

BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - October 3rd, 2008 7.30pm ★

Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

MC for October, Tom Conway

**October is
Cricket Season, School Holidays
Seniors Week**

Did you know that there are records (in England) of cricket having been played back around 1550, perhaps even as early as around 1300. The first mention of cricket in a poem was in 1658 and the first official rules were published in 1744.

Since that time the game has evolved to the several formats of it that are played today. But for many, it is the informal game that has most appeal.

Beach Cricket -

It is the best of summer sports that's played across our land:
But not on ovals, rinks or courts, but on the golden sand
That circumscribes our nation fair with beaches smooth and wide,

Played on our foreshores everywhere, yet governed by the tide.
No uniform or special hat is needed much at all;
One only needs a cricket bat and an old tennis ball.
An 'Esky', bucket or some sticks will make a handy wicket,
Add a seashore to the mix and you can play beach cricket!

If you're with friends beside the sea upon a summer's day,
A stretch of even sand will be the pitch on which to play.
Just put the wicket in its place, and then select your team,
Make sure you wear a hat and shirt, and loads of sunburn cream!

The rules of cricket still apply, but with some give and take;
There is no trophy to be won, or Ashes urn at stake!
There may be some adjustments made, a local rule or two,
Hit the ball into the sea - it's six and out for you!

No one's barred from this great game, from children to their Pa,
Everyone can play a part, and each can be a star!
Mothers in their floral tops, their daughters in bikinis,
And nothing but a floppy hat sometimes for little 'teenies'!

Some say you have to make a run before you can be out;
Especially if you are a kid, or somewhere thereabout!
And those who bowl the ball too fast will soon be told to stop,
And catches given by under sevens you really ought to drop!

Beach cricket is for one and all, in everybody's reach;
When the pitch becomes unplayable, then shift it down the beach!
It's best played on a summer's day about mid-afternoon;
And if you've never played before, then try it out 'real soon'!

Philip R. Rush 01-12-'05

September Traditional Night Muster. gave us the opportunity to "Dress for the Occasion" There were some small prizes awarded for the "Best Dressed Lady" and "Most Appropriate gentleman's Hat" The ladies had a dead heat with Maxine Richter and Anne Hayes sharing the honours while Arthur Leggett was judged to have the most appropriate hat on



Maxine



Anne

Unfortunately we didn't get a photo of Arthur wearing his hat, but as he presented both of the 2 short

"military" poems in the 1st part performance his choice of hat was certainly appropriate if this picture from "The ANZAC Book" is anything to go by.



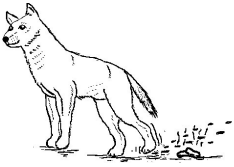
A couple of up-coming events for which we would like to know ASAP, who will be available.

The first is the "**Poets in the Park**" on the afternoon of November 16th at Neil McDougal Park in Como.— Please let President Brian know if you are interested.

He is also looking for someone to help "man" our tent at the WA Seniors "**Have a Go Day**" at Burswood on Wednesday October 29th

Vice President Grace would like to hear ASAP from ALL performers who will be available for our showcase performance next **Australia Day, January 26th** at Wireless Hill in Ardross.

This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of the Federal Member for Swan, Steve Irons M.P.



Scratchings

G'day once again members and friends.

What a show! - close to record muster attendance, record door receipts, lots of accolades from both audience and participants. I'm referring of course to our September Traditional

Night, a far better show than what was on the following day (can you remember back that far— now what was it?? Ah that's right, we had elections. - Perhaps there might be a poem or two emerge from that event)

Anyway, back to Traditional Night. It's success didn't just happen, there was a lot of hard work by quite a few people so I would like to take this opportunity to thank everybody involved, including the audience, many of whom entered into the spirit of the event by wearing clothes something akin to what was worn around 100 years ago. We had quite a number of new faces in the audience, but there were quite a lot of regular attendees who for various reasons did not get there. I would like to especially thank the performers, Kerry Bowe for taking on the role of Stage Manager, Dot for her work in dressing the stage and for taking over one poem at the last minute when one of the intended performers rang in sick, Edna who although short staffed, had supper all organised despite there being extra people, Ron and Caroline for being there early to help set up the hall and kitchen, and Maxine Richter who hand delivered a huge amount of flyers into letterboxes throughout Bentley Park and Rowethorpe.

Changing direction, back in my Presidents report, I alluded to seeking sponsorship to enable us to expand our activities and reach a broader audience; Well, next week, I am off to see the Arts Council with a view to getting some financial support. I'll keep you informed of my progress

Further to my comments last month re the South Perth City Council and "Poetry Park", having submitted a rather lengthy application to use the park, I have now been informed that we must pay a "Hirers Fee" - so much for them promoting poetry within Poetry Park. But as I will be seeking a small grant from The City of South Perth to cover advertising and running costs, I'll just raise the requested amount to cover the hire cost. They can then pay themselves the hire fee.

So far, I've had no interest in finding a couple of "understudys" for the PA system and for the Bully Tin. What will happen next year while Dot and I are away for at least one muster— ??????

Regards to all
Brian Langley, President.

What's on in the Bush?

The Bush Poetry Event at **Boyup Brook** on November 2nd to coincide with the Kenny Rogers concert - **HAS BEEN CANCELLED**—apparently the whole Kenny Rogers tour will not be happening

It is time however to start thinking about next February's Bush Poetry events at **Boyup Brook** to co-incide with the **Country Music Festival**

Planning is well in hand for the 2009 festival, which will be held on 12th-15th Feb. Bush Poets will feature several times throughout the four days. Jim Haynes is returning as part of the Country Music lineup, Jim is an accomplished performer and writer, and is well known at Tamworth for his "Big Bush Brekkies".

Jim Haynes is not only an accomplished country singer, Bush Poet and writer, but is also a very experienced teacher of both written verse and performance techniques. Jim has offered to run workshops while he is at Boyup Brook, and, if there is sufficient interest, possibly in Perth a few days prior to the Country Music Festival. We do need to have a fairly accurate idea of the number of people who would be interested—**and we need this information NOW**. Please ring or e-mail President Brian ASAP if you are interested in attending, also would you be doing so at Boyup Brook, or in Perth Please note—there will be a cost involved for participants, but at this stage it is unknown as to just what it will be. We will make all attempts to keep it as low as possible.

WABP&YS are also considering running a written poetry competition in conjunction with the Boyup Brook festival and, if we can stir up enough poets, we might also have another bout in the Country / City Challenge that was started back in 2005 at Tumbelgum Farm. For further details of what's happening down at Boyup Brook please contact Bill Gordon, Phone 97651098, mobile 0428651098, e-mail northlands@wn.com.au

November 1st will again see invited members of the WA Bush Poets performing at the old grain silo at **Pingrup**. This event is organised by the Pingrup Community Association, and is intended to bring the community together while raising much needed money for the Royal Flying Doctor. The whole event will start around 2pm with a quilt trunk show and local quilt exhibition. This will be followed at 5pm with a bush poetry concert which will have a longish interval during which a BBQ dinner will be provided inside the venue. Contact President Brian for any further information

November 14–15 will be the dates for this year's **Albany Show**, and once again, Albany member Peter Blyth will be organising a Poets Breakfast for the Saturday morning. So if you are heading down that way, make sure that you are there. Further details from Peter 9844 6606 poetblyth@bigpond.com



Poets from the Past 2 short Poet's Profiles -

William Thomas Goode ("The Colonel")(1862-1909) sailed from London as a ship's steward but went "on the wallaby" for a decade in outback New South Wales when he arrived in Sydney. Later he settled down and became the editor of a newspaper at Orange, a major country town. He published light verse in The Bulletin and for nine years he wrote a weekly column for the Sydney Truth describing the unlikely antics of an imaginary group of comic outback characters which he called the Gimcrack Club. Some contemporaries such as Norman Lindsay regarded him as a leading writer of light verse but his reputation has not weathered well and nowadays he is only known for a handful of poems such as The Great Australian Adjective.

"OUGH!": A PHONETIC FANTASY by W.T. Goode

The baker-man was kneading dough
And whistling softly, sweet and lough.
Yet ever and anon he'd cough
As though his head were coming ough!
"My word!" said he, "but this is rough;
This flour is simply awful stough!"

Jack Moses (1861—1945)

With his occupation as a Wine and Spirit merchant, troubadour and songwriter, Jack roamed the country area of New South Wales, collecting stories and putting many of them into his poems and songs. Poetically, he is most widely known for his adaptation of the "Dog on the Tuckerbox" story from around Gundagai. His poem "Nine Miles from Gundagai", has become the "official" poem of the recently closed watering hole.



This short poem of his could almost apply today

When the Seasons Come Again by Jack Moses

The west is looking green and grand
The country's smiling sweet;
The cocky's stirring up the soil,
And showering in the wheat.
The squatter has his wool in,
God sends the country rain! -
You can give us any government
When the seasons come again!

Congratulations Valerie

Just as last month's
Bully Tin went to press we
received the news that our
member **Val Read** has
WON this years prestigious
"Bronze Swagman" award
for Written Verse. Her
poem, "Brolga Dreaming"
beat an exalted field of entrants from across Australia. Val has been an entrant in the competition for many, many years, and although she has been published in every anthology the top prize had eluded her until now. Held annually in conjunction with the Winton Waltzing Matilda Festival, the Bronze Swagman Award is considered by many to be the highest Bush Poetry Written Verse Award in Australia.
Congratulations Val.



Do you know any "**Closet Poets**" - There are a lot of them out there. There is a huge amount of poetry that gets written but for various reasons never sees the light of day and eventually dies along with its author. Surely it is better for both the memory of the author and the poem itself if it is passed on to future generations

Rhyming Australian Poetry does not have to be about dead horses, dogs or billabongs. Virtually all subjects are acceptable. The following is a poem written, along with many others by Innaloo resident, George Nash, now an octogenarian who has never thought to have any of his work published - tis a pity.

Look not behind to that which might have been,
Nor look to right or left for grass more verdant green,
Heed not the slope, how steeply it may rise,
Or be tempted by some valley in disguise
Shed no bitter tears in deep despair,
Feel not ashamed to kneel in fervent prayer
And listen to His gentle voice say
"Come follow me , for I am the way"
Then hold His hand in perfect trust,
And tread the way as all men must,
To where all hearts are young and free,
And you will find that place you long to be.

WA Seniors Week (and "Have a Go Day") falls during October. Being a "Senior" for many of us brings memories of "the good old days"

This little poem by Anon is all about that

I Remember

I remember the milk from the billy,
all the rich cream on the top,
When dinner came hot from the oven,
Not from the fridge at the shop

Our clothes were all boiled in a copper,
With plenty of rich foamy suds
And the ironing lasted forever
With mum pressing everyone's duds

Kids used their imagination
And didn't need money for kicks
And we'd walk to the tram or the station
To go to the Saturday flicks.

I remember the shop on the corner
Where a penn'orth of lollies was sold
Were we really so much more contented
Or is it that I'm getting old

Recently, while driving along the Perth—Armadale railway, I noticed huge stacks of concrete sleepers, all ready to replace the timber ones that have been there for years. The choice of which type of sleeper to use has been ongoing for many a year.

I happened upon a poem when recently at Dwellingup which was written back in 1914. Back then the choice was a bit wider and various south west towns were vying for the rights to supply sleepers for the Trans—Australia line which was about to commence construction. The main contenders were Jarrah from near Dwellingup or Karri from Pemberton (then called Big Brook) - Karri had a problem in that termites loved it, but the new Pemberton Mill had a “Powelliser” plant which treated the Karri with potent insecticides (this was the forerunner of the CCA treatment now used for pine logs).

Karri, Jarrah or What?

There's a deal of speechifying
Most asserting and denying
Re the sleepers best for the Trans Austral line
Some say steel and really mean it,
Others, though they've never seen it
Swear that concrete reinforced is superfine

Some assert that 'tis surprising
How well after Powellising
Karri lasts while from it white ants scoot like hell
Others honestly endeavour
To drive home the point that never
Will a seasoned Jarrah rot, they know it well.

Some who couldn't tell a karri
From a Beenup brick will tarry
For a while and let the gas go off till it is plain
That most everyone you meet sir
In the bush, or in the street, sir
Has white ants as well as sleepers on the brain.

I will make you a suggestion
Re this knotty sleeper question
It has much to recommend it to (ahem)
Powellise the politicians
Lay them in the right positions
On the track and lay the rails on top of them

*Published in the SouthWest Advertiser, Feb 27 1914
author unknown*

MCs & Classics Readers

My plea last month for MCs and “Classics Readers” has had some response in that we now have our classic reader positions filled for several months, but people are still a bit reluctant to be MC. I'm sure there are many of you who have the required talents, but who for whatever reason don't consider yourself “good enough”. It is not all that difficult, we will give you assistance we can even arrange a “shared. - Interested—Please leave your name with Vice Pres. Grace

September Muster Wrap-up - by Dot

What a spectacular night of entertainment. Brian Langley had again written a script for our Traditional Night, this time to create “Impressions of Australia”, A historic, poetic journey through time in which we look at how some of the poets from the past saw their country, its people and it's spirit.

With some new faces on the stage and some poetry that was new to us, as well as some familiar ones of both and with the stage and lighting all set, performers dressed for the era we got under way. Back-stage, the presenters were sitting very quietly with their own amplifier so as not to miss a word. Our Stage Manager Kerry Bowe was kept busy making sure everyone was ready to go on time. To the tune of “Botany Bay”, our Narrator, **Brian Langley**, resplendent with a beard, (which unfortunately had to be “shorn” as it kept slipping) introduced the scene:-

“And so, our first settlers reluctantly left the shores of England, many in chains, few to ever return. But they, and those that followed forged the Australia that we know and love today. Their poetry was not such that they sought a publisher, for in fact these early poems, were generally derogatory and were aimed at the prison wardens, the governor, the magistrates who had sentenced the convicts, the rich who had them prosecuted and indeed even the king.

Being overheard saying such libelous words would be likely to earn them 25 lashes.,

*A pox upon this country, it's heat and dust and flies,
A pox upon the magistrate who listened to the lies
A pox upon the governor who ties us down in chains,
In summer when it scorches and in winter's freezing rains
A pox upon old England and on it's King as well,
A pox upon them all I say, may they all rot in hell. (B.L 2008)*

But what of this strange land, a land of contradictions, a place where fact and fiction seemed to merge. The first published poetic record we have of “Impressions of Australia” was written by an English Poet, Richard Whately some time around the 1820s

Presenting his Poem “There is a Place in Distant Seas” was **Lorelie Tacoma**

The poem described the strangeness of our land, with beasts with duck's bills, and legs with spurs, where grass is found upon trees. Where missiles are sent to only come whizzing back to where they came from. Where the sun scorches and the south wind freezes. Where would you find these but in the country known as New South Wales.

The narration then referred to the arrival of men of position with their families, putting up with the heat and flies of this remote outpost of civilisation

Barry Higgins presented the poem by “Q” that could almost be the first tongue in cheek satirical poem of that era. Called “A Hot Day in Sydney” it tells of the impossible weather. The dreadful heat that pervades everything, even as you rise from your bed. At the table, the butter melts and the flies are swimming in the milk. Later to face a hot cooked dinner with poultry, beef and mutton, with cabbage, potatoes and peas, is it any wonder the wine and the brandy invite you to drink. And so with the mosquito's buzzing and the crickets singing you try in vain to sleep and seek relief from the ‘pleasures of summer’.

The next poet presented was considered to be the first Australian born poet of any significance who wrote mainly on social and spiritual issues. Charles Harpur's poem “Midsummer Noon” presented by **Grace Williamson** gives a different view of our hot summers. Not a bird disturbs the air and there is a mighty stillness everywhere.

For there is a drowsy humming as a ripple of a breeze through the leafy branches travels. How easy it is to lie in a cool recess hidden from the heat.

The first poet to get his inspiration from the Australian bush was Henry Kendall. He is also considered to be the first to come close to perfect rhyme and rhythm that we follow today. **Lou Holm** presented *The Warrigal* (the dingo) with the story of the dingo's travels seen from its eyes. With a bed made of dead grass and leaves of a windy pine, he travels to where the marsh fowl, and the lonely owl are heard through the fog. He glides over the station yard, troubled by the stove flame and he howls with his dismal cry. When the watchdogs bark he flees to where the wild gums whistle and over the plains to the waterholes glimmering deep. The shepherds curse as he roves past the sheep and hunts where the Blackman goes.

With times of great change came reforms, gold was discovered, immigrant laborers became men of letters. There was talk of Federation - Henry Parkes, now known as the "Father of Federation", liked to escape his political duties and spend time in the mountains to the west of Sydney. **Norm Eaton** (one of our new performers from the Bentley Village) presented Parkes's "Solitude". A soaring poem with the softness of spaces, where the mountain streams tumble down amongst the ferny gullies. Where a person can wander in solitude, contemplating the grand heroes and bards who bravely suffered as they sought freedom from foreign masters.

In South Australia a competition was held for a patriotic song or poem. The one chosen was so outstanding that the prize money offered was doubled. The song became mandatory learning in many schools across Australia, it also became front runner in the search for our National Anthem. Caroline Carleton was perhaps our first 'one hit wonder' with her "Song of Australia" presented by **Lorelie Tacoma**. There is a land where summer skies are gleaming with a thousand dyes..... Where the land of myrtle and rose are clustering while the wine gushes out. A land where homesteads peep through sunny plain with woodlands steep, are all mingling in the melody – Australia.

As we started to throw off the authority of England, several poets commented on this, including Lousia Lawson, mother of Henry. She was a prominent women's rights activist and a talented poet, writing with emotion and sensitivity. With her patriotic song "An Australian Song" presented by **Dot Langley** (filling in for a member of the cast who became ill) as it was originally written, as a poem. 'We come from a land that is great and grand, and the pride of the Southern Sea, it is a sunny land and a golden land and the home of the brave and free.'

The dawn of what we now call The Golden Years of Australian Rhyming Poetry is mainly due the JC Archibald and the Bulletin newspaper. In the early part of these years Scottish born poet, James Lister Cuthbertson's wrote "An Australian Sunrise" which was presented by **Chris Preece**. It tells of the morning star paling slowly and the cross hanging low to the sea as the shadowy reaches of the tide are swirling free. With all the colours of the dawning coming into play, the sun comes slowly to the sound of the birds early morning chorus.

With drought and industrial unrest and unemployment our nation came of age, through times of great hardship. Two poetic giants emerged with totally different views and attitudes. Henry Lawson saw life as a constant struggle and with his "The Never Never Land" **John Hayes** presented this longing for a life where lonely graves lay, beyond the homestead and the tracks. Out beyond the plains to the wide open spaces, a land where true mate ship is found when you tramp to the sunsets grand.

Banjo Paterson saw life through rosier glasses and wrote many poems about horses and men's lives. He also wrote many humorous accounts of the lives of country folk, even in times of adversity. The great drought in 1901 is still causing problems to our economy and with "Its Grand" Banjo put some humour into the adversity of living in the country. Presented by **Ron Ingham**, It told of it being grand you see to watch all your sheep giving up the ghost, as you shovel out your home from the shifting sand. It is also grand to be a rabbit as you breed and breed until there is nothing left to chew. It is also grand to be unemployed and a socialist too as you try to make ends meet. But if only the good Lord would send us some rain that would indeed be Grand!



After the drought there is new life. With "The Sanctuary", written by JW Gordon (Jim Grahame) another new member of our group and a resident of the Village, **Marjory Cobb** presented the picture of new life as the old mud house crumbles away, and the bush takes back what had been farmed before. With the green lagoons full of birds and the trees flowering there are no campfires burning now. There are no bushmen's axes ringing as the land is abandoned to the quiet of the bush as its re grows with flowers and grasses for the birds and animals.

Our country evokes a very strong connection to it and when Dorothea Mackellar was in England longing for the wide-open spaces she penned "My Country" which was presented by **Dot Langley**. In the well known poem she tells of her love of a sun burnt country with its sweeping plains, her drought and flooding rains, her beauty and her terror—this wide brown land for me. (Dot Note I think we all can say most of this poem but I didn't know that the first verse existed.

Perhaps this is why it was rejected for the National Anthem contest, can't have references to a softer greyer country can we??)

In the early part of the last century, one event helped shape our nation; the diverting of our troops to Gallipoli and the birth of Anzac traditions and legends were born. Thinking of home Private Roland Clarke penned a short verse called "Thoughts of Home" presented by **Arthur Leggett**. It will be springtime now in the valley and the wheat will be high in the distant Mallee, but we are not there. They will be cutting cane and there will be time for milking, and the weights will be called for the Spring racing campaign, but we won't be there.

For those that came home from the war there was the opportunity to take up land, work hard and start a family. The church became the centre of the communities where it played an important part in the districts. Father PJ Hartigan writing as John O'Brien gave us "The Church on the Hill" presented by **Grace Williamson** which tells of this simple building made of knotted pine and corrugated iron which served the people, not only for mass but a place of weddings, baptisms, confirmations and departures from earthly troubles. A refuge for one and all.

Mechanisation took over on most farms, requiring even less labourers, more and more people moved to the cities. In Melbourne CJ Dennis considered what this means for the old way of life as he writes "The Last Sundowner" which was presented by **Rusty Christensen**. As the old man sat on a log and looked up into the sky, another plane went soaring past, he laments that planes had pinched his private skies. There was a time when he could sit and not a sign of man except the earth and sky for miles around. Where he could watch the sun go down, but now the wireless gives him news when all he wants silence. His traveling days of wandering are over as he seeks work in the cities and towns.

Once again the world is ravaged by war and in Egypt a soldier Tip Kelerher, found himself either fighting or dreaming of home. He never made it back home but he did leave us with many poems from the war in North Africa. With his poem "Thirst in Exile" **Arthur Leggett** presented thoughts of all the things he was missing. Sydney's bright lights, the beaches and off course the lasses and the parties. He missed the summer morning haze and the station horses and the country ways. With the galahs screeching, and the chestnut filly that he thought might have some speed in her. But most of all he missed Australian BEER.

To finish the Impressions of Australia, Jack Moses' poem "Jindalee", presented by **Brian Langley** perhaps sums up all the others, in that no matter where we are, for most of us, we have a longing to return to our homeland and the people and places that we love. Because we are going home to the sweetest spot on earth where the moon and stars shine brighter. The horse is tugging at the reins because he knows that he too is going home. The kids will rush out and sit upon his broad back and there by the gate will be the wife, a better mate no man could have, now he's back home in Jindalee!!

Thank you to each and every one of our performers, stage manager, narrator and readers for a magnificent entertainment. To **Brian Langley** for his tireless work in finding the poems and putting them in some type of order so that the history and poetry blended and worked together so well. This is now two "performance" scripts he has written, I wonder what will come next.

Anyone want to share the house with him while he writes the next one?? I am going to a white beach with turquoise sea where that "p" work is not heard for **my** stress relief!!!

Thank you Edna for a lovely supper. We nearly ran out of time for a second half as everyone seemed to want to socialize.

John Hayes was our MC for the second part and as it was a night of tradition, there were only the old and well known poems presented. Banjo won with four of his, the remainder being from Henry and CJ Dennis. These old favourites rounded out a lovely evening.

Grace Williamson did Banjo's "Lost" which tells of the little boy fallen from his horse and his mother's anguished looking for him. This is a two hankie poem.

Barry Higgins gave us Lawson's "O'Hara JP" which has the luckless JP well and truly caught in a police raid.

Norm Eaton did "Mulga Bill's Bicycle" by Banjo and when a few words went missing even the audience couldn't agree as to what the missing words should be. Just goes to show when a thing is well known, there are sure to be many variations of it.

Frank Heffernan with CJ Dennis did two poems "The Silent Member", and "Wheat Wheat".

Rusty Christensen gave us Lawson's "Sweeney" about a bloke who might have been better than what he is now.

John Hayes with Banjo's "The Man from Iron Bark" tells of the problems when you go to the city for a shave.

Welcome for the first time to **Judith Anketell** (another Bentley Village resident). She presented Banjo's "Shearing at Castlereigh", the shed running hot, thirty five shearers all working to get the mob shorn for another bale of golden fleece branded 'Castlereigh'

Grace Williamson finished the night with Lawson's "Since Then" about friends that meet after a time apart and the differences in their lives of who has moved on to make good and who is struggling.

Big thanks also to everyone who dressed for the occasion— though I did hear there were some fears that zippers and buttons were being stretched to their limits and there was a hope that nothing would snap or come undone.

Dot Note . Didn't you know that middle age is when broadness of the mind and narrowness of the waist change places!!!

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2008—2009

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Members please note— Please contact any of the above committee members if you have any queries or issues you feel require

☆☆ Upcoming Events ☆☆

Please let the editor know if you are aware of any event which might be of interest to the general membership

Oct	1	Tamworth Bush Poetry Comp	Entry forms available	SSAE Jan Morris PO Box 3001 West Tamworth NSW 2340
Oct	3	WABP&YS Muster	Bentley Park Auditorium - Guest Artist—Peter Harries	
Oct	5	Festival of Yarns	Alverstoke Heritage Farm	See Page 2 for details
Oct	15	Closing Date	Walla Walla Wagon Wheel Written Comp	Erica 02 6040 5337 den53@austarnet.com.au
Oct	29	Have a Go Day	Burswood Park, Perth	A couple of poets needed
Nov	1	Pingrup RFDS Community BP BBQ	Old Pingrup Silo 5pm	
Nov	2	Boyup Brook Poets Brekky	details to be confirmed - Bill Gordon (see page 2)	
Nov	7	WABP&YS Muster	Bentley Park Auditorium - Short Poetry Comp	
Nov	16	Poets in The Park	South Perth "Poetry Park"	Brian Langley 9361 3770 briandot@tpg.com.au
Nov	30	Closing date	Blackened Billy Verse Comp (Tamworth)	janmorris@northnet.com.au PO Box 3001 West Tamworth NSW 2340
Dec	5	WABP&YS Muster	Bentley Park Auditorium	Pies, Port & Poetry—Giant Xmas Raffle
Regular events - Albany Bush Poetry group		4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606	

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**

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