

BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - May 7th, 2010 7.30pm MC ★
Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

**May is
 Int. Labour Day Mothers Day
 Autumn
 Volunteers Week, Grey Nomad
 migration season starts**

No matter what your political leanings, it's an established fact that Unions have been a major influence in forming our society

Unionism in Australia began in 1788 with the settlement of New South Wales as an English penal colony. Convicts and First Fleeters struggled for their basic rights for food and rest and these early strikes were the first signs of a labour movement in Australia.

This caught Dot's eye—I wasn't able to find out anything about the author, but it does seem appropriate for this time of the year.

I Want To Be Locked Up

(Thoughts from a harried mum, who is beginning to think some time in a minimum-security, white collar crime prison is looking pretty good.)

I want to be locked up
 Away from everything,
 Free from all the craziness
 A Mother's Day can bring.

No planning, shopping, cooking
 Three healthy meals a day,
 Served up with love to fussy kids
 Who throw most of it away.

No constant interruptions,
 Dirty laundry on the floor,
 Driving kids near where
 Sibling rivalry (It's war!)

No one asking me to do things,
 Getting mad if I forget,
 Me giving up my very self—
 I'm the family marionette.

Prison sometimes looks appealing
 (Or maybe the looney bin),
 I get free time and three square meals;
 With nothing to do, I win!

I want to be locked up
 For freedom, time and such,
 There's just one obstacle for me:
 I just love my kids too much!

By Joanna Fuchs

The first recorded strike by convicts in the penal colony occurred in 1791, with strikers demanding a daily rather than weekly issue of rations. In the late 1700s and early 1800s further strikes on conditions and rations occurred.

During the 1800s, many craft unions were formed and there were many strikes aimed mainly at reducing the working day. Initially set at 14 hours a day it was gradually reduced. In 1856 the Melbourne Builders Union were granted an 8 hour day—the first in Australia. Under the Banner 8 hours work, 8 hours Recreation, 8 hours rest, the first "8 hour Day" march occurred on Whit Monday (May 12th) 1856. Most workers however did not have this luxury. Further strikes to improve pay and conditions continued. Matters came to a head in 1891 with the start of "The Great Shearers Strike" which was the catalyst for the formation of the Australian Labor Party. The first "Mayday" procession took place in that year at the birthplace of the Labor Party, Barcaldine

A few years later this short poem found its way into the Sydney Bulletin. Written by Bernard O'Dowd (1866—1953), O'Dowd was a "joiner of associations" religious, musical, literary, secular, radically political, it mattered not, he belonged to many. O'Dowd's most remarkable poem the sonnet "Australia" won a major literary award in 1900, but prior to that, the Bulletin's sub-editor and Literary critic AG Stephens said "O'Dowd lacks but one thing in his poetry, a sense of humour" But this was typical of political poetry of the time. (Much of Henry Lawson's could fit the same mould)

And so, for what it's worth, here is O'Dowd's short poem, as far as I know, the first "Labour Day" poem

"Mayday"

Come Jack, our place is with the ruck
 On the open road today,
 Not with the tepid "footpath sneak"
 Or with the wise who stop away.

A straggling, tame procession, perhaps,
 A butt for Burgess scorn;
 Its flags are ragged sentiments,
 And its music's still unborn.

Though none respectable are here,
 And trim officials ban,
 Our duty, Jack, is not with them,
 But here with hope and Man



Bernard O'Dowd

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



Sonnet Comp President

Brian has been branching out—He recently submitted 3 entries to a sonnet competition run by the Melbourne Shakespeare Society. These are the only sonnets he has ever written (all from around 10 years ago) While he didn't win a prize, one of his entries was chosen in the top 15 which have been published in a 'chapbook'. Like a lot of his poetry, it's just a bit different to most others of its kind. Anyone interested in sonnets, the booklet will be available for public sale at some later time for around \$9 (inc postage) — Ask Brian for details

Open Poetry Comp.

Walking Different Tracks

The Peter Cowan's Writers Centre at Edith Cowan University, Joondalup Campus is running a Poetry Competition. Entries must have a maximum length of 50 lines and be unpublished, Subject is Open. First prize is \$200, 2nd is \$100. Entries are \$7 or 3 for \$20. Download n entry form at

www.pcwc.org.au/, click on "competitions" in the navigation panel, then on "Patrons Prize" Entries Close July 2nd.

The Australian Poetry Centre has a website where you can find out about all sorts of thing in the general poetry scene— go to www.australianpoetrycentre.org.au

IN BRIEF

VAL WINS AGAIN

Congratulations to member **Val Read** for her Bronze Swagman Award winning poem "Brolga Dreaming" being judged "The Bush Poem of the Year" in the **2010 Australian Bush Laureate Awards**. This is one of a series of awards for published work, both in print and on CD. The Awards are announced at Tamworth in conjunction with the many other Bush Poetry events held in conjunction with the National Country Music Festival and Awards.

WRITE UP PERSON NEEDED

As Dot will be having some knee and shoulder surgery later in the year, we need someone to fill her important gap in doing wrap-ups of the musters for the Bully Tin — Don't leave it until the last minute, if you will be coming to musters regularly and have some journalistic leanings, why not jump in NOW and offer your services.

BADGES

We now have badges for sale— They are oval lapel or cap badges with the WABP&YS logo and words in Gold and Black. At just \$5 each you can acknowledge your support for our Assn wherever you go. See the treasurer at Muster or send her the \$5 plus \$1 P&P

MUSTER NUMBERS

We've notice that numbers attending musters has dropped a bit over the past few months. Peoples interests do change over time and so some drop off along the way, We need to replace those that find other interests and also increase our membership base. Our main source of income is the door sales at musters, so no audience, no income, and pretty soon, no WA Bush Poets

So — If you don't come very often, how about making the effort to come along. If you do come, how about adopting the slogan **BRING A FRIEND** — New members and friends are always welcome. .

13 for the Price of 12

Note for intending NEW members— As the membership year starts in July, we are offering NEW MEMBERS an additional month FREE if they sign up during May they get membership through until the end of June 2011.

YOUR PERSONAL WEBPAGE

I made mention a few months back that we were

considering extending our web page to include personal ones of various interested members. This is a basic page only—it can contain whatever text you decide, your picture, info on any products and how to get in touch with you. We are charging \$5 annually for this (We will create the page to your specifications) — Should you want to include additional pages, such as the words of your poems, music, short video etc, we can also provide space for this, but the cost will increase to \$10 annually AND YOU will have to arrange the web content. We will not have any fancy add-ons, guest books, blogs and all that stuff that those of a younger generation consider essential for life to exist. Nor will we have facilities for paying or receiving money on-line. That is YOUR responsibility.

This service should be available from July when membership fees are due. If you want to see an idea of how it will work, I've started my pages - you can see me at www.brianlangley.wabushpoets.com If you're interested, Please e-mail (or phone) president Brian

POETS FROM THE WEST

During the coming year, we also hope to commence a comprehensive listing of WA Bush Poets, both current ones and those of a past era with a short biography of each on our website. -

For those that have passed on, we would also like to include some of their poetry (with copyright permission where this is applicable).

Unfortunately, many of our poets die without their work being published and so that dies along with them— It, and their contribution to the Bush Poetry scene should be remembered. Others have published, but in limited editions, long out of print and they too will largely be forgotten unless we can keep their memory alive.

So!!! - If you are aware of any past WA Bush Poets, how about sending Pres. Brian a bit of a story about them so that he can get underway and include them in a listing on our website.

(Mainly) **Aussie May—History This Month**

- 1st 1891 First Mayday march—Barcaldine
- 2nd 1829 City of Fremantle Founded
- 5th 1894 The term “fair dinkum” first appears in print
- 7th 1815 The first road over the Blue Mountains reaches Bathurst
- 8th 1945 VE Day. WWII ends in Europe
- 9th 1901 First Australian Parliament opened by the Duke of Cornwall
(Later King George V)
- 1927 Federal Parliament moves from Melbourne to Canberra
- 1988 New Parliament House opened by Queen Elizabeth II
- 2006 In Tas. 2 miners trapped for 14 days are freed.
- 11th 1813 Lawson, Blaxland and Wentworth set out to
cross the Blue Mountains
- 13th 1887 Australia’s “First Fleet” sets out from Portsmouth
- 1984 \$1 banknote replaced with a coin
- 15th 1928 Fore runner of the RFDS established at Cloncurry Qld
- 18th 1854 First Australian (Horse drawn) railway in South Australia
- 19th 1861 Dame Nellie Melba is born
- 1915 John Simpson Kirkpatrick (Simpson of Gallipoli fame) dies
- 22nd 1851 First Gold discovery in Australia
- 27th 1967 Referendum give full citizenship rights to aboriginals
- 31st 1942 Japanese midget submarines enter Sydney Harbour



Once again up on the Speewah, all is in readiness for the annual great migration. As the Main Highway North passes through the Speewah, Crooked Mick and all of his mates are once again making sure that all will be well for the army of grey nomads as they pass through. It's well known among

seasoned travellers that it takes between 4 and 5 days to cross the Speewah, even with the best 4WD and going at the speed limit for the entire distance. Unfortunately, many first timers aren't aware of this and don't carry sufficient provisions for the journey. It is mainly these people that Crooked Mick will be called upon to help, supplying them, not only with food and fuel, but making sure that they have the most recent update on road and weather conditions ahead, for in those remote parts of Australia, these can change overnight, virtually without warning. It was only last year that the mighty Speewah River bust its banks, causing a bank up of 4WDs and caravans that went back over 600km and took nearly three weeks to clear once the river had subsided. If it hadn't been for the men of the Speewah stopping the traffic once they noticed the birds all abandoning the area (they knew they'd have nothing to perch on once the river level rose above the trees) many lives would have been lost. As it was, a number of near new 4WDs almost came to grief. If it wasn't for Mick and his crew swimming along towing them to the distant shore they'd have been swept down the river and likely vehicles and people would have been swept out to sea.

So if you are a new Grey Nomad, or are making your first pilgrimage to places North, please make sure that you have all the necessary provisions and equipment so that YOU don't become among the great list of people who need assistance from those larger than life men of the Speewah.

Quote of the Month

“God created Wars so that the Americans could learn Geography”
The Hungry Beast - ABC 14 April 2010

Have you moved recently? Or maybe changed your phone or e-mail address?

Please make sure you let the management of the WA Bush Poets know so we can get your Bully Tin and other important info to you.

THE COLOURS OF LIGHT

*This is not easy to understand
For you that come from a distant land
Where all the COLOURS are low in pitch -
Deep purples, emeralds deep and rich,
Where autumn's flaming and summer's green -
Here is a beauty you have not seen.*

*All is pitched in a higher key,
Lilac, topaz, and ivory,
Palest jade-green and pale clear blue
Like aquamarines that the sun shines through,
Golds and silvers, we have at will -
Silver and gold on each plain and hill,
Silver-green of the myall leaves,
Tawny gold of the garnered sheaves,
Silver rivers that silent slide,
Golden sands by the water-side,*

*Golden wattle, and golden broom,
Silver stars of the rosewood bloom;
Amber sunshine, and smoke-blue shade:
Opal colours that glow and fade;
On the gold of the upland grass
Blue cloud-shadows that swiftly pass;
Wood-smoke blown in an azure mist;
Hills of tenuous amethyst. . .*

*Of the colours are pitched so high
The deepest note is the cobalt sky;
We have to wait till the sunset comes
For shades that feel like the beat of drums -
Or like organ notes in their rise and fall -
Purple and orange and cardinal,
Or the peacock-green that turns soft and slow
To peacock-blue as the great stars show . . .*

*Sugar-gum boles flushed to peach-blow pink;
Blue-gums, tall at the clearing's brink;
Ivory pillars, their smooth fine slope
Dappled with delicate heliotrope;
Grey of the twisted mulga-roots;
Golden-bronze of the budding shoots;
Tints of the lichens that cling and spread,
Nile-green, primrose, and palest red . . .*

*Sheen of the bronze-wing; blue of the crane;
Fawn and pearl of the lyrebird's train;
Cream of the plover; grey of the dove -
These are the hues of the land I love.*

Dorothea MacKellar

May Short Poetry Comp -

You can still enter the Competition up to the night BUT you do need to tell Brian your intent so that time can be allocated. Remember the rules:

No entry fee Max 2 entries per person

Max 16 lines Max 13 syllables per line

Subject - WINTER

Judging by random audience members.

Certificates for 1st, 2nd, 3rd— small prize for first

This poem from Terry Piggott was judged "Highly Commended" (effectively 2nd place) at this years Boyup Brook Open Competition for written verse. He was the only West Australian to win a prize.

Congratulations, Terry

THE OTHER SIDE OF PARADISE

On Yundermindra station, hidden in the far outback,
you'll find the Eucalyptus field, just off the Linden track.
Where mighty river gums abound-along the bigger creeks,
and groves of gimlet huddle down below the highest peaks.

A eucalypt oasis in this otherwise harsh land,
surrounded by the parched earth and its drifting lines of sand.
"Escaped from hell to heaven," so an old bloke once told me,
while smiling from his campsite underneath a shady tree.

This place is blessed with beauty with its groves of stately trees,
Its rugged amphitheatres; a sight that's sure to please.
Eroding hills and breakaways are circled all around,
and countless golden nuggets hidden in the rich red ground.

There's many spots on offer if you're passing through this way,
that promise shaded shelter on a scorching summers day.
A welcome sight for prospectors in early days, we're told,
who searched throughout this country In those frantic days of gold.

Back in its golden heyday with excitement at its height,
men rushed to try their luck here after trekking day and night.
Though gold was rich in places, sadly lives were also shed,
the graves are stark reminders of those long forgotten dead.

I always feel some sadness when I'm viewing such a scene,
reminding me of bygone days; how hard it must have been.
I think about their lonely deaths; no one to shed a tear,
the final thoughts of loved ones, and of dreams that ended here.

Up on a craggy hillside hear those dingoes' howls at night,
or are they miner's spirits crying out their sorry plight
from lonely mounds without a name to show who's lying there,
anonymous, forgotten, and there's no one left to care.

The Shanty towns are now long gone; though traces still remain,
with cans and broken bottles that defy the wind and rain.
Some dry-blown heaps can still be seen; like geometric shrines,
a crumbling last reminder of the now abandoned mines.

The country has recovered with its beauty there to see;
it hides the scars of yesteryear beneath a shady tree.
There's bits of glass and metal that can still be plainly seen,
a kind of rusty footprint, showing where the rush had been.

© Terry Piggott 2009

As National Volunteers Week is in May, Here is a poem I wrote last year to celebrate these very important people without whom, our nation would come to grinding halt.

Volunteers

Who is on YOUR list of heroes?
Some sportsman who's out there to win?
Or actors you see in the movies?
Or a model with unblemished skin?

Perhaps it's our nation's prime movers,
the wheelers and dealers of note.
The people who manage our country;
the ones that the journalists quote.

Or maybe you're more academic
and teachers are those you admire
Or are you inclined to the military kind;
the ones that face enemy fire

Are your heroes our doctors and nurses?
Performing with consummate ease,
Operations that keep us from dying,
or finding a cure for disease

The coppers who apprehend villains:
Are you moved by the deeds that they do?
And "firies" and similar people;
are they also heroes to you?

This list of extraordinary people,
including the many I've missed,
Are they the role models you're seeking?
Are they on YOUR heroic list.

For most of these people, at some time;
deserve the acclaim that they get
But they're doing a job that they're paid for;
that's something we shouldn't forget

But there's many a person performing;
for little, if any reward.
Jobs that go on in the background;
the ones that are often ignored

The mentors, the helpers, the doers,
that are there when there's work to be done
Fund raisers, and carers, and coaches,
who give, of themselves, every-one.

And those people, who when there is trouble,
on land, at the beach, or at sea
They're always there, willing to help us.
Without them, oh where would we be?

Their time and their knowledge delivered;
rarely claiming the costs they sustain;
Being there at the times when they're needed;
be it heat wave, or pouring with rain.

These are Australia's true heroes.
They've been on MY list for years:
They're part of what makes us Australian.
True Blue: Dinky Di – Volunteers!

© Brian Langley May 12 2009

April Muster Wrap up , by Dot Langley

With the change of date necessary because of Easter it seems that some of our regular members are off doing other things on the second Friday in the Month!! Teresa Rose was our MC for the night and she coped magnificently and kept her cool when her carefully worked out program kept moving and changing. Well done Teresa and with her Easter hat she certainly looked the part. As we were celebrating Easter there were extra chocolates for supper. A big thank you to John Turnbull who also provided ice cream and specialty cheeses as extras for our supper.

With some jokes and trivia about Easter and rabbits and such **Grace Williamson** was introduced as our first performer for the night. With Henry Lawson's "Says You" she told of the troubles that can come to a man as he struggles with his life of toil. Or when he is burdened with broken shoes as he searches in vain for work. When the Police tell him to move on he says that all these things won't last for ever and he will succeed, one day.

Teresa Rose had a poem on Easter and why does the Easter bunny come and he goes and leaves the shelves stocked with chocolate. She wonders why this happens in the hot weather because the chocolate would melt wouldn't it?

As it would be Anzac Day in a few weeks **Dave Smith** thought that this poem by Banjo Paterson would be very appropriate. "We're all Australians Now" was an open letter published and sent to our troops in 1915. In it he salutes the various men who took up the call to arms. The state jealousies were forgotten as each person no matter where they came from stood together to meet the enemy. With the call to fight on as these men bought glory and Australian pride as our flag flew high.

A duet from **Kerry Bowe and Barry Higgins** with one of Syd Hopkins's "The Bush Poet", had these two blending their talents to present this version of a letter from a publisher about how to not write rhyming poetry as it just would not sell. This caused some confusion as others were writing and singing rhyming words why couldn't he! So he sent back a letter to the publisher telling him that Banjo would have had trouble trying not to rhyme, and if that was the case, he would now not only write with rhyme but the publisher could go to blazes!!

With Henry Lawson's "Faces in the Street", **John Hayes** told us that Lawson wrote this when he was only 21 years of age. The window that he sits at is level with the faces in the street as they drift past with their sorrow and weariness written all over them. The different faces go past with their endless tramp of feet. When the workers have gone there is the faces of the unemployed or the outside workers as they go about their trade. Still the faces of these people tell of hardship and toil.

Shan-Rose Brown's poem "The Battler" by Geoff Hendrick tells of the bushman who grew up in the bush until he reached the time to go off to see the city. A time of madness his mates thought. He said g'day to everyone who never replied and the roads were extremely busy but he worked out that the green light meant go! He went inside a shopping complex and decided to explore but he couldn't find a way out, so he joined a queue of people but when the floor began to move he screamed his head off. The city isn't safe enough so he went back to where he belonged.

Trish Joyce was next with one of her own "Caught in the Act" which told of the bloke telling his wife that he would be alright doing the babysitting. He was doing fine until he had to go to the loo. He managed to catch his zipper in a very painful place and there he was in agony on the floor. Finally his wife came home and called the Doctor. He took out of his bag a pair of pliers which was frightening but he simply scrunched the bottom of the zipper and it all fell apart!

Trish was followed by **Brian Langley** with his own "Knockers" which told of the lady who was standing in the queue just ahead of him with a pair of 'knockers' that he was just transfixed with. She offered to show them to him and he knew that he would pay whatever her price was. These 'knockers' now reside in pride of place on his twin front doors!!

Because **Colin Thomas** was unwell he had asked Brian to read out some of his poems. "The Holden Ute" that had pride of place when he was a young man was now rusting away in the back of the shed, until his grandson came to visit. This old Holden ute has now been done up cleaned and polished and is running once again with his grandson at its wheel. (*Note— it is believed that this poem could in reality have been written by Bob Bing and was among Colins poems - Ed*)

With a lovely supper plus those extra calorie making goodies of chocolate and ice cream and cheeses we eventually all wandered back for the second half.

With Readings from the Classics **Rita Paul** presented Banjo Paterson's "A Mountain Station". This mountain run was a bit of a rough country where the grass was very sparse but the sheep could get a lovely view of the valley. The stock keeps reducing because they fall off the mountains. The ones that didn't fall were eaten by the dingoes. The neighbours were difficult and the river kept flooding so he decides that enough is enough and it's time to sell!!!

Wally Williamson then performed Edward Harrington's "Morgan". A bush ranger of a nasty kind was Dan Morgan. When he came to the towns the folk were frightened of him. With a price on his head he came into town and demanded a drink. All the time the boobook called "go back, go back beware" but he took no heed. The troopers followed him and shoot him down when he came out and all the time the boobook was calling telling him to go back.

A newish member we have not heard from before **Jack Mathews** then gave us Banjo Paterson's "Mulga Bill's Bicycle" from Eagle Hawk. Bill had caught the cycling craze and he was determined to get himself a bicycle. When asked could he ride he said that he could ride anything as long as it had girths and straps that were tight. He started his cycle at the top of the hill but found he couldn't ride the thing at all, ending up in Dead Mans Creek. As he struggled to shore

he declared it was the worst ride of his life and that the cycle can stay there in the creek.

Kerry Bowe had had her poem "The Boomer in the Creek" selected for the third Living Histories Book and she performed it for us. It tells of when she was little and her family lived on the land so kangaroo meat was a staple for both them and the dogs. So early one morning they set out on a 'roo hunt. When the dogs picked up the scent they were off with the horses galloping behind until they saw the biggest boomer that anyone had seen. Despite all efforts with both bullets and using the rifle as a club, the roo would not fall. With the dogs barking furiously and people shouting finally the 'roo was felled and the carcass was dragged home for the dogs to feed on. In all her years on the farm Kerry has never seen a 'roo that big!!

Graeme Hedley tells us that his wife understands his poem "I've got another Date Tonight", or Who Knows? Written about their first date. The thoughts of what he will be like, whether he is a good conversationalist or a boor, a good sense of humour of perhaps a little coarse. Then when they both liked what they saw, the news that her family didn't want to hear, was that she was to wed an Englishman. For this man who would never tan she had fallen and it sure wasn't in her plan to meet and wed an Englishman.

Trish Joyce had another one of her own "I Only Wish". The mother of the little boy sitting in the park where other children are playing. With their screams of delight she heard their Mothers often complaining of the noise. But she would only wish that she could hear the cries of her little son as he was death and dumb!! A very powerful story line that comes with a punch.

John Hayes had a double performance with two of his, the first, "Aberdeen Angus Stock for Sale" followed by "Stuart Strays" as beware what you buy and what can happen later. With the first one the cattle are bought, sight unseen. When they arrive they are long horned mangy scrub cattle so don't believe what you are told - inspect before you buy. The second one was also about wild cattle. They have broken through the fences and several lads have volunteered to hunt and the down and ride them out of the scrub. The cattle changed direction and chased them back towards the homestead. So who were the rounded up? Not the cattle it seems.

With "Tumba Bloody Rumba" by John O'Brien, **Dave Smith** with his special hat on presented us with this adjectival poem. The story goes that when two bushmen meet in the bar and are overheard talking about a mate, their language is very colorful when integrated and blended around "bloody". Then the listeners ask about how many kanga-bloody-'roos he went and bloody shot. This news was accepted by the locals who went on drinking but the listener was intrigued by the Tumba-bloody-rumba shootin' kanga bloody-'roos.

With her second performance **Grace Williamson** gave us Henry Lawson's "Scotts of the Riverina". The story of the lad who leaves the family farm after an argument with his father and the father taking his name from out of the family bible. The son enlisted but his father still refused to recognise him. When the lad was killed the family mourned him but again his father never acknowledged the news. As time went on the old man died with his head on the table and inscribed under his hand a name had been re written in the family bible. Forgiveness of a kind.

Barry Higgins had a poem by Anon simply called "An Australian Bush Poem". At the finish of Barry's performance Brian put everyone in the picture about the true author. See Note. This poem tells of the farmer who goes out to check the sheep. Seeing a ewe apparently in trouble in the dam, he takes of his clothing and goes in after her. The ewe however manages to climb out, closely followed by the farmer, This is when the local stock agent, knowing the farmers wife is away comes to visit. He is surprised to see "And on her heels in hot pursuit and wearing not a stitch, The farmer yelling wildly "Come back here, you lousy b**ch!" Moral of the story is to 'spot the hazard asses the risk and always wear your jocks!!

NOTE this poem is one of Peter Blyth's (from Albany) and it has been on the internet and really doing the rounds for some time now. It was put up on the 'net without Peters knowledge. . A way of getting a poem around but not good enough when the real author is not acknowledged!!

Brian Langley then gave us his own "Breakfast Sitting Down" a poem about leading a different lifestyle while at the beach house. No time to sit around eating brekky there—it's fishing time. But, as usual unsuccessful. "Never mind, my dear" says the good wife, "there's never fish this time of year, just think, when you get back to town, you can eat your breakfast sitting down.

Our last performer for the night, **Robert Gunn** had one of Marko Gliori's "Mr Whippy Man". The stinking hot day when the kids want an ice cream from the Mr Whippy van. They come back with not enough change, so he goes out ready to do battle for his extra money. Neighbours join in and money is 'retrieved'. But when he goes back inside he finds the crumpled up \$5 note. From then on whenever he goes into town he is always getting parking tickets. He asks the parking inspector whether this job is a good one and he replies its better than driving a Mr Whippy Van. Revenge is sweet!!

Dot Note after all our messes, cleaning up and putting away this caught my eye "I always know God won't give me more that I can handle but there are times I wish She didn't trust me quite so much!!!!

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☆☆ Upcoming Events ☆☆

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

May	7	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park Short Poetry Comp—see page 5
May	21	Closing Date	Aust National Bush Poetry Champs. Written Verse - see below
May	31	Closing Date	Gold Nugget Written Bush Poetry Comp Gwenda jimgwenda@bigpond.com
		Closing Date	Boree Log Award www.abpa.org.au/Bush_Poetry/entry.html
June	4	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park
June	7	Closing Date	Central Goldfields (Bendigo) Poetr & Short Story Comp. col@mulgabil.net.au
June	18	Closing Date	Australian National Bush Poetry Champ—performance
July	2	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park Preceded at 6.30pm by AGM
July	4	Derby	Bush Poets Brekky— fatesbe@aapt.net.au
Next Year	Feb 17—20		SEE YOU AT BOYUP BROOK

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

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 are going to be in places East in June or July, you could do worse than be at Grenfell (NSW) June 11-14th for the **Henry Lawson Festival** www.grenfell.org.au/henrylawsonfestival.

Or for the BIG one, the **Australian National Bush Poetry Chasmpionships** are on in Bundaberg Qld 9-11 July Closing Date for Written Comp May 21 and for Performance June 18th. www.abpa.org.au/Bush_Poetry/

Do you want to be part of the National Scene — Then you might consider joining the Australian Bush Poets Assn
www.abpa.org.au . Annual membership \$30
Stay up to date with events and competitions right across Australia

**Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed -
Please Contact Vice Pres—Grace**

**Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.com**

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

<p>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</p> <p>Members' Poetic Products</p>	<p>Victoria Brown CD Peter Blyth CDs, books Rusty Christensen CDs Brian Gale CD & books John Hayes CDs & books Tim Heffernan book Brian Langley books & laminated poems Arthur Leggett books, inc autobiography</p>	<p>Keith Lethbridge books Corin Linch books Val Read books Caroline Sambridge book Peg Vickers books “Terry & Jenny” Music CDs</p>
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