

BULLY TIN



□ **Next Muster - November 5th, 2010 7.30pm MC John Hayes
Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102.**

**November is
Melbourne Cup, Remembrance Day
(11th), "Steve Irwin Day" (15th)
Last month of Spring.
"Silly Season" starts**

In last years Melbourne Cup, there was apparently a horse called 'Thong Classic' - This prompted this poem from well known racantour and Bush Poet Merv Webster (The Grey)

BLACKLISED

Through the course of my life I've rode many strange things,
like the time on old Chainsaw out near Alice Springs
and that camel at Boulia called Topupmebeer,
but my craziest ride was November last year.

Neil McArthur had purchased Thong Classic, you see,
and he gave me the ride. I was proud as can be.
It was true that my weight was a flamin' disgrace,
but with Jenny Craig's help I'd be right for the race.

When the big day arrived I was on a great high,
till they gave me pink silks and a purple bow tie.
Still I swallowed my pride with a green and blue pill,
just to help me erase how I looked like a dill.

Then I strode on outside to the mounting yard there
and controlled my emotions by saying a prayer,
but it's hard to control the adrenalin flow
when your mongrel bred mount goes and stands on your toe.

Still my focus returned at the barrier gates
and despite the cat calls from my smart jockey mates;
When the starter cried "Racing!" what went through my mind,
was when Thong Classic jumped, would he leave me behind?

Midst the thunder of hooves and the riders' wild screams
I was jammed in the pack, but was wise to their schemes,
so I dropped back a little and let the mob pass,
but I'd prove in the straight they were up against class.

I moved up on the outside to pass Bold Eclipse
when this poncy young jockey bloke puckered his lips.
Well I kicked well away and I picked up the pace
and a divot of turf hit him smack in the face.

With the straight just ahead it was now time to move
and Thong Classic sensed too he had something to prove.
When I went for the whip the horse lengthened his stride
and I knew I was in for one hell of a ride.

From the stands the crowd screamed and were going berserk
while McArthur cried, "Ride, pinkie ride you great berk."
Then I stood in the stirrups, applying the whip,
but a length from the finish ... I felt my foot slip.

As I crashed to the ground I lay writhing in pain
when a voice from the dark cried, "You're flamin' insane!"
To my horror I saw from my back on the floor
my poor wife on the bed looking terribly sore.

She'd a cord in her mouth from my old dressing gown
and was bowed in the back lying tummy side down.
She had marks on her thigh from the welts from my belt
while the screams I had heard were from pain she had felt.

It took months to live down what took place on that night
and to stave off divorce proved a flamin' tough fight.
I'm blacklisted from races and all TABs
and I sleep with darn hobbles strapped round both me knees.

As November includes Remembrance Day, I went look-
ing for a suitable poem. There were quite a number but
most were either very long or very British— This one is
from a British lady, now living in Canada, but as we are
sharing with them, a commitment in Afghanistan, I
thought it appropriate.

A Wish

Maybe it is pointless to wish for lasting peace
For all mankind to lay down arms, For all fighting to cease

I could despair of seeing, peace throughout the land
No longer hearing talk of war, blood mixed with desert sand

We do not have the tolerance for cultures not our own
Seeds fly on an ill wind, from beds where they are sown

Hope lies in a child's heart, not yet turned to stone
A mind free of prejudice, a child not alone

If all children of the world, held each others hand
They could do what we could not; Make a Brotherhood of Man.

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**This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of
the office of Steve Irons, Federal Member for the seat of Swan**



Walking Different Tracks

2011 National Poetry Slam

As I write this, heats are underway in the 2011 National Poetry Slam—This is a “free for all” where poets are given 2 minutes to perform (or read) their original poetry. Judging is by random selection from the audience which can give some rather strange results. Placings are often on degree of controversy or current political hot potatoes rather than poetic ability. I do hope that Nationally, we do get at least a couple of finalists represent “Real Aussie Poetry” .

Thursday nights 21 Oct - 18 Nov, 7pm, at The Bakery, James St, Northbridge. Entry \$2 at the door.

The Tom Collins Poetry Prize 2010

The FAWWA's prestigious annual competition is open for entries. Seeking unpublished poems to 60 lines. First prize \$1000, Second \$400, 4 x Highly Commended \$150, 4 x Commended (certificate only). Entry fee: \$10 one poem, \$15 two, \$20 three. Deadline: December 15th. For guidelines and entry forms, go to. <http://listmail.bam.com.au/t/r//fykdjt/cfjrkr/m>

IN BRIEF



SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING

This will be held at 7.25pm immediately preceding the November Muster. There is but one topic to vote on— Change to Section 10 (Committee) of our Constitution. Details were sent out with the previous Bully Tin— If you have any issues which might delay the meeting, please ring the President ASAP so that it can be planned for and so keep any delays to a minimum.

BIONIC EAR EDNA —Continues to improve—she now has the best hearing she’s had for a long long time but has yet to try it in an environment full of people all yapping at once. We should be seeing her soon at a muster where she can, at long last actually hear the performance.

WEBSITE— So far, not much response from members about collecting “old” WA Bush poetry for our website— I’m quite sure that there are members who have books of poems from a past era. Unfortunately a lot has already been lost and I’m trying to do my bit so that we retain as much as possible. If you have any of the old poems, please send them to me (hopefully electronically) so I can get them onto the website. Likewise, if you know of any deceased Bush poets from WA, I’d like some info about them so that they do not get forgotten (I’d also like their poetry—but this may involve a copyright issue)

MEMBERSHIP / NAME TAGS

Some members have found that the clip-on plastic covers for their membership cards have lost their clips. We do have some spares, Please see the treasurer at Musters.

SICK LIST We have several members who are recovering (very slowly in some cases) from surgery. Also several members are suffering various illnesses - We wish them all as speedy and painless a recovery and convalescence as is medically possible

WHAT’S BEEN HAPPENING

ESPERANCE AG SHOW POETS BREKKY

7.30 am Saturday October 16th saw the start of the second Bush Poets Brekky at the Annual Esperance Agricultural Show.

Unlike last year, many of the audience braved the chilly wind to arrive early and get a hot steaming cup of coffee into themselves before the poetry started, so it was that we started the show with the entertainment tent almost half full. Within about 20 minutes, it was standing room only with quite a few on the grass outside the tent. For the next two and a half hours the audience laughed, cried and pondered as they listened to a wide variety of original and traditional Aussie Rhyming Verse.

Those taking part were the four seasoned performers, Victoria Brown (Esperance), Peg Vickers (Albany), Corin Linch (Jurien) and Brian Langley (Perth) , along with a couple of “readings” from Dot Langley and 7 locals, members of the Esperance Writers Group and from a writing workshop that Victoria had conducted in the region a few months back. With the interest shown at the show and by the local writers, it augers well for Bush Poetry in the Esperance Region,

Thank you Victoria for once again organising this event. It seems that Bush Poetry is well and truly alive in your world - B.L

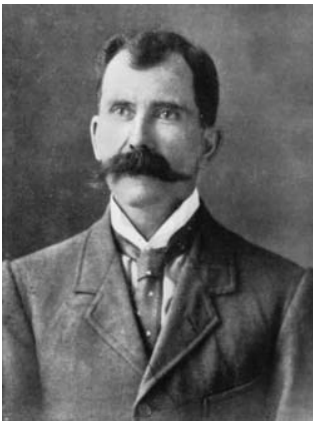
Brian, Victoria, Peg and Corin at Esperance.



We hope that Victoria continues her involvement in poetry, for she has changed direction in her interests and is now entering the political arena, in a management role.

Cont page 5

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 ★ **Poets from the past**
 ★ While largely unsung, in past times WA produced several poets whose work stands
 ★ up along with the more well known “greats” of eastern parts. One of these poets
 ★ was
 ★ **John Philip (Bluebush) Bourke, Born: 5 August 1860 Nundle NSW,**
 ★
 ★ Bourke was the son of William David Bourke, butcher, and his wife Jane, *née* Shep-
 ★ herd. After a primary education, he became a prospector with his father. At 17
 ★ years of age, he saw his future in the academic world and sold his moderately suc-
 ★ cessful claim for £600. (a quite tidy sum in those times)
 ★
 ★ He then became a school teacher in September 1882 and occasionally contributed
 ★ verse to *The Bulletin*. He retired from the education department in 1887 after being
 ★ found drunk by a school inspector.
 ★
 ★ In 1894 he went to the recently discovered goldfields in Western Australia, again
 ★ took up the prospectors lifestyle moving around the various recently discovered goldfields he was at times
 ★ quite successful but was not a very astute businessman, making, and losing several considerable sums of
 ★ money.
 ★
 ★ About the turn of the 20th century Bourke took up journalism and was a regular contributor to the *Kalgoorlie*
 ★ *Sun*. He was a writer of vigorous prose and verse which gave him a local reputation, but he was comparatively
 ★ little known away from the gold-mining towns.
 ★
 ★ He visited the eastern states of Australia for medical advice and to seek a publisher for his books in 1913.
 ★ He died on 13 January 1914 at Boulder. A selection from his verse, *Off the Bluebush*, edited by A. G. Ste-
 ★ phens, was published in Sydney in 1915.
 ★
 ★ 'Bluebush' Bourke was a popular poet, one of the leading poets of the goldfields along with E. B. (Dryblower)
 ★ Murphy. In his own phrase they were "singers standing on the outer rim, who touch the fringe of poetry at
 ★ times". While Murphy wrote more and had the larger audience, Bourke was the more lyrical and more often
 ★ did succeed in touching the fringe of poetry.
 ★ Bourke's own estimation of his talent was modest:
 ★
 ★ You can go to our website www.wabushpoets.com, click on “WA Poets from the past” , navigate to his page and
 ★ read 71 of his poems, two of which, representing differences in his styles are presented below
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THE MAN WHO CAN TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT ALONE

“Now you see,” said my friend, as we breasted a bar,
 And he mentioned to Posy, “A go Three Star” -
 “Now, you see, I am built on a different plan,
 And avoid all extremes, like a moderate man -
 But you! you can never touch liquor at all
 Without kicking prudence right over the wall.”

“You’ve a bad moral balance, a weakness somewhere,
 A mental deficiency under your hair
 And large woolly rats get into your ‘think’
 The moment you open your gills for a drink -
 Why not be like me, have a will of your own,
 And the firmness to take it or leave it alone.”

So we filled them again, and again, and some more
 While he started to probe the thing into the core;
 Oh, he analysed drunkenness, torso and limb,
 Till his phrases grew thick and his vision got dim,
 And he fully, but mildly condemned as ‘a muff’
 Any chap who said ‘Yes’ when he’d lowered enough

“W’y the dickens,” he groaned and deplored, “cansh yer be
 A (hic) moderate, shensible drinker like me?
 For” - he said as he sank to the floor with a groan -
 “I’m a mansh (hic) who can take it, or leave it alone.”

STAR GAZING

I camped last night in a desert grey,
 ‘Neath the eyes of a million stars,
 For they all had come in their vestments gay,
 Like a laughing host in the wake of day,
 To the shrine of the midnight bars.

And satyrs slid on the glinting spars
 Of light through the halls of space
 And Venus served from the vintage jars
 And a blossom shone on the nose of Mars
 And a smile on the old Moon’s face

My castle’s roof was the spangled sky
 And its carpet of sea green moss;
 And its walls were curtained with tapestry,
 And the face of her I had kissed goodbye
 Was enshrined in the Southern Cross.

As I gazed, the stars kept clustering,
 And closer and closer crept,
 Until I and they, we were all a-swing,
 When an owl flew down on a drowsy wing
 And we blew out the lightand slept.

(Mainly) Aussie — November History

| | | |
|------|------|------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 5th | 1605 | Guy Fawkes attempts to blow up the English parliament |
| | 1935 | Monopoly game first released |
| 6th | 1999 | Australia votes NO to becoming a Republic |
| 7th | 1861 | First Melbourne Cup—won by Archer |
| 9th | 1989 | Berlin Wall opened after 28 years |
| | 1960 | JFK—youngest president of USA elected |
| 11th | 1880 | Ned Kelly Hanged |
| | 1918 | WWI Ends—Remembrance Day |
| | 1975 | Sir John Kerr dismisses Labor Gov |
| 12th | 1894 | First flight in a heavier than air device (L Hargreaves—kite assembly) |
| 16th | 1920 | QANTAS airline founded |
| 19th | 1946 | Slim Dusty records his first song |
| 22nd | 1952 | Lang Hancock discovers Iron ore deposits |
| | 1963 | USA Pres. JFK assassinated |
| 23rd | 1923 | Australia's first public wireless broadcast |
| | 1963 | TV series "Doctor Who" commences |
| 24th | 1642 | Abel Tasman discovers Van Diemen's Land |
| 26th | 1855 | Van Diemen's land renamed Tasmania |
| 28th | 1932 | Dog on the Tuckerbox statue unveiled |
| 29th | 1970 | Tourist precinct, "Sovereign Hill" in Ballarat opened |
| 30th | 1854 | Peter Lalor elected to lead Ballarat miners revolt |

And from one of our T'othersider members, Coleen O'Grady comes :



The curious quarters had Warrawagine Station (WA) owners and myself just wondering what they had previously been used for before the chooks took over. A diligent search of the

station books didn't reveal any clues. The floors are jarrah so someone had spent some time on this wee home.

CURIOUS QUARTERS

On a station way out West,
Is a sight that we love best.

Two roomed house with separate doors,
Half-moon roof and wooden floors

Small verandah attached fast.
"Who lived here?" might we ask.

Nobody knows. Maybe the cooks?
But now it just houses the chooks.

WHATS ON—cont from page 3

And from Irene Conner up in Jurien comes:

On 10th October, I was invited to recite some poetry at the volunteers breakfast in Cervantes. This is a bi-annual breakfast put on by the CWA women as a thank you to the volunteers that put in so much effort in their community.

I enlisted the assistance of local woman, Lynda Jones, who, though her first love is classic English poetry, also reads poetry by Carol Heuchan.

It was a lovely, relaxed atmosphere, and the poetry, delivered at intervals throughout the breakfast, was very well received

The following Saturday, I was invited to recite a few poems at a sausage sizzle in Dobbyn Park hosted by the ICAN (Inspirational Arts Community Network) in Jurien Bay. One of their representatives, Andrea Gray, had recently attended a national regional arts conference in Tasmania, and, at that conference, had been one of the participants invited to deliver a short presentation that encompassed something in their community. Andrea, who is a photographer, and I collaborated on a presentation whereby I wrote a haiku style verse for each of her photographs which were superimposed over the photos in a banner, and were also presented in a power point demonstration. This was a very interesting experience for me, given that my style is bush poetry, but Andrea tells me she had very good feedback from her presentation. Andrea spoke about the conference, and displayed her banner at the sausage sizzle, and we followed it with a couple of my usual poems.

Thanks Irene, It seems that Poetry, in all its forms is also well and truly alive up on the Central West Coast, it's great to have people with your enthusiasm and talents spreading the word about "our" style of verse.

DO YOU WANT TO JOIN THE STARS?

Intro of E-mail received from Frances Moylen, Channel 7, Perth — I will pass on the full e-mail to anyone interested, please contact me if you haven't received the e-mail yet—BL

We have been asked by **Network 7** and **Fremantle Media** to help find a new batch of talented and motivated performers to audition for the next round of **Australia's Got Talent**. In this series, Australia's Got Talent is searching far and wide for the right performers to make this series the best. So for the first time they are going **regional** so as to make sure that no-one is missed.

I'd like any interested bush poets to audition for **Australia's Got Talent**. This year the producers are really pushing for never been seen before acts, and like we all know Poetry can never have too much publicity to make the public understand the power of the spoken word.

Auditions are Nov 21 Perth, Nov 23 Bunbury or on DVD
Frances Moylen

October Muster Wrap up , by Dot Langley

Dot Note *I wasn't going to be here tonight and up until 3.00pm it didn't look like I was going to make it at all. I had had my knee re bent the day before and I was in considerable pain and unable to walk well. Then I started to feel a little bit better and thought that I would be able to make it. So if there are any errors and misses I apologise to the poets and presenters as the pain started to rule my pen.*

Our MC for the night **Loralie Tacoma** started proceedings with **Terry Piggot** with his own "The Note of the Bush" (I think, sorry Terry if I've got it wrong) *I know that Terry had been learning his two poems and felt that maybe tonight it would be a good time to test his memory skills and we would be forgiving if he resorted to reading.*

A little weary from the miles he had walked he stopped to share some time with another bushman. He was a quietly spoken chap about 70 years old and he told of the reef of gold that he had sought leaving his wife and son behind. It was many months before he returned. The emotion was strong as he told his story while the breeze blew softly through and gently lifted the sand.

John Hayes has been writing again and this one was about his great grandfather, an Irishman who comes from County Cork and travelled 12,000 miles across the waves to a new colony with his wife and three children. From the yoke of tyranny to the gold that drew them they forged our constitution of our federation and their names are carved in stone because they bought us peace and prosperity.

Kerry Bowe was our reader of the classics and whilst we usually have this segment after supper it was a delightful change to have it early. She presented one of Will Ogilvie "My Hat". She performed it extremely well and with very little help from her notes.

Though the narrator had worn many hats in his life, some expensive, some not so, but his favourite and the one that he wore almost all of the time was his battered old bush hat, for it was this hat that has kept out the sun and rain, swatted flies, given water to his dog and been used to protect his hands against barbed wire. What more could a man want in a hat.

Wally Williamson has a lovely singing voice and with his "Dying Stockman". This is an old traditional song (words by Horace Flower, pub Portland Mirror 1885) that over the years has been modified to include dying stockmen, swagmen, bagmen, cowboys, sailors, harlots and almost every other calling. This Australian version, sings about this strapping young stockman who lay dying asking his mates to wrap him up in his stock whip and blanket and bury him deeply. The dingoes and crows won't get him as he lies where the soft winds are whispering low.

With Jeff Bebb's "The Rain Gauge Man" **Barry Higgins** told of the bloke learning how to take the measurements for the amount of rain that fell each day. The recording of these measurements was to be done at the exact time each day otherwise they would not be accurate. Well he had an apology to make and was seeking forgiveness. His partner had given him the hint that a longer time spent in bed on this morning would be nice. So he unfortunately had read the gauge and hour later than usual.

With "The Stockman's Tale" by Anon **Grace Williamson** gave a performance with passion and enthusiasm. When the stockmen are relaxing and the grog is passed around Ned declines to drink. He explains that his only brother Ben would not drink but one time he had been persuaded to have a drink. Well one led to another and soon he was roaring drunk. When Ben, mad and wild with drink rode his horse calling the others to follow, his horse took fright and dashed into the trees. The horse reared and flung Ben against a tree. As the dawn revealed that Ben was dead, how was Ned to tell their mother, so this is now why he never drinks!

Dave Smith comes from a big family but with his own "A Sister Called Cath", he told of this annoying sister always hanging around him. When it came time to get some firewood she asked to drive the truck. The truck has to be maneuvered past the clothes line to get to the wood pile.. But with lots of shouting and yelling the truck caught up the clothes line and with a twang it fell onto the ground covered in sheets and underwear. Dave of course got the blame.

Ron Ingham gave us a poem from the past written in Port Moresby in 1942 simply called "On Guard". There is a golden moon sinking low and as its Christmas Day he has to keep walking around this stinking place. His thoughts turn to his girl friend and he wonders if she is thinking of him,. Oh Well at least his Mother will miss him anyway.

Frank Heffernan has two new poems, his first was a passionate call about our Wheatbelt farmers and the very dire straights that they are in. They have faced drought, floods, fires and low prices and many were banking on a good season this year but for many it will be their driest winter on record. "we'll all be ruined said Hannrahan" And maybe he was right.

For his second "A Woman is our New PM" he related that this is a new era in Australian politics where for the first time ever a woman has held the highest office in the land. Fifty years ago this couldn't have happened but today we also have a Queen and Lady Governor General and a black man in the white house. Just thank the Lord that God is still a bloke! (*You forgot Mother Nature the greatest woman of them all – Frank*)

Keith Lethbridge (Cobber) is always willing to try anything new but in his "Flying Dogma" he felt that he had chosen very unwisely to go flying with the local Priest. The priest shouted the gospel to everyone who would listen while Cobber kept his eyes completely closed as they looped the loop and went into a spin flying higher than heaven itself, then while flying upside down the priest handed over the controls to him. Fortunately the Priest woke up and landed the plane safely. Cobber has definitely given up the drink now.

As it was Brians 70th Birthday in a couple of days time I had arranged some special cakes for supper so we all sang

Happy Birthday to him. As I was in the kitchen washing up the saucers and forks (my thanks to John Turnball, Mary Heffernan and Noreen Boyd for helping out with the cleaning up) I missed the beginning of the second half. **Terry Piggot** gave us his second poem "The Intergeneration Poem" but I don't have any words to fill in and tell you all about it. Sorry (*This is my second apology to you Terry but it is not pick on you time and I do sincerely regret that other duties kept me away*)

With his "Pre Cooked Dinners" **Brian Langley** told of this geezer who when he goes shopping, sees all the different packages of pre cooked food that he can choose from. If they are on special he can stock up on them too. So for this once quite useless person when it comes to cooking dinner, he just chooses from the freezer and pops it in the micro wave oven.

With "Common Sense" **John Hayes** told of this most valuable feeling in that if you have a problem you can nearly always solve it with a whiff of common sense. Common sense offers many options when bringing problems to an end. It can also be our friend as we listen to its wisdom. It can also bring unhappiness and can create a lot of strife, but don't blame others when the fault is all your own. It is experience that you have gained and the knowledge of how to use your Common Sense.

Graham Hedley using some of the words of Frank Sinatra's "I Did It My Way" has very cleverly told us of his trouble is writing Bush Poetry. So he tries to follow all the rules and gets stuck with the strange conventions of getting rhyme and rhythm correct. He writes it down but sometimes the words wont come and the lines wont flow, he crosses it out and tries to get five beats per line but that still doesn't work. SO he is going to do it His Way.

Wally Williamson had a lovely story about the birds in his garden. They are nesting and the unusual place that they have chosen build their nest allows Wally to keep an eye on the nest and the parents. The chicks have now hatched and the parents are overworked feeding the babies.

Welcome! - long time no see (its almost 12 months since we have had the great pleasure of Arthurs company) **Arthur Leggett** was asked if he would like to give us some of his poetry. The First Grasshopper of Spring" tells of this plop of sound as he is cleaning out his pool. The grasshopper is trying not to drown and asks 'hey mate aren't you going to rescue me?' Arthur helps him out and as he puts him down on the edge of the path he squashes him!! "Die you B@#\$%R Die!!!!

With his second, "Salt Bush Bill" he told of the ½ mile track that the drovers must keep to when they are moving sheep. Although supposed to travel six miles a day, the drovers try and stop longer where the grass is sweeter while the Squatters try and hurry them along. The Jackaroo tried to get Saltbush Bill to move the flock, but Bill wasn't having any of that, so a fight developed—it went on and on, Bill finally capitulating after he'd been given the nod that the sheep were all mixed in with the squatters flock. All in all, a great day when he lost the fight.

Barry Higgins and Kerry Bowe are up to their duets tricks again. With one of Syd Hopkinsons "Dennis" they told of the lad that no one loved as he was the terror of the town. One day a cyclone swept down and flooded the Gascoyne. Dennis was seen swimming in the river. When asked if he was OK, he replied that he was now that he'd escaped from the bag he'd been tied in.

Grace Williamson then gave us Banjo's "Lost" which tells of the mother looking for her son who ought to be home now. The boy had insisted on riding the reckless filly and he would have his willful way. Although they searched everywhere they never found the lad because the ranges guard their secrets well. The mother pined and each day she rode out looking for her son until one day she didn't come back. They found her lying dead and stamped on her features was the angles smile of gladness, she had found her boy as last.

"A Mountain Station" by Banjo was presented by **Dave Smith** and told of the station on the Upper Murrumbidgee. This is a humorous but serious look at farming out on the marginal country. They stock decrease by tumbling off the hills or being eaten by dingoes or the neighbours and the river floods for no apparent reason and sweep the remaining stock away. And so it is I'm advertising— "For Sale! A Mountain Station:"

With another of Banjo's "The Boss of the Admiral Lynch", **Ron Ingam** told of the insurrection that took place in Chile. Now such revolutions can happen two or three times a year and it isn't a real battle with the one defeated handing over his sword to another who takes it and everyone is very polite. But this time things were different— real fighting took place with the gunship "The Admiral Lynch" taking on the revolutionaries and winning the day for the incumbent.

Keith Lethbridge finished the evening. With his mouth organ playing the plaintive tune of Danny Boy, he told of the night spent camping near a sandstone hill. With his green hikers tent and a tin of sardines it was the end of a perfect day. He started out with some more tunes that he knew, then he heard a voice asking to play it again. Just keep up playing it, the ghostly voice said or you will end up in the devils lair. That ghostly whisper kept asking and asking as I begged to set me free but I still keep playing as he asks for me to play it again. - A real ghost story to send us home while the shivers run up our spines.

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2010—2011

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Upcoming Events

Please let the editor know if you are aware of any event which might be of interest to the gen-

| | | | |
|--------|-------------------|---------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Nov 5 | WABP&YS Muster | Auditorium, Bentley Park | Theme—Animals - preceded by a very short Special General Meeting |
| Nov 13 | Bush Poets Brekky | Albany Show - Peter 9844 6606 | poetblyth@oceanbroadband.net |
| Nov 21 | Poets in the Park | Joondalup Neil Hawkins Park (lakeside, end of Boas Ave) | 2pm |
| Dec 3 | WABP&YS Muster | Auditorium, Bentley Park | “Pies Port & Poets” Free supper Giant Raffle |

Next Year

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|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| Jan 7 | WABP&YS Muster | Auditorium, Bentley Park | (Topic / specialty not yet decided) |
| Jan 26 | Bush Poetry Showcase | Wireless Hill, Ardross | 1-5pm |
| Feb 4 | WABP&YS Muster | Auditorium, Bentley Park | |
| Feb 17—20 SEE YOU AT BOYUP BROOK - INCLUDES OPEN CATEGORIES OF STATE PERFORMANCE CHAMPIONSHIPS | | | |
| Entries Close Jan 31 Entry forms soon on the website or from Irene PO Box 584 Jurien 0429 652 155 iconner21@wn.com.au | | | |
| Mar 4 | WABP&YS Muster | Auditorium, Bentley Park | |
| Mar 18 | Melville Movies | We have a gig preceding the evening movie— more details later | |
| May 4 | Poets in the Park | Kalamunda | Stirk Park 2pm (part of Kalamunda Autumn Festival) |

Regular events - Albany Bush Poetry group 4th Tuesday of each month Peter 9844 6606

Do YOU have any poetic events which need to go in this space? Or for that matter anywhere within this newsletter — it is YOUR newsletter, I would like to see more direct contributions from members and friends.

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| Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed - | Don't forget our website www.wabushpoets.com |
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**Country Poets -Is there anything poetic going on in your neck of the woods.
If so, why not drop us a line and tell us about it**

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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 our website www.wabushpoets.com Go to the “Performance Poets” page Members' Poetic Products | Victoria Brown CD Peter Blyth CDs, books Rusty Christensen CDs Brian Gale CD & books John Hayes CDs & books Tim Heffernan book Brian Langley books, CD & laminated poems Arthur Leggett books, inc autobiography | Keith Lethbridge books Corin Linch books Val Read books Caroline Sambridge book Peg Vickers books “Terry & Jenny” Music CDs |
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