

The

SEPTEMBER 2021

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



Next Muster Friday 3rd Sept 2021 at 7pm at [Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park](#)

MC - Peter Nettleton stinger@iinet.net.au 0407 770 053

Our AGM will be held at the September Muster on Friday 3rd Sept commencing at 7pm.

COBBER'S LEGACY



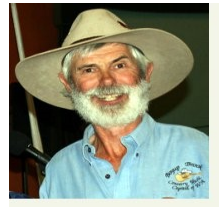
We had set out on a journey with the caravan and car
On a road we'd never travelled heading North to Mullewa
When we passed an ancient building and a flash of sign I saw
And I had a sort of feeling that I'd seen that name before
So I thought I'd check it out after we made camp that night
And I looked it up on Google to make sure I got it right
For the name that I had seen was the 'Old Wongoondy Hall
It was the one Keith wrote about, I'm not senile after all
We went back there next day and took some photos of the site
Though it looked the worse for wear and was in a sorry plight
We had no need to sneak around searching for an open door
Since mostly they were missing along with bits of roof and floor
The frames were closed with mesh, but we had a look within
The interior was lit through gaps from missing roofing tin
That dusty dancing host would have their work cut out today
With holes knocked in the floor and no piano left to play
But Cobber's been immortalised the way he did the hall
For they put his name up on a sign with his poem there and all
Well most of it at least, for they had dropped a line or two
But then that is the sort of thing some editors will do
And there is an iron cut out of a piano player too
Though it didn't look like Cobber, sheets of metal seldom do
No the old hall may not be the same and in need of much repair
But it's nice to know there's still a lot of memories linger there.



Greg Joass - 30/07/2021

This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of KATE DOUST MLC and posted with the generous assistance of Hannah Beazley MLA - Member for Victoria Park.
Thanks to Greg Roberts for doing our printing.

President's Preamble September 2021



We did manage to get into the Northern Territory and, after a few days at Katherine, have spent the last three weeks on a cattle station at Mataranka. I have enjoyed getting back into cattle work although it is very different to what I am accustomed in the southern parts of Australia. Meg has been busy in the camp kitchen and different aspects of station life.

Tomorrow (23rd August) we are heading back to WA provided our G2G passes are accepted. We have been watching the panic in Katherine and Darwin over one positive test but it now looks like the sledge hammer managed to crack the walnut. Locals here are talking about President Mao McGowan of the Peoples Republic of Western Australia. Good job we aren't thin skinned!

We have had a few poetry shows since Derby, the highlight being Manbulloo Station at Katherine where we had an audience of 80 campers. I am getting accustomed to people saying they met me somewhere in the great outdoors. But we are making some good contacts for future gigs in the south west.

We heard the last muster went well and that the return to Bentley Park was appreciated by the residents. We will miss the AGM and September muster but will be back for October. My report for the AGM is in the July Bullytin (President's Preamble). We have a good committee standing for re-election but new faces providing fresh ideas are always welcome.

WA Bush Poets are in demand across the state with recent and coming gigs at Coolgardie, Dowerin field days and Greenbushes Art and Music Trail coming up on 17 – 19 September. It is encouraging as these are all new venues for us. We need new and younger poets in all areas to keep up with our increased popularity. If you know of any prospective members do encourage them to come to a muster or to join WA Bush Poets.

Nambung tickets are selling fast and meal tickets for the Bush Poets Breakfast are already sold out. There are still festival tickets available but tell your friends to get in quickly as there will be a strict limit this year. Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival and WA State Championships will be two weeks after Nambung this year as there are five weekends in November. More of these events in the next Bullytin. Further details and entry forms are on the website www.wabushpoets.asn.au

Bill Gordon President.

C. J. Dennis Birthday 7th September

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopaedia

Clarence Michael James Stanislaus Dennis (7 September 1876 – 22 June 1938),

better known as **C. J. Dennis**, was an Australian poet and journalist known for his best-selling verse novel *The Songs of a Sentimental Bloke* (1915).^[1]

Alongside his contemporaries and occasional collaborators Henry Lawson and Banjo Paterson, Dennis helped popularise Australian slang in literature, earning him the title 'the laureate of the larrikin'. When Dennis died, Australia's then Prime Minister Joseph Lyons said he was destined to be remembered as the 'Australian Robert Burns'.

C. J. Dennis is buried in Box Hill Cemetery, Melbourne. The Box Hill Historical Society has attached a commemorative plaque to the gravestone. Dennis is also commemorated with a plaque on Circular Quay in Sydney which forms part of the NSW Ministry for the Arts – Writers Walk series, and by a bust outside the town hall of the town of Laura.

Ambulance by Peter O'Shaunassey

I'm sleeping lightly in Ward Five, the night nurse checks, I'm still alive
a monitor keeps up its cheerful beep.
It beeps away all through the day a chirpy beep that seems to say
"Yep he's still there; he's only gone to sleep."

But then the cheerful beeping stops, a nurse runs in, the penny drops,
you've earned a quick trip in the ambulance.
Your heart just stopped, we'll move the earth to get you quickly up to Perth,
to give your ailing heart a fighting chance.

When I heard the trolley coming, in a flash of drug fuelled cunning,
I tried to make out that I was asleep,
but got snaffled by an Ambo. who I'm sure thought he was Rambo.
He strapped me to the trolley like a sheep.

When he said, "We're bloody busy, but we'll be there in a tizzy."
I got an awful feeling in my head.
This moustachio'd bastardo, drove a gurney like Ricciardo.
He slid around each corner with my bed.

Charging wildly past some nurses, he ignored the nurse's curses.
We bounced off half the walls and hit a door
Then we hit a nursing station which did cause some consternation.
The nurses said they'd seen it all before.

As we tore down half lit tunnels past bright doorways, like light funnels
that flashed into my now sedated brain.
Until a glaring, blinking light – a doorway bright, into the night –
bought in the sound of voices once again.

A green ambulance sat waiting as the medics were debating
which way to go to beat the speeding fines.
Then they pushed my shopping trolley up the ramp, just like a dolly,
then strapped me in and checked my vital signs.

Then we raced off into darkness as I lay there in the harness,
I couldn't move a muscle if I tried.
Though the Ambo. right beside me kept asking me to count to three.
I guess he had to know I hadn't died.

As I was breathing oxygen and sniffing on the happy pen
quite suddenly I'd energy to burn.
And as the lights before my eyes broke through the dark to mesmerise –
the ambulance began its stately turn.

From darkness into blinding light strange voices sounded from the night
my trolley rumbled down the ramp and then,
we raced along dark corridors past lighted wards and open doors.
as I drew madly on the happy pen.

I felt like going off my head, at all the people round my bed
their chattering was pounding in my brain.
I wasn't sure – what happens now? But I then made this fervent vow,
I never want to make this trip again.



*Peg Vickers - Get Well Soon
We are wishing our wonderful Peg a speedy recovery.
Peg has been up in Perth at Fiona Stanley as she has had a stroke.
Her recovery is progressing well and she has returned to Albany.*



Life on Cave Creek Station is busy especially coming up to the wet season. This is when the mustering is done.

The mobs come in from the far reaches of the station and calves are weaned, branded and marked and moved closer to the sale paddocks. Cows are sent back to do it all again! There are early starts to beat the heat of the day and stock camps need to be managed to ensure they are well fed and rested for the next day's job.

It also has elements of danger! The water was starting to run low when it shouldn't so on investigation we found a visitor who needed to cool off. It was a water or olive python, fortunately not too harmful but a bit scary if it turned up in your swag!

Article and photos prepared and provided by Meg Gordon



Poetry in the Top End

Poetry was very well received at Manbulloo Caravan Park at Katherine NT. Bill and Meg entertained during sunset drinks.

They then moved on to Mataranka to spend time with family on Cave Creek Station.

Much interest in the local history led us around this very welcoming area.

About 100kms south of Katherine in the Northern Territory lies the town of Mataranka. It has a rich history dating back to the early 1900.

It sits at the headwaters of the Roper River and was home to Jeannie Gunn, who wrote an autobiography in 1908 about Elsey Station. Jeannie's book entitled "We of The Never Never", is now part of the Australian folklore and captures the isolation and hardship faced by early settlers.

A replica of the original Elsey homestead is located at Mataranka Homestead Resort. It is an authentic copy of the original hand hewn cypress pine homestead. It was constructed for the film "We of The Never Never" and now displays historic information and artefacts.

Elsey cemetery is located 21kms south of Mataranka and was created from the small station cemetery at the original Elsey Station homestead site after WWII. It is a significant part of history and the final resting place of many local characters written about in Jeannie's autobiography.

Elsey National Park is a 13,800 hectare park providing access to many beautiful places along the Roper River, including the Mataranka Falls.

The nearby thermal pool is filled with crystal clear water flowing from Rainbow Springs and is located at Mataranka Homestead Resort.

Another thermal pool, Bitter Springs, is located at the northern end of town and is nestled amongst a palm and paperbark forest. It is the biggest pool and one can enjoy a peaceful float down the length of the pool before walking back to the start to do it all over again!

Article and photos prepared and provided by Meg Gordon



Mataranka lies in the lands of the Manharayi and Yangman Aboriginal people, who had place names here long before the arrival of Europeans. Their Dreamtime lore relates that a wild wind swept across the country, creating Birinjin (Mataranka), Goran (Bitter Springs Thermal Pool) and Najig (Rainbow Springs and Mataranka Thermal Pool), among others.

Explorer Ludwig Leichhardt passed well east of here in 1845 and named the Roper River. Augustus Gregory and John McDouall Stuart passed through this area in 1856 and 1861 respectively, naming Eley and Chambers Creeks and the Waterhouse and Strangways Rivers. When the overland telegraph line passed through in 1872, Eley became a key point in communications linking the north with the south.

It was around this time that the area became known as 'Bitter Springs'. That changed after Dr. Gilruth, a veterinary pathologist and Northern Territory Administrator set up an experimental horse and sheep station near Rainbow Springs in 1913. The experiment failed dismally. Gilruth then suggested the name Mataranka to the Commonwealth, arguing that the 'Bitter Springs' weren't bitter at all. The name was changed officially in 1916.

But what are the origins of the word Mataranka? It seems it is a combination of Maori words and while their meanings don't fit the area, Gilruth had spent many years in New Zealand before migrating in 1908. Perhaps it is the name of a place he knew there—or made up to suit.

An extension to the railway line from Katherine opened on 1 July 1928. Gilruth had promoted Mataranka as the future capital of northern Australia and a town site was surveyed. Streets were named, some of them after the characters of Jeannie Gunn's book, and stores, a policeman and a pub run by Ma Fisher followed. By 1929 Mataranka was home to 152 people. Mataranka was here to stay.

World War II saw over 100 military units based here. The Native Affairs Branch also ran an Aboriginal compound nearby and from there men and women were assigned work with the military. Mataranka was important militarily, but it was not an 'operational' area.

Army private Jimmy Tonkin wrote that it.....*was just out of the 'war zone' and just in the 'safety zone'*.....a few blokes wish to hell they'd never seen Mataranka. They've dipped out on a Service Pension.

One soldier who saw the potential of the area was Herbert Smith and in 1946 he established a small resort at the thermal springs. It was the start of a tourist industry that has put Mataranka on the map. Parts of the film "Jedda" were shot at Mataranka in the 1950s, as well as Jeannie Gunn's "We of The Never Never", which was shot around Mataranka at Pine Creek in 1983.

Mataranka is a place where nature, history, Aboriginal culture and famous outback characters combine with scenic thermal pools.

Article prepared and provided by Meg Gordon



Four of the stockmen from Eley Station in 1933 who were characterised in "We of the Never Never": The Sanguine Scot, The Dandy, Mine Host, and The Quiet Stockman

Photo sourced from Wikipedia

Prelude

Back in 1979 when I went prospecting with a mate, the latest fad in the business was the metal detectors that could possibly find you a fortune, without too much digging or hard work and plenty of people did very well.

My first attempt was at Cue which is about 650 kilometres north -east of Perth during the summer months and we found a lot of horseshoes, shell casing, and buttons.

During our stay there we met a man who had found a 50-ounce nugget and gold that year was worth about \$800 per ounce. I did several trips during in later years without any great measure of success.

I did several other trips to several fields such as King's Find and the areas between Yalgoo and Mt Magnet, without any great success.

However, one of our friends has been an opal miner and a gold miner for many years of his life and he has successful enough to make a reasonable living.

When I read in newspaper last year that gold had reached \$2000 an ounce, I thought I should ask him the obvious question.

Go Prospecting Mate by John Hayes

Hello old timer, while winter is here, I hope you are feeling okay.
How would you like to be out in field, finding gold nuggets today?
The price of that metal is selling sky high it fairly blows me away.
Would not it be grand to be out on a patch, picking up one ounce a day?
Two thousand bucks for only one ounce, must stir your restless old feet.
Wouldn't you like to be out there again, with the flies, the dust, and the heat?

Now, Nullagine is good a place to start, far away from this winter cold.
But those barren fields have little to yield, except for thin flakes gold.
The Oakover River's a good spot to camp when the torrent is running clear.
It's peaceful out there beside the campfire, just the rippling of water to hear.
That's where your heart feels the warmest, where you are wholly content,
far from the woes of a civilized world, in the warmth of a swag or a tent.

You shouldn't be here; it's time to go north, sharing your dreams with your mate.
It would please her I'm sure, to travel once more, before it's too distant, - or late.
Where it's good for your heart must be good for your soul that I vow and declare,
where peace is embracing the life that you treasure, while you're camping out there.
Please don't delay as time is the essence, that is so precious, I fear,
our future my friend has no guarantee for tomorrow, or for next year.

I'm sorry to say, we can't go away; we're fixed to our city abode.
Yet, I'd much rather be (just Annie and me,) heading north up the road.
But we can still dream of places we've seen, in God's creation out there,
where the road streams behind, as we go to find, a new adventure somewhere.
By crikey, my friend, don't fret about us; we will hit the road, never fear.
And when we do, we hope to meet you, by a campfire warm with good cheer,



Annual membership for 2021/2022

MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS ARE DUE

Sue (our lovely treasurer)

has sent out invoices to members

Your invoice has full details for payment options.



Pictures provided by Peter 'Stinger' Nettleton from the jam session with 'Green Herring' from Greenbushes at Cobber's Corner 01/08/2021.



Theme 'UNPLUGGED'
A community weekend full of music and art

**GREENBUSHES
 ART AND MUSIC
 TRAIL
 17-19 SEP 2021**

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 Feat:
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Events:
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2021 ROAD WISE POEM THEME

This years focus is "Speeding "

Every year the statistics have details of deaths and injuries due to excess speed. This past year has seen a number of vehicles colliding with trees and other inanimate roadside objects, resulting in death and carnage on our roads.

The following are line prompts and guides, for you to remould, reimagine or use as is, in your own poetic interpretation for the 2021 Roadwise Poetry competition at the Annual Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival.

- * We've seen too many cut down by speed
- * Scars etched deep by speed
- * Speeding car (vehicle) versus tree – no one wins.
- * Tree scars tell sad tales

Reminder to get your entries in for the Silver Quill written competition, Closing Date - 8 October 2021; details of this and other upcoming competitions are on page 13



WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinnners

Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival

Fri 5th - Sun 7th Nov 2021

WA Bush Poetry Performance Championships Poetry Writing Workshop Variety Concert Saturday Night

FREE ENTRY TO ALL EVENTS

Proudly sponsored and supported by



For more information, visit

www.wabushpoets.asn.au

INFLUENZA IAN

We thought that we would head off on a family holiday
 My wife and I would set off and our son meet us halfway
 Then we'd travel on together like we'd done in years before
 But if only we had known, we'd stay home and bolt the door
 We thought he'd bring his backpack and a couple of pairs of socks
 His toiletries and clothing and a weeks supply of jocks
 But what we weren't prepared for, cause we were a pair of mugs
 Was that he would bring along with him a pandemics worth of bugs
 He wheezed and sneezed and snuffled spreading germs both near and far
 And it's hard to avoid all contact when you share a van and car
 So now I've caught a wretched cold and my wife has caught it too
 We cough and curse and splutter like infected people do
 The things a contradiction and understand it I do not
 Like why they call the thing a cold when my foreheads boiling hot
 And how it is my nose can run like a leaking tap all night
 At the same that my sinuses feel like they're blocked up tight
 We're nearly at our journey's end and our wits end as well
 Though whether we'll survive the trip is too early still to tell
 But I recall somebody saying 'Revenge is best served with a cold'
 Which is why I've penned this bit of verse and told what I have told
 So though we dearly love our son despite our outlook grim
 And our feelings haven't altered, still it's payback time for him
 You've heard about those plague ship rats and the diseases that they brought
 Though I can't remember if it's Black Death or Bubonic people caught
 And that little super-spreader we all know as Louis the Fly
 He still puts in an appearance no matter how much spray they try
 And then there's Typhoid Mary whose cooking really was a crime
 A disease in every mouthful, I've known cooks like her in my time
 Well now there is another name to add to the list of shame
 And sadly that's our son, Influenza Ian is his name

Greg Joass - 22/08/2021

August Muster Write Up

Frank Heffernan, the MC for the night, was introduced by Peter Nettleton. Peter also gave us a run down on how Bill and Meg were going in NT, and reminded everyone that it was the last chance to nominate for the committee. Frank mentioned that it was the first time in twelve months that we had been able to use the Bentley room! It was good to be back. Frank commenced the evening telling us about the Travel Bug. The story of his travels throughout his life's journey from the first big adventure at age nineteen to his first trip to South Australia and later tours to China, New Zealand and the USA. Now they have retired they think the best place is home.

Christine Boulton gave a welcome to Frank and Mary who had come in from Narrogin for the evening. Her poem *Keith's Souvenir*. Keith brings a pine cone home from Gallipoli...this is the story of how The Lone Pines were brought to Australia. told of a pine cone from the Lone Pine tree bought back to Australia by a young soldier, a few seeds were carefully cultivated and were later planted and now there is 100 Lone Pine descendants grown around Australia.
"If you listen you can hear the whispered cries of hope blowing through the leaves."

Peter 'Stinger' Nettleton was up next and commented that our current State Champion, John Hayes, was present and gave him a special welcome. He then presented *Since Cheryl went Feral* by Jim Haynes. A long suffering husband is initially dismayed by his wife's adoption of an alternative lifestyle, until they join a commune and he catches on to the free love philosophy.

Next to present was **Deb McQuire** a short original piece *Bloody Covid* another in her series of poems speaking of the trials and tribulations the world is enduring during the ongoing pandemic.

Rob Gunn then entertained us with *I'm Sick of Hypochondria* by Greg Joass the overriding sentiment being *never say how are you to a hypochondriac ! Because he will tell you !!*

Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge commenced his performance with the tune of The Indian Pacific, written by Joy McKean (for her husband, Slim Dusty) on mouth-organ & bones. He followed with *The Six Mile War*. When the mustering season ends, the gang heads for the Six-Mile Pub, just out from Wyndham. Of course at this time of year the Pub is also choc-a-block with workers from the Meat-Works. When a brawl breaks out, Mother McQ is right in the thick of things ... naturally!

John Hayes presented *The Play* by CJ Denis where Bill takes Doreen to see Romeo and Juliet sat in velvet seats a slap up treat. Then tells the story in typical Aussie style. Romeo swallows Lysol throws a fancy fit Juliet sees him and cries she grabs a pocket knife and ends her cares! Peanuts or lollies says a boy upstairs.

Lesley McAlpine presented *The Vegemite Tree* a tale of how they drain the vegemite out of it at night so no one sees how it is done.

Heather Denholm again requested/reminded each performer to hand in a short precise of their piece. She then read out a poem the first two lines written by her daughter-in-law and the last few she wrote to finish it off. About the obsession they share with craft shops.

Frank Heffernan *Who would be a Cocky?* Farming is a great way of life while everything is running smoothly and the weather the machines and the government are all being kind. But as we all know farmers face drought, fire, floods and disasters of every kind including market manipulations, regulations, labour problems, rising costs and shortages of essential supplies. Hanrahan was probably right when he stated *"we will all be ruined"*

Tea Break

Christine Boulton reading from the classics told us about Bob Magor who had 2 dreams ;to be a dairy farmer and to write bush poetry. He now has a book titled *I lived my Dream*. Bob Magor has put his rural experience in his writings and poetry. Bob Magor is a Bush poet, writer and a great comedian. Bob Magor spent his childhood in the area around Myponga, South Australia. He left school at the age of fifteen, then spent about twenty-five years working on his family's sheep property. Bob Magor has recently released his autobiography - 'I lived my dreams' 'I lived my dreams' and it is best summed up with the comment on the front cover of the book; 'As a ten-year-old boy I had two dreams To become a farmer and to become a Bush Poet I achieved both'. Many people in the audience know of Bob's work and remember his visit to Boyup Brook. Poem: The Rain Man....Archie Bevis works out a way to move the country out of drought.

She then shared with us *The Rain Man* Using a kite and gelignite the rain man was going to shake the clouds and make them rain, all his explosion did was make a great crater in the earth. But then it did rain overnight and he took credit for the rain.

Tess Earnshaw offered a yarn called *Let it Be* a story about a duck named Pierre who loved another duck called Judy, there were many snippets of Beatles songs throughout. Beatles for Ducks! Pierre comes across an accident: Help me if you can I'm feeling down! Pierre and Hey Jude go and live in Strawberry fields forever *'Let it be she said!'*

August Muster Write Up cont....

Bob Gunn performed *The Dream* The Grand final dream is definitely a dream A grand final between the Eagles and The Dockers I hope it happens but their current positions say its a long way off.

Deb McQuire presented her poem about the family's much loved pet *Panda*, a senior rescue dog that has melded into their lives.

Peter 'Stinger' Nettleton recited *The Last Parade* by AB (Banjo) Patterson, being the lament of the faithful war hoses left abandoned by the Australian troops at the end of the Boer War.

The Track Pants by **Christine Boulton**. - Ted is finding it hard to let go of his favourite track pants and memories of his wife. Eventually, a solution is found and given to him for Christmas. It helps him let go of other memories and emotions so he is able to move on with his life.

Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge performed *Gallipoli* This is his tribute to those who fought at Gallipoli and some of the difficulties they faced on return to Australia.

Tess Earnshaw Shared some nonsense verses using each letter of the alphabet entitled *Alphabytes* by anonymous

Lorraine Broun entertained us with *A Cake a Snake and a Spider*

Frank Heffernan presented *Harry on Marriage*: Harry had very strong opinions on marriage, and why so many couples end up in divorce, "when we were young" We'd find a proper Church for our special wedding day!" He overlooked the fact that he had been married twice!

Lesley McAlpine told us a tale about a run in with a cat



Our MC and some of our performers in action at August's Muster

Barry Higgins performed *The Computer Swallowed Grandma* Anon (actually written by Valerie Waite of Derbyshire England) Grandma pressed control and enter and disappeared from view Barry then shared a yarn about 3 men a pig and a cow.

Frank Heffernan finished the evening with *How to make a fortune*; most people would like to make a lot of money and in truth there is no single answer except to say that is it was to ever happen it would be the tax man that would be the eventual winner.

Muster write up prepared by Heather Denholm



Special Reminder: Heather has again asked if everyone who performs at Musters could

give her a synopsis on the night or send one via email h.e.denholm@gmail.com

Thanks in advance Heather.

October Muster MC Anne Hayes - 0428 542 418

hayseed1@optusnet.com.au

Reading from the Classics: Tess Earnshaw

Deadline for Oct's Bully Tin Submissions 20th Sept 2021

October's 16 line challenge: If you must go

COMPETITIONS AND EVENTS AROUND AUSTRALIA 2021

WRITTEN EVENTS are in RED

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

SEPTEMBER

20 September 2021 - 50th Bronze Swagman Award For Bush Verse

Windermere Station, Winton.

24-25 September

- King of the Ranges Bush Festival

with humorous and serious written competition. Murrurundi NSW.

OCTOBER

8 October - Closing Date

Silver Quill written competition,

Bateman WA.

15 October - Closing Date

Lambing Flat FAW & National Cherry Festival Writing Competition,

Young NSW.

Oct 15 - 23 2021 Cervantes Art Festival

Art, Craft, Photography and **Bush Poetry**

All Entry Forms and payments must be received by 1st October 2021.

NOVEMBER

5-7 November - WA State Championships,

performance and written competitions

(see 8 October closing date)

21 November - Closing Date - Creative celebration of the

International Year of Caves and Karst – Australasia.

Write a story, rhyme, poem, song, sketch, paint, sculpt, photograph

or create a video

DECEMBER

24 December - Closing Date - Kembla Flame

Written Bush Poetry Competition, East Corrimal

NSW. a video.

FEBRUARY 2022

12-20 February - Banjo Paterson Australian

Bush Poetry Festival and ABPA National Championships, Ex-Services Club, Orange NSW.

Please Note:

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

POET'S ALERT

**WA BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS ASSOC
TOODYAY BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL
2021 STATE PERFORMANCE CHAMPIONSHIPS
FRIDAY 5TH – SUNDAY 7TH NOVEMBER**

The November Championships will be here before we know it and it would greatly help the Committee if entries came in early for administration purposes.

The Entry Form will be available soon so keep an eye on the website: www.wabushpoets.asn.au

Entry Forms will also be available at the next few Musters.

Please encourage entries from any

Juniors and budding young writers/performers.

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Regular Events

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

If you would like to be part of a forum—post your poetry, see what other contemporary bush poets are writing, keep up to date with poetry events throughout Australia—visit www.abpa.org.au or www.bushverse.com

Address correspondence for the “Bully Tin” to: Bully Tin Editor, PO Box 364, Bentley 6982 or deb.mcquire@bigpond.com
Address correspondence for the Secretary to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Box 364 Bentley 6982
Correspondence re monetary payments for Treasurer to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Box 364 Bentley 6982
Bank Transfer: Bendigo Bank BSB 633 000 A/C#158764837
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Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list
Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit website - Go to the “Performance Poets” page
Don’t forget our website www.wabushpoets.asn.au
Please contact the Webmaster, if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.