

BULLY TIN



4th March 2022 Muster at 7pm at Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park
MC Lorelie Tacoma 9365 2277 tlorelie@gmail.com
Reader from the Classics: Lorraine Broun



THE HONEST POLITICIAN

Now I'm a true-blue Aussie
And I never tell a lie,
So every word you hear me speak
About the sight I saw last week
Is double dinki-di !

While camping in the great sou'west,
In sober, sound condition,
With these good eyes, you understand,
I saw a Nannup Tiger, and ...
An Honest Politician !

Now just before you howl me down
And tell me what you're thinking,
Forget your patronising jokes
And let me reassure you folks,
I hadn't been out drinking !

You'll see the Nannup Tiger
In this photograph I've taken,
But an Honest Politician
Is a doubtful proposition
So perhaps I was mistaken.

* * *

Now I'm a true-blue Aussie,
Cross my heart and hope to die !
Occasionally, I must admit,
I do exaggerate a bit,
But *never* tell a lie !

Keith 'Cobber Lethbridge
Nannup. January 27, 2007

CONGRATULATIONS

Results of The Kembla Flame
Written Poetry Competition 2022.



OPEN SECTION

1st Place, Terry Piggott, for his poem,
"The Dingoes of Cripple Creek".

Runner-up, Peter O'Shaughnessy, for his poem,
"Dawn on the Collie."

Highly Commended, Terry Piggott, for his poem, "The Long Road Back."

Highly Commended, Peter O'Shaughnessy, for his poem, "An Ancient Tiger."



NOVICE SECTION

1st Place, Mike Gilmour, for his poem, "The Life-Blood of our Dry Land".

JUNIOR SECTION

1st Place, Harriet Peters Kingscott, for her poem, "Gumtrees".

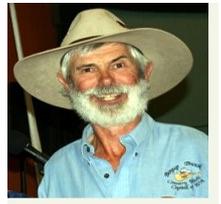
Late breaking news
Some results from the
Blackened Billy Poetry Awards 2022.

CONGRATULATIONS

Peter O'Shaughnessy picked up
a second place, a third and a commended.
Look for more details in the next issue of the Bully Tin

This Bully Tin has been printed and postage provided with the generous assistance
of the office of KATE DOUST MLC

President's Preamble March 2022



With the spread of Covid 19 throughout the WA community we are finding many more festivals cancelled. All our regular events in the coming months are now off until next year. At this stage our monthly musters will go ahead unless we are advised otherwise by the management at Bentley Park. Members with email will be contacted directly. A phone call to your local committee member if you are doubtful will confirm the situation. A Facebook page would be handy to get these messages out if we can find a volunteer to operate it (hint hint).

Congratulations to Peter O'Shaughnessy on achieving second and third place plus a Commended in the Blackened Billy written competition. This competition was run in Tamworth since its inception but is now conducted in conjunction with the Banjo Paterson Festival in Orange. This festival went ahead as planned with the notable exception of the Australian Bush Poetry Championships. Covid is new to us but Eastern States folk have learnt to live with it and life over there is moving on to a "New Normal", whatever that may be!

A huge "Thank You" to poets and supporters who travelled to Boyup Brook in spite of the cancellation of the Country Music Festival. We had the usual great social time with poetry at Northlands replacing our sessions at various venues in Boyup Brook.

Bush Poetry on the Swan was quite successful with three of the four sessions being well attended. All poets performed creditably and audiences went away satisfied. Some even returned for a second show once they knew that there would be different poets performing each afternoon. The Crystal Swan management has expressed a desire for us to continue our involvement at next year's Fringe Festival.

Meg was re-elected secretary at the recent AGM of the Australian Bush Poets Association and Irene is back in as WA rep. Meg does an excellent job keeping ABPA members up to date with WA happenings via a regular page in their magazine.

Words of wisdom...

Do not argue with an idiot. He will drag you down to his level and beat you with experience.

Bill Gordon. President



Report from Rob Gunn on recent visit to Bunbury Poets

Peter Rudolf and Rob Gunn visited Bunbury poets on 7th February at the Parade Hotel.

Poets were scarce. Luckily Chris Taylor arrived and helped make our night. Ian Farrell came down with gastro so was unable to attend. (one thing about gastro, it gets rid of constipation.)

Norm Flynn was absent along with Peter O'Shaunassey. One of the audience said Peter is crook. Hope you get well Peter and are back in the fold in April.

Eighteen were in the audience and they appreciated what we did. Chris is such a talent. Poems such as *Swampy*, *Never Been* and *No More Letters Home*, were amazing.

Peter Rudolf with his dry humor was in fine form.

An audience member asked me if I knew Keith Lethbridge. Sorry Cob, Unless I write them down, names they don't stick. She worked with you at some stage in the government. I told her to look you up.

Thank you to the complimentary drinks from one of the members.

Thank you Ian Farrell for handballing the MC's job. A good night with some virgins in the audience.

Rob Gunn

The Aussie Yarn by Pete (Stinger) Nettleton, current State Champion Yarnspinner

Those of us who deign to compete in the Yarnspinning section of the State Championships are often at a loss as to what qualifies as a 'yarn' for purposes of the competition. This is my attempt at clarifying the matter, although I remain open to constructive criticism

First, in his book 'The Australian Yarn', while admitting that there is no generally accepted definition of a 'yarn', by a process of analysis of numerous examples, Ron Edwards arrives at a working characterization along the following lines:

- It can be of any length, but generally 300-400 words;
- It is general biographical, or with a personal link to events described;
- It is always presented as entertainment, though information may be included; and
- It is presented as factual, even when exaggeration is present.

Regarding point 1, we work to a time limit of 7 minutes. It is therefore advisable to write out your yarn in full, then time yourself reading it at a leisurely pace. I did this with my 2021 winning yarn *G'day Mick*, but then lost a couple of the anecdotes in the heat of the moment and came up well under time.

Regarding point 2, *G'day Mick* was 100% biographical and I chose a charismatic central character, no longer with us, but one I knew well. One of my judges commented: "...knew the character (as well) so enjoyed it very much."

Regarding point 3, contrary to common practice, a yarn does not need to have a punch-line. In this respect, it has to be distinguished from a stand-up joke. Quite often, a joke can be presented as a yarn and if it successfully fits into the format of the yarn, it can be difficult to spot, unless of course the listener is familiar with the original joke. If that listener is your judge, it may cost you points.

In *G'day Mick*, I made a deliberate effort to string together several amusing anecdotes and resisted the temptation to try to find a punch-line. Another of my judges commented: "This is the style of yarn that I enjoy and you did it so well". However, ironically, the one who gave me the highest points said: "A bit flat – needs working up a bit. Body language could be worked on".

Regarding point 4, I think this is the most important element. Obviously, if the narrative is actually factual, it is easier to present as such. A bit of 'colouring' is permissible though.

Finally, Edwards makes the observation that a number of the examples presented by him can give the impression of "...denigrating Aboriginal people, while this was not necessarily the intention of the narrator". Casual racism is something that we as 21st Century bush poets and yarnspinners should be at pains to avoid. In my view and in my experience, some of the greatest present-day yarnspinners are indigenous Kimberley characters such as Simmon Williams, Sam Lovell and Ivan Bridge. They tick all the boxes. No competition.

Edwards, Ronald George – The Australian Yarn - Rigby Ltd Australia 1977. (I promise I will put our copy back in the library next muster).

op cit, p 236

Ibid, p 236

From the Classics - EMILY MARY BARTON by Meg Gordon

Most people know that Banjo Patterson was born at Narrambla in Orange NSW but many do not know that he spent the first seven years of his life on a property (Buckinbah) that became the town of Yeoval and a Banjo enthusiast there has opened a museum with some little known history of the Bard and his family.

Amongst the memorabilia was a book of verse written by Banjo's maternal grandmother.

Emily Mary Darvall was born in 1817 and was educated in England and France. She was fluent in French and Latin and was very proficient in art, music and poetry. In 1839 she came out to Australia with her parents, Major Edward and Mrs Emily (nee Johnson) Darvall and three siblings. She was instrumental in producing a shipboard newspaper.

This brought her to the attention of a fellow passenger, Robert Johnstone Barton a retired Naval Officer of the East India Company. The following year she married Robert Barton who was now a grazier, whose station of 66,000 acres, Boree Nyrang (near Molong which is about 30kms from Orange) was her home for about 25 years. She was related to the first Prime Minister of Australia, Sir Edmund Barton. She was the mother of six children, one becoming Banjo's mother, Rose Isabella, born in December 1844.

Her power of imparting knowledge was abundantly in evidence. Everyone in her large family (some who ended up living with her on the deaths of two sons-in-law, John Paterson (daughter Emily's husband) and Andrew Paterson (Rose's husband and Banjo's father) obtained from her practically all the education they received and in a moral sense, no family had a better training. One of her professors described her as having a remarkably active, clever, practical and critical brain, ambitious to excel and wonderfully persevering.

She saw the first Australian Parliament elected, her brother Sir John Bayley Darvall being in the Ministry; saw the nation divided into states and the first Australian railway built. She saw the depletion of workmen and servants to run the station during the Gold Rush days of 1851 and had some not so thrilling encounters with feuding aboriginal tribes.

When her husband, Robert died of pneumonia in Oct 1863, Emily sold Boree Nyrang and moved to Gladesville in Sydney.

It was not until Emily was well advanced in years that poetry, long submerged in her heart, found vent and was able to assert its power. Her first book of Children's Verse was published in 1885.

She was very influential in Banjo's life as he lived with her in Sydney in the 1870's when he went there to finish his schooling. Most of her poems were written after she was 60 years of age, and she wrote practically up to the day of her death in August 1909, when she was almost 92 years of age.

She wrote hoping her verses would be read and appreciated by women in their far away bush homes, so making their lives more noble and happy.

This poem was written about 1877. It describes how Emily must have wanted to write all her life but other pressures interceded

"Pen" 60th Birthday

From youth to age, in calm and storm, in fine and cloudy weather,
My harmless little pen and I have safely jogged together.
When first I grasped his little staff, one Christmas long ago,
He lisped: "Come let ush make a rhyme about the frostht and sth-
noe."

"Ah, foolish babes!" the nurse cried out, and snatched his tiny wing;
"The world is full of sweeter songs than you can write or sing.

At school he was a sturdy weight, although I held him badly,
And many a page of classic prose we cantered over gladly;

In leisure hours on sunny days, he whispered in my ear;

"O let us sing of all that's bright and beautiful and dear."

"Write not, sing not, misguided pen," the teacher wise exclaimed,

"Or write me but the names of those whose poetry is famed."

Then for a long time, he frisked about, in incoherent fashion,
Longing to tell a tragic tale of hopeless love and passion;

"Wait yet," I cried, "till time shall show if love be sweet or bitter."

Poor pen (he lost his feathers then) gave but a mournful twitter.

Love, when he came, was sweet and shy and would not be portrayed;

He brought his own low melodies and sang them in the shade.

Then Pen began a diary of household joy and sorrow,

And, steel clad, plodded on his way for many a busy morrow.

From lists and bills he sometimes turned, at evening, with regret,

To say: "The poetry of life is hanging round me yet."

"Put down that pen," the babes cry out; "O, Mother, do not write,
But sing us just one little song before we say 'Goodnight.'"

The babes grew up, and faithful Pen, their copies duly set,

And we, for daughters' eyes retraced the lines where first we met;

Ere the first brood had taken wing, another race began,

And Pen and I forgot the verse while teaching boys to "scan".

So let it be we acquiesced. "More useful we have been

Than had our verses lived and died in 'Frazer's Magazine'."

And yet not so; we linger still; the gentle hand of age

Has swept across the blotted book, and turned another page;

A blessed blank for Pen, who still delights in rhyme and jingle;

No worldly cares need now intrude, no household duties mingle;

The eye is dim, the ear is dull, the limbs on sofa prone,

But Conscience whispers with a smile, "Our time is now our own."

The mental stream through flow'ry meads delights no more to flow,

But, filtered through the ash of life, its drops are clear and slow;

Baptised in these to higher aims, and willing to the end,

Pen yet, may take a prize or two to help a needy friend.

For nights of rest and peaceful days a weak thanksgiving raise,

And may his latest struggle be a humble song of praise.

EMILY MARY BARTON

Because there was no Country Music Festival in Boyup Brook this year, the Bush Poets decided to celebrate Banjo Paterson's birthday instead. We also had three poets with birthday's to celebrate—Roger Cracknell 13th Feb, Greg Joass 17th Feb and John Hayes 21st Feb.



About 25 poets started to arrive at Northlands, the property of Bill and Meg Gordon in Boyup Brook, on Wednesday 16th Feb. Happy hour, as usual, welcomed everyone as we sat under the grapevines in balmy weather. The brawl lines were handed out and poets started to put thoughts and ideas down on paper. A community meal followed. We had a couple of Op Shop tragics so a trip to town next day was a must and it wasn't long before there were happy reports of special finds and of course the local coffee shop was well supported.



There were ukulele sessions for those who wished and the poets were generous in their support and singing along where possible.

We were ready to party in earnest by Thursday afternoon (Banjo's birthday) and then well into the evening. The shed had been decorated with beautiful wildflowers from the blossoming gum trees in the sheep yards and appropriate bunting. The contributions of the many talents coming together with a willingness to en-

courage and support each other, what more could you ask for? The ukulele girls started with a session of singalongs. Then each poet recited poems by Banjo Paterson. Irma and Lee, the Green Herring acoustic duo, provided some more musical



entertainment. Dinner was enjoyed around the BBQ and under the grapevines, accompanied by suitable beverages and more music, with guitars, a concertina, ukuleles and two poets on spoons.



The whole weekend was a chance to get together with friends and have a laugh, write and recite poetry which

was sometimes funny sometimes poignant and we also paid tribute to Dave Proust with a few of his poems and watched his last concert on DVD.

The weather was mostly warm and pleasant but when the heat proved too much we went up the hill to a favourite dam and cooled off, dogs and all.

Our nonagenarian, Maxine was not to be left out and was helped over the muddy entrance into the cool water.

The poets went into town on Saturday morning to support a "shave off" for the Cancer Foundation and assist a local young girl who is receiving treatment for a brain tumour. There were about six game participants including the little girls grandmother; her great grandmother chose to just have her hair coloured orange, purple, green and blue. It was a great morning and the response from the townsfolk was very generous.



More poetry and music sessions were organised after siestas and quiet moments to work on poems to present on Sunday at the brawl finale which was held in Greenbushes, a village to the north of Bridgetown where there was much devastation due to a severe fire that raged through the area recently. This was at the request of the organisers Green Herring and Acoustic Singers.

We all travelled to a beautiful park in Greenbushes and had a great time with local and visiting musicians who had a variety of instruments including banjos, guitars, ukuleles, mandolin and base. This group has been very welcoming to our poets and the musicians are often commenting on how they enjoy the poetry and marvel at the storytelling abilities of our poets.

Cont..

Some comments from those who came for the weekend: "So grateful that the poets decided to celebrate Banjo's birthday. Great poetry and lovely to hear un-miked recitations in an informal setting."

"I always look forward to our big family of Bush poets getting together at Bill and Meg's farm at Boyup Brook. Lots of sharing our life stories. Plenty of poetry plus good music and singing each night and then about 20 of us sit down to a shared meal under the trellis of ripe grapes. We come in tents, caravans and motor homes and set up in beautiful open space with the opportunity to swim and cool off".

Peter Rudolf put his thoughts into verse:

Northlands in February

A place to stay at Boyup Brook
And we all came by car
Parked at Bill and Meg's at Northlands
The best campground by far.

Clean showers and toilets and friendly hosts
And even a dam to swim
Wonderful company and a barbie each night
This weekend was a win.

We had poetry and song to fill each day
My first time here to camp
The Festival in town could be a distraction
Guess next year we'll take that chance.



BIG BANG

I want to talk of the Big Bang and all the ensuing strife
And by that I'm not referring to my last session with the wife
No, I'm talking about way back before the universe began
Before Facebook and the internet and the ascent of man
In the beginning there was Nothing, that's including time and space
But Nothing proved unstable so the explosion then took place
No one knows how long that Nothing was just hanging round the joint
There is no way to judge, as time was relative at that point
Perhaps the Gods grew bored with all that Nothing there to do
And idle hands get restless, it's the same for me and you
The Big Bang spewed all the matter that the universe has got
And the universe is quite large cause the gods upchucked a lot
But this matter it just lay there and cluttered up the place
So to give it some more interest they invented time and space
But after a few billion years the 'ennui' it was rife
So then to spice it up a bit they gave our world some life
But evolution works quite slowly, so to speed it up a bit
Every sixty million years or so, they'd chuck a rock at it
Or perhaps a ball of ice, either one would promote strife
And cause a mass extinction to wipe out most of the life
When it grew back, it always was more complex than before
Till it came to us, and now we hope, that's what it was all for
So it's important all religions preach how not to be a bore
For if the gods lose interest they'll chuck another rock for sure

Greg Joass

19/02/2022

(Extended version from Poets brawl entry.

Line was: 'as time was relative at that point')

Enjoy a Poets' Picnic
in Mitchell Park!

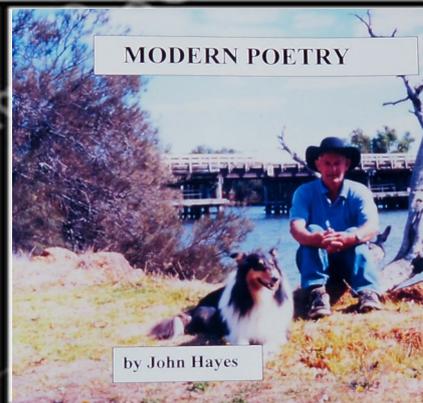
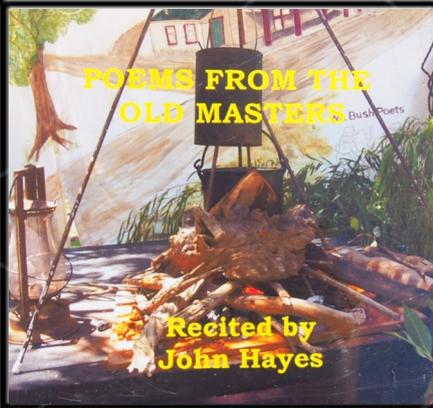
Saturday
5 March
5-6pm

Bash
Poetry

Free!

Shop Window

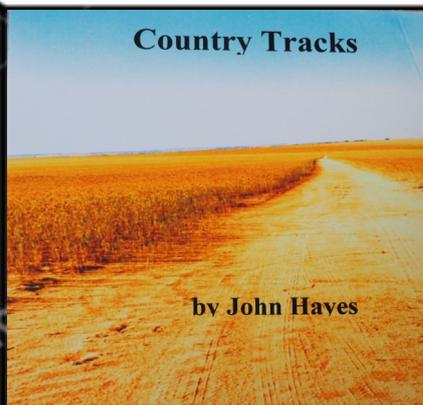
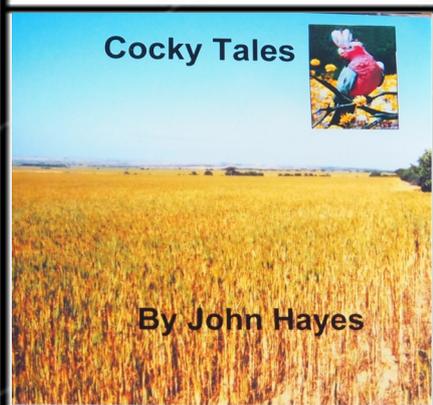
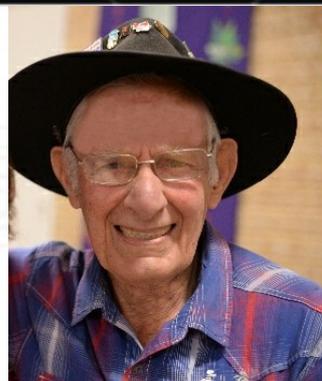
Author - John Hayes



For information on how to purchase any of John's collected works

Email:

hayseed1@optusnet.com.au



MUSTER WRITE UP MUSTER HELD Feb 3rd 2022 by Heather Denholm

President Bill Gordon introduced Tess Earnshaw as the MC for the Evening

Heather Denholm who can be contacted by email h.e.denholm@gmail.com prior to or after a muster read a short poem about handing in your own write up for the Bully Tin as then it will be correct So Email or on paper is good. Thanks everyone

Christine Boulton *Do You Think that I Do Not Know by Henry Lawson*. Henry reveals that he is able to write a meaningful love poem

Robert Gunn *I Spoke To You In Whispers Neil Andrew*. A true Story about a soldier and his mount during world war 2, he was talking to his horse trying to calm him during conflict. The horse was injured so his master spoke to him in whispers and squeezed his trigger to bring him peace. A very sad but true story.

Meg Gordon *The Surveyor by Peg Vickers* Reminiscences of the days when surveys were conducted door to door. One lady was very proud of her contribution to the work force on the land, but a chauvinistic Government worker thought otherwise. His comment haven't you ever had a proper job was met with him finally getting the message, as he staggered away.

Pete Stinger Nettleton *Clancy of The Overflow (in the style of John Keats)* This is one of Banjo Paterson's best-known poems in which a city-bound clerk yearns for the outdoor life of a rural worker. My hypothesis is that Paterson, being of the Late Romantic poetry movement, would probably have been heavily influenced by the earlier Romantic Poets such as Byron, Shelley and Keats. He may have even recited his own poetry in that style. This is my take on that. I only changed one syllable. Could you pick it? An interesting twist on the presentation side.

Tess Earnshaw *Jenny the Jazz queen from Perth. Written by Tess*. This poem upset a friend who thought it was making fun of her.

Heather Denholm *The Power is Off* written during power outage about the problems having no power creates, fridge defrosts and kids with no TV get irritable. Life's not a dream when the power is off.

Greg Joass *Trying Matilda* - A fanciful version of the court case which might have followed if the swagman from Banjo Paterson's 'Waltzing Matilda' hadn't drowned in that billabong.

Ray Jackson *Mirror on the Wall by Ray Jackson*. Ray would pass by a mirror that hung on the wall and wonder if it would reflect for him what he would become. It's only now I see the man I thought that I would be and realise for all those years I simply was just me.

Bill Gordon *The Man From Ironbark*. February being Banjo's birthday, Bill Gordon recited the old favourite "The Man From Ironbark". The bushman gets more than he expects when he asks the city barber for a shave, and the barber gets more than he bargained on. There are still characters in Stuart Town the likes of the man Banjo based their poem on.

(An aside from the muster writer.) This I believe was the only poem my younger sister ever learnt and recited, for providing neither of her parents were present she could yell out Murder bloody Murder! Instead of the slightly sanitised version of Murder, murder, murder that she had been instructed to say.

Heather Joass *The Spider by the Gwydir by W.T. Goodge* The story of a very hungry Red Back spider who prevented a man losing all his money to a pick pocket by biting the pickpocket who then fled holding the bite and undressing as she ran, so saving the sleeping man his cash.

It was good to see Heather and Greg Joass at the muster.

TEA BREAK

Meg Gordon Reading from the Classics opened the second half with Emily Mary Barton the story is elsewhere in this Bully Tin

Pete (Stinger) Nettleton *No More Boomerang Kath Walker*. Oodgeroo Noonuccal (Kath Walker) was a proud Aboriginal poet, storyteller and artist from Stradbroke Island, Qld. She came to prominence during the civil rights struggles of the 60s and 70s and travelled far and wide furthering anti-racist causes. She died in 1993, aged 72. This poem is what I consider to be her response to the suggestion that in 60,000 years, the first Australians only ever managed to produce very basic inventions. The moral of the story can be summarised as "Necessity is the Mother of Invention"

Christine Boulton *Frank the Baby Whisperer by Christine Boulton*. Frank eagerly awaits the birth of his first grandchild. His daughter, Jane, is pleasantly surprised at his ability to stop Jack from crying.

Christine Boulton *The Ring by Christine Boulton*... A wedding ring is lost and found at Margaret River.

MUSTER WRITE UP cont....

Rob Gunn *Clancy of the Overflow Banjo Patterson*. Rob accompanied by his guitar presented the song version of the poem.

Greg Joass *The Wind Factory*. A tall tale made up on the spur of the moment to take the mickie out of a know all braggart, who wasn't as smart as he thought.

Meg Gordon *The Cruise by Peg Vickers*. If you are looking for a husband don't rely on the passengers from a cruise. You could be sorely disappointed.

Tess Earnshaw Firstly, Colin Tyler handed me a little story about a 3 year old giving her dad a box of kisses for Christmas. He was cross with her for giving him an empty box, until she explained it was full of kisses. Shortly after she was killed by an accident and he kept the box by his bed. She then read a poem by that famous writer 'Anon' called *I Love to live*. A prayer asking for one more year, from 80 up till 90. She also read one of her own called Silly Milly about a girl who was always trying to be like someone else instead of just being herself.

Ray Jackson *Blueys Wedding Plans by Ray Jackson*. Bluey decided the time had come to get married so he decided to head overseas to find a bride someone exotic was on his mind. After a rather heavy night with his mates he thought he had found the love of his life. She turned out to be just the opposite and Bluey quickly returned home vowing to never leave his bush home again.

Emma Jackson - Rays granddaughter shared *Butterflies of Blue* a poem her grandfather Ray had written for his granddaughters So when you go to sleep at night and dream of fairies blue just think about the butterflies and what they mean to you.

Bill Gordon concluded the night with "*Hot Revenge*" by *Dave Proust*. Beware of going to a curry house with a mate who is wanting to get even for your past practical jokes. In true Prousty style this poem describes the hilarious antics of the victim as he struggles to overcome the effects of the hottest curry imaginable.

Bill Gordon, President, also reminded us about the poetry competition being held by Boyup Brook

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

The BT Editor's Monthly Call

I'm editor, compiler so I am on the trail; Each month to track down poems, set sight on quirky tale
Of days of old and current times some good or sometimes grim. For members all sat waiting to read next Bully Tin.

I'm editor, compiler please send me an email Your efforts on computer; perhaps use old snail mail.
There's little point me poaching old words just off a 'page' This information munching in time will show its age.

I'm editor, compiler, I'm at your beck and call. Please save me from the danger of hitting head on wall.
Write some verse; send it in by 'puter or postie's bike. Poems past and present: Aussie bush style that we like.

© DM-In Verse (Deb McQuire) – 21st July 2020

Next Muster: 1st April MC: Rodger Kohn 0419 666 168 rodgershirley@bigpond.com

Reader from the Classics: Bev Shorland

***** 16 line poem challenge: Chaos reigned *****

Deadline for April's Bully Tin Submissions 21st Mar 2022

COMPETITIONS AND EVENTS AROUND AUSTRALIA

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

14-23 January - Tamworth Country Music Festival.
POSTPONED
rescheduled for 18-24 April.

MARCH

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

18 March - Closing Date - Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush Festival.
See 31 March. Performance and **written** competitions. Tenterfield NSW.

31 March - 3 April - Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush Festival.
Performance and **written** competitions. Tenterfield NSW. See 18 March 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.

18-24 April - Tamworth Country Music Festival
(postponed from January), Tamworth NSW.

MAY 2022

18 May - Closing Date - Eastwood/Hills FAW Boree Log Award for written bush poetry.
Sydney NSW.

JULY 2022

30 July - Closing Date - Nandewar Poetry Competition,
Narrabri NSW.

Please Note:

Upcoming events may be altered due to ongoing Covid restrictions across Australia, please check on relevant websites and with contacts for confirmation as the year progresses

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

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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 Mar 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
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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.