

Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"



With the temperature around 40c, who would have thought that over 150 hardy supporters of our Association would turn up to Wireless Hill for our annual Cavalcade of Bush Poetry? I commend and thank all who made it up there in the heat, you are truly 'true believers' and in my book, fair dinkum Aussies. A special thanks to the team again, Edna the guard dog for going early to hold the shady [as in trees] spot and continuing at her post all day, treasurer June, Tom Conway kept the show moving along in his usual efficient style, Dot and Brian, the latter being there early to set up the sound and hang our beaut backdrop before heading out to John Creaney reserve in Bull Creek to keep the Council happy [another story]. Unfortunately the pressure of the day plus the heat caught up with Brian, he needed cooling down or did he simply want the attention of the ladies? Thank you Anne Hayes. As usual, everybody bogged in to make the afternoon the big success it turned out to be. A good even spread of performing poets with a sprinkle of Aussie tunes supplied by Stinger and the virtuoso of the banjo, The Ardross Assassin aka Jeff Swain. Taking in a busy hot day in her stride, Mayor Katherine J. joined us and during the interval gave a stirring address [she exhibited political talent] to show appreciation of our volunteers and exhorted others to get their shoulder to the wheel and keep the Bush Poetry wagon [not her word] moving. This was our twelfth show on the hill and the consensus among the hardy annuals was that it was the best one so far. Bit hard to work out, no marquee, no seats, no big stage, no council PA system. On the credit side, the site was in a grove of trees with the central area paved, folk brought their folding seats, we hired a smaller stage and as I mentioned earlier, Brian L. set up our own sound. It was a top setting, the talent was there, the atmosphere was casual, as it needs to be for our action. Had it not been for the heat, I am certain the crowd would have been at least double that which turned up. Taking into consideration the many other competing events I reckon you did yourselves proud. In the words of our friend and supporter, the US. Consul General, Robin McClellan 'we done real good'.

Quickly on the heels of 'The Hill' was the Feb. Muster. If anybody needed further reassuring that our Association [not club] was well founded and holding its own, they only had to attend that, the friendly, casual atmosphere still prevailed, the standard of performers improving, Grace Williamson is a wonderful example of dedicated and diligent persistence, as is our mate Wayne Pantall, plus a couple of new faces showed up. I reckon you could couch it in an old expression 'The stars didn't come out but the evening was grand'

Things are happening, we will keep you informed. Think about the Mayor's address. If we are going to keep the Bush Poetry wagon rolling, rolling, rolling, which reminds me. My very favourite vocalist, Frankie Lane, passed away last week age 93, used to enjoy doing his stuff, that's now history, so for the present, Keep writin' and recitin', hop onto the wagon and give us a hand.

The Boss Cocky Rusty C.

Waddi Music Festival is on in a few days

This is your last chance to join folk from the mid West region of WA at this new Country Music and (it is hoped) Bush Poetry Event

Remember, it will take place on Saturday of the March Long Weekend (March 3rd).

I must put an apology in here—Last month I mentioned one of the featured performers who is a member of WABP and who will be doing his Bush Poetry at the Waddi Festival. Unfortunately I got the spelling of his name wrong. It should be **Corin Linch** who tells us to blame his mum for his unusual name. You can find out more about the poetry side of the event by phoning him **on 9652 6003** .

Other details of the event can be had by ringing Martin on 9652 9071

Another Apology



Last Month the featured poet was Wayne Pantall. Unfortunately his picture that appeared in the article was printed so dark that it was impossible to tell who it was, so hopefully, here's the picture you should have seen

And just to show that he's on the ball and staying current, his Valentine Day poem "This Years Valentine" is featured on page 4

State Championships — Fremantle Council, having knocked back an application for assistance to run our State Championships, is no longer your committee's first choice area. Instead we are considering a number of venues within the City of Melville and will let you know in plenty of time.

We are still planning the State Championships to be on the Sat afternoon / Sunday of June 2nd & 3rd . That is the long weekend. Please tag it Tentative on your Calendar.— performers and writers, time to start preparing



Walking Different Tracks

Are you interested in the broader poetic scene? If so you might like to pop along to Pages Café in Perth, each 3rd Saturday afternoon between 2 and 4 pm. Each month will feature different poets, along with an "open mic". Contact Deanne at dust7dream@yahoo.com for more details or if you want to take part.

The 2007 Perth Poetry Festival will be held between Oct 13—21. WABP will have a dedicated spot, but that doesn't stop members (or any other poets) doing your thing at the various events. Contact Brian Langley a bit closer to the event



Struttin' his Stuff - (Full details last month's Bully Tin)

Remember the two events featuring member, poet and story teller Phil Strutt which will take place at the Subiaco Arts Theatre, Bagot Rd, Subiaco on each of two days, Sat 24th and Sunday 25th of March

The first, commencing at 2.30 is **Alice and Mr Dodgson** in which Phil plays 16 parts. Tickets through BOCS,

The second is a Poets Picnic, on the lawns outside the theatre, from 5.30 - 7.00 pm, The event is **Free** and suitable for all the family. BYO everything and come and listen to the comic poetry and story telling of Peter Capp, Phil Strutt and other guest performers. (WABP Poets— if you want to be involved, please give Phil a ring on 9418 3263)



AUSTRALIA DAY WRAP UP



Phew it was hot!!!!!! With a howling easterly wind blowing all day and the temperature climbing up to extreme heights our traditional Poets Showcase on the 'hill' was looking like it would get blown away, fried or go up in smoke. Our workers, aka Edna and Brian were up early getting the spot ready for the performance. I'm told that Brian had Edna climbing ladders and swinging from her fingertips. When I arrived at Lunchtime the stage and backgrounds looked fantastic. With a little bit more 'dressing up' with flags and a shady tent for the product table we got underway. Rusty introduced the "Two Big Blokes with Beards" (Peter Nettleton and Jeff Swain) and we kicked off with some very traditional Aussie songs. Our poetry journey that afternoon had us remembering our clubs beginnings with "Up Here on Wireless Hill" and the traditional greeting, "G'day". We acknowledged our early stockmen and along with Clancy visited our great outback. We then paid tribute to our diggers on the Kokoda Track. Following on we had those naughty Indonesian fishermen coming to our shores. We then had a visit from a Raven, (not a crow), followed by a "Constipated Quokka" and a "Shortsighted Security Guard" with a look at "The Thong" as a fashion statement. "The Bush-fire" poem had us all looking at the surrounding bush for signs of smoke, whilst the scales used to weigh the gold had us wondering if they should've been used to weigh a man's life. "The Wool Buyer" who came with a final offer too good to refuse was followed by a tribute to "Old Hector" one of our original Australians. One of the contenders for our national song "There is a land..." had most of the audience singing along. That wiley crab "Bluey McNab" visited for a while but was chased away by a "Norton Motor Bike". The "Dunny down the back" and the "Bush Barber" both had us in stitches. Another bird visited us this time as a "Silver Gull" along with another quokka making a mess in the house. We reminisced about Rabbit Stew, and heard how a tree was a favourite place to go. We delved into the mysteries of Vegemite, and the Aussie tradition of DIY. The afternoon concluded with the "Geebung Polo Club" and what does Waltzing Matilda mean to me.

The packing up saw Brian hit the dirt with heat stroke so after we cooled him down and packed up he and I eventually got home.

To our lovely audience (counts of 140 plus) who came out on such a hot day and scrambled for every little bit of shade **A BIG THANK YOU.**

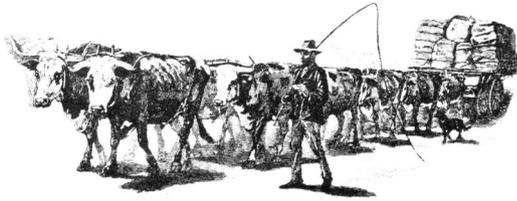
To our poets Ron Ingram, Rusty Christianson, Beth Scott, Wayne Pantall, Phil Strutt, Grace Williamson, David Sears, John Hayes, Trish Joyce and Brian Langley a **REALLY BIG THANK YOU** for strutting your stuff and giving all of us a wonderful afternoon of Poetry.

Dot Note Thinking ahead, we need more able bodied people to help with the physical putting up and pulling down of the equipment. We also need to look at putting the poets under a bit more shade than they had.

Dot Promise I **WILL** learn the second verse of our National Anthem so that I can sing all of it and not leave it up to the musicians and a few audience members. Why is it that we all know the **WHOLE** of Waltzing Matilda but the second verse of our national anthem just doesn't get learnt

I saw on the TV the other night that the “Dog on the Tuckerbox” tea rooms at Gundagai was closing as it couldn’t compete with the nearby fast food outlet. So what is this dog and tuckerbox business — There are a number of poems and songs set around this small town, roughly half way between Sydney and Melbourne. Here’s two of the poems, BUT there has always been some conjecture about exactly what the dog did on the tuckerbox. It would seem that by adding a single letter, the poems do have a greater meaning.

Both poems are by that very prolific poet “Anon”



Bull- ocky Bill

As I came down Talbingo Hill, I heard a maiden cry
There goes Old Bill the Bullocky—He’s bound for Gundagai
A better poor old beggar, never cracked an honest crust,
A tougher poor old beggar, never drug a whip through dust.

His team got bogged on the Five-Mile Creek, Bill lashed and swore
and cried

“If Nobbie don’t get me out of this, I’ll tattoo his bloody hide”
But Nobbie strained and broke the yoke, And poked out the leader’s eye

And the dog sat on the tucker-box, five miles from Gundagai

The Dog on the Tuckerbox

I’m used to punchin’ bullock teams, across the hills & plains
I’ve teamed outback this forty years, in blazin’ droughts and rains
I’ve lived a heap of troubles down, without a bloomin’ lie
But I cant forget what happened, nine miles from Gundagai

“Twas getting dark, the team got bogged, the axle snapped in two
I lost me matches and me pipe, so what was I to do?
The rain came on, ‘twas bitter cold, And hungry too was I
And the dog sat on the tuckerbox, nine miles from Gundagai

Some blokes I know has stacks o’ luck, no matter ‘ow they fall
But there was me, Lor’ luv-a-duck, no blessed luck at all
I couldn’t make a pot o’ tea, nor get me trousers dry
And the dog sat on the tuckerbox, nine miles from Gundagai

I can forgive the blinkin’ team, I can forgive the rain.
I can forgive the dark and cold, an’ go through it again
I can forgive me rotten luck, but hang me till I die,
I can’t forgive that plurry dog, nine miles from Gundagai

The Sailor

I’d like to be a sailor - a sailor bold and bluff
Calling out “Ship ahoy”, in manly tones and gruff
I’d learn to box the compass, and to reef and tack and luff;
I’d sniff and sniff the briny breeze and never get enough.
Perhaps I’d chew tobacco, or an old black pipe I’d puff;
But I wouldn’t be a sailor if....
The sea was very rough.

C.J. Dennis

Well, Valentines Day has been and gone, but just in case you missed it, here’s a little ditty from Wayne Pantall that focuses on that special day for lovers.



This Year’s Valentine.

Me Current wife’s a beauty, so she’s this year’s Valentine.
With elevated status, she’s no middy – she’s a Stein.
This sheila’s up there with ‘em, so she’s got me vote this year.
The clip-clop of her wooden peg, is music to me ear.

She’ll proudly walk behind me, with the Esky and me kids.
And roll me smokes before I ask – I wouldn’t swap for quids.
I love the way she eyes me off – her glass eye even glows.
And when she gives that toothless smile, I love her cute flat nose.

Some tarts I’ve had, got uppity, and tried to run the show.
A bloke would be a drongo not to tell them where to go.
This sheila doesn’t try to lead, she knows to stay behind.
She’s noticed that it’s smarter when you’re nearly deaf and blind.

My secrets are all safe with her, cos this bird’s not a talker.
My record’s in the bottle now – she’s a bloomin’ corker.
I never hear her whinge at morning when she loads the ute,
before she brings me brekky in – so cute and beaut and mute.

She mixes concrete expertly, and without a mixer,
Lays a thousand bricks a day, then helps the ceiling fixer.
You don’t find many like her, and she won’t stop till I’ve said.
She’ll only pause to wipe the sweat away from her bald head.

Because she’s ‘This Year’s Valentine’, I’ll knock off some flowers,
And give her breakfast in her bed, and let her sleep for hours.
We’ll share the day together, and I won’t send her to work.
We’ll bask in love and harmony - together we will shirk.

Between us we’ve a pair of legs, ‘cos I’ve got one leg too.
So Darling, you can lean on me and I’ll hang on to you.
Today you are my Valentine – let us both get blotto.
And celebrate the million bucks, you just won on Lotto.

© Wayne Pantall 11/Feb/ 07

Member’s Letter

I wish to acknowledge the contribution of Donna Blyth to my poem, 'Day at the Drags' as presented at the January WABP&YS Monthly Muster. The subject matter and some of the storyline came directly from ideas and the outline of a poem which she presented at a Bush Poet's meeting in Albany in August 2006. No attempt has ever been made to hide this fact, and I regret any misunderstanding that may have occurred.

Frank Heffernan

Thank you Frank— It just goes to show how we are all influenced by the discussions and events that happen around us, often without realising their significance at the time. - Ed

Remember a few months back, we were told of the passing of one of the stalwarts of Bush Poetry, Billy Hay. Below is a poem written by John Best to commemorate his life and be part of his funeral service.

Vale - Billy Hay

Old Billy hay wont come no more, to visit Winton Town,
Got news today, he's passed away, his tired old heart shut down.
No more his "G'day Cobber, How yer goin'? Thank you mate,"
The number three bore's stuff for good, he didn't have to wait.

For too long in that Nursing Home, when we last saw his smile,
We'd all crowd in his little room, he'd listen, that's his style.
You weren't sure if he knew you, but you knew he liked you there.
His big blue eyes would sparkle up, beneath his soft white hair.

We'd talk of people, places, Bill would smile and nod a lot,
He'd hardly say a word at all, you'd wonder if he'd got
The gist of what was going on, then that night Megan's call,
Say, "Bill thanks you for this afternoon," you'd knew he got it all.

Bill first came to Winton, way back when he was but a lad.
It was here he met "The banjo", biggest thrill he'd ever had.
Here, his love affair with poetry, would blossom overnight,
Said "The folks who wrote and quote it, would always see him right."

It's a far cry from this final room, the vastness of the West,
I feel his Spirit still, in Winton, the place he loved the best.

We all thank you for your friendship, Billy

Letter to the Editor

I'd like to thank Brian, Edna and Dot for the work that they achieved on Australia day at Wireless Hill. Brian and Edna were there at 9.30am, securing the venue, running cords through the trees, setting up backdrops, and waiting for the stage delivery. Edna had, as usual, bought extra chairs, frozen drinks etc for the performers. Following Dot's arrival at noon, they set up the product shelter, added flags and other decorations, and throughout the afternoon carried on as they had all day, Edna handing out drinks and with Dot helping at the product table and with the donation collection. Meanwhile Brian was manning the PA system and assisting with all things technical. At the end of the day, there were some who stayed behind to help him pack up. But - Brian had to be treated for heat exhaustion / stroke, the temperature having been over the 40 degree mark.

The point of my letter is:

1. Are we working our willing workers to the bone?
2. What, as a club can we do about this situation?
3. Do we need more committee members?
4. Would YOU be willing to have an e-mail or phone call to help set up these venues, and not disappear before the tasks have been done?
5. Remember, this is YOUR CLUB and if we don't get more help, there may not be one.

Lets all be Australian Doers
Anne Hayes



★ **Poet's Profile** - Time, once again to feature one of our Lady Poets—
 ★ This month we are looking at a lady who spends a lot of time travelling
 ★ overseas, who never lets adversity get in the way of her travels and who
 ★ regularly entertains us with her laconic style and sometimes slightly
 ★ naughty poems. I refer of course to **Beth Scott**. Here's her story
 ★
 ★ Having been born and raised in Fremantle, I find Bush Poetry a little
 ★ harder to write than some but I joined the Bush poets Assn about ten
 ★ years ago and enjoy trying my hand at writing that style of poetry. As I
 ★ love to travel, I've performed my poems in the United States at several
 ★ Cowboy Poets Gatherings where they are well received. I belong to the
 ★ International Society of Poets in America and have been to three of their
 ★ conventions, the last being in Las Vegas last July.



Beth in her "Hawaiian Birthday Suit" - taken last year

★ I lead a lead a busy life as a carer and also been walking for Telethon
 ★ and Appealathon for 32 years raising money for sick and handicapped
 ★ children and adults. I had healthy children and grand children myself so I find this very satisfying. I have made many
 ★ friends in the businesses along my walks of 43km from Femantle to the TV studios in Dianella. The collection tins get
 ★ extremely heavy, so now I'm getting older I do my walks in short bursts.

★ I have raised (and carried) well over \$150,000 over the years, mostly in coins and hope to keep doing it as long as I'm
 ★ able.

★ I have been a vegetarian also for 32 years and have been active in the anti live sheep trade for many years. I love danc-
 ★ ing to live music and have many friends around the pubs in Fremantle.



February Muster Wrap-up - by Dot

Trish Yensch was our MC for the night. She said she was nervous but I don't think we saw any of that. Rusty started the evening with a wrap up of the Wireless Hill Showcase — (see his “Boss Cocky Droppings on page 2) LOST — Loralee has mislaid a green and white cushion so if any one has seen one (it was possibly flying past in the wind) could you let her know it's whereabouts. Rusty then told us of his performance at the Oz Concert (I was there and saw him represent us with a very polished performance), the whole of the night's entertainment was a tremendous success. The huge problem was the parking and trying to pay at the machine afterwards which had lots of people driving up and over the curb to get out and the police eventually being called to open the gates.

While **Rusty** had the microphone he started the night's proceedings with Bob Magor's poem “Broome Dreaming”, a very lyrical poem about the beauty of this bit of paradise, but also the suffering of the divers as they sought the pearl shell reminded of us of the burst lungs and the bends suffered by many.

Trish Joyce followed with one of her own “The Bare Facts” about a baby with a bump - but the Mother seeking help from the neighbours was in her altogether.

A very first time at the Poets Muster and for the very first time reciting his own work “Matilda” was **Harry Carter**, from Moora. Welcome Harry. Seems that Matilda's husband had got lost whilst stretching his legs at the train station on the way to ‘The Alice’. When he caught an available camel and chased the train they wouldn't stop as they thought he was a terrorist. The unhappy ending had him in jail and her having sold the house and got a cat because she believed that he was dead.

A day in the life of a woman had **Grace Williamson** doing “The Woman” by the contemporary Queensland poet, Birdie. This tells the story of the pioneer woman who gets up early, gets the bread rising, the children fed, the garden dug over as well as the milking and churning the butter. The strongest of men were needed to tame this country but they couldn't have done it without the *wife*

This next offering I learned in school and my childish heart was very taken by “The Highwayman” by Alfred Noyes. **John Baldock** introduced this poem by reminding all of us that we, in our long ago school days only learned the English poets and the influences that they have had on us is long evident, as is the influence of this style of English poetry on the ballads of our Australian poets. I think we all recall the story of Bess, the highwayman's sweetheart sacrificing her life to warn him, but in vain as he rode back to her. And now ‘when the moon is like a ghostly galleon tossed on a cloudy sea the Highway man comes riding, riding up to the old inn door’.

Bob Chambers then came to the microphone with some small yarns about Shakespeare and the BBC announcer with a slip of the tongue getting himself into hot water.

David Sears then presented Victor Courtney's poem “The Man from Marble Bar” which had the devil all confused because this new arrival should have been scorched by now. But you see if you come from Marble Bar you've all ready experienced the hottest of the hot.

David's second one from Blue the Shearer, “The Cross-eyed Bull” which told of the farmer thinking to save the vet's fees by using the vet's simple trick for getting the bull's eyes straight. It seems that you just insert a piece of glass tubing into the rear of the bull and blow. After unsuccessfully attempting this, the vet was again called, who, reversing the tube again uncrossed the bull's eyes. Of course the tube needed to be reversed for the vet was not going to blow in the end that the farmer had had in his mouth.. Obviously no worries about where the OTHER end had been!

John Hayes followed with his own “Creeked Up” which was about the Hammersley Ranges (part of what we now know as Karijini National Park). It reminds us that the aboriginal dreaming and stories are being lost at a terrible rate. Where the ghost gums stand on the walls of stony silence as the elders try to tell the young ones their history. - But who is listening?

Brian Langley amazed all of us with his joke telling (he is not known in our family as a good joke teller as he usually stuffs up the punch line). He then did his own just written “Evolution”. The distinction between the apes and us is our ability to talk, but it seems that the current younger generation, with their lack of diction and enunciation will very soon have us ‘back with the monkeys, all swinging through the trees’.

I have struggled continually with the young people's speech patterns and haven't been able to understand many of the recent movies and TV programs. It was nice to hear most of the audience agreeing with him.

After supper **Anne Hayes** shared some of her families pioneering history with us. Her mother was the district midwife and in all her time never lost a babe or mother.

David Sears returned with Bob Millar's “Bachelor Returns” and had all of the ladies at least agreeing with what happens when you leave the hubby to temporary bachelorhood. What with mates around for a continuing party, the mess they create and the unsuccessful attempts to control basic housekeeping tools to clean it up, it's all enough for hubby to never want the wife to go off again. Why is it when a bloke can put a complicated bit of machinery back together, as soon as you disguise a tool as a cleaning product they get a glazed look on their faces and become helpless?

Grace Williamson, for her second appearance did Henry Lawson's “Since When” where he met his old mate Jack. They had carried their swags together and were the best of mates. Times had changed though with Jack

looking extremely bad with his dirty shirt and faded coat. He went to pass on by as I looked too well dressed to remember him but come and have a drink or two. This re-acquaintance is doomed to failure because of the obvious differences now in the two men.

Bob Chambers then read a story that he had had published, about a dream he had of a fishing trip, in which he fishes from a stage coach. The story had all the twists and turns that can only occur in a dream.

John Hayes returned with his own poem "Hotline" which was about the telephone that continually rings for 'which daughter' and is a story that every father of girls can relate to. This ringing is forever disturbing him during his lunch and tea and while he watches TV. - And guess who pays the bill?

His second poem, "In the Droving Days" by Banjo Paterson tells of the old grey horse being knocked down at auction to the old drover for only a pound. This drovers friend could now spend his final days surrounded by peace and quiet, but also be a reminder to the old man of his droving days where the air was so dry and the sky a deep blue.

Trish Joyce then presented two of her own. The first, "Embarrassing Moment" had someone (it wouldn't be Trish would it) stepping out of the shower to get some soap only to be whistled at - after searching for the intruder she was relieved to find it was only the budgie. Her second "Be Wary" had a motorist being lectured by the Policeman for running an amber light. Making sure he pulled up in time at the next set of lights, guess who ran up the back of him?

Because we were running out of nominated poets the call went out for volunteers and **Brian** was the first. The story was of one of his grandfathers and his life as a water man at "McDonnells Creek". When he didn't come in for his tea one night his wife went looking for him only to find him caught in the machinery of the pump. Unable to release him, she rode 20 miles through the night for help, but when they got back he had died. 100 years later we traveled to the area, finding the remains of the homestead, the pump and sheep yards and finally his grave. 'We said Hello to granddad Jack'. Note The wheels and machinery where they had to dismantle the pump to get Brian's grandfather out are still there where they lay, and the gravesite is in the listing of South Australia's Lonely Graves. At Trish's request Brian did "Old Hector", his story of an old aboriginal stockman that we used to know in Wyndham. This old man with his faded eyes who sat upon the footpath and dreamed away his days with memories of riding wild horses and helping the police find folk who were lost.

Our very new poet **Harry Carter** offered to do his own new one that is only a week old and not even baptised yet. It was about a "Jamaican Pepper Mite" that escaped from that island and set out to attract new females. It seems that the ordinary pepper mite can't stand the pace and they die quickly.

John Hayes, at a request from Anne then did Henry Lawson's "Keep Step 103". The misery of a jailed person with their ghastly parody of a walk with the chains on their legs. Locked away for 23 hours each day, with their spoon taken away in case it could be shaped into a tool to aide escape. The outsiders don't see the dead white faces or the misery that is behind the jail walls.

This poem is very topical and made me think of David Hicks imprisonment by a country that bleats "the land of the free and democracy". I think David's treatment is exactly the same that happened here over 100 years ago. We haven't progressed very far have we?

Rusty Christensen finished the evening with Bob Magor's "Blue the Sheepdog" which had the old sheep dog being sent to town to see out his retirement. When Blue caught the whiff or something very dead he grabbed it and took off. With the town dogs giving chase he raced off through the town, dropping bits of fly blown carcass in the church, the old people's home, the bowling club and under the floor at the pub. With over 30 other dogs now giving chase he wasn't going to let his prize go. Granny who fortunately had lost her sense of smell hugged Blue and told him to beware, as you don't know what trouble you can get into here in the town.

Birthday wishes to Wally Williamson and John Hayes who both have reached the young age of 70 years. To every one else celebrating a birthday this month a Happy Birthday to you.

Sayings from Dot Trish shared this with you at the Muster and I just loved it. Sorry, but I don't know the author

They're working on pills for Alzheimer's disease.
In a couple of years they will make them,
Then life will be marvelous and each day a breeze.
If we only remember to take them.

Don't Forget our website, it's
www.wabushpoets.com

Why not BRING A FRIEND
to our next Muster

HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS?

Please tell us ASAP if you have changed your
address so that we can make sure your
BULLY TIN gets to you on time

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2006—2007

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We **still** have a vacancy on our committee

AND we are looking for a new **Treasurer** — interested? Contact any committee member

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

☆☆ **Upcoming Events** ☆☆

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

Mar 1-4	Australian Championships	Dunedoo NSW	Entries closed Ph 02 6375 1975
Mar 2	WAPB & YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club	
Mar 3—4	Bush Concert & Poets	Waddi Farm Enneabba WA	See Article Page 2
Mar 10	Henry Kendall Written Comp	Gosford NSW	PO Box 276 Gosford NSW 2230
Mar 10	Henry Lawson Festival Written Comp closing date	Grenfell NSW	SSAE PO Box 77 Grenfell NSW 2810
March 16-20	John O'Brien Bush Festival	Narandera NSW Entries Close March 9	Narandera Tourist Centre, PO Box 89 Narandera 2700 Ph 1800 672 392
Mar 24, 25	Poets Picnic	Subiaco Arts Theatre	Phil Strutt, 9418 3263 See Article Page 3
April 1	Dusty Swag Written Comp		SSAE MHR 7 Vickery St, Alexandra 3714 dustyswag.zoomshare.com
April 6	NO MUSTER DUE TO EASTER		Muster to be on Fri 13th
April 12—15	Oracles of the Bush—Bush Poetry, Music & Art	Tenterfield NSW	Ph 02 6736 2900 www.oraclesofthebush.com
Apr 13	WAPB & YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club	(DELAYED 1 WEEK DUE TO EASTER)
April 30	Bronze Swagman Award (Written) Closing Date	Winton, Qld	Entry Form SSAE Bronze Swagman Award PO Box 120 Winton Qld 4735
June 2-4	WA State Championships	Melville Area	Tentative only at this time
June 9	2007 Leonard Teale Awards	Gulgong NSW Written entries close Mar 14	SSAE Henry Lawson Soc. of NSW Literary Awards PO Box 235 Gulgong 2852 henrylawsongulgong@yahoo.com.au
July 13 - 15	Bundaberg Muster 2007 & Bush Lantern Written Award	Performance Entries Close June 23 Written Entries Close June 1	SSAE Bundaberg Poets Soc. PO Box 4281 Bundaberg Sth 4670 lees@interworx.com.au 07 4151 4631
Sep 26—30	Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Festival & Bronze Swagman Award	Winton, Qld Written Entries Close Mar 30	SSAE— PO Box 120, Winton Qld 4735 07 4657 1296, 07 4567 1541

<p>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</p>	<p>Members' Poetic Products Rusty Christensen CDs John Hayes CDs & books Tim Heffernan book Brian Langley book & laminated poems</p>	<p>Rod & Kerry Lee CDs Arthur Leggett books, inc autobiography Keith Lethbridge books Val Read books Peter Blyth CDs, books</p>
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