

THE

October 2006

BULLY TIN

WA Bush Poets



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - Oct 6th 2006, 7.30pm ★
Mt Pleasant Bowling Club, Bedford Rd, Ardross

October is:

Port & Poetry Night

Why not bring along some friends who've not been before and enjoy a complimentary drop of port along with some cheese and bikkies

Farewell Steve Irwin

We may have cringed at times at his "Ocker" antics, but Steve Irwin was an outstanding ambassador for our country, our unique wildlife and particularly for conservation. His tragic premature death was felt by millions all around the world. He will be sadly missed.

Here's a tribute to his memory (from a poet I don't know) which was sent in by one of our members and which was featured at Steve's Memorial Service at Australia Zoo on September 20th .

THE CROCODILES ARE CRYING

Endless visions fill my head – this man – as large as life
And instantly my heart mourns for his angels and his wife
Because the way I see Steve Irwin – just put everything aside
It comes back to his family – it comes back to his pride

His animals inclusive – Crikey – light the place with love!
Shine his star with everything he fought to rise above
The crazy-man of Khaki from the day he left the pouch
Living out his dream and in that classic 'Stevo' crouch
Exploding forth with character and redefining cheek
It's one thing to be honoured as a champion unique
It's one thing to have microphones and spotlight cameras shoved
It's another to be taken in and genuinely loved

But that was where he had it right – I guess he always knew
From his fathers' modest reptile park and then Australia Zoo
We cringed at times and shook our heads – but true to natures call
There was something very Irwin in the make up of us all

Yes the more I care to think of it – the more he had it right
If you're going to make a difference – make it big and make it bright!
Yes - he was a lunatic! Yes - he went head first!

But he made the world feel happy with his energetic burst
A world so large and loyal that it's hard to comprehend
I doubt we truly count the warmth until life meets an end
To count it now I say a prayer with words of inspiration
May the spotlight shine forever on his dream for conservation
My daughter broke the news to me – my six year old in tears
It was like she'd just turned old enough to show her honest fears
I tried to make some sense of it but whilst her Dad was trying
His little girl explained it best...she said "The crocodiles are crying"

Their best mate's up in heaven now – the crocs up there are smiling!
And as sure as flowers, poems and cards and memories are piling
As sure as we'll continue with the trademarks of his spiel
Of all the tributes worthy – he was rough...but he was real

As sure as 'Crikey!' fills the sky
I think we'll miss ya Steve...goodbye

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- This month I thought its about time the
- Ladies got a go—so, this Bully Tin features
- poems either by or about members of the fairer
- sex

A Toast to Pioneer Women

Fred Rutter

And here's to the ladies, God bless 'em,
They never got statues or fame.
Their menfolk went off into new worlds
And, God bless the women, they came.

They were doctors and cooks for their menfolk
As they made a new home in the wild.
They aged from the harsh style of living
And often died birthing a child.

They cared for their menfolk and families,
As the gentlemen bragged of their deeds.
They faced all the dangers their men did,
Put aside all their personal needs.

And what did they get for their troubles,
In the wilderness they helped to tame?
A greening bronze statue of husband,
In a city that bears a man's name.

So here's to the pioneer women -
The men couldn't do it alone,
God bless the pioneer women',
It ought to be carved into stone.

Droppings from “The Boss Cocky”



' Spring has sprung ' - some poet, somewhere, sometime, wrote that profound expression. For we lucky people in this lucky corner of this lucky country in 2006 - Spring has arrived, we still have cool evenings and can look forward to some lovely balmy days. With spring comes the shows, the fairs, the exhibitions, all manner of events, many of which are discovering the joy of Bush Poetry consequently our troops are in demand.

National Poetry Month kicked it off in September with a whole week of miscellaneous poetry events mainly in the city. Brian Langley became involved with help from Trish Joyce and Grace Williamson, this fearless threesome showed the flag among the weirdies, the beardies, the readers [that word again] the actors and various intelligentsia who go to make up the wider poetry scene. Reports are that they acquitted themselves very well as well as giving our poetry genre representation.

Plans are being formulated about how we will disperse the grant from the City of Melville. Co-ordinator June Bond [now she is mobile again] will be contacting every school in the city during the last term to explain the rules for both primary and secondary pupils, along with some healthy cash prizes for both the pupil and the school. The comp. to run during the first semester in 2007, to hopefully conclude late April/ May and the winners announced at our State Championships - watch this space.

Energetic Edna has the Port and Poet night in hand, 6th of October at the new camp - Mount Pleasant Bowling Club - 7.00 for 7.30 sharp start, the bar staff run the place strictly to the letter. In the interest of keeping them happy, but more importantly, to give every poetry performer the time to do their thing, we MUST start on time to obviate the unease of last month. PLEASE co-operate

On a more sombre note, I was saddened to receive a call from my old Bush Poetry mate Billy Hay's daughter a week or so back to tell me her father had passed away. He hadn't been travelling too flash, had all sorts of handicaps from Parkinson's to knee replacements, but through it all he kept his sense of humour, his spirit and his love of Bush Poetry and his many mates - Cobbers -which was what kept him going. He finished up in a nursing home, he was 87. the last time he wrote to me he complained saying there was too many old people there. You may have caught up with him at the Nationals a couple of years back. Cobber and I met him at Winton in 1997 and enjoyed one of those instant friendship experiences with him - Bush Poetry people are like that.

That's all for now, had a few more items but Editor Brian is so efficient and enthusiastic, I'm sure he will bring you up to speed with them. In the meantime, keep writin' and recitin' if that is your go, otherwise bring your mates, tell your mates but above all, enjoy your mates- - at 'The Mount' [Pleasant] - it's later than you think.

Rusty C. The Boss Cocky Ardross September 2006.

Practice your public speaking skills - Volunteer as a Muster MC.

Do you feel like standing up at our Musters and either being MC for a night or doing our regular feature, "Readings from the Classics" If so See Vice Pres, Tom Conway for M.C.ing or Brian Langley for The "Readings"

Country Poets

Will you be in the City on a Muster Night and want to be a star performer?? If so, can you let a committee person know in advance so that we can arrange suitable publicity in the Bully Tin

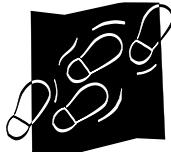


Australia Day

Murmurings at the last Muster were inconclusive as to which way we should go next Australia Day, so your committee have made an executive decision to try and do both —. That way we can satisfy our long standing dedicated Wireless Hill audience with a full program as well as providing a smaller number of poets at the morning event so as to provide our new citizens and the larger audience with a bit of true blue Aussie culture.

Spring Concert

Remember— Melville City Council's "Limestone Concert" featuring poets from the WABP&YS on the evening of Sunday, Nov. 5. at The Limestone Theatre, alongside the Melville Council Library, off Davies Rd in Booragoon. from 5.30 to 7.00pm, Bring along your friends for an enjoyable evening.



Walking Different Tracks

Mainly for the Ladies — Playfield Learning Centre, in Fred Bell Pde, East Victoria Park will be hosting a quilt exhibition on Saturday October 28th. The featured quilts will have been made by members of various local community groups.—There will be a small "viewers choice" prize for the best quilts Why not pop in and see them, fill out a judging slip and maybe stop for a chat, a cup of tea and a bikkie.

Playfield Learning Centre is a community facility whose president, Dot Langley is no stranger to most WABP members.

Poetry Week Thanks to Grace and Wally Williamson, Trish Joyce and Rosemary Sharland, who joined me in Forrest Place on Sat 2nd. Unfortunately, as often happens at such events, the audience was rather thin on the ground but our style of poetry was certainly appreciated by the few who stopped to listen. - Brian Langley

Darkan Centenary - the small farming town of Darkan, home of WABP&YS member John Putland is holding, as part of their Centenary celebrations, a "Pioneer Day" on Saturday, November 4th. The day will feature "pioneering" activities such as blade shearing, spinning, blacksmithing, wood chopping, etc. as well as vintage machinery, bush poets, CWA, historic displays and market stalls and will culminate in a free evening concert by "Mucky Duck Bush Band". Further information from Judy Cooper, PO Box 110, Darkan, WA 6392 Ph: 08 9736 1312 Mobile: - 0428 547 626 e-mail mjcooper@westnet.com.au

Environmental Paper Making

Leslie Westerlund, an Environmental Project Officer at Murdoch Uni. whom some our members met last Australia Day at Wireless Hill is currently involved in an ongoing project to produce hand made decorative recycled paper. In order to reduce development costs and to fit in paper making activities with his other commitments, he is looking for environmentally conscious volunteers to help him make the paper.

If you are interested, the paper making sessions are held at Murdoch University, Environmental Technology Centre on most Sunday mornings, followed by a BYO BBQ lunch. Give him a call on 9360 6396 or e-mail L.Westerlund@murdoch.edu.au Samples of his paper will be on view at the October Muster

Val Does it Again

Congratulations to WABP&YS member **Val Read** for achieving another milestone in writing Australian Rhyming Poetry. Val recently came both first and third in the very last "Stumpy" awards. She also scored well in the "Clancy of the Overflow" Written competition. Val is no stranger to accolades as she has previously taken out a number of prestigious awards in this field.

Brian Langley picked up a 2nd place in a US Written Verse competition, this one was for a niche market in that the subject of the poetry had to be allied to "Craft"

If You or someone local that you know has won any awards for poetry, please let the Editor know. We have many very talented and creative writers and performers and they deserve all the recognition that we can give.

Training

For the past couple of AGMs, members have asked for some skills training . Arrangements are currently underway to try and bring these to fruition. Before finalising anything, we are seeking "expressions of interest" so that we can get an idea of the numbers of people wanting to participate, both as learners and as trainers or helpers (we know there are some of you who have hidden talents in these areas, and we would like to call upon your expertise)

If you are interested, could you please drop a note to the secretary (Joyce) indicating which of the following training topics you would be interested in attending :

Stagecraft / Performance
Using Sound Equipment
Writing Bush Poetry
Self Publishing
Any Other Topics

HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS?

Please tell us so that we can make sure your BULLY TIN gets to you on time

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

Fees for 2006-07 are now very overdue, - Sorry, but if you haven't paid you **will** be dropped off the mailing list after this month

THE TRAVELLING SALESMAN

I live out on this property
Two hundred miles from town
Last month I had a visitor
Whose car had broken down.
"I think I've got two broken legs!"
He whimpered with a yelp,
"And feel certain I will die
If I do not get some help."
So I rang the Flying Doctor -
My head was in a spin
Then against my better judgment
I went and let him in
I gave him a chutney sandwich
And a nice hot cup of tea,
Then I said, "You might be dying
But you don't look sick to me."
I'm a salesman," he answered,
And rather felt quite sure,
You'd enjoy my small deception
To get inside your door.
I'd just like to sell you something
And have a little chat,
And my legs aren't really broken."
So I said, "I'll soon fix that."
For the flying doctor people
May not take it as a joke
Picking up some useless patient
Whose legs were never broke.
But I bear him no ill will,
I like to think I'm fair
And I'm almost glad to hear
He's not in intensive care.

© Peg Vickers, Albany 2006

In last months poetry quiz, one of the listed poems was "Where the Pelican Builds her Nest". Most of us have heard of the poem but there are very few of us who actually know it, or know anything about its author.

MARY HANNAY FOOTT, (1846-1918), teacher and poet, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, daughter of James & Margaret Black. In 1853 the family migrated to Melbourne where she had a private education and in 1862 started her career as a teacher during which time she developed an interest in poetry. In 1867 she married Thomas Foott, a stock inspector from Bourke in outback NSW. where they lived until her husband's death in 1884. During this time she wrote most of her poetry. She published her major work in 1885 after being widowed, and, with her 2 sons having moved to Brisbane where she again took up her teaching career. For the latter part of her life, she lived mainly with one or other of her sons. Her younger son, Arthur died in Belgium in 1917.. This caused a deterioration in her health and she eventually succumbed to pneumonia in 1918. Though a minor poet, having published only about 30 poems, she was probably the first woman in Queensland to make a mark in Australian literature.

Where the Pelican Builds

The horses were ready,
the rails were down,
But the riders lingered still -
One had a parting word to say,
And one had his pipe to fill.
Then they mounted,
one with a granted prayer,
And one with a grief unguessed.
"We are going," they said, as they rode away -
"Where the pelican builds her nest!"

The Women of the West

George Essex Evans (1863 - 1909)



They left the vine-wreathed cottage
and the mansion on the hill,
The houses in the busy streets
where life is never still,
The pleasures of the city,
and the friends they cherished best:
For love they faced the wilderness -
the Women of the West.

The roar, and rush, and fever of the city died
away,
And the old-time joys and faces - they were gone for many a day;
In their place the lurching coach-wheel, or the creaking bullock chains,
O'er the everlasting sameness of the never-ending plains.

In the slab-built, zinc-roofed homestead of some lately taken run,
In the tent beside the 'bankment of a railway just begun,
In the huts on new selections, in the camps of man's unrest,
On the frontiers of the Nation, live the Women of the West.

The red sun robs their beauty, and, in weariness and pain,
The slow years steal the nameless grace that never comes again;
And there are hours men cannot soothe, and words men cannot say -
The nearest woman's face may be a hundred miles away.

The wide bush holds the secrets of their longing and desires,
When the white stars in reverence light their holy altar fires,
And silence, like the touch of God, sinks deep into the breast -
Perchance He hears and understands the Women of the West.

For them no trumpet sounds the call, no poet plies his arts -
They only hear the beating of their gallant, loving hearts.
But they have sung with silent lives the song all songs above -
The holiness of sacrifice, the dignity of love.

Well have we held our father's creed. No call has passed us by.
We faced and fought the wilderness, we sent our sons to die.
And we have hearts to do and dare, and yet, o'er all the rest,
The hearts that made the Nation were the Women of the West.

They had told us of pastures
wide and green,
To be sought past the sunset's glow;
Of rifts in the ranges by opal lit;
And gold 'neath the river's flow.
And thirst and hunger
were banished words
When they spoke of that unknown
West;
No drought they dreaded,
no flood they feared,
Where the pelican builds her nest!

The creek at the ford was
but fetlock deep
When we watched them crossing
there;
The rains have replenished it
thrice since then,
And thrice has the rock lain bare.
But the waters of Hope
have flowed and fled,
And never from blue hill's breast
Come back - by the sun and the sands
devoured -
Where the pelican builds her nest.



Australia in Perfect Harmony

Aborigines once ruled this beautiful land,
With nothing other than spear and hand.
Soon enough the convicts came,
The first were Irish, with criminal blame.
Next to come were the many Chinese,
Followed by Italians, Greeks and Vietnamese.

Then Iraqi, Iranian, South African too,
Today's migrants come anew!
How can we fulfill their hopeful dreams?
And help them forget their nightmarish screams.
For peace, for hope they all come,
And so we welcome them one by one.

Everybody, had a soul that grieved,
Because their condition was not relieved.

With a need for clothes and a little food,
Left them starving, dying and completely nude!
From torture, slavery, disease and sorrow,
Never knowing what will come tomorrow ...

A wonderful land! A wonderful place!
Of different culture and different race.
We all come together to live as one,
A multicultural society, with only good to come.
Where there's no fighting, only harmony all round,
A beautiful place the British found.

In the past there were riots and grief;
About cultural practices, values and beliefs.
But here and now, we can see,
A magical land, with you and me.
And so we are striving our differences to overcome.
So we can live in a place where Harmony is won!

Australia

© Jessica Smythe 2006

Jessica was just 13 years old when she wrote this
— Congratulations on a well thought out and structured poem

Poet's Profile

This month, as we are featuring women, I have chosen WA's first lady of performing poetry, **Kerry Lee** as the featured profile, so from Kerry comes:



Our journey through life holds many twists and turns. My personal journey with Bush Poetry never ceases to thrill and amaze me. The variety of people and places it has taken me to is incredible but what is more incredible is what it has done for me personally. I grew up in northern rivers NSW in the country town of Grafton and have remained a country girl ever since. I met Rod in Newcastle at the age of 18 and, though we moved around a lot, I could never shake the hayseeds from my hair. My big passion in life has always been horses, though I can't imagine life without dogs and cats and chooks and ducks and sheep and, of course.....Rod!

One thing for certain though is I have never been a *public* person. To stand up in public was to die a thousand deaths.

One of the most terrifying times in my life was winning the Nationals in 2003. Rod and I went to Mulwala to study how a National Championship was held as the WABP&YS Assoc was hosting the Championships the following year. Rod, in his wisdom, decided we should enter to experience competition from a competitor's side. I hate competition! It scares me to death! When I took the stage I discovered that knees really do knock together and I suffered badly from the dreaded "dry mouth" syndrome. Winning was the furthest thought from my mind. I was in survival mode! But win I did. What did winning mean to me? I knew I was not a *champion* but it gave me something wonderful to aspire to. I became dedicated to living up to expectations and I gradually learnt to quell my fears and started to enjoy entertaining people. I will always be grateful to the WABP&YS Association for their support and encouragement. And to Keith Lethbridge who first introduced Rod and me to bush Poetry. He was the guest speaker at a Rotary meeting we were attending and we loved his presentation. He promoted the Bush Poetry at Wireless Hill, we went along and the rest is history.

Our current project, Diggers Camp, has evolved from all of this. It is a wonderful, and humbling, experience to entertain people. To have someone give me a hug and tell me how good we have made them feel makes me realise how special Bush Poetry is. To go into schools and teach the kids how to write and show them what fun poetry can be is exhilarating. To hear people opening up and sharing a part of their life story after hearing a certain poem is very special. I will never become a millionaire in dollars with Bush Poetry but I am now a millionaire with the joys and experiences I am accumulating. I have grown to enjoy performing and love Bush Poetry and the people I have met and the places it has taken me. We are privileged to live in Australia and my mission now is to help preserve and promote our wonderful history through Bush poetry.

Kerry

September Muster Wrap-up

Welcome to our night of traditional poetry on the first day of Spring.

Most of our teething problems seemed to have been sorted out. Except the chairs and tables. We need willing volunteers to help push these around and put the tables out of the way for the start of our evening BUT we need people to help push them BACK into rows for the next evenings entertainment run by the Bowling Club. So please when you see some of our members struggling with tables and chairs why not lend a hand?



We have had a request from one of most senior members that "members over the age of 80 years be allowed to read their poems". I don't have a problem with this but because some of our ladies have been known to understate their age, it would be nice if they could bring along either their Mum or Dad to verify it !!!

This is Poetry Week with lots of entertainment on in Perth with readings, performances and book launches as well as workshops. Brian reminded everyone that even though most of this type of poetry is not perhaps to our liking with its non meter and non rhythm and perhaps a bit 'arty' it is always interesting to see how other folks do their 'thing'

Lorelie Tacoma was our MC for tonight and her reason for not attending last month, was that she had enjoyed a Wildflower Bus Trip with Rod and Kerry and friends traveling up through some our outback areas staying in shearer's quarters and being entertained around the camp fire. She had also won a bottle of plonk for her writing efforts. Not sure when we will hear the public performance of her efforts.

First up was **Kerry Lee** with a poem by an author whose name I didn't catch . This lovely poem "Australian Sunrise" described the awakening of the land with the sun rising (OK they have the best sunrises BUT we have the BEST sunsets).

Her second poem, "Condamine Bells" by Jack Sorenson told of a Smithy who, with a song and the clamour of his hammer, fashioned bells from a crosscut saw to be heard throughout the land.

Lorelie then had us in stitches with a letter to the folks from a new army recruit, really liking the life as it was so much easier than on the farm although when it came to fighting the biggest bloke 'she' hadn't quite been able to beat him.

Grace Williamson with James Hackston's "Our Corrugated Iron Tank" then reminded us about how to tell if the water tank was getting empty. As we counted the rungs to see if there was enough water to wash our feet. We hoped that mice, snakes, leaves and possums droppings were not all that remained in the tank.

A rare appearance by **Ron Ingam** with "Salt Bush Bill" by Banjo Paterson about the ongoing disputes over the amount of pasture that the drovers could use and the squatters forever trying to move them on This led to a long confrontation between the Jackeroo and Salt Bush Bill. Bill eventually let himself be defeated, but not before his half staved sheep had become all mixed in with those of the squatter on the green pastures.

With a little bit of help from her 'discreet sheet' **Trish Joyce** had us in stitches, with her helpless female skier trying to spend a penny. With her pants around her ankles and having no control of her skies she also caused a startled gentleman to fall out of the chair lift and break his leg.

Being traditional night, **Rod Lee** told us a "true" yarn about his childhood where he nearly fell in the night soil pit but an old bloke helped him out. Although when the old bloke's coat drifted away and started sinking in the sludge, he had to make a valiant effort to rescue it, It wasn't the coat he so desperately needed, it was his lunch in its pocket.

His poem "Said Hanrahan" by PJ Hartigan (John O'Brien) with Hanrahan declaring "we'll all be rooned" when the rain don't come, when the crop does grow and when the bush fires are threatening. He moaned and groaned throughout the whole year.

Then we had a "dress up" as **Frank Harrison** donned a beanie and a parka to do Robert Service's (a Canadian) "The shooting of Dan Magrew. Even though this was about somewhere in Alaska/Canada it could easily be translated to Australian conditions in the early days on our mining fields.

We were then treated to some yarns from **Bob Chambers** along with a request for the words of Professor Walter Murdoch's "I've never yet harpooned a whale". If any one has any information please get in touch with Bob or bring them along to our next Muster.

Then a change with **Rosa Celenza** presenting her young neighbours work. **Jessica Smyth** (13 years old) wrote her poem "Australia – In Perfect Harmony", as an assignment for a school project. It is about the differences that our new arrivals face when they come to our land, and the sometimes horrible things that they have endured in their homeland. It is also about coming together and celebrating our differences in a multi cultural society. It's great to see a member of the younger generation taking up an interest in rhyming poetry. The poem is featured earlier in this Bully Tin .

Brian Langley finished the first half with an old favourite from Henry Lawson, "The Shearer's Dream" Ah! If only the shearing was as good as this, with excellent working conditions, the soft comforts of home, good food, and of course the girls.

After the supper break it was time for "Reading From the Classics". Our volunteer, **Rita Paul** chose Banjo Paterson's "Road to Gundagai" which told of the road from Sydney going to either Tumut or Gundagai, and how a likely lass caught his eye but she went off with another. Rita then sang, with **Dorothy Chin** accompanying her on the piano, the more familiar song we all learnt in school with words and music by Jack Hagan. The audience was in full voice as we sang those very familiar words.

Rusty Christianson then bought us news from the Kimberleys where Cobber has been doing it again, wearing out two pairs of thongs as he walked for six days, traveling from Wyndham to Halls Creek.

Rusty offered to do a song or a poem. His song, "Stand Up and Fight" originally sung by Harry Belafonte for the rewritten Operetta "Carmen Jones", used new words to the very familiar "Toreador" music from Bizet's "Carmen". This did somewhat give us another overseas influence on what is a traditional night.

DotNote: - Makes me wonder why the Yanks have to remake a perfectly good story into something else.

Fresh from the bush, **Phil Strutt**, who unfortunately has been on the sick list with some fairly serious problems did his own "Farmhand" which, as he wrote it in 1980 - it would be considered a classic — if it was a car. It was about this poor chap who couldn't get to sleep so he started counting sheep but found that a certain lady sheep caught his eye, however after a session with the Doctor, all was ok as he felt that he had overcome his affection for the ewe. Unfortunately he now found that Cecil the ram was the subject of his desires!

A visitor from Eastern parts **Ken Prato** did his own version of how an Italian would cope with shearing. As Ken has married into an Italian family he had the Italian/Aussie accent off perfect as his poem "The Italian Shearer" told of a young Italian taking up the shearing game, and, as he coped with contrary fly blown sheep, his father waved his hands about declaring that he must be "sicka ina da head".

Another poet has joined the grey nomads, with **David Sears** converting his bus into lodgings, and having recently been travelling around being a cook for some shearers, although this job is the "pits" for any unwise enough to try it. His poem "Mulga Bill's Bicycle" by Banjo Paterson had the unwary Bill dressed up in all the right gear but not having a clue how to sit upon the saddle and steer his machine that bolted clean away down the mountain side and ended up in Dead Man's creek.

Kerry Lee returned to the microphone with "The Packhorse" by Will Ogilvie and had us all enthralled with the story of the packhorse that set out on his journey with a spring in his step and as the trip gets longer and the conditions get worse his fate is nearly decided with a bullet. But his rescuer saves him with a bullet fired at his attacker and they travel on, both with the knowledge of a deed best not spoken of.

It must be a night for shearers and horses, as **Grace Williamson** then presented "The Little worn Out Pony" by Anon. The story of an ordinary pony with an extraordinary ability for saving a child from certain death as the mob of cattle stampeded after being spooked by a thunderstorm.

Trish Joyce's offered some advice in her short verse, "The Coming of Age" It was a reminder to all young people not to laugh and jeer and to be careful because someday you will become just like me!

Rod Lee finished off the evening with Thomas E Spencer's "How McDougall Topped the Score". There were some creatively added words and with Ron Ingam's help with some of the other words that kept on going missing we got to hear how the cricket game was won with McDougall's dog Pincher playing a part in the scoring of the vital runs, of course to McDougall having

Ruminations from Dot - On Getting Older

Your secrets are safe with your friends as they can't remember them either!

big
due

Readers Contributions - Letters to the Editor - Class. Ads etc.



Members! - Do you want to place a small advert in this space? Something for sale? Expertise to offer? A small donation toward the production costs of the Bully Tin will provide the necessary "grease" to make this happen (space and content permitting).

Members - Do you have a book or two, CD's or other poetic products for sale? If so let the editor know and we'll include you in this list in future Bully Tins

Poetic Products

John Hayes CDs
Brian Langley book & laminated poems
Rod & Kerry Lee CDs
Arthur Leggett biography
Keith Lethbridge books
Val Read books

Computer for sale

Looking for a cheap computer?
P III 500 upgraded & complete with all bits inc. modem, Win 2000. \$100
Ring Edna 9339 3028

Computer Repairs

Software & hardware Installations, problem solving (not virus recovery) - Cheap rates for members
Ring Brian 9361 3770

Thank you Kerry for your bouquets - With all these extras you have taken on I can see why you needed to give up the newsletter, it is very time consuming - I do hope your new venture is a great success. Ed.

Dear Editor

Thank you, Brian, for taking on the job as Editor. You are doing a fantastic job and should be proud of the newsletter you are producing. I hated handing the job over as I loved working on the newsletter but it is great to know it is now in good hands. The club is lucky to have you and Dot on board.
As an aside, Rod and I have recently purchased a small coach to compliment Diggers Camp. Our first tentative venture here is to take a group to Albany for the Albany Show on 11/12 Nov.

Keith Lethbridge will be travelling down to Albany with us. If any members would like to join us they will be entertained with poetry on the trip, taken to the Poets Breakfast at the Show and have a small scenic tour before coming back to Perth. It should be great fun. Expressions of interests are welcome. Cost will depend on accommodation requirements. If anyone is interested in this venture please call us on 9397 0409.

Regards - Kerry Lee

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

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Rosemary Sharland	Committee	9271 2059	wrd@iinet.net.au

We still have a vacancy on our committee — interested? Contact any committee member Member, John McBain has volunteered to help us in dealings with the media — John has extensive expertise in journalism, media and conservation. Thank you John. It wont be very long before we will be seeking your assistance.

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

Oct 2	Euabalong Written & Performance Comp—Quilters Festival	Euabalong, NSW	J Ingram 02 6896 6604 yenbo@westserv.net.au
Oct 3	Written & Performance Comp	Hampton NSW	Michelle Duff 02 6359 3395
Oct 6	WABP&YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club 7.30pm	Port & Poets Night
Oct 31	Coastal Writers Written Comp Open Topic	Mandurah WA	SSAE 13 Rockford St Mandurah 6210 rosieq@westnet.com.au
Nov 3	WABP&YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club 7.30pm	
Nov 4th	Darkan 100yr Anniversary—	Darkan WA	Bush Poets, Mucky Duck Bush Band
Nov 5	Melville Limestone Concert	Limestone Theatre, Melville 5.30 – 7pm	Featuring WABP&YS members
Nov 7 (Tues)	Melborne Cup Lunch	Diggers Camp, Oakford 10.30a —3pm	With Rod, Kerry & Rusty—bookings essential 9397 0409
Nov 11/12	Albany Show & Poets Brekky	Albany	
Dec 1	WABP&YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club 7.30pm	Christmas Special
Dec 3 (Sun)	Welcome back "Cobber"	Diggers Camp, Oakford 1—3.30pm	Featuring Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge 9397 0409
Dec 3-4	Written & Performance Comp	Young, NSW	Greg 02 6382 2506
Jan 5 2007	WABP&YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club 7.30pm	
Jan 26	City of Melville Australia Day	John Creaney Reserve, Bull Creek	Breakfast & Citizenship Awards, Bush Poets etc
Jan 26	Bush Poets on Parade	Wireless Hill, Melville, 2pm	BYO chairs & refreshments



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All other correspondence should be addressed to

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