

THE

September 2007

BULLY TIN

WA Bush Poets



& Yarn Spinners

***** Next Muster ***** September 7th 2007, 7:30pm *****
Mt Pleasant Bowling Club, Bedford Rd, Ardross

MC for September, Trish Yensch

September is
Spring, Traditional Muster & Hay Fever

Spring is Here

Spring is here, the grass is riz,
I wonder where the flowers is.
Time for plants and time for seeds
Time for chippin' flamin' weeds!
Winter long, the ground's been fallow
Except for clover and marshmallow.
Spring is here, and she's a goer,
Now try and start the bloody mower!

Neil Carroll (Hipshot)

Adapted From My Mower

I have a motor lawn mower,
It's a monster of a thing,
And my hate for it increases,
With the coming of each spring.
When first I bought my mower,
The written guarantee,
Said that it would start first time,
With just one pull from me
I fill it up with petrol,
Make sure I've turned the switch,
Move the throttle, check the choke,
And try and start the bitch.
I pull it once, I pull it twice,
I almost pull my guts out:
Success at last, it gives one cough,
A wheeze and then it cuts out.
My wife can start it, kids can too,
The old girl down the street.
Everyone can start it
But the bugger's got me beat.
I'm sure it sees me coming,
And decides to have some fun,
And though I pull and pull and pull
I can't get it to run
So I've given up on mowing,
Do something else instead,
On Sunday Springtime mornings
I just remain in bed.

Col Wilson (Blue the Shearer)
last 4 lines BL

Are you going to the
Traditional Night?

Of Course! - Isn't
Everybody?

From The Old Coolgardie Road

Dorham Doolittle (*The Prodigal*)

A flitting shadow follows
The rushing night express,
Dawn shades the eastern hollows
And wakes the wilderness.
And here across the valley
One fleeting moment showed
Between the clumps of mallee
The old Coolgardie road!



No clouds of dust betoken
The old time roaring days;
It keeps a peace unbroken
Throughout its winding ways.
But when at noon tide hour
The warm white sunlight streams
Through crimson gums in flower
The old road lives in dreams

Once more the dawn is lifting
One cold white star looks down,
The dawn-fire smoke goes drifting
To blur the boulder brown.
A sleepy song comes creeping
Faint horse bells break our rest,
And Lo! The day is sweeping
Nights shadow to the west.

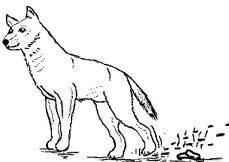
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The brown grass waves its tassels
Where once your ruts ran deep,
And where we built our castles
The wild-vine tendrils creep.
No more our wheels will wake you,
Old road, you wait in vain
The desert soon will take you
Back to her breast again.



Practice your public
speaking skills -
Muster MC & "Readings from
the Classics"

There is an ongoing need
of people for these
Guidelines for both will be provided
if needed
See any committee person



Scratchings

G'day Again Members,

I've had a couple of comments on the name for my column "Scratchings" and they all seemed to think it is an appropriate name (and picture) So, unless something better comes along, Scratching it will be.

Well, the first muster of the new administration took a few people by surprise—we started and finished ON TIME. There were still quite a few people wandering in well after the start. Please try and arrive with sufficient time to get organised, find a seat, buy a drink and all those sort of things BEFORE 7.30.

The concept of being (at least partly) organised before the night seems to have worked well, although it did give the MC of the night, Anne Hayes quite a bit of extra work phoning people to check on their availability. Thank you Anne, for doing such a great job on your first go at MCing.

It would be great if performers could get into the habit of letting the MC know of their availability about a week before the muster, that way we can continue to be organised and not have to leave everything until the last minute. MC for the coming month(s) and their contact details will be given in the Bully Tin.

On the muster planning front, changes mentioned in my last month's column are underway with the previous muster being a "normal" one, September is "Traditional" - (no open mic), October normal (with a new feature) —November will be a specific topic muster—(Something to do with a horse race?). We are still planning later ones but look forward to a guest artist or two and a "Festival of Writers" in the months ahead.

The Junior Poetry Competitions sponsored by the City of Melville have finally come to their conclusion. While it was disappointing that the schools were not interested and the numbers attending the library sessions were quite low, the standard of the few entries was exceptionally high, both for the written and performance categories. My congratulations to those children who excelled and won prizes, they will be our guests at the September Muster and will receive their prizes there.

The poems of the winners in the Written category are presented in this Bully Tin. While there were some lapses in rhyme and rhythm, considering that the poets ranged from 9 to 11 years old, they have achieved far better results than many adults are able to produce. I am also amazed at the variety and complexity of subject matter. CONGRATULATIONS upcoming poets, please continue your poetic endeavours.

While on the subject of the competition, I would like to take this opportunity to express my thanks to Grace Williamson for all of the organisation and effort in bringing these competitions to fruition. Without her hard work and diligence we would not have had the opportunity to find these poets of the future. Our thanks also go to the City of Melville for making it all possible with their generous sponsorship.

At our last muster it was nice to see a group of men from the Queens Park Day Care Centre. They tell us that they enjoyed the evening and will be back again. We would love to see other groups coming along, but please, let a committee person know so that we can arrange for suitable seating and additional "cuppas".

Regards to you all - Brian Langley, President WABP&YS Assn.

We are **STILL DESPERATELY seeking a secretary**— So far, we've not had any response for our call for a secretary— While Joyce is still acting in the position, she may have to depart for eastern climes without notice, leaving us with no one to fill the role. So how about it folks? There must be someone out there prepared to give it a go, have a think about it — and please contact president Brian if you are interested

WA Poetry Week — Mon 15th Oct lunch time, Murray St Mall—(Poetry Week Opening) and Thursday 18th "The Glasshouse" in the Brass Monkey Hotel, Northbridge from 7.30 pm - **poets needed for both events**. Please contact president Brian.

I may have to look at including an extra couple of pages from time to time—members are sending me poems faster than I can put them in the Bully Tin—But that's fine, Keep them coming—I will get to them

Presentation Anthology

Those printed locally have arrived but we are still awaiting the ones with different bindings — they should be here shortly after which all the poets who contributed will get their copy. Big Thank You to Leslie Westerland for his hard work in organising this. Give Leslie a call on 0402 528 350 if you are looking to have a short run publishing job done on recycled paper.

Out of Hospital

Seems that our thoughts and prayers might have had some effect, for Sylvia Rowell is home and on the mend—I believe she may even be well enough to join us for our Traditional September Muster.

Recuperating — Several members are recuperating from trips to the hospital for various bits of surgery. We wish them all a speedy and comfortable convalescence.

Walking Different Tracks

Member, **Wally Williamson** who has recently started reciting at our musters is also a singer and will be appearing in the Gilbert & Sullivan Society of WAs upcoming production of "**Princess Ida**". This production will be directed by Ted Bull, the well known ABC personality and will be on at the Playhouse Theatre 20—23 September , evenings at 8pm, 2.15 on the Saturday and 5pm on the Sunday. Tickets from BOCS 9484 1113 or www.bocsticketing.com.au

Wearing a different hat, president **Brian Langley** is a volunteer with the Fisheries Department. Promoting the ethos of "Fish for the Future" he is involved in public education and research projects. One of his main activities is as a volunteer guide at the Fisheries Dept's new "Naturaliste Marine Discovery Centre" at Hillarys Boat Harbour (on the North side). This is a showcase for the science behind all things fishy and aquatic and is open to the public on week days 10 — 4 (Concession rate just \$4) Also currently featured (until Sep 7) is the work of scientific artist Roger Swainston — he's the bloke who paints most of the WA fish pictured on posters, books and departmental brochures. So, if you're looking for something a bit different, why not go and spend a couple of hours travelling the Leeuwin Current along our vast coastline www.nmdc.com.au

Folk in the Forest—Western Australia's Smallest Folk Festival! Friday to Sunday 16 - 18 November 2007 at Dwellingup. Brochure available at September Muster or e-mail president Brian for a copy For further information, please contact: Steve or Christine Hogan: general@hogans.id.au or 9279 5523, Ken or Connie Kenny: Connie@littlefolk.org or 9274 5170 or WABP&YS member **Christine Boult**

Members— are you involved in other activities that you would like the general membership to know about—if so, please send details to the Editor and we'll try and feature your "Different Tracks" in this column

These two poems, and a further three on page 5 are the winning entries from the WABP&YS and City of Melville Junior Written Poetry Competition. The poems were judged by 2 independent judges on their story line, progression, rhyme and rhythm and usage of words, only 2 points separated 2nd and 4th

The 1st Place was awarded to Joshua Th'ng (age 9)

Van Diemen's Land

When masters cruel and owners vile,
Cause their slaves to curse and rile,
The servants tend to steal and rob,
And gather in an angry mob.

But all these rebels as they stand,
Are shipped off to Van Diemen's Land.
Because they never understood,
That stealing isn't ever good.

Some are turned to bandit thieves,
And only gold their mind relieves,
For their hearts are full of strife,
As hard as stone and sharp as knife.

So they are sent to deathly fate,
To save them, it is far too late,
Now that their lives are dead and done,
They live no more under the sun.

For now their bones are grey and dull
Like the bottom of an old ship's rotting hull,
While others were put into dank jails,
With iron bars and metal rails.

2nd Place went to his sister Hannah Th'ng, (age 11)

Annual Fees

Don't forget. - Annual fees are now **very over-due** - \$15 Single, \$20 Family, Please pay at Muster or send to the Treasurer. (Contact Details on the back page)

Members who are unpaid will be dropped off the membership list before next muster and so WILL NOT receive further Bully Tins

In Search of a Mine

One winter morn on a cold cold day,
Met two old bushmen on their way
With shovels high and thumping feet
They walked along the dusty street.

Noon time came and noon time went,
Now the day was almost spent
And still no sight of that treasured mine
That is, until they saw a sign.

With whoops of joy, they began to race
Both bushmen to their destined place.
For this finally was their precious mine
Of silver, gold and tourmaline.

And thus with excitement they pitched their tents
And quickly to bed they both did went.
Finally the day dawned bright and clear,
And the chance of a find seemed very near.

After having eaten their fill,
They walked joyfully up the hill,
To enter their most precious mine,
Of silver, gold and tourmaline.

With picks and axes and shovels and pans,
The two old bushmen quickly ran.
Into the black mine they did go,
How the wind did howl and blow.

At evening tide both men came back,
They dug all day till both turned black.
But merry they were despite all that,
Because their gold looked big and fat.

This mining affair continued, for four and twenty days
And finally their money bills could soon all be repaid
They came home lugging a heavy load of gem,
And everyone cried "Just take a look at them!"

Poet's Profile - Once again, back in the city and featuring a lady, not a performer but a very prolific and awarded writer,
VAL READ

No Photo

Val reckons she runs a mile whenever anyone points a camera at her

★ I was Born in WA in 1939 but went to SA when very young and lived at Warraweena Stn in the Northern Flinders Ranges. I did my schooling by radio and correspondence from Adelaide. Often had to go into the small town of Beltana for a week or two to mix with my peers. Here I lived in a corrugated iron and hessian-walled shack, but had the happiest time any child could imagine. It was here that old Mr Graham would tell me wonderful Australian stories and would scare the daylights out of me with his yarns about prowling bunyips. I believe it is he who gets me up at unearthly hours of the morning to write poetry. He always said he'd once found Lassiter's Reef, promising me I'd be a very rich woman when he found it again. I think he did make me a very rich woman, as he fostered a gift that has given me great pleasure throughout my life.

- ★ My best friends were my dog, Jillie, and Possum, my old retired race horse. Both were as close to being human as you would find.
- ★ I'd wander all over the desolate terrain on my own, and no one worried about me because they were with me. Apart from the one time I landed on a rock, I was miraculously unscathed during my 'job' of making sure the watering troughs were working and clean of dead birds or lizards. We later moved to the ghost town of Cadnia (Sliding Rock - pop 3, us).
- ★ My stepfather ran the pump that pumped water to the nearby Leigh Creek Coal Fields and also maintained the dog fence. I'd often go with him. He'd whistle for foxes and also shoot wedgetailed eagles; it was a sad sight to see those beautiful dead birds spread out on the fence. We then spent some time living at Leigh Creek Mine.

- ★ As a teenager I moved to Adelaide and college for four years.
- ★ I had started writing through correspondence school and won many awards from the children's clubs, and became passionate about Australian poetry when I was in my 20s which continues to this day. I've won many awards and trophies over the years, and finally self-published 'Whistling Foxes' which contains many of those award-winning poems.
- ★ The success of this book has encouraged me to produce another. At least it gets my poems out of the shoeboxes.
- ★ Came back to WA, married and had 5 children. (4 boys and a girl). Now have 5 grandchildren.
- ★ Not much writing lately as daughter is teaching at Narrogin and I'm spending a lot of time there. Can't wait to get back to Bicton and settle down at my desk again.

Valerie Read

Valerie Read

Association Historian

Remember that Rusty is collecting memorabilia relating to WABP&YS with a view to creating a documented history of our Assn. — If you've got anything you think should be included, photos, newspaper clippings etc. Please give Rusty a ring or e-mail 9364 4491 or rustnjude@bigpond.com

er Muster

★ September Master - As indicated last month,
★ this is our Annual "Traditional" Night. In addition,
★ we will be having the presentations of the Melville
★ Junior Poetry Competition Prizes. The first half will
★ feature "The "Bush Controversy" which had its
★ world premier (and to date only performance) at
★ our Traditional Night 2 years ago. The second half
★ will consist of seasoned performers doing tradition-
★ al poetry. -

- ★ Please try and dress in something approaching clothing of the era—there will be a small prize for the “Best Dressed”

- ★ the Best Dressed
- ★ NOTE there are still a couple of spots available in
- ★ the 2nd half — Please ring president Brian ASAP
- ★ if you are willing and available, we are hoping to
- ★ have a programme printed for the event.

- ★ Have a programme printed for the event.
- ★ There will be no 'open mic' on that night

Muster

★ October Master will revert to the normal format with open mic etc - The MC for the night will be Beryl Silvester 9361 1222 assisted by committee member Trish Joyce 9493 1995

- ★ So that we can get underway ON TIME it is essential that we have at least the starting poets organised BEFORE the night— It would be greatly appreciated if members intending to perform on that night give Beryl or Trish a ring (at least a week earlier than the muster)

State Championships

PERFORMANCE COMP DEFERRED INDEFINITELY

As pointed out last month, your committee was getting very anxious, and rightly so as it turned out for we had very few indications of interest . We had far more "unavailable" than "yes" responses consequently — **The Performance Championships have been deferred indefinitely— THE WRITTEN COMPETITION WILL STILL GO AHEAD but the closing date has been extended until Nov. 30th.**

It was disappointing for the few who were keen to participate but the numbers of people who indicated that they wanted to take part was very small indeed and so it was just not viable to consider going ahead on the off-chance that we would get sufficient people on the day.

IN PLACE OF THE COMPETITION

IN PLACE OF THE CONVENTION
There will be a couple of **“Self-Help” workshops** for members and friends. These will be facilitated by WABP&YS members.

The venue for both will be "Playfield Learning Centre", 1 Fred Bell Pde, East Victoria Park, (just off Hillview Tce) commencing 10am—till whenever.

Each day will cost \$5 (\$6 non members) which will cover the venue rent plus yummy morning tea—bring your own lunch. Sunday Sep 30 will concentrate on writing (please bring along such things as a thesaurus, rhyming dictionary etc if you have them).

Monday Oct. 1st will concentrate on Stagecraft, use of microphone etc. Please inform President Brian if you're coming so that morning tea can be adequately catered for.

Junior Poetry Competition Winners (Cont)

3rd Place was awarded to Alanna van Mierlo (age 11) for her entry entitled:

THE ANZAC POEM

The smoke billowed down from the cannons,
In a strong and mighty roar,
We drank water in large gallons,
And our clothes are all a tore.

Most of us are scared,
Although some are quite brave,
But no matter the courage you bared,
You would still end in a grave.

Most of my friends have died,
But I may still make it through,
For many nights I have cried,
And do not know what to do.

The war was soon done
I had written a letter to my wife
But then I saw the gun,
That would shortly take my life.

4th place was shared between two poems, both by the same author, Ee Faye Chong (age 11)

Australia's Awesome Arrange of Animals

Australia's many a native beast
Quokkas and wallabies are not the least
Much like hedgehogs and porcupines
The marsupial echidna has many spines.

Sleepy koalas sit in their trees
Munching on eucalyptus leaves.
All platypi have slick brown fur
A male platypus has a poison spur.

The emu is a bird with no flight
But to see it running is quite a sight.
The roo's strong legs let it hop around
The tail keeps it balanced to leap and bound.

The waddling wombat is slow and big
Its powerful paws help it dig.
This is a part of our great Aussie array
Now go and meet them to say 'G'day!'

Who can't find their membership card?? Are you paid up and didn't get your membership card— Chances are you got it but it got away from you—they were put in the envelopes with last months (and this month's) Bully Tin. So if you were one of those who tossed out their envelope without looking—you'll need to tell a committee person so that a new membership card can be organised.

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.com



Bushfire Alert

In Australia's summer, in the bush
Bushfires smoulder, often and long
Delicate, natural plants it will crush
Firemen help to right that wrong.

Fire, fire, sirens ringing
Bushland aflame with a terrible light
Fire, fire, people screaming
Volunteers rush to begin the fight.

Through the trees the fire rages
Turning majestic plants to ashes
The sparking flames, so contagious
Among the twigs and leaves it dashes.

Fire, fire, animals fleeing
From their bright and perilous foe
Fire, fire, animals escaping
From their charred and burnt down homes.

The Bushfire's calmed; it will no longer roam
But it turned plants brittle and black
No more are the bushes rooted in loam
The damage is done – they won't come back.

Wings

Graham Watt

Some people say, when madly in love
'Oh for the wings, the wings of a dove.'
When I'm with my sweetheart, my heartbeat does quicken.
And I yearn for the wings - of her lovely roast chicken

October Short Poetry Competition

Member Hadley Provis has come up with the idea of running a short verse, nominated topic fun competition a couple of times a year.

Sounds a good idea, so we'll give it a try for our October Muster. Its open to all members—poems will be performed or read at the October Muster—They cannot exceed 16 lines and the subject matter must be the current Federal Election build up .

There will be a small prize for the poem considered best by the audience. Country poets are urged to send their entry to any committee person so it can be part of the event.

August Muster Wrap-up - by Dot

Brian opened the proceedings promptly at 7.30, which got a few people scrambling for their seats.

Anne Hayes was our MC for the night and as she had got in touch with most of the performers she had an almost full program ready to go at 7.30.

Some late arrivals caused some shuffling around and we started with **Grace Williamson** and a tearjerker of a poem by Joan Strange 'Stepping Stones'. With a tray of rocks that the nursing home people wanted to throw away, she told of the memories each of the stones evoked. The stones were a record of her life and the stories of each of their findings. Her young grandson spoke up for his Gran in that she needed those stones and the stories she told to him, so the stones stayed.

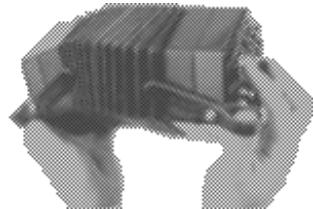
Rod Lee had his Show Bag Set as he called them with some short stories by Syd Hopkinson, Donnie Lloyd and Gwen Palmer. The first one was about the Golf Club trying to save money by restricting the amount of loo paper any one could use. The second, Road Rage told about the universal finger gesture being used to get back at other drivers, and the last was about a magician's parrot telling everyone the secrets of his tricks. He concluded with the poem with the key word "Billabong" that he and Kerry wrote for a 1 minute performance by Kerry. It had Bill the drover exchanging his boots for thongs, then getting his bits and pieces caught in a zipper and ending up with a 'bong' for his pain.

With Bernard Espinasse's "Marion Lee", **Kerry Lee** told of the girlfriend of the bushranger who after listening to the plan to capture her man dressed in men's clothing to distract the troopers from where her man was hiding. She rode to draw off the troopers and they chased after her because if they could capture him/her the reward was twice if he was captured alive. She led them through the bush and as the horses tired one trooper let fire. She reeled in the saddle. The bushranger vanished and some nights a figure is seen galloping free, perhaps its the ghost of Marion Lee.

Wally Williamson presented "Goanna" by G.M. Smith which tells of the musterers coming across an old man goanna. Attacking it with whips, it he flew up on the colts leg and with claws outstretched hung on for dear life. The horse bucked and the goanna rode it in style until the saddle all came undone and down came the horse and all, squashing the goanna in the process.

With some microphone movements **Christine Boult** pulled out her squeeze box, an Anglo-German concertina that has the same blow /suck action as a mouth organ. Two row concertinas of this type were played through the bush as they were relatively cheap and very portable.

Although she said she was quite nervous she gave us a wonderful melodious rendition of "Springtime Brings on the Shearing" an adaptation of the 1865 Poem "The Wallaby Track" by E.J Overbury



John Hayes is still rewriting and editing some of his poems so needs his memory sheet to sometimes help out along the way. With his rendition of his own Brothers Mate he told the story of his family moving through different phases of their lives. As the family moved around he and his brother shared in the boyhood times. Whilst his brother's journey has now ended, the memories of their childhood together keep the stories alive.

Trish Joyce then took the stage with one of her own, "Blue Moon", which describes a lady skiing on the snow field when nature called; so with her pants down around her knees she could do nothing as she felt her skis moving backwards. As she slid down the hill a guy in the ski lift turning to look at this amazing sight fell out onto the ground below and broke his leg.

Welcome to **Frank Heffernan** up from Narrogin for some Doctor/hospital time in the city. By anon, "The Swagman" is tramping to Heaven's gate all covered with flies. He tells of the 50,000 gates of every sort that he has seen. The high and the low gates, the ones that challenge, the fancy scrolls and the rusted gates and each he has had to open and close. So he asks St Peter, if you don't mind will you open this special gate for me and shut it after I go through?

Arthur Leggett with an Irish story by Banjo Paterson of "Father Riley's Horse". The horse thief Andy Regan woke Father Riley with a tale of his horse, acquired dubiously but of great ancestry and jumping potential. He was leaving it with father Riley as he was on his last legs and death was nigh. So they buried Regan with true style and then the races came to town with a steeplechase being planned. All the hopefuls trained their horses and were surprised when Father Riley entered as a novice on his placid horse, never seen to jump or gallop. But little they knew that the ghost horse that ran at night was this same horse which on the day came from nowhere to take the prize. . 'Twas said that Andy Regans ghost had ridden the horse for the devil had been ordered to let him back to ride that steeple chase.

After a lovely supper **Christine Boult** was our reader from the Classics. With a poem by Edward Harrington the last of the Bush Balladists "There Is Only The Two Of Us Here". It describes camping in a lonely slab hut feeling cosy and warm, when, at the foot of the bunk appears a shape with eyes red as burning embers. Terrified and with not a stick to defend himself, he found his boots and took off - and he'll never sleep alone again.

Frank Heffernan returned with one of his own "Law and Justice", where, though he is a law abiding citizen he's surrounded by smarmy lawyers and Judges who practice corporate fraud and get to live abroad, and with crafty politicians who overspend and are retired off on their super - and its just not fair.

John Hayes second turn at the microphone had him reciting his "Wool Buyer", with the buyer coming in September to purchase the cockies clip. He would know to the day when the clip would be ready and it was always cash on the knocker. After testing it for value and strength he would offer a price that off course would be refused but as always, the next day the transactions were negotiated with a handshake to seal the price.

Trish Joyce again with one of her own "Just be Careful" had a memory block half way through and with some help from her cheat sheet finished in fine style. The family were concerned when their elderly widowed mother married again. The concern was not for her welfare, but that there would not be another baby brother!

Arthur Legget had one of Banjo's tales about Saltbush Bill (Did you know that there at least five poems that feature Salt Bush and his droving with sheep and his well known feisty nature?) This one titled just "Saltbush Bill" is about the long ½ mile strip that the drovers are supposed to move the herd through. But when the grass is green and sweet, the drovers try and prolong the trip and spread out across the squatters land. . The squatters of course don't like this and try to hurry the drovers on. Saltbush, in charge of a flock met a Jackeroo that was determined to move the sheep on. They end up fighting for what they thought was best, one for King and country and one for his daily bread. As they fought the sheep spread out and mixed in with the squatters mob and it took them over a week to sought them out. It was the best fight that Saltbush had ever lost, but he saved the traveling sheep from destruction.

Bob Chambers then took the floor and told us some of his quirky stories, in this instance, some were about things fishy while another was about an Aboriginal nanny who could never go past any tucker she saw lying on the ground.

Brian Langley started his spell at the mic' with two very short ones of his — the first was from a series of one verse poems he has written about modern people who seem to be unable to function without their mobile phone. He followed this with another short one, also from a group he has titled "In the Bush". This tells of a very expensive cup of tea. \$500—the cost of the fine for lighting a fire in summertime. His main poem for the evening, "The Reason That I'm Here" is a tongue in cheek look at how he first got involved with Bush Poetry performances.

Frank Harrison had a very lengthy story from Lawson about a Loaded Dog. The blokes went fishing with a stack of dynamite, which the dog thought was a game and he kept bring it back. As the men tried to get it away from the dog it dragged it through the fire and with the fuse now lit they took off for safety to the pub. The dog chased after them and as the other dogs gathered around the stack blew lifting the pub building off the ground and frightening the horses. The dogs disappeared and the men were left wondering their next fishing options.

Kerry Lee's second poem by Richard Mc Gofflin "The Old Kitchen Table" had most of us nodding in agreement. There are problems with our youth with their lives unstable. We had our own serviette and ring and we sat around the table and showed respect to our elders. These days, seldom is a table laid, and the sport is on the TV to entertain them and they all dress the same but it is up to us, their Grandparents to keep the culture around for them to see what has been lost.

Kerry was only going to do one poem tonight as she had had some surgery just a few weeks ago and this had worried Rod because if she had croaked it "Who would look after Me". So with a Bob Millar poem' **Rod Lee** had the last word of the evening. He told how he had indulged a little too much the night before and he wasn't getting the sympathy he deserved. So what was he to do but accompany Kerry to Bingo. After he got the hang of it and "pinged" and "stamped" every number called he found he was the winner. At this point the bingo ladies were fairly sympathetic but as the night went on and he was winning every game the crowd got hostile and called him a mongrel and threw cake at him. When the jackpot went to him the place was in an uproar. But he has had the last word as he is going to take his mates to the next Bingo game as he has never had so much fun in winning money and he will keep playing Bingo.

Dot Note Life is like a roller coaster. You can either hang on for dear life and scream in terror, or you can put your hands up in the air and enjoy the ride. Happy journey everyone.

It seems that unfortunately the Bush Poetry evenings which member Brian Gale was holding at Margaret River have had to be cancelled due to insufficient patronage. It's a pity when communities the size of Margaret River don't have enough interest in our culture to make it viable to have a regular event..

Up in Geraldton, member Catherine McLernon is trying to get a group together to hold regular events in that area. As Catherine has a "presence" in the area on local radio, she hopefully will be successful in her venture. The WABP&YS Assoc will try and help by whatever means we can.—the same goes for any other members trying to spread the "Bush Poetry" word.

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

Brian Langley	President	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
Tom Conway	V. President	9339 2802	
Joyce Harris	Acting Secretary	9331 1648	jayfeh@hotmail.com
Phyllis Tobin	Treasurer	9364 4323	
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Trish Joyce	Committee	9493 1995	
Rusty Christensen	Past President	9364 4491	rustnjude@bigpond.com

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

Sept	7 26-30	WABP&YS Muster—Traditional Night WINTON QLD	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club — Note there will NOT be an open mic' on this night Waltzing Matilda Festival & Bronze Swagman Award SSAE PO Box 120 Winton 4735 07 4657 1296 Written Entries Closed
	27 30	Albany FREMANTLE WA	WA Regional Regular BP Events - Peter 9844 6606, WA STATE Champs Performance Comp DEFERRED INDEFINITELY ##### Written entries closure extended until Nov 30
Oct	30 1	East Victoria Park WA East Victoria Park WA	Self help Workshop - Writing Bush Poetry see page 2 Self help Workshop - Performance and Stagecraft see page 2
Oct	5 6,7 14-21 15	WAPB&YS Muster TENTERFIELD NSW PERTH & other locations ALBURY NSW	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club—"Conventional Muster" - Short poetry comp (see inside this BullyTin) NSW State Championships 02 6736 2900 tourism@tenterfield.nsw.gov.au WA POETRY WEEK & Celebrate WA 15th lunchtime—Opening, Murray St Mall- poets needed Closing date Walla Walla Written Comp 02 6040 5337 53@austranet.com.au Closing Date Hunter Bush Poets Written Comp www.hunterbushpoets.org.au
	18 21 20,21 25 27,28 27,28 31	NORTHBRIDGE (Perth) Pingrup WA BENALLA Vic Albany TERALBA NSW HARDEN NSW GIPPSLAND WATTLE Vic	"Bush & Ballads" featuring WABP&YS Assn - Brass Monkey Hotel 7.30pm ## poets needed ## Local Community Feelgood Day featuring some WABP&YS Members Victorian State Championships Written closes Sep 22 colmandy@people.net.au WA Regional Regular BP Events - Peter 9844 6606 HUNTER Bush Poets Written / Performance Comp 02 4926 1313 \$1500 Performance Comp 02 6386 5092 Closing date \$1000 first prize Written Comp bjdraper@netspace.net.au SSAE PO Box 453, Maffra Vic 3860
Nov	2 3 9-10 16-18 30	WAPB&YS Muster TERALBA NSW Albany WA Dwellingup WA TAMWORTH NSW	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club Melbourne Cup Night Horses / Racing Theme — Wear your "Cup Hat" Hunter Bush Poets Performance Comp www.hunterbushpoets.org.au Albany Show Poets Breakfast—featuring many Poets inc. members WABP Peter 9844 6606 Folk in the Forest—(see "Walking Different Tracks" page 3) Closing Date Blackened Billy verse Comp janmorris@northnet.com.au PO Box 3001 West Tamworth 2340 Entries Close— entry forms from website or SSAE Secretary (contact details above)
Dec	7	WAPB&YS Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club - Christmas

Do you want to be part of the National Scene — Keep up with what's going on in Eastern Parts — Be up to date with competitions across the country — Bi-Monthly Newsletters - Then you might consider joining the Australian Bush Poets Assn www.abpa.org.au
Annual membership \$30 payable to Treasurer Margaret coffsmixture@hotmail.com (02) 6652 3716

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

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 Peter Blyth CDs, books Rusty Christensen CDs Brian Gale CD & books John Hayes CDs & books Tim Heffernan book Brian Langley book & laminated poems	Rod & Kerry Lee Arthur Leggett Keith Lethbridge Corin Linch Val Read	CDs books, inc autobiography books books books
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