

BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - July 4th, 2008 7.30pm ★

Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

MC for July, Rusty Christensen

**July is
Winter our AGM, Tax Time**

Recently, In the Budget Shenanigans that are ongoing in Canberra, The Royal Flying Doctor service was referred to as a fund-raising lobby, the Royal Flying Interest Group. Here's what WABP&YS member, Wayne Pantall thought of that

The Royal Flying Interest Group.

The Royal Flying Int'rest Group, it's int'resting to note, is int'rested in saving lives, it's int'resting to quote. And just out of interest, it may run out of fuel, if int'rest lacks in funds from tax, to support our jewel.

Our loyal Flying Int'rest Group, needs more than wing and prayer to keep her services aloft, providing hope and care. Friends and family from afar, cannot all ring Saint John so they must plead for God to speed the Flying Doctor on.

The Flying Doctor (Int'rest Group) must therefore plead for cash to buy the things that save our lives, thanks to their mercy dash. Within the queue of int'rest groups, Doc begs for surplus slice. "Don't wanna stir, but Minister – Some AVGAS would be nice."



© Wayne Pantall 19/5/08

Flying Interest Group - Just Add Money.
(FIG JAM)

To which John Pressley, a member of Wayne's Masters Athletics Group replied

Now what's this Wayne, my dear old mate,
It's really got to cease,
this slagging pollies heartlessly,
You do disturb the peace

Now poor old Jim, he tries his best,
He's got a lot to do,
With justice, health and other things,
and hopes of Premier too!

So please forgive a small "mistake",
for picking on the Docs,
Mind you if ever he is sick,
I'd not be in his socks!

© John Pressley

Our AGM will precede our July Muster and will commence at 6.30pm. All members are urged to try and be there. - See the supplement from last months Bully Tin for the agenda. If the early time is an issue, why not consider having a "fast food" dinner on the way - are you aware that some offer quite good discounts for seniors. Without naming any, I know that a red chook place does. ,

Did you spot the "Deliberate Mistake" on the front page of last month's Bully Tin. If you didn't then you need to amend your history. WA was, of course NOT founded in 1929 but 100 years earlier.

Nobody has come forward with any information about last month's "One Hit Wonder" author Frank Hudson - so the mystery of who and when he was continues.

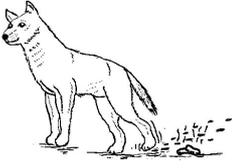
The Question:

Is it true that orange, silver, and month are the only three English-language words without any rhymes?

The Answer:

No. Other common English words without perfect rhymes include "purple," "pint," "wolf," and "dangerous." There are others, especially if you allow very long words like "discombobulate." (*don't think I've ever used that word in a poem - Ed*)

Note that this applies only to having other single words that rhyme perfectly, excluding proper nouns. If half-rhymes are allowed, then "lozenge" comes close to "orange." If combinations of words are allowed, then either "door hinge" or "car hinge" can rhyme with "orange," depending upon your dialect. Similar solutions can be found with other such words.



Scratchings

Well, we're under way at our new venue.

The initial numbers were lower than expected, but it seems that it might have just been that particular night, rather than having anything to do with the new venue. Quite a number of people were not there for all sorts of reasons, health, other

functions, being away. But with a few from Bentley Park (we hope to get quite a few more) we had about 55 there, a bit down on our usual 60—70. Hopefully we will have a full contingent of members for July. (If I recall, two years back, our first night at Mt. Pleasant also had low numbers)

There didn't seem to be many unforeseen hassles, other than the dish washer being so modern, no one knew how to work it. We will also need to sort out the lighting so that the "lower" podium gets a bit more light.

The pre-event furniture moving (chairs and tables) proved to be a bit easier than previously thought as everything has trolleys made for the purpose. - We also seemed to be able to pack everything away in a very short time—we were all packed away by about 10.20. Once the people who stay behind to help us pack away get into a routine and know where things belong, it will probably happen just that bit faster. We're still trying to sort out just how to arrange the furniture—last month we set it up partly as an auditorium with some small tables at the back—these largely went unoccupied, so we'll not do that in future and if people want to sit around a table with a drinkie or two, some small tables will be available so they can set them up themselves. We're still looking for a couple of people to help set up. Caroline comes early and assists (a big Thank you) but we could do with another one or two. They'll need to be there by about 6.45. The new layout and procedure for supper seemed to work well

Members with poetic products for sale - remember to bring them along with you— we now have ample room to have them displayed. At this time, you will need to be responsible for looking after your own products—perhaps we can find a member prepared to look after them.

At a risk of becoming boring, I'd like you to consider the upcoming committee and perhaps your place on it. Organisations such as ours do need to spread the jobs among a number of people otherwise those few who do the work eventually become disheartened and don't give it the attention it deserves. We have had a few nominations but we are still looking for several people with enthusiasm, ideas and drive. Merely being on a committee to make up numbers does no one any good. So if you are interested in seeing our association continue to function, and hopefully grow, and you have the time (not a lot needed) and enthusiasm, please make sure you either come along to the AGM or have a written nomination in if you can't make it.

With a change of subject, I have come across a number of people over the past several years who write rhyming poetry, often just for their own interest, but have not considered themselves "Bush Poets" as their topics are not rural. As we are well aware, we encompass all topics, not just ones about the bush. So if you come across such people, (and there are quite a number out there), it would be appreciated if you could talk them into coming along to see just what it is that we do. I would like to see many more of the "closet poets" bringing their work into the open.

Regards to all

Brian Langley, President.

What's on in the Bush?

A Big Thank You to "our correspondent" Catherine in Geraldton for sending in the following:—

April 14th – 20th was **Heritage Week in Northampton**. Friday 18th was Bush Poetry night. It was a short jog for me as Northampton is only 47km from Geraldton but a bit further for Corrin Lynch and Kay Edwards to come from Jurien Bay. Between the three of us we managed to present a wide and extensive program of both original and classic poetry. The night was well attended with one group of tourists coming all the way from the US of A. the organizer for that event has sent me a lovely thank you letter and we have said that we'll go again next year.

I'm helping to organize a bush poetry night with Grant Woodhams in Geraldton as a fundraiser for the RFDS on the 25th July. Anyone wanting a break from the big smoke to contribute their poetry skills to an undeniably good cause will be very welcome. Did you know that 82% of RFDS flights are inter-hospital transfers? It makes you wonder why our state government would call the RFDS an interest group! Anyway, all welcome.

I'm flat out like a lizard drinking with my volunteer radio show on Radio MAMA three mornings a week, co-ordinating two community projects with Radio MAMA plus I have just been appointed the coordinator for the 50th Geraldton Sunshine Festival which is held in the October school holidays. So busy is a bit of an understatement. Maybe we should have a bush poetry event as part of the festival Anybody interested in bringing the family for a holiday. The weather is beautiful at that time of the year.

Keep healthy and happy.

Yours poetically

Catherine McLernon

Cont next page>





Walking Different Tracks

Remember that member Caroline Sambridge won a flight over Antarctica, well she's now all booked and will see in the New Year doing something that most of us can only dream about.

Talking Ice and snow (which we weren't) are you aware that some of the Eastern States (and NZ) snowfields offer free lift passes for the over 65s. As entry to National Parks is also free for pensioners, if you are contemplating a trip to the snow this winter, it could be worth your while to check it out before making a choice of where you are going . I'm not sure about most of them, but I know it applies at Mt. Selwyn in NSW .(and the skiing there is not too hectic)

Have YOU got something suitable for this column? If so, why not share it here with other members.

Continued from previous page.

A STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

What interest is there in holding this event in the Southwest?

Kenny Rogers will be in concert at Boyup Brook on 1st November, hoping to attract a crowd of 5000 country music fans, and with the interest in Bush Poetry at the Boyup Brook Country Music Festival, we could have a big audience to perform to.

Harvey Dickson's Country Music Centre is unique; it is an ideal venue and can accommodate 800.

Maybe it is time to have round two of the City – Country Challenge, this time on our turf.

If there is insufficient interest in competitions, I will be coordinating a Bush Poets Breakfast for that weekend. So if you would like to stand on the stage of the greatest venue in Australia, give me a call on 0428651098 or 97651098 (evenings only).

Bill Gordon Boyup Brook

So far we've had little interest in a performance competition, so Bills latter suggestion might be what will happen — Note This date is the same as that for a Bush Poetry event in Pingrup at which 4 or 5 of our performing poets are already committed. Ed.

ABPA

Irene Conner from Jurien has now been approved as the WA delegate on the Management Committee of the Australian Bush Poets Assoc. With Irene being actively involved in the National scene, it is hoped that she will be able to keep us informed about things of interest on t'otherside.



MC's and Classics Readers

wanted. We are still looking for some **new faces** to fill these important regular positions. Perhaps you'd like to play a more active role in our musters, this is a way for non poetic performers to expand their public presentation skills. We would

like to have a reasonably sized list of people we can draw upon. "Readings" is a great way to start, all you need is the ability to read poetry with confidence and expression.

New Venue - Map

I had several enquiries as to "how to get to Bentley Park". For those who didn't come last month and with Internet access, there is a map on our website www.wabushpoets.com

Dotnote:

Old is when candlelit dinners are no longer romantic because you can't read the menu.

Membership Fees - Membership fees are now due . Membership is still \$15 for a single, \$20 for a couple or family. If you have not renewed your membership by mid August, you will be dropped off the mailing list. Financial members will get new membership card / name tags either at the muster or sent to them with their Bully Tin. - Watch out for them in your envelope

Upcoming Musters

July Muster will be a "normal" muster with open mic for everyone and will be preceded by our AGM.

Supper on AGM night will be free. The MC will be Rusty Christensen who can be contacted on 9364 4491 or e-mail rustnjude@bigpond.com

Once again, intending performers, PLEASE try and get in touch with the MC Before the event.

August Muster—This will be a "Special Topic" night, while open to all, we would like you to try and stay within topic. As our August muster is on August 1st, "The Horses Birthday" the topic will be "horses and transport"

We are seeking both an MC and a "Classics Reader" for that and subsequent months.

September Muster—is our regular "Traditional Night" in which we feature poems from a past era. A "special program" is being planned for the first half of the evening, which, similar to the "Bush Controversy" presentation last year will tie together a series of poems having a common theme. The second half will be the normal "open mic" for performers wishing to do "the classics". As This event coincides with National Poetry Week, it is hoped that we can coordinate it into the publicity which that should provide.

Broome was "No Go" but Derby OK -
As the plane descended - it all fogged right out

Round and round flew the big jet
Trying to find a break in the cloud
S.O.S's to Perth produced nothing but 'sweat'
Both pilots were swearing, but not very loud.

To get through to Darwin, 'top-up' had been planned
At Derby of course, but unable to land
A look at the gauges,, the flight captain frowned
From Derby "Try Fitzroy, they've fuel to go round."

"We'll keep trying for contact, but it should be fog-free
Kununurra's too far, and Broome's still fogged out -
So that's your alternative, 'cording to me!
I don't like it fellas, If Fitzroy's in doubt."

"So it's Fitzroy or nothing, the captain did state -
Lucky I know it—but just 'fairly well!'
If we can't make it there, not much hope for us mate -
We'll end up in heaven - (some others in hell)."

Fitzroy was alerted, - rushed from hotel and home
Kero flares found empty - "Hell! No kerosene."
"Truck lights and car lights can show up the 'drome"
"it's a help - but they'll be here at Oh Four Fifteen!"

"Start at the south end was the captain's request
"or two lights at either end better than none"
On the ground there was someone who thought they
knew best
"No—start at the north end!" - Captain gave it the gun

Back in the air, the big jet circled round
"How's the petrol old son - will we make it OK?"
"Just enough if we hurry to get on the ground
After that - whatever - best start in to pray!"

In all this, the two cabin girls came up trumps -
They knew, well as any the possible end.
But they just told the passengers to expect a few
bumps
And smiled - nor mentioned a possible bend!

Well, they made it! The two in the cockpit sat still
Looked at each other - plane came to a stop!
"Quite a close one I think? They can tow us right in" -
With the passengers settled, we deserve a small drop

The inevitable enquiry - bureaucrats at their best!
They queried on this and argued 'bout that
"You should have tried Broome - Might have cleared,"
someone guessed
"Don't blame the Department - We couldn't have
that!"

The crew sat there silent—They just shook their heads
Thinking "You try it next time, and see how you'd go"
No thanks to the pilots who'd saved lives and plane
"That plane cost us millions—'twould have been quite
a blow!

Short time later, the crew thanked the A.I.M. nurse
Who had saved the whole aircraft and all aboard too
Not a word at th' enquiry - for better or worse.
'Twas quite an ordeal for All to go through

© Sylvia Rowell

Just as last month's Bully Tin was on its way to the printers I
received the sad news that Leigh Mathews has finally suc-
cumbed to the cancer with which he'd lived for some time.
Here are a couple of fitting tributes to Leigh

VALE LEIGH MATHEWS.

One of our original yarn spinner/bush poets, the Henry Law-
son look alike, Leigh Mathews, passed away Thursday May
22. When I originally promoted the idea of forming an Asso-
ciation and it was in the paper, Leigh was one of the first to
phone me about joining up with this new (in WA.) group of
Bush Poetry enthusiasts.

At the time he was the resident yarn spinner/ story teller/
bush poet at Pioneer Village in Armadale and a regular con-
tributor to the ABC's afternoon programme. He brought a
touch of authenticity to our musters at the old camp, the
Raffles Hotel, when he was a regular attendee, he gave the
appearance of the quintessential fair dinkum Aussie and
had a permanent spot on the lobby where he could smoke
his roll your owns with impunity.

Leigh was a good bloke to perform with, with his laid back
casual style and his yarns about the fictitious character
'Gudga Smith'. Over the last few years, we haven't seen
much of the Vietnam Veteran, he had done up his old cara-
van and headed north where he found his niche on a station
which catered for tourists in the Northern Territory
where he spent the winter entertaining the tourists and do-
ing a few jobs around the station homestead, he told me
that he enjoyed it.

Bush Poetry attracts some real characters, the likeable
Leigh Mathews was surely one of them.

Rusty Christensen.

Leigh Mathews

Boyup Brook in 2008, Where the great Bush Poets rhyme
I saw our mate Leigh Mathews, for what was left of his time
Though his body was barely holding together, Humour stayed intact
I watched in disbelief as he delivered his humorous act

Though down to forty kilos, to me he was a big man
I'd often have a yarn to him, by his funny little caravan.
He loved the bush, he loved Australia, he loved comedy and verse
But the dice didn't roll his way, and he was hit by cancer's curse

I remember his days in the bush band, the hotel was literally pumping
At the front with bottle tops jingling, Leigh's lagerphone was thumping
They called him "Splinter Lawson", as he resembled the famous bard
And like the man himself, his life was fairly hard.

Like Henry as well, he had an affinity with the common folk
In Aussie vernacular he'd be described as a bloody decent bloke.
So Bush Poetry has lost another one, we'll miss his wizened frame
Though probably St. Peter has him, so heaven wont be the same

He's probably talking to young Bill McAtee, You can imagine
what they'd say
"Pull up a cloud, you people, there's a Poets Breakfast on today"

Peter Capp May 2008

June Muster Wrap-up - by Dot

Welcome one and all to our new venue. The space is so big that we put out extra chairs to fill up the hall. Hopefully next muster there will be more people as we all get used to the new address and venue. Thank you to Maxine who stood at the gateway directing traffic; also thank you to Ron and Caroline who helped set out the chairs. With those natty little chair lifters the job is so much easier than before.

Brian reminded us that it was Foundation Day and "D" day and the sad news that one of our Founding Members, Leigh Matthews had passed away. Our sincerest condolences to his family.

With **Barry Higgins** as our MC for the night, **Ron Ingam** was our first presenter with a war theme. In 1943 the Women's Weekly published a poem by Lance Corporal Morley, "Mum I'm Safe and Well". Through all the carnage that is war with bombs screaming overhead and the awful tucker and crook water, as he did his duty watches, he sucked on his pencil and thought of what to write to his mum. He knew that her face would still light up to know that he still had time to write and tell her "Mum I'm still safe and well".

With a welcome back **Syd Hopkinson** shared with us, one of his own "Drought Breaker". The broadcaster said rain was on the way and the normal weather season was coming, so Tom organised a party with a full nights entertainment of music and much singing and drinking. He and his family awoke to the sound of the rain. As word spread of the rain and how much each farmer had got it appeared that his rain gauge had topped the lot. Until one of closest friends rang to confess that when he had a very sudden urge to go, he had piddled in the rain gauge.

Keith Lethbridge then took the stage. He introduced us to an old friend, Mother McCue (or however it's spelt) and the football match. He told how the motley footie team (although in better shape than the other three teams) reached the grand final, only to have their full back fracture his leg. What to do? Perhaps the new cook who was coming could play and fill in. Horrors when they saw that it was Mother McCue, but she pulled on a guernsey and despite being out of condition, was determined to give it a go. With a minute to play and down 5 points the ball came her way. When one of the opposition called her a lousy cook she picked up the ball and plunged through the pack leaving a trail of destruction. With a mighty kick she split the goal posts and won the flag.

With an introduction that reminded us that Henry Lawson died on the 16th June **John Hayes** did one of Henry's classic long poems "Faces in the Street". With the wan and weary faces passing by as each group of people go their way, the writer sits and ponders what stories these faces in the street would have to tell. Would they tell of the unceasing toil of working the land, or of poverty and the search for work and food. Would they tell of the march to a different drum as they answered the call to arms? Would we see the horror and despair of the filthy slums, will people never hear the warnings of the city's cruel street?

Barry was a bit worried about **Brian Langley's** costume as he took to the stage with one of his own "The City Poet". The costume of colourful vest and bowler hat set the stage for this poet from the city but who has country dust in his veins. He may be from the city but he grew up where tall timber has its tales and learned his poetry at his fathers knee.

With another long poem, this one by Banjo Paterson, "Father Riley's Horse", **Arthur Leggett** presented us with the story of the horse thief Andy Regan who had stolen the Chestnut horse but when he was tracked by the troopers he gave this jewel of a horse to Father Riley to keep safe. Then the troopers caught up with him. At his burial, his mates gave him a grand send off. When the races came to the town there was amazement when they saw that Father Riley's horse had been entered, it was said that Andy Regan's ghost was training the horse. The big race came and the Chestnut was out in front and could not be beaten. At the finish line it was said that Andy Regan's ghost had been the rider, but the winnings went to help the poor and they toasted the horse and its ghostly rider.

Harold and Sylvia Rowel were then invited by Barry to share the story of an incident in Harold's flying career that was amazing for its time and even today still brings the chill of what could have happened if Harold had obeyed orders.

Sylvia had written a poem "Night Flight to Darwin" about some of the happenings on that night (see page 4 for the full poem) when a Nursing Sister had laid half a wake listening to her patients. The telephone line was kept open in case she was needed. Then came a call that chilled them. A plane with 68 people aboard (including the State Rugby Team) was running out of fuel and needed to land at Fitzroy Crossing airport. With no kero lamps available, car headlights were arranged to light the way. The only problem was that they were lighting the wrong end so the plane, now desperately short of fuel had to go around. With great skill, the pilot safely landed the plane on its very last drop of fuel.

After Sylvie had told us her poem Harold came to the microphone to tell the story as he was the pilot of this plane faced with a dreadful decision of trying to land somewhere when he did not have enough fuel to do as his bosses were telling him to do. He told me later that he knew they were all going to die in the plane crash if he didn't land the plane immediately. Having safely landed on his very last drop of fuel, the plane could not continue until a mechanic had been flown in to bleed the fuel lines.

The authorities banned the pilot from flying but had to reinstate him to fly the plane to Darwin. The shenanigans and shuffling that the aviation board did through this episode and the consequent enquiry and its findings led to some much needed safety precautions being put into place in regards to the weather and the reporting of it for future flights. The full drama of this amazing incident needs recording and I know that all of you share with me in hoping that Sylvie and Harold will write their full story of this adventure.

With supper being presented in a different way and instructions being given as to how we were to 'do' our cuppa I think we all managed very well.

In "Readings from the Classics" **Dot Langley** presented George Essex Evans' poem "The Women of the West". She gave a summary of George's life working for the Government around Toowoomba in Qld where he was very popular as a poet and as the author of patriotic verses.

In "The Women of the West", he writes of the women who leave the pleasures of the city and the friends they cherished to face the wilderness in a timber slab homestead or a tent besides the railway. As the sun robs them of their beauty these women face the harsh country often with their men absent for long periods, these strong and silent women have given their hearts to the building of a nation.

Caroline Sambridge presented her own poem "I Can't be Bothered", one that she had learned off by heart. It seems she can't be bothered to cook her tea, as McDonalds will do for her. Her place becomes a giant mess, as she can't be bothered to mow the lawn or do the dishes.

In Adam Lindsay Gordon's "The Sick Stockrider", **Ron Ingham** gave us another long poem. This classic tells of the stock rider reminiscing about the times that he had had with his old mates. He talked about the mates some now gone, while the children have grown up. The places where they rode and the yarns that they told are now all coming to an end now. If you would but bury him where no fences hold him back and let the station children romp over his head as they pick the wildflowers growing on his grave.

Frank Heffernan had taken his wife Mary to hospital before coming to the Muster. All of our good wishes to Mary for a speedy recovery. In his own "Matchmaking" he and Mary despaired of ever getting Tim to leave home. As he ate them out of house and home, left all his dirty laundry for his mother, there was a crisis looming as they dreaded to have this bachelor with them for ever. With few girls in their town a plan was hatched to put an ad in the personal column of the Sunday Times which read "she needs to be able to cook, clean, garden and be tall and keen to meet our blonde curly haired lad" One of their friends arrived with a prospective candidate and after Tim and her met, one kiss and their fate was sealed.

With a return to the microphone **Arthur Legget** gave us his own "Wind of the West". As he goes home and sees his Mothers care-worn face as she takes his pack, he wonders if he will ever see the dawn arrive with the gum trees and the kookaburras' in the trees. Will he ever know the joy of gazing on a tiny boy, will he give him things that he would now realises were always there for him. Will he look back into his inner self and say you made it pal.

Another war reminiscence by **Syd Hopkinson**, "Troppo by Morotai". Which describes the war in the Islands. Tramping through mud up to your knee, having rats eat half your gear, pulling your head in as dive bombing mosquito's make another tasty meal, being perpetually damp, having your skin is turn yellow from the little pills, and slipping two steps backwards for every step forward.

With "The Old Scales" **John Hayes** told of his grandfather and his fathers search for gold in Kalgoorlie. These gold scales represent the worth of a man's life when he goes down into the mines to dig for the elusive gold. How do you measure the value of one man against the price of gold? When the woman waiting for her man and he doesn't come home. With the widow maker drill making the dust which fill the lungs of the miners

Beryl Silvester then read a lovely poem about "My Dear Companion". When people live alone, not necessarily from choice, there is no better companion than a lovely garden. When that garden has a thing of beauty in an Azaela it is a shame to pick her. But she keeps me company in a lovely blue vase.

Rusty Christensen has been on a boat voyage with wife Judy around Oz and at Broome he was reminded of Bob Magor's Poem, "Broome Dreaming". With the setting of the sun the tourists ride up the beach on camels, while the tide near Streeters Jetty runs with ghosts of demons and the pearl shell on the luggers moored there. The ghosts of the blacks with their lungs near bursting while the pearling masters sent them down to gather the shell. The Orientals with their bodies crooked and paralyzed and crippled while they searched for the one pearl that could change their lives. Their headstones stand witness to the story of their sacrifices.

In a return **Frank Heffernan** "ard Tack" by Anon, had the shearer who had worked all the big sheds being asked by a bloke with a big mob to shear the lot on his own. The cocky had to go away, so he started on the job doing all the picking up, shearing and sorting so that he was worn and weary. Six weeks went by and he gave a sigh as he left from the hardest shed he had ever shorn.

Returning to the stage, **Brian Langley** gave us his own new poem "Reminiscence" in which he recalls all the dangerous things he did as a child and wonders if today's kids will some day reminisce about what they did—"Playin' puter games and watchin' their TV".

Keith Lethbridge returned with his *unrhyming* political speech that had him promising to be the very best all things good and uplifting, while implying just the opposite. He is keen to accept a challenge even though his opponents suggest that he is completely unsuited.

With "Wungundy Hall" he reminded us all of those amazing country halls that we all went and danced in. Whilst he was earning his pay and the blue leschenaultia bloomed he pulled up at a country hall to answer natures needs. The door was open and in the hall there in the corner was a dry and rusting piano,. Deciding to strike up a tentative cord, he played and felt right at home as time slipped away and behind him he saw the ghosts dance through the air and waltzed around the floor. When he stopped for a breather it all ended and the dusty floorboards were empty. He closed the piano and turned and bowed to the empty floor.

MC **Barry Higgins** finished the evening on a hope ever present that our Politicians were going to give us all pay rises, the bossed would give all their extra cash to the poor and while the streets were filled with singing we will expect that "pigs will fly some day"

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2007—2008

Brian Langley	President	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au (seeking re-election)
Tom Conway	V. President	9339 2802	(not seeking re-election)
Noreen Boyd	Secretary	9472 1384	(?)
Phyllis Tobin	Treasurer	9364 4323	(not seeking re-election)
Edna Westall	Amenities	9339 3028	ewestall1@bigpond.com (seeking re-election)
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Anne Hayes	Committee	9377 1238	(not seeking re-election)
Trish Joyce	Committee	9493 1995	(not seeking re-election)
Rusty Christensen	Past President	9364 4491	rustnjude@bigpond.com

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

June	30	Closing Date Bryan Kellerher Literary Award	www.australianunity.com.au/au/info/pdf/BKellerherAward_form.pdf
July	1	Derby Poets brekky	Derby WA Robyn 08 9191 1611
July	4	WABP&YS Muster	Bentley Park Auditorium preceded by AGM—"normal muster" Rusty Christensen MC
July	11	Australian Bush Poetry Championships	Closing date— Written Comp - entry forms from www.abpa.org.au/Bush_Poetry/entry.html
July	25	Geraldton Bush Poetry	Fund Raise for the RFDS (see page 2) Catherine Wk 9964 7325 H 9938 3813 catherines.singing@gmail.com
July	31	Nandewar Open Written Comp	closing date SSAE PO Box 55 Narrabri NSW 2390
Aug	1	WABP&YS Muster	Bentley Park Auditorium, special topic "horses & transport"
Aug	2, 3	Mt Kembla Mining & Heritage festival	Mt Kembla, NSW Cate, 02 4271 3737 mt.kembla@bigpond.com
Aug	22	Womens Weekly / Meat & Livestock Bush Poetry Comp	closing date, BIG prizes – entry forms in August "Australian Womens Weekly"
Aug	22-24	Australian Bush Poetry Championships	Bray Park—North Brisbane Performance Closing Date 11 Aug - www.abpa.org.au then navigate to the competition entry forms.
Aug	26-31	Gympie Muster	Gympie, Qld Marco Giori 07 4661 4024 giori@in.com.au
Aug	31	Closing Date—Mandurah Scribblers Poetry & Short Story Comp	www.southwest.com.au/~dunkann/
Sept	2	Closing Date—Koorda Show Bush Poetry Written Comp	e-mail Pres. Brian for entry forms
Sep	5	WABP&YS Muster	Bentley Park Auditorium - Traditional Night—Bring a friend
Oct	3	WABP&YS Muster	Bentley Park Auditorium - Guest performer

Regular events - Albany Bush Poetry group 4th Thursday of each

Country Poets

Coming to the City? - City lights are fine, but 1st Fridays could see you shine at our Muster. If you are coming to the big smoke on a muster night why not come along and be part of our get together. Give us a bit of notice and you might even find yourself being star act (but only if you want to be). This applies also to Bush Poets from other places and those past member poets whose lives have now gone in different directions.

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.com

Do you want to be part of the National Scene — Then you might consider joining the Australian Bush Poets Assn www.abpa.org.au Annual membership \$30 payable to Treasurer Margaret coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au (02) 6652 3716

Country Poets -Is there anything poetic going on in your neck of the woods. If so, why not drop us a line and tell us about it

Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit our website www.wabushpoets.com Go to the "Performance Poets" page	Members' Poetic Products Victoria Brown CD Peter Blyth CDs, books Rusty Christensen CDs Brian Gale CD & books John Hayes CDs & books Tim Heffernan book Brian Langley books & laminated poems	Rod & Kerry Lee CDs Arthur Leggett books, inc autobiography Keith Lethbridge books Corin Linch books Val Read books Caroline Sambridge book Peg Vickers books
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Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The Editor "Bully Tin" 86 Hillview Tce, St. James 6102	Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer (Note from early June, treasurer is away—please send monies c/- Pres)	Address all other correspondence to The Secretary WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 12 Getting St, Lathlain, 6100
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