

The

December 2025

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



& Yarnspinners Assn.

Next Muster: 5th Dec 2025 at 7.00 pm, Swan Centre off Aide Court. Bentley

MC: Bill Godon billgodon1948@gmail.com 0428 651 098

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

\$10 Gift for Secret Santa draw.

The 16 line challenge 'My Best Friend' (rolled over from July)

Season's Greetings

Santa Claus in the Bush

By AB Patterson

It chanced out back at the Christmas time,
When the wheat was ripe and tall,
A stranger rode to the farmer's gate --
A sturdy man and a small.

"Rin doon, rin doon, my little son Jack,
And bid the stranger stay;
And we'll hae a crack for Auld Lang Syne,
For the morn is Christmas Day."

"Nay noo, nay noo," said the dour guidwife,
"But ye should let him be;
He's maybe only a drover chap
Frae the land o' the Darling Pea.

"Wi' a drover's tales, and a drover's thirst
To swiggle the hail nicht through;
Or he's maybe a life assurance carle
To talk ye black and blue,"

"Guidwife, he's never a drover chap,
For their swags are neat and thin;
And he's never a life assurance carle,
Wi' the brick-dust burnt in his skin.

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

"Guidwife, guidwife, be nae sae dour,
For the wheat stands ripe and tall,
And we shore a seven-pound fleece this year,
Ewes and weaners and all.

"There is grass tae spare, and the stock are fat.
Where they whiles are gaunt and thin,
And we owe a tithe to the travelling poor,
So we maun ask him in.

"Ye can set him a chair tae the table side,
And gi' him a bite tae eat;
An omelette made of a new-laid egg,
Or a tasty bit of meat."

"But the native cats have taen the fowls,
They havena left a leg;
And he'll get nae omelette at a'
Till the emu lays an egg!"

"Rin doon, rin doon, my little son Jack,
To whaur the emus bide,
Ye shall find the auld hen on the nest,
While the auld cock sits beside.

"But speak them fair, and speak them saft,
Lest they kick ye a fearsome jolt.
Ye can gi' them a feed of thae half-inch nails
Or a rusty carriage bolt."

So little son Jack ran blithely down
With the rusty nails in hand,
Till he came where the emus fluffed and
scratched
By their nest in the open sand.

And there he has gathered the new-laid egg --
'Twould feed three men or four --
And the emus came for the half-inch nails
Right up to the settler's door.

"A waste o' food," said the dour guidwife,
As she took the egg, with a frown,
"But he gets nae meat, unless ye rin
A paddy-melon down."

"Gang oot, gang oot, my little son Jack,
Wi' your twa-three doggies sma';
Gin ye come nae back wi' a paddy-melon,
Then come nae back at a'."

So little son Jack he raced and he ran,
And he was bare o' the feet,
And soon he captured a paddy-melon,
Was gorged with the stolen wheat.

"Sit doon, sit doon, my bonny wee man,
To the best that the hoose can do --
An omelette made of the emu egg
And a paddy-melon stew."

"'Tis well, 'tis well," said the bonny wee man;
"I have eaten the wide world's meat,
And the food that is given with right good-will
Is the sweetest food to eat.

"But the night draws on to the Christmas Day
And I must rise and go,
For I have a mighty way to ride
To the land of the Esquimaux.

"And it's there I must load my sledges up,
With the reindeers four-in-hand,
That go to the North, South, East, and West,
To every Christian land."

"Tae the Esquimaux," said the dour guidwife,
"Ye suit my husband well!"
For when he gets up on his journey horse
He's a bit of a liar himsel'."

Then out with a laugh went the bonny wee man
To his old horse grazing nigh,
And away like a meteor flash they went
Far off to the Northern sky.

When the children woke on the Christmas morn
They chattered with might and main --
For a sword and gun had little son Jack,
And a braw new doll had Jane,
And a packet o' screws had the twa emus;
But the dour guidwife gat nane.

President's Ramblings December 2025



We are all saddened to hear of the passing of Sam Lovell, an icon of the Kimberley and a friend to many of our members. Sam lived in Derby and was a regular at their annual Bush Poet's Breakfast, Nambung Country Music Muster, Tamworth and Boyup Brook. He was a great yarn spinner and Country Music singer. Perth Museum held an exhibition on Sam earlier this year detailing his life as a stockman, road builder, tour operator and country music singer.

Congratulations to Piggott Terry for his second and third placing in the National Bush Poetry written competition held at Bathurst in conjunction with the ABPA performance championships. This follows his Highly Commended and Commended in the recent Betty Ollie comp.

Bush Poetry is now a regular feature at the Mt Trio Country Music Muster, held in a beautiful bushland setting in the Stirling Ranges. We had a show each morning in the Bluff Knoll Ski Lodge, aka camp kitchen. Daniel Avery was definitely the crowd favourite. His insightful poems about living with disabilities make people laugh, make them cry and make them think.

Peel Poetry Day at Pinjarra on 8th November was hailed as a great success with about 100 people attending. Organised predominately by Rob Gunn with help from Peter Rudolf and Heather Denholm, the Peel Poets hosted an engaging feast of poetry and country music from Terry Bennetts and Warwick Trant. During the course of the day a poet's brawl was held (won by Greg Joass) and also a yarnspinning competition in which Bev Shorland's convoluted account of her busy day was a clear winner.

We were well represented at Have a Go Day at Burswood the following Wednesday. We shared the stage with a tap-dance group and an action and movement person who looked quite easy but his exercises proved quite challenging. It all made for a very interesting day and we attracted lots of interest in bush poetry even if we failed to sign up any new members.

The November muster closed out a very busy fortnight of bush poetry with a good number filling the smaller Swan Centre as the Auditorium was not available for us. Building and road works at Bentley Park proved a challenge for those who missed the notice in the Bullytin of the change of venue.

The December muster will be the usual Christmas celebration with Poet, Pies and Poetry in the Auditorium. Please remember to bring a gift (to the value of \$10) for the Secret Santa draw.

There will not be a muster in January as the first Friday is the day after New Year's Day. However, our January gathering will be at Wireless Hill on Australia Day. Lorraine Broun will be MC and music by Green Herring (Lee and Irma from Greenbushes). Stay afterwards for a social get-together and BBQ.

Meg and I wish all members a safe and Happy Christmas (no need to get too merry!) and all the best for the New Year.

Bill Gordon. President

*Performers from Mt Trio event -
Peter Rudolph, Meg Gordon,
Daniel Avery, Bev Shorland,
and Bill Gordon*



Peel Poetry Day at Pinjarra WA

November 8th saw the inaugural Bush Poetry Day at Pinjarra. This was to augment the WA Bush Poetry calendar as our Toodyay festival (organized by the WA Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners) has closed.

Organized predominantly by Robert Gunn and his helpers (Heather Denholm, Peter Rudolf...) the Pinjarra Bush Poetry, Yarnspinning and Music Day, was an engaging feast of poetry and country music. Pinjarra is a historic township located along the South Western Highway, on the banks of the Murray River. It is about 80 kilometres from Perth and 20 kilometres southeast of Mandurah. This event was able to gather over a hundred participants.

The RSL hosted poetry on the Friday night. However, the main event began on Saturday with the Peel poets, later assisted by members of the WA Bush Poets. During the course of the day a poet's brawl was held (winner Greg Joass) and also a yarnspinning competition (winner Bev Shorland).

The winners were announced for 'The Silver Quill', WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinning written competition. Judged by Terry Piggott the winners were mainly from the Eastern States. Brenda Joy (Queensland) won the serious section as well as being the overall winner with her powerful poem, 'Through Darkest Deed.' Although WA's Bill Gordon and Greg Joass did receive commended awards.

Terry Bennetts and Warrick Trant interspersed country songs throughout the day and evening. Terry has won many awards for his songwriting and I particularly love his 'The Soldier with his Banjo' about a picture of a WW1 soldier playing his banjo made from a kerosene tin. Terry also performed some tribute songs to Derby stockman and musician, Sam Lovell. I was moved by Terry's comment 'When Sam Lovell dies it will be like burning a library.' Sadly, that is happening too often these days. He also played some of the songs he has adapted from Cobber Lethbridge's poems. Terry is a true balladeer and the stories in his songs represent aspects of our diverse history.

Food was provided by the Pinjarra Lions club. Scones and jam for afternoon tea and hamburgers and sausage buns for tea. No complaints.

Raffles and a 50/50 sheet were a necessity. A lovely country gathering.

A special thanks to Peter Rudolf who hosted many of us back at his block. Lots of camaraderie, cups of tea and other beverages.

Well done Rob, the many helpers and the Peel Poets. Thank you for support from the Murray Shire and Alcoa.

Heather Denholm



Rob "Gunny" Gunn

Peter Rudolph





Terry Piggott - Judge



Bev Shorland



Daniel Avery



Meg Gordon



Greg Joass



Bill Gordon



Terry Bennetts and Warrick Trant



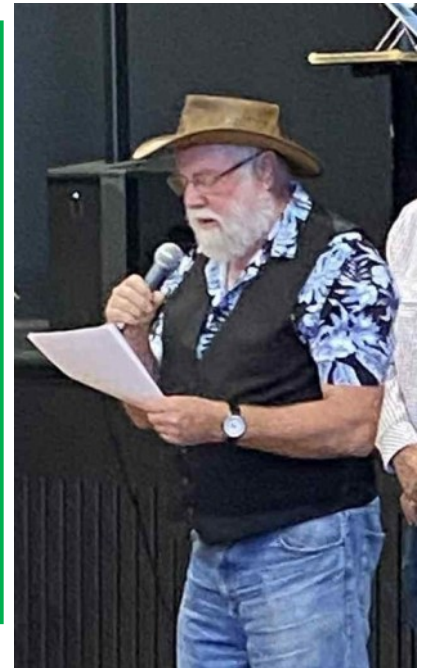
Pinjarra 2025 Poets Brawl—set line ‘This was my first time’

The brawl contestants included Joan Savill, a Pinjarra local, Bill Gordon, Heather Denholm, Greg Joass, Deb McQuire and Peter Rudolph. A total of with poems were presented with the winner by audience appreciation and judge’s review, Greg Joass. The winning entry below, with a few of the other entries, provided by the poets.

First Time (winning entry)

She said ‘Please take it slowly and gently, because this is my first time,
And I’m not over anxious to do it, cause it feels little short of a crime.
And what will I get for my troubles, when it’s finally over and done?
I’ll get a good meal, well I’d better! Cause this isn’t my idea of fun.
I’m surprised, I thought they were bigger, though I’ve little experience I know,
And I suppose that small might be better, to practice with on the first go.
No, I don’t want to take a firm grip and hold it up close to the head,
I don’t want to touch it at all, when it looks so slimy and dead.
So I start right down near the bottom and then slide up past the belly,
Is it OK to keep my eyes closed, so my innards don’t turn into jelly?
Well, OK, I’ve done it to please you, though never again is my wish,
I’m glad that it’s finally over, the first time that I’ve gutted a fish.’

Greg Joass



The First Time That I’ve Done It

Bush poets are a friendly mob,
They always like to share
As they move about the countryside,
You can find them anywhere.

Share yarns around the campfire
Until it’s time for bed,
A poem or two or three or more,
A port to soothe the head,

This is my first time that I’ve done it,
My head is spinning still.
I really thought my luck was in,
This time I’ll have a thrill.

I don’t know how it happened,
My luck came and then it went,
A lovely woman in my bed
But I was outside in the tent.

Bill Gordon

The Shearing Shed

The shearing shed springs into life, the ringer strikes first blow.
A young fresh hand is heard to shout and hail the shearer's flow.
Large noisy ram is brought to bear; strong hands have quite a knack
Sheep held transfixed as deft long strokes glide swift across it's back.
Lithe roustabout is quick to move and grab the belly wool,
Next sweep the boards and gather up; with fleece his arms now full.
With flick of wrist and great control on classing table spreads;
Another works around to skirt the dags from crimped threads.
The press is sat quite close at hand, post classer's overview;
Each contribution, freshly shorn from buck and lamb and ewe.
All bails are pressed and labelled well, each bulging fit to burst,
Loud metal clang sounds knock-off time, this work builds such a thirst.
The shearer's cook presents a feast; a meal fit for a king.
When tally's called glad cheers go up; good money this will bring.
A great event I will repeat, as this is my first time.
I'd love to do it all again despite flies, smells, and grime.

© DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire)

Will I Do It Again?

I am sitting here and waiting
In fear and trepidating
About what my next few actions might have in store for me.
And, though everybody does it,
First time wasn't fun, or wuz it?
Not one has told their story in its entirety.

Some accept it, and invite it,
While others scream and fight it.
Will I get lots of pleasure, or only dreadful pain?
Most things, so it's reckoned
Go better on the second,
And though this is my first time, can I go through it again?

Some say there can be many
But each time requires two pennies
To make that river crossing and perchance a safe return.
Will I be reincarnated,
Or find heaven overrated,
Or sit for all eternity within my China urn?

Heather Joass

It's My First Time.

I said lay back, relax, and open wide,
I really need to put it inside.
I said do I need to tie you down,
She looked back with a deep frown.
She said that she just wanted to scream,
And hoped it all, was just a dream.
I really did need to pry,
Wasn't long she started to cry.
She said "it's my first time," I'm feeling scared,
Now do you think I really cared?
I ran my hands and fingers over her face,
Then my heart, it started to race.
Now wait a minute, I can tell by your grin,
You'd think I've committed a mortal sin.
Now if you'd listened carefully, you would find,
She was in my dentist chair, it's just your dirty mind.

Pete the Poet.

Heather Denholm and Joan Savill



**WA BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS ASSOCIATION
SILVER QUILL 2025 RESULTS**

SERIOUS

	AUTHOR	POEM
FIRST	BRENDA JOY PRITCHARD	THROUGH DARKEST DEEDS
SECOND	HOWARD KENNEDY	WE WILL KNOW THIS COUNTRY
THIRD	TOM MCILVEEN	WHEN ANGELS COME
HIGHLY COMMENDED	TOM MCILVEEN	THE CAPTAIN AND HIS LADY
HIGHLY COMMENDED	BRENDA JOY PRITCHARD	WILD RANGES
COMMENDED	DAVID STANLEY	A FREEMAN'S VOICE
COMMENDED	TOM MCILVEEN	AS MAN SHALL SOW
COMMENDED	TOM MCILVEEN	WHEN RIVERS RUN

HUMOROUS

FIRST	HOWARD KENNEDY	COVID SOCK SHOCK
SECOND	TOM MCILVEEN	WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING
THIRD	TOM MCILVEEN	WHERE THE SUN DOESN'T SHINE
HIGHLY COMMENDED	BILL GORDON	FIFTEEN BOB
HIGHLY COMMENDED	DAVID STANLEY	THE BANK JOB
COMMENDED	GREG JOASS	WHAT'S 'IS NAME
COMMENDED	BILL GORDON	MARY SPEAKING

OVERALL WINNER—

BRENDA JOY PRITCHARD

NOVICE

	AUTHOR	POEM
FIRST	ROSEMARY LEE	THE ALMOST PERFECT LIFE
SECOND	ROBERT DAVIS	THE BLACK COCKATOOS
EQUAL THIRD	RICHARD HERPS	THE BITE OF THE KRAIT
	RICHARD HERPS	THE SYDNEY TOWN HALL ORGAN
HIGHLY COMMENDED	ROSEMARY LEE	SUMMER CHORES
HIGHLY COMMENDED	RICHARD HERPS	THE LIGHT HORSE CHARGE
COMMENDED	ROSEMARY LEE	SO MANY FLIES
COMMENDED	RICHARD HERPS	VILLERS BRETONNEUX

JUNIOR - 17 YEARS

	AUTHOR	POEM
COMMENDED	KATE EDGAR	PRECURSOR TO OBLIVION

JUNIOR 12—15 YEARS

	AUTHOR	POEM
FIRST	SU NGUYEN	THE GREAT WAR
SECOND	AINE.Y	'T WAS NOT TOO LONG AGO
THIRD	QUEYON MOKETARINJA	WINTER
HIGHLY COMMENDED	LUKAH VERRALL	NEW BEGINNINGS

JUNIOR 10 -11 YEARS

	AUTHOR	POEM
FIRST	Citipointe Christian College JIMMY S.	WHERE THE RED EARTH BREATHES
SECOND	Citipointe Christian College OLIVIA L.	THE GREAT BARRIER REEF
THIRD	Citipointe Christian College GABRIEL H.	A GUM HERITAGE
HIGHLY COMMENDED	Citipointe Christian College GABRIEL H.	A SHADOW IN THE MIST
COMMENDED	ANYA BULNER	I'D LIKE TO BE A....
COMMENDED	EMILY SILVA	THE BEACH

JUNIOR 6 - 9 YEARS

	AUTHOR	POEM
FIRST	MAURICE THOMASSE	THE BUSH IS MY BACKYARD
SECOND	ANNABELLE GERVAISE LI LING WOO	GREAT BARRIER REEF
THIRD	ELYSIA ROSELLE WOO	SAUSAGE SIZZLE UPHEAVAL
HIGHLY COMMENDED	ANNABELLE GERVAISE LI LING WOO	THE FIRST FLEET

Folk in the Forest at Dwellingup

Last weekend Christine Boulton, Heather Denholm and myself (Greg Joass) attended a music festival called Folk in the Forest, at Dwellingup. Bush poetry has long been a part of it and this time it included a workshop on poets of the Goldfields, by Brian Langley. I have attached a few photos from the weekend and am talking to Christine and Heather about sending you a written summary, both of Brian's work and a couple of other things from the weekend.

Some of our WA bush poets (Christine Boulton, Heather Denholm and Greg Joass) performed recently at the 'Folk in the Forest' festival at Dwellingup. Bush poetry has long been a part of this event. This time it included a workshop on poets of the Goldfields, by Brian Langley. Brian gave an interesting presentation on his research into the poets of the WA Goldfields. He has managed to find 1600 poems by E.G. (Dryblower) Murphy, not to mention other poets of the era. Copies of Brian's research are available for purchase from Brian. Christine Boulton and Greg Joass supported him in the presentation.

Greg also entertained us with his own poems in the final concert, while Christine ran the Sundowner on the Saturday night, along with her trusty concertina. A great weekend was had by all!

Heather Joass





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AUSTRALIA DAY

Monday 26th Jan. 2026

Commencing 1.00pm

**Wireless Hill Park,
Ardross**

MC Lorraine Broun 0411 877 551

www.wabushpoets.asn.au

Bush Poets Muster Friday 14th November by Bev Shorland

MC Rob Gunn welcomed everyone and gave a brief summary of the Pinjarra Poets Festival held on Saturday 8th November. It was a very successful poetry and music day. Over one hundred people attended during the day. By the end of the evening when Terry Bennetts and Warwick Trant finished playing there were still fifty people enjoying the music.

Bev. Shorland won the yarn spinning, winning the trophy and the \$200 prize.

Judged by Terry Piggott.

Fil. Allen 'The Road to Purple Bra Day' **by Robyn Hollier**

A lady was often judged by the colour of her underwear, White, she was pure and chaste, Red or black, maybe she had a reputation, but these days we wear lots of different colours, But if you really want a lift... wear a purple Bra.

Lorraine Broun 'The Runaway Black Mutt' **by Lorraine Broun**

Alex loved nothing better on a Saturday morning than to take Albi, his Border Collie X Poodle, to the local coffee shop for a coffee and then to the park for walk. But when Albi sees a big dog across the road he takes off, causing upset tables and traffic chaos.

Peter Rudolf 'Rusty the Sniffer Dog' **by Annon**

Working at the Airport sniffing out drugs in the passengers luggage, Rusty developed a 'Habit'... this led him to set up a business among his doggy mates, a drug running syndicate.... until he was finally arrested.

Daniel Avery 'Samantha' **by Daniel Avery**

Two 'disabled' kids growing up together, he with Cerebral Palsy, she with Spina Bifida. He had a wobbly walk, she had a wheelchair. She was a remarkable lady and achieved a lot in her life. a Phd in education, a Para Olympian, and a wheelchair 'Dancing Queen.'

Bev. Shorland 'Only a Housewife' **by Keith Lethbridge**

She may have been 'only a Housewife', but she raised the children and managed on very little back when times were difficult.

Bill Gordon 'Sandakan' **by Bill Gordon**

Sandakan is a city in north-east Borneo. During the Japanese occupation in World War 2, it was the site of a POW camp. That camp was the starting point for the infamous Borneo Death Marches. This poem is a reflection on Bill's visit to Sandakan in April 2010.

Jadwiga Poulson 'A Migrants Tale' **by Jadwiga Poulson**

It was lovely having Jadwiga come and present her poem, a first time poet, so of course we gave her a standing ovation. Jadwiga lives in the village at Swan Care and enjoys coming to the monthly Musters. She really enjoyed last month's Muster, and on her way home remembered many funny things from her life. When she got home she put pen to paper and wrote her very first poem in 30 minutes. The story of leaving London in the 60s and migrating to Perth Australia. Finding a place to live, Work, becoming a citizen. A good poem.

David Ellis 'Unknown but Loved' **by David Ellis**

He was a carpenter, he was a member of the family. He enlisted, trained and was sent off to war. He died in India. We never knew him, but he was loved.

Supper was served, Maxine's wonderful tomato and onion sandwiches and Lorraine's popular date loaf. And some delicious biscuits made by Daniel's Mum.

Rob Gunn 'The Fencers Yarn' **by Graham Jenkinson**

Visiting Melbourne at the time of the Olympic Games in 1956, an outback fencing contractor saw an add for competitors to enter a fencing competition.

So he decided to enter the competition, he had all his gear with him crow bar, wire strainer wire cutters, everything he needed. When he got there he was surprised to see all the see blokes trying to kill each other with swords.

Peter Rudolf 'Forbidden Love' **by Peter Rudolf**

Inspired by a book called 'The Last of the River Nomads' In the back blocks of Wiluna WA. Forbidden by Tribal lore, they fell in love and eloped. They ran away together and lived all their lives away in the 'Never Never' Unable to return to their tribe for fear of being killed. After many decades they were found and forgiven and returned to their tribe in their old age.

Lorraine Broun 'Quantum Thoughts' **by Lorraine Broun**

Physics, while fascinating is so full of jargon, there are Quarks, and Anti quarks, Protons and Neutrons heaven knows what they do but they measure something.. Who knows?

'Remembrance'

A sadly moving poem about a returned soldiers battle with the bottle, trying to block out the horrors of the war. He is brought into the ED a thin weathered shell of a man, and there loses his battle, and his life is gone. And what do the politicians care!

Julian Illich **'The Jumping Jack Mine'** **by Rob Gunn**

A Young Soldier on patrol stands on a Jumping Jack Mine, he alerts his mates to stand back, he is in trouble. An older and experienced engineer risks his own life to save the young soldier. The troops there recon he should get a VC, but the 'Big Brass' aren't interested.

Daniel Avery **'My Mottly Crew'** **by Daniel Avery**

I've got some of the greatest mates you could ever want, There is a mate who is a 'wobbly' he wobbles and falls, then there is 'Blinkey' he uses a white stick, My 'Wheelite' mate she is in a wheelchair, and my mate who 'poops' in a bag .

All the best of friends, my 'Mottly Crew.'

Bev. Shorland **'The Day I tried to Make Mulligatawny Soup'**

Bev retold her Prize winning yarn about the day and all that happened when she wanted to make Mulligatawny soup.

Fil. Allen **'To A Kalgoorlie Barmaid'** **by Herbert Hoover**

A deep and sentimental love poem written by Herbert Hoover, to a barmaid; before he became the 31st president of the United States of America.

Peter Rudolf **The Chook from Snowy River** **by Jim Hayes**

A Parody of the Man from Snowy River, featuring a 'cocky' young rooster!

David Ellis David told a Yarn about two Generals one British and one Australian discussing which were the best troops to be placed to hold the 'Line'

Rob Gunn **A Grave Situation** **by Claude Morris**

After a night at the pub he decides to take a short cut through the cemetery.

Falls in and is soon joined by another but not for long.

Bill Gordon **The French Driving Lesson** **by Bill Gordon**

The French Driving Lesson is a collection of misadventures when an Australian male attempts to tackle the roads in France. A true story, funny if it were not potentially disastrous. Bill is advised to go back home and stay there.

Bill closed the Muster , and reminded every one that the December Muster 'Port Pies and Poetry on Friday 5th December will be our Christmas break up. The 16 line challenge 'My Best Friend' Bring a gift; receive a gift . value \$10

Reminder No Muster: 2nd Jan 2026

Next Bully Tin will be published for Feb 2026

Next Muster: 6th Feb 2026 at 7pm Plantation Drive, Swan Centre, Bentley

MC: Brian Coogan 0417 171 092 briancoogan@briancoogan.com

Reading from the classics—TBA

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

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

Thank you in advance

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

February 2026

27 February — Closing Date — Man from Snowy River Bush Festival (incorporating the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships), Corryong, Victoria. **Written competition**

April 2026

16-19 April — Man from Snowy River Bush Festival (incorporating the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships), Corryong, Victoria. Performance & **Written competitions**. See 27 February closing date.



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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** **Ph. Alan Aitken - 0400 249 243**
- **The Parade Hotel,**
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

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Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit website - Go to the "Performance Poets" page
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Please contact the Webmaster, if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.