

The

October 2014

BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

Next Muster : 3rd October, 7pm, Plantation Drive, Bentley Park

MC :Nancy Coe 9472 5303

TOODYAY BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL - 2014

Organised by: Toodyay Festivals Inc.

In conjunction with the W.A. Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc.

Program of Events ALL EVENTS FREE



The Management Committee reserve the right to alter this program without notice if required

Friday 24th October 2014

1pm -5pm Workshop Writing and Performing Bush Poetry and Judging Performance Competitions Brenda Joy and members of WABPYS. CWA Hall Stirling Tce, Toodyay

Commencing 6pm Dinner with the Poets **At the Bowling Club** (need to book dinner)
performances by Brenda Joy & Members of the WABP, Walk-up Opportunities
From 6pm - at the Club registering for the Poet's Brawl (limited to 20 entrants)

Saturday 25th October 2014 Memorial Hall Stirling Tce, Toodyay

Morning - commencing 9am 4 State Championship Events, i.e.
Junior Original, Junior Other
Novice Original, Novice Other
there may be some walk-up opportunities

10.30 - 11.00am - Registration of "Roadwise" poetry competition entries
Lunchtime (approx 11.30am) Presentation of entries in the "Road Safety" short poem competition

12.50pm Official Opening (Andrew McCann President Toodyay Festivals Inc
& Bill Gordon, President WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc

1.00pm 3 State Championship events, ie
Novice Classics Reader, Yarnspinning, Contemporary #

Evening 7.30pm Family Bush Dance with Les Helfgott & Southern Cross Bush Band
B.Y.O Drinks and Nibbles

Sunday 26th October 2014 Memorial Hall Stirling Tce, Toodyay

7.30 am Bush Poets Breakfast catered by Toodyay Lions Club

Walk up poets and members of WABPYS

8.30 am Brenda Joy and other judges recite

9.30 am 2 State Championship events, Traditional #, Original Humorous #

1.00pm Final State Championship Event, Original Serious #

2.30 pm Poet's Brawl

From 3pm Announcement of Winners of the State Championship Written category
Reading of some winning poems
Announcement of 2013 WA Bush Poetry Champion (combined events #)
Presentation of Awards
Close (around 4.30pm)

Throughout Saturday and Sunday, the Memorial Hall foyer will have information, Competition Scores, Job Rosters, Poetrees with leaves by local poets and members of WABP&YS, Poetic products for sale, Meet the poets (when available) Raffles etc

other info www.wabushpoets.asn.au

See
you
there

This is the big event of our bush poetry year. Most of us book into the main caravan park in town but there are plenty of hotels. Make sure you book early...See you there. ED.

This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of
KATE DOUST MLC
and posted with the generous assistance of Ben Wyatt, MLA - Member for Victoria Park.

President's Preamble -



October 2014

My school reunion in Sydney went off very well, but it is a bit confronting when all the men there are starting to show their age. In fact, they are fast approaching 70, all with grey hair (those who still had any hair at all), and surprisingly, many had a real interest in bush poetry. Maybe that interest is age related, but I was called on for a poem.

Back home and onto Toodyay matters. Three of our foundation / early members have agreed to assist Brenda Joy with the judging. Jeff Swain, Kel Watkins, and Jeff Bebb will be officiating over the weekend. We will be needing volunteers for other duties including MC for each session, scrutineering, managing the merchandise table and general running around. If you can see yourself in any or these roles please contact any of the Toodyay sub-committee members (John Hayes, Rodger Kohn, Jem Shorland and myself).

Roadwise are again supporting the festival, so the "Roadwise Challenge" is on again.

Poets have to write a 16 line poem on the topic "Drink Driving, It's Never OK", and read their poem on the Saturday morning at Toodyay. Last year we had nine entrants, I'm sure we can get more this year. And note that it is not necessary to learn the poem. The winning poem may be used by Roadwise in their advertising and promotions.

Having to change the date for Toodyay has worked out well for some of our members who will be involved in Anzac Centenary celebrations in Albany and Fremantle. Cobber is to recite his poem "Gallipoli" at the official opening of the new centre in Albany. This is appropriate recognition for a great poet and a great poem (well it did win the Bronze Swagman, which is the Gold Logie of Bush Poetry).

Next muster will be your last chance to get any shirts or jackets to Maxine for embroidery this year. Items will be finished in time to be collected at Toodyay.

Bill Gordon
President

It's hard to be stressed when you're smiling.

Perenjori's on again and Embroidery

To all members of WABPYS

Most of you will have seen members wearing shirts and jackets embroidered front and back with our logos. We are about to get some more done in time for the Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival.

If you would like to have a shirts or jacket embroidered please bring the item of clothing to the muster, or give it to Maxine.

Cost will be \$20 for front and back, or \$7 front only, \$14 back only.

I have previously mentioned the Blues for the Bush at Charles Darwin Reserve, Perenjori on Sat 4th October.

The Open Day is 10am to 4pm. That is free, but the concert which runs from 4pm to midnight costs \$50.

I will be getting complimentary tickets for poets and partners. If you are interested in attending the concert let me know and I will get tickets.

Catchya
Bill

11th Battalion WW1 event at the "B shed" Fremantle

Hello Bill,

Let me firstly say that I do not act officially, but would like to put forward some ideas and seek your assn. thoughts on the issue.

My name is Ron Lindsay and I am involved with the organising committee for the centenary commemoration of the leaving of our first Anzacs for WW1 from Fremantle, to be held on 2nd Nov. next. You may be aware of the Govt organising a similar event at Albany for 31st Oct this year.

Two days after the convoy left Albany on Nov. 2nd, they were joined by two ships out of Fremantle, the Ascanthus and the Medic with the West Australian 11th. and some of the 12th Battalions plus other mus-terings. The H.M.A.S. Sydney was one of the escort warships.

The 11th Battalion Assn. with full R.S.L. approval and backing are planning four events in Blackboy Hill, Fremantle and Ocean Reef on the 2nd Nov next. The guests will be decedents of those diggers that never returned.

One of the events is to be held in 'B' shed Fremantle wharf (capacity 420) and includes actors chiors and visuals of WW1 trench humour, songs and some footage. It is envisaged that this may be arranged chronologically as the war evolved. It is this event where I seek your thoughts.

I have made the suggestion to the organising committee, that an appropriate opening scene before the outbreak of war could depict Australia and the guys who volunteered, who were to a large extent larrikin types both city and country, looking for adventure. The idea of course needs more work but seems to lend itself to bush yarns or verse.

The 11th battalion being a volunteer group, there is no money involved and no charge for guests and I again emphasise that this is at the moment, just an idea. I would like your thoughts on whether there is potential for your group to become involved

Do you see any way your group could be involved in such a scene delivering an appropriate yarn or verse ? If so I will arrange for you to meet with the relevant people to discuss things further.

Kind regards Ron. mob. 0488 997 123 or 9405 4885.

Fags & Booze

(And why the Government should allow it in welfare payments)



I heard it on the radio, I'm not sure who it was,
Some high-up in the government I think
He said it wasn't right that welfare money's being spent
on luxuries like cigarettes and drink
This was terrible he then went on that money paid by tax
was spent on non-essentials such as these
It should be spent on healthy stuff, he then went on to
say,
like milk and eggs and vegetables and cheese

We ought to pass some laws, he said, to stop this practice now;

we could issue chits instead of real dough
That only could be spent on stuff they are allowed to buy,
and in places where they're authorised to go --
Now if it were a doctor making comments aimed at health,
I know that I'd agree with every word
But a pollie, talking money; with that I'd disagree,
his argument is really quite absurd

It is indeed a well known fact, that cigarettes and booze
Are very detrimental to your health

And so they're priced accordingly, and those who must
indulge

Will find that there's some big holes in their wealth
The theory is that if these things, for welfare folk was
stopped

They'd have more dough to spend on healthy stuff
But this ignores reality, that even if they're banned
The addicts will find ways to get enough

They will swap their healthy food they've bought by pay-
ing with their chits

With someone who's bought extra fags and booze
Or worse, by selling vouchers at a fraction of their worth
To people who, the system, would abuse
This means of getting money would make them poorer
still

And likely raise their chance of getting sick
So restricting opportunity to buy their grog and smokes
Is a policy that can't be made to stick

And financially, the government, in banning grog and fags

From recipients of dough from Centrelink
Will pay out far more money that might otherwise be
spent

Should welfare also pay for fags and drink
For food is largely free of tax, the government gets none
Even if it comes from foreign lands

But money spent on booze and fags is mostly added tax
That treasury accepts with grabbing hands

© Brian Langley August 9th 2014

Nanga Music Festival, Dwellingup October 10th -12th
Featuring a poet's Breakfast on the Sunday morning
and the wonderful Enda Kenny
<http://www.nangamusic.org.au/>

**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**

Apologies to Banjo Patterson

It was crowded at the Hotel,
for the word had quickly spread
that all the drinks were on the house that night,
'cos Paddy, who's the owner
had won top prize on the "Tatts"
now a millionaire, he'd treat his patrons right.

Every local there had turned up
and some grey nomads as well
for this was something never seen before,
all the beer there was self help,
and whisky served in jugs
saw lines of drinkers queuing up for more.

Not a soul was looking gloomy,
every face there wore a smile
and throughout the night was heard no hot debates,
for the mood was most convivial
all old grievances forgot
and all gathered were the very best of mates.

Like the squatter with his missus,
who had squabbled on for years,
yet tonight she gazed at him all doe'y eyed.
But his eyes had gone quite glassy
so there wasn't any chance
she'd relive the joys he gave her as his bride.

Two dear old spinster sisters,
who ran a small place out of town,
both swore they never touched the demon drink,
now lay huddled in a corner
with a jackaroo they'd hired,
all three beyond a state where they could think.

The accountant and our butcher
were showing signs of wear
waltzing slowly, close together, centre floor,
while the florist and mortician
were outside in the old hearse,
with arms and legs all flailing out the door.

Some of the people drinking
we'd not seen in there before,
and their faces were an unfamiliar sight,
though in fairness we weren't seeing
things as clearly as we ought,
for smokers there made dim the bar room lights.

Amongst the clinking of the glasses
and loud laughter, voices slurred,
no one could say for sure just what went on.
There were heard some earnest
promises of true undying love,
but no one knew to whom, nor where they're from.

Town was quieter next morning
with nothing moving much at all,
while bodies snored and groaned amongst the mess.
A few hardy chaps had sneaked off
hats pulled down against the glare,
some without boots, and one in floral dress!

There were many strange events
and odd behaviour on that night
that'd make you shake your head in unbelief,
but no one there will own up
that they were at all involved
and too many questions simply earns you grief.

The barman with his newfound
wealth then headed overseas,
leaving our towns folk their sorry fate to bear.
Years later when it's mentioned
people shake their heads and frown;
"Before my time, old mate, I wasn't there!"

BUSH MOTHER

© Donald Crane

Winner, 2014 'Bronze Spur Award' Drovers' Camp Festival, Camooweal Queensland NSW.

Preamble: Cast in a 'women of the west' mould, the Bush Mother in this poem typifies the many thousands of those pioneering women who faced the hardships and privation of our bygone era.

She came to the altar a bashful bush maiden, to take the bold step that would change her whole life,
The vows and the promises made so intently, the ring and a kiss, then pronounced man and wife.
Thus started her new life, the first of three phases, as spouse, wedded partner, no longer a Miss,
Bright eyed and entranced by the joy of the moment, naively expecting a lifetime of bliss.
But fate has a habit of bursting our bubbles, life's pathway is strewn with the relics of schemes,
The best of intentions are oft left in tatters, the best of our plans can become shattered dreams.
A far outback block without homestead or comforts would be the first home for this newly wed bride,
Together with husband all day in the paddock, at fencing or stock work they toiled side by side.
But this was a bush girl, at home in the saddle, as good as a man in the scrub or the yard,
With never a moment to grouch or to grumble, nor ever a day found too long or too hard.

Their first years of marriage were harsh beyond measure, each act of misfortune was met with a curse,
The tougher life got found their bond growing stronger, for theirs was a pledge made for 'better or worse'.
The hard times and heartache, the worries and drought years, all tested their mettle, their courage and yet
Despite frugal living and earnest endeavour, ten years found their bank book still drowning in debt.
The next milestone came when this wife became Mother; a family of four bringing tantrums and tears,
But cherished and nurtured with good sense and wisdom and guided with love through their formative years.
Success is not measured by fame or by fortune, ones worth is not counted by status or wealth,
How lucky her kids who good fortune did favour with manners and morals, bush skills and good health.
Fast forward a decade; again the scene changes, now married, her offspring have kids of their own,
Again without favour all grandkids are special, again the same love and affection is shown.

Today as she sits in her role as a Grandma surveying her family with justified pride,
With fairness in mind then 'tis surely we must be no less in our praise for the man at her side.
It's fifty years now since they stood at the altar, five decades have passed since they both said 'I do'.
A model bush couple with old fashioned values, exemplary parents; now sadly too few.
Long days with her husband in stock yard or saddle, this multi skilled mother with talents diverse,
Fulfilling her role as a housewife and mother, the backbone of family, home tutor, bush nurse.
Let's honour those women of outback and station, the loneliness suffered, the hardships endured,
How stark is the contrast to 'urbanised mothers', with everyday comforts and lifestyle assured.
So cherish her dearly this 'pearl of the west', search in vain but you'll not find another,
They're not made today as they were in the past when they turned out this type of Bush Mother.

For The Love Of Amy

His pace was slow and laboured as he came into the ward,
while using up much energy that he could ill afford.

He smiled at me in passing then continued on his way,
until at last he reached the room, where Amy used to stay.

I'd met him when he first arrived about six months ago,
his speech was soft and gentle, as he paused to say hello.

He'd come to see his darling wife he told me that first time -

I'd guessed he must be eighty plus, and now well past his prime.

He'd sit there by her bedside quietly whispering to her,
although I doubt she heard a word, for nothing seemed to stir.

Sometimes he though she may have smiled - that really made his day,
he'd sit back then contented as the hours would slip away.

I'd hear him croon sweet love songs in a voice now worn by age,
and though she seemed to show no sign - response is hard to gauge.
He'd smile at her then whisper private secrets of his own,
and tell me as he took his leave, how quick the time had flown.

He'd kiss her when the bell had rung, then say his last goodbyes,
and try to hide the tears from me that now shone in his eyes.
He'd shuffle painfully away, along the corridor,
but he'd be here again next day, to see his love once more.

Terry Piggott

Terry read this beautiful poem at last months muster.

Dear Members,

This is a great newsletter with many competitions and events advertised.

Wally's e-muse newsletter - Subscribing to the newsletter is free.

Wally's email to get on his emailing list is ddropbears@bigpond.com

They gave us a great plug in this month's emuse. Thanks Wally.

Derby Bush Poets' Breakfast 2014

"There was movement at the (CWA) cottage; for the word had got around
That the best of Aussie poets are on their way to Derby town."

So ran the cheery parody on the front of the program, just below a very good cartoon likeness of our own whiskery old bush bard, Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge. And indeed, it was Cobber who was the headline act, as he has been in the Kimberley for the last 120 years.

I arrived in Derby at lunchtime on the Saturday, after a leisurely 250 km drive from my old stomping ground of Broome. It didn't take long for me to realise that I hadn't got the memo telling me the party had started 2 days earlier, when Ron (the late) Evans had first hit town. A string of impromptu performances at the sports club, the caravan park and the morning markets, Ron, Cobber and our Eastern States guest poet Dave (Prousty) Proust had already won the hearts and minds of locals and tourists alike. There was nothing left for me to do but go to the races.

The annual Derby Cup is a major event on the sporting and social calendar of the Kimberley. Almost as popular as the annual rodeo. People come together from near and far to watch the sleek thoroughbreds and the satin-clad midgets run around a red dirt track, as many as six at a time. (The actual Cup only had 5 runners in it). For me though, the highlight was the 'kids' race' at the end, when a big mob of local ankle-biters took to the home straight to show off their potential as future Olympic (or Com-Games) gold-medallists.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch (cottage), Cobber was donning his party clobber in readiness for a pre-poetry knees-up with the CWA girls. I volunteered to be chauffeur across town for the party, as long as I didn't have to run the gauntlet of the local race-day special (booze bus) on the way home. Deal done, we set off. I wouldn't exactly describe it as a bacchanalian feast, but we did eat and drink our fill at Robyn's place, courtesy of those clever CWA cooks. The banter was intensely competitive and absolutely side-splittingly hilarious, led of course by the irrepressible Prousty and his long-suffering spouse. Later on, Cobber took the wheel of my borrowed 4WD and conveyed us, albeit after around-about fashion; safely back to our digs, where I for one was asleep before my head hit the pillow.

I was awoken at 5 am on the Sunday morning by much clanking, banging and general hubbub outside my bedroom window. The workers had arrived and were setting up the tables, chairs and breakfast barbies under the spreading mulga trees in the cottage garden. Not seeing much chance of a lie-in, I slowly emerged and slid into the day.

By 6 am, the crowd had started drifting in. 200 plus had been catered for and by 7 am that number had been well and truly reached. On the dot of 7.45 am, our MC, Daniel 'Pav' Pavlovic, fired up the PA and made a few 'housekeeping' announcements. It was then I realised I'd missed another memo – the one about everyone including a 'Banjo' poem in their bracket, in celebration of the great bush bard's 150th birthday. The only one I knew had already been chosen by Cobber, so I was left somewhat wanting, but nothing daunted.

First up was the late Ron, with a rousing bracket which included *In The Droving Days*. He had been steadily building up a fan club in Derby over the years and they were not disappointed. Ron was followed by young Broome-ite Alex Grose, who did a sparkling rendition of *A Bush Christening*.

Next up was our 'professional bush poet' Dave Proust, who recruited a couple of 'gilded youths' from the audience for his highly interactive version of *The Man from Ironbark*. Then local lass Robin Maher treated us to a thrilling recitation of *The Man from Snowy River*.

For my own 'Banjo moment', I did *The Ballad of Freddy The Fleecer and Bale-fillin' Ben* which I wrote at the same age as ABP wrote *Snowy*, i.e. 25. I was followed by another local lass, Joss Dunster, who gave us a very moving treatment of *The Last Parade* – the poem about the horses that didn't come back from the Boer War. Cobber closed the first half of the proceedings in characteristic style, including a creditable *Clancy of the Overflow*, the one Paterson I do know, although far be it from me to claim I do it greater justice J.

I did manage to redeem myself somewhat by pulling out the 'plywood 'n' wire' (guitar) during the interval and getting the mob singing along to such favourites as *Home Among The Gum Trees* and *True Blue*. Thus preoccupied however, I managed to miss out on the food altogether. After the break, the results of the contest were announced. Prousty won the 'pro' class and Joss the amateur. *The Last Parade* will henceforth be one of my own favourites. A wonderful tribute to a noble beast.

Kimberley Vet and sponsor of the event, Dave Morrell, then took the audience on a journey through his own formative years as a station kid. The man is nothing if not multi-skilled. Then Fitzroy Valley pastoralist (and real-life cowgirl) Cait Westlake told us the amazing true story of husband Nigel who, having been gored by a feral bull, flew himself to hospital, got stitched up and topped up with a couple of litres of blood, then flew home and back to work again. I think she called the poem *Superman*.

Prousty came back on with an even more physical yarn about a bantam rooster on Viagra. Had they not known what to expect already, I'm sure it would have made some of the CWA girls blush? I know it did me. Finally, Cobber brought proceedings to a close with another selection of his own well-seasoned classics.

By 11 am, the food was all gone, the crowd rapidly dissipating and time it was to pack up chairs, tables and another swag of wonderful memories of Derby to last 'til next year. As the program ran:

"We'll feed you and amuse you; you'll not want to leave too soon,
So come on up to Derby town, the last weekend in June".

And so I will. Well done, all!

Pete (Stinger) Nettleton

Muster Writeup for September 2014 – Meg Gordon

MC for the evening was Peter Nettleton and he welcomed members and visitors at 7.05pm. This was our annual Traditional night and some members made the effort to dress up.

John Hayes opened proceedings with "An Old Master" (CJ Dennis). John made this classic about the old bullocky days come to life with a very entertaining performance. One could have imagined the author presenting it in a similar way. It is the first poem in the 1918 edition of Backblock Ballads and other verses.

Grace Williamson - "The Bushfire" Henry Lawson. This poem tells of the anguish of bushfires and how everyone from the local bushmen, the farmers and the town police, the drunk and the horse breaker all get together to help save Pat Murphy and his family from a raging bushfire that "roars for days in trackless scrub and across where the ground is clear", the squatter loses his wool and the farmer his wheat and Pat Murphy his home but by the heroic three Jim the breaker, Dunne the trooper and Boozing Bill the family are saved.

Barry Higgins – His old favourite "O'hara JP" (Henry Lawson).

Rob Gunn - "The Silent Shearer" Banjo Patterson. One way to get Noisy Ned to talk was to pick a fight and then you will find out that he "talks" with his fists.

Colin Tyler – Entertained us with a letter from a soldier back to her parents.

Zuvan Botyay-Martinov – Presented a parody on "Waltzing Matilda using rustlers and fighters on the steppes of Russia, with apologies to Banjo Patterson.

Christine Boulton - "The Spider by the Gwydir" (Anon). A lucky shearer was saved from being robbed as he slept by a red back spider looking for a feed.

Rusty Christensen – Rusty presented a very lengthy "interview" that he had written in 2005 with Henry Lawson.

Lesley McAlpine - "Scotty's Wild Stuff Stew" (Francis Humphris-Brown). No one forgot what went into that stew or what happened when it was consumed.

Jem Shorland - "The Baptism" His own composition about an Irishman getting baptised in the Avon River. It took him three goes and he still couldn't "find the Lord".

Dave Seares - "How McDougall Topped the score" (Thomas Edward Spencer). The author was born in 1845 in London and died in 1911. He married in 1864 and tried unsuccessfully to enter the NSW Parliament in 1894. He was involved in industrial arbitration and wrote poetry mostly about the colonial days. Dave gave an entertaining performance of this old classic.

After Supper **Alan Aitken** gave a great rendition of "There's Only Two of Us Here" (Edward Harrington)

Jem Shorland – Gave us his own poem "A Corker". This was about a cow on a very bad diet and a not-so-good remedy.

Caroline Sandbridge – Caroline treated us to her latest poems "The Greatest Woman in the World" and "Marilyn Monroe's Extra Toe"

Terry Piggott – It was a pleasure to hear Terry present his own poem "For The Love of Amy". This was a very poignant story about a loving husband missing his departed wife.

Bumper Stickers \$2 : On sale at the muster.

Grace Williamson - "Whalin of Waiting Awhile" (JW Gordon). Whalin is a procrastinator and makes all the excuses for not getting things done, like fixing his gates so the sheep stay in, keeping control of his pigs that sleep by the door and under the house, his dams have leaks and his sulky and buggy is falling apart but he cannot find time to put up a shed. But he is a happy man and lets nothing worry him.

Zuvan Botyay-Martinov - "Horse Sense". His own story about what horses may hear while they are serving with their masters at war.

Rusty Christensen - "The Man From Snowy River" Banjo Patterson. To still be able to recite this classic is wonderful for our favourite senior poet.

Barry Higgins - "Dipso Dan" (Jim Haynes). Seeing double at the boozier is a bit scary.

Rob Gunn - "Clancy of The Overflow" Banjo Patterson. When a poem can be put to music it really is the essence of rhyme and rhythm and Rob did a great job singing this famous classic.

John Hayes - "Mothers and Sons" (David Campbell). This poem was the winner of the 2013 Nandewar poetry competition in Narrabri NSW. One wonders how many more mothers are going to be put through the trauma of their sons being destroyed by war.

Nancy Coe was thanked for her entertainment during supper.

Lesley McAlpine - "Nancy of The Overtime" (Christine Hindaugh) A parody on "Clancy of The Overflow".

A visitor for the evening, **Lorraine Broun**, presented her poem "Perfection". An unusual proposal of marriage with an equally unusual ring.

W.A. Bush Poets



UPCOMING MUSTERS:

November

MC : Terry Piggott terrence.piggott@bigpond.com
9458 8887
Reader from the classics: Lorelie Tacoma

December

MC :Grace Williamson grace.wil@bigpond.com

9361 4265

Reader from the classics: Lyn Marciano

January

John Hayes 9377 1238 0428 542 418
hayseed1@optusnet.com.au

Reader from the classics:

February

Lorelei Tacoma 9365 2277 tlorelie@ymail.com

Reader from the classics:

From the ABPA web site: make sure to check if you are wishing to enter written competitions.

3rd - 4th January - Snowy Mountains Muster in Jindabyne NSW.

30th November - Closing date Snowy Mountains Muster written competition. Awarded 3-4 January 2015.

18th - 19th October - Toolangi CJ Dennis Festival and Poetry Competition, The Singing Gardens, Toolangi Vic.

4th October, 2014 - Rathdowney Heritage Festival Bush Poetry Competition. Performance, walkup and Written sections, Rathdowney Qld.

14t

Notes from Tassie

G'day Christine,

I receive so many interesting, dare I say enticing messages from WABP regarding the events being held in WA, & have no likelihood of attending any of them. However I find it encouraging that there is such an active & vibrant group of enthusiasts somewhere in this great land of ours, even if so few are to be found in my little corner of it.

This afternoon our "Europa Poet's" group had our monthly meeting, attended by six persons. This represents about 50% of our usual group, so you can see we are something of a minority interest in this neck of the woods.

Regards,

Pete. Stratford.



Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2014= 2015

W.A. Bush Poets



| | | | | |
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| Jem Shorland | | | 0423 797 487 | shorland@iinet.net.au |
| Dave Smith | | | 0438341256 | daveandelainesmith1@bigpond.com |
| Nancy Coe | Muster Meet/greet | | 94725303 | |

Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:

| | | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------------|------------|--|-------------------------------|
| Colin Tyler | Tea and biscuits | | | |
| Christine Boulton | Bully Tin Editor | 9364 8784 | | christineboulton7@bigpond.com |
| Rhonda Hinkley | Librarian | 0417099676 | | gun.hink@hotmail.com |
| Meg Gordon | Write ups of the muster | 0404075108 | | |

Membership fees may be paid by direct debit:

Bank Transfer to NAB BSB 086455 A/C#824284595

Name.....WA Bush Poets.

Please email notification of payment to: treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au

Upcoming Events

Next Muster : 3rd October ,7pm, Plantation Drive, Bentley Park

Regular events

Albany Bush Poetry group
Bunbury Bush Poets

4th Tuesday of each month
To be confirmed

Peter 9844 6606
Alan Aitken

If you would like to be part of a forum—post your poetry, see what other contemporary bush poets are writing, keep up to date with poetry events throughout Australia—visit www.abpa.org.au or

Don't forget our website

www.wabushpoets.asn.au or www.wabushpoets.com

Please contact the Webmaster, Brian Langley on 93613770 if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.

**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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| 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 | Corin Linch | books | |
| | Victoria Brown | CD | Val Read | books |
| | Peter Blyth | CDs, books | Caroline Sambridge | book |
| | Rusty Christensen | CDs | Peg Vickers | books & CD |
| | Brian Gale | CD & books | "Terry & Jenny" | Music CDs |
| | John Hayes | CDs & books | Terry Piggott | Book |
| | Tim Heffernan | book | Frank Heffernan | Book |
| | Brian Langley | books, CD | Christine Boulton | Book, CD |
| | Arthur Leggett | books, inc autobiography | Pete Stratford | CD |
| | Keith Lethbridge | books | Roger Cracknell | CDs, Book |

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| Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The "Bully Tin" Editor Box 364, Bentley WA 6982 e-mail christineboulton7@bigpond.com | Address all other correspondence to The Secretary WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Box 364, Bentley WA 6982 | Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn Box 364, Bentley. WA 6982 |
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