remind us  
We may need his likes again.  
For when countries are in conflict,  
We find the Digger's part,  
Is to clean up all the troubles  
That the politicians start.  
If we cannot do him honour  
While he's here to hear the praise,  
Then at least let's give him homage  
At the ending of his days.  
Perhaps just a simple headline  
In the paper that might say:  
"OUR COUNTRY IS IN MOURNING,  
A DIGGER DIED TODAY."  
Anonymous

## Speed Camera in the Bush

Travel by road in the Western Australian Bush is a must,  
particularly of recent in the mining boom or bust.  
But that has left its own danger,  
risk to some humans is really a stranger.

The mentality of going as fast as you can,  
has left police to enforce the speeding ban.  
Culture agricultural for speed has left its scar,  
High school reunions missed, men and women  
remembered for fatalities in the ute or the car.

The unnecessary cost of lives,  
has left behind daughters, sons, husbands and  
wife's.  
For years this has left a conundrum for the com-  
munity leader,  
Oh what to do.. To stave off this insatiable fever.

The car or the vehicle is the by product of modern  
life,  
an ability to explore, do business or even to run  
rife.  
Ultimately regulation introduced by the law,  
required to prevent civil road rage or even road  
war.

To the licence a responsibility heavy,  
training standards a required levy.  
From a time when granting a licence near auto-  
matic,  
in terms cultural the introduction of training quite  
problematic.

Still road death and destruction the community to  
sow,  
the problem continues to reek as the traffic still to  
flow.  
Initiatives to fight speed and fatigue such as the  
Roadwise and scheme driver reviver,  
introduced to ensure that the average driver be-  
comes a survivor.

People will always point the finger to enforcement  
by Police,  
an easy way to transfer responsibility and find  
personal solace.  
Society has seen changes for the individual to  
take no blame,  
values have changed for which many find a  
shame.

With nowhere else to go a solution industrial to be  
found,  
alas the speed camera a remedy pound for pound.  
Brings opinions divided but analytically to look,  
its enforcement done by mail many more people  
brought to book!



You may say that more road enforcement is in need,  
policing resources divided to fight crime and reform  
heed.

A holistic approach divided between safety and the  
raise of revenue,  
people still need to realise that they must slow down  
on the avenue.

Let's look at this device which catches you speed,  
not a popular aspect but one which the community  
must need.

Is it tended to with love and care or is its soul bare?  
Its shepherds, friendless at times, carry on without  
fanfare.

They are not the only ones to be on the lookout for  
this device so rigid,  
the public with an eye on the road and on the verge  
watch for the camera in attitude frigid.

Hence it has a soul that is omnipresent when consid-  
ered,  
its job done no matter where it is positioned.

In essence no vehicle is meant to be a rocket,  
transgress and pain financial experience to the hip  
pocket.

You may ask why we need these things in the first  
place,  
Consequence in the loss of a loved one or even to  
ponder in the glance of a disfigured face!

Brett Inglis 2015

## **IMPORTANT MEMBERSHIP NOTICE**

### **MEMBERSHIPS DUE**

**W.A. Bush Poets**

Dear Christine,



Could you please advise customers of the next Bully  
Tin that Membership Subscriptions are now overdue.  
Family (double) memberships = \$20, Single = \$15,  
postage \$3, and if they have email addresses to kind-  
ly advise me of same.

My email address   shorland@inet.net.au  
phone                 6143 0127  
address               51 Lilburne Road, DUNCRAIG,  
WA, 6023

Please also advise them they can pay direct by bank  
transfer to the Bendigo Bank – BSB 633-108, A/c #  
1587-64837

This of course will mean I will be a little short on  
members addresses and emails, etc.so could they  
please ensure they send me their details.

Warmest regards,

Jem

Dear Folks,

I wrote this for Trad and Now, a folk publication, but it may be interest to you. Some of you may even make it to the Nariel Creek Festival?.ED.

## **Henry Lawson, Nariel, the Tintaldra Legend and back home to Wireless Hill**

Frivolity and rashness need to be cultivated at all times, especially as we age. So it was with some trepidation and anticipation that I boarded the plane to Newcastle, via Brisbane of all places. I left strict instructions that if no one heard from me for two days to ring the police as I might be in the possession of an axe murderer, rather than in the possession a second hand camper van. However, all seemed well and I was collected and taken to Maitland to exchange some cash for a sight unseen van.

Being from Perth, I decided to avoid the main freeway and set off to find the Golden Highway feeling like Dorothy (although I had brought my GPS and Camps 8). I wouldn't trust the times on Google maps as it was meant to take a day and it took me two. Anyway, I finally made Gulgong, which I know was a detour, but the Henry Lawson Centre there is mecca for we visitors from the West and anyone who is a fan of Lawson. The Centre certainly didn't disappoint and I give it a hearty recommendation.

I was greeted by Kevin who showed me around, so many first editions, paintings, original copies of poems, letters, DVDs to watch...I wished I'd had a day instead of the meagre hour I'd allotted. I was also able to pick up a copy of Louisa Lawson's "The Lonely Crossing", which I'd been looking for in book form (not digital) for a while. Kevin also gave me instructions to drive so that I could view many landmarks in Lawson's poems. Driving through Lawson's country was such a joy, although some of the open cut mines are a bit daunting. I did this while kitting the van out at the Op shops in Mudgee and Cowra, Bunnings in Bathurst; and watching the blue mist over the stunning Blue Mountains.

Reception in this part of the country was bad and I was being asked by various texts if the police should be contacted? However, despite intermittent connections I was able to inform my long suffering friends that I was in transit. It may have been a rash decision for a Nariel tragic to go to such extremes but what a trip, I hope to complete the trip again and take several weeks.

Called in at Young and checked out the pub where Ted Webber and the Wombat Bush Poets meet and then through Victoria's Atlantis, Talangatta, (great chemist and Op Shop) to Nariel. My tea was cooked and my camp site saved by the wonderful Arthur Bower from South Australia. Arthur revels in reciting "The Man From Kaomagma" much to the horror of some of the Corryong locals. I don't have a copy but I believe this parody was written in the district about some terrible sanitation issues that workers at the time were facing. Another sensational, re-energising time. The weather was cooler and inclement (we did sometimes have to put the instruments away to keep them dry) but the lower temperatures were generally appreciated. As it is 42 degrees today as I write, I certainly am all for the cooler weather. Unfortunately, some less experienced campers went home wet and bedraggled but many survived the deluges. The creek rose as we watched. Amazing! This is certainly my pick of the festivals, we play music and recite all day and have some wonderful guests turn up to join in. Around the camp there are so many different sessions, I would wander and listen to Irish, Old Timey, harps, singers.... A special thanks to Jamie Molloy from Melbourne and the wonderful group of locals who spend so much time making sure the grounds are ready for the influx of festival revelers. This year numbers were down but revenue was up. At \$5 a campsite many people are turning up early and staying late, especially the retirees. Although one of the things about Nariel is the affirmation that folk is alive and well, there are so many young musicians playing.

The dog situation seemed well resolved although it shook up people's locations and it took us a couple of days to work out where people were. Kate Crowley and Josh Collings, new arrivals to Corryong had made a multi roomed Kasbah not far from the expanse of the Builder's Labourers and their trademark Eureka flag. I made it out to Tintaldra and visited poet legend Betty Walton who has been running the general store there for forty years. She has also won many trophies at "The Man From Snowy River Festival" and her poetry is still as political as when she handed out how to vote cards for Whitlam in a country party stronghold.

Back home to Perth via Canberra and back for our annual Wireless Hill Day Picnic. Despite the Fremantle Doctor's early arrival numbers were down to between 60 -80 people. Five hours in 42 degree heat is a big ask of an audience. Thank goodness our first aid officer Bev Shorland had raided her linen cupboard and brought a stack of wet tea towels (soaked in an esky full of ice) to share.

It was rewarding feedback when an audience member came up to me and said it was one of the best picnics to date. Considering that this event has been running for over twenty years this was worth repeating. The format had fewer poets and most were reciting for 15-25 minutes over two brackets. Congratulations to Alan Aitken for a great job compering and organising the poets. Also to the many people who set up the backdrop and PA in the searing heat.

Our next big event is the Boyup Brook Country Music Festival where we have four main bush poetry events culminating on the Sunday when 1500-2000 people attend the final three hours Poet's Breakfast.

## **Muster Writeup – February 3<sup>rd</sup> – Meg Gordon**

**MC** for the evening was **Lorelie Tacoma** and it was a 7pm start. It was a great welcome back for the travelling duo Bill and Meg Gordon.

**Meg Gordon** responded that it was lovely to be back and let everyone know that there is a lot of interest in the Australian Championships from the eastern states bush poets. 500 flyers were distributed at Tamworth and these were taken by representatives from all states. She then presented "The Survey" (Peg Vickers), a look at the frustrating interruptions to a woman's work day and the insult she must endure when told that a woman's work is not 'real work'!

**Bill Gordon** also responded and related how he had been fortunate to meet some of the renowned poets. These included Bruce Simpson and his brother Jeff and Rupert McCall. It was very appropriate to then recite Rupert's poem "Green and Gold Malaria" - the condition every Australian has when they are called on to show pride in their nation.

**Lorraine Broun** - her own poem "A Widow's Lament" which is about the heart-break of loss.

**John Hayes** - "Washing Day" (CJ Dennis). This is another story of Bill and Doreen and in it Dennis informs the reader of a certain term that could be taken as derogatory but a 'tart' is a shortened version of 'sweetheart'. He has nothing but praise for his 'real live woman' who has a 'happy knack of talking reason inside out and logic front to back'.

**Peter Nettleton** - "Said Hanrahan" (John O'Brien)

**Christine Boulton** - "Myself, the Jacaranda and the Poinciana Tree" Jack Sorenson. A poem about longing for the things we love.

"Linton's Cup" Christine bought a cup at the Op Shop in Corryong only to find out it was a gift that had been mistakenly passed on.

**Jem Shorland** - "A Political Life"

**Caroline Sambridge** - "Boxing Day Sales", "Spit In The Eye", "Crow's Fiesta"

**Jack Matthews** - "The Legacy" (Bill Kearns). It doesn't pay to be dishonest about your name!

**Grace Williamson** - "The Bushfire" (Henry Lawson) This poem tells of the anguish of bushfires and how everyone from the local bushmen, the farmers and the town police, the drunk and the horse breaker all get together to help save Pat Murphy and his family from a raging bushfire that 'roars for days in trackless scrub and across where the ground is clear', the squatter loses his wool and the farmer his wheat and Pat Murphy his home but by the heroic three, Jim the breaker, Dunne the trooper and Boozing Bill, the family are saved.

After Supper **Bev Shorland** gave a Reading from the Classics - "Jim's Whip" (Barcroft Boake)

**Terry Piggott** - "Top Camp" his own composition about the devil's lair.

**Rob Gunn** - "The Apples Kept Exploding" and "Side by Side" (put to music)

**Dave Smith** - "Old Farts", "The Dunny out the Back"

**Christine Boulton** - "Mary Called Him Mister" (Henry Lawson)

A birthday wish was extended to **Wally Williamson** for his 80<sup>th</sup>.

**John Hayes** - "Breaking the Dry" His own story about sitting it out in the pub waiting for rain and then celebrating the downpour all night, but he found that on arriving home that not a drop had fallen there. "Till The Soil" Another story about ploughing the soil and the joy of the smell after opening rains.

**"Cobber" Lethbridge** - "The Old Woongundy Hall" An old favourite but this time with accompaniment on the piano from Jem Shorland.

**Barry Higgins** - "The Lotto Winner" (Kerry Bowe)

**Lesley McAlpine** - "Nancy of The Overtime" parody by Christine Hindhaugh.

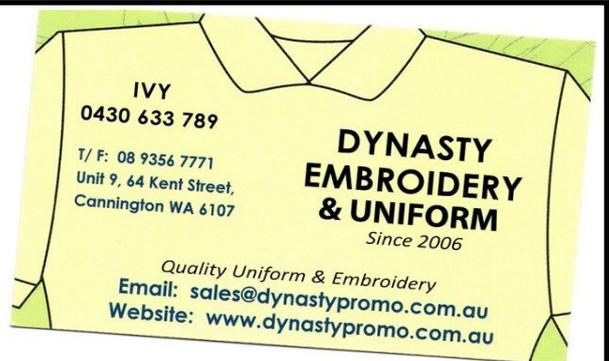
**Bill Gordon** - "Last Year on Our Holiday" His promotional poem about the Boyup Brook Country Music Festival which is on in a couple of weeks time.

Evening closed at 9.25pm. Well done **Lorelie!**

### **Shirt Logos**

**If you would like to have your shirt printed this is where to go.**

Just take in what you would like embroidered and ask for your colour. Try not to have too busy a pattern or the embroidery doesn't always show up. Ring and check the price. You may have both the front or back embroidered or a single logo.



### **Great Poetry sites:**

**eMuse: Independent Bush Poets Newsletter.** 1300 plus subscribers (on-line free!) Australia-Wide! Through his free distribution of this most informative, 20 page *eMuse*, (*An Independent Bush poetry newsletter*) Editor: Wally "The Bear" Finch. P. O. Box 68, Morayfield, 4506, Qld. Phone: (07) 54 955 110. E-Mail: [wmbear1@bigpond.com](mailto:wmbear1@bigpond.com)

**Do you want to be part of the National Scene – Then you might consider joining the Australian Bush Poets Assn**  
**[www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au) . Annual membership \$35/45**  
**Stay up to date with events and competitions right across Australia**

## Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2015—2016

Bill Gordon	President	97651098	0428651098	northlands@wn.com.au
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Rodger Kohn	Secretary	93320876	0419666168	rodgershirley@bigpond.com
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### Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:

Colin Tyler	Supper			
Rhonda Hinkley	Librarian		0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Nancy Coe	Muster Meet/greet	94725303		
Brian Langley	Webmaster	93613770	93613770	briandot@tpg.com.au
Robert Gunn	Sound gear set up		0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com

### Regular Events

Bunbury Bush Poets will have their meeting at Rose Hotel cnr Wellington & Victoria Sts.  
Bunbury

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets	First Monday of every second month	Alan Aitken 0400249243 Ian Farrell 0408212636
Geraldton Bush Poets	Second Tuesday of the month. Contacts: Roger & Jan Cracknell 0427 625 181, or Irene Conner 0429652155. 6pm at Recreation room, Belair caravan park, Geraldton. Bring and share snacks for tea.	

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](http://www.abpa.org.au) or [www.bushverse.com](http://www.bushverse.com)

### Don't forget our website [www.wabushpoets.asn.au](http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au)

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 <a href="http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au">www.wabushpoets.asn.au</a> Go to the "Performance Poets" page	<b>Members' Poetic Products</b>	Val Read	books	
	Victoria Brown	CD	Caroline Sambridge	book
	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Peg Vickers	books & CD
	Rusty Christensen	CDs	"Terry & Jenny"	Music CDs
	John Hayes	CDs & books	Terry Piggott	Book
	Tim Heffernan	book	Frank Heffernan	Book
	Brian Langley	books, CD	Christine Boulton	Book, CD
	Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography	Pete Stratford	Book, CDs
	Keith Lethbridge	books	Roger Cracknell	Book, CD
	Corin Linch	books	Bill Gordon	CD

Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to:  
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Address Monetary payments to:  
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