

The

JANUARY 2022

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



Next Muster Friday 7th Jan 2022 at 7pm at [Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park](#)
7th January 2022 Muster MC Lorraine Broun 0411 877 551
Reader from the Classics Michael Darby
Challenge: 8 line poem Topic - Time flies

An Australian Christmas Poem from 1911

Henry Lawson
Great Australian Storyteller

A BUSH FIRE.

One Christmas-time, when months of drought
Had parched the western creeks,
The bush-fires started in the north
And travelled south for weeks.
At night, along the river side,
The scene was grand and strange;
The hill-fires looked like lighted streets
Of cities in the range.

The cattle tracks between the trees
Were like long, dusty aisles,
And, on a sudden breeze, the fire
Would sweep along for miles;
Like sounds of distant musketry
It crackled through the brakes,
And o'er the flat of silvery grass
It hissed like angry snakes.

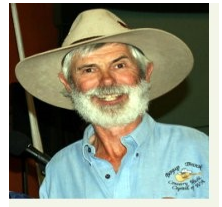
It leapt across the flowing streams,
And raced o'er pastures broad;
It climbed the trees and lit the boughs,
And through the scrub it roared.
The bees fell stifled in the smoke
Or perished in their hives,
And, with the stock, the kangaroos
Went flying for their lives.

—Henry Lawson.

*Though the struggle be grim, 'tis Australia that knows,
That her children shall fight while the waratah grows.*

This Bully Tin has been printed and postage provided with the generous assistance
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President's Preamble January 2022



Welcome to 2022.

The only thing certain is that we are in for change. For better or worse, richer or poorer, 2022 will be a year of challenges. As our poet friends in the East are slowly getting back to normal, even if that is a new normal, we in WA are set to start the year in our usual exciting style.

January muster and Australia Day at Wireless Hill will go ahead as usual. Then we have four shows as part of Perth Fringe Festival on the Crystal Swan. The new manager on the Crystal Swan will be having meals and snacks available at all our shows as he has other Fringe events following our performances each afternoon. I have been asked who is performing and what show they will be on.

CRYSTAL SWAN POETS

Friday 28 Jan	A Aitken	B Shorland	W Gordon
Sunday 30 Jan	B Higgins	K Lethbridge	A Leggett
Thursday 3 Feb	R Cracknell	P Rudolf	R Gunn
Sunday 6 Feb	C Boulton	G Joass	P Nettleton

Note each show starts at 4.30 so you need to be on board in good time.

Tickets available at www.fringeworld.com.au or ticket offices at Fringe venues.

February will see us return to Boyup Brook for the Country Music Festival. Plans are well under way for a 'WA Only' event due to the uncertainty surrounding artists from other states being allowed this side of the Nullarbor. This will apply to Bush Poets as well as musicians. The music director has informed me that Bush Poets will be given a higher profile this year as a result of these restrictions. Dates are 18th – 20th February, but the Bush Poets will start on Thursday 17th at the tennis club. Our full program will be as in previous years with the exception of the workshops. These workshops have given us the opportunity to get to know the visiting poets as well as to develop our writing and performing skills. As we will not have a wise poet from the east, we have decided not to go ahead with them. This will give us the chance to attend song writing and other workshops instead.

Hopefully the change I mentioned at the start of this preamble will not impact us too soon and we can start 2022 as planned. Meanwhile, I wish all our members a safe and Happy New Year and I look forward to catching up somewhere in the great outdoors.

Bill Gordon. President



Season's Greetings



Bush Poetry on the Swan

One hour show starting at 4.30pm
on board the 'Crystal Swan', Perth's floating function venue
Barrack Street Jetty



Four Shows Only
Friday 28 January
Sunday 30 January
Thursday 3 February
Sunday 6 February



Tickets at www.fringeworld.com.au

FOOLS ON MULES'N

To mules or not to mules our lambs - that is our dilemma
PETA have us in their sights - we're under their antenna,
I doubt that they have seen a sheep with maggots in the skin
eating the poor ewe alive, untreated is a sin,
or faced a stinking breech-strike sheep, with a crutching blow
that's the fate of unmulesed sheep - for us that's in the know.

But I can understand concerns of timid city folk
flinching as the sharpened shears slice skin with every stroke,
sure it's cruel, but so is life, with some things worse than others,
and farmers wouldn't do it if they could have their druthers.
'Breed out the folds' bleat protesters, who do not like the practice,
but that will take a dozen years, then the flyblown ones are cactus.

Give them anaesthetic shots, or swab them with it after,
but still they feel the pain of it (and bleed upon the pasture).
Freeze branding, that might be the go, if a farmer can afford it,
or jet the fly-struck beggars could go somewhere close toward it.
But labour costs and merchandise, they're going through the roof
It sure would cost an awful lot to keep the sheep fly-proof

We could change our sheep to Dorsets or another smooth skin breed,
or swap to moulting Damaras, no fly-strike - that's agreed.
But then there's no merino wool, the reason we keep sheep,
so struggle on researchers, and though the way be steep
we'll keep on pushing s**t up-hill with a stick that has a spike
until we rid the nations' flock of the dreaded sheep fly-strike

The solution's not in striking, at least not the union kind,
And kindness doesn't help the ewe when the strike's on the behind.
We need the wool, we need the meat, despite what vegans say,
and we need a kinder treatment to keep the flies at bay.
Allow a bit of give and take until we find the answers;
give vets and farmers time to make some practical advances.

Steve Rogers

WA Bush Poets
& Yarnspinnners



27th Annual Bush Poetry Showcase

Traditional and Contemporary
Performances by W.A.'s Top Bush Poets

Plus music by

Green Herring

MC Peter Nettleton

AUSTRALIA DAY
Wednesday 26 Jan 2022

Commencing at 1.00pm

Wireless Hill Park, Ardross

Bring your family and friends, a chair or blanket to
sit on, sun protection, and refreshments
and then sit back and enjoy the best Oz family
entertainment this side of the Rabbit Proof Fence.

FREE ENTRY

DONATIONS
MUCH APPRECIATED



For more information, visit

www.wabushpoets.asn.au

It Wasn't a Triantiwontigongolope

A poet bloke called Dennis wrote
some verses as a joke.
He wrote some stuff for children and
a Sentimental Bloke.
He wrote about a bunyip and
a cow that used to mope
and one strange beast he called
Triantiwontigongolope.

Now this must be a creature that
few folk have ever seen,
like a yowie or a bunyip,
or something in between.
I'm pretty sure I've seen one though,
we see them near our place.
You'd surely know it was one as
they've such a funny face.

They've silver wings and some have stings
and sharply pointed claws,
big bulging eyes, a bulbous nose
and awful savage jaws.
Their manners are atrocious, they
will tear their food to bits
while swooping down around the lake
pursuing small titbits.

As CJ said, they are quite shy,
they never stop for long
they zip about and fly quite well.
Their silver wings are strong.
We're told that they look scary if
you get too close and stare,
but if you take another look
you'll find that they're not there.

There are big ones and some small ones
and all of them are mute
and if you do look closely you'll
find most of them are cute.
He reckons they will softly purr
if you'll just say their name,
but no one can pronounce it so
that is no claim to fame.

But then he spoils his little verse.
He gives a hurtful twist.
The creatures he describes, he says,
do really not exist.
In abject disappointment then
I searched the bookshop shelves
and searched through all the volumes there
for gnomes, or even elves.

Haiku.

Haiku is the English form of a traditional, very short, Japanese verse, the Hokku. In its Japanese form the Haiku is often divided into seventeen *mora* (syllables) arranged in a single vertical line. As there is no exact English equivalent of the *mora*, Haiku are usually presented in English as three lines of non rhyming verse arranged in five, seven and five syllables, seventeen in total.

Haiku attempt to capture the essence of a single feeling or thought and can therefore be pure poetry.

Haiku often contain a key word, the Kineji, that relates to the subject, in this case – poetry.

Some of my Haiku on Poetry.

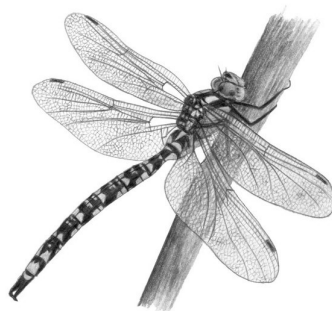
.....
Feelings turned to words.
Words distilled to poetry.
Poets dream in verse.
.....

Priceless words distil.
Words sublimed to poetry.
Treasure these sparse gems.
.....

Poem's pictures sing.
Poetry the songs of thought.
Pleasure in the song.
.....

2021 Toolangi CJ Dennis Poetry Competition
3rd - Peter O'Shaughnessy *It Wasn't a Triantiwontigongolope*

I looked up gnomes and goblins and
all sorts of scary things,
tried banshees, orks and bunyips, but
not one of them had wings.
I'd nearly given up the search
when I espied a tome,
an insect book and there it was,
a picture of my gnome.



It had the bulging shiny eyes,
the bulbous funny nose,
the savage jaws, with silver wings
and great claws on its toes.
I quickly opened up the book
and there before my eyes,
the creatures that I sought to name
were Aussie Dragon Flies.

Peter O'Shaunassey

Report from Bunbury Bush Poets

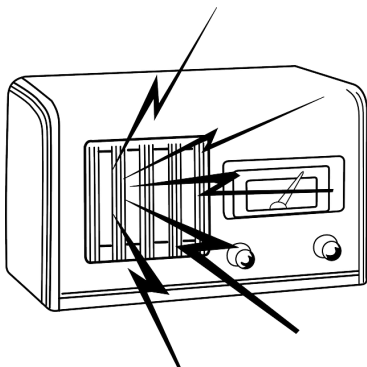
Our thanks go to all the poets who attended our Bunbury Bush Poets evening on Monday 6th December at the Parade Hotel in Bunbury. They included (in no particular order) Bill Gordon, Meg Gordon, Robert (Gunny) Gunn, "Stinger" Nettleton, Peter Rudolf, Alan Aitken, Roger Cracknell, Peter O'Shaughnessy and Norm Flynn. (Thanks to Gunny for bringing along his pa system it made the night complete as it has far better volume at the moment than ours.)

Our appreciation goes again to The Parade Hotel for the use of the Waterfront Bar which is an ideal venue for us with very helpful staff and great food.

We had a record turnout for the evening; a count was done on the night of 45 people (which didn't include the barmaid who loves listening at our meetings!) Our evening as usual was well supported with light hearted and comical poetry which makes it a great night.

Angie Ayers a resident radio announcer from Triple M Radio South West was our guest for the evening. Triple M is amongst the many people / organisations I email about our meetings and this time Angie challenged me to a "poem off". To write an original poem just for the evening and we would be judged by the assembled meeting. It was decided that the event was a draw as 2 totally different types of poem were presented. I decided to concentrate on "Angie" as my character in the poem and though I know the actual meters and stanzas may not be technically very good, I was quite pleased with mine.

Kind regards, Ian Farrell



Angie - Ian Farrell

Angie is a DJ on our radio Triple M, she's always on a high
She finds all the latest hits and those from days gone by
Her name is made famous in many sorts of songs
And if you remember some of them, you probably sing along
Angie was made famous by the Rolling Stones
As Jagger sung of her, in his famous dulcitol tones
He sang longingly and whispered in her ear
But never knew where it might lead to from here
He went on to sing of her kisses oh so sweet,
and tasted them every chance when they used to meet
He saw sadness in her eyes, they were never satisfied
Remembering all those nights they cried
Helen Reddy sang of Angie Baby listening to the radio
in her room all alone longing for someone to love her so.
A boy came in her room with evil thoughts on his mind
But came unstuck as his thoughts of her began to unwind
She enslaved him in her room a world of music and dreams
He's reported lost and now he's gone or so for now it seems
Stevie Wonder sang of Angie Girl, a song not known by many
A song about a guy who wasn't getting any!
Angie came into his life and it changed him like the weather
A tender tale of love and strife and sharing time together
Badfinger sang of a letter to Angie with feelings of desire
With a letter to her telling her of his tragic world on fire
Now I'll pinch a line from my favourite song
and remember it when you sing along
I hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind,
that I put down into words,
How wonderful life is while you're in our world.

These Are the Words I Could Not Say- Angie Ayers

Now, don't get me wrong
I do love my job so this whinge won't take long.

A Triple M Radio announcer for the bush,
Angie for Breakfast, Angie for Breakfast, Angie for Breakfast- shush!

I play music and give away free stuff,
Have a chat with the Mayor but only the fluff.

I'm casual, friendly, down to earth bright!
Coming up next- Earth bands, Blinded By the Light.

Covering stories from across the South West,
I'm not perfect but I do it with zest.

This brings me to my gripe.
There's Something festering like an avo, overripe.

Disappointment has tinged the air.
And people haven't seemed to notice or care.

As we've ducked and weaved and heaved through this pandemic,
I genuinely thought we'd be more comfortable with the limitations of our epistemic.

In the absence of knowledge we have not found Grace.
We bash on our keyboard or shout 'till we're red in the face.

We complain about the weather, the spelling, dangerous roads, road works.
We complain about old equipment, upgrades, people that drive too slow, people that tailgate – JERKS!

We complain about the music, what he said, they or she.
We complain about things being too slow, too fast, too easy, too hard- don't you see?

If knowledge is power but ignorance is bliss,
How can people with either dive this abyss?

If Shakespeare said all the worlds a stage,
Well on the pandemic of complaining turn the bloody page.

To the privileged, the self-serving, the greedy the shallow,
Grow up misery guts, your vision is so incredibly narrow.

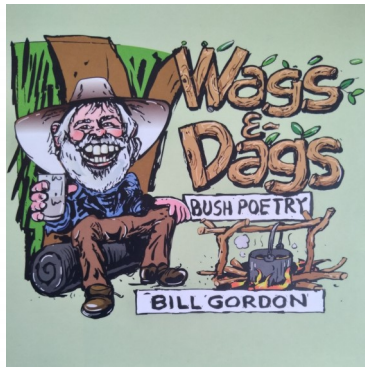
I see the irony of a poem complaining about complaining,
And while I feel my time behind this poets mic may be waning

I have advice to those who think, where is all my luck?
In the wise words of bush poet Kevin, does it look like I give a f%\$K!?

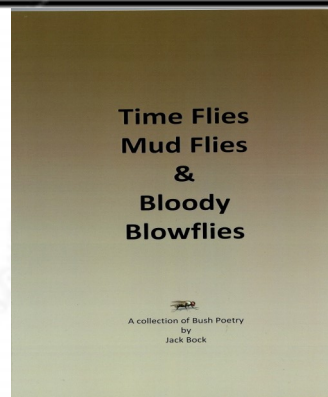
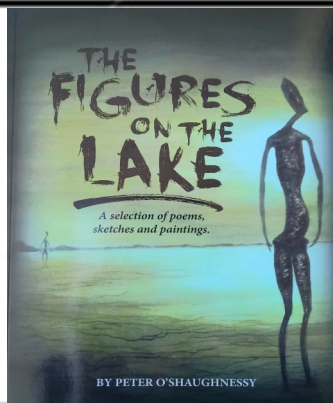
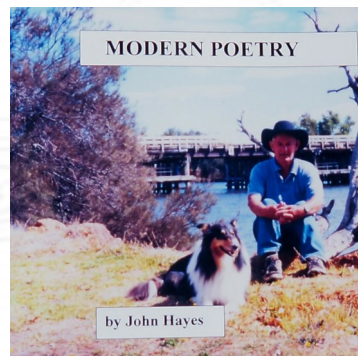
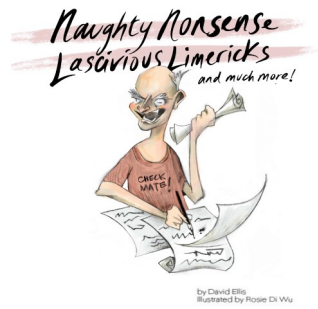
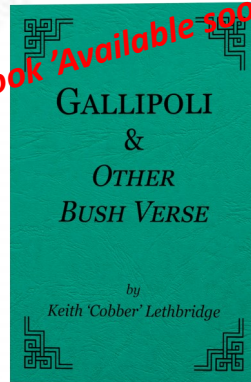


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New book 'Available soon'



Check on the WABP website for more titles on offer and authors contact details

Sleep on the Road

"I can't sleep a wink," my wife said, "I think
We need to go right away
All this pressure and strife are stressing my life
Let's take a long holiday."

As good as gold, before I get old
I'd like to see more of Australia
We'll go over east, Queensland at least
All work and no play is a failure

We'll buy us a van and as soon as we can
We'll head for the faraway hills.
The boys will be sweet; they'll look after the sheep
And the bank can look after the bills.

Our first night on the road, at our new found abode
Between Balladonia and Eyre
We'll put the van to the test; get some much needed rest
Without not a hassle or care.

But 100 road trains traversed those plains
And roared on right through the night
We tried counting sheep, but we just couldn't sleep
Till well after morning was light

A bit later on, in the hills around Quorn
Where the eagles can freeze on the wing
We had prepared for the heat, with a cold cotton sheet
But never a doona did bring

In full marching gear, we must have looked queer
Covered in papers and towels
As the frons slowly crept, we just never slept
Till we heard the noise of the fowls

Yet more was on tack, on the Birdsville track
Old Satan was at it again
We could get stuck for a week, cut off by the creek
If we should get two inches of rain

About half past eleven, the message from heaven
Advised us to be on our guard
Till 3am, we cranked up again
And drove till the terrain was hard

Before Charters Towers we thought about cows
And the dangers of driving outback
With dusk looking fast, we pulled up at last
Real close to the railway track

As we started to doze, a rumble arose
T'was a coal train rounding the bend
Yes, fourteen trains rattled our brains
That night as sleep was only pretend

If there's any such thing, then Darwin is King
In any insomnia score
One thing I'd hate, to live Kuwait
At the height of that stupid Gulf War

We were put through the mill, of a night training drill
By the R double A F
When the fighter planes went, just over our tent
We almost wished we were deaf

Oh what joys, just to see our boys
Once more back home on the farm
We'll dance to our tune, and sleep until noon
And to hell with the flamin' alarm

Our slumber was bliss; I can take lots of this
The we suddenly found we were home
'Cos just after dawn, about six in the morn
We were woke by the ring of the phone

Now don't be misled, by the things I have said
We had a great time on the road
It was easy to take, asleep or awake
And it certainly lightens the load

By Jack Bock



December Muster Write Up by Deb McQuire

MC Robert Gunn welcomed everyone to the muster

Roger Cracknell was first up, all the way from Collie, he recited a poem by *Henry Lawson* and noted that in many poems by Henry he repeatedly talked of the good old days - *Song of Old Joe Sly 1893* a story of the droving and bullock driving days of long ago.

Grace Williamson – presented a poem by *Victoria Brown - Its Christmas in the Farm House*. A tale about a farmer's wife preparing for Christmas. The difficulties that she confronts with very little help; the problems that present during harvest and threatening bush fires.

John Hayes - recited *The Old Master* -by *CJ Denis*. Tells the story of bullock driving and droving in the 1860's speaking of the difficulties of Bullocking and hauling wagons; and how Dan Mac Gee, a retired bullocky aged 83, stepped in to sort out the situation.

Janice May – recited *AB Patterson's - Mulga Bills Bicycle* a boastful account of how he could ride a bike, but unfortunately his first ride did not turn out as he had thought; coming to an end in dead man's creek. He then decided that horseback was the best option for him.

Terry Piggott – recited his own poem titled *In Their Footsteps* - a poem about pioneers and how they tackled life in the out-back; seeking to work but paying a high price at times. (His prize winning poem)

Tess Earnshaw – presented her own poem *Christmas Cheer* compares Christmas down under with the traditional White Christmas

Bill Gordon – offered apologies from Meg, Alan and Stinger, all who were unable to attend. He then recited *Tangmalangaloo* by *John O'Brien* a tale about the lack of Christian knowledge of the boy from Tangmalangaloo and how the Bishop was unhappy about the boy's understanding of what Christmas day meant the boy's answer *it was the day before the races*

Bev Shorland – presented *Song of the Wheat* by *Banjo Patterson* the story of farming difficulties and rewards of wheat farming on the grey plains.

Keith Lethbridge – Christmas poem is about WW1 and how on Christmas eve in the trenches with troops on both sides the sound of a Christmas carol drew them all together for a brief time. He then played the carol *Silent Night* on his mouth organ. Then reciting – *About the Fire on Ross's Farm* by *Henry Lawson*. A Tale about the feud between Ross a selector and the squatter. It speaks about how a bush fire that raged for weeks across the land brought Ross and Robert Black to stand side by side to fight the fire. As when all hope was lost the squatter and others ride to assist in saving Ross's farm, uniting together finally in friendship on Christmas day.

Michael Darby – commented on how well Keith presented the poem above. He then recited the poem *Doreen* written by *CJ Dennis*. A story recounting the details of when he took Doreen to see Romeo and Juliette, and his take on the story but still always his preference for Doreen. Comparing his life to the tale of the Capulets and Montagues and recounting the story in his own vernacular.

Ray Jackson – his poem all about Christmas and the food; how people first discovered what foods to eat from offal to different meats titled - *First Gourmets* – he then goes onto discuss other odd culinary options deciding to stay a steak and veggie man.

Break - for Port & Pies between the Poetry

Robert 'Gunny' Gunn told us about their neighbour's, Jan Edwards, book *Beyond her Smile* which is now available for \$20 and then read her poem - *Christmas on the Green*. Telling of Christmas on the Greenough River Flats.

Roger Cracknell – for his 2nd poem mentioned that moving house from Geraldton to Collie meant they had missed their normal trip north this year. *The Grey Nomads* tells about travellers each year embarking on the grey nomad trail north on past the 26th parallel to go fishing and enjoy the beach each day; setting up and packing up catching up with other travellers each evening. Talks about how they travellers have earned their relaxation.

Bernie Gilroy – wished all a merry Christmas read his poem *Poppy and the Rooster* – a tale of his Father's anguish about the rooster calling at 4am and how he sort to solve the problem for good with the assistance of his kids.

December Muster Write Up cont...

John Hayes – recited his poem written in 2003 about a trip out to the Kimberly King Edward River on the way to the Mitchel Plateau - *One Day in Paradise* describing the scene and sounds that greeted him and what was so grand about the area while camping.

Robert 'Gunny' – entertained us with - *Scots of the Riverina* by Henry Lawson about a family of devout Presbyterians and how the son didn't do as his father would have liked; running away but later redeemed himself. The son enlisted in the army but the father still rejected him until he finally received news of his son's death at Flanders.

Tess Earnshaw – *Digital Phooey* entertained us with her own poem about a wistful longing for the 'good old' days before remote controls.

Ray Jackson – talked about travelling around near the Georgina River where he stayed for 5 nights inspiring him to write this poem about - *Camooweal Billabongs* enjoying the sounds and animals that visited the billabong and old traveller and how they shared the same joy about viewing the night sky and then shared his story and then how the old swaggie died in the night by the billabong.

Gunny spoke of how Terry had who won the 50th Bronze Swagman Award 2021 with his poem

Terry Piggott – He then recited his poem which was written at Top camp in the Pilbara based on a true story telling of an old grave at the camp. His poem - *Top camp, up in the Devil's Lair*. Telling of the treacherous conditions of the area and of the old grave marked with an old frying pan all details now lost for a mate that was left behind by those who blazed tracks in the Pilbara. But how now no one had a memory of his passing. But there was hints of his life in the area. A haunting place that held memories and hints of the man who had passed.

Bev Shorland – *Mulga Jill* - written by Jem Shorland. The story of Jill from Marmion who bought herself a sailboard and her prowess at water sports, particularly sailing, but met an unexpected journey and decided to leave her sailboard to Rottneest and spend her days in a soft reclining chair.

Cobber entertained us with a melody on his mouth organ "The Navajo Trail followed by a love story called *The Ashburton River*. This poem, also made into a song, tells the story of a chance meeting at the Beedon Hotel (Onslow) of two former lovers. The love died long ago, so the man goes on his way, with many memories on his mind.

Michael Darby - recited by request for *The Pontiff's Eyes* by Charlie Marsh talks about a trip to Rome to meet the Pope how he met with the Pontiff's eyes fell upon on him held his attention and stopped him in his tracks when the Pope commented about the rotten hair cut the barber should be shot.

Bill Gordon – reminded everyone about the upcoming performances on the Crystal Swan, the program will be posted on the website and asked members to pick up flyers for both Crystal Swan and Wireless Hill on Aus Day with Stinger as MC to distribute to. The Muster will be on 7th Jan at Belmont as usual. Also commented on 3rd Friday at Green Bushes will be at Wireless Hill. He then talked about the meaning of Christmas through the tale by Frank D..... *Aunt Martha's* view on Christmas

Closed at 9.28pm wishing everyone a happy and safe Christmas

Reminder: Could everyone who performs at Musters please have a synopsis available on the night or send one via email h.e.denholm@gmail.com or deb.mcquire@bigpond.com for the Muster write up. Thanks in advance Heather and Deb.

4th February 2022 Muster MC Tess Earnshaw 0407 385 872 fmlady@westnet.com

Reader from the Classics Lorraine Broun

Banjo Paterson's birthday

Deadline for Jan's Bully Tin Submissions 17th Jan 2022

COMPETITIONS AND EVENTS AROUND AUSTRALIA 2021

WRITTEN EVENTS are in RED

For more details and entry forms please go to the ABPA website
www.abpa.org.au and www.writingwa.org

2022

JANUARY

7 January - Closing Date - Golden Damper Bush Poetry Competition,
Tamworth Country Music Festival, Tamworth NSW.

14-23 January - Tamworth Country Music Festival.

18-20 January - Golden Damper Bush Poetry Competition ,
Tamworth NSW.
See 7 January Closing Date.

FEBRUARY

1 February - Closing Date - Silver Tree Poetry Competition,
Broken Hill NSW.

7 February - Closing Date - Milton Show Bush Poetry Performance Competition,
Milton NSW.

12-20 February - Banjo Paterson Australian Bush Poetry Festival and ABPA National Championships,
Ex-Services Club, Orange NSW.

18 February - Closing Date - Man from Snowy River Bush Festival - Incorporating the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships. Performance & **Written** Competitions. Corryong Victoria.

MARCH

5 March - Milton Show Bush Poetry Performance Competition,
Milton NSW. See 7 February Closing Date.

APRIL

7-10 April - Man from Snowy River Bush Festival
- Incorporating the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships.
Corryong Victoria. See 18 February Closing Date.

*Please Note:
These upcoming events may be altered
due to ongoing Covid Restrictions across
Australia, please check with on relevant
websites and with contacts for
confirmation as the year progresses*

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2021 - 2022

President	Bill Gordon	0428 651 098	billgordon1948@gmail.com
Vice President	Peter “Stinger” Nettleton	0407 7700 53	stinger@iinet.net.au
Secretary	Rodger Kohn - <i>Bully Tin Mail Out</i>	0419 666 168	rodgershirley@bigpond.com
Treasurer	Sue Hill	0418 941 016	suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com
Committee			
Meg Gordon	- <i>Toodyay Festival Sec.</i> - <i>Web Control</i> - <i>Secretary of the ABPA</i>	0404 075 108	meggordon4@bigpond.com
Bev Shorland		0487 764 897	shorland@iinet.net.au
Jem Shorland		0487 764 897	shorland@iinet.net.au
Anne Hayes		0428 542 418	hayseed1@optusnet.com.au
Deb McQuire	- <i>Bully Tin editor</i>	0428 988 315	deb.mcquire@bigpond.com
Irene Conner	- <i>State Rep APBA</i>	0429 652 155	iconner21@wn.com.au

Regular Events

WA Bush Poets:	1st Friday each month <i>MC for Jan see front page</i> - 7pm Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park WA	
Albany Bush Poetry group:	Last Tuesday each month - 7.30pm 1426 Lower Denmark Rd, Elleker	Ph. Peter Blyth - 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets:	1st Monday every ‘even’ month - The Parade Hotel, 1 Austral Parade, East Bunbury.or Ian Farrell 0408 212 636	Ph. Alan Aitken - 0400 249 243
Goldfields Bush Poetry Group:	1st Wednesday each month. - 6.30pm 809 Kalgoorlie Country Club, 108 Egan St. Kalgoorlie	Ph. Paul Browning - 0416 171 809

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

Address correspondence for the “Bully Tin” to: Bully Tin Editor, PO Box 364, Bentley 6982 or deb.mcquire@bigpond.com
Address correspondence for the Secretary to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Box 364 Bentley 6982
Correspondence re monetary payments for Treasurer to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Box 364 Bentley 6982
Bank Transfer: Bendigo Bank BSB 633 000 A/C#158764837
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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 website - Go to the “Performance Poets” page
Don’t forget our website www.wabushpoets.asn.au
Please contact the Webmaster, if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.