

The Bully Tin

August 2004

WA Bush Poets



& Yarn Spinners

Monthly Muster at the Como Bowling & Recreation Club cnr Hensman & Sandgate Sts, South Perth
Next meeting: Friday 6th August, 2004 at 7.00pm for 7.30pm start.

**Boss Cocky flies into Winton
and stuns them with his droppings!**



Congratulations Rusty!

Full story – Boss Cocky Report

www.wabushpoets.com

The web site for the WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners has been installed.
Details on “Coming Events Page”.

Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"



G'Day all.

Yes! We are entering the countdown phase – THREE (3) months, 12 weeks or 86 days to when we stage the National Bush Poetry Championships right here in Perth – a sobering (if you have been drinking) thought.

From here on we (the collective "we") are going to have to get down to tools to make the event the best yet and set the bench mark for future Nationals. The fact that they are being held in a capital city for the first time makes it important for them to be successful. As Bush Poetry grows in popularity other venues will aspire to emulate the high standard set by Perth in 2004.

While in Queensland recently, my impression was that there is much interest among the Bush Poetry fraternity in coming over to the 'real West' in October, which is great. It will give we locals the opportunity to put faces to names, make new friends and expand the Bush Poetry network which, from my own experiences, I assure you is alive and very real. The hospitality and support that I received was first class. Like all Bush Poetry adherents they are, simply put, 'good blokes'.

Winton was the most memorable part of my Queensland odyssey, and I dare say the high point so far of my journey through Bush Poetry when I was successful in winning the Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry competition, which has as prizes a bronze statue, reportedly valued at \$2500.00 plus a trip to Elco in Nevada, USA, in January.

It was an honour to represent the state and our Association in winning such a prestigious prize and, coupled with Kerry's win in the Nationals, puts our state in the forefront of Bush Poetry in Australia. Those tothersiders will be keen to clean up in October.

One of the events at Winton is the children's competition. This year there was a total of 180 students from various schools in and around (some quite distant from) Winton plus the distance education kids. They stood out for obvious reasons – no distractions.

I have been in touch with Celebrate WA who have an application to a large banking house to sponsor a junior and open competition to coincide with the Nationals in late October. The Community Newspapers group are geared up to promote this ground breaking venture. This means our Association will get wide ranging publicity. Again there will have to be a co-operative effort from executive, poets and members – *watch this space!*

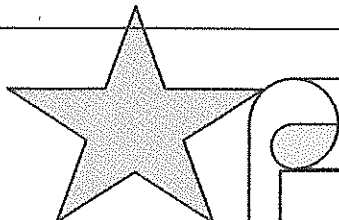
PETER NETTLETON – Our perennial vice president 'Stinger' has shifted interstate for an indeterminable (good word) period and has relinquished (another one) his position on the executive. We wish Peter the very best in his venture. He will bring a new dimension to the Victorian Bush Poetry scene. Good Luck, Peter.

SITUATION VACANT – The position of vice-president now being vacant, I am looking for an applicant – reads, offsider- for a most challenging and interesting time for Bush Poetry, gender optional, just be prepared to put your shoulder o the wheel, nose to the grindstone and keep your eye on the road – it won't be very comfortable, but you will have good company and FUN.

Keep writing, recitin' or just come along – and yes! Bring a friend.

See you soon.

The Boss Cocky aka Rusty C.



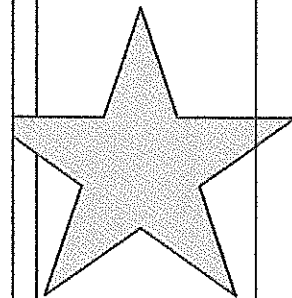
HONOUR SCROLL

!!CONGRATULATIONS!!

◆
RUSTY * WINNER * PERFORMANCE POET * WINTON

◆
**CHRIS SADLER * HIGHLY COMMENDED * WRITTEN *
WINTON**

◆
**WAYNE PANTEL * HIGHLY COMMENDED * WRITTEN
BEAUDESERT COUNTRY & HORSE FESTIVAL**



Playing With the Goats

You left me tied and all alone
My mate you sent away.
I woke that morn' and you were gone.
I had nowhere to play.
Slipped my chain and ran away.
I headed to the school.
All I wanted was to play.
They caught me – what a fool.

Mid afternoon she came along,
A salad roll in hand.
Into the car – I did no wrong.
We drove out on the land.
Straight out along the gravel track-
We didn't get too far-
She let me out and headed back,
I ran beside the car.

A first I ran with joyous bound
We passed the horse's floats.
My feet flew fast across the ground,
But then I saw the goats.
Now goats I love to chase around-
She didn't have a clue.
I headed off without a sound
But out the car she flew.

I raced away right through the fence,
She followed on the run.
She really thought I had no sense,
But I was having fun.
As I ran I didn't know
The fences were all wired.
She knew it wasn't safe to follow-
I wasn't even tired.

She yelled and screamed and called my name
The goats I kept on chasing.
She ran as though to stop my game-
The goats were fairly racing.
I had one cornered in the shed.
I saw her jump the gate.
"Come here, you mongrel dog" she said,
But she was just too late.

I raced away and caught the goat,
I her I didn't check.
I nearly had him by the throat
When an arm came round my neck.
Her salad roll she held up high
She grabbed me by my chain.
I licked her gamely in the eye-
She yelled as though in pain.

Head over tail she hit the dust
Her salad roll went flying.
I guess I'll never have her trust
When next the goats I'm eyeing.
For I was dragged into the car
With anger in her bearing.
I thought her mood was quite bizarre.
She really was despairing!

Back home we went and on the chain
She left me tied up there.
I hoped to see her once again-
But she didn't seem to care.
We ran no more along that track-
But why? She didn't say.
I don't know why we can't go back-
I only want to play.

Irene Conner © Jurien Bay

Letters to the Editor

G'day folks, fellas & females

Two Bush Poet's Breakfasts were held in the Kimberley in July, and both were good fun and great value for those who enjoy our hobby.

Halls Creek kicked off on June 21, with "The Late" Ron Evans & Cobber leading the way and ably supported by visitors and local talent. Between 80 & 90 attended this event, which was the best turn-out in the 3 years of this event. The breakfast was excellent, with plenty of healthy fruit, yoghurt, damper, kangaroo patties and billy tea, along with heaps of snaggers, fish, eggs, bacon, toast, cereal and other tucker. Bush music added to the atmosphere.

A highlight of the morning was an original poem by "Frank". This was Frank's first effort, but he performed like a veteran. As a tourist, he's now attended all three breakfasts at Halls Creek. We hope he will come again.

Derby had 300 through the gate, which made it a great pleasure for reciters (except when we forgot our lines). Once again, The Late Ron & Cobber were on the program, along with Geoff Hendrick, who has been runner up twice in the Bronze Swagman written competition. Not a bad effort. Max Clarke, Beryl Ah Chee & Cheryl Russ were also fine contributors.

A big highlight for those who knew him, was a recording of Johnny James, that sincere and illustrious bush poet who was tragically killed in a helicopter crash last year.

Cobber won first prize in the written competition.

Bush Poetry is alive and well in the Kimberley,

Best wishes,

Cobber

Hello my Dear Friends

We are enjoying our out back travels. No trouble for us older girls!

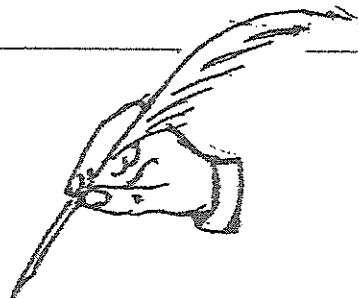
Have seen a few camels, plenty of wild flowers and an abundance of gravel corrugated road. But in all, lots of fun.

We are 200 ks out of Cooper Pedit. Vehicles are travelling well.

God bless you all

Maxine (Richter)

Reply to the Editor



Silvertail Poets

It's typical that city bards just love to have a moan,
Perched on their ride-on mowers, they are apt to whinge and groan
About the sun, about the rain, about the bloody weeds,
Unlike the outback station bloke who gets about his deeds.

They hate the squawking cockatoos that welcome in each dawn,
Because they like to sleep in late and rarely see the morn.
They send the little woman out to do each daily chore,
And while she's nailing on the roof they lie in bed and snore.

She tends the sheep, and feeds the dogs, and rubs the horses down,
While they are warm and comfy 'neath a feather eiderdown.
"The bloody flowers" they will complain, "are blocking up my nose,"
Oh yes, we know this type so well. They're always full of woes.

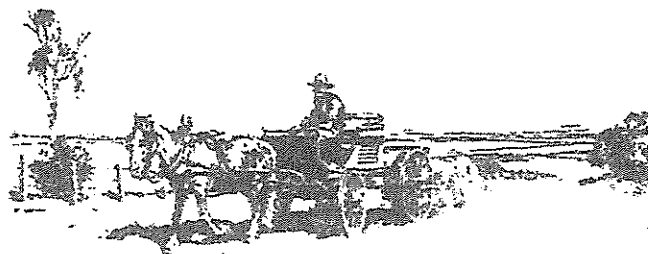
And sadly, they are not adverse to foisting them on us,
It makes an old bush poet fume to listen to them fuss.
You city bards, you silvertails, though handy with a pen,
You cannot hold a candle to the outback station men.

Their garb is stained by blood and gore; their hats are black with sweat,
They work beneath the burning sun, and toil through the "Wet".
They welcome every blade of grass that through the red earth grows,
And love the dry and dusty scent from delicate bush rose.

The cark of crow, the dingo's howl, the curlew's eerie cry,
The stench of drought, the smell of rain, as seasons pass them by.
They grieve when age comes creeping on and they must live in town
To run a little hobby farm and write their stories down.

But something that I must concede, some city bards can write.,
Their knack of recitation is an absolute delight.
Their humour is contagious, and great yarns they can regale,
But to the old bush poets, they're still called a Silvertail!

Val Reid ©



Reply from the Editor

I have bitten off more than I can chew on many occasions in my life but one of my biggest bites has been to take on Vale Reid in a written poetry debate. Help, please!

As you have read Val comes up with wonderful verse and these arrive in my mail box two days after the newsletter goes out! This gives me a full month to come up with a clever, witty response. Well, this month my head has been in too many other places so I have to regurgitate some old stuff.

You know, we city Silvertails, or some of us at least, aren't bad blokes or birds. This may in part be because we have been influenced by bushies who, for one reason or another, have found themselves living in the city. These folks will always remain "bushies".

Neil Dunstan, Jackaroo

Do you know my mate, Neil Dunstan?
You're likely answers "No".
He's not a bloke who stands out much-
Seems like your average Joe.

I met him as a working man
If he had equals they were few.
So I took the time to get to know
Neil Dunstan, Jackaroo.

He's not a man to brag or boast
But quietly confident and direct.
Of all the men I've met in my life
He's one of those that I most respect.

His heart and mind were shaped and honed
On a vast west Queensland run.
Where he mustered sheep on the black soil plain
From the dawn to the set of sun.

He mustered and broke his string of twelve
And bent them to his hand.
Boy, horses and dogs rode out each day
"Till the boy rode in a man.

Then the black cloud of conscription
Dragged young men to arms.
And he freely went and did his job
Without question fear or qualms.

For the man who came from the black soil plains
Was Australian through and through.
So he didn't challenge the wrong or the right
He just knew what he had to do.

And when his duty was over and done
He returned to his life outback;
Till a sparkling eye with a tender heart
Led him off down a different track.

A track that led to the Western shores
From black soil to golden sand
And he won the heart with the sparkling eyes
And he gave to her his hand.

Still he lives by the code and the ethic
That he learnt in those early days.
Tells yarns of horses and stock and drought
That has the city bred truly amazed.

And this is where you'll find him now
Still a bush man straight and true,
With sparkling eyes and three golden girls
Lives Neil Dunstan, Jackaroo.

My father was a bushman too,
The tracks her trod were rough.
Depression, war and tragedy
Insured he grew up tough.

And he tried to teach me the simple ways
That helped many through his time
But I was a Boomer on the move-
His ways could never be mine.

And like so many I've clawed and scrambled
To where we are today
And we've bent the rules and we've made them up
To help us on our way.

And we think we sit on lofty highs
From where we can look down
But the foundations we sit are fragile and weak
And we perch on shaky ground.

And I look at the man that I've become
And at my peers. I admire few.
But one of the men I admire most
Is Neil Dunstan, Jackaroo.

And why do I admire and respect him so.
The answers now clear to me.
If I'd learned from the lessons my father had taught
Neil Dunstan's the man I would be.



Way Out Back - of Perth!

"She'll be right!" Words of comfort? Then why does my stomach knot up at the sound of them? Mind you, it only happens if Rod is spruiking them. Way back when I was a dewy eyed bride I actually did draw comfort from them. Over the years I have learnt this is Rod's way of doing as little as possible and hoping it will "be right". Unfortunately, it generally isn't. I could write a book on the times when these words preceded minor inconvenience or total disaster - the empty petrol tank which should have gone for miles, tent poles not secured to the ground, the car with the boat and trailer parked on the steep boat ramp. That is one of my favourites. I happened to be ballast standing on the back of the trailer when it parted company with the car, and boat, trailer and I went flying backwards into the river.

The funniest one which springs to mind is when I went out for the afternoon and came home to find he had bogged our little tractor and the four wheel drive in the front yard. Most men would have to go out back to achieve this. But not Rod! He didn't even leave our block! When David came home Rod bogged his little troopie too. I wasn't letting him near the commodore! Fortunately a neighbour was clearing his block with a front end loader and had stopped work to watch the show. He was so well entertained by the proceedings and the ensuing domestics that he eventually drove over and rescued all the vehicles.

Now, I know to beware when I hear "She'll be right!" but other unsuspecting souls actually believe him. A few weeks back we had a tourist coach bring out a group of happy retirees for a barbeque lunch and a show. There had been heavy rain the day before. Could this have made the ground mushy, a little too mushy for a huge tourist coach? No way! Rod walked down and tested it by stomping round in his boots. So the poor trusting driver believed him when told he could turn the coach around in the paddock. "The ground's a little soft, but she'll be right, mate!" Moments later the bus was up to the axles in mud, the driver was stripped of uniform and tie and up to the knee caps in mud and Rod was digging furiously. Meanwhile, back at the shed Dave, Di & I, aided by Robbie and Edna, were trying to keep the show running. This was difficult as the guests' attention was mostly riveted on the bus. More than a few wondered if they were there till the Spring! Fortunately the bus was finally freed, to resounding cheers, and more fortunately for Rod, the driver had a great sense of humour and wrote the following poem -

She'll Be Right, Mate

(To be read with a Pommy accent)

"Joe, we're off to the Bush Camp" said Margaret yesterday.
"And we'll stop and have a cuppa at Kings Park, on the way."

"Where is it, Marg?" I asked her. "I'm not good in the bush".
"Just head for Armadale" said she. "Where the grass is green and lush".

I drove onto this property with a shiver in me knees.
The track was narrow and windy, surrounded by tall trees.

"Go down there and turn around" a voice bellowed at me.
I did as I was told to do 'cause Rod's the boss, you see.

I drove the bus upon his grass as careful as I could
And though Rod shouted "Trust me, mate" I sank down in the mud.

The passengers watched while eating me performing with the spade.
Muck was flying everywhere but good progress I soon made.

Finally the bus was free. I quickly fled the scene.
The passengers had a belly laugh. Best show they'd ever seen!

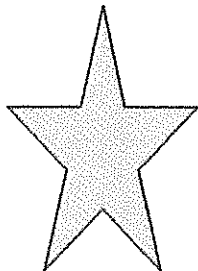
The food was great. Performers great. The day was a success.
Rod's voice rang out "She'll be right, mate. Who cares about the mess!"

Joe L ©



Special Coming Events

Australian Bush Poetry Championship Fund Raiser Comedy, Traditional & Music Night



Friday 20th August 2004 7.30pm – 10.00pm

Como Bowling Club

Entry Fee \$10.00 – supper supplied

Your favourite poets performing your favourite poems.
\$5.00 to nominate a poet and poem

Raffles, Auction & other Novelties

Professionally presented with stage, set and lighting.

Support the Australian National Championships by inviting a guest.



Koorda Agricultural Society Annual Show

Saturday 11th September, 2004

Bush Poetry Presentation from 2.00 - 4.00pm

Budding Bush Poets welcome

Host & Compare – John Hayes

Written Competition

Open & Juniors 16 year & under

Contact Rod & Kerry Lee for entry forms & condition of entry

Entries close 5.00pm Wednesday 8th September, 2004

National Championships Update

*** Competitors – Please note ***

Entry forms are now available for the Written and Performance Competitions.

Please submit these as early as possible.

Closing date for entries – 15th September, 2004

Forms available from the web site or
available from Event Co-ordinator – R Lee

160 Blair Road, Oakford WA 6121

Ph: (08) 9397 0409

www.wabushpoets.com

The web site for the WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners is now operational.
This has been made possible by the dedication of time, effort and skill by one of our members,
Lyn Mitchell.

Thank you, Lyn!

The site contains information on the WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Association
as well as all current information regarding the National Championships.
Entry forms for the Performance and Written Competition can be downloaded from the site.

"A walk with the Masters"

Henry Kendall

1839-1882



Henry Kendall was born in Milton, NSW. He developed a great love for the forests and mountains along the south coast but was a shy, melancholy, intensely ambitious man. His mother was his greatest poetic influence and Sir Henry Parkes his greatest advocate. Parkes printed the works of the then sixteen year old in his paper "The Empire". His works were also printed in the Sydney Morning Herald, he wrote the Cantata which was sung at the Sydney International exhibition in 1879 and won the 1868 Best Australian Poem with "Death in the Bush".

This gave him the courage to become a full time writer, working in partnership for a time with Adam Lindsay Gordon.

In 1881 Sir Henry Parkes made him Inspectorship of State Forests. A weak constitution made him unsuitable for the exposure the position required and he eventually died of consumption in 1882.

He produced three books of poetry – "Poems and Songs", "Leaves From Australian Forests" and "Songs From the Mountains". His poems were the most lyrical of the Australian Poets.

Bellbirds

By the channel of coolness the echoes are calling,
And down the dim gorges I hear the creek falling;
It lives in the mountain where moss and the sedges
Touch with their beauty the banks and the ledges.
Through breaks of the cedars and sycamore bowers
Struggles the light that is love to the flowers;
And, softer than slumber, and sweeter than singing'
The notes of the bell-birds are running and ringing.

The silver-voiced bell-birds, the darling of day-time,
They sing in September their songs of the Maytime;
When shadows wax strong, and thunder-bolts hurtle,
They hide with their fear in the leaves of the myrtle;
When rain and the sunbeams shine mingled together,
They start up like fairies that follow fair weather:
And straightway the hues of their feathers unfolden
Are the green and the purple, the blue and the golden.

October, the maiden of bright yellow tresses,
Loiters for love in these cool wildernesses;
Loiters, knee deep, in the grasses to listen,
Where dripping rocks gleam and the leafy pools
glisten;

Then is the time when the water-moons splendid
Break with their gold and are scattered or blended
Over the creeks, till the woodlands have warning
Of songs of the bell-birds and wings of the morning.

Welcome as waters unkissed by the summers
Are the voices of bell-birds to thirsty far-comers,
When fiery December sets foot in the forest,
And the need of the wayfarer presses the sorest,
Pent in the ridge for ever and ever,
The bell-birds direct him to spring and to river,
With ring and with ripple, like runnels whose torrents
Are toned by the pebbles and leaves in the currents.

Often I sit, looking back to a childhood
Mixt with the sights and the sounds of the wildwood,
Longing for power and the sweetness to fashion
Lyrics with beats like the heart-beats of passion;-
Songs interwoven of lights and of laughter
Borrowed from bell-birds in far forest rafters;
So I might keep in the city and alleys
The beauty and strength of the deep mountain valleys,
Charming to slumber the pain of my losses
With glimpses of creeks and a vision of mosses.

July Monthly Muster

Beryl was in the right (wrong?) place and found herself crowned with the MC's hat. She did an admirable job and kept the night moving along well. Almost too well, as we nearly didn't get our supper break! Beryl said she was mixing the performers male, female, male, female, etc. That caused me to ponder on the changing dynamics of the Musters. In previous years this format would not have been possible as very few ladies took the mike. It is fantastic to see the women poets increasing in numbers. It adds another dimension to the evening. Keep it up, girls!

Apologies to Ben for my oversight in the June Report. Everyone's contribution is important to the success of the evening. Thanks Evie for bringing this to my attention. Ben bravely took centre stage again this month with a delightful rendition of "The Man From Ironbark". We never tire of hearing the Classics.

Brian, that was a great preamble to your poem "Where is our Heartland" and the poem "Shipwreck" was riveting.

Don and Peg brought Bruce along who entertained us with Graham Watt's "Poor Old Grandad". Is this poem turning into a modern day classic?

It was a pity Arthur wasn't there to receive our accolades on his OAM but at least he was represented when Wally not only recited Arthur's front page poem but performed it in song. I'm sure Arthur would have been very impressed.

Top marks to everyone who remembered to bring their Bully Tin along with the recite-along poem in it. Those who didn't still contributed brilliantly with their "la-de-la-de" stuff.

Is Trish in disgrace Beryl after her rather naughty rendition of "Nightflight"? Actually, I think Syd, Barry, Rod and I might have lowered the standard a bit too so Trish was in good company. I did try to redeem

myself with a couple of quality poems Richard Magoffin's "Old Kitchen Table" and Olgilvie's "His Epitath". I love the works of both these poets.

Now, without being rude, I really do think Barry and Syd need a few months longer to work on their duet. It had just a few rough spots! Actually, I think it just had a few smooth spots! Great entertainment. I love all the different levels and types of poem being performed.

Margaret's poem "Don't Go Back" would have struck a cord with a lot of people, I'm sure. Sometimes it is better to treasure our memories and not try to relive them.

I'm looking over my shoulder these days as I think Val has spies around our place. How else could the poems she wrote about Rod on the ride-on and "Kerry's Lamb" be so true to character? She was certainly nailed it with her line about Rod kicking me out of bed to feed the lamb. He never got up for a night feed when the kids were babies and the first (and last) nappy he changed was when they were 10 and 12, and it certainly wasn't one of theirs!

Anneeeeeeeeeeeeeee's (sorry, Ann - couldn't resist) performed two good poems. The word pictures in "Gunpowder" were beautiful and the poem about the game of chess reflecting life was spot on.

And June - congratulations for fronting the mike at last! Well done! And what better way to start her poetic career than with Noel Stallard's patriotic poem "Stand Up For Aussies". Noel is the current Australian Men's Champion and a friendly, likable fellow. He will be over for the Championships so try to have a yarn with him.

Well, what can I say in closing but, another great night! Thanks to poets and listeners.
Kerry

Reflections on Life

Some people cause happiness wherever they go;
others
whenever they go.

Monthly Muster Recite-a-Long

There will be no "recite-a-long" at the August Muster.
However, please bring your *Bully Tin* along to the **Fund Raider Night** on
Friday 20th August, 2004
where we will have a "Sing-a-Long" with the following song by
Banjo Paterson.

Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree.
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Chorus:

Waltzing Matilda, Matilda my darling.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?
Waltzing Matilda and leading a water bag,
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong.
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag.
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Chorus

Down came the squatter mounted on his thoroughbred;
Down came the troopers, one, two, three.
"Who's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag.
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus

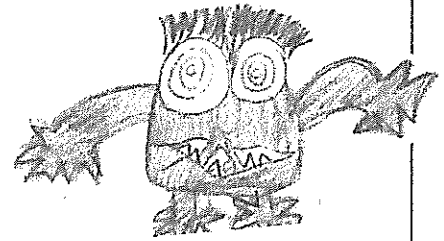
Up jumped the swagman and leapt into the billabong
"You'll never catch me alive said he."
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by the billabong
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Chorus

Junior Poetry Section

poems from

**Ursula Frayne Catholic College
Year 7**



One Day at Ursula Frayne

One day at Ursula Frayne
Two people came to recite
Lot and lots of poems.
They really were quite bright.

The poems were like stories,
Full of fun and adventure
The students were interested.
It wasn't like lecture.

Now we like to thank them,
Mr and Mrs Lee

By Teagan, Kaela and Adrian.

Band-aids

I have a bandaid on my finger,
One on my knee and one on my nose,
One on my heel and two on my shoulder,
Three on my elbows and nine on my toes;
Two on my wrist and one on my ankle,
One on my chin and one on my thigh.
Four on my belly and five on my bottom.
One on my forehead and one on my eye.
One on my neck, and in case I might need 'em
I have a box full of thirty-five more,
But oh, what a pity!
I don't have a cut or a sore!

By Maddison Whittle



A Meany Monster Scare!!

There's a monster in my wardrobe.
"He's there" my brother said.
He comes out at night to scare me.
But mum says it's all in my head.

There's a monster under my bed.
My older sister said.
It's under there it can't fool me.
It smells so bad it will wake the dead.

Maybe mummy was right.
It's my smelly socks down there.
Now I'm 30 I realise there was
No need for a scare.

By Christina G, Kristina G, Damien L, Gerry R

The story of my cat's snoring

I was half awake this morning
Because of my cat's snoring.
I kicked him off my bed
And he started to attack my head.
So I threw him off my bed
And then he dropped dead.
I stared at him for a while
And then I felt denial.
So I crept out of my room
So mum couldn't hear from her bedroom.
I got to the door and I heard mum's call
"COME HERE!"
So I faked a little tear.
She yelled "What have you done?"
Then she smacked me on the bum.
My plan was to run away
But there is no where to stay.
At least tomorrow morning
I won't be woken by my cat's snoring!

By Ben Meyers

Committee Members – WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2003-2004

Rusty Christensen	President	9364 4491
Jean Ritchie	Secretary	9450 3111
Kerry Lee	Treasurer	9397 0409
Rod Lee	Editor-Newsletter	9397 0409
Rae Dockery	Committee	9356 7426
June Bond	Committee	9354 5804
Edna Westall	Committee	9339 3028
Lorelie Tacoma	Immediate Past President	9310 1500

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Australian Bush Poetry Championships

Collins Craft & School Supplies
Unit 2/ 199 Balcatta Road
Balcatta
Ph: 9345 3250

Diggers Camp
160 Blair Road
Oakford
Ph: 9397 0409

See Justine for a complete range of craft supplies and wonderful friendly service & Crafty tips.

Rod, Kerry & Dave Lee will entertain you with Australian Bush Verse & Song at your venue or ours.

Carousel Motor Company

Ron Williams & Steve Weychan
1239 Albany Highway
Bentley WA 6102
Ph: 9350 6331

Simplicity Funerals

National Championship Tickets Now Available
Contact Rod or Kerry Lee Ph: 9397 0409

Don't forget the AGM

◆
Friday 20th August, 2004
Come Bowling Club
6.00pm

◆
Please bring a plate

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Then stay and be entertained at our Fund Raiser night with
Comedy & Traditional Poetry & Music.