

The

February 2024

BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



**Next Muster: 2nd February 2024 at 7.00 pm, at the Auditorium,
Swan Care, Plantation Drive, Bentley**

MC: Julian Ilich - 0400 608 228 or julian.ilich@gmail.com

Reading from the Classics:-Anne Hayes

Banjo Paterson's birthday

Theme suggestion recite a poem from Banjo during the first half of the muster.

The Daylight is Dying

The daylight is dying
Away in the west,
The wild birds are flying
In silence to rest;
In leafage and frondage
Where shadows are deep,
They pass to its bondage —
The kingdom of sleep.

And watched in their sleeping
By stars in the height,
They rest in your keeping,
O wonderful night.
When night doth her glories
Of starshine unfold,
'Tis then that the stories
Of bush-land are told.

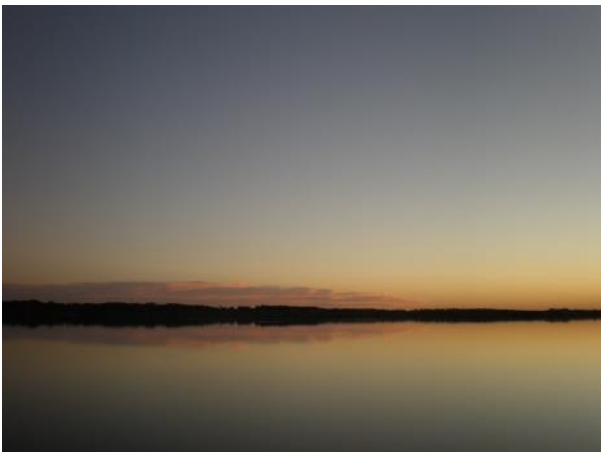
Unnumbered I hold them
In memories bright,
But who could unfold them,
Or read them aright?
Beyond all denials
The stars in their glories,
The breeze in the myalls,
Are part of these stories.

The waving of grasses,
The song of the river
That sings as it passes
For ever and ever,
The hobble-chains' rattle,
The calling of birds,
The lowing of cattle
Must blend with the words.

Without these, indeed, you
Would find it ere long,
As though I should read you
The words of a song
That lamely would linger
When attacking the rune,
The voice of a singer,
The lilt of the tune.

But, as one half-hearing
An old-time refrain,
With memory clearing,
Recalls it again,
These tales roughly wrought of
The Bush and its ways,
May call back a thought of
The wandering days;

And, blending with each
In the memories that throng
There haply shall reach
You some echo of song.



Source: Andrew Barton Paterson. *The Man from Snowy River and Other Verses*, Angus & Robertson, Sydney, 1896 [January 1896 reprinting of the October 1895 edition], pages 153-155

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

President's Ramblings February 2024



The 29th Annual Australia Day Showcase at Wireless Hill was well attended and enjoyed by all. Meg Gordon did an excellent job as MC and all poets performed well, from veteran John Hayes to newcomer Julian Illich. There was a variety of poetry offered with an emphasis on poems featuring Australian pride and what it is to be an Aussie. Many new faces were in the audience and it was great to see Lorelie Tacoma and Terry Piggott back after a long absence.

The Rambling Bilbies (Rob and Jill Oates) brought us a selection of their music which also was well presented and appropriate for the day. Rob is president of the Wanneroo Folk Club, with whom we have recently become affiliated. They meet on the second Friday each month. On 9th Feb they are featuring Ian Simpson and Wayne Perry with their Gordon Lightfoot show. These guys are world class.

Congratulations to Terry Bennetts on his success in the Songwriters Awards in Tamworth. Terry won two awards for the lyrics to his new song "Chasing Rabbits in Her Sleep". Anyone who has witnessed a dog dreaming can relate to the story which can be found in the July edition of the Bullytin.

At the January meeting of our committee Rodger resigned as vice-president as he felt he was not suitably qualified to hold that position. Stinger subsequently resigned as secretary. Rodger then accepted nomination as secretary and duly elected.

Boyup Brook Country Music Festival is fast approaching. The music program runs from 16th to 18th February but the Bush Poetry starts on Wednesday 14th with a "Meet and Greet" at our farm "Northlands". We have an all new Thursday program this year and a move for the Friday show from Harvey Dickson's to the Boyup Brook Town Hall. The full Bush Poets Program appears in this Bullytin.

Other festivals coming up that include Bush Poets are Nannup Folk Festival 1st – 3rd March (Alan Aitken contact and MC), Downunder Country Music at Bridgetown 15th – 17th March, and Fairbridge Folk Festival 5th – 7th April (Stinger contact for both). And we also have our muster on Friday 2nd February and Bunbury Bush Poets at the Parade Hotel on Monday 5th.

Who said "Life gets tedious don't it"?

Bill Gordon, President

January's 8 line challenge
Challenge title : I'd like to ...

I'd like to ...

I'd like to be young again, when me backache and arthritis weren't a hurtin',
Back to the days when me bowels and me gut were both workin'.
When I bent at the hips and could touch all me toes,
And before I grew hairs out me ears and me nose.
I'd like to be young again, when I could be partyin' all night,
And the girls that I knew thought I was alright.
But now what I don't like is when I'm bein' told,
"You can't join our party, cause you're too flamin old!!!

Frank Heffernan

DREAMS

I'd like to travel to Turkmenistan along the old Silk Road
Preferably with camels who could carry quite a load
The history of the area is exotic to say the least
I could pitch the tent and cook up a middle eastern feast
I'd lie beneath the myriad stars shining in the night
And dream of far-off people who roamed upon this site
The nomads forever moving with their herds along the road
Their ways unchanged since time began, to modern life unbowed.

Lorraine Broun Jan 5, 2024

I'd like to ...

I'd like to know who set us up to have high lofty goals?
That living life just day to day could not uplift our souls.
As Tik Tok, Facebook, Twitter verse makes difficult to feel
That normal is ok to be, that this still has appeal.
The danger comes from falling short of this distorted view,
It leaves one feeling less of self, you're not enough as you.
But be assured that all have worth regardless of your deeds
The truth is that life can be full not judged 'gainst viral leads.

© DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire) 31st Dec 2023

Never Been

Y'know, I've never been to China where they walk upon the wall
but I've walked our own Blue Mountains 'neath her eucalyptus tall.
You'll never want for fresher air or clearer running streams
And that view to the horizon goes forever so it seems.

I've never been to Switzerland where the mountains reach the sky
but I've been up by Kosciusko her rugged battlements on high.
I've walked her snow capped reaches where the Billy Buttons grow
and below the ridge and valleys where the snowy waters flow.

To Italy I've never been to try coffee while in Rome
but I've tried it down in Melbourne where the trendy make their home.
With their lattes and their mochas and espresso late at night.
That's where the height of fashion goes, cor'blimey what a sight.

I've not been down to New York town, they say it feels like hell
but I've walked around in Sydney town and through the Cross as well,
I've sailed beneath the harbour bridge, soaked up sun on Bondi sand,
I've suited up at the Opera House to see that philharmonic band.

I've never been to Wembley where they decide the FA cup
but I've been inside the MCG where Roy Cazaly once went up.
I've heard that God Almighty roar when Jezza took a mark;
even watched young Dougie Walters tonkin' sixes out the park.

I've never flown to Paris to try their fancy French cuisine
but I've been to Harry's Caf'e, you know the one I mean.
Caf'e De Wheels he calls it no fancy names for us.
No maître d' or tables, just form a line out at the bus.

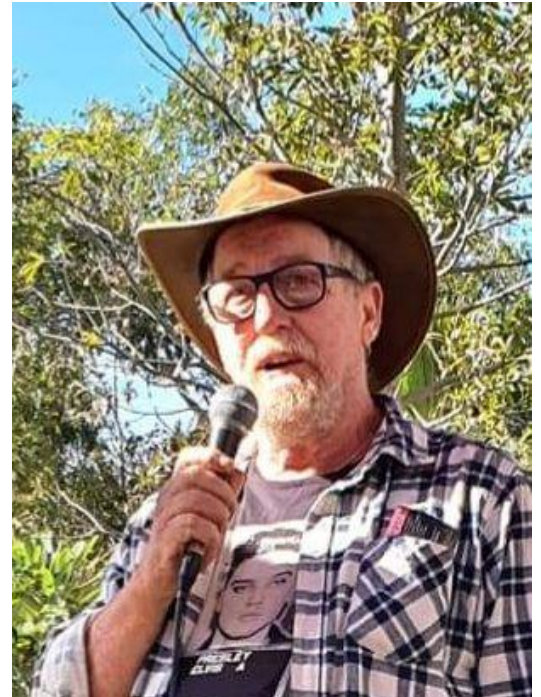
I've never been to no Greek islands as the rich folk like to do
but I've been up along the Queensland coast, who knew they had islands too
There's Heron, Dunk and Daydream and I know Straddys up that way
There's Frazer and Magnetic God I could rattle on all day.

Then they've got the Sunshine coast and there's that one that's made of gold
where if you don't allow for schoolies the average age is bloody old
They've got a little bit of coral runs up north along the coast
That's what they're like in Queensland, they don't really like to boast.

Have I been surfing in Hawaii on waves two stories high
Nah, never tried it but let me tell you why
We like real danger when we're surfing', where the great whites lie in wait
And the locals get a giggle sending tourists out as bait.

Have I been across to Africa where the animals are king
Well no, I have never been but see that's the funny thing
While their beasts are big and scary and will eat you when they're done
Ours are small and sneaky and will kill you, just for fun.

There's creepy little spiders and heaps of snakes with lethal strikes,
Or horny magpies slashing ears of riders on their bikes.
There is of course the drop bear and while these tales are rarely true
I often think it's best to check, just in case, don't you?



Never Been cont....

I've seen the beauty of the Kimberley, been round Kalgoorlie chasing gold
Went to Tassie for the summer, God that place is bloody cold
I've even seen the twelve apostles, although four must have been away
Called into Adelaide when I found out it was open for the day.

Lived underground in Coober Pedy, walked the Daintree in the rain.
Stopped to watch the Melbourne Cup and saw the Diva win again
I've done a lap around the mountain where Brocky was the king
Thought I'd go and see that old black stump, cursed I didn't find the bloody thing.

So I've never been to London to stroll upon the strand
But I've lived and worked and strolled about in Kakadu and Arnhem land
I've never been to Timbuktu or other places you could name
But I've been way out past the back of Bourke and loved it just the same.

I've seen sunsets out at Uluru and hoped to see the Min Min lights
I've hitched across the Nullarbor and I've spent some awesome nights
just laying back and counting waiting for the break of day
The morning star, the Southern Cross, that glorious Milky Way.

Think about it, all these things are in your own backyard
Get off your arse and go and see it all , it's really not that hard.
Get a four wheel drive and a caravan or like me a coaster bus
It's not that hard to organise with very little fuss.

Then head out and see the country, meet the people in the towns.
Get back near to nature, see the sights and hear the sounds.
There's so much country out there for you to come and see
Keep an eye out, I'll be out there, you might run into me.

We've got the Great Dividing Range and the Great Australian Bight
We've got the Greatest Barrier Reef although it's slowly turning white
We've got the Greatest Island nation for all the world to see
So in the words of Miss McKellar " It's this wide brown land for me.

Chris Taylor



Desert Rose

She walks the desert sand, no shoes upon her feet
Her dark skin glows in the burning desert heat
She's wild and she's free, and everybody knows
The legend of the lovely Desert Rose

It was many years ago, at the age of twenty three
A young man worked for a mining company
On a survey line, where the stunted wattle grows
And it was there he met, the lovely Desert Rose

*Desert Rose can you hear me call you name
Desert Rose day or night it's still the same
I'll return where the willy-willy blows
I'll be searching, I'll be searching, for my lovely Desert Rose*

The sun sank low and he light the tilly lamp
Like a proud desert queen, she walked into his camp
Not a sound passed her lips, but before the morning came
A young man's dream's , would never be the same

They shared three weeks, in the desert long ago
Then her sad eyes told him it was time for her to go
Then she left his camp, but she never said goodbye
Just faded into, the golden Tanami

*Desert Rose can you hear me call you name
Desert Rose day or night it's still the same
I'll return where the willy-willy blows
I'll be searching, I'll be searching, for my lovely Desert Rose*

Now time moves on, but the memories never die
And he sometimes wanders back, to the golden Tanami
And he sees her so clearly, though dreaming I suppose
Just a vision of, the lovely Desert Rose

*Desert Rose can you hear me call you name
Desert Rose day or night it's still the same
I'll return where the willy-willy blows
I'll be searching, I'll be searching, for my lovely Desert Rose*

Keith Lethbridge/Terry Bennetts

Cobber and Terry wrote Desert Rose and it has been nominated in the following song writing awards.....

Tamworth Songwriting Association Awards – Best Traditional Song

Boyup Brook WA Songwriting Awards – Best song and Best Heritage Single Release

Tamworth CCMA Awards – National Songwriter of the Year



Grain Trains

Have you thought how much safer out highways would be
If our grain went by rail from the farms to the sea?
It can take twenty road trains to shift as much grain,
As a railway achieves in just one single train.

Our country earns millions from the grains we export,
But its not worth a dime till we get it to port.
And the trucks that they're using are wrecking our roads,
With the wight on the wheels of their great heavy loads.

All the money were wasting is simply insane
While they patch up the holes in the roads yet
again.
We're paying a huge price in the form of road tax.
While the gov'ment sits idle, ignoring the facts.

Frank Heffernan



A Coober Pedy Christmas

There was searing heat as usual and the outlook bleak and drear,
as I sweltered in my old brush hut on Christmas day that year.
Watching dusty devils swirl across the barren stony plain,
of this godforsaken thirsty land that's begging now for rain.

I was standing in what passed for shade inside my sun-drenched shack
and was contemplating life among the dust and flies' outback.
And although it may be Christmas there was very little cheer,
stony broke again as usual - can't afford a flamen beer.

And I know I must be brain dead in believing like I do,
that my luck is sure to change before the present year is through.
For I've seen that flash of brilliant colour in a drive below
and was captured by its haunting beauty, only days ago.

©T.E. Piggott



Natures Secret Gardens –

Garden 1

On misty morns the forest drips and leaves are wet with dew,
the smoke-like mist hangs in the air to blur a pristine view.
It gladdens hearts of all who walk along this winding track,
you're taken by its beauty as you pass an old bush shack.

Sun touches then a foggy grove and melts the mist away
and dries dew laden bushes with a warming solar ray.
Its gentle glow then brings to life the hidden places where,
exquisite flowers open up, so beautiful and rare.

There's dappled light in leafy glens where filtered sun peeps through,
to light up ferns and rushes where the spider orchids grew.
As tiny streams here trickle by and slowly make their way,
they whisper of this secret place they travel through each day.

So sweet is natures music with its golden notes of sound,
from throats of feathered songsters as it echoes all around.
And heralds yet another day along this forest trail,
this place of untouched beauty, that's so delicate and frail.



Garden 2

For years it waited patiently a dusty arid land,
then came the rain that brings new life the way that nature planned.
And like a miracle the desert blooms with beauty rare,
breathtaking colours paint this rugged landscape everywhere.

With endless everlastings like a sea of waving jewels,
that dance in tune to errant winds out where the eagle rules.
And all the while there's green again across the vast expanse,
where Dusty Devils had once weaved their crazy zigzag dance.

A crimson carpet of Sturt Peas is sure to please the eye,
while bringing beauty where for years the land was brown and dry.
And near forgotten grasses grow across the endless plain,
as Budgies in their thousands come to feast upon the grain.

For nature waved its magic wand to bring to life again,
this tortured land of boom and bust and very little rain.
Yet still this land is precious be it green or dry and brown,
a place of solitude and silence miles from any town.

THE COLOURS OF LIGHT

This is not easy to understand
For you that come from a distant land
Where all the colours are low in pitch -
Deep purples, emeralds deep and rich,
Where autumn's flaming and summer's green -
Here is a beauty you have not seen.
All is pitched in a higher key,
Lilac, topaz, and ivory,
Palest jade-green and pale clear blue
Like aquamarines that the sun shines through,
Golds and silvers, we have at will -
Silver and gold on each plain and hill,
Silver-green of the myall leaves,
Tawny gold of the garnered sheaves,
Silver rivers that silent slide,
Golden sands by the water-side,
Golden wattle, and golden broom,
Silver stars of the rosewood bloom;
Amber sunshine, and smoke-blue shade:
Opal colours that glow and fade;
On the gold of the upland grass
Blue cloud-shadows that swiftly pass;
Wood-smoke blown in an azure mist;
Hills of tenuous amethyst. . .
Oft the colours are pitched so high
The deepest note is the cobalt sky;
We have to wait till the sunset comes
For shades that feel like the beat of drums -
Or like organ notes in their rise and fall -
Purple and orange and cardinal,
Or the peacock-green that turns soft and slow
To peacock-blue as the great stars show . . .
Sugar-gum boles flushed to peach-blow pink;
Blue-gums, tall at the clearing's brink;
Ivory pillars, their smooth fine slope
Dappled with delicate heliotrope;
Grey of the twisted mulga-roots;
Golden-bronze of the budding shoots;
Tints of the lichens that cling and spread,
Nile-green, primrose, and palest red . . .
Sheen of the bronze-wing; blue of the crane;
Fawn and pearl of the lyrebird's train;
Cream of the plover; grey of the dove -
These are the hues of the land I love.

Dorothea MacKellar



WIRELESS HILL 2024

Another glorious summer day was experienced at **WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Annual Australia Day** event at Wireless Hill in Ardross, Perth. Gentle breezes and the ample shade from the magnificent gum trees was a perfect setting for poems and music about Australia, Australians and Australian way of life. Many thanks goes to **Melville City** for the use of this beautiful area of bush and picnic facilities. Thanks also goes to **Capitol Radio** for the use of their power for our microphones and amplifiers.



(above) part of the crowd



(left) **John Hayes**



(right) **Julian Ilich**



(far right) **Roger Cracknell**

(left) **Cobber Lethbridge**



(below) (l to r) **Jane Cochrane** (our valued photographer) **Stinger Nettleton** and visitor

(right) "Pocket Rocket Poet" **Heather Denholm**



MORE AT WIRELESS HILL 2024



(above) MC Meg Gordon



(above left) Phil Strutt
(left) Greg Joass

(above) "The Rambling Bilbies" Jill and Rob



(l to r above) Anne and John Hayes, Maxine Richter and Sue Hill

(l to r below) Jem Shorland, Roger Cracknell Alan Aitken, Bev Shorland



Enjoying the entertainment
(above) Christine Boulton and Terry Piggott
(below right) Stinger Nettleton and Jan Cracknell



Lorelie Tacoma





BOYUP BROOK COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL PRESENTS AWARD WINNING AUSTRALIAN BUSH BALLADEERS & BUSH POETS IN ONE CONCERT . A SHOW NOT TO BE MISSED!



**Friday 16 February 2024 | 9:30am - 2:30pm (including 1 hour intermission)
\$30 plus booking fee | Boyup Brook Town Hall (corner of Abel & Cowley Streets)**



DIANNE LINDSAY - OAM



PETER SIMPSON - OAM



TERRY BENNETTS



GARY FOGARTY - POET



THE LANSDELL FAMILY



KEITH (COBBER) LETHBRIDGE



BILL GORDON - MC

HOW TO BOOK TICKETS - wacountrymusic.com.au THEN 'TICKETS' AND BOOK FOR 'BALLADEER SHOWCASE'

**BOYUP BROOK COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL
BUSH POETRY PROGRAM 2024**

The Bush Poetry program takes on a new look this year. New shows are lunch at the recently refurbished Boyup Brook Hotel and Poetry under the stars at the Boyup Brook Golf Club. Farewell to the tennis club and Harvey Dicksons but the Bowling Club and Music Park will be as in past years.

Guest poet this year is Gary Fogarty from Milmerran, Qld.

Gary is one of the busiest performing Bush Poets in Australia. A fiercely proud Australian, his ability to inject his own uniquely 'bush bred' personality and humour into everything he does, and to tailor his performances to fit all situations have resulted in his busy schedule.

Gary's poetry has been used to inspire our Aussie Olympians, hangs proudly in the players gymnasium at the Brisbane Broncos and several corporate Boardrooms around Australia, has inspired its own Drought Relief Campaign, featured in a series of Channel 7 advertisements for International Rugby Union tests, as well as being enjoyed countless times by bush poetry lovers all around Australia at live performances and when broadcast regularly on both radio and television.

NANNUP MUSIC FESTIVAL – 2nd and 3rd MARCH 2024

I have been asked to MC the Bush Poetry at Nannup Music Festival this year. There are 2 x 2 hour time slots, Saturday from 08:30 to 10:30am and Sunday from 08:30 to 10:30 at the Playground Stage. This stage is outside the main event area and there will be no tickets issued to enter the event area. People wishing to go into the main event area will need to purchase a ticket on line. There will also be no moneys for performers at this event. However I have been able to secure 5 camping spots at the Nannup golf course for Friday and Saturday night. This will be on a first in gets the spots, please contact me on 0400 249 243 to reserve one of these. For those that attend there are some areas of entertainment that you can access, The Playground Stage, The Nannup Hotel, The Nannup Brewing Company and my favourite the veranda at The Bowling Club.

Cheers Alan Aitken

Bush Poets Muster Writeup Friday 5th January 2024 courtesy of Meg Gordon

MC: Lorraine Broun welcomed poets and visitors to alternative venue at Bentley Park. The theme for the first half of the evening was “Dogs”.

John Hayes: presented “From The Lanterns” (Richard Magoffin)

Heather Denham: Snoopy by Nan Nash. Retired sheep dog, Snoopy just wanted to play fetch, unfortunately he tried it with a stick of dynamite. All the men ran from him, finally the dynamite exploded taking Snoopy as well. Retired sheepdog, Snoopy just wanted to play fetch, unfortunately he tried it with a stick of dynamite All the men ran from him finally the dynamite exploded taking Snoopy as well.

Rob Gunn: “The Drovers” (Anon) A true story about 5 drovers in a pub talking about their hardships they had fought and mastered.

Rodger Kohn: Gave us a yarn about a remarkable sheepdog. He could talk and count and “round ‘em up”

Grace Williamson: “An Old Mate” (Paul Harrower) Poem about man’s best friend – his dog. The dog’s loyalty in times of trouble and how he saved his master from a wild bull who with upswept horns and matted tail, stirred for a fight.

Meg Gordon: “The Useless Kelpie Sheep Dog” (Peg Vickers)

Frank Hetherington: “The Supermarket Saga” His own poem describing a trip to the supermarket to find one little item which proves too much for one man when he even forgets the real reason he went there in the first place.

“The Pandemic” Another of his own. How the corona virus developed from a deadly threat effecting only city people but eventually reaching the country too.

Cobber Lethbridge: A tune on the harmonica “The Old Bark Hut” then his poem “Mum’s Driving Lesson” If you crave adventure, excitement or danger, it’s not necessary to travel to far off lands, visit a war zone, or take up rodeo riding. Teaching someone to drive can be just as hazardous. In this story, the names have been changed to protect the guilty.

Bill Gordon: “The Cattle Dog’s Revenge” (Jack Drake) When visitors come for a free holiday and inflict an undisciplined dog on farm life, there are dire consequences.

Shirley Kohn: related a true story about a family pet who was so obsessed with guarding the family business no one else was allowed to enter the premises.

Lorraine Broun: “Alby” a dog living in an apartment was very adventurous when he was supposed to be tethered to a barrel at the coffee shop.

Colin Tyler: Had a tale of a family pet and its cremation that left a grandchild a bit disconcerted.

Supper – followed by President Bill informing members of the new rule book covering **the Constitution of WA Bush Poets**.

A tribute to **Chris Taylor** who passed away tragically on 9th December 2023 as a result of suicide. Contact has been made with Chris’s daughter Casey and a memorial is planned for the future when family agree on it. An invitation to **Australia Day at Wireless Hill** was extended to everyone.

Rodger Kohn: A short story about strange noises coming from an absent neighbour’s property. Could have been sinister but only a rabbit in a kayak.

Reading From The Classics: Lorraine Broun gave a brief history of the life of Banjo Paterson and then presented "The Mongrel Grey"

The **Challenge** for this muster was "I'd like to....."

Deb McQuire "I'd like to know...."

Frank Heffernan "I'd like to be young again....."

Lorraine Broun "I'd like to travel....."

Heather Denholm: Related a story about paprika in a rubbish bin – a great scavenger deterrent. She then presented Pam Ayres' poem "The Platypus" Tells the story of how God made the platypus as the very last mammal, with only a few pieces left to make him out of, so he was made and sent to live in Australia where he would be safe from persecution because he looked so different from everything else.

Rob Gunn: Rob put a poem of Chris Taylor's to music – "My Trucking Life" Story about a third generation truck driver who has diesel in his veins and brake fluid on his hands.

Grace Williamson: "Toy" (Uncle Wes Marne) A poem describing the mutual love of man and his dog.

Frank Heffernan: "Grain Trains" Our roads would be much safer if we brought back the trains to cart the bulk loads of grain.

"Sport and I" After a lifetime of failing at sport, I discovered the 'Marriage Stakes' and finally tasted success in the best way possible.

John Hayes: "Jack McCarthy" was a water diviner and would put down test holes wherever he thought there was water and his rate of success was remarkable. He was paid one shilling per foot and a bottle of wine per day and the windmills around the country stand testament to his success.

Meg Gordon: "A Pound A Mile" (Louisa Lawson) Pioneer women had a lot to contend with in remote country areas. Bearing children could be quite hazardous.

Cobber Lethbridge: "One Of The Best" (Peter Blyth) Pedro got a dog to help him at Buggerup Downs. The dog was a scruffy looking mongrel bitch, considered by the "experts" to be not worth feeding. But Pedro could see character in his little mate, and his little mate proved Pedro to be right. Over 13 years a wonderful working partnership developed. Time caught up and Pedro was broken hearted when his little mate finally died. The poem commemorates that scruffy looking mongrel. (The dog, not Pedro)

Lorraine Broun: Dog's footy match

Bill Gordon: "Sweet Revenge" When your mates play a practical joke on you, expect revenge but sometimes it can get out of hand.

Meeting finished at 9.35pm

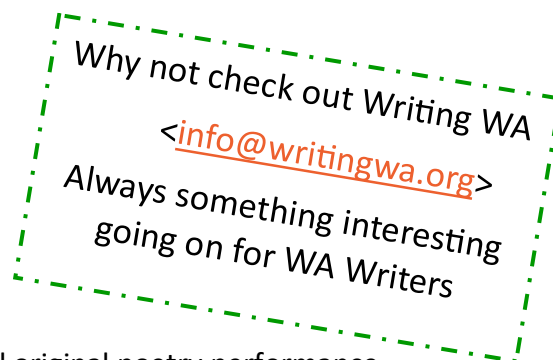
Reminder: Could everyone who performs at Musters please have a synopsis available on the night or send one via email to shorland@iinet.net.au for the Muster write up.
Thanks in advance Bev

**Next Muster: 1st March 2024 at 7.00 pm, at the Auditorium,
Swan Care, Plantation Drive, Bentley
MC: Bev Shorland 0438 764 897
Reading from the Classics: Lorraine Broun
Writing challenge 16 line poem: The Wheels Go Around
Submission for March Bully Tin due in by 22nd Feb 2024**

COMPETITIONS AND EVENTS AROUND AUSTRALIA

WRITTEN EVENTS are in PURPLE

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



FEBRUARY 2024

12 February — Closing Date — Banjo Paterson Poetry Festival original poetry performance competition, Orange, NSW. .

17-25 February — Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival. Several events, walk-ups and original performance competition on Friday 23 February – students, novice and open (see 12 February closing date), Orange, NSW.

29 February — Closing Date — Man from Snowy River Bush Festival, performance and **written** competitions, Corryong, Victoria

MARCH 2024

15 March — Closing Date — Oracles of the Bush Festival, Tenterfield NSW.



APRIL 2024

11-14 April — Man from Snowy River Bush Festival (incorporating the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships). Performance and **written** competitions, Corryong, Victoria.
See 29 February closing date.

JUNE 2024

30 June — Early bird Deadline — Australian Poetry Film Festival, Guyra NSW.

SEPTEMBER 2024

30 September — Regular Deadline — Australian Poetry Film Festival, Guyra NSW.

NOVEMBER 2024

12 November — Late Entries Deadline — Australian Poetry Film Festival, Guyra NSW.

16-18 November — Australian Poetry Film Festival, Best Australian Poetry Film, Bush Poetry Film, Student Poetry Film, Guyra NSW. See 30 June Early bird Deadline, 30 September Regular Deadline, 12 November Late Entries Deadline.

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2024

President	Bill Gordon	0428 651 098	billgordon1948@gmail.com
Vice President	Currently vacant TBA		
Secretary	Rodger Kohn	0419 666 168	rodgershirley@bigpond.com
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Committee

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Regular Events

WA Bush Poets: 1st Friday each month *MC details see front page*
- 7pm Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park WA

Bunbury Bush Poets: 1st Monday every 'even' month
- The Parade Hotel, Ph. Alan Aitken - 0400 249 243
1 Austral Parade, East Bunbury. or Ian Farrell 0408 212 636

Goldfields Bush Poetry Group: 1st Wednesday each month. Ph. Ken Ball - 0419 94 3376
- 7.30pm 809 Kalgoorlie Country Club,
108 Egan St. Kalgoorlie

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
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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.