

The Bully Tin

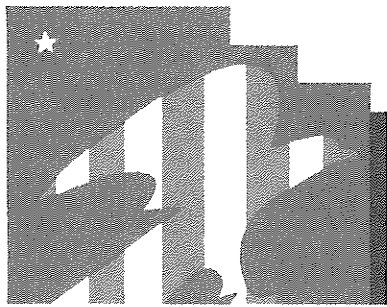
March 2006



& Yarn Spinners

Monthly Muster at the Como Bowling & Recreation Club cnr Hensman & Sandgate Sts, South Perth
Next meeting Friday 3rd March, 2006 at 7.00pm for 7.30pm start.

www.wabushpoets.com



introducing

Dick Warwick

American Cowboy Poet

Dick is both poet and farmer. His farm lies amid the Palouse Hills in the north-west corner of the United States, where he grows grains and his wife, Sue, breeds Arabian, paint and miniature horses. He has entertained extensively round this area and has participated many times in the National Cowboy Poetry Gathering at Elko, Nevada, one of America's most prestigious events. He has performed at other festivals within America as well as in the UK, Ireland and Australia.

Dick's journey with poetry actually started in Perth in 1981 when he took on a job as header driver near Koorda. As this proved to be a wetter than usual season and he found himself with time on his hands he'd drive 150 miles to Perth where he'd visit the pubs to listen to the music. One time the Mucky Duck Bush Band was playing and Roger Montgomery recited "The Man From Ironbark". This was the first time Dick had heard traditional performance poetry and, as with so many of us, he was hooked.

On returning home he started the Urban Coyote Bush Band introducing people in the Pacific Northwest to Australian folk music. After memorising a few Banjo Peterson poems he started to write his own poetry, with a North American slant. It was not until 1990 when he visited Elko to hear some Aussie poets perform that he discovered his own country's cowboy poetry tradition. He has been writing and performing ever since along with singing traditional cowboy and folk songs with guitar and harmonica accompaniment.

So, in Dick's words "travelling to Perth to perform classic and original American cowboy poetry is like coming the full circle."

Don't miss this opportunity to be entertained by

Dick Warwick

at

**Monthly Muster
Como Bowling Club
Friday 3rd March, 2006
7.30pm**

**Festival of Melville
Limestone Theatre
Sunday 12th March, 2006
7.00-9.00pm**

Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"



G'day to you good people in Bush Poetry country.

If anybody had any doubts as to the emerging popularity of our art form, they only had to be in Boyup Brook for the Poets breaky Sun. Feb. 19 from 7.00 to 9.30. The eleven performers and M.C.' The Late ' Ron Evans, gave a scintillating exhibition of the art, from comparative newcomers to seasoned exponents, the show rocked along smoothly and gave the, in excess of a thousand attendees, a show to remember.

The offerings ranged from Paterson, whose birthday was on Fri. the 19th., to Peter Capp's entertaining inane utterances, and most Aussie things in between. The organisers and performers are to be congratulated for a job well done. The opportunity cannot be lost to mention the sterling job of accommodating, catering for, and entertaining the poets [various] and other guests of Pam and Ron at their rambling, rammed earth, ranch. On behalf of all the ' blow ins' a big THANK YOU, your hospitality was the icing [that term again] on the cake of a most enjoyable weekend.

Our association has attracted the attention and support of the US Consul General, Robin McClellan, who, with husband Jim, drove down to Boyup Brook on Sat. to be at, and enjoy the action on Sunday AM before driving back to Perth before another engagement that afternoon. Yes we have friends in the most unexpected places.

Of course one of the reasons for Robin's continuing interest is the rapidly approaching visit to Perth of our guest, Cowboy Poet Dick Warwick, who arrives March 2 and will be at the muster the next night. There is a very busy schedule organised for Dick and is a wonderful opportunity for us to promote the cause, which brings me to a correction of a date in last month's Bully Tin. The performance at the Limestone Theatre for the Festival of Melville is NOT on Saturday the 11th.---it is SUNDAY the 12th. 7--9pm - be there early as there is space for about 200 in the amphitheatre - - so don't be disappointed -- a gold [brass] coin collection will be taken up to cover costs.

The Boss Cocky ---Rusty C.

Guidelines for Performers at Monthly Musters

1. Poems selected should Australian Bush poems conforming to the structure of rhythm and rhyme with content pertaining to the Australian way of life.
2. Reading is allowed but not encouraged.
3. The performer should keep each presentation limited to no more than six minutes. There is usually the opportunity to perform at least twice each Muster.
4. Inappropriate jokes are not welcome.

The aim of the Club is to develop accomplished performers
and to entertain the audience.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor

While all regular attendees at the Musters are well aware of our President's views on learning lines, we are becoming heartily sick of listening to his diatribe. If he continues with his hypocritical discourses, it will do nothing but totally discourage creativity and the willingness to "give it a go". I say hypocritical, for on many occasions I have seen and heard him mumble, stumble and lose the rhythm of the poems he claims to know. I have even seen him do the unforgivable and read a poem or two.

I am prompted to write this letter following the February Muster where he expounded his views for almost 15 minutes. I am under the impression that the aim of the Bush Poets is to foster enthusiasm and interest in this genre of poetry. If the poetry that incurred his wrath was not to his standard, then he should be offering constructive remedies, not castigating the efforts of others. Do I recall hearing mention of requests for training expressed at the last AGM? What progress in this regard? I also draw umbrage from some of his comments during his tirade, in particular his use of "doggerel". Had he listened to the words of the poems concerned he would have found that they indeed had both rhyme and rhythm and told stories to which many of the audience could relate? Sure, they could do with some tidying up but they did not deserve the castigation they received. As for his comment regarding being able to sing only good poems, I have heard people singing the cricket scoresheet and "The Lord's Prayer". These are hardly rhyming verse. I'm afraid if his attitude continues, he will lose more performers and consequently his audience. I for one would not like to see this happen. Let us all remember that Musters are not only a venue for polished performers but also a training ground for up-coming performers and writers. We, the audience come to listen to their poetry, irrespective of its literary merit and presentation. We are there to share with the poets and writers a laugh or a tear and to enjoy the company of like-minded people.

I remain, as do many who write about political or sensitive issues, "A Nonny Mus"

Dear Editor

I feel so compelled to write to you after Friday night's attack on reading verses reciting. The time old subject keeps raising it's head.

My own preference is reciting-- one seems to have a closer contact with the audience in performing with feeling and seeing faces. --But for those who do not have this strict perseverance and time for the hard slog of learning word by word the words of a poem and then perfecting it for performance, surely a well read poem is acceptable.

The key to good reading, is practicing reading the work over and over aloud to oneself and family members so as it is well rehearsed and has good expression.

As there is reciting and reciting, there is reading and reading. (I hope this makes sense.)

There is always a beginning for us all, as those that first get up and recite will know, after all your practice at home you always have that dreadful fear of will you remember all my lines, nerves set in and the heart pounds and the body shakes and the voice quivers and you forget some of your wordsyou feel you have failed miserably and you will never do it again..... Then it may be only one person that comes to you afterwards with a word of encouragement and telling you to keep going, it will get better. As Rusty says "It 'aint easy"

So give the reader's and writer's a fair go as is the supposed "Aussie way."

The more practice the better they will become. Just look at Brian Langley how he has grown since his first written works. He is now State Champion and I love his Poem "Hector." Not only with the way it is written but also the way Brian recites it. It has good public appeal and that is what we all aim for.

As over time we lose some of our best performers----- and some coming only occasionally in John Hayes, Arthur Legget, Kerry and Rod Lee we really do need to encourage more people to have a go in whatever way is comfortable for them but entertaining to the public.

Remembering the most important of all is that people pay to hear good poetry. Without them we would have no club and that would be the shame of it all.

Most importantly let the housekeeping problems and arguments stay in the committee and Bully Tin. Not aired in the public, it must make our visitors feel uncomfortable listening to all the bickering that has been happening lately.

And while I am on the subject of what is acceptable for the monthly meetings I refer to the 4 GUIDELINES in February's Bully Tin. Please take note of No. 4..... Inappropriate jokes are not welcome..... On Friday night 3rd Feb. I felt at least two jokes presented by a committee member with his position beginning with a P did not comply with this rule at all!!!!

I do hope you publish this letter, for my own reasons I am going to remain anonymous as some of our poets do.

Dear Editor

I was very disappointed at the last meeting of the Bush Poets when a gentleman who read his poetry was criticised for doing so. When he read his second piece he announced that he would not be coming back and addressed that to the President.

Who makes the rules for not reading the works? Is it in the Constitution? As most of us are in the senior age groups and memory failure is one of the first signs of age, why aren't they allowed to read intelligently and clearly, instead of being embarrassed and making the audience feel sorry for them?

B Silvester

I was unable to attend the February Muster so cannot comment on the evening's events. However, from the letters and phone calls I have received it is obvious people are not happy with the direction the club is taking.

Perhaps it is time for a reassessment? There has been a call for more committee members, which is one way to bring about change. Another is by voicing your opinions in your Newsletter. All constructive ideas will be tabled. Thank you to those who cared enough to put pen to paper.

It saddens me that what should be an enjoyable evening has caused so much upset. I hope though that, despite this, you will all attend the March Muster to support Dick Warwick, the Cowboy Poet.

Kerry

February Monthly Muster



There was a good crowd at the February Muster, including many new converts who had seen us at Wireless Hill for our Australia Day afternoon.

The night was very hot and unfortunately the Air-Conditioning was not up and running due to more delays, we can only hope it is there next Muster.

Our MC for the evening was 'volunteer' David Sears. We choose him because we know he will to do a good job, and he did not disappoint, thank you David.

Rusty started the evening by commenting on the Wireless Hill Showcase, and brought us up to date on Dick Warwick, the American Cowboy Poet who is coming to Perth soon. Then he brightened up the evening with a great rendition of Banjo Patterson's, Johnson's Snake Bite Antidote.

Brian Langley, who was visiting for the day from his summer retreat at Moore River, gave us a 4 line shorty called, Backyard Pool, and then the rather sad poem called Alzheimer's.

A lady who always takes the time to learn and recite a new poem each month, Grace Williamson, brought us a beautiful poem called, Stepping Stones, by Joan Strange. What wonderful thoughts and memories the writer had when those stones recalled her past, as she sat in her Nursing Home. The audience gave Grace a huge applause which was well deserved.

Syd Hopkinson then delivered one of his own poems, I think it was called Paynes Find, set in the 1930's a wonderful story full of history and well recited.

The exuberant Wayne Pantell then took the mike and recited Easter Eggcess, and making comment on the increasing commercialism regarding Xmas starting in October and Easter starting in late January.

At this point David our MC informed us that our very own Harold Rowell had received another Award on Australia Day, that makes him TWO, and Sylvia One (any rivalry there?). Well done Harold.

Our local joke master, Barry Higgins was on hand to share a couple of jokes us before reciting Local Government by Blue the Shearer. What is the world coming to?

We haven't seen this lady for a while, Trish Joyce, perhaps she hasn't been well? but she shared some of her own poetry, a couple of short ones entitled, In My Defense & Don't be Stupid.

Another lady, Christine Boulton who also writes and recites her own work, this time we heard Hidden Bounty. It was something to do with 'budgie smugglers' or was she really talking about men's jocks?

Bob Philpott, then read one of his own works called White Ant DNA, then Bob Chambers finish the first half with a poem I think was called Adlestrop by Adel Thomas. (Sorry if I got these details wrong).

After Interval it was time for our Walk with the Masters segment. It was my turn to choose and recite a traditional poem and I choose A B Patterson's poem, A Bushman's Song. It certainly had a sense of history and a lovely 'singing' feel to it, and I hope you enjoyed listening to the poem as much as I enjoyed reading it to you.

How do you describe these two guys? Messrs Hopkinson and Higgins once again gave us all the funny stuff that Syd churns out, a none stop chuckle of nonsense and anecdotes for a full belly laugh.

Trish Joyce had one more for us and recited Don't be Stupid, short and sweet, and Christine Boulton returned and recited The Sandy Hollow by Duke Tritter, well done ladies keep up the good work.

Wayne Pantell's next contribution was two short poems, both about the Anzacs'. The first one was called Anzacs by Edgar Wallace followed by Boots by Banjo Patterson. Both great renditions and Wayne's enthusiasm spilled over into every corner of the room, I hope the mike is still working!

Next poem Grace performed for us was the Little Wornout Pony. Its such a lovely poem (by Anon) about a little boy who was rescued by the pony in the floods. Another great recitation from Grace, it certainly brought a tear to my eye.

Our man from Moore River (temporary) joined us again to give us a flavour of Pemberton. The Forest Global Warming I think it was called, Brian is of course a bit of Greenie, and writes some pretty good poetry also.

Bob Philpott then read his own poem about the Main Road Grader Driver a rather long tale of what happens on our roads and the men who build them.

Unfortunately he was a little upset at Rusty's 'coaching' in the interval and had some personal comments to make himself on the subject of reading as opposed to reciting.

I'm just going to introduce this performer as 'the New Bloke' because he appeared from the audience and gave us Literary Lovers but I never caught his name. It always nice to have new people getting up and giving it a go, it keeps us fresh and hopefully interesting and we perhaps hear poems we haven't heard before.

David Sears our MC then gave us his great rendition of Man from Marble Bar by Victor Courtney, a cheeky little piece about the Devil who thought nothing is ever hot enough once you've lived in Marble Bar.

Bob Chambers then came out and told us about Nice Piece of Mutton. How many of you know what mutton is today? certainly not the younger ones amongst us.

David then filled the gap with Old Grandad. Poor old grandad got his come-up pence when he went to the Outhouse out the back after someone had shifted it over and old drilling site. It seems he held his breath too long and expired waiting for the splash.

It was left to Rusty to give us a final number and a short reply to Bob Philpott, giving an example of "rhythms and rhythm and the reasons we encourage members to be reciters not readers. His poem was Bluey and the Sheep a typical poem by Bob Magor who writes some outrageous stuff about every day mishaps and mayhem, a great one to finish the night.

Cheers, June

*What you can do, or
dream you can, begin it.
Courage has genius,
power, and magic in it;
Only engage, and then the
mind grows heated.
Begin it and the work will be completed.*

Way out back of Perth!

One of my failings is that I anthropomorphise. I never realised what I was doing until I did an equine management course at TAFE a few years back. The lecturer said we should never, ever anthropomorphise our horses or, in plain English, bestow on them human characteristics. Well, this information came too late for me. I am a dedicated *anthropomorphiser* from a horse down to a fly. And this is why I am currently out of favour with my daughterunfairly, I feel, as I was only trying to avoid an accident and save my sanity.

Early on a Saturday morning I was driving to South Perth with three of my grandkids in the back of the car - the baby, the toddler and the four year old. Just as I was turning onto the freeway the two older kids started screaming there were bees in the car. Naturally, the baby had to join in as well. And, naturally, I was alarmed at the thought of them being stung and was finding all the commotion a tad distracting. Frantic peaks over my shoulder and in the rear vision mirror soon established that the bees were actually two tiny bush flies and the only danger was that the little pests might annoy us all to death. However, the kids would not be convinced and continued to yell and scream. Stopping wasn't an option. Nor was yelling back at them. That was when I was hit with a brainwave. I told them the flies were my good friends, Harold and Susan, and they just wanted to play hide and seek with them. Instant stunned silence! Obliging at that moment the flies vanished from sight and the game was on. For the rest of the trip Kensie and Harrison counted while Harold and Susan hid and there were delighted squeals each time they sighted one of them. Charlotte stopped crying and we all enjoyed the rest of the trip. End of story??? No way. Now, whenever my daughter goes to kill a fly, the kids start crying "You can't kill Harold (or Susan). That's Grandma's best friend!"

You might think that little episode would have made me rethink, but..... Just after this I discovered a new friend living inside the bucket I mix molasses in for my horse—a daddy long leg spider. I never noticed him at first as I dunked the bucket in the horse trough and slopped in a dollop of molasses. His web inside the bucket grew thicker daily. When I finally had a closer look he was vibrating on his intricate web defiantly staring back at me.

From then on I was careful how I dunked and slopped. I called him *Spindles* and chat to him while doling out the horse feeds. Now how ridiculous is that! Especially as I wage a constant battle with spiders in the house, vaccing, spraying and swatting the little blighters. I don't even like spiders. Well, either Spindles was an elderly spider who sort the bucket out as a retirement home or spiders have a short life span for, sad to say, after a month of his company I looked in the bucket and found poor Spindles had gone to join his ancestors.

Kerry

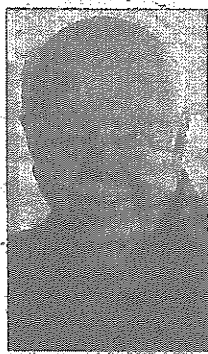


Family now has two

APPLECROSS resident Harold Rowell has followed his wife Sylvia in receiving an Australia Day honour for his voluntary work in the community.

Mrs Rowell was awarded the Medal of the Order of Australia in 1993 for more than 50 years voluntary work for Royal Perth Hospital, including 41 years as a driver.

In Thursday's Australian Day honours, Mr Rowell received the same award for service to the community through ex-service, social and med-



Harold Rowell

ical research organisations.

Mr Rowell was WA president of Perth Legatsy from 1991-1993, president of Belmont Rotary Club in 1991-2, inaugural president of 22 Squadron Retirees of WA and former president of the Australian Airline Pilots' Association of WA.

During World War II Mr Rowell captained MacRobertson Miller Airlines Avro Ansons and DC3s on secondment to the RAAF on bombing and strafing missions in New Guinea.

Attention! Writers & Reciters



Val Read has very kindly sent details of a hand book for Writers & Performers of Rhymed Verse

HELP!

By

Carmel Randle

or

Splendacrest

Preston Qld 4352

\$12.00 including postage

Member's Contributions

ABOUT 'THE WRITTEN VERSE'

I've been reading your poem here Brian, about rhyming and meter in verse,
And I'm trying my best while replyin', not to seem too pedantic or terse.
But you tell us our poems will bore you and they'll most likely all read the same,
Do you reckon the poets before you, like 'The Banjo', are buried in shame?

I don't claim to be such a great poet, or believe I'm excessively smart,
But I'll tell you right now, so you'll know it, I'm a bloke who takes pride in his art.
There's a place for the modern day writers who don't bother with meter or rhyme,
But I won't step aside for the blighters, for the old style suits me any time.

When it comes to the judging side brudder, there's one matter on which I won't budge,
If they can't tell the bull from the udder, then they're in no position to judge.
If I don't win a comp' that's no worry, 'cause quite frankly, I don't really care,
But I'd let someone know in a hurry if I thought they were playing unfair.

For although they were not etched in fire, true bush poetry still has its rules,
They were put there to keep standards higher, like a tradesman, we need the right tools
If our poetry didn't need measure, then the masters would not be that great,
Making words rhyme is part of the pleasure, and that's why it's called poetry mate.

There are people who can or can't do it, and it's really no reason for shame,
If the meat's a bit tough, learn to chew it; don't try changing the rules of the game.
And you'd best decide which game you're playing, if you can't take the risk you may lose.
Take a look at the things you are saying, are there not better words you could choose?

So go on and enjoy what you're writing, make the most of the talent you've got,
'Cause I heard you when you were reciting, and I'll tell you, I liked it a lot,
As for rules that were made to be broken, well I reckon a few of them weren't,
And some words would be better unspoken; that's one lesson in life that I've learnt.

Peter Blyth

A word from Brian Gale, a member residing in Margaret River.
(not the Brian in Peter's poem)

To WABP&YS Association

Enclosed us a bit of information sent to me once again.

I have been to the Cowboy Bush Poetry Gathering four times now and get a great welcome and reception.

Pincher Creek is about 300 kms. South of Calgary in Alberta (Canada) and up to 80 poets get there each year. The first 60 get paid, free food and camping, etc. A great adventure and a chance to explore The Rockies after the show.

Or Montana, Wyoming and Sth Dakota. Even the Yellowstone National Park is only a few days bike ride away. This is the area I cycled in 2004. Magic!

Boyup Brook was a great success once again.

How's the poetry going there in the city? Not much happening I guess, as there's never any up coming events that we hear advertised in The Bully Tin.

Keep up the good work.

Brian Gale

Hi Brian

Thanks for the letter and poem and the information on the competition in Pincher Creek. I will include it in "Coming Events".

Kerry

A Few Bob Short (Alf Dunkley's Story)

A cricket match was set to start
As the players ran on the field,
But when the final count was made,
They were short one player still.

Eleven men was all they had,
It seems one had gone astray,
A count revealed old Alf weren't there,
And we need him here today.

Now the reason for it goes like this,
And it's true I'm here to say.
Alf was the driver of the truck
That brought the team today.

Four bob it cost to get a lift,
There and back each way.
Every player paid his share,
It was only fair they say.

Well Alf was loaded down with coins
A' bulging in his pocket,
When an urgent need came for the 'loo
And he took off like a rocket.

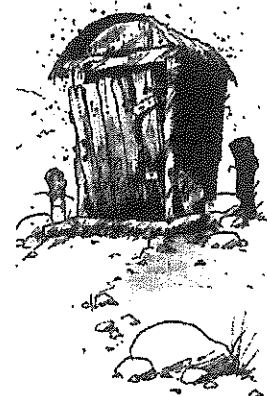
The thunderbox was still in use,
It was the pan type way back then.
Alf slipped his pants down to his knees,
And a lot of coins dropped in.

Money then was pretty scarce,
He couldn't lose it in the 'loo,
A near full pan of excrement,
Now what was he to do?

The players searching everywhere,
Finally found their missing mate,
Retrieving his coins with a forky stick,
Before it was too late.

They were desperate times years back,
And if Alf had had his way,
He'd of kept on searching in the pan
And miss the match that day.

Brian A. Gale



The Old Wongoondy Hall by Keith Lthbridge

I was earning my pay on a glorious day,
While the blue leschenaultia flowered;
A wandering star in a Commonwealth car,
On the pay-roll of honest John Howard.
Not a cloud in the sky as the paddocks rolled by,
And the world was in my palm,
As I headed out back on the Mullewa track,
To the big Bundybunna farm.

By a dry water course, a broken-down horse
Rolled back an inquisitive eye,
As a flock of galahs wheeled lazily past,
In a magical turquoise sky.
I dropped back the speed, in response to a need
To answer Nature's call,
And with no more in mind, I drove up behind
The old Wongoondy hall.

My business was done in the shimmering sun,
And the body felt well satisfied;
Then, as I was hopin', the back door was open,
So I went for a gander inside.
It was one of those halls with concrete brick walls
Not fancy, just solid and plain,
In need of repair, with grey dust in the air,
Like a paddock parched for rain.

And there in the corner, with swallow nests on her,
A Concord piano was strewn;
Dry wood, rusty iron and just about cryin'
For someone to strike up a tune;
So I lifted the lid and just as I did,
A swallow brushed past my brow.
I felt a bit daunted perhaps it was haunted !
But too late to "chicken out" now.

I found an old chair in the kitchen out there,
Then struck up a tentative chord;
A little off key but it satisfied me,
So into the action I roared.
Liberace I'm not, but the further I got,
The more I felt right at home;
In Wongoondy hall, with its history and all,
That song grew a life of its own.

In next to no time I was Art Rubinstein,
With a smidgen of Elton John,
And behind me, I swear, ghosts danced through the air,
While I just kept tinkling on.
Then up came the light on a wonderful sight,
Of farmers in Sunday attire;
Young blokes from the town were waltzing around,
With girls of their hearts' desire.

I picked out the tone of a sweet saxophone,
Then a drummer leapt into the fray,
And right through the chorus the crowd cheered for us,
In a warm but ghostly way.
They shouted "Encore !" so we kept playing more,
As the minutes went hurrying past,
But my fingers were slowing; I couldn't keep going,
So stopped for a breather at last.

And (wouldn't you know ?) that ended the show,
For the moment I turned around,
In the dust-laden air the floor boards were bare,
With never a ghost to be found;
And try as I might to get the spell right,
And the ghost dancers back on the floor,
I could never repeat that magical feat;
They had vanished, for ever more.

With no heart to play, I called it a day,
And trudged to the open door,
But before stepping down, turned sadly around,
And bowed to an empty floor;
Then later, outside, I felt a strange pride,
And walked about ten feet tall,
To think I had played in a ghost serenade,
At the old Wongoondy hall.



When Rod & I were on the 9G tractor trek we were thrilled to discover Wongoondy Hall exactly as Keith describes it in his poem. This was the inspiration for the Wildflower Tour with Keith Canon.

Chauffeur Services Charter Coach Tours

Murchison Wildflower Tour

Incorporating

Bush Poetry Writers & Reciters Workshop

with Rod & Kerry Lee

24—29 August 2006

Visit- Dongara Wongoondy Hall

Mt Magnet Sandstone Paynes Find

Base Camp- Wondinong Station

Attractions- Wreath Flowers London Bridge

Ghost Town Paynes Find Wildflower Centre

Walga Rock *plus....plus....plus*

Enjoy evenings of Bush Poetry & yarns, country music & sing-alongs while dining on camp style meals & bbqs.

Enquiries: Keith & Linda Cannon 9387 7475



Bush Poetry Competition!!

Val Lishman Health Research Foundation

Dardanup Tavern

26th March 2006 12.00pm

This is a relaxed family afternoon in the tavern garden.

ABC's Genine Unsworth will be the host.

Light meals available.

Competition

A copy of the original work to be submitted to the foundation by 15th March, 2006 to assist with program planning.

Entry form and details can be down loaded from:

[Http://vlhrf.mysouthwest.com.au](http://vlhrf.mysouthwest.com.au)

Shore Lines

Bunbury's *Writing for Performance*
Festival

7th October, 2006

Shorelines is a competition where writers contribute work specifically written as a spoken-word or performance piece.

A minimum of \$1500 in cash will be awarded.

Entries assessed solely on written entry. Submissions will short listed for performance.

Work must be submitted by Friday 28 April 2006.

Entry forms and details: 08 9722 2709

or downloaded from: saye@bunbury.wa.gov.au

• Some forms are available from

• K Lee 9397 0409

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

Mar 3 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111 featuring US Cowboy Poet.

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 11 US Cowboy Poet Festival of Melville Limestone Theatre

Mar 15-19 Narrandera NSW John O'Brien Bush Festival & Competition 1800 672 392

Mar 25 Bernard Carney Concert—Diggers Camp 9397 0409

Mar 26 Bush Poetry Competition - Dardanup 0418 932 798

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 7 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111

Apr 28-1 May QUT Urban Country Music Festival Written Competition Caboolture Qld 1800 810 400 *

Apr 24-28 Charters Tower's Australian Championships 07 4787 3211

Apr 28 Shorelines Writing For Performance Festival Bunbury <http://www.bunbury.wa.gov.au/> *

May 6/7 Moondyne Festival Toodyay Bush Dance Sat Night Poets Breakfast Kim Watts 9574 5009

June 16-18 Pincher Creek Gathering entries close 15th March 2006 Fax: 1-403-627-5440

Aug 24-29 Wildflower & Bush Poetry Writer & Performance Tour Murchison Keith Cannon 9387 7475

* Some entry forms and competition details available from Kerry Lee 9397 0409