

The

January 2024

BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

Next Muster: 5th January 2024 at 7.00 pm, at the Auditorium,
Swan Care, Plantation Drive, Bentley
MC: Lorraine Broun 0411 877 551

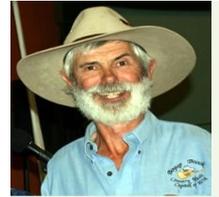
January challenge 8 line poem topic: I'd like to ...

Suggestion - recite or read you favourite poem about man's best friend 'The Dog'



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President's Ramblings January 2024



As we begin another New Year let us reflect on the year gone and look forward to whatever lays ahead.

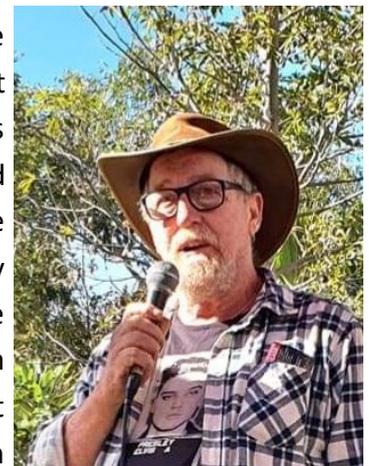
Our Australia Day Bush Poetry Showcase at Wireless Hill on Australia Day is set to be a good day's entertainment as well as a great chance to catch up with all our poetry friends. MC for the day is Meg Gordon (0404075108) and the music will be provided by Rob Oats and the Rambling Bilbies from the Wanneroo Folk Club. We have recently become affiliated with this group and members are welcome to join them on the second Friday each month at 7pm. Our "folkies" might be interested to know that on 12th January they are having a special concert night with Steve Turner from the UK with his concertina and singing and promoting his new CD. They meet at Dorchester Hall, 2 Dugdale St, Warwick. (cnr Dorchester Ave).

Boyup Brook Country Music Festival is on 15 -19 February with the usual meet and greet on Wednesday 14th. The wise man from the east this year is Gary Fogarty from Milmerran, Qld. There are a few changes to the program this year. You will find it elsewhere in this Bullytin. Any members who come down are welcome to camp on our farm, "Northlands", which is just 5km from Boyup on the Kojonup road.

With the success of the music / poetry nights at the Boyup Brook Hotel, we will be including a lunchtime bush poetry show on the Thursday. This will be a walk-up event, as will Saturday morning at the Bowling Club.

It is with a heavy heart that I report that Chris Taylor passed away on 9th December.

Circumstances are unknown at this stage. I was talking to Chris just before Toodyay and he was doing a house-sit for a mate near Bunbury at that time. Chris was an outstanding writer and won several awards for his poetry including the Kembla Flame for "No More Letters Home", a second in the Silver Quill with "The Dance", and a highly commended in the coveted Bronze Swagman with "Swampy". Chris was brilliant with the way he could capture the emotion in a story, be it a serious poem such as these three or a hilarious piece such as "How to Build a Billycart", which won him the original humorous performance in Toodyay. Chris often sought comfort in his own company as he struggled with crowds. He would only ever turn up at one of our events when he was up to it. On those occasions he was a great performer and was admired and respected by all. Chris will be sadly missed.



This is a poignant reminder to do what we can while we can. An appropriate resolution for the New Year. Wishing you all a happy New Year. I hope to see you at a poetry event soon.

Bill Gordon, President.

December's 8 line Challenge

Christmas Decorations

I have a little Christmas tree with baubles shining bright
And little stars that twinkle when turning on the light
Underneath are presents all wrapped up tight
With all the pretty paper makes a lovely sight.
Hanging from the rafters are bells all alight,
Playing Christmas carols all through the night.
A Christmas wreath hangs on the door,
and greets you with a haw, haw, haw.
And wait – there's the mistletoe with a kiss of love
on this birthday of the lord above

Grace Williams

Christmas Decorations

I know a stand of Christmas trees far from the city street,
Beside a shady waterhole; great spot to beat the heat.
With orange flowers and yellow, this bush setting is so neat,
A crown of stars shines overhead, the scene is now complete.
The Poms can keep their pine trees and Santa dressed for snow,
The holly and the mistletoe, those things just have to go.
This is an Aussie Christmas, it's summertime down here,
Nature provides our decorations; sit down and have a beer.

Bill Gordon 30/11/2023

Christmas Decorations

We had a small silver Christmas tree when I was just a kid
Upon that tree each year the family decorations slid
Until one year some disappeared while hanging on the tree
Now there were only 3 left the rest a mystery
And so we set to watch the tree behind the lounge we hid
A rustling sound we jumped right out and the cat we scared
He dropped the decoration when the floor it hit it shattered
We found the rest he made a nest, and asked our tweety bird to breakfast!

Heather Denholm

Christmas Decorations

From dusty boxes stored up high, I bring out baubles, really try
Creating scenes of festive joy with tinsel draped, the tree deploy.
Discover items from past year, reminders of who are not here.
These times are tough, small joy I feel, my strength divided, lacking zeal.
I've scrimped and saved and shopped with care to have some gifts and food to share.
Not fair this life at times for some, when Santa Clause is due to come.
Sweet faces peek around the door and spy some presents on the floor.
Their happiness my special goal, their smiles they decorate my soul.

© DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire) 21st Nov 2023

XMAS DECORATIONS

There was trouble at the North Pole, the elves were all on strike
The reindeer, feeling poorly, had told Santa to take a hike
And Mrs Clause was feeling an unseasonal hot flush
There hadn't been much snow and what there was had turned to mush
In the midst of all his problems an angel had the temerity
To ask poor Santa where he wished to stick the Christmas tree
And that is why around the world in every Christian nation
An angel atop a Christmas tree, is the ultimate decoration

G Joass 01/12/2023

PANDEMONIUM AT THE CONDOMINIUM

(MORE TROUBLE IN THE BURBS)

Straight backed, Giny Tiberen sits alone,
Quietly fuming on her twiggy throne.
'Goor goor oodle ardle wardle doodle'
Which is Magpie speech for "I really should
Do something about the damn neighbourhood."

Mr T arrives for lunch having run,
The gauntlet of some kid with a bb gun.
'Peer gor oodle peeble weedle gor goor'
They warble a bit while feeding the chick.
Little bits of worm, seed, and the odd insect.

Now the Tiberens have long memories
Of glorious swoops and the subtle tease.
Specialising in guerrilla attacks.
On cyclists and golfers and little dogs,
But this new element clogs up the cogs.

Wagtails are bullies and hang out in gangs
With no respect for the order of things.
Worse than Carnaby raiders, screeching away
Destructive; rude; no respect any day.
Ripping branches and red bottle-brush blooms.

It's a shame society has gone to pot.
The new neighbours are a terrible lot.
All this flitting about and diving there,
Creates commotion in the street. Not fair.
We need more rules!' so demands Mrs T.

To deal with all this loud '*snick snicking*'
Ambushing and unprovoked attacking.
Time for a strata management meeting.
To sort out the Wagtails once and for all.
Old Ralf Raven agreed with a '*Kaah Waw*'.

"Morning would be best so let's call the rest
Of the residents of the Pine High Nest".
Ms Dacelo Leach sent out the summons
'*Koo hoo ha ha HA HA hoo hoo hoo*'
Which any Kookaburra knows is rude.

'To order said Mrs T in the chair,
'We have to now deal with this Wagtail scare
Real estate values have fallen. Civil
Order has decayed. It's just not the same.
In the condominium since they came'.

Cynthia Clay started with a wild rant
'*Cook cuk coo coo*' as they say in pigeon.
Going off on the Corvus twin's legend
About snatching chihuahua dogs for snacks,
Leaving bones on air conditioner stacks.

The mildly demented Galahs, who mind
Their own, while chasing beetles, seeds and twine,
And when not spinning the loop in the breeze.
Made some quiet squawks about the tea trees
Up the river, where nest rents are cheaper.

Old Ralf Crow nodded off in a deep sleep
When Mr T warbled for an hour neat
About rats in the palm tree up the street.
Then someone said 'What about the Wagtails?'
Ah, the meeting was now back on the rails.

Motions were proposed, seconded and passed.
Minutes were kept. Meeting over at last.
The vote was unanimous -
Those pesky birds would have to move on out.
Ralf was appointed to enforce the rout.

Mrs T retired to her nest content,
Her civic duty to bring order spent.
Plays with a shiny new button she found
Thinking of that new cyclist on the ground
With wires sticking out of his head.

By Nick Lindsay

Ever wondered what happens in that old Norfolk pine next door?



FIFTY SEVEN KEGS

Fifty seven kegs of love I have to share with you
Been Ern's best friend he'd wish to find, faithful, loyal and true
Ten years we shared together, such precious days we bought,
Understood each other and both knew the other's thoughts.

It has been so very lonely since Ern has passed away
I spend my day around the house and lie in the doorway.
Just so I know who's coming, there's none can get past me,
I am a real watch dog but of the friendly kind you see.

But now my time is over, help me find my peace
Away from pain and heartache, I only seek release.
Be sad for just a little while then quietly let me go
Time comes for all of us and this is mine we know.

Look up and see the soft white clouds quietly drifting by,
My spirit now is free to gently float across the sky.
I have found my old master, we can take a walk once more
And while away the hours like we did in times before

Take heart, tomorrow morning the sun will rise again
To drive away your darkness and help to soothe your pain.
The birds will sing, the crickets chirp, life will begin anew
So cherish special memories of the love I had for you.

Bill Gordon 18/12/2023



XMAS CHEER

As Christmas time once more draws near
If you find that you've had too much cheer
There's no need to dread
Seeing fat men in red
It's the boys dressed in blue you should fear

Greg Joass

WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinnners 

**29th Annual
Bush Poetry
Showcase**

**Traditional and Contemporary
Performances by W.A.'s Top Bush Poets**

Plus music by
Rambling Bilbies
(Wanneroo Folk Club)

MC Meg Gordon
0404 075 108

AUSTRALIA DAY 
Friday 26 Jan 2024

Commencing at 1.00pm
Wireless Hill Park, Ardross

Bring your family and friends, a chair or blanket to sit on, sun protection, and refreshments and then sit back and enjoy the best Oz family entertainment this side of the Rabbit Proof Fence.

FREE ENTRY
DONATIONS
MUCH APPRECIATED

Proudly supported by  **City of Melville**

For more information, visit
www.wabushpoets.asn.au

BOYUP BROOK COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL BUSH POETRY PROGRAM 2024

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

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

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

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

NANNUP MUSIC FESTIVAL – 2nd and 3rd MARCH 2024

I have been asked to MC the Bush Poetry at Nannup Music Festival this year. There are 2 x 2 hour time slots, Saturday from 08:30 to 10:30am and Sunday from 08:30 to 10:30 at the Playground Stage. This stage is outside the main event area and there will be no tickets issued to enter the event area. People wishing to go into the main event area will need to purchase a ticket on line. There will also be no moneys for performers at this event.

However I have been able to secure 5 camping spots at the Nannup golf course for Friday and Saturday night. This will be on a first in gets the spots, please contact me on 0400 249 243 to reserve one of these. For those that attend there are some areas of entertainment that you can access, The Playground Stage, The Nannup Hotel, The Nannup Brewing Company and my favourite the veranda at The Bowling Club.

Cheers Alan Aitken

Bush Poets Muster Friday 1st December 2023 write courtesy of Bev Shorland

MC **Rob Gunn**, End of the year Christmas Muster, Mince pies Port and Poetry were enjoyed by all who attended.

Heather Denholm Aussie version of **'The Night Before Christmas'**

The night is hot, the air con is running, and we look forward to our Christmas barbecue lunch and the kids opening their gifts, then a dip in the pool.

John Hayes **'The Road to Dannahey's'** by John O'Brien

Dannahey draws a map in the sand showing us how to get to his place; just go right along, you can't go wrong, you'll know it by the pepper tree that grows by the door!

Grace Williamson **'Christmas'** Anon

Tells the loving thoughts that are sent with each Christmas card we write.

Peter Nettleton **'The Wiree's Song'** by John O'Brien

Recollections of a bush Christmas are triggered by the poignant call of a familiar wild bird.

Christine Boulton **'Along by Merry Christmas Time'** by Henry Lawson

The Family comes together at Christmas time, familiar family traditions are remembered and enjoyed.

Bill Gordon **'Tangmalangaloo'** by John O'Brien

The Bishop visits a country church and questions the local children about their Christian knowledge, and the importance of Christmas day.

Anne Hayes **'Jims Whip'** by Barcroft Boak

Jim's whip hangs upon the wall. Jim used to crack his whip when he was close to home in the evening. one night Jim did not return home. I miss him, but sometimes I still hear the crack of his whip.

Julian Illich **'Turbulence'** by Murray Hatin

Billy Hayes a stockman could ride anything, but he was unsure when it came to flying. One day he had to fly to a friends wedding, the plane hit some air turbulence, and Billy rode it like a true pro.

Meg Gordon **'Christmas Day'** by Peg Vickers

When all the family come together at Christmas time it can be a trying time, some don't get along, But they all come back next year.

Greg Joass **'The joy of Christmas'**

There can be more than one reason for anticipating and enjoying Christmas. In the case of one elderly gentleman it is the opportunity for two weeks alone, without his wife.

Bev. Shorland **'Lament of the Artificially Inseminated Cow'** Anon

Its no fun for a cow being artificially inseminated, when she dreams of a relationship with a bull, its just not fair when others are getting it the old fashioned way.

Daniel Avery **'Three Turns and a Gallop'** by Daniel Avery

Daniel tells of the exhilaration of barrel racing, horse and rider together racing against time around three barrels, the sharp turns the gallop, horse and rider as one.

Keith Lethbridge Keith played 'Silent night' on his mouth Organ, ..beautiful.

'Billy Goat Parade'

After mustering a mob of feral goats to the sale yards, digger had a pocket full of cash and felt like a millionaire, so went searching for a dance, smelling rather awful, and looking just as bad, he was just about to be thrown out when the billy goats having escaped followed him and caused mayhem at the dance.

Supper, Tea coffee port and mince pies... merry Christmas.

After supper Grace Williamson, Bill Gordon Deb. McQuire and Heather Denholm recited their 8 line challenge poems about Christmas Decorations.

Rob Gunn **'Vulgar Bill's Cow Pat Pickle''** by James Case
A Parody of Mulga Bill, About a chap who thought he was a great cook.

Heather Denholm "The Flying Dogma" by Keith Lethbridge
His parish, the great outback, preaching fire and brimstone, winning souls, flying from remote town and station.
Flying with him to Meekatharra was a life changing experience, swore me of the drink forever.

Daniel Avery **'My Life'** by Daniel Avery
Born with Cerebral Palsy Daniel was sent to school like 'normal' kids, got a job like 'normal' people
he rides a horse, loves hiking in the bush, wobbles a bit when he walks, and when he see s blokes leaving the pub
and wobbling along like him , he thinks who is 'normal'?

Grace Williamson **'Oh it's Christmas Eve in the Farmhouse'** by Victoria Brown
This poem tells of the frustration of the farmers wife as she tries to prepare for Christmas Day. Her husband trying
to get the harvest finished, leaving her with all the chores. But it all comes together on Christmas Day.

Julian Illich **'Black Dog Syrup'**
An amazing slimming treatment, it may work if it doesn't kill you first.

Meg Gordon **' Hello Happy Christmas'** by Peg Vickers
Nothing is new at Christmas, the decorations are the same as last year, the bon bons from Kmart, well I suppose
you are doing your best.... Happy Christmas anyway!

Greg Joass **Christmas limerick**
A warning against overindulgence in spiritous liquors during the festive season.
The spirit of Christmas
One gentleman's reflection that if people were pleasant to each other throughout the year instead of only on one
special day, then maybe Christmas would be worth celebrating.

John Hayes **'The Widow Maker'** by John Hayes
Tells the story of the gold miners who using the pneumatic drill through the quartz veins they inhaled the dust and
suffered 'miners complaint' now known as silicosis. This poem was written for John's mother who was left a widow
to raise three small children, after their father died in 1939.

Peter Nettleton **'The Smiths'** by Dryblower Murphy
In the early days of Coolgardie, there were many itinerants with assumed names. This is the story about one way
the post office attempted to sort them out.

Bill Gordon **'Saltbush Bill and the Patriarchs'** by Banjo Patterson
Saltbush Bill tells the children the stories of the old testament in his very own way.

Bill wished everyone a very Happy Christmas and closed the muster at 9.30.

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

**Next Muster: 2nd February 2024 at 7.00 pm, at the Auditorium,
Swan Care, Plantation Drive, Bentley
Ray Jackson 0419 902 116 rayjacksonperth@hotmail.com Anne Hayes Banjo Paterson's birthday
Recite a poem from Banjo during the first half of the muster.**

To Be A Bush Poet

© PEN 18/03/2023

You don't have to be a Lawson, down and out of back of Bourke
You don't have to be a Harrington, humping drum in search of work
You don't have to be a Dennis with his gang of Ginger Micks
Fighting Henry's Gory Bleeders, with their favourite weapons, bricks,
You don't have to play the Banjo, but it helps ,
To be a Bush Poet

You don't have to be a farmer, spreading muck to make things grow,
You don't have to be a shearer, getting beaten by a blow,
You don't have to be a drover on the route with plant and stock,
Or a dogger, or a fencer, or buckjumper on the clock,
You don't have to be a tosser but it helps,
To be a Bush Poet

You don't have to be a comic, cracking jokes and dodging fruit
You don't have to be an actor, swapping hats and being cute
You don't have to be a folkie, telling tales of long ago,
Or an unsung soldier, or indeed a military hero.
You don't have to be a Vet but it helps,
To be a Bush Poet

You don't have to be a banker, playing God with someone's loan,
You don't have to be a salesman, selling stuff you'll never own,
You don't have to be a sportsman, kicking goals and making runs,
Or a hunter or a shooter with a horde of fifteen guns.
You don't have to be a blower but it helps,
To be a Bush Poet

*First you need a cracking yarn, one you are conversant with
Then you find internal rhythm to give the yarn its pith
Next you need to add the rhyme, mainly using just your head,
If the critics think it's too contrived, your efforts may fall dead.*

*And so lastly, you need passion, and by that I don't mean rage,
But a love of all things Aussie, people, country, heritage -
Notwithstanding race, religion, culture, sex identity
If you haven't got it in you, then I fear you'll never be
A Bush Poet.*

COLD MEAT AND SALAD

Well, Christmas is comin', the drummers are drummin',
The candle-light singers are hoarse,
The presents need wrappin' but Dad's busy nappin'
While Mum's in the kitchen of course.
She's recipe-searchin' and every small urchin
Had better keep out of her way.
It takes inspiration and full concentration
To cook up a grand Christmas Day.

She's huffin' and puffin' with roast chook and stuffin'
To fatten up Granny and Pop,
And as for plum puddin', our Mum makes a good 'un,
With steamin' hot custard on top!
You can't stop her tacklin' the glazed pork and cracklin',
With apple sauce, spiced with cranberry.
The Christmas cake's ready for Freda and Freddy
And old Uncle Dan loves his Sherry.

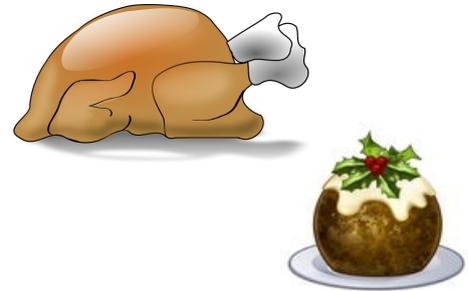
The market, on Sunday, has fresh barramundi,
And maybe a snapper or two,
With shell-fish and herrin', from West of Point Perron;
And butter-nut pumpkin to chew.
Our Mum's a clear winner for pot-roasted dinner
Of emu or rabbit or quail,
Then, from the camp oven, the kids'll be lovin'
Her dumpling and kangaroo tail.

Those cheese-omelette dishes are truly delicious,
With basil and chilli, on toast,
And, if you're a camper, she'll turn out a damper
Considerably lighter than most.
A full leg of hogget with garlic and rocket,
Then, if you're still searchin' for more,
You might try a smidgeon of casserole pigeon,
With turnip and carrots galore!

Of course there'll be turkey and salted-beef jerky
For those who were raised in the scrub,
Then trifle and jelly to fill up your belly
And fresh lemonade from the tub.
Pink ice-cream, bananas with chocolate sultanas
And everything rarin' to go.
The candles are lighted; the kids are excited
And secretly hopin' for snow.

Yes, Christmas is comin', the drummers are drummin';
We're stuck in the old Christmas rut:
Dad's snorin' and snoozin' from party night boozin'
While Mum's out there bustin' a gut.
She's achin' and shakin' from three days of bakin'
And, though she's delivered her best,
We'll close this bush ballad with *cold meat and salad* ...
It's too flamin' hot for the rest!

Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge



Muster roster for 2024 updated November 2023

Please contact Christine Boulton if you are unable to act as MC on the dates indicated

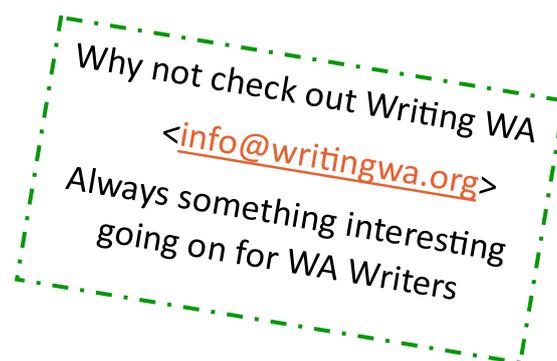
Christine - 9364 8784 or christineboulton7@bigpond.com

Date 2024	Master/mistress of ceremonies	Reader from the classics.....	Extra information
January 2024	Lorraine Broun 0411 877 551		8 line poem: Topic: I'd like to..
February	Ray Jackson 0419 902 116 rayjacksonperth@hotmail.com	Anne Hayes	Banjo Paterson's birthday Recite a poem for Banjo during the first half of the muster.
March	Bev Shorland 0438 764 897 shorland@inet.net.au	Lorraine Broun	16 line poem: The Wheels Go Around
April	Heather Denholm 0429 052 900 h.e.dehom@gmail.com		
May		Heather Denholm	
June		Ray Jackson 0419 902 116 rayjacksonperth@hotmail.com	WA poets –past and present Poets bring in your books/CDs to sell Poems for Henry Lawson's birthday (17 th June)
July	Peter Nettleton 0407 770 053 stinger@inet.net.au	Deb McQuire	
August	Christine Boulton Christineboulton7@bigpond.com 0438 995 609		
September	Robert Asplin 0448 150 757 roba58@bigpond.com		Traditional night/CJ Dennis's birthday AGM :7pm Half hour only, then normal muster
October	Anne Hayes 0428 542 418 hayseed1@optusnet.com.au		16 line challenge: This time
November			
December 2023/2024	Robert Gunn 0417 099 676 gunnpoet@hotmail.com		Christmas poems if possible..first half. Christmas cake and port. 8 line challenge: Christmas Decorations
	Stand by; Rob Gunn, Heather Denholm, Grace Williamson, Bill Gordon, Meg Gordon		

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



JANUARY 2024

19-28 January — Tamworth Country Music Festival — Frank Daniel Memorial walk-up competition and Bush Poets Breakfast at West Tamworth Bowling Club.
Longyard Bush Poets Breakfast at Longyard Hotel.
The Rhymer's Roundup at North Tamworth Bowling Club.

FEBRUARY 2024

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

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

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

APRIL 2024

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



Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2024

President	Bill Gordon	0428 651 098	billgordon1948@gmail.com
Vice President	Rodger Kohn	0419 666 168	rodgershirley@bigpond.com
Secretary	Peter “Stinger” Nettleton	0407 7700 53	stinger@iinet.net.au
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>	0404 075 108	meggordon4@bigpond.com
Bev Shorland		0487 764 897	shorland@iinet.net.au
Jem Shorland		0487 764 897	shorland@iinet.net.au
Anne Hayes		0428 542 418	hayseed1@optusnet.com.au
Don Gunn		0418 930 821	bigunnz@iinet.net.au
Maxine Richter		0429 339 002	maxine.richter@bigpond.com
Deb McQuire	- <i>Bully Tin editor</i>	0428 988 315	deb.mcquire@bigpond.com
Irene Conner	- <i>State Rep APBA</i>	0429 652 155	iconner21@wn.com.au

Regular Events

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

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

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

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

Address correspondence for the “Bully Tin” to: Bully Tin Editor, PO Box 364, Bentley 6982 or deb.mcquire@bigpond.com
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
Please notify treasurer of payment : treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au

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.