

The

January 2025

BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets

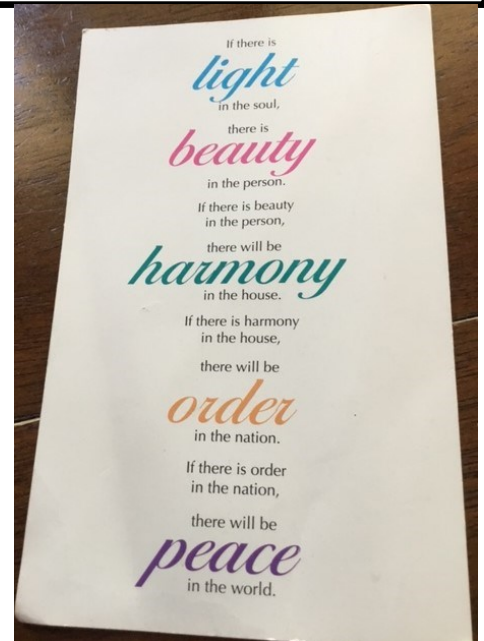


& Yarnspinners Assn.

Next Muster: 7th February at 7.00 pm, at the Auditorium, Swan Care, Plantation Drive, Bentley
MC - To be advised

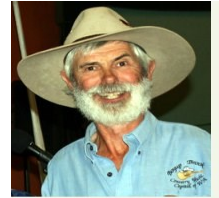
Banjo Paterson's birthday - Recite a poem for Banjo during the first half of the muster.

HAPPY NEW YEAR



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

President's Ramblings January 2025



The old year rolls out and we welcome 2025. My wish for the New Year is to be able to welcome new members to WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners. Some young ones in their 60's would be refreshing.

Meg and I are now in Queensland and by the time you read this will be back from a cruise to New Zealand over the Christmas - New Year period. But before leaving we were in Stanthorpe to say goodbye to our very dear friend and wonderful poet Jack Drake. We first met Jack in Tamworth some years ago. Our paths crossed again many times in places as far afield as Camooweal and Bundaberg as well as several more years in Tamworth. Jack was a feature poet at Boyup Brook in 2016 where he was a great hit with the audiences. He was a judge for the Australian Bush Poets Championships when we hosted that event in Toodyay in 2017. Jack won a host of awards for his poetry, has written six books and produced seven Cds of his poetry and yarns. Jack will be sadly missed wherever poets gather.

Deb has already sent out a notice that we will not have a muster in January, due to the proximity of New Year's Day. To make up for that, be sure to get your friends together and celebrate Australia Day at Wireless Hill as WA Bush Poets have done every year since the club started 30 years ago. As usual we encourage patrons to bring a picnic lunch to enjoy under the shade of the trees. This year we are also suggesting that you might like to stay and have a BBQ tea after the event and share in some more fellowship.

Then it is only three weeks to Boyup Brook Country Music Festival. Starting on Thursday 13th February with a Bush Balladeers show run by Terry Bennetts and Bush Poetry from Cobber and me and our two special guest poets Melanie Hall and Susan Carcary. It is hard to believe it is ten years since these two wonderful poets have been to Boyup Brook. They attract a huge following wherever they go and are sure to again. As usual, camping is available at Northlands for anyone who wants to share great fellowship with the poets and also several musicians as well. I was talking to Tim Casey from Casey's Tours and they will bring a bus down to Boyup Brook if they can get sufficient starters to make it worth while for them. If you have transport and accommodation issues give Tim a call. 1800 999 677.

Until we meet again, Meg and I wish all members a safe and happy New Year and look forward to seeing many of our members at Wireless Hill or Boyup Brook.

Dear Members,

I am putting together a new roster for 2025.

Sadly we have lost many of our regulars through illness or other commitments.

Please let me know if you would like to be on the 2025 roster and I can include you on the list.

Many thanks - *Christine Boulton*

christineboulton7@bigpond.com or 0438995609

Poets Never Say Goodbye—Frank Daniel

Our world becomes a sadder place when mates depart from mates
The track we tread is long and hard with many open gates
Gates ajar to ease our travels, welcome smiles to greet us all,
But none to ease the pain within when one must heed the call.

Good friends we meet along the way, where courtesy is shown,
With handshakes and warm greetings other folk have never known.
There's parting after meeting, glistening tears in shaded eye,
But never greif in parting—poets never say goodbye.

It's always been tradition that we'll meet again some day;
The time elapsed is not to count, it's always been that way.
We keep in touch by many means, but mostly word of mouth
From far-flung sunny Queensland to the frosted chilly south.

Word travels 'cross the country like a soaring bird on wing
Bush Telegraph delivering all the praises that we sing.
The words we write are always fact; there's never word of lie
And we never fear the parting, poets never say goodbye.

It was indeed a sad day as Bill and I said goodbye to our friend, Jack Drake in Stanthorpe Qld. On the 18th Dec ember 2024.

We felt privileged to be amongst family, friends and poets at his service which was held in brilliant sunshine; the threat-ened rain held off.

Gary Fogarty conducted the service and Jack's son, Jeffrey, gave a wonderful eulogy, reliving many stories of the varied life of his beloved Dad.

Stella, in her very efficient way made his sendoff one of which he would have been justly proud and the admiration of all for her strength was justified. Meg Gordon

Very sad loss. Jack wrote and recited with a very special talent. He can't be replaced. We were honoured to have known and worked with Jack. Best wishes Cobber.

Epitaph—Jack Drake

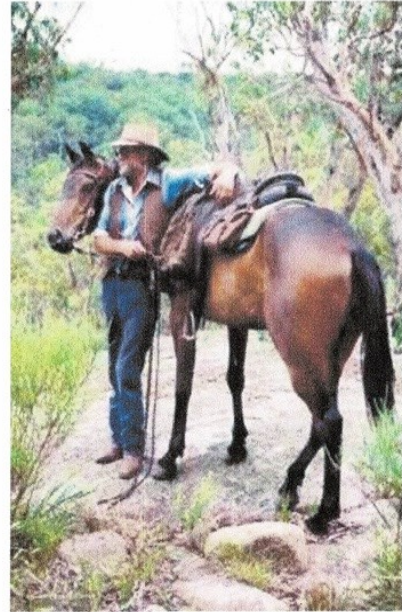
Old friend, it seems your time has come as it must come to all.
For life is but a fleeting thing and those who rise, must fall.
So let us pause and hoist a glass, each one that called you friend
We loved you as a comrade, now we toast you at the end.

We enjoyed your easy company, admired your sense of style.
Life richer for each one of us who knew you for a while.
We saw the worth in peaceful times. The quiet strength in strife
Embroidered in your likeness on the tapestry of life.

Each one of us will cherish thoughts of you who went away
And all of us lost something with the one who left today.
We gather here in tribute to respect a life well run
And raise a parting glass to you whose earthly days are done.

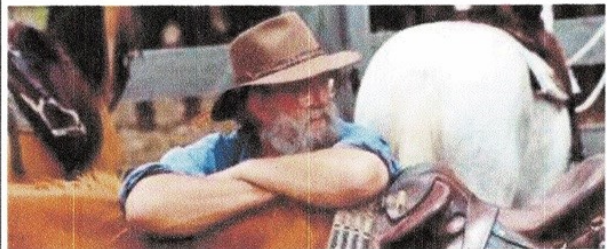
Recited at service for Jack by Stella's daughter, Tamara,

Vale Jack Drake 1950—2024



Extract from 'Images of Australia' - Jack Drake

Darkness slips down as the little plane plies the
coastal range
over sugar fields in patchwork almost artfully ar-
ranged.
Twenty separate canefires send their pyres leap-
ing high.
An image of Australia fills the smoky evening sky.
Ghostly sentinels of treetops in unearthly weird
mirage,
man made apparitions, poles and silos looming
large.
A thin wind off the blacksoil tugs at us as we stand
to see an image of Australia spread across the
level land...



Rest in Peace, Jack, your name is amongst the legends of Bush Poetry and your poetry will be loved by many for years to come.

****2024 ROADWISE TOODYAY CHALLENGE****
SHORT POEM COMPETITION - A SELECTION OF ENTRIES

*Note: There were 13 entries in total, but I don't have a copy of all of them to present today.
Except for 1st place they are not in any specific order.*

Take a Break



Travelling outback through vast dusty plains,
It's been a while since this country's seen rain.
Parched earth, bleached bones of creatures long dead,
The hum of the engine drills into her head.

A barren landscape swept by strong whirling blasts,
Harsh sunlight, stressed bush, searching eyes downcast.
Thirsty trees cling to banks, their branches stripped bare,
Endless hours driving she has to get there.

Pushing through tiredness she flexes her arm,
Her eyelids are drooping, she jerks in alarm.
Staring ahead, mesmerized by the road,
Driving to the rhythm of the highway code.

Her breathing is slowing, her eyelids are closing,
Her head jerks backwards as she fights off dozing.
A sign in the distance, on approach it read,
"Take a Break" were the last words jess ever read.

Lesley Horn August 2024

A TIRING PROSPECT

Driving tired here and there
Doesn't always get you where
You want to be. So take a rest.
When you are tired, it is best!
If you are sleepy when you drive
It's possible you won't arrive,
Or spend some months in hospice bed,
A bandage wrapped around your head,
With broken limbs and punctured gut.
You brought it on yourself, you mutt!
Your friends and family suffering too,
Wondering if you'll pull through.
You'll have to learn to walk once more.
It really isn't worth the score!
Fatigue can cause all kinds of ills,
But, worst of all, it sometimes kills!

Heather Joass

**FATIGUING TIMES
(Or Amber Warning)**

I was feeling tired and dreary, driving late at night and weary,
When I came across a traffic light, requiring me to stop.
As I sat I must have slumbered, through some light cycles un-
numbered,
Till awoken from my slumbers by an angry traffic cop.

As I gazed up at the light, the amber one was shining bright,
Though I'd swear that when I stopped, that signal had been red.
I slowly came to realise, that I must have closed my eyes,
It's just lucky it had happened here, not the open road instead.

I'd no need for counting sheep, before I'd fallen fast sleep,
What I needed was a catch up sleep before I drove away.
But the cops gave me a bed, in the local nick instead,
And a dressing down, a charge sheet and a hefty fine to pay.

How many cycles I'd slept through, I can't guess and never knew,
But I'd had a wake up call, that my ways I must amend.
A micro sleep is very brief, but it can cause a lot of grief,
And next time I might wake up to that sleep without an end.

Greg Joass Date: 19/05/2024

Any Fatigue

A mild fatigue is our friend
As the end of a busy day
Lulls us off in a cloud of dreams
On the pillows where we lay.

A medium fatigue is a nuisance
When we sit down to watch T.V.
It closes our eyes at the good bits
We especially wanted to see.

A severe fatigue is our enemy
On long and lonely drives
A sneaking, stalking predator
With no respect for our lives.

A good feed and a nap is essential
And keep your eyes on the speed
But whatever you do don't offer
A lift to any fatigue.

Robin Hillier

The Highway Demon 2

When you're driving in the great outback, or just around the town,
Take care to keep your guard up, and never let it down.

There's a demon on our highways, you might not know he's there,
But he sneaks right up behind you to catch unaware.

He's silent and he's deadly and he's doesn't make a fuss,
Don't ever let him catch you in a care or truck or bus.

You must always must be wry because he is such a thief,
And if he ever catches you, he can cause so much grief.

You know you'll never see him though sometimes you sense him
near,

Take notice of his warning; it is one that you should fear.

Ignore him at your peril; don't just drive on in a trance,
This demon plays for keeps and you won't get a second chance.

Fatigue is what his name is and it's your life he can take,
So no matter what you hurry be sure you take a break.

Bill Gordon 4/11/2024

Last Time on the Freeway

He was driving in darkness, in the early morning air,
He'd not gone to bed till midnight, he didn't have a care,
He would meet his friend for breakfast one fifty ks away,
As he drove he yawned a bit, but still felt, he was ok.

As he drove on down the freeway, his brain began to blank,
He didn't really notice when his car hit the left bank,
Swerved to the right, before his mind had registered the hit,
Then overturned, rolled down the grade, stopped in a water pit.

That was the time he breathed his last, he stood facing his maker,
Then a voice rang out from God, "Fatigue's taken another",
He heard God say "you're a fool you should have slept much longer,"
"Had you reached your friend by lunch, I'm sure that's what he'd rather,"

"You know, that you have left behind, your wife and sons in grief,
Your breakfast friend, he can't face life, your grandkids they can't sleep,
You should have stopped and rested, instead of driving further,
Your death, ... your friend feels guilty, ... your sons' without their father."

Heather Denholm

Fatigue - Choices

When getting behind your car's steering wheel,
Take stock of how tired that you really feel.
The day has been long and quite taxing of mind,
Your eyes feeling hazy, dry, tired; night blind.
Take time to think over the trip that's ahead,
Can you drive it safely and get to your bed.
Perhaps t'would be prudent to stop have a sleep,
Find safe parking spot so your life you will keep.
There's no sense or reason to not have a break,
The trip end abruptly if mistake you make.
Fatigue is a killer breeds fog in your mind
Brings on inattention, reactions may bind
There's no second chances if you lose control.
Your vehicle may fly high, go into a roll.
The impact so deadly, your car's in a mess
And loved ones get phone calls, no one needs this stress.
It just takes a minute your actions review;
To pause and rethink, better choices pursue.
It's best not to hurry, arrive in one piece,
Then needing a roadside cross marked rest in peace.

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Fatigue - The White Line Beckons

The white line it beckons me, drawing my gaze,
And road seems to wander; drifts into a haze.
My thoughts are revolving through past day's event,
Attention is fractured and energies spent.

My car rushing forward creates a false breeze.
The shadows of branches make pictures to please.
Now hours are dragging my back slowly slumps,
Soon numbness engulfs me, I don't sense small bumps.

Four patches of rubber are all that holds on
As surface is changing, where has the road gone.
I'm shocked into motion, my foot slams the brake,
There's no time to think through what action to take.

Fatigue is a killer it seeps in unseen.
A moment's distraction destroying life's dream.
Your journey's important the end when it comes
Should be what you hoped for, not hearing death drums.

© DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire) 16th Sept 2024

False Economy of Fatigue (Or: A second's worth of regret)

I'm tired I know, but I've not far to go,
And I'll make it home safely I'm sure.
Why rest now instead, when I'm aching for bed,
And I've travelled down this road before.

I've drunk some caffeine, to stay wired and keen,
Though my eyes feel as heavy as lead.
Still what could go wrong, when it will not be long,
Before I'm back home in my bed.

Then just for a second, as I later reckoned,
My eyes must have closed for a bit.
There came a loud crash, and a bit of a smash,
And the Lord only knows what I hit.

And the thing that I dread, are there injured, or dead?
Or is everyone unscathed somehow?
I've paid quite a cost, for that second I lost,
But I'm certainly quite wide awake now.

Greg Joass 01/06/2024

It's Christmas Time 2024 and I am Moving House

The poem says that no one stirs sometimes not a mouse
But it's not true I need to stir and so I rise quite early
So I can sort and pack some stuff in case grumpy gets more surly
My husband is frustrated as he can't do much to help
And so distracts more and More while I'm packing by myself
I'm packing up my library my sewing and my craft
For Christmas this year no one gets any cake or cards.

Heather Denholm

2025 New Year New Beginnings

Past year's been a challenge, with conflict and strife
And threats to the way of things, up-ending life.
It's quite hard to reconcile what has gone on;
Sad actions, reactions ongoing too long.

Good days on this planet are limited by
Our way of approaching things, what we decide.
To tackle with anger, cause anguish and harm,
Or seek to find harmony; ways to breed calm.

As new year's evolving make time to take stock.
Devise a new plan, heavy hearts to unlock.
Be mindful, be present and forge a fresh start
Let go of hostilities, each do our part.

It's good to remodel, old tools fit new helve,
The power's within in us; let's seek to delve.
The world is a messy place where evil dwells,
Could changing perspectives create fresh strong ground swells.

I'm ever the optimist looking ahead,
Without a clear vision I might stay in bed.
I'll keep seeking answers and problems to solve
While knowing there's small things that I may resolve.

© DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire) 3rd Jan 2025

Bush Poets Muster Friday Muster write up 6th Dec 2024 by Deb McQuire

Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge introduced **Rob Gunn** as MC for the evening

Rob announced that the group is seeking poets for Aus. day performance and noted that Lorraine Broun will be MC on the day. Also that there will be no Muster in Jan due to the proximity to New Year's start.

Heather Denholm – Christmas 2024 – talks about the frustrations of her and her husband packing up for Christmas. Heather then sang for us. A Christmas poem to music *'It was on a Stary Night'*

John Hayes – told us a tale from long ago about Jack McCarthy was a water diviner as a well sinker *"Corkscrew Jack"* talented at finding water and his monument is the windmills left drawing the water long after his death. And his payment a shilling a foot and bottle of plonk a day's wages.

Kieth Lethbridge – started with a piece on his hurdy gurdy *'Jingle Bells'* and the bones.

He then recited *'Have a Nice Day'* This is my interpretation of Rusty Christensen's description of modern-day shopping, where you get "bled dry" and then instructed to "have a nice day." Rusty wasn't keen on "having a nice day".

Lorraine Broun – *'Raging seas'* – Fury of the Southern Ocean a tale about the Bass Straits and the difficult conditions that sailors face and the number of ships and sailors lost.

Rob Gunn – *'The Scots of the Riverina'* by Henry Lawson a story of boy who ran from home and then later joined the army for war. Still the father rejected his son, but later suffered with grief at his death.

Deb McQuire - *Aus. Christmas day* a story of how Aussies might celebrate Christmas in their own style.

Barry McAlpine – *'Christmas Cocktail'* about the black stump Christmas fund raiser.

Bev Shorland – *The Dance by Chris Taylor*, they met at the local dance, she was his young English Rose, He was her shining White Knight. They fell in love from the very first dance. They danced throughout their lives together. Children, then grandchildren, then retirement, a chance to travel. But life is not always kind and dementia took her memory away. But when he visited, he always asked "Excuse me may I have this dance" and the years fell away and they were in love once again in dance.

Lesley McAlpine presented *Santa's Harley by Peter Blyth*—This poem reminds her of her son who is over 6 foot with a bright red beard. A tale of Santa's encounter with the police following a crash on his bike and the ensuing issues with the reindeers demands for a pay rise to organised his release from jail.

Rob Gunn told a tale about a Sunday school class questioning where is Jesus.

Jack & Jill going for a walk and jack reply not on his bucket list.

Anne Hayes – told their news of 2 gr grandies born this week.

Rodger Kohn – a tale about a teacher talking to her young class about whales eating krill when one girl spoke up about a whale eating Jonah. And her smart answer about asking Jonah if the story was real in heaven and the teacher asking if she met him hell.

Rodger then told us another yarn about a traveller, the Pope, who running late for United Nations meeting in New York. When the Pope took the wheel to speed the trip up but was caught by a cycle cop, who pulls him over getting a big fright seeing the Pope driving reports to his bosses to ask what to do.

Raffle then drawn for 'Secret Santa' presents... followed by supper which was enjoyed by all, including Mince pies, Port and Baileys Irish Creme and of course yummy cake.

Heather Denholm – *The Man from Snowy River by Banjo Patterson* which she was unable to present at Toodyay due to family health issues arising. With a whip in hand she gave a good rendition of this piece.

John Hayes related a true story in his poetic form *'One Day ion Paradise'* about their travels around Aus. This poem is about the King Edward river in the Mitchel Plateau area. Encouraging other travellers to take their time to have a look around and enjoy the beauty around them.

Bush Poets Muster Writeup Friday cont...

Deb McQuire - '*Gratitude*' her poem about taking time to be grateful for the good in your life.

Keith Lethbridge - '*Ashburton River*' by Keith. Love doesn't always run true, even for bush poets! This poem tells about running into an old flame at the Beadon Hotel, at Onslow. Not a happy reunion. To finish on a lighter note he recited his short poem about '*Mildew the Cook*'

Brian Coogan – told us a few jokes about kids tales. Made a personal tribute to mark the passing of fashion and media icon Maggie Tabberer, including my unexpected and joyful 10 second interaction with her in Double Bay, Sydney in 1987. He also noted something he read years ago written on a bushels tea pack – *If there is light in my soul there is beauty in the person.. (see front page for complete quote)*

Bev Shorland – '*The Cruise*' by Peg Vickers. Off on a cruise she had won in a competition. Looking for a rich husband, she was soon to learn that you can't always trust the intentions of a man on a cruise.

Murray Rosenberg - '*The Lady from Thang* by Spike Milligan' This humorous poem satirically explores the mundane realities of domestic life through the absurd explosion of a woman from Thang.

Lesley McAlpine - '*Catastrophe*' by Bob Magor. A story about a marauding neighbour hood tom cat, and how he tried to deal with him and the sad outcomes for her own pets. Even trying poison. And then all out war ensued.

Peter Curnow – a foundation member, talked about how he saw his dad christened so he could be confirmed alongside his son Peter. Then talked about a farmer who had the best Roo dog in the area, and the dog caught both halves of a Roo split by a spike in a tree following a storm.

Rob Gunn – presented a poem '*Sinbad Smith*' by Dixie Soley. Telling a tale of a tractor sales man trying to sell one to Sinbad. When Sinbad took off in the tractor but couldn't drive leaving a trail of disaster behind him at a show ground.

Barry Higgins (also a foundation member along with Cobber) Still at the black stump a poem '*Dipso Dan Sees Double*' by Jim Haynes when the locals played a joke on the town joke with a pair of twins acting as one person. Making 'dipso Dan' feel he was seeing double from drinking too much.

In closing **Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge** talked first about his Dad born in England raised in Ireland but felt Aus was paradise. How he himself learned to be self sufficient and self reliant in the bush etc. then told us the tale of 'The Aussie Bush Mechanic'. He might be rough and ready, but if you can put up with his wind-bag yarns, he generally gets the job done ... eventually. His "coin of his realm" is generally one (or more) cartons of beer. This poem has a chorus, sung with bones keeping (or attempting to keep) the rhythm.

Cobber thanked everyone and reminded us all that there will be no muster in Jan next one in Feb.

Reminder: Could everyone who performs at Musters please have a synopsis available on the night for our scribe for the night or send one via email to deb.mcquire@bigpond.com for the Muster write up. Thanks in advance

**Next Muster: 7th March 2025 at 7.00 pm, at the Auditorium, Swan Care, Plantation Drive, Bentley
MC -**

Theme: to be Advised Challenge Poem : to be advised

Deadline for submissions for February's Bully Tin 21st January 2025

HAVE A NICE DAY

"Have a nice day," she recited,
"Thank you sir, have a nice day."
It might have been more entertaining,
If she hadn't off-loaded my pay.
The wife and the kids won't be laughing,
But at least I'll have someone to blame,
And while I come a cropper,
The next happy shopper,
Is copping a dose of the same.

Did you notice the price of tomatoes?
They're almost like nuggets of gold.
A chook costs the same as an emu!
I wonder how many get sold?
The eggs come in "giant" or "jumbo",
With fabulous prices to match,
But when you're departin'
The goods in the carton
Are something a pigeon might hatch.

The biscuits are gift wrapped like presents,
Now don't tell me that's not a waste.
It's no consolation that cardboard
Has a vastly superior taste.
The cereal's smothered in sugar,
The cordial's stuck to the tray,
And just to repel me,
She's happy to tell me
To cough up and "have a nice day."

Bananas are blackened and soggy,
The apples are rock hard and green,
The lettuce is limp and depressing,
The carrots are almost obscene.
No jury would ever convict me
For quietly putting away
The next idiotic,
Gum chewing, robotic,
Dim witted, persistent,
Half baked shop assistant,
Who tells me to "have a nice day."

Kieth 'Cobber' Lethbridge

Old mate Rusty Christensen inspired this poem. He grumbled a lot about shop assistants telling him to "have a nice day".



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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

Why not check out Writing WA
<info@writingwa.org>
Always something interesting
going on for WA Writers

January 2025

17-26 January — Tamworth Country Music Festival with Frank Daniel walk-up poetry award at West Tamworth Bowling Club plus poetry shows at the Longyard and North Tamworth Bowling Club, Tamworth NSW.

26 January — Closing Date — Orange Banjo Paterson Festival Banjo's Boot, Bathurst NSW.

February 2025

7 February — Closing Date — Milton Agricultural Show Bush Poetry Speaking Competition, Milton NSW.

16 February — The Banjo Paterson Festival Bush Poetry performance and **written competition** - junior, novice, open - Orange NSW.

For more information, email David: dstanle5@outlook.com

28 February — Closing Date — Man from Snowy River Bush Festival, Performance & **Written** Competitions. Corryong, Victoria

March 2025

8 March — Milton Agricultural Show Bush Poetry Speaking Competition - children and adults, Milton NSW. See 7 February Closing Date.

7-8 March — NSW State Championships at Verse in the Valley Festival, Gloucester, NSW. See 28 February Closing Date. For more information contact Tom McIlveen: phone 0417 251 287, email portalarms@gmail.com .

April 2025

10-13 April — Man from Snowy River Bush Festival (incorporating the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships). Performance & **Written** Competitions. Corryong, Victoria. See 28 February Closing Date.



Committee Members - WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2024/25

President	Bill Gordon	0428 651 098	billgordon1948@gmail.com
Vice President	Keith Lethbridge	0437 336 296	keithlethbridge@hotmail.com
Secretary	Rodger Kohn	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> - <i>ABPA Representative</i>	0404 075 108	meggordon4@bigpond.com
Don Gunn		0418 930 821	bigunnz@inet.net.au
Maxine Richter		0429 339 002	maxine.richter@bigpond.com
Greg Joass		0429 345 150	gjoass@gmail.com
Deb McQuire	- <i>Bully Tin editor</i>	0428 988 315	deb.mcquire@bigpond.com

Regular Events

WA Bush Poets:	1st Friday each month <u>MC details see front page</u> - 7pm Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park WA	
Bunbury Bush Poets:	1st Monday every 'even' month - The Parade Hotel, 1 Austral Parade, East Bunbury.	Ph. Alan Aitken - 0400 249 243 or Ian Farrell 0408 212 636
Goldfields Bush Poetry Group:	1st Wednesday each month. - 7.30pm 809 Kalgoorlie Country Club, 108 Egan St. Kalgoorlie	Ph. Ken Ball - 0419 94 3376

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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