

The Bully Tin

January 2006



& Yarn Spinners

Monthly Muster at the Como Bowling & Recreation Club cnr Hensman & Sandgate Sts, South Perth
Next meeting: Friday 6th January, 2006 at 7.00pm for 7.30pm start.
www.wabushpoets.com



Australia Day

I Am Australian



I came from the dream time, from the dusty red soil plains
I am the ancient heart— the keeper of the flame.
I stood upon the rocky shore. I watched the tall ships
come.
For forty thousand years I'd been the first Australian.

I came upon the prison ship bound down by iron chains.
I cleared the land, endured the lash and waited for the
rains.
I'm a settler, I'm a farmer's wife on a dry and barren run.
A convict and a freeman, I became Australian.

I'm the daughter of a digger who sought the mother lode.
The girl became a woman on the long and dusty road.
I'm a child of the depression. I saw the good times come.
I'm a bushy, I'm a battler, I am Australian.

I'm a teller of stories, I'm a singer of songs.
I am Albert Namatjira and I paint the ghostly gums.
I am Clancy on his horse, I'm Ned Kelly on the run.
I'm the one who waltzed Matilda. I am Australian.

I'm the hot wind from the desert. I'm the black soil of the
plains.

I'm the mountains and the valleys. I'm the drought and
flooding rains.

I am the rock, I am the sky, the rivers when they run,
The spirit of this great land. I am Australian.



*We are one but we are many and from all the lands
on earth we come.*

*We share a dream and sing with one voice -
I am, you are, we are AUSTRALIAN!*



Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"



Hello Folks.

I do trust that you had an enjoyable festive season, caught up with family and friends. As Henry Lawson wrote in his ' Along about Merry Xmas time ' [quote] ' For no one knows where one might be, next Merry Christmas time' [unquote].No doubt you are looking forward eagerly to 2006 and what it may bring. As with most things in this fast forward world of ours, change is inevitable, and Bush Poetry can be no exception, albeit with small adjustments.

One small adjustment, will be at Wireless Hill on Australia Day, We are currently talking to our member thespian [no, not that] Peter 'Stinger' Nettleton, about some slight variations to the programme, in the form of some truly Australian music. Nothing has been decided at time of going to print and I can assure you that there will not be drastic changes, just a small upgrade. You can be confident when spreading the joyful news to your friends that 'Yes', the show is on, better and brighter than ever.

You may be wondering why I referred to Stinger as a thespian. As I understand, a thespian, is an actor or a person of the theatre. About a month back, in company with some friends, we had the pleasure of seeing him in the leading role in a production ' Death by Chocolate '. He gave a polished professional performance and I am certain he will apply the same professionalism to producing our Australia Day cavalcade of bush verse and music. Take it from me, Peter has the credentials to do a top job.

Appearing on the radar screen is the projected visit by US. cowboy poet, Dick Warwick, in early March, we have been waiting for official ratification - reads, money for air fare. It is anticipated that Dick's first appearance will be at the March muster [5th.]. He is a top entertainer, so, put it in your diary and tell your friends, not to miss him.

The latest issue of the ABPA. magazine tells of another change, this time at the top. Long serving President, Frank Daniel has signified that he will not be nominating for the job this year and has nominated instead, Noel Stallard from Qld. for the job. I have met and spoken with Noel and am confident he will do a good job with the same enthusiasm and passion exhibited by Frank over the years he has been both Pres. and Editor. On behalf of all members of the W A Bush Poets, a big ' Thank You' Frank and 'The very best of luck' to Noel.

Time to go. Appreciate your support through 2005 and look forward to sharing some enjoyable Bush Poetry time with you in 2006. A happy and healthy New Year to you and yours.

The Boss Cocky. Rusty C.

Wireless Hill
26th Jan 06

Enquiries?
Call a committee member
Details to be finalised

1.00-4.00pm
Treat yourself & your friends
to a great afternoon of
Bush Poetry.

Letters to the Editor



Dear Editor

Here I am again, trying very hard to explain that poetry, written for WRITTEN COMPETITIONS must be absolutely spot on and if we don't teach our budding and junior writers how to achieve, or aim for, top marks, then their work will never be the shining 'diamond' it should be.

There are set rules for written competitions and they must be abided by, not only by the authors but the judges as well-

- Choice of material
- Spelling and grammar
- Rhyme (consistent)
- Rhythm and flow
- Presentation & format
- Coherence & consistency
- Clarity of meaning
- Phrasing & punctuation
- Timing
- Tone
- Originality & appeal
- Descriptiveness/ storyline

I am not decrying the winning poems, and stated in my letter they're great poems, but the rule advocated by the Eastern States' poet has been too literally followed. There is a great difference between recited poetry and written poetry. Reciters can easily skip over a 'bumpy' line, but once the poem is in print, the glaring error cannot be removed. If entering a written competition it is essential—and expected—that entrants should be pragmatic about punctuation, rhyme and rhythm.

Every poem judged in a written competition should be judged on the above points, not on the emotional aspect, (as is done in prestigious Eastern States Competitions), and the winner is, of course, the person with the highest points out of a hundred. Very few judges would accept poems written under the loose guidelines that were suggested.

We are doing our writers a great disservice by encouraging them to ignore the set rules and guidelines. If poems are not presented to written competitions in a professional manner, the authors could become disillusioned by the critiques of professional judges and their work could be lost forever. Some judges don't mince matters, I can tell you, and this could be very daunting to an aspiring writer.

The poetry we write for our own enjoyment and satisfaction is, of course, an entirely different matter. These poems, written 'with a thumbnail dipped in tar' preserve our history, culture and Aussie way of life and are not to be scorned for lack of finesse. These poems shine in oration and are valuable to our archives, but WRITTEN COMPETITIONS demand so much more, and this should be encouraged.

V P Read

Sub note: I am absolutely mystified as to why "Dreaming of Meg" which came second in the WABP written competition wasn't put into November/ December 'The Bully Tin' or the second Junior winner's, while the poem (?) 'It's Not Over Yet' was. It's not even good old Aussie Bush Poetry. Yike! That hurts.

Valerie

'Dreaming of Meg' finally appears on page 6

Dear Val

It would appear I have upset you and most of it seems to be through misunderstanding and misinterpretation.

In reply to the footnote I have been very keen to print 'Dreaming of Meg' as it is a beautiful poem but I have been extremely busy with work and life in general since the Championships and have worked on the Bully Tin in the evenings. I would not print a poem without the writer's permission and when I was working on it, it was too late to ring you.

I did not print the second junior poem as she did not compete in the original section.

As I tried to explain I only printed 'It's Not Over Yet' as an example of a poem being entertaining without being technically correct. As for it not being Australian Bush Poetry, my understanding here is that as long as the poem is written about the Australian way of life, rural or urban, and adheres to the format of rhythm and rhyme it qualifies. There were many poems written by the old masters about the cities and towns and the people and feelings. Bush Poetry would become very stereotypical if we could only write about the bush as few of us live that life now. My poem "The Mammogram" was the national ladies 'Winner of Original Verse 2003' at National Championships.

In reply to the main body of your letter I am by no means a bush poetry expert but I am also not completely lacking in knowledge. The 'rules' you listed are commonsense and were definitely employed when selecting the finalists. It was then that I reverted to the emotional side. Surely the aim of a poem (a book, a painting, a musical piece) is to entertain. It is a work of art and an expression of the creator. I have heard music played technically correct but lifeless, and I have heard it played with great emotion and errors eg David Helfgott and the latter was the more entertaining.

As I mentioned previously I took on the job of judging the written competition as there was no one else offering to under take it. I did this because I felt strongly that poetry writers should be supported and have their chance to compete. Perhaps, in retrospect, it would have been better to cancel the written competition until judges of sufficient calibre could be found? It would have been helpful if your advice had been forwarded prior to the judging but I doubt if it would have altered the outcome. As you are probably the most experienced poet in WA re written competition and are keen to promote the correct presentation of a written poem perhaps you might consider taking on the role of judge this year?

In closing, I undertook the job of judging very seriously and spent many hours on the poems submitted. Every entrant deserved to have their poem treated with respect and to be given all due consideration. Once I had selected the final poems I spent a week going over and over them before making my final decision. Even then I wasn't sure as they were all such good poems. And any of them were worthy of winning.

Thank you again for your input. The only way the club can grow is if members share their opinions and knowledge.

Kerry

Dear Members

It was wonderful to receive letters this Christmas from two of our members, Thelma Claydon and Lesley Coppin. Both have struggled with serious health issues over the past few years and both are now returning to good health.

Thelma does not attend the Musters as she lives in Geraldton but is blessed with a quirky sense of humour and has produced several books of poetry.

Lesley and Graham attend the Musters whenever time and health allows and are enthusiastic supporters of bush poetry.

I will not reproduce their letters but, on behalf of the WABP&YS Assoc (and from Rod and me personally) we wish you both a healthy, happy 2006.

Kerry

December Monthly Muster



Here goes!

Lorelie, the MC for the night, began with one of her jokes about a naked Irishman run over by a train, but you should have been there!

The first up for the night was Brian Langley who told of "The Tale of Arthur's Ute" which he said "the second half is true" but went on to tell of the ute that became known as Arthur's car.

Barry Higgins started with a story about Industrial Relations which was very topical and then went on to tell of the "Pigs" which flew overhead after a lot of great goings on.

A yarn, told by Bob Chambers, told of women in Tasmania during the war. He said that "she was a waste of space, couldn't boil water" but when her body was found at the end of the jetty "go ya' halves in the body and we'll re-set the bait".

It was a rather sad tale told by Grace Williamson, one of Grandma's poems written down as she said it, "Waifs of London's Slums" and told in the way only Grace can do.

Bob Phillpott had read of a cockroach and let the news flash go about the cockroach which blew up the Taiwanese Restaurant.

After telling us what an outstanding breaky it had been down at the Albany Show, the football season may be over for many but it is certainly not forgotten by some. "Infectious Plebiscitis", by Wayne Pantall told us his view about football.

It was good to see and hear David Sears, out of hospital after back problems. He told of "The NorWest Barber" a story of a not so particularly good shearer.

Bob Rummery gave us something different. Many of the Lawson & Paterson poems have been put to music. so, with the help of his concertina, "The Shearers Dream" and "The Shearers". two of Lawson's poems, were presented to us in a most enjoyable manner.

Starting off with "my wife says that I never listen to her, or least that's what I think she said". President Rusty gave us "In The Drovers Days", the much loved poem of Paterson.

Margaret Taylor gave us one of her own about "Down the Chimney" before going to the piano to play some Australian Christmas Carols while we took a break and enjoyed some port with the delectable goodies to be eaten.

After all the prizes from the Raffle were drawn, (and not won by many!), Roy Browning had to write a report on scholars of today, and Trish Joyce gave one of her poems, short and very funny.

Rosemary Sharland had written one on "Ageless Youth", put together for her friend Trish.

It had nothing to do with a warship but he told a warship joke, Barry Higgins added his bit about the Albany Show and it being a great one and not to miss it next years, he went on to tell a Syd Hopkinson poem "Christmas Cocktails".

Bob Rummery then presented two more of his diversions with "Outside Track" and "Freedom of the Wallaby".

There was a welcome back to David Sears, one time singer for the Wanneroo Civic Choir, with "Was the night before Christmas.....", only it wasn't sung!

Bob Phillpott spoke on the "Changing Face of Christmas" with a series of just how Christmas has changed over the years.

Rusty Christensen finished off the night by telling all to remember Australia Day as usual, the Cowboy Poet that we hope to bring to Australia in March and then reciting Henry Lawson's "Along by Merry Christmas Time", a fitting end to an enjoyable evening.

Okay, that's it! As before, please leave out anything that you don't think fits the bill or, if I have made a mistake, fix it if you can!

Please, have a great Christmas and a happy New Year.

Way out back of Perth!

Christmas at Diggers Camp this year was an eclectic of the old and new. Events leading up to Christmas returned us, in some ways, back to the pioneering days. First our leaking water tank. To conserve our precious, meagre supply of fresh water we moved the washing machine out to the shed and hitched it up to the tank containing treated bore water. Okay, the pioneers didn't have automatic washing machines but I soon found myself scrubbing away at the laundry tub when, eager to wallow in the domestic bliss of washing, I did not allow the treatment sufficient time to clear the bore water. In went the *whites* and out came the *browns*!

Then, the day before Christmas the compressor blew up in the fridge, just two weeks after the warranty expired! Naturally we had Buckley's chance of finding a mechanic keen to race to the rescue. All phones were now on message bank. So the chooks and dogs dined on an early Christmas dinner of thawed fish and meat and I got to do that major cleanout of the fridge I'd been putting off for months, never envisioning I would do it in the middle of Christmas dinner preparations! Luckily there is an old fridge in the shed but running from shed to house and house to shed soon started to drain my Christmas spirit. So we turned the freezer section into an ice box to store a few essentials. I was grateful for the mild weather!

However, these were only minor set backs and not worth destroying what was a fantastic Christmas. With four little grandchildren we had plenty of opportunity to reflect on our *blessings*! First a full family gathering at Church. Now, whose bright idea was it not to put the kids into crèche? I'm sure there was a very good sermon but entertaining and supervising the brood left little time for concentration and quiet reflection, but plenty of time for laughs and a few embarrassing moments. But kids give Christmas a special joy, especially round the Christmas tree eagerly unwrapping presents, playing together and actually sharing toys. An exhausting, chaotic, wonderful day! It could only get better—right? Wrong!

Our Boxing Day tradition is to catch up with relatives and friends at Mandurah. This year the grand plan was for Rod and David to sail his boat down to the Mandurah marina and for Di and me to drive down with little Ollie and for all to meet there for lunch. But, as they say, the best laid plans of mice and men..... The boys left home at 4.30am and returned at 10.00am after sailing out to Karnac Island and back. A howling SE destroyed any hopes of a pleasant sail or of arriving in time for lunch.

So we all piled into the car, leaving home at 11.00am and returning at 1.00pm without ever reaching our expected destination. The traffic was horrific (should have taken the back roads as Dave suggested). By 12.00 we had only just made it to Mandurah Road so pulled out into a side street, drove round for the next hour unsuccessfully trying to find somewhere open for lunch before heading back to Diggers Camp to dine on left overs.

But the following days proved there really is a Santa when the compressor in the fridge was replaced still under warranty and we finally had our Boxing Day get together two days late. Life will always have it's bumpy bits and I am sure 2006 will be no exception. My wish to you all is for the road ahead to be long and smooth and for all the bumpy bits to have detours. Happy New Year!

Kerry

PS. Maybe this year we should all make an effort to learn the 2nd verse of our National Anthem -



Australia's sons, let us rejoice
For we are young and free,
We've golden soil and wealth for toil,
Our home is girt by sea.
Our land abounds in nature's gifts
Of beauty rich and rare,
In history's page let every stage
Advance Australia Fair.
In joyful strains then let us sing -
Advance Australia Fair!

Advance Australia Fair

Beneath our radiant Southern Cross
We'll toil with hearts and hands,
To make our youthful Commonwealth
Renowned of all the lands;
For loyal sons beyond the seas
We've boundless plains to share,
With courage let us all combine
To Advance Australia Fair.
In joyful strains then let us sing -
Advance Australia Fair!

Member's Contributions

Dreaming of Meg

At night, in cool of evening, I sit by the windowsill,
the countryside turns golden as the shining moonbeams spill
on weeping leschenaultia my wife planted years ago,
I'm thinking how I miss her, and of how I love her so.
And then I see a shadow standing near the pepper tree,
and hear a sweet voice calling, like my Meggy called to me.

Her horse begins to snicker, and her faithful dog stands up,
she brought that horse into the world, had Blackie as a pup.
When I smell her lovely perfume drifting on the balmy air,
I'm absolutely certain that my darling wife is there.
She'll kneel beside the gravestone where we buried little Dan,
and croon a mother's lullaby to soothe her little man.

Sweet memories overcome me; I weep tears of grateful joy,
again my loves are with me, my dear wife and baby boy.
The stars shine high above me, and I hear a night bird's trill,
a lonely dingo howling from that yonder rocky hill.
From bushes all around me I hear little creatures roam,
and feel the peace surround me in the comfort of my home.

I'm young again, with Meggie, on this vast and barren place,
I've got my arms around her and there's rapture on her face.
She plans our future homestead and the things she'll have inside,
such wondrous dreams they were then; she was such a lovely bride.
We worked so hard together and we built a prosperous run,
then just on two years later came a handsome baby son.

Then years of drought we suffered, but she always said we'd win,
whenever hardships threatened she would face them with a grin.
So full of optimism, she just never knew defeat,
the flock would always prosper, and we'd have bins full of wheat.
So now and then a setback, we could beat it, wait and see,
so strong were her convictions that they were conveyed to me.

When wearing shearing clobber she looked like a rouseabout,
she never made gun shearer, but her tallies had some clout.
She baled the wool and cleaned the shed and served up morning tea
our home was clean and sparkling, and she was so good to me.
Whenever we went in to town, she looked just like a queen,
her red curls glinting in the sun, her eyes so startling green.

When Dan was born, she blossomed then, and life was truly blest,
she always said in all the world, God loved us three the best.
Dan grew to be a sturdy boy; the hard times came and went,
but then one day, the worst of all our tragedies was sent.
Dan climbed the ladder on the tank and suddenly fell in,
our world came to an end that day, Meg lost her happy grin.

We never left our tragic home; our son was buried near,
although our love was just as strong, no longer was there cheer.
And Meggie tried. How hard she tried, but slowly pined away,
I found her near Dan's dusty grave; she'd gone with him to stay.
Now forty years have slowly passed, it's been a lonely life,
the only happiness I know is thinking of my wife.

I see her by the creek in flood, a sight we rarely saw,
and hear young Daniel shriek with glee to hear the waters roar.
The heavy clouds hang overhead, the rain is pouring down,
we haven't had a storm in years, Meg's laughing like a clown.
We knew that fences would be down, and livestock washed away,
but now we'd see the miracles that came from skies of grey.

Our sandy place would be ablaze with wildflowers everywhere,
the birds would come from miles around to banish the despair.
They'd nest above the billabongs where frogs and fish abound,
green leaves would sprout on trees again, sweet grass upon the ground.
"It's heaven, Johnny," Meg would say. "God's wonders all about,
who'd ever think we've been through hell in all those years of drought?"

I see her rounding up the mob with Blackie at her heels,
her horse is working without rein as bleating sheep he wheels.
Mirages dance, dust devils whirl, the sun is blazing down,
but underneath the harsh blue skies she works in paddocks brown.
I watch her from the shearing shed, so full of utter pride,
that dog knew every thought she had, and oh, how she could ride.

I hear a mopoke's mournful dirge; it rouses me from pain,
the tears are streaming down my cheeks, I cry for Meg again.
I long to see my little boy, to watch him run and play,
I long to hold Meg in my arms, but watch her fade away.
One night she'll come and take my hand, I'll touch her auburn hair,
and with our little son beside, we'll climb the golden stair.

"I love a sunburnt country..."



Green & Gold Malaria

The day would soon arrive when I could not ignore the rash.
I was obviously ill so I called on Doctor Nash.
This standard consultation would adjudicate my fate.
I walked into his surgery and gave it to him straight:
'Doc, I wonder if you might explain this allergy of mine,
I get these pins and needles running up and down my spine.
From there, across my body, it will suddenly extend -
My neck will feel a shiver and the hairs will stand on end.
And then there is the symptom that a man can only fear -
A choking in the throat and the crying of a tear.'
Well, the Doctor scratched his melon with a rather worried look.
His furrowed brow suggested that the news to come was crook.
'What is it Doc' I motioned. 'Have I got a rare disease?
I'm man enough to cop it sweet so give it to me please.'
'I'm not too sure' he answered, in a puzzled kind of way.
'You've got some kind of fever, but it's hard for me to say.
When is it that you feel this most peculiar condition?'
I thought for just a moment then I gave him my position:
'I get it when I'm standing in an Anzac Day parade,
And I get it when the anthem of our native land is played,
And I get it when Meninga makes a Kiwi-crunching run,
And when Border grits his teeth to score a really gutsy ton.
I got it back in '91 when Farr-Jones held the Cup,
And I got it when Japan was stormed by Better Loosen Up.
I get it when the Banjo takes me down the Snowy River,
And Matilda sends me waltzing with a billy-boiling shiver.
It hit me hard when Sydney was awarded with the Games,
And I get it when I see our farmers fighting for their names.
It flattened me when Bertrand raised the boxing kangaroo,
And when Perkins smashed the record, well the rashes were true blue.
So tell me, Doc' I questioned. 'Am I really gonna die?'
He broke into to a smile as he looked me in the eye.
He fumbled with his stethoscope and pushed it out of reach,
He wiped away a tear and then he gave this stirring speech:
'From the beaches here in Queensland to the sweeping shores of Broome,
On the Harbour banks of Sydney where the Waratah's in bloom.
From Uluru at sunset to the mighty Tasman Sea,
In the Adelaide cathedrals, at the roaring MCG.
From the Great Australian Bight up to the Gulf of Carpentaria,
The medical profession call it "green and gold malaria".
But forget about the text books son, the truth I shouldn't hide.
The rash that you've contracted here is "good old Aussie pride".
I'm afraid that you were born with it and one thing is for sure -
You'll die with it, young man, because there isn't any cure.'

Rupert McCall

Our Own Flag

They mustered us up with a royal din,
In wearisome weeks of drought.
Ere ever the half of the crops were in,
Or the half of the sheds cut out.
'Twas down with saddle and spurs and whip
The swagman dropped his swag.
And we hurried us off to an outbound ship
To fight for the English flag.
The English flag — it is ours in sooth
We stand by it wrong or right.
But deep in our hearts is the honest truth
We fought for the sake of a fight.
And the English flag may flutter and wave
Where the World-wide Oceans toss,
But the flag the Australian dies to save
Is the flag of the Southern Cross.
If ever they want us to stand the brunt
Of a hard-fought, grim campaign,
We will carry our own flag up to the front
When we go to the wars again.

Banjo Paterson

The Blue Mountains

Above the ashes straight and tall,
Through ferns with moisture dripping,
I climb beneath the sandstone wall,
My feet on mosses slipping.
Like ramparts round the valley's edge
The tinted cliffs are standing,
With many a broken wall and ledge,
And many a rocky landing.
And round about their rugged feet
Deep ferny dells are hidden
In shadowed depths, whence dust and heat
Are banished and forbidden.
The stream that, crooning to itself,
Comes down a tireless rover,
Flows calmly to the rocky shelf
And there leaps bravely over.
Now pouring down, now lost in spray
When mountain breezes sally,
The water strikes the rock midway
And leaps into the valley.
Now in the west the colours change,
The blue with crimson blending.
Beyond the far Dividing Range
The sun is fast descending.
And mellow day comes o'er the place,
And softens ragged edges;
The rising moon's great placid face
Looks gravely o'er the ledges.

Henry Lawson

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2004-2005

Rusty Christensen	President	9364 4491
Tom Conway	Vice-President	9339 2802
Jean Ritchie	Secretary	9450 3111
Kerry Lee	Editor	9397 0409
June Bond	Treasurer /Schools Co-ord.	9354 5804
Edna Westall	Committee	9339 3028
Brian Langley	Committee	9361 3770

Members please note Please contact any of the above committee members if you have any queries or issues which you feel require attention.

Events Calendar

- January Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition & Blackened Billy Written Competition
SSAE Jan Morris PO Box W1 West Tamworth 2340
- Jan 6 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491**
- Jan 15 Adelaide Hills Festival Written Competition C Cordon 08 8527 2006
- Jan21-29 Tamworth Country Music Festival
- Jan 26 Australia Day Concert Wireless Hill (details to be confirmed)**
- Feb 3 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491**
- Feb 12 Marybrook Winery (Busselton Health Survey Fund Raiser) Peter Capp Rod & Kerry Lee Phil Strutt
Tickets: Marybrook Winery 9755 1143
- Feb 24 Closing date Dunedoo NSW Written Competition Sue Stoddart 02 6375 1975
- Feb 28 Closing date Midlands Literary Competition SSAE PO Box 1563 Ballarat Vic 3354
- Mar 3 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491**
- Mar 5 Closing date Ipswich Poetry Feast—\$2,600 Written Competition 07 3810 6761
- Mar 10 Closing date Grenfell NSW Short Story & Verse Written competitions SSAE PO Box 77 Grenfell 2810
- Mar 10 Closing date Henry Kendall Poetry Award SSAE Central Coast Poets PO Box 276 Gosford 2250
- Mar 15-19 Narrandera NSW John O'Brien Bush Festival & Competition 1800 672 392
- Mar 31 Closing date Bronze Swagman Award PO Box 120 Winton Q 4753
- Apr 1 Closing date Katherine CM Muster Written Competition SSAE PO Box 8211 Bargara Q
- Apr 24-28 Charters Tower's Australian Championships 07 4787 3211
- May 6/7 Moondyne Festival Toodyay Bush Dance Sat Night Kim Watts 9574 5009 moondyne_joe2005@yahoo.com.au

If you are aware of any events which may be of interest to poets or poetry lovers which are not listed above please advise me by phoning 08 9397 0409 or posting to 160 Blair Road, Oakford WA 6121