

BULLY TIN



Next Muster September 2nd, 2011 7.30pm MC Brian Langley

Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

THIS DAY IN HISTORY
Monday, October 1, 2011

Australian Explorers:

1844 - German explorer Ludwig Leichhardt sets out from the Darling Downs to travel northwest to Port Essington.

Australian History

1935 - Heinz & Company in Australia begins producing tinned baked beans.

2009 - Australia's population passes 22 million.

1st October 2011 is International Day of Older Persons. Our older generation should hold a special place in our hearts, for, not only are they our loved ones and a wealth of knowledge, but they carry our history within them - a history which too often they take with them when they die. Perhaps, this month, we can all encourage one older person to tell us their story, record them, or write them down as part of our history for the future.

The Old Timer

Across the lonely common room I see you sitting there,
 a shrunken ghost of younger days, no family to care.
 I see the wrinkled skin that tears with ev'ry careless grip,
 the useless hand, the twisted leg; the endless dribbling lip.

I watch you in your silent world as people come and go
 and sorrow for the loss of tales that now we'll never know.
 You cannot speak to ask for help, nor tell us how you feel
 but underneath the outward wreck, who knows what you conceal?

I've seen the well worn hat that sits upon your greying hair;
 the moleskins folded in your room you never get to wear.

I've seen your battered riding boots that once adorned your feet;
 the calloused hands that tell of work in dust, and dirt and heat.

I'd love to sit and hold your hand and talk to you awhile
 and let you know that someone cares enough to make you smile.

The positions of President and Vice President are still vacant.

If you feel you are able to take on one of these positions, please contact the secretary —

**Teresa Rose on 9402 3912
 tarose5@bigpond.com**

I'd love to listen to the yarns you've gathered through the years;
 to hear the stories that have fed your laughter and your tears.

Were you among the drovers who would travel dusty plains,
 who slept beneath the canvas in the midst of winter rains;
 a cattleman who did it hard, from sunrise through to dusk,
 a man who never wasted words – aloof and sometimes brusque?

Perhaps you were a horseman who was known throughout the land
 for skill within the saddle, and a gentle, kindly hand.
 A man who raced with brumbys over mountainside and plain,
 who held his pony steady with the lightest touch of rein.

I wonder if you'd tell of droughts that wither scrub and grass,
 of cattle that lay dying on the tracks o'er which you pass,
 of waterholes that shrink beneath the harsh relentless sun;
 the dying throes of wildlife you must silence with your gun.

Or have you fought the waters of a raging, swirling flood
 that left your land beneath a coat of slowly drying mud;
 that took away your livelihood – your crops and all your sheep
 and forced a change of life so you could try to earn your keep?

Perhaps you travelled outback trails with wagon, kids and wife,
 or maybe you could tell us of a lonely swaggies life.
 And have you lost a family for whom you'll always care?
 It seems I'll always wonder as I see you sitting there.

Irene Conner



Walking Different Tracks

Kalgoorlie is preparing for the Field of Gold, 26th CMCA (Campervan Motorhome Club) National Rally. It will be held on 10 - 16 October at the Goldfields Oasis Recreation Centre in Kalgoorlie.

While this is a closed event to members, Maxine Richter is busy organising poets and bush poetry events as part of their program. Maxine has some wonderful ideas on providing the right setting (including real live horses!!) to showcase bush poetry and to provide entertainment that won't be forgotten.

While Maxine hasn't confirmed the poets participating as yet, I am sure it will be a wonderful time for everyone.

Next month is **Movember** - an annual, month-long celebration of the moustache, highlighting men's health issues, specifically prostate cancer and depression in men, and raises essential funds and awareness for Movember's men's health partners - The Prostate Cancer Foundation of Australia and beyond-blue - the national depression initiative. Would anyone like to contribute some poems that covers those topics?

**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**

Lex McLennan was born in Taree, NSW in 1909, but moved to Thangool when he was fifteen - relinquishing the chance to study law at University in favour of life on the property "Callawoon" . He was, for many years a 'freelance writer' on top of his work on the farm. Before 'The Bulletin' changed format, he contributed a great deal to the "Aboriginalities" page, as well as contributing to magazines like the Hoofs and Horns. He was a renowned animal lover, and was very involved in the Rockhampton Jockey Club.

The Last Bard Lex McLennan

There will be no last bard of this blue distance
till the red embers of the campfire die,
until man's hand has tamed the final ranges,
and the last open space remains the sky.

Til the last stockhorse flings the last white foam flake
and the last stockman holds the last lone lead,
there will be singing hearts to rhyme the hoofbeats
and weave the stories of the lean brown breed.

When we, the scattered band, have ceased our singing,
when we are frail of foot and grey of hair,
we will depart, but still the muse will linger,
others will rise to grasp the torch we bear.

While still a dingo howls among the timber,
while still the sandal scents infuse the breeze,
there will be ballads made on other Crangas,
new bards will sing of other Tringadees.

And if the marks we've left on tracks behind us
defy the weather and the drifts of time,
if for some fleeting flash a pen, inspired,
has come by chance to weave a deathless rhyme.

When we but sought to tell a horseman's glory,
the spirit of the plains, the clouds above,
it is our gift - unstinted is the giving -
our legacy toward the land we love.

Song of the Cattle Hunters Henry Kendall

While the morning light beams on the fern-matted streams,
and the water-pools flash in its glow,
Down the ridges we fly, with a loud ringing cry-
down the ridges and gullies we go!
And the cattle we hunt, they are racing in front,
with a roar like the thunder of waves;
as the beat and the beat of our swift horses' feet
start the echoes away from their caves!
As the beat and the beat
of our swift horses' feet
start the echoes away from their caves!

Like a wintery shore that the waters ride o'er,
all the lowlands are filling with sound;
for swiftly we gain where the herds on the plain,
like a tempest, are tearing the ground!
And we'll follow them hard to the rails of the yard,
over gulches and mountain-tops grey,
where the beat and the beat of our swift horses' feet
will die with the echoes away!
Where the beat and the beat
o of our swift horses' feet
will die with the echoes away!

A Tall Tale.....

Little Johnny came into the lounge with his new mouth organ. He asked his grandfather:
"Grandad, do you mind if I play this in here?"
"Not a bit Johnny. I'm a real music lover. In fact, there was a time when your grandmother and I were young that music saved my life!"
"Tell me Grandad!"
"It was during the big flood in Brisbane. The dam burst and when the wave hit our house, it knocked it right off its foundation. Your grandmother floated to safety on the dining room table."
"What about you Grandad?"
"I accompanied her on the piano."

I found this piece of wisdom on the Bushverse site, and just had to share it.

The piece was written by a very prolific poet by the name of Bernard De Silva, who resides in Queensland, and it is with his permission that I re-print his article.

A writer is...

A writer must be well versed,(no pun intended), in the principal forms of art and expression...

He, or she, must, in addition to being a competent wordsmith, be that artist who can present, without either brush or palette, any portrait or image desired, rich in detail, perspective and colour without the benefit of canvas, paint, or crayon. The writer, is the illusionist, who is able to create both magic and deception to seduce the senses, while also being a sculptor who with the tiniest variation completely alters appearance and expression. The scribe is the composer who crafts melody and rhythm, the lyrical maestro who provides the minstrel with his song. He, or she, is the mason who etches Life's tablet today, with that which is tomorrow's history...

The writer must be the orator, who expounds not only the topical, but the historic and futuristic theories, happenings and visions in the correct language for region, race, and era, using words the audience can readily understand. All statements, no matter how fanciful, must yet retain, some possibility or plausibility, of truth... Even the most captive audience, must be enticed to listen.

The writer must also be the patient listener, the scrutinizer who misses not even the tiniest detail to be considered, expanded or relayed...He must be both inquisitor and counsel...the voice of either indictment, or defense...

Writers must be those tradespersons, mindful of precision and perhaps sadly, "correctness", as taken in its more modern and less literal context, who are forever at ease with words, their chosen tools of trade. Vocabulary, houses a variety of these instruments, tailored to requirement, and it seems the true craftsman never believes the chest houses enough essential tools...

Essentially, however, the writer, is just that...a person, who writes...

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A Friendly Reminder.....

that memberships are now well overdue.

No further Bully tins will be sent out to anyone not being a current financial member.

Membership subscriptions are:

Single \$15.00 Double \$20.00

Bully Tin Postage Levy \$3.0

Please Note: Email address must be included if not paying the postage levy.

Our bank account details are as follows:

WA Bush Poets & Yarns Spinners

BSB Number 086-455 Account Number 82-428-4595

At lodgement, please ensure you endorse the deposit slip with your membership name & phone number.

Thank You

I wish to express my THANKS to those members who visited and sent cards during my recent rather lengthy stay in hospital. It was very much appreciated. I'm finally home again and improving rapidly and hope to be able to resume attending musters. Sincerely, Marj Cobb

FOR THE CHILDREN..... (and the Grandads!!)

Grandad's Kite

Veronica Weal

When Grandad came to stay with us
I used to moan, and make a fuss,
for he was old as he could be,
and seemed to disapprove of me.

No matter what I'd do or say,
It wasn't done in Grandad's day!

In Grandad's day, a child was good,
and always did the things he should.
He spoke politely, did not grunt;
his cap was not worn back to front;

It sounded so unreal to me
I doubted Grandad's memory!

The last time Grandad came to stay
I had no games that I could play,
for rain and wind brought down a tree,
and cut the electricity.

I felt so bored I could have cried
then Grandad stood there by my side.

"When I was young" he said to me,
"We had no Sega Games, T.V.,
no videos from off the shelves -
we had to entertain ourselves!

So find some paper, string and glue
and then I'll show you what to do.

With strips of balsa wood so light,
he showed me how to make a kite.
With string I made the kite a tail,
but would it fly, or would it fail?

At last we put it to the test,
and Grandad's kite did all the rest!

It left my hand, and soared on high
to dance across the windswept sky.
My Grandad's face was filled with joy -
we laughed together, man and boy!

Good friends at last - for I could see
at heart, he was a child, like me!

October 7th is 'R U OK' day - which aims to get Australians reaching out to friends and loved ones who are doing it tough by simply asking "R U OK?" Why not start a conversation, and encourage friends to talk, and not to hide behind their masks?

The Things We Dare Not Tell

Henry Lawson

The fields are fair in autumn yet,
and the sun's still shining there,
but we bow our heads and we brood and fret,
because of the masks we wear;
or we nod and smile the social while,
and we say we're doing well,
but we break our hearts, oh, we break our hearts!
for the things we must not tell.

There's the old love wronged ere the new was won,
there's the light of long ago;
there's the cruel lie that we suffer for,
and the public must not know.
So we go through life with a ghastly mask,
and we're doing fairly well,
while they break our hearts, oh, they kill our hearts!
do the things we must not tell.

We see but pride in a selfish breast,
while a heart is breaking there;
Oh, the world would be such a kindly world
if all men's hearts lay bare!
We live and share the living lie,
we are doing very well,
while they eat our hearts as the years go by,
do the things we dare not tell.

We bow us down to a dusty shrine,
or a temple in the East,
or we stand and drink to the world-old creed,
with the coffins at the feast;
We fight it down, and we live it down,
or we bear it bravely well,
but the best men die of a broken heart
for the things they cannot tell.

A Sound Argument

Anonymous

"Oh Papa, dear, what word is this?"
thus spake our little daughter,
a pert, enquiring, saucy miss.
"That word, my dear is slaughter."

She covered up the 's' and said,
"Now, Papa, what comes after?"
With some dismay we scratched our head,
"That word, my dear, is laughter."

We saw that it perplexed the child,
the lesson we had taught her.
She asked again, and gaily smiled,
"Why shouldn't that be lorter?"

Then, with a burst of happy glee
that rang through every rafter,
she cried, "Just take me on your knee,
and nurse your little dafter!"

He Isn't Long for this World

Henry Lawson

He isn't long for this world,
his cares are nearly past;
He isn't long for this world,
he'll find his rest at last.

He isn't long for this world,
his griefs are nearly o'er;
He isn't long for this world -
he's only four foot four!

For the Mothers.....

By the time a woman realizes
her mother was right,
she has a daughter who
thinks she is wrong!!

Cervantes Written Poetry Competition

Don't forget to get your written poems in for the chance to win \$100.

Please contact Irene for further details—entries close 14th October. (See Upcoming Events)

Cervantes Bush poets breakfast

Sunday 30th October. 8am.

Cervantes Recreation Centre.

Featuring: Corin Linch

Dave Smith

Terry Piggot

Irene Conner

Walk ups welcome

Esperance Agricultural Show Bush Poets Breakfast

October 27th - Esperance Show Grounds.

Guest Poets: Rod & Kerry Lee,

Peter Blyth,

Peg Vickers,

Bill Gordon.

Contact Victoria Brown for further information (see upcoming events)

Pingrup Poets in Bloom

October 15th - Old CBH silo 6pm.

Featuring: Corin Linch

Peter Blyth

Frank Heffernan

Kym Crosby

Wayne Pantall

Irene Conner

Local poets

Walk up welcome

As the Crow Flies - Poet in the Park

27th November - Wireless Hill

Featuring Geoffrey W Graham

Supported by local poets.

The committee will accept nominations for ? 2 support performances. If you wish to nominate, please contact Robert Suann or Bill Gordon (contact details on back) for further details.

Submissions for the Bully Tin

Just a quick reminder to everyone that this is **your** newsletter. Please feel free to submit your poems for inclusion, keeping in mind the need for size constraints.

September Muster Wrap Up, by Teresa Rose

Making his 'Debut' as MC on this evening was Dave Smith, and what a great job he did! He kept us entertained all night with his yarns and 'one-liners' in between the various performances. Whilst Rusty and Frank were unable to attend at the last minute, fortunately Ron Ingham and Keith "Cobber" Leithbridge were able to fill in at a moment's notice. Thank you both for stepping up to the mike.

Grace Williamson was the first presenter of the evening with "The Boss's Wife" by Anon. At the end of a hard day on the station, the Boss would spend his evenings with the men, leaving his wife to brood about her lonely situation. Watching the maid's light and calculating how long it took the boss to come home, she came to her conclusion and decided to act upon it. Keeping the maid busy with sewing, she took her place and waited in the dark to use her womanly wiles. What a shock when her torchlight revealed that her lover was in fact the Chinese cook!

Barry Higgins regaled us with Blue the Shearer's tale of "Local Government". Way back in the days of early man, the local clans were being threatened by the dinosaurs, so decided they needed to choose some 'eldermen' to start making decisions for them. During their "special" meetings, they discussed important matters such as making fire, how to get children to behave. They even invented the wheel! Thus began the Council process we know today. As they were not experts in these things, they had to employ some, such as: surveyors, engineers and someone to count the weeds. These experts then gave their very important advice; and so it continues. The question remains, "Aren't all the dinosaurs supposed to be dead?"

Trish Joyce came to the mike next with her own poem, "In My Defence". With friends like hers, she doesn't need enemies. They are all very cynical about her innocent stories of her 'gentlemen friends' calling on her at all hours of the day and night. Choosing not to let the truth get in the way of a good story, they continued to tease her about the handsome young man in her Motorhome, whom they forget to mention is only four years old! On top of that scandal is the eighty seven year old man who offered her a spare bed! Innocence is not considered when they continue their taunting.

Lesley McAlpine then gave us the "Nurse's Reply" which had been written by 'Anon' to accompany the poem, "Crabby Old Man", (also by Anon) which was presented at a previous muster. In that latter poem, the old man is asking the nurse to look at the real man inside the old body and 'crabby' mind. The Nurse replies that although they may seem too busy or uninterested as they hurry by, it is not because they don't care. The nurses have feelings too and, when they get together they share them with each other. All the staff would love to sit and talk and share stories with all their patients, but there just aren't enough of them to go around.

Keith Leithbridge gave us a tune on the old harmonica before telling us about the "Ghosts' Serenade" in the "Wungondi Hall". Wandering along in a posh car, he felt the call of nature and stopped outside the old broken-down Wungondi Hall. As the back door was open he went for a gander inside. In the corner of the dusty hall was a piano covered in cobwebs, just crying out for someone to strike up a tune. As he started to play, he realised that the ghosts of dancers were behind him, all dressed up. Somewhere a drummer joined in and the crowd called out for more. When he finally finished playing and turned around, the dancers were gone. He couldn't recreate that magic so started to leave. At the door he turned and bowed, feeling so proud to have played the ghosts' serenade in the old Wungondi Hall.

Carolyn Sambridge was next with her latest composition, "All Hail ACDC!" The legendary group, ACDC were in town and the crowd certainly got their money's worth. Carolyn bought their CD/DVD so that she can see them again and is hoping they will come back to Perth. She added that the cause of obesity is the shampoo that "Adds body and Volume"!

Ron Ingham then stepped up and presented "The Sick Stockrider" by his favourite poet, Adam Lindsay Gordon. As the old stockrider lies in the shade he looks out at the country he has loved and travelled over during his working years with his companion Ned. He reminisces about their adventures and the hard rides they took together; of the near-misses and of all their old riding companions and workmates who have all gone before him. Although he thinks of his mistakes, he has no regrets and now just wishes to rest there, under the wattle forever and maybe listen to station children as they play overhead.

Dave Smith presented Banjo Paterson's, "The Ghost Of The Murderer's Hut". With his horse lame, the rider camps at the place where a murder had been committed. The bloody evidence was everywhere, and he huddled inside the hut as the storm raged outside. A terrifying shape appeared at the window, looking like the devil himself. However it was just an old billy goat who had been left alone when his master was killed and his females taken by dingoes. Now he lives a life of style on a stage as the Ghost of the Murderer's Hut.

Bill Gordon was in town this month and presented Thomas E. Spencer's, "How McDougall Topped The Score". In Piper's Flat life is generally pretty peaceful as the folk are kept busy on the land. However, that all changed the day that McDougall topped the score in the cricket match against Molongo. With the local side struggling to field a team, he was called in to help though he'd never played before. Being a canny Scot, he practised at home with Mrs McDougall, and trained his old dog, Pincher, to field the ball on his command. On match day, the team were in dire straits until McDougall reached the crease. Pincher grabbed the ball as commanded and never dropped it until McDougall had reached the winning number of runs. After the match, both teams celebrated the historical win.

Bill also gave us his own short poem, "The Circus Trainer", that won him an award in his first "Poets' Brawl". As he was too scared of lions, he decided to train fleas which are very clever. He had trouble with one trick, when a

flea flew up his nostril. That flea was very unhappy when he was sneezed out!

Teresa Rose, (Yours truly) finished the first half with, "A Snake Yarn" by W.T. Goodge. Jack the Rat started to tell his tale of an encounter with a whopping thing that looked just like a log and gave him a great fright, even though it didn't scare his dog. On being pressed to finish the tale, he just said that nothing much happened as the thing was a log after all.

The second half of the evening began with the usual Reading from the Classics:

Lesley McAlpine presented a poem by Stella Patricia Bell, a poet she discovered on the internet. The poem, "The Legend of Bimi" is in the style of the epic poems that Stella so admired and wanted to imitate. Fortunately, Lesley opted to read the Introduction only. (The full poem is 58 pages long!) The tale begins in the hot and dry desert that is like an artist's canvas waiting for colours to be applied. It's a place of stark contrasts and many legends tell of the inhabitants of this land. Each tribe has its own country and ways. The story goes on to tell of hardships and joys and of the inspiration taken from all the surrounding beauty. The many sights and sounds of this place are all bound up into the legend of Bimi the great warrior.

Dave Smith then regaled us with Bob Magor's, "A Rum Tale". Life was tough on the Mt. Windsor Station for the thirsty stockmen at the weekends. The boss banned all alcohol, and since all the stores ordered from town were itemised and accounted for, they had to come up with a plan to smuggle their favourite tippie in with the mailman. Using their pedal radio, they would order their grog using a special code. The owner never woke up to the fact that the black shirt, size thirty-six, that he paid for each week was in fact the banned liquor.

Grace Williamson returned to the mike to present a beautiful poem by C.J. Dennis, "A Morning Song". The thrush wants the whole bush to know about his lovely hen and sings his song over and over. All the birds of the bush are singing in delight at the morning. All manner of men can work in joy, lifted in spirit by the joyous morning. Men may be cranky or miserable, but the writer has friends out in the bush who make all ill-feeling and bad temper disappear with their cheerful morning song.

Caroline Sambridge had won a trip to the UK earlier this year. Her poem, "Cornwall Is Fun" tells of her visit there. She had a fun trip, staying a week. She got to play Hide and Seek, eat a cottage cream tea and Cornish Fudge. There was wonderful scenery and she even saw Brad Pitt. There's lots to see and do so go and have a ball!

Keith Leithbridge returned to tell us about "Mildew's Offsider". Mildew was the lousy cook whose best helper was the sixteen gallon keg. His specialty was "Guts' Ache Soup" but frequently drank himself off the rails. Things were so bad that it was impossible to find him an offsider who would stay on. The boss' daughter was roped in and nearly died of shock when she saw the kitchen and Mildew. Knowing all there was to know about health and cleanliness, she threw the soup over the floor and went for Mildew like a bat out of hell. The boss tried to calm her down while Mildew went for his rum. Cobber's recommended solution? "Let the bastards starve!"

In his second poem, "Kimberly Saddle Tramp", **Cobber** told of the man he knew at Ivanhoe Crossing. His life was his work and he was tempted to follow his ancestors, dressed like a cowboy. He was hardened and wiry, used to working in the heat. He owned a black mongrel and would strum an old guitar like a 'tortured, asthmatic, Slim Dusty'. He couldn't hold on to his money because he had a huge heart and too many relations. He took to the bottle to hide his wounded pride after being cheated and lied to. Where is he now? He could be still travelling or 6 feet under. A man can't help dreaming of those times by the campfire, listening to the Kimberly Saddle Tramp.

Barry Higgins wished Syd Hopkinson a happy 87th birthday in his absence. Everyone at WABPYS also sends birthday greetings. Barry then presented Jim Haynes poem, "Dipso Dan Sees Double". At Dougie's Bar, Dipso Dan makes everyone suffer with his alcoholic ways, so they come up with a practical joke. Identical twins are worded up to do everything in unison, to dress and speak the same when they come in to the bar. Dougie warns Dan that he'll be seeing double if he keeps drinking so much. Dan can't believe his eyes or ears when the twins come in and he turns as white as a sheet. Worried they may have gone too far, Dougie tells Dan it's only a joke and that there really are two girls. Dan is even more frightened as he saw 4!

Bill Gordon returned to present the heart-wrenching "Rain From Nowhere" by Murray Harton. The poem was written to highlight the rising suicide rate in rural areas and tells of a man driven to the wall by drought and a succession of financial troubles. Faced with the prospect of starvation and bankruptcy, he despairs of being able to support his family. He plans his last actions before ending his life, and just in time finds a letter from his father who tells him he went through exactly the same situation. The reason he didn't go through with his suicidal plan? He heard his son's voice calling out to him. The man realises that there is an alternative way of dealing with things and heads into the homestead to talk to his wife. Just then, the weather turns.

"The French Driving Lesson" is Bill's newest poem, written after his very recent trip to France where he was totally confused about the road rules and driving habits there. The welcoming Frenchman describes all the sights the Aussies can see in France but warns them to pay particular attention to the way they drive. Traffic goes anti-clockwise around roundabouts; the wipers and indicators are all on the wrong side of the cars. His wife was a nervous wreck. They found the answer to following the map was to hold it upside down. In the end the Frenchman advised them to stay away so that the roads would be safer!

Ron Ingham was the last presenter for the night with Graham Jenkins', "The Flaming Bushmen's Club", (or known as The Ballad of the Bushmen's Club). A very exclusive club where the women all dressed like Chloe and where there was free beer. But there was a very strict entrance requirement. Apart from all the physical challenges the prospective member had to pass, the last one was a real test. He had to relate a litany of yarns that were complete lies and well told. Having told a whole catalogue of his unbelievable achievements, the man was delighted to be accepted as a member. Sadly, after only a week, he was told that he would have to leave because it had come to the elders' attention that everything he had told them was in fact true!

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2010—2011

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	V. President	Position Vacant	
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Irene Conner	State Rep-ABPA	0429652155	iconner21@wn.com.au

Upcoming Events

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

- ◆ October 15th 2011 Pingrup Poets in Bloom. 6pm 'til late. Old CBH shed.
- ◆ October 22nd 2011 Esperance Districts Agricultural Society Bush Poets Breakfast - Esperance showgrounds.
Further information: Victoria Brown 90766088
- ◆ October 29th 2011 Cervantes Art Festival—Written Bush Poetry Competition. Entries close
14th Oct. 2011.
1st prize Open—\$250 1st prize Junior—\$100. Winner announced opening night
29th October 2011
Entries to iconner21@wn.com.au
- ◆ Sunday 31st October Bush Poets Breakfast—Cervantes Art Festival.
Contact Irene Conner for details on 0429652155 or
iconner21@wn.com.au
- ◆ November 27th 2011 Poet in the Park - As the Crow Flies. Wireless Hill, Ardross. 1 - 5pm
Geoffrey W Graham - supported by local poets

Regular events: Albany Bush Poetry group 4th Tuesday of each month Peter 9844 6606
Geraldton Growers market Poetry gig 2nd Saturday Catherine 0409 200 153.

Do YOU have any poetic events which need to go in this space? Or for that matter anywhere within this newsletter — it is YOUR newsletter, I would like to see more direct contributions from members and friends.

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 www.bushverse.com

**Don't forget our website
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**

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 Graham Armstrong Book Victoria Brown CD Peter Blyth CDs, books Rusty Christensen CDs Brian Gale CD & books John Hayes CDs & books Tim Heffernan book Brian Langley books, CD	Arthur Leggett books, inc autobiography Keith Lethbridge books Corin Linch books Val Read books Caroline Sambridge book Peg Vickers books & CD "Terry & Jenny" Music CDs
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