

BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - November 6th, 2009 7.30pm MC Lorelie Tacoma★
Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

**November is
 Melbourne Cup, Remembrance Day
 (11th), "Steve Irwin Day" (15th)
 Last month of Spring.
 "Silly Season" starts**

And nearing the end of the Monthly excerpts from Henry Kendall's "Austral Months",

November

Now beats the first warm pulse of Summer -- now
 There shines great glory on the mountain's brow.
 The face of heaven in the western sky,
 When falls the sun, is filled with Deity!
 And while the first light floods the lake and lea,
 The morning makes a marvel of the sea;
 The strong leaves sing; and in the deep green zones
 Of rock-bound glens the streams have many tones;
 And where the evening-coloured waters pass,
 Now glides November down fair falls of grass.
 She is the wonder with the golden wings,
 Who lays one hand in Summer's -- one in Spring's;
 About her hair a sunset radiance glows;
 Her mouth is sister of the dewy rose;
 And all the beauty of the pure blue skies
 Has lent its lustre to her soft bright eyes.

What with "The race that stops a nation" coming up very soon,
 here's an appropriate little ditty that I found.— Although it expresses sentiments that have changed somewhat over the years since it was written (or have they?)

Betting and Beer *J G Medley*

Put three or four quid on the horses,
 And a couple of pound on the trots;
 Ten bob for the dogs in their courses,
 And something or other for spots -
 And if there is anything over
 That hasn't been got by the cats
 What Ho! For a future in clover
 By way of a ticket in tatts.

Oh! Betting and beer are the basis
 Of the only respectable life.
 Much better to go to the races
 Than moulder at home with the wife.
 I'd much sooner go to the races
 Than take all the kids to the sea.
 My family knows what their place is,
 And that is at home—without me.

CJ Dennis was an ardent racegoer— His style of writing was quite different from most other poets of his time. Here's a poem from him that combines his "conversational" style with the little quirks for which he was also well known.

Why a Picnic? *C. J. Dennis*

But why a picnic, Jane? We went last year
 And missed the Cup. You know how you grieved
 Because we lost—Oh! Yes we did, my dear.
 I had the tip but I was not believed.
 It's just sheer nonsense to deny it all.
 And when he won, you said, if you recall,
 You'd never miss a chance like that again.
 Well, cut the Cup. But why a picnic, Jane?

You know how I hate picnics—sticky things -
 The grizzling children and the dusty road,
 The flies and all those crawlywigs with stings -
 My dear, I'm not selfish! But that load
 Of baskets—Eh? Back him at starting price?
 That's an idea. And then I could remain
 To take you and the children? - M'yes. Quite nice.
 Jolly, of course. But why a picnic, Jane?

Wait! Have you thought of burglars? There you are!
 The empty house. Remember that last case
 Near here? Bright though, my dear! You take the car.
 You've solved it. I'll stay at home and mind the place.
 Lonely? Not I. You take the car of course.
 I've got a good book; I'll be alright alone.
 That's settled then And now, about the horse.
 Wait here, and while I think of it, I'll phone.

"Ello! That you Sam? All set! I can't talk loud.
 'Ello! Can you hear me? Listen, lad. It's on.
 Tomorrow, yes. Count me in the crowd.
 Your car—about eleven. They'll be gone.
 Great stunt, that picnic! If we make the pace
 We ought to get there for the second race."
 Well, Jane, that's all fixed up, I've backed our horse.
 Eh? Help cut sandwiches? Why, dear, of course.

Note for the "purists" - The rhyming in the last four lines of each verse alternates between verses - naughty CJ

MUSTER ENTRY INCREASE

Remember that due to an increase in our rent,
 Muster Entry Fee has risen by \$1 and is now:-

**Members, Bentley Park and Rowethorpe Residents \$6,
 general public \$8**

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



Walking Different Tracks

Nothing to put here this month, but if you are looking to see a few thousand of Perth's crazies head for Triggs / Mettams Pool on any Sunday morning in November between 7 and 8am to see the frenzy which is the Perth abalone season in full swing—the shortest managed fishery in the world, the season runs just 6 hours a year.

NOVICE PERFORMANCE COMPETITION



The first (and maybe only) heat of the 3 categories of this competition will be held as part of the November Muster—By the time that you receive this newsletter, all nominations should have been received and your committee

will be working frantically to do all the last minute preparations.

The three categories are :

- ◆ Performance — Your own poem
- ◆ Performance — Some one else's poem (traditional or contemporary)
- ◆ Reading—Classical poem (50+ years old) only

If you are a budding performer then this was seen as an opportunity for you to improve your skills. While it can be nerve wracking at the time, in retrospect, it is having to perform under “pressure” situations that can make all the difference between a good and an excellent performance down the track a bit. While only one person will win, all competitors will benefit from the experience.

Jack Thompson reads Henry Lawson's Stories.

The “Jack Thompson reads Henry Lawson's Stories” CD mentioned last month will be on sale at the November Muster. for \$20 each

Time to start preparing for ~~Boyup Brook 2010.~~

Celebrating 25 year — the Country Music Festival promises to be bigger and better than any previous one, so if you are thinking of going, you'll need to get your accommodation organised fairly soon. The weekend will feature a written competition and 4 specialty Bush poetry events, 2 Poets Brekkies at sporting clubs, Poets in the Park, and the Big Sunday Bush Poets Brekky at which over 2000 people attended earlier this year. Held from February 18—21, it will also include writing and performance workshops. Visiting poets from Eastern parts will be Susan Carcary, the reigning National Women's champion, her predecessor, Melanie Hall along with Poet / MC/ Entertainer David Proust (Prousty) - **Program details on page 5** There will be some fliers at the next muster see also page 4

Some time ago, I commented on “closet poets”. Well, last muster we discovered another one. This was Bob Bing, a friend of Gordon Thomas, who bought him along to see what this Bush Poetry was all about. He wasn't sure if he would fit our criteria - you be the judge.



A Bird's eye View of Lawn Bowls. Bob Bing

A couple of owls, two wily old fowls, both reside in this small patch of scrub. Which happens to be, quite close to the sea, right next to a lawn bowling club. The owls met at nine, each day in a pine, to express their particular views, On things they have seen, and where they have been, plus odd snippets of salient news

One September day (in their normal way), the lawn bowlers emerge for a game, And Ollie and Flo (the two owls that we know) are on hand to make comment on same. Flo says “Oh my dear, those earth birds are queer, just observe as they wander about With stupid big nests, I fear they are pests, and their purpose in life is in doubt.”

Then Ollie replies, “I too have got eyes and have studied their habits for years. They don't seem to fly, they don't even try, plus their aimlessness brings one to tears. They walk very slow, but when they must go, on a winter migration they choose. There must be a need, they take off at speed, in those noisy contraptions they use.

I reason their wings are quite useless things, they can't even protect from the cold. But right at the end, small claws they extend, which allows them to grip and to hold. Beginning each day, they come out to play, and each one has a bag full of eggs. They unload the load on some special spot, then kick them around with their legs.

Now, I've heard it tell, those eggs have a shell, that is harder than most to be found. They're more like a rock to withstand the shock, as they pelt them around on the ground. I've always maintained, is anything gained, as they hurl their eggs east and west. They should be like us and not cause a fuss, and just hatch out their young in a nest.

Flo says “Ollie dear, it really is clear, that these earth birds don't have many brains. While out in the sun, they seem to have fun, but they go back inside when it rains. Their plumage can change, which also is strange, and it varies between different flocks. It really is hard, down there in that yard, to distinguish between hens and cocks.

While puzzles remain, I will try and explain, what they're doing while out on the grass. It seems a bit more than just a small chore, or an effort to make the time pass. There's nothing makes sense, from here on the fence, but after a long cogitation. Although it is weird, it's just as I feared. They hope to achieve procreation.

They must get the urge, a sexual surge, to ensure that their species survives. Sometime after dawn, they come to this lawn with ambitions to fulfil their lives. They twitter and squawk, and they vary their walk, then they posture and seem to get set. They bill and they coo, like normal birds do, but I've not seen them copulate yet.

The aim of their game (which seems such a shame), is to fertilise eggs as they play. They first roll a ball (a white one and small), which is covered in sperm in some way. Then using a wing, an egg they will fling, with intentions to mate on the run. It is a strange quirk. Perhaps it will work, but it certainly cuts out the fun.

When egg touches white (as sometimes it might), there must be an exchange of good genes

The praises are sung. That egg now has young, and is marked with a cross where it leans

Well Ollie my dear, I'm right out of here, my Old Boy might likely get lucky. Just watching this lot, my tail end is hot, I think I'm about to go clucky”.

Next Month we hope to bring you a wrap-up of the very successful Inaugural **Bush Poets Breakfast at the Esperance Show**, but right now, the organiser, Victoria Brown is busily doing farming things



Profiles—This month we are once again departing from poets (no one's sent one in) and are looking at people within our organisation. One of the faces that is always waiting to greet people as they come through the door is the wife of our president. (Is her official title therefore "First Lady of WA Bush Poetry") I refer of course to **Dot Langley**.

I am a West Aussie born in Fremantle. My childhood was not a happy one but I was sent to a very good school. This is where my love of writing, literature and poetry was born. I still can see my English 'Lit' teacher Mrs. Cusack parading up and down as she threw herself into the part and acted out the Lady of Shallot and other "good" English poets and dramatists. Then Gough Whitlam (All hail Mr Whitlam!!!!) gave me the chance to go back to University, as a mature student. The chance to study at University was something that I had been denied although I had always wanted to do it.

I was already working at a range of jobs in social work, special ed' teacher and child care supervisor but I had no formal qualifications in any of them. So I took on the challenge and with four small children, a part time job and sport coaching commitments I relished my very busy time studying. This awoke in me the ability to write very good lesson plans and how to's for my teaching placements. I am still teaching although only part time and in my own chosen retirement field of textile art. I have always loved sewing; machine and handwork and I was given a love of sewing by my Grandmother as well as teaching these subjects at various schools. Meanwhile for a time I also worked for a Japanese sewing machine company (as PA to the Japanese manager—helping him avoid language and etiquette pitfalls). This was at the same time as coaching elite level Under 16 softball players. Following that step in life called retirement (that's where you go from part time paid employment to full time unpaid employment), I became interested in the new fangled computer driven embroidery machines. I have, for the past twelve years or so found myself the co coordinator of a private group of self minded embroiderholics that get together each month to explore and try out all these marvelous patterns and designs. Because I am usually the one who is sent the "new" products and information that go with our sewing it is often me that tries out the new fabrics, stabilisers, threads etc and tests the results before I present them to the group. Brian and I do most things together; he is also the guru for our sewing software and my helper and part time instructor for those computer-sewing problems. I am often referred to by him as the "Other Wife or am I "the Good Wife"? but I do know that at first I encouraged Brian to go off to his poetry thing without me. . I thought that this Bush Poetry group would be a good chance to get him out and away for the evening. When he came home with these stories about the poetry and the presenters I just had to come and see for myself, well, then I was hooked too.

Boyup Brook Country Music Club is holding their 25th Country Music Festival next year, on 18th – 21st February. To help celebrate the occasion, the committee would appreciate it if any WA poets, especially those who have performed at Boyup Brook, could write a poem marking this milestone. The best poem will be featured in the program with the author duly acknowledged. Please send poems to Bill Gordon at northlands@wn.com.au.

Poets in the Park

All is go for "Poets in the Park" at Burswood on Sunday November 15th Commencing 2pm The event will be under the trees in the "picnic area" near the car park at the causeway end of Burswood Park. We hope, that we can attract some of the large number of "casual park users" to come and listen to us Why not bring a friend— Fliers available at next Muster

Stop Press— I recently got a phone call from NSW advising that a poetry comp had not been properly advertised and that the organisers were prepared to extend the deadline for written work a week to Nov 7. it's at Crookwell, in the Goulburn, Canberra vicinity. for details go to http://www.abpa.org.au/Bush_Poetry/Competitions/Wool_Wagon_Awards_2009.html

There are separate written categories for Serious and Humorous poetry as well as for Juniors.

The performance competition is on 27—29 Nov and if anyone from WA is in the vicinity and wants to compete, please get in touch with the organisers. Free accommodation may be available if you get in quick. Contact Spud or Danelle on (02) 4832 1004



Remember that little ditty from last month's featured "Poet from the Past", Jack Sorensen in which he comments on the lack of rhyme in poets of his time, well, Val Read has responded to it:

MEMO TO JACK SORENSEN.

Hey, Jack! I think your poems are swell;
you wrote your verses very well.
and I don't see a wandering rhyme;
they're certainly in perfect time.
Why did you write that silly ditty?
To me it seems a dreadful pity
that you would lead new poets astray
who strive to write the perfect way.

V.P. READ. © 4TH Oct. 2009.

Ah Val, seems that you've not read a lot of Jack's poems, for though Jack's little ditty comments on the difficulty of finding rhyme, when you come to read his poems you find that a lot of it departs from the strict rhyme and rhythm guidelines that are now the norm for written Bush Poetry. But then, it was never written for competition, purely for his and his mates enjoyment.—Ed

POETS AT PINGRUP

The third "Poets at Pingrup" was held on Saturday October 10th in the same venue as previously, their very unique old CBH corrugated iron grainshed.



The local organisers had, once again decked out the venue with local wildflowers, these along with the WA Bush Poets backdrops provided a lovely ambience in what would otherwise be a fairly bare building.

Like previous years, it was a combination of poetry and dinner, this year a beautiful mixed roast and some scrumptious sweets, all prepared by the organising ladies.

As in previous years, proceeds from the day went to the Royal Flying Doctor. 4 WABP member poets donated their services, and entertained a very appreciative audience of around 70 for several hours.

The poets at this year's event were Brian Langley (The City Poet), Victoria Brown (Esperance), Corin Linch (Jurien) and Tim Heffernan (Wickepin) ably assisted by Dot Langley, and locals Jack Bock (who is a regular at these performances) and first timers Leanne Grant-Williams and Katie (who's other name we didn't get). All up, a great evening which it is intended to repeat again next year

Here is the poem presented at last month's muster by Marjory Cobb—As indicated in Dot's notes, it is one of Banjo's lesser known poems.

A Dog's Mistake A B Banjo Paterson

He had drifted in among us as a straw drifts with the tide,
He was just a wand'ring mongrel from the weary world outside;
He was not aristocratic, being mostly ribs and hair,
With a hint of spaniel parents and a touch of native bear.

He was very poor and humble and content with what he got,
So we fed him bones and biscuits, till he heartened up a lot;
Then he growled and grew aggressive, treating orders with disdain,
Till at last he bit the butcher, which would argue want of brain.

Now the butcher, noble fellow, was a sport beyond belief,
And instead of bringing actions he brought half a shin of beef,
Which he handed on to Fido, who received it as a right
And removed it to the garden, where he buried it at night.

'Twas the means of his undoing, for my wife, who'd stood his friend,
To adopt a slang expression, "went in off the deepest end",
For among the pinks and pansies, the gloxinias and the gorse
He had made an excavation like a graveyard for a horse.

Then we held a consultation which decided on his fate:
'Twas in anger more than sorrow that we led him to the gate,
And we handed him the beef-bone as provision for the day,
Then we opened wide the portal and we told him, "On your way."

BOYUP BROOK COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL— Bush Poetry

We will again have a Bush Poetry Writers Competition as part of the festival program. There will be two sections: Open, and Emerging Poets (who have not won a writers competition.) There will be \$5.00 entry fee, and \$100 prize money for each section. Irene Conner has offered to co-ordinate this competition. Please send entries to her at P O Box 584, Jurien Bay WA 6156 or iconner21@wn.com.au by 31st January.

Bush Poetry Program

Thursday 18th 8.00-10.00 BUSH POETS BREKKY AT THE TENNIS CLUB With many campers coming earlier each year, we have more opportunities to give all poets more time on the stage

Thursday 18th 11.00 –1.00 BUSH VERSE WRITERS WORKSHOP
Melanie Hall and Susan Carcary will conduct a two-hour workshop on writing and publishing your poems.

Thursday 18th 2.00-4.00 POETRY PERFORMERS WORKSHOP
Melanie and Susan will share some of the skills that have made them both Australian Champions in Bush Poetry. Both these workshops will be held at the bowling club.

Friday 19th 11.00-1.00 POETS IN THE PARK
Bush poetry at rear of the Tourist Centre.
This popular event has been well supported over the past two festivals, and any poets who are in Boyup Brook early are welcome to participate. A chance to try our new skills after the workshops!

Saturday 20th 8-11am BUSH POETS BREKKY AT THE CLUB
The Bowling Club will be selling breakfast while poets recite in the bar. Format will be same as previous years as an "Open Mike" program with all welcome to participate

Sunday 21st 7-10am BIG SUNDAY BUSH POETS BREAKFAST
The biggest Bush Poetry event in WA. (invited poets only)
Thursday, Friday and Saturday sessions will be for all who can make it to Boyup Brook for all or part of the weekend. If you're coming please contact me so I can ensure that everyone can participate in the program.
Camping is available on my farm, which is only 5 minutes from Boyup Brook I can be contacted on 0428651098 (daytime) or 97651098 (evenings).

E-mail: northlands@wn.com.au

Looking forward to a great weekend. Bill Gordon

October 2009 Wrap—up - by Dot

My Thanks to Anne Hayes for doing the writing for the wrap up of the September Muster and filling in while we were away. I am still looking for an "understudy" to either do the whole of the write up or part of it, because I would like to try the MC's role. If I am 'up there' at the front, I can't be doing the writing. Soooooo is there anyone who would like to give it a go and come and sit up the back with me?

Our MC for the night was **Anne Hayes** and because we had special visitors/entertainers, Terry and Jenny, she had to work out the timeslots of the poets in with times for the singing as well as supper. It all worked out well on the night.

Graham Hedley was our first presenter with tribute to Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers Starting Early in the Morning". This was a very wry comment on the AFL Grand final that is the culmination of all the players' very bad behaviour through out the year. With their only thoughts at the end being the cash and endorsements that they will be getting from their grateful sponsors, along with the adulation from the crowd as they proceed to punch out another player when the umpire isn't looking.

Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge performed his Bronze Swagman award winning poem "Gallipoli". It was well deserved—Congratulations Keith from all of us. Go the West Aussies!!! (The full poem is in last months Bully Tin).

After reading and then listening to Keith recite this poem what can one say to sum it all up in a few words? It seems an almost impossible task. The poem has all the images that we are familiar with but the sadness and pathos of the story line as these men prepared to land on this foreign shore is overwhelming. The aftermath of the landings with months of unbearable fear and doubt did not stop even with the orders that they were moving out. Back they came these wounded and destroyed men. With a plea that even with national pride that we have a moments thought that for this battle there was a terrible cost, so don't forget Gallipoli.

With a welcome return **Rusty Christensen** told us he has joined a writers group and they were presented with a topic "somebody who has inspired you". Banjo Patterson was always an inspiration to Rusty and he told the story of Banjo's life with the facts that brought all the different details together. His inspiration was developed from a book of verse sitting on the shelf. Until he had found time to sit quietly and rest so he had opened it and he started to learn these classical poems..

With one of many parodies of Clancy of the Overflow **Lesley McAlpine** presented "Nancy of the Overtime." This is where a country person is writing to a city person looking for 'Nancy' but she isn't there coz she has gone to a meeting in Queensland. This poem reverses the roles and tells of the hustle and bustle of city work trying to fit everything in, in a busy day at the office, therefore she is always claiming overtime for the many roles she does.

With the talk of water and saving it for the coming summer **John Hayes'** "Ernie's Pipe Dream" sounds a great message. (Dot Note I don't know why when "they" built the gas pipe line they couldn't run a pipe with water in it down the same route, I will get off my soap box now!!!). This pipe dream to bring the water of the Ord River down to the city was how the media and others labeled Ernie's dream. Most of this water is lost each year. When you travel around to other states and taste their terrible water you wonder why we can't get this access to this water source.

With one of his lesser known poems **Marjory Cobb** performed "A Dogs Mistake" by Banjo Paterson. This is about a 'mutt' that drifted in, was taken in by the family, only to disgrace itself in the eyes of the wife and be sent back, once again to roam the streets. (See page 5 for the whole poem)

Terry and Jenny then entertained us with some of their award winning songs and lyrics. Drawing on their own life and experiences Terry writes lyrics as a tribute to happenings around them. This very talented duo has traveled all around the county bringing their songs and music to everyone. Their harmony with guitars was great and they are well-deserved winners of competitions and titles throughout the country.

After a lovely supper by Edna and her helpers, we got back into the poetry again.

Barry Higgins is always the champion of Local Government so with one of Col Wilson (Blue the Shearer) "Local Government", Barry told us how in prehistoric times we need men to represent us, with special clans to tell us what to do and so the seeds of local councils were born. But as the councilors weren't experts in their fields, expert staff were employed, with a CEO who were all specialists in their areas. With all this expertise and great advice bought purpose to their meetings as its important to re invent the wheel.

Teresa Rose then told us of a trip with a visitor from Melbourne where everything went wrong. In her "Too Many Ponies, Too Few Carrots" she tells of their visit to see the Shetland ponies and their babies. With only a few carrots they went to feed them to the ponies but beware when the babies get in the

way and there is only a few bits of carrot for the whole bunch. The ponies knocked her visitor to the ground and trampled on her foot. With hips and shoulders the other ponies joined in all trying to get to the too few carrots. Moral of the story when visiting ponies and their babies always take enough carrots for everyone.

"The Little Worn Out Pony" by Anon performed by **Grace Williamson** is a lovely story of the Pony who has become the hero and is settled in the paddock but no one rides him now. In the time of droving the cattle there was a thunder storm and the cattle stampeded. When it was seen that a child was caught in the way of the racing cattle little hope was held for its survival...But the pony gamely rode into the middle of the cattle and the child was rescued against all odds. So you see there is this little pony out the back that is allowed to end its days in resting in the paddock.

With a true story **Caroline Sambridge** performed "Banana Farm at Coff's Harbour", where Mick the farmers health was not good as chemicals had affected his brain. Also the grass is dead and he needs to stay healthy.

With his love of Quondong pies **John Hayes** had stopped off at the "Quondong Café" to get one and there he met Kenny McKenzie. This aboriginal guy was sitting there playing his guitar and as he and John swapped stories he told of his journey and as his mind wandered over the past he told of how he had strayed from the path into drinking and gambling. He now says to listen to the sky and the four winds will tell their story because he is singing the Gospel now and he has found joy.

Keith Lethbridge (Cobber) was in a musical frame and gave us an Irish Jig or perhaps it was a Hornpipe on the mouth organ (Hurdy Gurdy). With his "Bulla Bulla Show" there was much anticipation from the folks around. The main attraction was the Miss Bulla Bulla competition. With some of the contestants bulging out of their dresses and some of the young ladies causing heat stroke to their onlookers. Then up steps Mother McCue who suggests that she deserves the votes. When the other girls start to snigger she starts slinging punches. The sandwiches and scones went flying. When the votes were cast it was to the only competitor left standing on her feet, Mother McCue

With Banjo's "In The droving Days", **Rusty Christensen** told of the old grey horse being knocked down to him for only a pound. The memories of those long gone days spent out droving cattle with only his horse and saddle as his friend. Along with the thoughts of miles and miles of salt-bush plain stirred by the breeze and the smell of rain bought him to not allow this old worn out horse to be flogged and starved. So now he is resting so that he can take his memories back to the droving days.

Back with our special visitors for the night, **Terry and Jenny**, who carried on with some more of their songs. This selection were more thoughtful, with some inspirations that I thought were fantastic. It seems that writers of songs and poets find the stories for their writings in odd and different places. A letter hidden in the back of a drawer of an old Singer Sewing Machine gave us "Dear Mum I am Safe and Well". A photo of a Soldier and his Banjo made out of a Kerosine Tin showed again there were many various ways to use them.

The night ended on a high note with our most sincere thanks to Terry and Jenny, who have told us that they are going to join our Assoc.

Albany Poet, **Peg Vickers** has been busily working away writing more of her great poetry, but she has departed a bit from mainly writing about the goings on (and comings off) of things on Grandpa's Farm and has delved into some serious subjects. Peg has a new book of her poems currently at the printers and we will hopefully get to see it, along with Peg at our Australia Day Bush Poetry Showcase.

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2009—2010

Brian Langley	President	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
Grace Williamson	V. President	9361 4265	grace.wil@bigpond.com
Graham Hedley	Secretary	9306 8514	grahamhedley@westnet.com.au
Judith Jowett	Treasurer	9364 1699	
Edna Westall	Amenities	9339 3028	ewestall@tpg.com.au
John Hayes	Committee	9377 1238	hayseed1@optusnet.com.au
Maxine Richter	Committee	9361 2365	maxine.richter@bigpond.com
Marjory Cobb	Committee	6250 0459	marjory@bentleyparkestate.com.au

☆☆ Upcoming Events ☆☆

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

Nov	6	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium , Bentley Park - includes Novice performance competition - Heat 1
Nov	7	Bush Poets Brekky	Albany Showgrounds - Peter 9844 6606 poetblyth@oceanbroadband.net
Nov	15	Poets in the Park	Burswood Park (Near Causeway End Car Park) Starts 2pm
Nov	28	Jacaranda Festival	Ardross Village, We will have our gazebo there, giving out WABP&YS info
Dec	4	WABP&YS Xmas Muster	Auditorium , Bentley Park - Port Pies & Poetry Free Supper—Monster Raffle
Jan	8	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium , Bentley Park - NOTE DATE CHANGE
Jan	26	Bush Poetry Showcase	Wireless Hill, Ardross Commencing 1pm
Feb	5	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park Heat 2 of Novice Performance Comp (if required)
Feb	18-21	Country Music Festival	Boyup Brook— see note on pages 3 and 5
Mar	5	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park - tentative—Festival of Writers????
April	?	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium— Probably changed date due to 1st Friday being Easter Friday

Regular events - Albany Bush Poetry group 4th Tuesday of each month Peter 9844 6606

Are you looking for Bush Poetry books or CDs—there is a website selling a range of these, along with other “self published” music etc you can also sell through them, Go to www.tradandnow.com It’s an Australian group, based in Woy Woy, NSW

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 Stay up to date with events and competitions right across Australia

Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed - Please Contact Vice Pres—Grace	Don’t forget our website www.wabushpoets.com
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**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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Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The Editor “Bully Tin” 86 Hillview Tce, St. James 6102 e-mail briandot@tpg.com.au	Address all other correspondence to The Secretary. WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 39 Eradu Ramble, Hocking, 6065 e-mail grahamhedley@westnet.com.au	Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners 3 - 10 Gibson St, Mt Pleasant 6153
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