

The

December 2013

BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



Next Muster December 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park
MC Grace Williamson 9361 4265 grace.wil@bigpond.com



Congratulations to our winners of the overall title of WA Bush Poetry Champion.

From Left to right: Peter Blyth (1st), John Hayes (3rd), Cobber (Keith) Lethbridge (2nd).

Also a huge thank you to the committee and everyone who helped organise this successful poetry championship. Photo: Bill Gordon



TO ALL OUR MEMBERS AND THEIR FAMILIES, THE WA BUSH POET'S AND YARN SPINNERS WISH YOU A VERY SAFE AND FESTIVE HOLIDAY SEASON. MANY OF OUR MEMBERS ARE OFF TO TAMWORTH IN JANUARY, WE WISH THEM LOTS OF LUCK AND SAFE TRAVELS.

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY

Now you've probably noticed at Christmas
There's a fairy on top of the tree,
And you may wonder how she got up there,
Well the answer's quite simple you see.

Father Christmas was not very happy,
He'd been having a cow of a day,
He woke up with a lousy hangover,
And the bells had been pinched off his sleigh.

Well he'd just had his third hip replacement,
Now he had a bad case of the gout,
Then he looked in the mirror and noticed,
That his beard had begun to fall out.

Meanwhile, Rudolph the runny nosed reindeer
Had gone down with a dose of the 'flu',
And he couldn't find Comet and Blitzen,
And the presents were long overdue.

Then his toy sack was riddled with rat holes,
And his left boot was missing the heel,
And his jacket was badly moth eaten,
I mean - how would the poor bugger feel?

Then this fairy walked into his office,
With a problem on her tiny mind,
And she shouldn't have asked the dumb
question,
She was either plain stupid or blind.

But she said, "Pardon me Father Christmas,
Now you're really quite busy I see,
But I need your advice and instructions,
Tell me - what should I do with this tree?"

Well she's sorry she asked him that question,
'Cause old Santa went clean off his nut,
Now she's right at the top of the tree mate,
But her job's just a pain in the butt.

ã P Blyth 2006



This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of KATE DOUST MLC and posted with the generous assistance of Ben Wyatt, MLA - Member for Victoria Park.

President's Preamble, December 2013

A huge thank you to all who were involved in any way with the organization and running of the Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival. Brian and Dot did a colossal job in the engine room, but it also took a huge team effort by many members to make the weekend happen. Scrutineers, timekeepers, messengers are all essential to the running of such an event.

The judges did an excellent job, and put on a great performance of their poetry at the breakfast on Sunday morning. Bill Kearns gave a very informative workshop on judging and endeared himself to everyone with his poetry and with his down to earth nature. It was good to have Rod and Kerry Lee back among our ranks and their expertise and their continued support of WABPYS is very much appreciated.

Congratulations to Peter Blyth on not only retaining the Bush Poetry Championship but Peter also took out the Yarnspinning title. Congratulations as well to Roger Cracknell for winning the Novice section. All sections were keenly contested and the judges were very impressed with the standard of poetry throughout the competition.

Our partnership with Toodyay Festivals Inc, who run the Moondyne Festival in May, worked well. They booked the venues and managed sponsorship and local affairs. Some things will be handled differently in future, but for a first time at Toodyay, our planning paid off. Guess it just goes to prove the six P's, Proper Preparation Prevents P... Poor Performance.

Looking forward to catching up with our Perth members for Port, Pies, and Poetry at our Christmas muster at Bentley Park on 6th December.

Bill Gordon, President.

Christmas Raffle

Everyone loves a raffle, especially at Christmas. We are asking everyone to bring in a small prize, if they are able, to the December Muster for our bumper Christmas raffle.



Congratulations To Brian

A month or so back, The Lorikeet Mental Health Rehabilitation Centre in Leederville ran a short poetry competition in which the topic had to relate to mental health issues. The poetry was confined to 12 lines. - all formats of poetry were acceptable

Well, it's another win for Rhyming Verse, for the winner was none other than WABP&YS Vice President Brian who "cut down" one of his earlier poems from its original 16 lines to the required 12

Here's the revised poem



Mother

'Bout twice each week I see her, she just sits in her chair
She drifts away quite often, most times she's unaware
That I've arrived to see her, but every now and then
She talks of things from long ago, and sadly tells me when
She had a family, she recalls, those many years ago,
A sweet and lovely daughter who died from polio;
The other kid, she hasn't seen, for twenty years or more
He disappeared from her life, she'd like to know what for
She doesn't know her neighbours, she cant recall the date
I don't think that she's eating, she's lost a lot of weight
She asks me what my name is, and why it is I've come
And why I cry and hold her close, and why I call her Mum.



Peter Blyth, winner of both W. A .Bush Poetry Champion and W.A. Yarnspinning Champion at Toodyay, Nov 2013

Photo : Bill Gordon

BILL KEARNS

(The Master of Bull)

Bush Poet

Tel. (02) 6642 2772

Mob. 0429 422 772

bilk@bigpond.com

44 Kent Street

GRAFTON NSW 2460

Poet for rent

Truth often bent

Mr Bill Gordon,
President W A Bush Poets and Yarnspinners Assn.
Re. West Australian Championships held at Toodyay.

I would appreciate it if you pass on to your membership my thanks and my congratulations for an event well run. Whenever an event such as this runs successfully, it is testament to the many, many hours of work that is done behind the scenes both before and during the event, well done.

I was impressed with the standard of the performers and the evenness of the performances. The fact that there were a number of split decisions within the competition demonstrates just how close some of the performances were. This kept the judges on their toes as we were constantly looking for small differences in performance to get a result.

I was particularly heartened with some of the obviously newer performers who, although some of their work was read, showed real promise in their presentations and I would predict that if they choose to go on in the Bush Poetry scene, they will be a serious force to be reckoned with.

I would also like to thank your membership for their hospitality and their kindness to me during the weekend, I had a fantastic time and I thank you also for the official WABP&Y Assn. badge, I will wear it with pride. I understand some of you are planning to travel to Tamworth next year; I look forward to catching up with you. If any of you venture over to my part of Australia in the future and I can assist you in any way, please contact me.

Regards,

Bill Kearns



The Highway Demon

There's a demon on our highways, you
might not know he's there,
But he sneaks right up behind you to
catch you unaware.

He's silent and he's deadly and he
doesn't make a fuss,
Don't ever let him catch you in a car or
truck or bus.

You always must be wary because he is
such a thief,
And if he ever catches you he can
cause so much grief.

You know you'll never see him though
sometimes you sense him near,
Take notice of his warning; it is one
that you should fear.

Ignore him at your peril; don't just
drive on in a trance,
This demon plays for keeps and you
won't get a second chance.

Fatigue is what his name is and it's
your life he can take,
So no matter what your hurry be sure
you have a break.

Bill Gordon 19.10.2013
Toodyay Road Safety Entry

Editor's note:

First, a huge thank you to all the people who have contributed to this edition.

No muster write up this month due to a mix up but hopefully both November's and December's will be in the January issue.

Are you the person who would like to write the December write up for The Bully Tin? If so please ring Meg Gordon on 0404 075 108 and she will explain what is required. Nancy Coe will also be able to assist.

Also, is anyone interested in being the guest editor for February? Contact Christine Boulton 9364 8784.

Thanks for the feedback from you, our members. Have a great Christmas and New Year.
Christine

POETRY COMPETITIONS

MOST ENTRY FORMS AVAILABLE ON THE ABPA WEBSITE NOVEMBER 2013

30th November 2013 Entries close for the 2014 ABPA Blackened Billy Written Verse Competition

Winners announced at West League Club,
West Tamworth on Friday, 24 January 2014.
Contact: janmorris33@bigpond.com
Or send stamped-addressed envelope to
Tamworth Poetry Reading Group,
PO box 3001,
West Tamworth NSW 2340.

JANUARY 2014

10th January CLOSING DATE for the ABPA Golden Dampier Bush Poetry Per- formance Competition

To be held on January 21st - 25th at West
Tamworth League Club, Phillip Street, West
Tamworth

21st January 2014 The 2014 Australian Bush Laureate Awards - Presentation

Golden Gumleaf trophies will be presented in
Tamworth at the Tamworth Town Hall

CLOSING DATE FOR NOMINATIONS 28 October, 2013 for the AUSTRALIAN BUSH LAUREATE AWARDS (ABLA)

January 21st - 25th 2014, ABPA Golden Dampier Bush Poetry Performance Com- petition

To be held at West Tamworth League Club,
Phillip Street, West Tamworth
HEATS: "The Outback Bar" (beginning from
10.30am)

Tuesday 21st, Thursday 23rd & Friday 24th
January 2014

FINALS: "Blazes Auditorium" Saturday 25th
January starting at 8.30am

CLOSING DATE FOR ENTRIES 10th Janu- ary 2014

FEBRUARY 2014

27th February to 2nd March 2014 - Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival

Entry forms will be available from the 2014
Co-ordinator, Eric Beer,
Postal address: "Pine Hill" 299 Forans Lane,
NEILREX, NSW, 2831.

**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**

WAY TO GO



The rooster sat up on his perch and
shook with deadly fright,
He'd tossed and turned and jumped
around and hadn't slept all night,
He'd heard it on the chicken wire that Christ-
mas Day was nigh,
But wasn't really ready for the Chook Yard in
the Sky.

He'd cut down on his chicken feed, in hope he
might get thin,
But knew his days were numbered when the
farmer shut him in,
Now chooks don't live forever, but this rooster
really felt,
Before he went, he'd like a few more notches
on his belt.

His main ambition now was to seduce the little
hen
That strutted round the garden, just to tease
him now and then,
But when he'd got up close to her, that
cheeky little tart,
Tossed back her head, kicked up the dust, and
took off like a dart.

On Christmas Eve, the Farmer came to do the
deed at last,
The rooster knew his time was up unless he
acted fast,
He flapped his wings and flew the coop, out
through the open door,
The farmer fell flat on his butt and cursed and
loudly swore.

Just then the little hen came by, her head up
in the air,
The rooster knew his chance was slim, but
didn't really care,
He thought he'd have at least one final fling
before he died,
And if he didn't make it, well at least he'd
bloody tried.

The farmer chased the rooster, and the roost-
er chased the hen,
The rooster was determined he would not
miss out again,
The little hen took pity, stopped and let him
have his way,
He claimed a new world record - but was
stuffed on Christmas Day.

ã P Blyth 2006





An old man in an overcoat
- the Bush Poetry "Brawl" line

Toodyay's Ghost

Excitement abounded and was felt in the air,
I was at the Toodyay Bush Poetry Fayre.
People had arrived from near and far
With Cobber walking, - but we came by car.
And Elleker Pete in the driving seat
Pulled over for Peg when she said, "Let's eat!"

But what you folk may not know
Was in these hills, long ago
A bushranger named Moondyne Joe
Terrorised the townsfolk so.
The constabulary of the time
Fast moved in to catch Moondyne,
And from such tales is history born.
So, sleep tight tonight, 'cos in early morn
They're still looking for a ghost of note-
An old man in an overcoat.
Mary Heffernan 3-11-2013

(This is Mary's first time as a competitor)

I THOUGHT IT WAS QUITE NAUGHTY

Now I'm really fond of dancing, but I don't
do much romancing, because old age is ad-
vancing at a rate of bloody knots,
And my body needs more nourishment, but
certainly not punishment,
So I don't need encouragement to dodge
the real hot spots,
But I met this little bunny and she really
was a honey,
She was after all my money and she
thought I couldn't tell,
Now I thought it was quite naughty, but
I'm not stuck up and haughty, or some
'blushing under forty', so I thought 'Oh
what the hell!'
Then I wined her and I dined her, now
she's gone where I can't find her, but she
left my dough behind her, 'cause I'm not a
bloody 'dill',
For although that bird was stunning, she'll
soon find when she stops running, that old
age combined with cunning always outdoes
youth and skill.

Peter Blyth. 2013 Poets' Brawl.

WINNER OF THE POET'S BRAWL

They both Look Nice

I used to have two boobs.
I used to have a pair.
But now I have a single
For the other isn't there!

I couldn't leave it hanging
So I found my boob a mate.
It isn't self-supporting
But, by crikey, it is great.

When I stepped up on the scales
I slipped it from my bra.
And I got congratulated -
The best I'd weighed so far!

I've an extra weight allowance
When I travel on a plane.
Mammograms are not a problem...
I now have half the pain!

But the new boob can be wayward.
While swimming in the sea
It swept out of my cossie
And washed away from me.

Kids squealed and shouted "Jelly fish!"
And beat it with a stick.
It would have been a write off
If I hadn't moved real quick.

Now, I love my different boobs
And I say it would suffice
That I couldn't choose a favourite.
For I think they both look nice!

Kerry Lee

**WA Bush Poetry Championships
2013
One Minute Poem Competition**

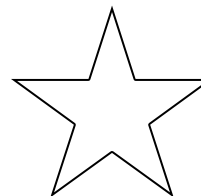


AUSTRALIA DAY AT WIRELESS HILL

The Australia Day poetry is again happening at Wireless Hill. At present we need someone to take responsibility for the co-ordination of this event. Please contact Bill or Terry if you can help. Many of our regular people will be at Tamworth so here is an opportunity to gain some valuable experience and help the club at this major event on our calendar. However, both Terry and Bill we be our points of contact for now. If you are interested in performing, helping out on the day, assisting with set up etc. please contact Terry Piggott: 9458 8887 terrence.piggott@bigpond.com or Bill Gordon: 97651098, 0428 651 098 northlands@wn.com.au. We will let you know what has been organised at the December muster.

WA Bush Poets 2013 Championships

Full List of Results



Novice Original

1 st	Roger Cracknell	Unfortunate Experience
2 nd	Frank Heffernan	Just a Common Cold
3 rd	Robert Gunn	The Goners

Novice "Other"

1 st	Frank Heffernan	Jones' Selection	G. Gibson
2 nd	Robert Gunn	The Ultimate Test	Mick Collis
3 rd	June Eastwood	not stated	

Novice Classics Reader

1 st	Roger Cracknell	Bushfire	Henry Lawson
2 nd	Leslie McAlpine	Scotties Wild Stuff	Stew Francis Brown
3 rd	Frank Heffernan	The Silent Member	C.J. Dennis

Yarnspinning

1 st	Peter Blyth	Flies
2 nd	John Hayes	Sandy Blight Urea
3 rd	Keith Lethbridge	Crocs

Contemporary

1 st	Peter Blyth	The Chair	Graham Henderson
2 nd	John Hayes	From The Lanterns	Richard Magoffin
3 rd	Keith Lethbridge	The Illiterate Stockman	Syd Hopkinson

Traditional

1 st	Peter Blyth	Harry Morant	Will Ogilvie
2 nd	John Hayes	Violets	C.J. Dennis
3 rd	Roger Cracknell	Sweeney	Henry Lawson

Original Humorous

1 st	Keith Lethbridge	Billy Goat Parade
2 nd	Peter Blyth	In the Bush
3 rd	Peg Vickers	The Useless Kelpie Sheepdog

Original Serious

1 st	Keith Lethbridge	Harry's Mate
2 nd	Peter Blyth	The Price of Gold
3 rd	Brian Langley	Not Just the Drover's Horse

Overall

1 st	Peter Blyth
2 nd	Keith Lethbridge
3 rd	John Hayes



Poets Brawl

1 st	Kerry Lee "They Both Look Nice"
2 nd	Peter Blyth

Thank you to Brian Langley for compiling and typing the results

Written

1st

Very Highly Commended

Highly Commended

Commended

Martin Pattie Qld "The Dying"

David Campbell, Vic "A Last Goodbye"

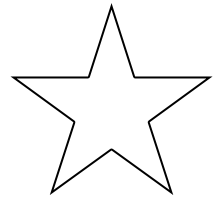
Peter Blyth, WA "West Coast Vultures"

Brenda Joy, Qld "Secrets of the Desert"

Peter Blyth WA "A Copper's Job"

Terry Piggott WA "Would You Say Hullo to Dad"

Irene Conner WA "Children Living Underground"



Novice

1st

Jem Shorland W.A "Down the Aisle"

2nd

Jem Shorland WA "Mitch"

Roadwise Short Poetry Comp

1st

Irene Conner Fatigued

=2nd

Brian Langley Fatigue – The Hidden Killer

=2nd

Bill Gordon The Highway Demon

=2nd

Peg Vickers Driver's Lament

The Poets Of The West – The WA Championships

I watched them as they gathered there these women and their men,
they come from all across the state to meet up once again.
A chance to renew friendships here and greet new members too;
enjoy those special moments, as they share a sunset brew

They welcome there a stranger too, who hails from far away,
a top man of his calling and a legend to this day.
Yet there's no need to worry and there is no need to fuss,
For Bill's another poet, much the same as most of us.

The contest then was keenly fought, each poet gave their best,
with judges under pressure as they faced their sternest test.
And when at last the champs were named they shrugged away their fame,
for all were really winners here, no matter where they came.

A final get-together then and soon they'll say farewell,
but they will leave with memories and stories they can tell.
For soon it's time to pack once more the way all poets must,
then scatter out like Autumn leaves caught by a sudden gust.

© T.E. Piggott



TOODYAY BUSH POET'S CHAMPIONSHIPS

On Sunday 3 November Steve and I had a very pleasant early morning drive to Toodyay. The pleasure continued as we sat down to a hearty breakfast provided by the Lions Club and a feast of words delivered by poets taking part in the Bush Poetry and Yarn spinning Weekend in the Memorial Hall.

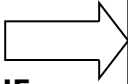
For the next four hours we were treated to poetry from traditional sources like Banjo Patterson, Henry Lawson, C J Dennis, Will Ogilvie, Dryblower Murphy etc. All poems were ably presented and very entertaining. I particularly enjoyed the Original Humorous section in which each of the participants presented his/her own work.

We would have liked to stay on for the afternoon sessions. However, we only had time for coffee and cake for lunch, followed by a visit to the Christmas shop and then we headed back to Perth.

By Bridie Higgins



**Congratulations to
Queenslander Martin Pattie
for his WINNING POEM OF THE
TOODYAY WRITTEN COMPE-
TION**



**If you would like to find out
more about Martin please go to
his website [http://
www.martinpattie.com.au/
contact.php](http://www.martinpattie.com.au/contact.php)**

The Poetry of Brian Langley

This was my entry in a Road Safety Awareness short (16 lines max) poetry competition in which the theme (and word which must be in the poem) was "Fatigue"

Fatigue - The Hidden Killer

There's many, many reasons why,
when driving, you perhaps could die,
Or worse, take other lives as well as
yours.
Such consequences may result, from
actions which are all your fault,
If you, as driver, disobey the laws.

If you're drag racing on the street,
your maker you may quickly meet;
The same if you go faster than you
ought.
If you are driving full of booze, or
drugs if that's the stuff you choose,
Lets hope the worse that happens is
you're caught.

But there's another reason why,
there's far too many drivers die —
Fatigue – the hidden killer lurking
there;
Its prelude isn't violent like, it sneaks
up on you silent like,
In daytime or at night when headlights
glare.

A yawn, a blink, a moment lost, tired
eyes - these things could cost
Far more than just some minutes of
your day.
So hourly you should have a break,
make sure that you are wide awake,
Get out and have a stretch and take, a
pause before you get back on your
way.

© Brian Langley October 13 2013

THE DYING

© M. Pattie 2013

He cannot stop his crying. His hands caress his head.
Nobody counts the dying - they only count the dead.
A life that's not forsaken; one thing he can't condone.
Whilst others had theirs taken, he cannot take his own.

He's drip-fed by his pension, and whilst he aches for nought,
with things he dare not mention, his dreams are dark and fraught.
The Oruzgan 'elective' and six months in a hole.
The draw not so selective, as others made 'the toll'.

It reeked of the unpleasant, that hole; it laid him bare,
but where he is at present - that hole; it don't compare.
Its woken things inside him, as whisky gets him pissed,
with half a joint beside him, and form-guide in his fist.

Sub-consciously he's floating, awake at 2am.
A cold, hard sweat the coating, the mantra's 'us and them'.
He's fighting the resistance; he's back in Oruzgan,
just clinging to existence; just doing what he can.

There's demons as he stumbles, that no one else can tell,
and incoherent mumbles, in silence he'll just yell.
There's no indemnifying on TV, by his bed.
Forgotten are the dying - they only count the dead.

Of sleeping and of waking; there's pills to numb the pain.
To dull the point of breaking, there's always novocaine.
The toll it keeps on mounting; the focus – like a score.
Whilst counters stop their counting, he'll always be at war.

A sortie slaps the silence when somebody gets close.
Involuntary violence; a cruel unmeasured dose.
That calm unquiet query inside his silence hemmed;
for age that's left him weary and years that have condemned.

A clean, fresh gaze fixated: the ANZAC on the wall.
Always commemorated; forever standing tall.
His epitaph to follow, his death so held in awe.
In hindsight words so hollow; "*we fought to fight no more*"

When men still make their master and all the stats are read,
he'll wish he'd died much faster, but won't make up 'the dead'.
Mark time; it's what the day's for, as longer grow the nights;
the women that he pays for. The cigarettes he lights.

His incremental trying; so long ago it stopped.
But he who's slowly dying, the dead will not adopt.
Much worse than dog's diseases, he shivers and he sweats.
To rectify uneases? No ruse – and no regrets.

Whilst clutching fast, yet knowing he's free. . and free he'll fall.
And blood. Just blood a'flowing; he's sentenced to recall.
Each lifeless body broken, each shrapnel-riddled scream
of which he's never spoken, from each tormented dream.

Locked in amidst the prying, so harshly cauterised.
The dead within the dying; not ever to be prised.
To what his life amounted, if he dropped dead today?
Not with the fallen counted, just with those passed away.

His passing signifying he'll draw his final breath.
Whilst no one mourned his dying, still fewer mourned his death.
He's sapped . . and can't stop crying, his hands caress his head.
Nobody counts the dying. They only count the dead.

TOODYAY FESTIVAL OF BUSH POETRY 2013
Notes from the Hall Co-ordinator Dot Langley

After an awesome and brilliant weekend of amazing poetry and performances with friendships renewed and new ones made **I would like to thank everyone** for their contribution.

All the judges were kept very busy and their comments on the individual's performances will be passed on to the poets who asked for them. These marks and comments can be a valuable tool for the poets to see where they did well and where they can improve, as long as they take the marks and comments in the spirit in which they were given.

On the day the judge's call is the one that we all go with.

The volunteers and the Toodyay people who helped me, certainly made my days much easier. To the extra people that I needed to quickly fill in where a gap was my thanks for being immediately available. To everyone else who helped with jobs that are necessary but perhaps not seen but always seem to get done, again a HUGE Thank you.

To the poets, what can I say!!! Congratulations to all of you.

Everyone who stepped up on that stage is a winner in my view!!! These competitors who were rivals during the competition but friends before and after the individual events all "lifted" their performances and we heard some amazing poetry. The judges commented on the Traditional or Classic event as being amongst the best that each of them had been part of. These comments leave me to the view that OUR poets are as good if not better than many others in Eastern parts!!

The poets in the main were not asked to do any MC work or other heavy duties. The reason for this was to leave them to prepare for their own performances. Because most of them were in the championship sections I could not ask many of them to help out with MC work except in the morning novice's events. Then a few of them who had finished with their competition events were then available to do some MC work. To those people again my Thanks for cheerfully filling in and keeping everything rolling on smoothly. A special mention to Jan Cracknell for her maiden debut as an MC. Well done and thank you.

My very grateful thanks to Brian who was always there to step in to make announcements or help me and also to answer endless questions mainly from other people. His time spent putting results and final details into the computer and then printing each certificate ready for the awards ceremony whilst then getting ready for his own performances was, I think, an out standing display of his skills.

The two children and their Mother who came and performed for us was an encouraging event. Because Mum is very involved in her boys' school programs she is going to be a major force in the school and encourage the Headmaster to re think his negative views on Bush Poetry and involving his students in workshops and/or performances

The Sunday Poets Breakfast was a time to relax and with the "hot" chair being filled fairly slowly we had almost an hour with our people presenting a different style of poetry followed by three 20 minute sessions by Bill Kearns , Rod and Kerry Lee.

My thanks to Brian Langley, John Hayes, Peg Vickers, Roger Cracknell, Bill Gordon, Robert Gunn, Peter Blythe, Irene Conner, Keith Lethbridge, and my self, for a relaxing start to our morning. Unfortunately there were no 'walk ups' from our other members or even Toodyay people.

I believe that these people will come forward when they have seen what it is that we do.

We also had a surprise performance by Arthur Leggett who had been sitting quietly in the audience but when I prevailed on him, like the trooper he is, he stood up and recited. Kerry Lee has a poem about Arthur where she salutes him and all his involvements in his very exciting life and she came and did the 'answer' to what makes Arthur one of our "Greatest Treasures". Thank you Arthur and to John Turnbull for bringing him to the festival.

There was a Toodyay performer who won a Third Place in a Novice event. Congratulations to Jane Eastwood. As we are trying to keep our association with Toodyay Festival Committee on a very positive note, that result is worthy of a separate mention.

Thank you to our visitors who had perhaps not heard bush poetry of such a high standard.

To our novice writers who came out and showed us that there are always people scribbling down their thoughts in rhyme and rhythm. We sincerely hope that this event will encourage them to write more and then to move on to perform their works.

Keep on writin' and recitin' Dot Langley November 2013

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2013—14

Bill Gordon	President	97651098 0428651098	northlands@wn.com.au
Brian Langley	Vice President	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
	Webmaster		
	Irene Conner	Secretary	0429652155 iconner21@wn.com.au
		State Rep ABPA	
Alan Aitken	Treasurer	0400 249 243	aaiken@live.com.au
Maxine Richter	Bully Tin Distributor	042 9339 002	maxine.richter@bigpond.com
Terry Piggott		94588887	terrence.piggott@bigpond.com
Dave Smith		0438341256	daveandelainesmith1@bigpond.com
Nancy Coe	Muster Meet/greet		94725303



Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:

Robert Gunn	Sound gear set up	0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Is this you?	Tea and biscuits		
Christine Boulton	Bully Tin Editor	9364 8784	christineboulton7@bigpond.com
Rhonda Hink	Librarian	0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com

Upcoming events

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

Friday, 6th December 7pm , Bush Poetry Muster, Bentley Park

17th –26th January, Tamworth Country Music Festival, NSW

Nannup Music Festival Friday 28th February - Monday 3rd March 2014 with Peter Capp

Regular events

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets	To be confirmed	Alan Aitken

Do YOU have any poetic events which need to go in this space? Or for that matter anywhere within this

If you would like to be part of a forum—post your poetry, see what other contemporary bush poets are writing, keep up to date with poetry events throughout Australia—visit www.abpa.org.au or www.bushverse.com

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.asn.au or www.wabushpoets.com
 Please contact the Webmaster, Brian Langley on 93613770 if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.

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

Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit our website www.wabushpoets.com Go to the "Performance Poets" page	Members' Poetic Products	Corin Linch	books	
	Victoria Brown	CD	Val Read	books
	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Caroline Sambridge	book
	Rusty Christensen	CDs	Peg Vickers	books & CD
	Brian Gale	CD & books	"Terry & Jenny"	Music CDs
	John Hayes	CDs & books	Terry Piggott	Book
	Tim Heffernan	book	Frank Heffernan	Book
	Brian Langley	books, CD		
	Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography		
	Keith Lethbridge	books		

Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The "Bully Tin" Editor Box 364, Bentley WA 6982 e-mail christineboulton7@bigpond.com	Address all other correspondence to: The Secretary WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Box 364, Bentley WA 6982	Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn Box 364, Bentley. WA 6982
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