

BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - March 7th, 2008 7.30pm ★

Mt Pleasant Bowling Club, Bedford Rd, Ardross

MC for March, Brian Langley

March is

*Start of Autumn Labor Day Weekend, Clean Up
Australia Day, St Patrick's Day Easter
Daylight Saving Ends (hooray)*

STOP PRESS- Due to the fact that the Dardanup Hotel is in the process of being sold, the Val Lishman Health Research Foundation Bush Poets Day which was to have been held at **Dardanup** on Sunday March 30 has been deferred to October 5th

This month I have continued with the prize winning poems from the 2007 WA written verse competition, While I havent yet included the Open first place getter, I will try and get this, in its entirety into next month's newsletter

The following poem is one of the three highly commended.

GRIEVANCES OF A BABBLING BROOK.

I tell yer, lads, I'm movin' out. This cook 'as gone on strike,
an' anyone who disagrees can take a flamin' 'ike.
I've put up with yer whingin' 'bout me dampers an' me stews;
I'm sick uv playin' nursemaid ter such motley-lookin' crews.
I'm fed up with yer chyak 'cause I'm 'andy with a pen;
I'm goin' ter the city ter meet educated men.
Yers can laugh and say I'm balmy. Yer can call me names an' 'iss,
but I'm gonna write me ballads though yers reckon I'm a siss.

Yer'll nivver make a fortune when yer workin' on the land.
I've nivver seen a millionaire who started on a stand. An' puttin' in the
fence posts nivver made a battler rich;
a bloke 'as nivver prospered mendin' mills and clearin' ditch.
Yer'll spend a lifetime drovin', or at clearin' dingoes out;
can thin out mobs uv brumbies or 'and-feed the stock in drought,
but yer'll nivver rake in dollars cleanin' dams or shootin' 'roo,
I stand ter make a fortune if I win the Cockatoo*. *poetry award.

Yer'll appreciate me talent when I bring the trophy 'ome;
me fame 'll cross Australia, America and Rome.
I'll give lessons at the Palace, an' I'll spend an 'our or two tradin' recipes
and cookin' with the royal kitchen's crew. They'll relish me renditions of
the way yer blighters live. I'll be dubbed the royal poet, an' a pot uv gold
they'll give. Yer lot 'ave no decorum; yer drink grog an' suck on fags;
yer don't recognise me talents 'cause yer jist a bunch o' dags.

Because yer all so useless, the refrigerator's full
of Johnny cakes an' casseroles, an' steaks from Madden's bull.

(I shot the poor ol' bastard when 'is breedin' gear gave out).
There's tinned stuff in the pantry just in case there's floods
about.

I'm feelin' pretty rotten 'cause yer'll be left in the lurch,
though yer banter's downright filthy an' yer've nivver bin ter
church.

Yer manners are real lousy when a lady ventures near;
yer swear an' burp an' carry on, an' then give 'er the leer.

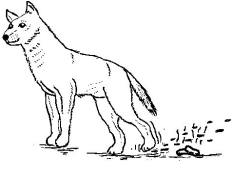
I've written down yer antics; all yer joys and all yer woe;
an ode fer Thomas Cowdry when 'e won the Isa Show.
Told stories of 'is prowess on a maddened Brahmin bull;
'ow 'e broke in Wild Tornado when 'e wuz three quarters full.
I've listed all the exploits of our brave young Jimmy Bell
who won ten silver buckles an' some racin' cups as well.
My poem tells the story of that great, momentous ride;
'ow a lad from Burracoppin nearly up an' flamin' died

I've written down yer exploits; 'bout the lousy things yer've done;
yer special brand uv 'umour which yers call a 'load uv fun'. An'
all about McGinty's wife who packed 'er bags an' ran
ter live down in the city with a Watkins travellin' man,
leavin' Mac ten kids ter care fer, an' a ton uv debt as well;
'ow 'e rampaged with a shotgun wishin' that bloke down in 'ell.
'E wrecked the pub one evenin', an' then landed in the clink.
In the end 'e died demented; a sad victim of the drink.

I'll tell the urban dwellers 'bout life up 'ere in the bush;
about their rural brothers when they come down ter the push.
They'll shake their heads and mutter; won't believe me when I
say
the mob at Birdsville races drink ten kegs uv grog a day.
They'll 'ear about the northern climes, the Mataranka fair,
where a bloke cut orf 'is flamin' toe when in the log-chop there.
Did the accident deter 'im? Naw! E balanced on the bone;
'e nivver missed a second, an' 'e nivver gave a moan.

I don't intend to live there, 'cause I'm partial ter the bush.
I cannot stand the urban style. I 'ate the bloody push.
Yer blokes don't know 'bout poetry; yer've nivver studied rhyme;
I 'ave ter make the journey ter the big smoke fer a time.
When I've made me flamin' fortune, I'll come back an' share me
luck;
we'll celebrate with champers an' a stew of mallee duck.
while yers eat me great concoctions I'll read out me latest verse,
an anyone who knocks it will leave this place in a 'earse.

V.P Read - Highly Commended WA Written Comp 2007



Scratchings

With Summer coming to an end—although you'd hardly know it from the weather we can look back on a Summer filled with Bush Poetry

Our annual premier event "Bush Poetry Showcase" at Wireless Hill was surely one of the best ever. With an extension in time from previous years, our very appreciative audience had four hours of top class entertainment. We were fortunate that the weather, although hot (what else do we expect in January) was not the extreme of last year and there was ample shade for all. Having additional loudspeakers was also an advantage in that the audience could spread themselves around to take advantage of the trees. It seems that the additional publicity we tried to do this year also had an effect as there were a considerable number of "first timers" there, a few of whom came along to the February Muster only a few days later.

I would like to express my thanks to everyone who made the day such a success, The people who came along and helped set up, the musicians who had us all tapping our toes (and singing BOTH verses of the national Anthem), the poets who gave us a very rounded mixture of both traditional and contemporary verse and those who stayed behind to help pack away all the gear. Well Done All!!!

We also had a couple of poems sent in by poets who were unable to attend. Unfortunately, we ran out of time and so could not present their poems HOWEVER, they will be part of the March "Writers Festival" Muster.

Those attending also saw the presentation to our founder, Rusty Christensen, of his OBE, along with a suitable poem and citation. For those who are unaware, Rusty's birthday is on Australia Day, and this year marked a special mention, for from now on he will be forever **Over Bloody Eighty**.

As if that wasn't enough, The February Muster was also a great night. In our annual program of having variations in the format, this was the "Experienced Performers" night, and we certainly had a lot of wonderful talent. I would like to thank those poets who we don't see all that much of for coming along to this special event and helping to make it such a success. We had three visitors from the bush, two of whom we see from time to time, Peter Drayton (Albany) and Frank Heffernan (Narrogin) and we welcomed Chris Sadler from Wongan Hills who we've not seen for quite some time. Our MC for the night, Hadley Provis showed us all how it should be done, as he had arranged almost the entire program well before the event and produced a running sheet which needed little change—It does make the evening so much easier to get underway on time and flow much better when most of the preparation can be done before the event.

There was one unfortunate incident at the end of the night when Trevor Tobin tripped and fell as he was leaving—This was due to, for reasons as yet unexplained, there being no lighting on the Bowling Club verandah—I have taken this matter up with the president and hope that it will be sorted out.

It is pleasing that we are getting some new faces, some are previous members, others are new, some have been bought along by friends whilst a few have found their way to us via our advertising and our website. We welcome them all into our midst and hope that they will continue to share our interest in our Australian poetic heritage. As some of them are writers (you will hear some of their work at the next muster) we look forward to hearing their work

Brian Langley, President.

What's on in the Bush?

In the past month we have seen two Bush Poetry events - The Boyup Brook Country Music Festival and Waddi Festival

Next month we will have a wrap up of the Boyup Brook Country Music Festival (Bush Poetry section) which I'm told was the biggest and best that we've yet seen. I'm reliably told that around 1800 people attended the Poets Breakfast wrap up of Boyup Brook— We hope also to feature a wrap-up of the Waddi Festival held on the 1st and 2nd of March at Waddi Farm, Badgingarra

The **Moondyne Joe Festival** will be held at Toodyay on Sunday, May 4th. We have been approached to see if we can supply some poets. ARE YOU INTERESTED? Please contact President Brian ASAP if you are. As yet I have not got any further information from the organisers at Toodyay.

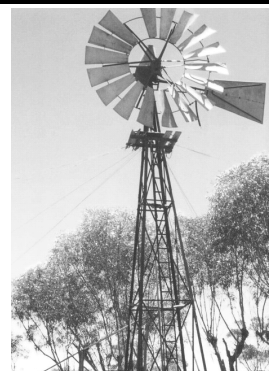
BACK FROM TAMWORTH

"It was a big week with plenty to do and plenty of interesting people to meet" is how Ben Jacobs Bush Poet of Manjimup summed up the trip to Tamworth. "The launch of the new CD 'Ben Jacobs Poet Of The Bush' was a great success".

The launch took place on the Sunday at one the Lindsay Butlers Studios at Moonbi about 20k's out of Tamworth. "And what a setting it was" said Ben, "People were able to spread out under the trees in the front of the studio in the peace and quiet of the rural setting. Truly a great place to recite "Bush Poetry" and listen to country music".

We moved back into studio in town on the Monday and stayed there for the rest of the week. "Lindsay has an auditorium at the back of his studio in town and it was full to capacity three times a day. I was a part of the programme each day so was kept very busy. He also set up a stage in the back yard where music and poetry which I performed as well and could be heard for free while people ate their lunch in-between shows".

Continued on back page.



From the 2007 Written Comp, this is John Hayes Highly commended poem:

More Care for Esperance

Ghost trains came in the dead of night and the phantom trains by day
They carried freight from the mining field to the Port of Esperance Bay
And their rumbling sound through the town, became a sound of dread
As dust that fell from the kibble trucks was carbonate of lead
Spilled on the tracks and through the town, while ocean by the quay
Was polluted by the overflow, of the mining industry

While the people worked throughout the day and slept all through the night

A film of dust cloaked many homes in secret silent flight
When it rained and it surely did from clouds of depression low
That film of lethal dust was washed into water tanks below
It lay in its deadly dormant form while gathering toxic power
As came those trains, the dust and rains, by year, by week, by hour

When cargo ships from China came to fill their holds with lead
Did an inspector supervise the loading from the shed?
Some dust escaped from storage bins and sailed across the sea
But eyes were closed and lips were sealed to impending tragedy
Those who knew, and some surely did, failing duty to perform
It was all hush-hush in this coastal town, in the calm before the storm

Then out of the blue, one summer's day birds fell from the sky
In schoolyard, on path and road, four thousand were to die
There was fear in many households and concern in every word
Protest from this community was throughout our nation heard
When Health and Conservation were asked questions by the press
They said with Port Authorities, there were problems to address

Does the boom of industry promote the rocky road to wealth?
Which may impair environment and risk the public's health
Are we occupants of apathy or residents in need
For the children of our children, laws of nature we must heed
What will happen to those persons invisibly affected?
Will each one be compensated, or will they be neglected

They say an odour is emitting from the Esperance pier
The stench has been reported but no one seems to hear
Or do nothing to rectify this unsavoury situation
Do they deny responsibility for this contamination
If the birds had not fallen from the summer sky that day
I wonder how many people would be poisoned by today?

It's quieter on the quay tonight for the export trade is down
And it's time for restoration of this West Australian town
Where inland kids found Charity while at the Fresh Air League
And dusted miners lived in Hope for their last days of reprieve
With the tides of change and change of times old folk recall the day
When the air was pure and water clear in the coves of Esperance Bay

An enquiry is in progress; as enquiries there must be
It's deemed as going through the motions in a democracy
There's a chime of bitter feeling in the lines of my lament
While expressing silent protest of the people's discontent
But whatever is the outcome of this unprincipled affair
There may be a few who know the truth, and fewer still that care

When questioned under oath, then truth in total should be told
Though culprits may plead ignorance and quibble as of old
When the final draft is printed and ink on paper dries
Readers may debate it as the truth, or a paltry pack of lies
But the public know from knowledge gained in cold light of the day
Whatever verdict's handed down, the community will pay.

And from Keith Lethbridge comes his highly commended poem

LAMBOO STATION

By a street light in the city stands a home of brick and tile,
With a garden, prim and pretty, in the neat suburban style.
It's a place of peace and comfort, with three good meals a day,
But I can't forget the folk I met in the outback, far away.
The old dog licks my fingers so I scratch behind his ears;
An evening shadow lingers as the daylight disappears,
Then I feel that old sensation and my faded memory strays
To a creek at Lamboo Station where the shorthorn cattle graze.

I can see old Charlie counting all the bullocks in the yard,
With the numbers slowly mounting and the ringers working hard,
Young Robin drafts the weaners while Georgina cooks a stew,
In blazing sun the work gets done in the muster at Lamboo.
I remember kite hawks flying lazy circles in the sky,
And there's little use denying this teardrop in my eye,
Then I get that inclination just to spend a few more days,
By a creek at Lamboo Station where the shorthorn cattle graze.

We were all invited over to a station barbecue,
Every saddle-tramp and drover, with their wives and children too.
Bail up "The Late " Ron Evans and I'm certain he'll agree,
We were all well fed on steak and bread, washed down by billy tea.
Our swags were ready for us but we had no rush to go,
So we sang another chorus by the dying campfire glow;
Then a lively recitation from the Henry Lawson days,
By a creek at Lamboo Station where the shorthorn cattle graze.

Now the city lights are shining so it's time to wash my hands,
And prepare myself for dining, as protocol demands,
But in the bathroom mirror there's a stark reality,
Looking old and grey and far away from the man he used to be,
So I trade my boundary riding for a stroll around the square,
And spend my days deciding where to place my rocking chair,
In dreamy rumination of the hot and dusty days,
By a creek at Lamboo Station where the shorthorn cattle graze.

It's great to be retired, doing nothing round the clock,
But you can't remain inspired on a quarter acre block;
Just a lack of motivation so there's nothing left to do,
But to sit and smile and dream a while of the old days at Lamboo,
With its rugged, broken ranges and those hardy, reckless men,
So before the season changes, I'll be heading north again,
To a land of God's creation, to spend my final days,
By a creek at Lamboo Station where the shorthorn cattle graze.

And a fill in ditty about a forthcoming event:

I'm finding rubbish here and there, I'm finding rubbish everywhere
Cans that once held Coke or beer, I find them every day each year
Tossed from cars, no further use; their contents now bereft of juice
And bits of clothes, no longer worn, I see them there upon my lawn
When I get up — I also find, assorted rubbish, every kind
Of junk that is no use to man, bits of glass, a broken fan
A hubcap that's come off a car, a compact disk, an empty jar
A shopping trolley, all forlorn, its basket broke, its wheels gorn
It's there for months, perhaps just days, the rubbish of our modern ways.

And then it's gone it's whisked away, when comes "Clean Up Australia Day"

BL Feb 2008

Australia Day 2008 by Dot

With about 230 people in attendance and a lot of new faces in the audience Tom Conway our MC started the show. Our musical duo got us into the Aussie mood with some old and new songs. Brian welcomed everyone including the Mayor, who seemed to be the only person wearing a suit!

Poetically, we started with the waving of our flag and the spending of the kid's inheritance, along with the sorrow of a father killed. Then with magpies practicing in the trees they told us of some quince capers and a friendly wave whilst on the tractor.

We heard about loud mouth Shaun the short sighted security guard, along with a constipated Quokka. Our women pioneers were acknowledged as they faced the starkness of our country. Then that always fighting Salt Bush Bill made his appearance while G'Day confuses overseas people as we speak true blue strine. We heard of a digger well past his prime contemplating marriage as well as a tribute to a best mate of the times shared. Then there was the Whinger always complaining about everything. A Happy Birthday song sung with gusto whilst the recipient asked the Lord for some more time as he had a lot of things still to do, while acknowledging the original inhabitants and a hope that we can all work together. Then there was a presentation to Rusty on his 80th birthday who now holds an OBE (Over Bloody Eighty) and poems written to celebrate the occasion. We then heard about the barmaid who kept the secret of who her child's father was. When ever mates get together there is always a billy o' tea whilst the yarns are told of things that go bump in the bush. The first half concluded with a tribute to an old aboriginal stockman .

Back came the band and we had some more toe tapping songs. Following which we were (literally) eating Quong Dong Pies as we travelled to places strange. That feisty Salt Bush was back swinging punches again after which there was a touch of 'well I never' as a very trim and pretty ewe caught a farm hands eye and a silver gull that screeched at all of us. Praise for our pioneering women was again expressed so well in a letter written by the now occupier of an old house. The unfortunate Italian migrant who arrived in our country and got all his finger salutes confused, was mixed in with the visitors from hell arriving at the farm with unsuitable pets that didn't get on with the resident farm dog. We heard then of a beloved dog who terrorised the district and of the illegal fishermen caught pulling the Admirals pots. The sunburnt country reflecting all the colours and terrors of our great land was accompanied by the night bird calling as two friend from different backgrounds walked together into the twilight. Then there was some naughty things going on with sexy telegrams and delivery of cream cakes going to the wrong addresses. Off course we had to have the political speech from a dubious wannabe politician and the memories of a district hall where the memories were played on a piano in the dust laden air. The old favourite about the man who thought that he would get a shave but was the butt of a joke with a red hot razor, and then we heard about poor Grandma who caught her boobs in the washing machine wringer. The day concluded with a "strip" to reveal pants made from fabric imported from China we were made aware that all our Aussie Day celebration flags and clothing etc are being bought in from overseas. Where is our national identity going?? And in true blue Aussie spirit we heard about the production of Vegemite.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH to all our presenters and musicians. Tom Conway our MC, Brian Langley, John Hayes, Margaret Taylor, Phil Strutt, Grace Williamson, Ron Ingam, Beth Scott, Keith Lethbridge, Christine Boulton, Rusty Christensen, Trish Joyce, Wayne Pantell and Rod and Kerry Lee. Our singers and guitar playing duo of Peter Nettleton and Geoff Swainton. A big thankyou to Edna Westall for her drinks both hot and cold and a really big thank you to the audience who came along and were most generous with their contributions.

NOTE FOR NEXT YEAR We stayed with our grand daughter to watch the Fireworks and in Niamh's words " then the Perth ones started while the Freo ones were still going. We could also see the fireworks from somewhere around Bayswater. The Perth ones were spectacular and they went for half an hour, there were heaps but I can't describe them all. When Perth was finished we could see the a glow and the tops of the ones coming from Mindarie so I saw four lots of fireworks from one location!!!". It was the best she has ever seen. So why not join us for tea and stay for the show next year.

February Muster Wrap-up - by Dot

Welcome to our country poets and a big welcome to quiet a few new faces we hope you will stay with us.

What a well organised MC Hadley Provis was with all the poets allotted time and space to do their thing. The poets were all given running sheets that gave them time to gather their thoughts before being called up. Some poets have told me that not knowing when they are due to go up gives them a nervous wait.

Brian Langley started the evening with his own "Shipwreck" with a reminder of the 'treasure ships' that left Europe and never made it to the Spice Islands, with, in this story, the sole survivor facing the unknown—alone. .

Margaret Taylor followed with "Calvin", her own poem of animals that follow the children home knowing that someone will look after them. This joey was doted on with special pouches made for it but eventually if had to go to a Wildlife park. Then "Our Dogs" told of the dogs that the family have owned over the years, One who's parentage was undetermined, another who dashed for water at every opportunity, another who wouldn't bark to keep everyone safe..... With all these problems it's her cat that now keeps her company!

With what turned out to be a Banjo Night with five of the bard's poems being presented **Ron Ingham** gave us "A Grain of Desert Sand" in which banjo reflects on the history that has passed Beneath the Blue Egyptian skies. He followed this with Anon's "The Spider by the Gwyder" where the boozed up Shearer made a claim on a crafty sheila. When he didn't cough up the money, she tried to get it as he slept but the spider that was camped in a rusty tin saw dinner and bit her on the stern. She ran undressing as she went, trying to get the spider off her, so he was saved his money.

Grace Williamson then presented a poem by Evelyn Cull. "The Old Bullock Bell" told of the sound of the old bell clanging on the verandah bringing peace and comfort to the lady of the house as she told stories of how the bullock teams pulled the wagons as they passed by. That bloke from Albany **Peter Drayton** then presented what he considered his best poem he has ever written. All about Death. It has a couple of working titles, In the Valley or the City of the Silence. A very sombre tale of death and troubles as the mortgage belt see things that they should fear the most. Monuments tell of those who've gone and death has no reason as the dark storm awaits.

John Hayes then took the stage where he told how there is always a better player, or umpire out there in the crowd. "Out there in the Crowd" tells of that amazing player who can do everything better than those on the field. With their youngest daughter just being married John had written a poem to celebrate the day. In "Jennifer is Getting Married". The wedding, it was beaut but the extras were killing him what with new dresses and jewellery why couldn't Ann shop at the Vinnies?

Rusty Christensen followed with the Henry Lawsons' classic "Sweeney" telling of meeting the old drunk whose philosophy is "what I might have been and wasn't doesn't trouble me at all".

Chris Sadler escaping from farm duties for a short time told us she had been invited to write a poem by the Koorda Shire celebrating their Corn Dollies Festival. So with the "Spirit or Corn Dollies", the ladies of the Shire get together to chat and make their corn dollies as they have done for the past twenty years. Her second one told of Farmer Don who forgot their wedding anniversary. So with revenge in mind she puts on her wedding dress and goes down the drafting yards to help him. With white fabric flapping she clammers over fences with remarks from the workers of dates that had been forgotten.

Frank Heffernan concluded the first half with a poem by George Essex Evans, "Murphy's Racing Cow" who could go through any fence and when he sold her she would only come back again, so he had made a lot of money until he thought to enter her in the races, which of course, predictably she won. Well done Frank in remembering all those horses names.

Because it was a very hot night a few people choose to have a cool drink rather than a hot cuppa.

With our readings from the classic's we had a "Newie" reader, **Gwen Johnson** with a poem from her fathers book of Will Ogilvy's dated 1937 "The Stockyard Liar" tells of the one who is always prepared to tell a tale of how he worked for someone somewhere else, always knows how to do it and all, but where is he? He is always the one sitting on the fence.

With his very first appearance at our Musters **Austin Coulthard** an acquaintance of Ann and John Hayes, gave us a very good performance of Banjo Paterson's The Man From Iron Bark. The bush- man needing a shave who is made fun of by the barber and the lookers-on who swears never to have a shave again. For his second he presented one of his own, (the name escaped me) questioning what do city folk know of the hardships of the bush?

Rod and Kerry Lee wanted to do a duet and work together with their performance, so Rod started with a tribute to Kerry, "Kezza is a Beaut". She does all the work and she is always very busy looking after Rod. But last year when she got crook who was going to look after him?? Kerry did Barcroft Boake's poem "Jim's Whip" which has a poignancy about it as Barcroft ended his life by hanging himself with his whip. In the poem, Jim's wife has hung his whip on the wall as it was always with him and she would hear its crack loud and clear, even though her Jim had passed away. She followed this with one of her own "Trusty Mobile Phone" she had succumbed to the annoying tele marketing chap who sucked her into buying one. She and Rod headed off into the outback where of course they encountered car troubles. No mobile signal and she just knew that they would die. Throwing her phone at a kangaroo, she missed, it hit a rock and made a dreadful squawk. With the dial acting as a mirror she managed to make a fire, the smoke of which caught the attention of the searchers and they were rescued. Rod then gets carted along to Bingo. After winning 5 games straight and with the Jackpot looking his as well the were mutterings from the ladies as they called him all these names he had never heard before. But he will be back with his mates from the pub.

Another one of Banjo's "Johnson's Antidote" was presented by **Geoff Bebb**. This old classic tells of Johnson, seeing that goannas seem to be immune to snakebite after eating a small plant, makes it into snakebite antidote, only to discover that it is far more poisonous than 100 snakes..

Peter Nettleton was reminded, with having Chris Sadler in the audience of a poetry weekend about 8 years ago where Peter Capp wrote "Are the Wongans Ripe yet Mate?" about this crop of fruit waiting to be picked at just the right time. With the itinerant workers waiting for the signal and the pies that will be filled with Wongans— but only if the answer to the question is yes.

With the bard of the moment, Banjo; **Grace Williamson** did "Lost", a poem that always make me sad about the loss of a young rider who didn't come home and the Mother's anguish as she tries to find her lost lad.

This was followed by yet another Banjo; "Mulligan's Mare" presented by **Peter Drayton** which tells of the pitfalls in backing the horses, particularly one that has been rung in.

John Hayes has that eternal problem that when he sits down for a meal the phone rings but it is never for him. "The Phone" tells of callers for the women in his life. If it is not for one of his daughters it will be for Anne. But guess who is responsible for the bill? As a tribute to his brother Harry, he tells of the times they played together and the memories of their childhood pursuits. They both travelled through the country and off to school, but always kept in touch.

With the last presentation of Banjo's for the night **Rusty Christensen** did that lovely old favourite The Man from Snowy River.

Brian Langley concluded the evening with his "The Bloke I Used to Know". You know the one, he has straight hair or maybe it was curly, the one who could dance all night long or perhaps he had only one leg because the other was false. He is the sort of bloke you never do forget, if only I could remember his name!!

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

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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 attention

☆☆ Upcoming Events ☆☆

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

Feb 28—Mar 2	NSW Bush Poetry Festival	Performance Comp	Dunedoo NSW SSAE Sue Stddart PO Box 1 Dunedoo, 02 66523716
Mar 2	Waddi Festival	Waddi Farm—Badgingarra (Tentative)	Poets Brekky Corin Linch 9652 6003
Mar 7	WAPB&YS Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club - Festival of Writers	
Mar 10	Henry Lawson Festival	Closing Dates written Comp SSAE PO Box 77	Grenfell NSW 2810
Mar 10	Henry Kendell Written Comp	PO Box 276	Gosford NSW 2230
Mar 12	Henry Lawson Festival	Closing Dates SSAE PO Box 235	Gulgong NSW 2852 henrylawsongulgong@yahoo.com.au
Mar 13-16	John O'Brien Festival & Comp.	Narrandera NSW www.johnobrien.com.au Ph 1800 672 392	
Mar 30	Val Lishman Bush Poets Comp	Dardanup Hotel 11am	Postponed until Oct 5
Mar 31	Qld Champs Performance Event on Apr 29—May 1	Closing Date Harold 07 4787 3211 PO Box 620	Charters Towers Qld 4820
Apr 3-6	Man from Snowy River Festival	Corryong Vic - Jan 02 6076 1992 mfsrbf@bigpond.com	
Apr 4	WAPB&YS Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club Normal Muster—Short poem contest	
Apr 28 May 1	Qld State Champs	Charters Towers Qld—see Feb 28 for contacts	
May 2	WAPB&YS Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club Guest Artist	
May 4	Moondyne Joe Festival	Toodyay— no details as yet Poetry being co-ordinated by President Brian	
May 10-11	Stockmans Hall of Fame Championships	Longreach Qld www.stockmanshalloffame.com.au	
May 30	Bush Lantern Written Awards	Closing date - Bundy Muster Sandy 07 4151 4631 lees@interworx.com.au	

Regular events - Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Thursday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Geraldton Bush poetry Group	Last Friday of each month	Catherine 9938 3813

Back From Tamworth (continued from page 2) “It was truly an exciting experience to work along with such a icon in traditional Country Music. Then to meet people like the Webb Brothers Slim Newton the ‘Red back On The Toilet Seat’ man and Warren H Williams was something I won’t forget. I also meet for the first time some of the people that have recorded my songs that I have written”. “So all in all an experience that will stay with me for some time, and it was nice to let people from all parts of Australia know that I come from Manjimup and love where I live”.
The CD is available now by ringing Ben on 97718632.

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

Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit our website www.wabushpoets.com Go to the “Performance Poets” page	Members’ Poetic Products	Rod & Kerry Lee	CDs	
	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography
	Rusty Christensen	CDs		
	Brian Gale	CD & books	Keith Lethbridge	books
	John Hayes	CDs & books	Corin Linch	books
	Tim Heffernan	book	Val Read	books
	Brian Langley	books & laminated poems	Caroline Sambridge	book
			Peg Vickers	books

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