

BULLY TIN



Next Muster 1st November at 7.00 pm, at the Auditorium, Swan Care, Plantation Drive, Bentley
 MC: Rob Asplin roba58@bigpond.com 0448 150 757

The Day the Guns Grew Still

With shards of shrapnel shrieking from the sky,
 this futile, senseless war persists – but why?
 How often will this hill be won or lost,
 then won again, no matter what the cost?

*Men live in fear on this grim, deathly hill.
 They fear huge guns that keep on roaring still –
 the monster guns that keep on roaring still.*

In disbelief they hear this war will end.
 An armistice, what does the word portend?
 Is it too soon to hear the anthems sung,
 to see the victor's flags and pennants hung?

*For even while the celebrations thrill,
 the distant guns stay rumbling, faintly, still.
 The guns remain and rumble, faintly, still.*

But then – although the bells of peacetime toll –
 the monster guns resume their roaring role.
 The world explodes in thunder, blood and flame.
 The howling hounds of hell rejoin the game.

*Then like a final, roaring codicil
 the thundering of guns grows louder still.
 How can this be? The guns grow louder still.*

Can this be peace? These are the sounds of war.
 The shrieking roar a concert metaphor.
 Does crashed crescendo by the guns decree
 grim climax to this thundered symphony?

*Like pounding drums whose sounds surround until,
 great cymbals crash! Then hush! The guns grow still.
 The howling hell-hounds hush. The guns grow still.*

Then – from the shattered air – hushed calm descends.
 Men whisper in soft, fearful talk with friends.
 In disbelief and shock – a vacant stare.
 What next? They do not know, nor do they care.

*Mind numbing calm pervades the trenches' chill.
 A nervous silence reigns. The guns lie still.
 Men sit there dazed – confused. The guns lie still.*

We see no joyful celebration here.
 Those who survive still live in constant fear,
 for them, the present does not yet exist –
 the future – just a meaningless dark mist.

*They sit there stunned, still fearing death's dark drill.
 Still numb, they wonder that the guns are still.
 Perplexed, they wonder that the guns are still.*

The strain of mindless months of mortal stress –
 would they survive? They dared not try to guess.
 For now, the awful silence brings more pain
 with thoughts of mates they'll never see again.

*They see their rough wood crosses on the hill
 and can't believe the monstrous guns stop still.
 Incredulous – and yet – the guns stop still.*

So, where we stand today was once their hell.
 Now poppies grow where Aussie heroes fell.
 We shed a tear at haunting bugle tones
 and seek their hallowed names on marble stones.

*For here the ghosts of all our heroes will
 in death, find peace. The silent guns stay still.
 We must ensure for them – those guns stay still.*

Peter O'Shaughnessy



*It is not generally known, but there are several reports that the fighting did not stop in all sectors at 11 o'clock, as required by the armistice. Both sides seemed determined to expend all their remaining ammunition in the final minutes and many men fell after 11 o'clock on that final day. Many men in the trenches could not believe the war had ended.

President's Ramblings November 2024



As I write this report we are on our way home from the second Chapman Valley Country Music Festival, which has filled the place in the calendar previously occupied by Nambung. The well-appointed facilities at the Nabawa Showground and the scenic landscape of the Chapman Valley provide a pleasant setting for this event. Featuring mainly artists from the mid-west plus a pair of the best finger-picking guitarists in the country, Elias and JJ had the audience spellbound with their amazing skill.

Bush Poets were well represented by Irene Conner, Peter Rudolf, Alan Aitken and Lesley Horne who were given spots through the day instead of the usual Bush Poets Breakfast. While many people missed the breakfast this format did afford the poets a much bigger audience than often get to the earlier event. Dates have already been set for 2025 (17-19 October) so Chapman Valley looks set to continue filling the spot left by Nambung.

On the way up to Chapman Valley Meg and I called in the Toodyay to spread the word about our Bush Poetry Festival. It was pleasing to get feedback that the town was well aware that we were getting close and they were looking forward to having us back again.

The next event WA Bush Poets will be performing at is Mt Trio Country Music Muster on 1-3 November. The organisers were locked in to that weekend so your committee deemed it wise to put Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival back a week (to 8-10 November) so we could have poets at Mt Trio. This means that our November Muster will be held on the first Friday as is the case every other month.

Julian Illich has been working on our website to raise the profile on Google search. This will hopefully ease the problems people have been experiencing when trying to gain access. Technology is supposed to make life easier and it might for some. Unfortunately it is a full-time challenge to keep up with the changes imposed on those of us from an earlier generation.

We keep trying and technology remains trying.

Until next month

Bill Gordon, President.



Poems of Poems part 2 by Greg Joass

Clerihew

Edmund Clerihew Bentley,
Invented a poetic form when he
Wrote verse about people who
He lampooned in a Clerihew.



Sonnet

(Using a Shakespearean rhyme scheme)

Sonnets used to be poems about love,
So if a boy met a girl there's a chance,
When in verse they cried 'Heaven's above',
They weren't talking about sex, but romance.

What makes a sonnet? There are certain signs,
Perhaps it's best if I try to explain.
All sonnets you see contain fourteen lines,
And all begin with three four-line quatrains.

But now I've explained, I'll subvert the form,
In hopes my new style will be a big hit.
Maybe this version will become the norm,
Where I shorten the last couplet a bit,

So I've written a sonnet,
On it.

Ode

An ode was meant as a poem of praise,
Though you don't often see them these days.
Perhaps we have grown more heretical,
Duplicitous or hypocritical.
All around us the standards are slipping,
To subjects far more earthy and gripping.
If an ode's meant to raise subjects higher,
Are they odiferous when sunk in the mire?
And now lavatory humour's commodious,
Would an ode to an ode just be odious?

BRIDGETOWN DOWNUNDER COUNTRY – 14th to 16th MARCH 2025

I have been asked to organise and MC the Bush Poetry for Bridgetown Downunder Country next year. This is sadly the position that the late Peter Stinger Nettleton once filled and I would like to pay tribute to Peter and would rather him still be here to do the task but will try to fill his shoes as best I can. There is only 6 positions open to performing poets this year, as 2 of these positions are already filled, I will take the first 4 poets who contact me on 0400 249 243 either directly or by SMS to complete the list. Once these 4 positions are filled any other poets who wish to attend this event will need to buy a ticket, camp in the general population and only be able to do walk ups.

Cheers Alan Aitken

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Guidelines for Yarnspinning from two accomplished YarnspINNers

Here are my thoughts on “yarns”

(based on discussions with Rusty Christensen during our various travels).

- A yarn may be factual, fictitious, or a mixture of both.
- In a competition, the yarn will have a designated time (such as, at Toodyay, 8 minutes).
- The yarn may be serious, humorous, or a mixture of both.

Whether serious or humorous, the yarn should entertain (hold the listeners’ interest).

Cobber

Yarn spinning competition

I have always considered some of Henry Lawson’s short stories to be my favourite yarns and the standard I would like to aspire to. Whether they were humorous (like ‘The loaded dog’), or serious (like ‘The drover’s wife’) or even a combination of both (like ‘The story of Malachi’) they were always entertaining. Unfortunately they were a bit too long for the eight minutes we have available in the Yarn spinning competition.

In trying to identify what would make a good yarn for the competition, I would suggest starting by looking at the judging criteria, both what they say and what they don’t say. To this end I have unearthed a score sheet (with judges comments) from last year’s competition. Please note that the criteria may change in the future, but is the best I can come up with at present. I will summarise the salient points:

Overview – It’s all about entertaining the audience and presenting it in a manner that enhances and respects the writer’s work.

Body language – Use gestures, actions and positioning to enhance, but not distract from the performance.

Vocals – Does the performer use diction, volume, accent, pace, pitch, pause etc to enhance the yarn.

Yarn – Does the yarn suit the presentation style and does the performer show good knowledge and memory of the yarn.

Entertainment value – This is the biggie and represents 60% of the total score. Does the yarn capture the audiences attention, do they find it enjoyable?

Overtime penalty – There are strong penalties for exceeding the 8 minute limit.

What it doesn’t say:

Unlike the poetry, there is no mention of a preamble.

There is no mention of subject matter, nor whether yarns can be true stories, or made up.

Though not part of the criteria, Bush poetry is supposed to be about Australia or Australians (though they can be overseas). The same probably applies to yarns and some judges may award marks accordingly.

There is no mention of whether yarns must be original, or not, though some judges may not like it if it is an obvious copy, both of content and delivery style. A well known story if delivered with style and panache may be acceptable, even welcome, judges can be hard to predict.

Most judges of bush poetry hate ‘Joke’ poems. These are humorous poems, where the only funny line is the punch line at the end. You can get away with it in a one minute poem, but not in long ones. The same would probably apply to yarns. I am not saying they need to have humour all the way through, but they need to maintain audience attention all the way through, however you wish to achieve it.

Competitors are usually warned against using inappropriate material. This is not well defined and can vary from judge to judge. Just remember that the competition audience can include anyone from young children to the elderly (like most of the competitors and judges themselves), so pitch your material accordingly.

Greg Joass

THE SIX MILE WAR

I've spun this yarn, but I'll spin it again,
Of the station hands and the meat works men
And the battle that raged with tooth and claw,
That terrible night of the Six Mile War.
There was big Jack McCarthy; a legend was he,
From his mustering days in the East Kimberley,
And brave Sandy Woods; a fencer by trade;
You'd never knock over a fence that he made.

There was Digger and Cobber, yes, we tagged along,
For those who were fond of a smile and a song,
Then Mildew the cook and young Henry too,
But the bravest of all was old Mother McQ.
Now I'm not gonna hit you with one of those tales
Where she chewed barbed wire and horse shoe nails,
Or wrestled a crocodile back in her youth,
(Though none of those stories is far from the truth).

But bear with me brother, and let's travel back
To the Six Mile Pub on the Wyndham track.
The muster was over; the season was through,
So we rode into town with old Mother McQ.
There was no television in those days of course,
No video games on the back of a horse,
No grand entertainment way out in the scrub,
But you never got bored at the Six Mile Pub.

On the front verandah where mozzies were biting,
The cream of the ringers had started *bull fighting*.
That Pagan sport of a thousand sins,
Where the bloke with the hardest cranium wins.
Down on all fours like a rampaging bull,
And God help the ringer who isn't half full!
Then you charge, head on, with a thunderous roar,
While the blood and the sweat trickles down to the floor.

There were fractured skulls and noses disjointed,
As each new winner was duly appointed.
And when it got down to the best of the crew,
We issued a challenge to Mother McQ.
The champ for that night was a red bearded brute,
Who was blessed with a skull like an old mallee root.
A drover from Queensland, Big Bluey by name,
And he wasn't a slouch at the bull fighting game!

He tried to refocus his blood-shot eyes,
Then tugged at his whiskers in grim surprise:
"I've battled bull fighters across this land,
But a *female* bull, I just don't understand!"
"No worries laddie," said Mother McQ,
"You'll get the picture before we're through."
Down on all fours, she challenged her foe,
The money changed hands and McCarthy said: "Go!"

There are very few rules in a bull fighting bout,
But if you roll off the verandah, you're out.
The finest exponents are Kimberley bred,
Where they pride themselves on *using their head!*
Big Bluey sailed in, he was bellowing hard,
To catch old Mother McQ off guard.
He ducked his noggin and wheeled in square,
But all he butted was empty air.

He moved up close for a *Glasgow kiss*,
And a cheer went up for a very near miss!
He reared up high, then he crouched down flat,
But Mother McQ was awake to that!
Though past her prime, she was fit as a trout,
And Bluey's hard drinking was wearing him out.
Those four opponents had slowed him down,
So, Mother McQ was back in town!

She ziggled and zagged and drifted apart,
Then caught him a sickening blow to the heart,
Big Bluey rolled over, badly hurt,
Off the verandah and down to the dirt,
And there he lay like a fallen star:
"I reckon it's time we fronted the bar!"
"Too right!" said Digger, "I'm thirsty as Hell!"
So we all trooped into that grand hotel.

The bar that night was a landlord's dream,
With dozens of meat-workers letting off steam,
But Mother McQ had a cheque to trade:
"I'll shout y's all to a large lemonade!"
Behind the bar stood a miserable bloke,
With a head like a bullfrog, waiting to croak.
A union leader, with strange ideas:
"I wouldn't sell *that* in a million years!"

"I earn my pay through the *liquor* trade.
You won't catch *me* servin' *lemonade!*
I sell good whiskey or rum or beer,
But you'll *never* get lemonade in here!"
Old Mother McQ was deathly calm:
"Would y' say the same with a broken arm?
Or perhaps y' fancy a busted leg,
With y' head dipped into the pickle keg?"

A massive meat-worker roared with glee:
"Them sounds like fightin' words to me!"
He launched his fist at a ringer's jaw,
And so began the Six Mile War!
A mirror shattered behind the bar,
And the barman yelled: "You've gone too far!"
He lifted a pool cue down from the rack,
And crunched it hard on McCarthy's back.

Now that was a move that sealed his fate,
For Mildew, the cook, was McCarthy's mate!
He jumped right up with a rolling pin,
And clipped it hard on the barman's chin.
The barman dropped like a medicine ball,
And the big meat worker was next to fall.
From that point on there were no holds barred,
With bottles flying and bodies jarred.

Young Henry and Cobber were battling well,
Though weight of numbers was starting to tell,
With Sandy fighting off three or more,
And slowly evening up the score.
Old Mother McQ was going in hard,
Piling up meat-workers by the yard,
When a blood-stained bloke in a metal hat
Came lumbering in with baseball bat.

He tripped on Digger but elbowed through,
And his eyes were fixed on Mother McQ.
"There's many a way to skin a cat!"
And he lined her up with the baseball bat.
Now all this time, big Bluey sat, quiet:
"I'll take no part in a local riot!
I hail from Queensland, not from here,
So I reckon I'll just keep guzzlin' beer."

But then, he spotted the baseball bat:
"Hold on," said Bluey, "I won't have that!"
He lunged across like a startled gull,
And copped the blow on his own thick skull.
Down he went, and Young Henry said:
"Well, that's a pity. Big Bluey's dead!"
A sudden hush swept over the bar,
And Cobber muttered: "You great galah!"

"I warned you blokes there'd be Hell to pay!
What mongrel started this, anyway?"
"We'll never know," said Mother McQ,
"But I dip me lid to the Queensland Blue!
He was big and ugly and soft as dung,
He couldn't break wind in an iron lung,
But, when it came to the final test,
I reckon big Bluey was one of the best!"

Then a voice sailed back: "No cause to fret,
I may be down, but I aren't dead yet!
It'd take much more than a baseball fan,
To crush the skull of a bull fightin' man!"
So we set to work with a mop and a broom,
And tried our best to restore the room,
I hope the insurance bill was paid,
But I guess that's life in the liquor trade.

* * * * *

THE SIX MILE WAR cont..



So the years roll by and we all get slow,
And the meat-works closed down years ago,
But blokes still working way out in the scrub,
Still stop for a drink at the Six Mile Pub.
Big Bluey went back to his Queensland town,
Where he soon got married and settled down,
And Mother McQ, now ninety-four,
Still spins a yarn of the Six Mile War!

Sadly, the old Six Mile Pub has been replaced by some sort of motel. No veranda now for potential bull-fighters!

Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge

Bush Poets Muster Writeup Friday cont...

John Hayes

'The Play'

CJ Dennis

When Doreen and her husband go to see a play about Romeo and Juliette and he retells the story stating what's in name relating the story in terms he understood about the feud between the families and the tragedy of the love between Romeo and Juliette.

Lorraine Broun

'The lady in the bathtub'

Lorraine Broun

A story about her first days teaching nursing trainees. when the students were confronted by a lady who did a poo in the bathtub and how she, the teacher, sorted the situation and rescued the lady and the students.

Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge *'Six Mile War'*

Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge

is a mix of fact and fantasy. "Bull fighting" was common on the veranda of the Six Mile pub, and certainly, the publican was known to refuse to sell lemon squash, or any other non-alcohol concoction. "Human fighting", was also common, especially when blokes from the meat-works mixed with cattle men.

Rob Gunn - entertained us with his guitar playing and singing the Slim Dusty version of 'Sweeney'

Danial Avery ... Chris Taylor... 'about driving too fast when in a rush is not safe.

Heather Denholm

'Vertically challenged'

Heather Denholm

Talks about the advantages and disadvantages of being 4'8", and while younger could climb the shelves but now as an older person will ask for help. The difficulties of buying clothes that are sized appropriately. Using steps and how she stands out in photos etc. 142cms.

Greg Joass

'The tale of a Shaggy Dog'

After several drinks during a fishing session he returned to sleep in the annex when he believed he saw a shaggy dog attacking him when in fact it was a table in the corner.

Terry Piggott

'The ruins'

Terry Piggott

A story about an old gold abandoned town. As he looks at the ruins he imagines the town in its former glory days and activities and characters that would have gone on there.

David Sears

'The shooting of Dangerous Dan McGrew' *Robert W Service*

Rodger Kohn ... a yarn about young Johnny who asks his dad what the meaning of the word vice. When confronted and not wanting to talk about the evils of life when in fact he was asking as he was the vice captain of the footy team.

Meg Gordon

'Grandpas Hat'

Peg Vickers

Meg's second poem was another by Peg Vickers, "Grandpa's Hat". Grandma's plan to get rid of Grandpa's worn out hat went horribly wrong when she lied about the cost of a new Akubra. Grandpa sold the new Akubra for a quarter of its purchase price while thinking he had made a huge profit. "Good folk tampering with the truth will find without exception there are consequences in the face of such deception."

Bill Gordon wished Maxine a happy birthday and reminded everyone of the events coming up

* Chapman Valley

* Mount Trio

*Toodyay Festival

* Have a Go Day

And then recited

'The Geebung Polo Club'

Banjo Patterson

Bill closed the night with "The Geebung Polo Club" by Banjo Paterson. When the exclusive city polo club heads up the country to show the bushies how the game should be played the result is a draw but unfortunately there are no survivors of the torrid clash. The fatal polo field becomes a terrifying haunted scene.

Meeting ended 9.30

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

Next Muster: 8th December at 7.00 pm, at the Auditorium, Swan Care, Plantation Drive, Bentley

MC - Robert Gunn 0417 099 676 gunnpoet@hotmail.com

Christmas poems if possible- first half. Christmas cake and port.

8 Line Challenge: Christmas Decorations

Deadline for submissions for December Bully Tin 29th November 2024



**WA Bush Poets
& Yarnspinners**

Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival

Fri 8th - Sun 10th Nov 2024

**WA Bush Poetry
Performance Championships
Poetry Writing Workshop
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MONTHLY MUSTER

First Friday of every month

7.00pm - 9.30pm

Auditorium, Bentley Park Retirement Village

26 Plantation Dr, Bentley

Public Welcome \$8.00 - Members \$6.00

2024 Events

- 26 Jan** Wireless Hill Australia Day Showcase
- 15-18 Feb** Boyup Brook Country Music Festival
- 15-17 Mar** Downunder Country Music, Bridgetown
- 5 May** Toodyay Moondyne Festival
- 21 July** Derby Bush Poets Breakfast
- 18-20 Oct** Chapman Valley Country Music Festival
- 1-3 Nov** Mt Trio Country Music Muster
- 8-10 Nov** Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival
- 13 Nov** Have a Go Day, Burswood



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PO Box 364, BENTLEY WA 6982

TOODYAY BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL 2024

PROGRAM OF EVENTS

Friday 8th November CWA rooms Toodyay

9.00 Set up Memorial Hall

1.30 pm – 4 pm Poetry writing and poetry workshop with Tim Sheed

6pm – Meet and Greet, dinner at Freemasons Hotel

Saturday 9th November Memorial Hall, Toodyay

9am – Junior Original, Junior Other

Walk ups

10am – Novice Original, Novice Other

Walk ups

11am – Yarnspinning

12.00 – Lunch

12.50 - Official Opening. Toodyay Shire representative

1pm - State Championship - Traditional

3pm – State Championship – Modern

5pm – Finish

7 – 9.30pm – Evening Entertainment. Warwick Trant and Cobber plus WA performers
Winners of Written Competition (Silver Quill) announced.

Sunday 10th November Memorial Hall, Toodyay

7.30am – Bush Poet's Breakfast (Lions Club catering)

Walk-ups

9.00am – Poets Brawl

9.30am – State Championship – Original Serious

11.30am - Roadwise challenge poems

12.00 - Lunch

1.00pm – State Championship – Original Humorous

3.00pm – Judges Performance

4.00pm – Presentation of awards to Performance Winners

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
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going on for WA Writers

NOVEMBER 2024

* 8-10 November — WA State Championships, performance and **written**, Toodyay, WA.

See 1 October closing date for Silver Quill written competition.

* 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.

22-24 November — Tolmie Bush Entertainment Muster, Tolmie, Victoria.

Congratulations

THE BETTY OLLE POETRY AWARD 2024 – RESULTS

<u>FIRST PRIZE</u>	Irene Dalgety Timpone – Atherton QLD	'Remembering Blue'
<u>RUNNER-UP</u>	Tom McIlveen – Port Macquarie NSW	'A Sacred Place'
.....		
<u>HIGHLY COMMENDED</u>	Tom McIlveen – Port Macquarie NSW	'When Angels Come'
<u>HIGHLY COMMENDED</u>	Terry Piggott – Lynwood WA	'Changing Times'
<u>HIGHLY COMMENDED</u>	David Judge – Kangaroo Flat VIC	'My Country Show'
.....		
<u>COMMENDED</u>	Val Wallace – Glendale NSW	'Down But Not Out'
<u>COMMENDED</u>	David Judge – Kangaroo Flat VIC	'The Rivers I Knew'
<u>COMMENDED</u>	Kevin Pye – Mudgee NSW	'Where Major Goes To Roam'



Committee Members - WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2024

President	Bill Gordon	0428 651 098	billgordon1948@gmail.com
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Committee

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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
Correspondence re monetary payments for Treasurer 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.