

# THE

September 2006

WA Bush Poets

# BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - Sept 1st 2006, 7.30pm ★  
Mt Pleasant Bowling Club, Bedford Rd, Ardross



September is:

## Traditional Muster Night

We'd like to see as many of the "Classics" Performers as possible come along to make it a full and enjoyable evening where we concentrate on the well loved poems of the past.

it's also **National Poetry Month**  
and **Fathers Day**

### A TRIBUTE TO MY FATHER

To you he's just the sort of man you'd see around the place,  
An ordinary working bloke with lines upon his face.  
To me he is a hero for the years of toil he's done,  
The love, concern and kindness he still gives to ev'ryone.

He's old now, and he's weary, and his thinning hair is grey.  
He suffers from arthritis as he shuffles 'long his way.  
It's sad to see his sadness now he's living all alone  
To watch him slowly fading till he's almost skin and bone.

He still grieves for my mother who is always on his mind,  
A very special lady who was always warm and kind.  
For sixty years she'd shared his life, had known no other love,  
And he was devastated when she went to God above.

To me he hasn't changed at all; I see him tall and proud,  
The sort of bloke who's stature makes him stand out in a crowd.  
As honest as the day is long, as decent as you'll find,  
A man who worked from dawn till dusk, and didn't seem to mind.

But when he had some time to spare, he'd spend it all with me,  
We'd play games in the nearby park till Mum called us for tea.  
He'd give a whoop and grab my hand and race me to the house,  
Where Mother had a tasty stew that tasted really 'grouse'.

And often when I'd gone to bed, he'd cuddle Mum a bit,  
I'd hear her laughter ringing out, as she told him to 'git'.  
And then they'd turn the wireless on, and dance around the room,  
Though there were times when life was hard, we never suffered gloom.

Don't Forget our website, it's  
[www.wabushpoets.com](http://www.wabushpoets.com)

I'd watch my mother's worried face when household bills came in,  
She'd count up all the pennies that she'd hidden in a tin.  
But Dad would get the money, he would take on work at night,  
And so she'd pay the mounting debts and we would be alright.

Life truly was a struggle, but it never got Dad down,  
His courage and his laughter soon deleted Mother's frown.  
And even when their youth had flown, their love was fresh and new,  
There didn't seem to be a thing my father couldn't do.

He finds a lot of comfort now to sit and reminisce,  
To talk of Mother's golden hair, relive her loving kiss.  
To see me as a boy again, to recall bygone years,  
Remembering the happy times, and mourning troubled tears.

We sit out on the patio and share a glass of beer,  
We chat about the life we've led and all that we hold dear.  
Again I'm on the cricket pitch, he's sending down the ball,  
"You're out!" he yells, then does a jig. To me he's ten foot tall.

I wish that ev'ry child who's born could have a Dad like mine,  
A man who's done his duty well; and always toed the line.  
Who's lived his life by simple rules and never broken one,  
His motto: 'Do the best you can, and you'll be right my son'.

On Father's Day it's ritual to feast on fish and chips,  
He plays his country music tunes, and into dreams he slips.  
I leave him dozing on the porch, and kiss him 'foe I go,  
He's always been, will always be, the finest man I know

© V.P. (Val) Read 4/8/2006

HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS?

Please tell us so that we can make sure your  
BULLY TIN gets to you on time

# *Droppings from “The Boss Cocky”*



The transition from the Como Camp to the Mount Pleasant Pasture on Friday Aug.4 went almost without a hitch, a few little house keeping hiccups to rectify, I am sure we will have a pleasant [no pun intended] place to gather in to listen to and practise our recitations. Tell your friends of the change, we don't want them missing out. If any of them went to Como would you 'please explain'.

In the spirit of the 'new order', what a great job Brian Langley and his very capable scribe and assistant Dot did with the new look Bully Tin. On behalf of all members, a big THANK YOU Dot and Brian for a job well done.

PP. Loralie T. who was at a foodies fair in Margaret River over the weekend, expressed her appreciation to the team by a well worded e-mail.

The committee decided to not conduct a state championship this calendar year, it will be considered again next year. In fact there is a case to be made for holding them on a bi annual basis. Meanwhile, we have been given a grant of \$2000 by the Melville City Council for a written comp.of Australian Rhyming Verse aka Bush Poetry for juniors and seniors living within the City of Melville.

Over the years, the Council have been most co-operative with us and take pride in the fact that we were formed in Melville and until the Raffles was decommissioned we were the flavour of the month, Mayor Jackson is coming to the muster next month if possible, to present the cheque for the aforementioned grant, she is most pleased that we have come back to Melville.

most pleased that we have come back to Meriville.  
On matters council, as was mentioned at the muster, they are keen for us to leave our spiritual home [Wireless Hill] on Aus. Day to join in a much bigger event in Bull Creek. It is a matter of rationalising the equipment hired for the naturalization ceremony which we have the use of for our show. Even in this case they don't intend to entirely desert us, they have mentioned a favourable figure to offset any disadvantage we may suffer if they leave us to our own devices. The committee would welcome your thoughts on the matter before or at the next muster when we will take a straw vote on the possible change.

That's your lot for now, keep talking about what we do to your friends, encourage them to get along to the Mt. Pleasant Bowling Club, first Friday in the month, for the best [and cheapest] entertainment in town, and keep the Aussie tradition alive.

The Boss Cocky Rusty Christensen. Ardross. August 2006.



Australia Day

Carrying on from what Rusty has to say above, For 10 years we have had our Australia Day performance at Wireless Hill.

For the past several years, Melville City Council have had 2 events on Australia Day — In the morning, a Breakfast and Citizenship ceremony at John Creaney Reserve in Bull Creek which attracts a large participation and audience, and, at around lunchtime, a Citizenship and Award Ceremony at Wireless Hill. This second event attracts considerably smaller participation than the one at Bull Creek.

In the last few years, we have followed on from this using facilities set up by council for their ceremony

From next year, Melville City Council intend to combine their efforts and only have the morning ceremony at John Creaney Reserve. They would like us to be part of that event.

John Greaney Reserve. They would like us to be part of that event. If we remain at Wireless Hill, we will have reduced Council support.

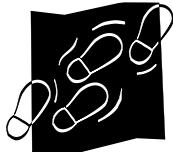
If we remain at Wireless Hill, we will have reduced Council support. As a significant part of our audience are WABP members, we are seeking your thoughts on whether to go to the Bull Creek venue or to remain at Wireless Hill.

We will be asking for a show of hands at the September Muster—Please give it some thought before making your decision.

## Spring Concert

As part of Melville City Council's "Limestone Concert" series, the WABP&YS will be the featured performance on the evening of Sunday, Nov. 5.

These concerts are held at The Limestone Theatre, alongside the Melville Council Library, off Davies Rd in Booragoon. from 5.30 to 7.00pm, Hopefully it will be a warm spring evening, so, if you have any friends who can't come to our regular musters, why not bring them along so they too can enjoy an evening of "True Blue" Aussie Culture.



## Walking Different Tracks

**Poetry Week** The first week of September is National Poetry week and in Perth, there are a number of poetry events taking place,. Note that these are poetry in general and include all sorts of genres, both rhyming and free verse. You can get full details from the WA Poetry website, [www.thewordisout.net](http://www.thewordisout.net) but for those who don't have internet access, There are daily readings, performances etc in Forrest Place, ie

Friday 1st	10.30am—1pm—Selected poets	1.15—4pm Open mic' "Readings" WABP interested?
Sat. 2nd	11.30—3.30 selected poets & book launch	3.30—4.30 Bush Poets 4.30—6 pm Visiting Belfast Bards
Mon 3rd —Thurs 6th	12 noon—2pm Lunchtime Reading (inc open Mic' - (WABP poets - Interested??))	

There are also many day and evening events, including workshops on at "The Bakery" Artrage complex, 233 James St Northbridge (Fitzgerald St end)

**Araluen Folk Festival**—Camp Simons, McNess Dve, Rolystone - Friday 29 Sept—Mon 2 Oct (Long Weekend) - 250 tickets only includes the cream of folk performers from WA, interstate and overseas—includes some novelty performances. Bookings and info—phone Rose 9356 6345 e-mail [araluen@araluenfolkfestival.org.au](mailto:araluen@araluenfolkfestival.org.au) Meals and accommodation also available WABP Member Christine Boult is also trying to organise a poets brekky— Anyone interested, see her or phone 9364 8784.

## Wrap-up of the Derby Bush Poets Breakfast

The Derby Bush Poets' Breakfast on July 2 was another "galah" occasion.

About 300 locals & travellers gathered at the swimming pool grounds early on the Sunday morning. A hearty breakfast was served & then the show got under way.

About a dozen bush poets entertained the crowd & the performances were generally of a high & even standard. It was obvious that a lot of hard work & preparation had been done. Unfortunately I've got a terrible memory for names, but I can tell you that Dags, the MC, has now got his trade down to an art. He kept the show running smoothly, with a minimum of wasted time & his usual good humour.

Geoff Hendrik was in fine form, encouraging a bit of audience participation which broke the ice nicely.

Barry Haase earned a few votes with Banjo's "Man From Snowy River" & Cobber's "Terrible Tale Of Old Jim Dale".

Ivan Bridge, from Halls Creek, is developing into an excellent Kimberley Yarn-spinner. He blends in historical detail with humour, legend & possible exaggeration. Music was kept to a minimum, but the singer & guitar player who performed a couple of songs adapted from Henry Lawson rhymes was a highlight. He did an excellent job. Wish I could remember his name !

Another little gem was the whip-cracker, Michael Smith. His contribution didn't take a lot of time but showed great skill & plenty of humour (although the "volunteers" in the front row might have another version). This was the ninth Bush Poets' show at Derby. I've thoroughly enjoyed every one & 2006 was no exception. They seem to get better each year. Congratulations to the hard working Committee that organised the event. Come Hell or high water, I intend to get to number 10.

Yours truly

Cobber



Derby Poets Brekky—All the crew

Fees for 2006-07 are now (**over**)due,  
they remain the same as last year,  
\$15 single, \$20 for a couple

Membership form included in this  
Bully Tin

If you've already paid, Thank you and please ignore this message

### Country Poets

Will you be in the City on a Muster Night and want to be a star performer?? If so, can you let a committee person know in advance so that we can arrange suitable publicity in the Bully Tin

## Poets from the Past

So you reckon you know your poets! - being "Traditional Month" as well as Poetry Month, here's a list of 20 taken from a couple of bush poetry anthologies — how many of them do you recognise? - If you don't know the Poet, perhaps you know these poems. But — how many of the poems can you match to the poets—Answers on page 7

The Poets	The Poems
1 Anon	A A Ballad of Eurika
2 Barcroft Boake	B Bell Birds
3 Caroline Carlton	C How McDougall Topped the Score
4 Victor Daley	D My Country
5 C J Dennis	E Said Hanrahan
6 Edward Dyson	F Since the Country Carried Sheep
7 Ernest Favenc	G Song of Cape Leeuwin
8 Mary Hannay Foott	H Sweeny
9 W T Goode (The Colonel)	I The Bushranger
10 Henry Kendall	J The Castlereagh
11 Adam Lindsay Gordon	K The Drought
12 Edward Harrington	L The Great Australian Adjective
13 P J Hartigan (John O'Brien)	M The Mooth of Life
14 Henry Lawson	N The Old Whim Horse
15 Dorothea MacKellar	O The Pearl Diver
16 Henry "Breaker" Morant	P The Sick Stock Rider
17 William Ogilvie	Q The Song of Australia
18 A B "Banjo" Paterson	R The Wild Colonial Boy
19 Charles Souter (Dr Nil)	S Where the Dead Men Lie
20 Thomas Spencer	T Where the Pelican Builds her Nest

From

## "Pioneers"

There is no word of thanks to hear, no word of praise or gain,  
But we, that must, in sun and dust, tramp on across the plain:  
We know not how the orders come, who bids the bugle blow ...  
But we, that may, track out the way, our comrades soon shall go.

Where age-long in the dank ravine, swamp fed forest grew,  
'Tis we that hack the jungle back, to let the sunlight through;  
Across the desert no man dared, up cliffs where none might win,  
By down and dale we blaze the trail, the highway for our kin.

By beaten roads, the mainguard goes, with banner and with band;  
Yet we, who dare, find everywhere, new work that fits our hand;  
We know not how the orders come.. But hark, the bugles blow  
Across the plain, day breaks again; Pick up the packs and go

Arthur W Jose 1868—1934

I thought we'd get away from the story telling this month and bring you some of the Masters' thoughts on life, the universe and everything. So, our poetic focus this month is "Musings"

## When the Visitors Go

When the house is full, and it holds a score  
And you've known them all for a week or more;  
And the last day comes and they crowd the hall,  
With babies and baskets and rugs and all.

When the time is close, and the train is near,  
And startlingly shrill the whistle you hear,  
When goodbyes are said and handkerchiefs wave  
The house is as dead as a bushman's grave

With a sinking feeling you can't resist  
You go outside and see in the mist  
Through something nearly akin to tears  
The hurrying ghosts of the vanished years

Henry Lawson 1867—1922

## The Old Black Billy an' Me

The sheep are yarded an' I sit  
Beside the fire an' poke at it.  
Far from the booze an' clash o' men,  
Glad, I'm glad I'm back agen  
On the station, wi' me traps  
An' fencin' wqire an' tanks an' taps.  
Back to saltbush plains an' flocks,  
An' old bark hut by the apple box.  
I turn the slipjack, make the tea,  
All's as still as still can be—  
An' the old black billy winks at me

Louis Esson 1879—1943

## Progress

They've builded wooden timber tracks  
And a trolley with screaming brakes  
Noses into the secret bush  
Into the birdless brooding bush  
And the tall old gums it takes

And down in the sunny valley,  
The snorting saw screams slow;  
Oh bush that nursed my people,  
Oh bush that cursed my people,  
That flayed and made my people,  
I weep to watch you go

Frank Wilmot (Furnley Maurice) 1881—1942

# The Old Australian Ways

A.B. "Banjo" Paterson (1864 - 1941)

written on board ship after a visit to England



The London lights are far abeam  
Behind a bank of cloud,  
Along the shore the gaslights gleam,  
The gale\* is piping loud;  
And down the Channel, groping blind,  
We drive her through the haze  
Towards the land we left behind -  
The good old land of 'never mind',  
And old Australian ways.

The narrow ways of English folk  
Are not for such as we;  
They bear the long-accustomed yoke  
Of staid conservancy:  
But all our roads are new and strange,  
And through our blood there runs  
The vagabonding love of change  
That drove us westward of the range  
And westward of the suns.

The city folk go to and fro  
Behind a prison's bars,  
They never feel the breezes blow  
And never see the stars;  
They never hear in blossomed trees  
The music low and sweet  
Of wild birds making melodies,  
Nor catch the little laughing breeze  
That whispers in the wheat.

Our fathers came of roving stock  
That could not fixed abide:  
And we have followed field and flock  
Since e'er we learnt to ride;  
By miner's camp and shearing shed,  
In land of heat and drought,  
We followed where our fortunes led,  
With fortune always on ahead  
And always further out.

The wind is in the barley-grass,  
The wattles are in bloom;  
The breezes greet us as they pass  
With honey-sweet perfume;  
The parakeets go screaming by  
With flash of golden wing,  
And from the swamp the wild-ducks cry  
Their long-drawn note of revelry,  
Rejoicing at the Spring.

So throw the weary pen aside  
And let the papers rest,  
For we must saddle up and ride  
Towards the blue hill's breast;  
And we must travel far and fast  
Across their rugged maze,  
To find the Spring of Youth at last,  
And call back from the buried past  
The old Australian ways.

When Clancy took the drover's track  
In years of long ago,  
He drifted to the outer back  
Beyond the Overflow;  
By rolling plain and rocky shelf,  
With stockwhip in his hand,  
He reached at last, oh lucky elf,  
The Town of Come-and-help-yourself  
In Rough-and-ready Land.

And if it be that you would know  
The tracks he used to ride,  
Then you must saddle up and go  
Beyond the Queensland side -  
Beyond the reach of rule or law,  
To ride the long day through,  
In Nature's homestead - filled with awe  
You then might see what Clancy saw  
And know what Clancy knew.

## Poet's Profile

Each month we hope to bring you a brief look at one of our performing poets and or writers. As an opening, it would be unthinkable to go anywhere other than our most senior poetic member, the one and only (Big Fanfare of Heraldic Trumpets here) **Arthur Leggett**. Rather than a potted history, here's an interview with Arthur , the interviewer—none other than Arthur himself

...oooOOOooo...

Arthur Leggett has been writing and reciting poetry for as long as he can remember. (No pun intended). Poems extolling the merits of Bert Hinkler and Kingsford -Smith, written at the age of eight years, were greeted with approbation by his parents whilst poems extolling the merits of the girl who lived across the street were condemned by both sets of parents.



Whilst attending high school he met a school-teacher who revealed the magic of the English Language and, in amongst the mystique, there were poems by Paterson, Lawson, Ogilvie and a host of others who widened the horizon of a city kid and encouraged him to look beyond the end of the tramlines; also to put the thoughts and scenery into words so that they 'flowed with rhyme and rhythm' as Rusty is wont to say.

"And that just about sums it up", says Arthur, "I've been trying to do that ever since with the usual amount of success coupled with an equal amount of failure. The important thing is to enjoy your successes and not to let your failures get you down because the world will still be revolving to-morrow. We have many excellent poets in Perth, and within our Bush Poets Association, so share your talents with them and enjoy the magic of putting your thoughts and impressions into words. It is a bit like learning to paint:- Your skills develops with your practice but if you are too scared to practice your won't develop skill."

Most of Arthur's activities and attitudes have been revealed in his recently presented autobiography but, in keeping with his philosophy of :- "Life is a one-way event and there are no instant replays" you may be interested to learn that, at the tender age of 83 years, he had his kayak carried across to Newcastle to compete in The Commonwealth Masters Games and came home with 5 Gold Medals by utilising a special technique he has developed over the years. He doesn't outclass the competition; he simply outlives it and firmly states:- "As long as I can keep paddling my canoe upon the sea of English Language then I shall keep striving for gold."

## August Muster



Hi everyone and welcome to our new home at the MT Pleasant Bowling Club. We were a little bit disorganised with the tables and chairs and getting everything set up the way we like to have the room for our performers but after an initial pushing and shoving tables and chairs around we were under way with Rusty welcoming us to the new venue..

It is good to be back in Melville Council's area and as they have again offered us some financial help in running our program for schools it will be good politics to be 'seen' in their council area.

With a new PA system, tonight looked like it could be a steep learning curve for everyone, and some of our poets experienced "first night nerves" and resorted to help from 'discreetly held sheets' to help them out on this 'first night'.

With Tom Conway acting as MC it was up to Rusty to lead the way. He started with a traditional Henry Lawson "Sweeney" but unfortunately Sweeney's story got a bit lost in the telling and Rusty then gave us another Lawson, "Wait here 2<sup>nd</sup> class" a story about the classification of passengers (and by inference, people in general) who, due to their circumstances are considered to be less than equal.

Brian Langley then gave us his four very short ditties about crafty things that he had written for an American contest. One of his longer ones had won 2<sup>nd</sup> prize in the competition. He also did a brand newey "Urban Holidays" written after he got his seniors travel card and now he could travel all around the metro area for free on a Sunday, instead of going on an overseas trip that would cost too much.

Trish Joyce didn't even give Tom time to sit down again as she did her own very quick "Positive Proof" which reminded people to choose carefully the background when taking photos.

John Hayes had two of his own poems, which because he is re writing some of his previous works he has had to re-learn them with the corrected grammar etc. His first "Geriatric Gypsies" is of course about he and Anne traveling around spending the kids inheritance, and then "Ernie's Pipe Dream" of bringing the water from the Ord River down to the metropolitan area for our very dry country. Off course we know that those Easterners have far worse water to choose from than we do!

*DotNote - Having seen the amount of water rushing down the Ord why don't the pollies listen???*

Peter (Stinger) Nettleton then set himself up with his new 12 string guitar only bought the day before and first off gave us the story/song of Jonathon Livingstone Budgerigar. This was followed by "Bluey the Shearer" and one that we could all join in "The Wild Colonial Boy"

Syd Hopkinson had a couple of his short ones "Complications of the English Language" all about twin boys and how to tell them apart, followed by "Pissing the Water"; When Jock added the wife's, kids', grandma's and grandpa's efforts he got a very 'large' medical sample.

Christine Boult gave us her own poem, "Tea towel collection" where the memories of travels were pinned up all around the house. One particular one was very helpful in the bedroom but was better kept hidden and only bought out for special occasions.

Barry Higgins then had a few of Syd's short ones some of them oldies perhaps heard before but worth the laugh.

Margaret Taylor found a poem by Doug McLeod that tickled her imagination; "Sister Stephanie and the Gang". Beware to all those shopkeepers that are rude and uncaring about their customers because you never know how those insulted customers will react.

Those results were sure better than complaining to the Manager as I am inclined to do when confronted by uninterested and rude behind the counter staff.

At the break it was found that we will have to slightly rearrange the tea and coffee area, but Edna and Joan carried on magnificently through those small teething problems.

Our Reading from the Classics was to have been from Trish Yensch but she called in sick and Brian stepped in with a few hours notice. As it was the horses birthday week we tried to find a horse poem that is not usually presented, but with no success. We eventually found a poem by John Drayman (real name— William Head, later changed to William Woods, [Tasmanian politician] ), a fairly unknown poet. Whilst it wasn't about horses it did involve a most important piece of equine equipment, the saddle; so I suppose that was close enough. The poem was "Where Silence Reigns" and everyone was hushed and quiet, "And the creaking of the saddle was the only sound you heard" as the images expressed in the poem were very evocative of the harshness and starkness of our great outback country.

Bob Chambers then had a few of his stories, which always have a twist in the last line. His last one he feels is still covered by the official secrets act and was about an amazing piece of equipment to fool the enemy.

Rosemary Sharland with one of her own, written as if from her little grandson as he choose a present to the Auntie he was yet to meet. "My Measure of Love", I love the idea that you give as a pressie an elastic bandage that can stretch out as far as you can to show how much love there is.

John Hayes own work "Oh Mr. Bell" about his mobile phone and how it saved his life when he and Anne were traveling. Although he felt that Alexander Graham Bell would be truly amazed to see where his invention has gone to with all its other things the modern telephone can do as well as call for a very needed ambulance. John's second poem was helped out with his discreet sheet "Longing for the Quiet Life" and was a reflection on the cities hustle and bustle and full of noise and people rushing everywhere, and where the quiet life away from the fast lane would be the best place to be.

Trish Joyce had another of her own "Just be Careful" advice given to an elderly mother contemplating re marriage and being told that there was not to be an increase in the family's number of children.

Grace Williamson was a reluctant performer as she was currently learning a long poem. With a little help from her discreet sheet she did J W Gordon's "Whalan of Waitin' A While" about a true procrastinator who believes that if left for long enough it will be fixed and he will get around to it sometime.

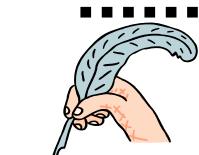
Peter (Stinger) then reshuffled the microphones and gave us the "White v's the Black", followed by Eric Bogle's very poignant "The Band Played Waltzing Matilda". He then finished with the traditional version of Waltzing Matilda. There were quite a few people's feet tapping in time to the music.

Barry and Syd did their double act with both short and longer pieces. With "Ernie the Illiterate Stockman" nearly being the Sanitary Contractor at Cue if he could only read and write. This was followed by Blue the Shearer's "Ouch" a tale that can happen when you visit the amenities and sit on the wrong bucket. Then, lastly a ditty about that flea that became another casualty of the war but survived and came home.

Rusty closed the evening with the news that Barry is moving to Carnarvon. While his regular contributions to our musters will be greatly missed, all of the members wish Leslie and him the best of luck as they tackle those momentous decisions such as whether to have paw paw, mango or banana for breakfast!!! We also look forward to receiving snippets from the Carnarvon Branch of the WABP knowing that with the change of location will come a whole lot of new stories as well as new variations on the well loved tales that he tells.

*Dotnote "Discreet sheet" refers to that very necessary piece of paper or book that is tucked away in a pocket or placed on the podium to help out the poets who have momentary forgetfulness.*

See you next time, Cheers; Dot



### Readers Contributions - Letter to the Editor

A couple of months back, this newsletter featured a letter from Brian Gale regarding our insistence on Australian content. This reply to it was sent in in the following month, but due to changes to Editorship etc has only just reached me.

Dear Editor

It was bound to happen sooner or later, and now that Americanism has raised its ugly head in the sacred precincts of Australian poetry, surely WABP members will become inspired to defend our Australian heritage.

The West Australian Bush Poetry and Yarnspinners Association was formed to 'reflect' AUSTRALIA'S stories and history, not to promote the culture of any other country.

Australia has become inundated with Americanism, and while agreeing with Brian Gale that 'there are many wonderful stories from beyond Australian shores' WABP exists to promote ours. IF WABP 'expands' and allows its poets and yarnspinners to introduce the culture of other countries to its meetings then it is blatantly eroding the reason for its existence. If American poems and yarns are welcomed into WABP then other people with a passionate love of, say, English or Greek literature should be given the same consideration.

If WABP cares about preserving Australian culture, it should not entertain any suggestions about diversifying and allowing other cultures and literature styles to be presented at its meetings.

So, Brian Gale, with the utmost respect for you as a person and a writer, I totally disagree with your suggestion, and urge all WABP members to concentrate on preserving our wonderful Australian culture.

V.P. READ. June 3 2006

### Poets of the Past

1	R	11	P
2	S	12	I
3	Q	13	E
4	A	14	H
5	M	15	D
6	N	16	F
7	G	17	K
8	T	18	O
9	L	19	J
10	B	20	C

### How did you go?

- under 5 I can recommend some good poetry books
- 5-10 Not Bad a bit more reading needed
- 11-15 Pretty Good Time to brush up just a bit
- Over 15 Expert—you should be writing this quiz

Ruminations from Dot "It's hard to be nostalgic when you can't remember anything!"

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

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We still have a couple of vacancies on our committee — we are particularly seeking someone with media or publicity skills - Interested? Contact any committee member

**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

Aug 31	Gippsland Wattle BP Award (Written Verse Closing Date)	Morwell Vic.	SSAE Des Bennett, PO Box 446, Morwell 3840 bjdraper@netspace.net.au
Sep 1	WABP&YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club 7.30pm	
Sep 1—10	WA Poetry Week	Various Mixed Poetry Events	www.thewordisout.net — Have a GO!!!
Sep 2 (Sat)	Bush Poetry on Parade	Forrest Place Perth 3.30—4.30	Part of Poetry Week—see above
Sep 8	Koorda Show—Written Comp— Australian Rhyming Open & Junior	Koorda WA	Fax 9684 4043 www.koorda.wa.gov.au click on Ag show button for booklet & entry form
Sep 10-12	Waltzing Matilda Festival	Winton, Qld	SSAE c/- PO Winton, 4735
Sep 24 (Sun)	Pleasant Sunday Afternoon	Diggers Camp, Oakford	With Rod Kerry & Dave 1—3.30pm 9397 0409
	Perth Royal Show		Performers Not Required this year
Oct 2	Euabalong Written & Performance Comp—Quilters Festival	Euabalong, NSW	J Ingram 02 6896 6604 yenbo@westserv.net.au
Oct 3	Written & Performance Comp	Hampton NSW	Michelle Duff 02 6359 3395
Oct 6	WABP&YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club 7.30pm	
Oct 31	Coastal Writers Written Comp	Mandurah WA	SSAE 13 Rockford St Mandurah 6210
Nov 3	WABP&YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club 7.30pm	
Nov 5 (Sun)	Melville Limestone Concert	Limestone Theatre, Melville 5.30 – 7pm	
Nov 7 (Tues)	Melborne Cup Lunch	Diggers Camp, Oakford 10.30a –3pm	With Rod, Kerry & Rusty—bookings essential 9397 0409
Dec 1	WABP&YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club 7.30pm	
Dec 3 (Sun)	Welcome back "Cobber"	Diggers Camp, Oakford 1—3.30pm	Featuring Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge 9397 0409
Dec 3-4	Written & Performance Comp	Young, NSW	Greg 02 6382 2506

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should be addressed to

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