



★ Next Muster - May 4th 2007, 7.30pm ★
Mt Pleasant Bowling Club, Bedford Rd, Ardross

May is:

Mothers Day, Mayday

A Mothers day poem— by David Higgins of Sydney in a personalised card to his mother Elaine who lived some 800 km away and whom he saw far less than he would have liked. It was written about 1996

Mother's Day

Whenever you need to talk,
 Whenever you need some cheer;
 Forget me not, my darling,
 For I am always here.

Let not the distance matter,
 For with every passing year;
 Though they find us ever distant,
 My heart is ever near.

But forgetting all else about me,
 In your heart, keep this most clear;
 You were the first girl I ever loved,
 And always will be, Mother dear.

And from "**A Little Irish Mother**" by John O'Brien

There's a Little Irish Mother that a lonely vigil keeps
 In the settler's hut where seldom stranger comes,
 Watching by the home-made cradle where one more Australian
 sleeps

While the breezes whisper weird things to the gums,
 Where the settlers battle gamely, beaten down to rise again,
 And the brave bush wives the toil and silence share,
 Where the nation is a-building in the hearts of splendid men
 There's a Little Irish Mother always there.

There's a Little Irish Mother sleeping softly now at last
 Where the tangled grass is creeping all around;
 And the shades of unsung heroes troop about her from the past
 While the moonlight scatters diamonds on the mound.
 And a good Australian's toiling in the world of busy men
 Where the strife and sordid grinding cramp and kill;
 But his eyes are sometimes misted, and his heart grows brave
 again--
 She's the Little Irish Mother to him still.

So what's "Mayday" all about. - It means different things to different people.

Way back in early times, it was celebrated as Beltane Day, Bel being the Celtic god of the sun. It represented the first planting after the long winter (in the northern hemisphere) and was celebrated with singing dancing and assorted other gavoring which eventually led to its being banned by the Catholic Church. Full explanations on www.geocities.com/CapitolHill/5202/mayday.htm

Mayday is also now considered to be the International Labor Day, which in some countries is celebrated with official marches and political posturing.

It evolved from a workers demonstration on May 1 in 1886 in Haymarket Square in Chicago USA which resulted in riots and several deaths. Here in Australia, like many other countries, it has become the Union movements rallying day.

In 1891 Barcaldine in central Queensland was the centre for the striking shearers during The 'Great Shearers Strike' when they met under the boughs of what later became known as the "Tree of Knowledge". In May 1891, about 3000 striking shearers marched under the 'Eureka' flag to put forward their protests against poor working conditions and low wages.

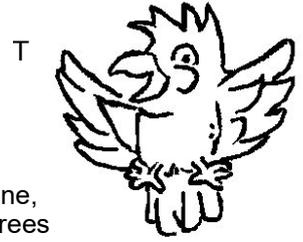
The shearers strikes were broken by the Governments of NSW and Queensland who sided with the business interests and arrested 13 of the leaders who were sentenced to gaol for three years.

Following this the unions and others formed the "Labour Electoral Leagues" which later became the "Labor Party" and then the "Australian Labor Party" (ALP) which is, of course, one of the two major parties in Australia today. The Australian Labor Party is the oldest political party in Australia and one of the oldest in the western world.

Poetically, many poems were written about the events of this time, Henry Lawson being one of the more prolific writers. A considerable number of poems of this era have remained with us but some have lost their socio—political significance, most notable among them being "Waltzing Matilda". Another, "The Shearers Dream" by Henry Lawson, you'll find on page 4

"Mayday" is also the term used on voice radio to signal a life threatening emergency. Its origin is the French word m'aider, meaning "help me." Radio procedure is that it shall be repeated 3 times, "Mayday, Mayday, Mayday" so as to avoid any confusion.

Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"



Wasn't the muster on the 13th. a good show?

I had mentioned in the previous Bully Tin it was GREAT to see new faces at the microphone, the trend continued on the 13th. when there was an even spread of talents of varying degrees including the launch of a well known poet into the heady realms of a career in the crowded ranks of singer/guitarist.

Slim left a huge hole in the ranks of kindred performers, we can all rest easy as help is on the way to fill the void left by the Aussie icon. Those present will be able to tell their great grand children that they were present on the night the performer on the television presented his very first pubic performance at the Mount Pleasant Bowling Club. With apologies to ' Banjo' -- well done Rod, keep practising. Don't give up whatever passes as your other job.

Two months to go before the AGM. At the risk of disappointing aspirants for the treasurer's job, I am pleased to inform that Phyllis Tobin put her hand up for it, she was accepted with alacrity. Phillis has served on the committee before so is no stranger to the vagarys of the exalted position, it can be fun. Any more takers ?

Looks as though we are getting a handle on the State Champ's, the long weekend in late September is the preferred date at the moment, part of the thinking is it will give our country compatriots the opportunity to compete around about show time. There is also a suggestion to bring one of the popular poets from the east coast over for a tour of shows to be arranged, about that time there are a couple of opportunities to display our wares and talent so, watch this space.

Should you have any primary or high school age young people in your family, eg. grandies or whatever, with a flair for writing or performing rhyming verse and they live in the City of Melville, wise them up to the fact we are going outside the school system to secure starters for a junior comp. There will be worthwhile cash prizes for winning works of a good standard, the judges reserve the right to expect a reasonable level of competency.

That's it for now folks, you can bring your mates [and their mates] to the musters, they are the best and cheapest entertainment in Perth, the numbers are increasing all the time as is the variety and standard of the performances. It was good to see [and hear] our mate Cobber at the last one - see you at the next one.

Rusty C. The Boss Cocky.

Boyup Brook Country Music Festival — Bush Poets Breakfast, Feb 18th 2007

Wrap up by WABP&YS member **Bill Gordon** of Boyup Brook

First of, a BIG apology for the lateness of this wrap up — It was submitted on time by Bill but it somehow got lost inside my computer. But , better late than not at all— Ed.

"That's got to be the biggest campfire I've ever sat around". So said Corin Linch after reciting to 1200 people at the recent Bush Poet's Breakfast at Boyup Brook.

The crowd was treated to three hours of top quality poetry and yarn spinning by several of the best performers in the state.

A regular on early morning ABC radio, Corin entertained the crowd with some excellent poems of his years working on cattle stations in the Kimberly and Pilbara, as well as some of his more serious works reflecting on man's priorities in life.

Peter Capp had the audience in stitches with his unique yarn spinning in which he can somehow manage to lead up several blind alleys, digress, change the subject, and then incredibly bring it all together with such brilliant humour.

Keith Lethbridge gave us a selection of his best including "The Legend of Mother McQ" and "Old Mate" which won the written competition at the 2004 Australian Bush Poetry Championships. It was a privilege to hear Keith recite.

Regulars to the event who also took part were Bob Fraser, Ron Evans, Leigh Matthews, Brian Gale, Peter Blyth, Arthur Leggett, Bill Gordon and Les Cheetham who, at 91, can still match it with the best.

In all, bush poets had four separate events over the festival, as well as having a part in two more in conjunction with country music artists. A big thank you to all the abovementioned poets, also Grace Williamson and Kym Crosby. Kym is a farmer from Broomhill who is writing some excellent poetry.

It has given me a huge amount of satisfaction to co-ordinate the bush poetry for the festival, and I feel privileged to have been able to perform alongside such talented poets.

HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS?

Please tell us ASAP if you have changed your address so that we can make sure your BULLY TIN gets to you on time

Walking Different Tracks

Sylvia Rowell's request for Readers Digests for hospitals resulted in some coming to lite with some promised next month - well done members, but keep 'em coming.

Remember, The 2007 Perth Poetry Festival will be held between Oct 13—21. WABP will have a dedicated evening spot, but that doesn't stop members (or any other poets) doing your thing at the various events. Contact Brian Langley a bit closer to the event (or Join WAPI and get your own newsletter) This is also Celebrate WA Week and many events will be on, If you are organising a Celebrate WA event, please get in touch with the organisers so that you can be included in their advertising. Deadline is in August.

My little thankyou-

I was deeply moved at the April Muster by the response to my fund raiser to send a teacher and students from the Armadale Christian College to Japan. This teacher has had some major blows in her life and is deserving of this opportunity. I took 11 copies of my little booklet to sell for \$3.00 each and I came home with \$74.00. You don't need to be a mathematical genius to see how generous everyone was. I was overwhelmed. What can I say but THANK YOU!
Kerry Lee

Wrap up of the Dardanup Tavern Bush Poets Day, March 25th 2007

Unfortunately the promotional material for this event came too late to be included in the Bully Tin but it is certainly a day worth noting in the WABP&YS calendar for next year.

Rod and I attended last year out of curiosity and were well rewarded for our efforts. We didn't feel inclined to enter the competition but entertained in the gaps. This year we were invited back and once again had a brilliant afternoon. What is this day all about???

It is a Bush Poetry competition hosted by the Dardanup Tavern to support the Val Lishman Health Research Foundation Inc and is backed by the ABC, with Genine Unsworth from the ABC as MC.

There are a variety of categories to enter from school students to open, recitation and original, poem or song. The categories seemed to merge at times and the rules definitely flex but some how, from all this, the judges consistently select appropriate winners. The overall winner receives "The Tin Billy" trophy. This year there were two trophies to present as the original had gone AWOL for a lengthy period of time before reappearing at the last moment.

One entrant was also absent so I was asked to read his poems. He won a bottle of wine for each from which I saluted his talents as I consumed them at a later date. I was assured if he chose to emerge he would also receive some wine.

The atmosphere is low key and the emphasis is on FUN, making this a great competition for beginners and novices. David Sears & Grace and Wally Williamson entered and did themselves proud. I was particularly proud of Grace when she felt inclined to drop one of her poems and perform another when I spruiked it earlier in the day.

Apart from the competition there is wine tasting from the Ferguson Valley Wine Region, raffles, light meals and a wine auction. The event is held in the green and leafy backyard of the Dardanup Tavern.

This is a terrific day which, I feel, would benefit from the presence of members of the WABP&YS. Maybe next year we might be able to fill the Diggers Camp bus for a great day out!

Kerry Lee

Mothers Day is celebrated on 25 different days throughout the year, depending on which country you happen to be in. We in Australia share the second Sunday in May with 54 other countries including New Zealand, Canada and USA, but not the UK where it is 3 weeks before Easter

Poor Education has again been in the news—but is it really a problem? — There are ways around a lack of education

When the Police Force Couldn't Spell by Jack Moses

Years ago when our land was new
Scholars then were very few
A poor old cabbie's horse dropped dead
In Castlereagh Street it was said.

Policeman '9' was standing by
And saw the niddy fall and die.
'On this I must at once report -
Can I spell Castlereagh?' he thought.

God bless the force!, They're never beat
He dragged the horse into King Street

State Championships are planned for the 29 / 30 of Sept

Please pass this information on to any writers and performers you know who are not members of the WABP&YS, Championship entries are open to ALL Bush Poets, irrespective of any affiliations.
Details shortly

SCHOOL AGE CHILDREN LIVING IN MELVILLE

See "Boss Cocky Droppings " for details of Bush Poetry Competition.

Entry forms shortly from Schools Co-ordinator Grace or download from website

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.com

This page is devoted to poetry about rain (or the lack of it)

Isn't it great, at last some rain but we certainly need a lot more. And so each day we get up and look in our rain gauge to see what's happened through the night. Here a poem about this activity by past member **Geoff Bebb**.

The Rain Gauge Man

I keep a brand new rain gauge on the wall in my front yard
And every day I read the gauge - It isn't very hard.
At 6am, midst rain or snow, I'm out there, come what may,
To read my gauge in "Bureau Style," the same time every day.

You don't become a rain gauge man by accident or stealth.
You have to ring the Bureau up and nominate yourself.
You must attend a seminar, to learn to read the gauge
Recorded quite precisely on a neatly ruled-up page.

"Consistency, that's what we want", the Bureau Teacher said,
And said it oh so forcefully, it stuck inside my head.
"The same time every day", he said. "It's set in concrete hard,
At 6am you have to read, the rain gauge in your yard."

And so I did, I read my gauge; I read it good and right;
At 6am on winter days, before it's even light.
In summer time when gale-force winds near blow the gauge away;
In autumn fall or springtime haze, the same time every day.

I've gained a reputation with the Bureau, so they say.
They know that they'll receive my stats, the same time every day.
They've come to place reliance, on consistency from Bebb.
I've even got a special place, at *their* Site on the Web.

That's why I'm here to tell you why I'm so depressed today.
I feel I've let the Bureau down in quite a callous way
At five to six, when I awoke, ahead of my alarm,
My Partner reached across the bed and took me by the arm.

"just wait a little longer dear," she said with loving smile,
"The gauge can wait, I guarantee, you'll be there in a while."
And so beguiled, I dallied there, and now I pray to Heaven
That the Bureau will forgive me - for I read the gauge at seven!



There are holes in the sky where the rain comes in
The holes are small, so the rain is thin
(Spike Milligan)

And why are environmentalists mocked?
Perhaps it's the reason the holes are blocked
(Brian Langley)

New NATIONAL Bush Poetry Champions

The 2007 National Bush Poetry Championships
were held at Dunedoo, NSW in March

The new National Champions are:

Performance - Men	Terry Regan
Performance - Women	Carol Heuchan
Written	Max Merckenschlager

Full details shortly on our website

The following poem, written by Queensland grazier Richard Magoffin in about 1970 is probably truer now than it was then.

From...The Sunset on the Lives We Live

Will you join my watch as I wait tonight,
As the sun goes down in her crimson might,
It's the light of a life that is setting here
And I wait for the cry of the auctioneer.

As the last hours run of the fourteenth drought
It's another year lost and another year out
Oh, where are the seasons we used to know
And where is the storm—bird, where did he go?

Remember the days of the old man wet,
They're a long while gone but remember them yet
Though a memory fades as the years move on,
We remember those good years; where have they gone?

No more we'll ride through the pea bush flats,
Through the ewes and the lambs and the browsing flats,
With the grass beneath and our lives before,
And where are the smiles and the grins we wore?

We are fed to the teeth of the slow decline
In the land that we loved that was yours and mine
We would stay and strive and we'd fight some more
But what are we striving and fighting for

For a slab of dirt on a windswept plain
That will keep us broke till we go insane.
For a way of life that is dying out.
For the deadly scourge of another drought.

We have seen them go in the fourteen years;
The ringers, cooks and the overseers;
We have seen the last of the droving days,
And what is there left for the man who stays?

Now the song of the bush is a dying song,
And we sing alone and we drift along.
Where we rode four wide in the days gone by
Now we drive alone and we reason why.

We must leave this country and bid adieu
To the land of our fathers - their fathers too;
For a man cant live from a barren earth,
And what is the love of a waste land worth.

There's a time to reap and a time to sow
There's a time to stay and a time to go.
So I'm selling the home and the life I've led
'Cause the good old days of the bush are dead

Oh, where are the emu and kangaroo,
Have they left the plains for the ranges too?
They have gone with the horses we used to ride
And we'll follow them soon o'er the Great Divide.

As the last hours run of the fourteenth drought
Of another year lost and another year out
I'm looking forward to the fifteenth year
And I'll welcome the cry of the auctioneer

April Muster Wrap-up - by Dot

Because of Easter being on the first Friday, the April muster was held one week later. John Hayes was the MC and he reminded us that tonight was Black Friday. There didn't seem to be a lot of bad luck floating around except that some poets monetarily forgot their lines and had to use their cheat sheets. Best wishes to Edna recovering from surgery and a BIG THANK YOU to the ladies that stepped in to cover her absence.

There were lots of new faces, and we welcome them to what we hope will become a set date on their calendars.

Rusty Christensen was the first presenter with "The Strapper" by that very versatile poet, Anon. This is about the blokes that do all the hard stuff, working a 12 hour stretch, getting a racehorse ready for the big day when the owners, dressed in their fancy suits forget the man who put the polish on their horses. The modest fellow with the sweat rag.

With his own "Me Mate Neil Dunstan" **Rod Lee** paid tribute to a man who had mustered sheep, broke horses and dogs and when the conscription call came up went and did his job and didn't challenge the right of it at all. When on a golden shore he followed a pair of sparkling eyes his days were then spent still being a bushy. This man taught Rod the things that a father should teach to all.

Category winner at Dardanup, **Grace Williamson** then presented "The Glass on the Bar" by Henry Lawson. There were three drinking mates but sadly one of them had died. When the Landlord pulled the three beers they left the extra one for Harry. As the reminiscences about their mate grew in the telling the glass is always kept full and Harry's name is now engraved on it.

Welcome to a new presenter, **Wally Williamson** who has listened to Grace for a number of years has now decided that he would be a performer too! "The Goanna" by G M Smith tells how a stockman, riding up round Castlereigh way comes across a black goanna. When the stock whips came down the goanna made a headlong bolt up the horses leg. When the colt went ranting mad, the more he bucked the more the goanna hung on like sticking plaster. Finally all the saddlery went flying and the goanna was fairly squashed.

Rosa Cadenza presented two poems by an original member Beryle Hobson, the first "Fools Gold" was about the search for gold at Kalgoorlie that would make him rich. After loading up the truck with the gear and metal detectors but leaving space for the loot they set out on their buried treasure hunt. But with a painful set of blisters on feet and shoulders after walking for miles, the metal detector bounced up and hit him and he lost his priceless gold filling. Bingo seems a better way to make a killing.

The "Execution" of a Fiddlewood tree that over the seasons had grown so tall. Do trees get lonely was the question as to why it grew so big; was it to get closer to the power pole. When the tree falls do only humans cry, so if we gather up the seeds, with blessings from the sun and rain they can grow within a forest.

A joke that **Brian Langley** had shared with us previously about Steve Irwin's demise had him turning the story into a poem, with God asking him to help with the world's environmental crisis and letting him choose someone to help him. After thinking for a while he asked for a 'croc' but God being hard of hearing granted him a 'Brock'. With Anzac day soon, Brian's second one, a short poem titled "Glory" was about heroes whose pictures line the family home going off to war, not questioning their leaders and not realising that "Glory's just another word for dead". He followed this with three single verse poems giving a child's view of getting older, they were entitled, Gravity, Grandma's Teeth and The Hearing Aid.

Sylvia Rowell followed with her own poem "Why we Remember", another story about what Anzac Day is for. The poem tells of a war veteran reminding the kids of today what Anzac Day represents. While the bombing over Germany may be hard for them to understand, the fact that half of the lads he served with were dead, perhaps the kids can sense what we went through.

Kerry Lee's poem "Shooting for the Moon" by Henry Lawson needed to have some of the words explained. 'Shooting for the moon' refers to knicking off without paying (at times when there is no moon). When a fellow who had no cash went to leave the hotel, his room mate asked to go along too. So they lowered their portmanteaus (cases/bags/swags) on a rope and as they were sneaking out a shadow approached them. The Landlord had seen them coming down. When they thought they were in for a fight the Landlord told them that they didn't have to leave like this and he gave them a drink and something to eat and they could keep the matches for their nail rod (tobacco).

Caroline Sambridge's story "Eat your Heart out" about Sammy the snails adventures. He liked Heavy Metal music and dined on Wheat Bix and peanut paste but he had money problems with a huge phone bill. Sammy thought he would go fossicking and as he explored he came across a mound of snail pellets only to discover he was in big trouble.

The final rendition before interval was The "Flying Dogma" by **Keith Lethbridge** which had us enthralled with the antics of this bush preacher preaching the gospel to the heathens in those out of the way places. The preacher bought his message to the people in his Cessna plane and when Keith asked him for a lift the preacher said he would save his soul. Denying that he could be converted Keith went along for the ride. The preacher was hard of hearing and with his vision blurred he took that plane on a journey no one would enjoy. With loops, cartwheels and spins the plane flew upside down as if the devil was after them. The preacher all of sudden gave a sigh and

Keith had to take over control of the plane. As he wrestled with the controls and got close to landing it he promised that he would be in church every Sunday. Just in time the preacher awoke and landed the plane and with a sinking feeling Keith realised that he had been conned.

Supper went very well with the stand in Ladies doing an excellent job.

Loralie Tacoma did the Reading from the Classics this month, although it was a modern classic by Carmel Randle, one of Queensland's most decorated Australian Bush Poet. Titled "Its our Turn" it is a slightly tongue in cheek attack on persisting with the old poets. They have had their day during their time of building our nation and it is now up to this generation of poets to tell of building a better land with all its mechanisation and changing attitudes and to celebrate with their words, our lives as we live together in this modern time.

John Hayes returned to the microphone with his own "Longing for my Homeland". When you have been away and listened to the tongues of many different peoples you start to want to hear the sounds of home. The Magpies chorus with the breakers crashing and to follow the footsteps across the ancient land. "No more will my thoughts wander as I watch the yellow moon rising beneath the Southern Cross."

For her second performance **Grace Williamson** gave us Val Reads' "What Grandad had to say". We don't listen to what the old folks say and we don't pay attention to the stories they tell. Grandad has a thousand stories to tell and if we don't listen we will loose all our history, our heritage will be lost and we will have paid a dreadful cost.

"Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels" by Sapper Bert Beroz was **Rusty Christensen's** choice for remembering our unsung heroes during the campaign in New Guinea. A prayer to keep a son alive as the tattooed native people carried the wounded through the Owen Stanley ranges. With leaves used to keep our soldiers dry Christ was seen as a black impromptu Angel.

A story followed from **Brian Langley** about his "inaffinity" with animals. It told of many episodes in his life from childhood to today where his encounters with various animals had him always coming off second best. Be it dogs, cats, horses, emus, crocodiles, bees, bull ants or cockatoos, he seemed to be always on the receiving end of their more dangerous behaviours.

On the other hand **Kerry Lee's** affinity with horses is well known as she presented Will Ogilvie's "Pack Horse" which pays tribute to the horse that carries the pots and pans. As the team travels further the hardship is forgotten as the gold is loaded on the only horse left. As the packhorse struggles to keep going on the way back home one of the stockman want to shoot him. The other stockman comes to his rescue and a fight ensues. When only the horse and the stockman who saved him manage to come back home the memories of what had happened will be their secret.

"The Talking Dog" by **Keith Lethbridge** then had us believing in this amazing creature. This dog was the star of many a show so the Publican thought to test him with the sweet classical music of Chopin's Polonaise. When the dog said 'Bark' the Barman threw them out for being frauds. The dog told him that he could identify Handel and Mozart and that he rarely got them wrong but this time he could have sworn the music was from "Bach".

Rod Lee was going to sing and play the guitar but to settle his nerves he did Colleen McLachlan's "Redundant" first. It told of the old man, who, as the years roll by, cannot ride as he used to, so perhaps he will leave his saddle and call up his dog and wander off into the sunset.

With a lot of help? from the sound man and some experimenting with sound levels and re-arranging of the furniture Rod told us he was very nervous with his FIRST public performance of his playing the guitar.

With his choice of songs being Banjo Paterson's "The Man from Ironbark" set to a tune that fits about 30 other bush poems, Rod launched his singing and strumming career. With some very creative chord work and searching for the notes that went missing along with the occasional 4/4 beat becoming 3/4, it was a performance well done. With two fingers dislocated only a few days ago the musicality was exceptional as he worked with alternative fingering.

As a tribute to John Hayes' 70th Birthday **Rosa Cadenza** read a poem she had written for the occasion.

Rusty closed the evening with Duncan Butler's "Mates". These are the mates who will stand by you through misery and hate. Slithering and sliding through the mud. When they lost a mate it made them sad, but we will remember our mates of ANZAC.

DotNote on earlier times:

Cut you did with a pocketknife
Paste you did with glue
A web was a spider's home
And a virus was the flu

For next Muster — Continue the Trend
Don't come alone, Please bring a friend

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2006—2007

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Think about becoming a committee person , all positions are up for grabs in July —
Nomination forms will be included with next month's Bully Tin

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

May	4	WABP&YS Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club
June	1	WABP&YS Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club
	4-11	ADELAIDE?	SA STATE Champs 08 8382 1504 radio@chariot.net.au
	9-11	GULGONG NSW	Henry Lawson Festival (Written closed) henrylawsongulgong@yahoo.com.au SSAE Henry Lawson Literary Award PO Box 235 Gulgong NSW 2852
	9-11	BEAUDESERT QLD	QLD STATE Championships 07 5541 2662 pamelafax@bigpond.com Written Closes May 10, Performance May 31
July	1	DERBY, WA	Bush Poets Brekky robowco@optusnet.com.au
	6	WABP&YS Muster & AGM	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club AGM starts 6.30pm
	13-15	BUNDABERG QLD	BUNDY B.P. Muster Bush Lantern Written Comp Closes Jun 1 07 4151 4631 lees@interweorx.com.au Performance entries close June 23 SSAE Poetry Coordinator PO Box 4281, Bundaberg 4670
	27	IPSWICH QLD	Closing Date Poetry Feast Written Comp 07 3810 6761 library.ipswich.qld.gov.au/poetryfeast/index.htm
	28-29	Mt KEMBLA NSW	Mining / Heritage Festival SSAE 9 Araluen Ave, Mt Kembla Village 2526 02 4271 3737 www.mtkembla.org.au kemblamh@tpg.com.au
	30	NARRABRI NSW	Closing Date Nandewar Written Comp SSAE PO Box 55 Narrabri 2390
	31		Closing Date Dusty Swag Written Comp SSAE MHR 7 Vickery St, Alexandra 3714 www.dustyswag.zoomshare.com
Aug	3	WABP&YS Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club
	4-6	? QLD	Far North B.P Festival Written & Performance 07 4159 1868 www.msc.qld.gov.au/content/view/451/2/
	11	BRISBANE QLD	Ekka B.P. Comp 07 3268 3624 trisha.spencer@bigpond.com
	17-19	PETRIE QLD	Camp Oven BP Festival SSAE Sec. North Pine Bush Poets, PO Box 701 Morningside Qld 4170 Written Closes July 9, Performance Closes Aug 3
	21-26	GYMPIE QLD	Gympie Muster Marco Giori, PO Box 999 Warwick Qld 4370 07 4661 4024 giori@in.com
Sept	7	WABP&YS Muster—Traditional Night	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club
	26-30	WINTON QLD	Waltzing Matilda Festival & Bronze Swagman Award SSAE PO Box 120 Winton 4735 07 4657 1296 Written Entries Closed
	29-30	MELVILLE WA	WA STATE Champs details shortly
Oct	5	WABP&YS Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club
	14-21	PERTH & other locations	WA POETRY WEEK & Celebrate WA - various events—details later

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	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	inc autobiography
	Rusty Christensen	CDs	Keith Lethbridge books
Members' Poetic Products	John Hayes	CDs & books	Corin Linch books
	Tim Heffernan	book	Val Read books
	Brian Langley	book & laminated poems	
	Rod & Kerry Lee	CDs	
	Arthur Leggett	books,	
Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The Editor "Bully Tin" 86 Hillview Tce, St. James 6102	Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners 8 Fionn Crt Ardross 6153	Address all other correspondence to The Secretary WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Unit 4 - 37 Bawdan St, Willagee, 6156	