

WA Bush Poets

The Bully Tin

October, 2005



& Yarn Spinners

Monthly Muster at the Como Bowling & Recreation Club cnr Hensman & Sandgate Sts, South Perth
Next meeting: Friday 7th October 2005 at 7.00pm for 7.30pm start.
www.wabushpoets.com

Happy **WABP & YS**
10 yrs old!
! Birthday !

WA Bush Poetry
Championships!

22-23 OCT 05

Entries Close - 9th October 2006

incorporating
**Country / City
Challenge!**

Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"



Hello ! to all the good folk in Bush Poetry land .

At last spring has sprung, the wildflowers and natural gardens, either have, or are, bursting into brilliant bloom, the birds are busy, mating [that keeps them busy] and nest building, the days are becoming longer and warmer, things are beginning to happen .

The most exciting happening on the horizon, is of course, the state champs at Tumbulgum Farm, Oct.22 and 23rd, if it is not yet in your diary, DO IT NOW, promises to be a most enjoyable event, a great venue and facilities, passionate poets, good company, wonderful other attractions, bring your swag, immerse yourself in the fun of the fair and revel in all the near south west has to offer .Event co-ordinator, Brian Langley has been working his head to the bone, getting the message out to the wider community. Brian also showed the flag in the city a couple of times during Poetry Week, - it takes a busy man .

With spring, comes the show - it is called the Royal Show, I often wonder why, never seen any Royals there - that begs a response . We have been shifted down by the pigs this year - next year the pigs will demand to be shifted . The hardy annuals of poetry will be there , maybe they can practice on the pigs, at least they will make up the crowd, nuff sed.

Travel and spring go together, am anxiously waiting for a report on Kerry and Rod Lee's ' tractor trek ' along the Canning Stock Route, would have been the experience of a half life - 40 Ks per hour, at least you would take in the scenery as you went .

As you know, I am not usually stuck or groping for words, at this moment I am scratching my head to find the fitting word [s] to express my admiration of the members and their mates who dug deep to the tune of \$387.75 for the ' Darren Jaycock Appeal ' Darren is the 21 year old son of the former editor of the A.B.P.A. mag. who found himself in the Spinal Unit of the Brisbane hospital with two fractured vertebrae in his neck after 'stacking ' reads ' comin' a gutsa ' off his dirt track bike .Simply put-THANK YOU !.

The Boss Cocky Rusty C

★ Country/ City Challenge & State Championships ★

The Country/ City Bush Poetry Challenge to be held in conjunction with the WA Bush Poetry Championships at Tumbulgum Farm is shaping up to be the best Bush Poetry event ever staged in WA.

Country Team

City Team

Ron Evans (Captain)	Keith Lethbridge	Rod Lee (Captain)	Rusty Christenson
Peter Blyth	Tim Hefferman	Kerry Lee	Peter Nettleton
Chris Saddler	Phil Strutt	Peter Capp	Kei Watkins
Bill Gordon	Brian Gale	Arthur Leggett	Barry Higgins
John Hayes		Brian Langley	Leigh Mathews

The Challenge will be conducted in 7 categories over Saturday and Sunday. The teams will nominate 4 poets in each category. No Poet can perform in more than 3 categories.

	<u>Program</u>	
Saturday 22 Oct 05	10.00 am	Contemporary Humorous
	12.00	Yarn Spinning
	1.15 pm	Original (Own) Serious
	2.50 pm	One Minute Poem
Sunday 23 Oct 05	10.00 am	Contemporary Serious
	12.00	Original (Own) Humorous
	1.15pm	Traditional (Australian Classic)
	3.00pm	Presentations

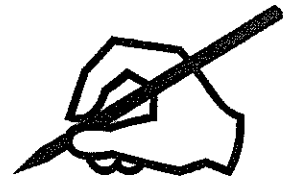
Peter Capp submitted the idea of team uniforms, suggesting the City Team leave the akubras and waist coats to the Country Folk and the City Team wear bright floral Cappy-style shirts.

Leigh Mathews has stoked the fire of competition by suggesting the Country Folk should leave all the writing of Bush Verse to the City Folk because we are smarter!?!?! Now, there is a challenge. Who will be left with egg on their face?

With the high standard of performers in both teams it will be a very close event.

THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO SEE THE BIGGEST ASSEMBLY OF WA'S BUSH POETS EVER, PERFORMING AT THEIR BEST. DON'T MISS IT!!!!

Letters to the Editor



Tumbulgum Farm

22-23 Oct 05



State Championships



**City—Country
Challenge**



Bush Dancing

* Saturday evening
featuring Leigh Mathews
Band "Electric Emu"
* Sausage Sizzle

Rodeo



Endurance Ride

Tickets

\$10.00 per
day
\$15.00 weekend pass
\$ 5.00 camping fee (no facilities)
~~\$20.00 Rodeo~~

**Volunteers
required!**

for **COUNTRY / CITY CHALLENGE**

&

WA State Championships

22nd—23rd October 2005

Volunteers are urgently required to help man the door
and products table at
TUMULGUM FARM.

This event promises to be a lot of fun so why not
come along and enjoy yourself and help your Club at
the same time?

Please contact **BRIAN LANGLEY**

Ph: 9450 3111

Congratulation to Peter Nettleton

Winner of

Best Actor in a Supporting Role

at the

Independent Theatre Association

Drama Festival



The Editor

Hope you and Rod enjoyed your trip on the Canning Stock route on the tractor!!!

You missed a great Traditional Night on Friday's Muster for September.

Congratulations and bouquets! To Brian Langley for his superb effort in organising the evening and the attention to detail. It's good to see a man that dots his I's and crosses his T's. Well done Brian.

So sorry to hear that John Hayes is again not well. He was missed on Friday night and everyone gave a thought to his speedy recovery.

Grace Williamson

Thanks Grace for taking the time to pen your thoughts.
We all wish John a speedy recovery.

GRANDPA'S WISDOM

Now Grandpa he was old
But a wonder to behold,
And so his family said to him one day
"Ahead of your demise
Please tell us something wise
For you must have many clever things to say"
Grandpa scratched his head
Then thoughtfully he said,
"There is a pearl of wisdom I have found
When fixing up a fence
It makes a lot of sense
If you never put your pliers on the ground.
My father always felt
They were safe upon his belt
In a practise many others still prefer,
While it suited me the most
To put them on a post
Then I always knew exactly where they were.
But they never can be found
If you put them on the ground
Merging in a moment with the dust,
And though you look and stare
You won't find them anywhere
They will stay right where they are until they rust.
And to anyone who tries
To be infinitely wise,
It's not enough to utter things profound
Profundity my friend
Won't help you in the end
If you ever leave your pliers on the ground."

Peg Vickers ©

September Monthly Muster



Well if you miss the September Muster you certainly missed one of the best.

A good crowd was in attendance and they were all ready for our Traditional Night featuring the works of Henry Lawson and Banjo Paterson, and what treat it was with a few brave souls dressed for the occasion in period costume. Mr Barry Higgins was our MC for the evening.

Brian Langley had written a script and woven some Lawson/Paterson poems into a speech. This speech presented by him in the guise of Mr John Archibald, Editor and principal owner of the Sydney Bulletin, and the address was given in October 1892, to the 'Sydney Literacy Society', which for this evening was our illustrious organisation. He described how his newspaper had increased its readership due to the many new regular contributions, in particular a poet known only as The Banjo and a Mr Henry Lawson.

Archibald explained, The Banjo was first published in the Christmas edition of the Bulletin in 1889, and it was the beginning of a literary duel which was to last several months. One of the first printed poems by The Banjo was Clancy of the Overflow, and Mr Rusty Christensen was called upon to recite that very poem. Rusty delivered with great feeling, a poem he obviously knows and loves.

Archibald thanked Mr Christensen and continued with his speech, commenting on the idyllic picture depicted by the previous poem, but a far more dismal view had been painted by Mr Henry Lawson, and called on Mr Peter Nettleton to read Up the Country which was published in the Bulletin on 9th July 1892. The reader certainly looked the part in top hat and tails.

The Banjo had replied within the week to the Bulletin to contradict Mr Lawson, and then on 23rd July, The Banjo submitted his offering, In Defense of the Bush, and then Mrs Grace Williamson was invited to the microphone. What a wonderful turquoise dress she wore, designed by 'Dot' from the House of Langley, who had "sewn all through the night". What a grand entrance and well delivered poem.

Archibald stated these verses had caused considerable reaction from a number of poets. The Fact of the Matter by Mr Edward Dyson, being one of many, and called upon Mr David Sears to read for our enjoyment.

Mr Henry Lawson continued to express his ongoing views (in answer to Banjo) through the Sydney Bulletin and perhaps he knew he may be paid a penny a line and wrote a very long poem In Answer to Banjo & Otherwise (The City Bushman). Mrs Lorelie Tacomba was then called to the

podium to assist Mr Archibald (Brian Langley) with the reading of this excellent poem and despite its length of about 124 lines it was wonderful to hear this great story.

It is worth a note here to say John Hayes had been nominated to present this poem, and I understand he had committed it to memory as any good bush poet would. However John suffered a relapse in his recovery from a previous operation, and was not able to be present on the night. I do hope he will soon recover from this current set-back, and we hope to see him soon at our coming Musters.

Mr Archibald continued with his most entertaining address, and our next performer was Mr Arthur Leggett to recite a work which was published in 20th August 1892, The Overflow of Clancy by H.H.C.C. Mr Archibald thanked Mr Leggett, and commented 'I see that age has not diminished your eloquence' We all know that Arthur is a man of great eloquence and much soul.

The following week Mr Francis Kenna submitted to the Bulletin, his work Banjo of the Overflow, and our visitor from the North, Mr Barry Higgins was called upon to read this poem, which of course was delivered with much aplomb.

To conclude the evening (first half) Mr Christensen was called upon to present In (An) Answer to Various Bards by A B Paterson.

As Mr Archibald was concluding his address there was a sudden interruption by Miss Langley, his Secretary, with an urgent telegram. The telegram from Henry Lawson contained his latest poem, Poets of the Tomb, and Archibald (Brian Langley) read it out to all present. Then Mr Archibald thank all for their presence and the readers/reciters for the efforts and then took his departure.

Note 1: I have endeavoured to capture the essence of what was an excellent evening, and cleverly written by Brian. It was a very long 'speech' but I have tried to cover the main points for your secondary enjoyment.

Note 2: Did you notice the wonderful Podiums with their fine gold embroidered covers? One for the Sydney Literacy Society and in the second half the WA Bush Poets. Again by the House of Langley.

After the supper break Barry Higgins resumed control of the evening, and first up was Rusty. He read out what sounded like an interview with Henry Lawson. Sorry for the vagueness here Rusty, but the noise from the Bar had reach tumultuous proportions, and then the West Coast Eagles won by 4 points amidst great whopping and cheering.

Peter Nettleton, now back in town after as lengthy absence treated us to J P O'Hara by Henry Lawson. I am sure Peter feels as one with this poem I never heard him do it badly, then he did the "Bloody Poem" about bloody sheilas, another fine delivery.

One of our newer members, Kerry Bowe braved the microphone, and recited Kerry's Lot, obviously based on her own experience and most entertaining, then David Sears gave us a very descriptive poet called Reedy River, wonderful pictures of the life of a river.

Barry then gave us a Syd Hopkins poem, suitably entitled When the Eagles played the Insects at the Zoo. I have heard this poem before as many of you regulars have, but it was appropriate for the night, (the 4 point win by the Eagles) and just as hilarious.

Arthur Leggett was called upon to give us three of his best, The Kimberley's Geraldton, and Droving, what a delivery with great feeling for our country.

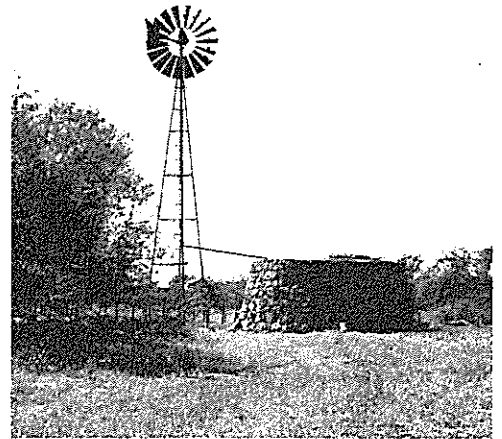
Before Grace could think about being nervous she was thrust in front of the microphone again and recited Lost by Banjo Paterson. The little falters here and there were soon filled in by audience members.

Rusty returned and performed Dipso Dan, in preparation for his spot on the ABC show How the Quest was Won, some time soon, and Peter Nettleton gave us one of our favourites Said Hanrahan with a lot of help from the audience.

Barry finalised the night with his rendition of Ouch by the Blue the Shearer it always gets a good laugh, and I am sure a great night was had by all, so many thanks to Barry Higgins and especially Brian Langley⁴

June.

Way out back of Perth!



Ma & Pa Kettle hit the Road or Thelma & Louise Ride Again!

Take your pick. Either title covers the adventures of Rod and Kerry when they, unsuspectingly, volunteered as support crew for fellow WABP&YSP members, Christine and Kingsley Smith, on a 3000kl 9G tractor ride through the Murchison..... through the wildflowers.....through the red dust.....through the endless daylight hoursat the mind numbing speed of 45kph! And we wouldn't have missed it for quids!

Our faithful ute, *Bluey*, resembling a giant crustacean with the Villa Nova strapped to its back, became the *wheels* for *Thelma & Louise* (alias Christine and me). We left the tractor-driving to the boys! We quickly became the groups rebels, not conforming to the rules and often scooting off to do our own thing. We were on holiday after all!

There were high lights and there were low lights - red dust coating the inside of the villa nova, a few long, tiring hauls, occasional camps without showers. It was interesting to note how quick the standards drop and how, when everyone is red and smelly, no one seems to notice or care!

The highlights, however, were many. Though we missed the best of the wild flowers they still put on a spectacular show in places. The wreath flowers were amazing. As is the country—the rich reds and a constantly changing landscape.

The group went to Sandstone, Wiluna, Well 5 on the Gunbarrell, Meekatharra, Cue, Mt Magnet, before heading for the coast. Apart from the occasional stop at a caravan park we mostly used shearer's quarters on Stations. The station owners were welcoming, opening up their homesteads and facilities and sharing their lives with us. Some allowed us to fossick in their junk heaps and poor Bluey sunk lower to the ground as we loaded it up with old rusting treasures for The Shed. They are wonderful people, uncomplaining of the long drought, proud yet humble, open but reserved. And I think everyone of them knew Syd Hopkinson!

Rod & I had planned to keep quiet about being Bush Poets but our cover was blown the first morning, resulting in many performances round the camp fire and at fund raising events. The Sandstone Shire put on a big barbeque for the 9Gs, inviting all the town. We did an impromptu show for them resulting in \$500 being raised for School of the Air and me being covered in hugs and kisses by Janice, one of the local aborigines. She was a real character and enjoyed the poetry immensely.

The folk at Glen Station also treated us to a barbeque, inviting people from Que and Mt Magnet. Once again we were dragged up to perform and \$700 was raised for the Flying Doctor Service. Mind you, none of the money raised was as a result of the level of our performances! People are just very generous.

The most rewarding gig we did was at the Mt Magnet School, particularly one young girl who was riveted by the poetry and later shared her works with us.

Alana, at Yuinmery Station displayed the amazing patchwork quilts she makes. Paul, from Boogardie, showed us a Bower Bird's nest and a young eaglet in its nest surrounded by three dead bungarras (yum!) . The natural bridge at Sandstone was amazing, as is Sandstone itself. I loved that town! Wolga Rock, a 2 kilometre long monolith, impressed us so much we camped there a night to explore it properly and to view the extensive aboriginal art. The windmills with their stone water tanks and the yards set up to trap the wild goats. Most of the Stations are surviving off the sale of these goats. And The Old Wongoondy Hall! Rod & I happened on it on the way back to Perth and it was a moving experience to find it exactly as described in Keith Lethbridge's poem. The back door was open and the Concord piano was there complete with swallow droppings. Definitely a highlight of the trip!

There were interesting moments too. The second night out our 12 volt power leads shorted and poor Bluey caught fire under the bonnet. Battery and bonnet were aflame but a mega puff from Rod soon extinguished them. Then old "she'll be right" Rod got to work with gaffa tape (borrowed, of course) and patched up the battery and it never missed a beat.

At Cue the four of us decided to go out to a derelict mine site and building for lunch. The boys took off in the tractor but Christine and I stayed behind because Rod had the ute's keys in his pocket. They spent an hour at the site waiting for us and complaining to other tourists about how you can't trust women before discovering the keys! Fortunately there was plenty to see at Cue.

Our final night was a classic too. We decided to treat ourselves to a comfortable bed and a good nights sleep in the hotel at New Norcia. How lucky we felt when we scored the last room on a cancellation. How unlucky we felt when we discovered our room was over the extremely noisy bar which pumped out loud music until midnight. Oh well, win a few, loose a few.

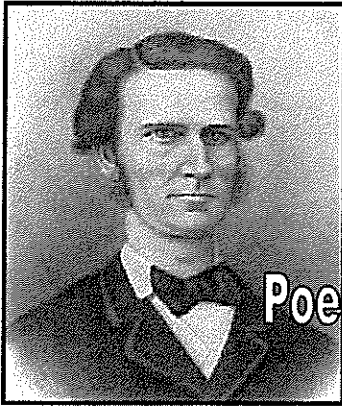
Would we do it again? We'll get back to you on that one. But certainly not the next trek which is an eight week one from Northam to Normanton way up in the Gulf!

Kerry



The 9G Tractor Club is made up of enthusiasts of this tractor, popular in the 1950-60's. The Club was formed when they made their first trek across Australia from Steep Point (most westerly point) to Byron Bay (most easterly point), taking three months to do the crossing.

A Walk With The Masters



Adam Lindsay Gordon

1833 - 1870

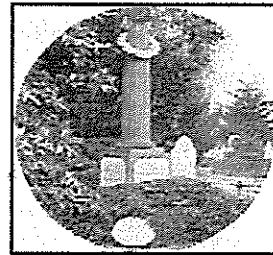
"Father of Bush Poetry"

Poet, Horseman, Politician, Speculator & Policeman

Undoubtedly one of the most significant interments at Brighton General Cemetery is that of Poet Gordon who was born on the island of Azores on 19 October 1833 the son of Adam Gordon and his cousin Harriet. Inheriting his mother's fecklessness, his adolescence was a troubled one, marred by brawls, bouts of drunkenness and a warrant for his arrest that tested his father's patience once too many; a position in South Australia was secured and he sailed on the Julia arriving in Adelaide on 11 November 1853.

"To My Sister"

My parents bid me cross the flood,
My kindred frowned at me;
They say I have belied my blood,
And stained my pedigree.
But I must turn from those who chide,
And laugh at those who frown;
I cannot quench my stubborn pride,
Nor keep my sprits down.



Horses were Gordon's love, poetry his passion. Serving with the S.A Mounted Police (1853-55) he was stationed at Penola in the Mount Gambier area and spent a period of two years of routine life of unremarkable incidents; his horse skills were noted by his peers and he proved a reliable trooper. It was also here that he met Rev. Julian Tenison-Woods (Waverley Cemetery) which up to this point little was known of the poet in Gordon. With a formidable library of the likes of Thackeray, Dickens, Shelley and Byron, Tenison-Woods supplied the stimulus to rekindle Gordon's passion in poetry. He also befriended William Trainor (q.v.), who apart from Tenison-Woods encouraged Gordon to publish his works; "The Feud" was his first and appeared in Border Watch on 30 August 1864. On the death of his mother in 1861 Gordon received a large inheritance and was suddenly a man of wealth. It also marked the start of his downfall. He married Margaret née Park on 20 October 1862 and bought Dingley Dell a cottage near Port MacDonnell; pursued his love of riding and training steeplechasers; and made disastrous speculations in land. Where men upon failure could say they tried, Gordon was one who upon failure could never understand why, believing his family name would alone assure success. In January 1865 he entered the South Australian parliament (1865-66) on the urgings of the Mount Gambier landowners: his platform was against unlocking the lands, support of borrowing for public works and vowing to lobby for extra funds for the area. But politics soon bored Gordon and he found more attraction in the Parliamentary library. He did however continue to write poetry and after the disastrous foray in land speculation in Western Australia he self-published his own works - "Ashtaroth" (1867) and "Sea Spray and Smoke Drift" (1867) but neither the reviewers warmed to his style and he made a substantial loss; it was rather a reflection of the uncompromising pre-conceived opinion of critics than the freshness of Gordon's works. This failure soon led Gordon to Victoria in the form of an old friend Walter Craig of Craig's Hotel, Ballarat whom he was able to lease livery stables from. But failure continued to dog Gordon. In March 1868 he suffered a serious horse riding fall and suffered a fractured skull, broken nose, jaw and ribs; on 14 April his only child, Annie died after contracting enteritis; a nearby blaze destroyed the stables; and in September his wife left him. While staying with a friend in Melbourne, Gordon met the author Marcus Clarke (Melbourne General Cemetery) at the time editor of Colonial Monthly who introduced Gordon to the Melbourne literary scene including Tom Carrington (q.v.) and Henry Kendall (Waverley Cemetery). Thus, Gordon began one last foray into poetry with "Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes" (1870) considered his finest work producing such favourites as "From the Wreck", "The Sick Stockrider" and "How we Beat the Favourite". The day after publication on 24 June 1870 he committed suicide on the Brighton foreshore. For Gordon, mistakes came too early and recognition too late whose recklessness and daring as a horse rider, open handed generosity and melancholy were ultimately his downfall. The stanza on his headstone from the poem "Ye Wearie Wayfarer" was popular to a generation of Australian school children:

Question not, but live and labour
Till yon goal be won,
Helping every feeble neighbour,
Seeking help from none;

Life is mostly froth and bubble
Two things stand like stone:
KINDNESS in another's trouble.
COURAGE in your own.

Limitations on space do not allow me to print some of Adam Lindsay Gordon's wonderful ballads. So I have reproduce a few short poems. If you enjoy them perhaps it might motivate you to read more of his works.

The Song of the Surf

WHITE steeds of ocean, that leap with a hollow and wearisome roar
On the bar of ironstone steep, not a fathom's length from the shore,
Is there never a seer nor sophist can interpret your wild refrain,
When speech the harshest and roughest is seldom studied in vain?
My ears are constantly smitten by that dreary monotone,
In a hieroglyphic 'tis written—'tis spoken in a tongue unknown;
Gathering, growing, and swelling, and surging, and shivering, say!
What is the tale you are telling? What is the drift of your lay?

You come, and your crests are hoary with the foam of your countless years;
You break, with a rainbow of glory, through the spray of your glittering tears
Is your song a song of gladness? a paean of joyous might?
Or a wail of discordant sadness for the wrongs you never can right?
For the empty seat by the ingle? for children 'rest of their sire?
For the bride sitting sad, and single, and pale, by the flickering fire?
For your ravenous pools of suction? for your shattering billow swell?
For your ceaseless work of destruction? for your hunger insatiable?

Not far from this very place, on the sand and the shingle dry,
He lay, with his batter'd face upturned to the frowning sky.
When your waters wash'd and swill'd high over his drowning head,
When his nostrils and lungs were filled, when his feet and hands were as lead
When against the rock he was hurf'd, and suck'd again to the sea,
On the shores of another world, on the brink of eternity,
On the verge of annihilation, did it come to that swimmer strong,
The sudden interpretation of your mystical, weird-like song?

"Mortal! that which thou askest, ask not thou of the waves;
Fool! thou foolishly taskest us—we are only slaves;
Might, more mighty, impels us—we must our lot fulfil,
He who gathers and swells us curbs us, too, at His will.
Think'st thou the wave that shatters questioneth His decree?
Little to us it matters, and naught it matters to thee.
Not thus, murmuring idly, we from our duty would swerve,
Over the world spread widely ever we labour and serve."

TO A PROUD BEAUTY

'A VALENTINE'

THOUGH I have loved you well, I ~~would~~
And you, too, fancied me,
Your heart hath too divided been
A constant heart to be.
And like the gay and youthful knight,
Who loved and rode away,
Your fleeting fancy takes a flight
With every fleeting day.

So let it be as you propose,
Tho' hard the struggle be;
'Tis fitter far—that goodness knows!—
Since we cannot agree.
Let's quarrel once for all, my sweet,
Forget the past—and then
I'll kiss each pretty girl I meet,
While you'll flirt with the men.

Thick Headed Thoughts

How many a resolution to amend
Is made and broken, as the years run round!
And how can others on your word depend,
When faithless to ourselves we're often found?
I've often swore—'Henceforward I'll reform,
And bid my vices, follies, all take wing.'
To keep my promise, 'mid temptation's storm,
I've always found was quite another thing.

I saw a donkey going down the road
The other day; a boy was on his back,
Who on the long-eared quadruped bestowed,
With a stout cudgel, many a hearty thwack;
But lazier and lazier grew the beast,
Until he dwindled to a step so slow
That I felt sure 'twould take him, at the least,
Full half an hour one blessed mile to go.

Soliloquising on this state of things,
'That moke's like me,' I muttered, with a sigh;
'He might go faster if he'd got some wings,
But Nature's made him better off than I;
For though I've all his obstinacy—aye! all—
His sullen spirit, and his dogged ways,
I've not one particle, however small,
Of that praiseworthy patience he displays.'

A SONG OF AUTUMN¹

'WHERE shall we go for our garlands glad
At the falling of the year,
When the burnt-up banks are yellow and sad,
When the boughs are yellow and sere?
Where are the old ones that once we had,
And when are the new ones near?
What shall we do for our garlands glad
At the falling of the year?'

'Child! can I tell where the garlands go?
Can I say where the lost leaves veer
On the brown-burnt banks, when the wild winds blow,
When they drift through the dead-wood drear?
Girl! when the garlands of next year glow,
You may gather again, my dear—
But I go where the last year's lost leaves go
At the falling of the year.'

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

- Oct 7 **WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491**
- Oct 7-9 NSW State Championships 02 6657 2139
- Oct 20 Closing date Walla Walla Heritage Festival Written Comp PO Box 22 Walla Walla NSW 2659
- Oct 22-23 **WA Bush Poetry Championships and Country City Bush Poetry Challenge**
Tumbulgum Farm - for details refer Page 3
- Nov 4 **WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491**
- Dec 2 **WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491**

★ **State Championships** ★

Closing date for entries in the championships

7th October 2005

For details view web site

www.wabushpoets.com

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