

BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - August 7th, 2009 7.30pm MC June Bond★
Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

August is
The Horses Birthday
Perth's "Foundation Day"
National Pet Desexing Month
3 years since I started editing the
Bully Tin

Last month we gave you "July" from Henry Kendall's (1839—,82)
 "The Austral Months" - continuing with the same poem here is:

August

Across the range, by every scarred black fell,
 Strong Winter blows his horn of wild farewell;
 And in the glens, where yet there moves no wing,
 A slow, sweet voice is singing of the Spring.
 Yea, where the bright, quick woodland torrents run,
 A music trembles under rain and sun.
 The lips that breathe it are the lips of her
 At whose dear touch the wan world's pulses stir -
 The nymph who sets the bow of promise high
 And fills with warm life-light the bleak grey sky.
 She is the fair-haired August. Ere she leaves
 She brings the woodbine blossom round the eaves;
 And where the bitter barbs of frost have been
 She makes a beauty with her gold and green;
 And, while a sea-song floats from bay and beach,
 She sheds a mist of blossoms on the peach.
 On August 12th, 1829, the town of Perth was found-



National Library of Australia

ria pic-an7748217-v

ed—The official ceremony took place near what is now
 central Hay St and was celebrated by what has be-
 come the norm in Perth development, the cutting down
 of a tree. This picture is by George Pitt Morrison (1861
 -1946), painted in the WA centenary year 1929 it can
 be seen at the "Art Gallery of Western Australia" in

Perth.

In the December 1835 edition of the Perth Gazette, a
 lyrical poem (typical of the period) was printed. With the
 author given as Anon, it was written from a vantage point
 on Mt Eliza, overlooking the new town of Perth. Follow-
 ing is an extract from this unnamed poem,

*"Oft as these scenes I view, new hopes will spring
 Of future greatness, which each year must bring.
 And in my mind's eye fondly view each grace
 Which fancy loves to form on many a place
 Land of my adoption, onward is thy way
 In spite of all that prejudice can say
 Detraction's tongue shall never more have weight.
 She's done her worst and sent for all her hate.
 In this secured, let each one do his best
 Our sunny clime will work out all the rest."*

You will notice that I have included "National Pet Desex-
 ing Month" in the "August is" box above. - It is estimated
 more than 200,000 healthy cats and dogs are put down
 every year in Australia because they don't have homes -
 this equates to 547 animals a day. And this doesn't in-
 clude those that are taken out into the bush and dumped,
 either to starve or, more likely, to go feral and live by kill-
 ing small native animals and birds.

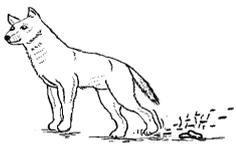
If you or your friends or rellies have a pet cat or dog that
 has not been desexed than PLEASE take it to your vet
 and have it attended to NOW. While feral dogs are a
 problem for graziers, feral cats (followed closely by foxes)
 are considered to be the biggest threat to our smaller
 native animals and birds.

Here's a few thoughts on the subject, from Ted Harring-
 ton's poem "Cats on the Roof"

The Street where I board is a forest of flats
 And it's cursed by a plague of most insolent cats
 As soon as the sun has sunk down in the west
 They all sally forth on an amorous quest
 A tomcat will call from the top of a roof
 A second will answer from somewhere aloof
 Then others arrive and the concert begins
 As they slither and slide on the tiles and the tins.

Cats on the roof, Cats on the roof
 Amorous, clamorous, Cats on the roof
 White ones and yellow ones
 Black as Othello ones
 Oh the devil's in league with the cats on the roof.

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



Scratchings

G'day again to all members and friends.

The AGM has come and gone and it seems that you must be fairly satisfied with the Executives that you had for the past year as you've re-elected them. We now have a secretary and some new committee members. A big welcome to Graham Hedley who is our new secretary and to John Hayes, Maxine Richter and Marjory Cobb who will join Edna as Committee members. Also a thank you to Noreen Boyd, who, while no longer being on the committee has volunteered to continue looking after our library.

As only a small percentage of our members were at the AGM, I have included most of my President's Report here:

Our Muster program, which is a continuation of that developed last year, continues to give us a varied program. During the year we have had 2 guest artists. We ran two successful short poetry competitions, both producing quite a number of entrants. It was pleasing to see some of our emerging writers among the place getters. Traditional night saw a new "mini play", "Impressions of Australia". Unfortunately, we seem to be running short of performers who present mainly traditional poems. Many of those who do only occasionally come to musters.

Our new location has been favourably received by the majority of members, although there are a few who consider it a bit too far to travel. However, our membership base is now far more widely spread than in the past and so many also find it far easier to get to than some previous venues – I suppose it all balances. We are still getting some opposition from a small but vocal minority of Bentley Park residents, but it is pleasing to see that we are gradually getting more and more residents attending regularly.

Junior development. - After a lapse due to the disappointment of little interest from the Education Dept, we are in the early stages of talking to the Montessori organisation, with a view to us being involved in their Australian literature curriculum.

There was almost no interest in a Performance competitions. But I would still like to see some performance competitive element, (particularly for novices) take place, perhaps spread through several months.

We have seen a considerable number of new members, some of whom have joined the more seasoned performers in presenting both traditional and their own work. We look forward to seeing them more often.

This year we successfully applied for grants for running 3 specific events, I would like to thank the Department of Culture and the Arts, Heathway, through Relationships Australia, the City of South Perth and the City of Melville for helping us promote Bush Poetry at these special events.

Workshops, - while the Assn itself did not run any, we were involved in getting visiting performer Jim Haynes to present both writing and performance short workshops at the Boyup Brook Country Music Festival. A number of our members took the opportunity to attend and I know that we gained a lot of knowledge by our attendance.

Events - Local performances - We expanded the "Poets in the Park" idea and ran two at "Poetry Park" in South Perth, Audience number were around 150 and 120.

"Have a Go Day" was very successful, with 4 poets giving an appreciative audience a taste of what it is that we do. We have had several new members as a result of our presence at that event.

Australia Day "Bush Poetry Showcase" was an outstanding success, with over 500 in the audience. This year we were able to invite a number of country poets to take part. Their presence, along with having a "professional" MC in Dr Peter Harries, has set a bench mark that will be hard to beat. I would like to thank our Vice President, Grace Williamson for organizing the event.

While the Assn itself did not organise any country events this year our members were again very active in both organizing and participating in various country events, in particular, the highly successful Bush Poetry events during the Boyup Brook Country Music Festival which was again organised by Bill Gordon, The Albany Show by Peter Blyth (who continues to operate his local writers group), Waddi Festiva by Catherine McLernon. Corin Lynch was again responsible for several local events, assisted in some by our other Jurien poet, Irene Conner. The Pingrup Poetry event this year was organised by their local community with assistance from yours truly. Our members were also involved in the Val Lishman Festival of Yarns and the Outback Country Music Festival in Forrestdale, A big thank you to these people and any others which I may have unfortunately overlooked. Several members continue to promote Bush Poetry and our Association via various Radio programs, almost all being ABC regional radio, thank you and please continue to do so.

The future, It is my hope that we continue to grow, to attract new writers and performers and to improve the skills of those we have. To become more well known in the general community, particularly among younger members and to have our style of Poetry once again become part of the mainstream entertainment, recognised as an important part of Australian Culture

I would like to thank the outgoing committee for their support and hard work during the past year. I would also like to thank those people who assist us in various ways at musters and other events.

And a special thank you to the very talented poets and performers who, month after month stand before us and share with us the humor, sadness and adventures of their poems and stories. Without you, we would have no musters, no country performances, no association.

And one final special thank you – To my "Good Wife" Dot, who helps set up equipment, does the "meet & greet" at musters, writes up the BullyTin notes from musters and other events, answers the phone, and continues to support my poetic and Assn endeavours.

Continued next page

(from previous page)



Personal Profile ...At the AGM last month, two names were jointly submitted from the committee for consideration to be elected Life Members of the WABP&YSA. While it is unusual to consider names jointly, the committee considered that in this case it was warranted. Consequently, it is my pleasure to announce that our two new life members are **Sylvia and Harold Rowell**. Life membership is awarded for long, outstanding service to the Assn, and both well deserve this acknowledgement. While much of their support has been in the background, those who have been around a while will be well aware of their contributions. It is unfortunate that ill health has meant that, in recent times, they are rarely able to attend musters, but I know that even if they are not there physically, they are certainly with us in spirit.



How do you summarise 170+ years of living into just a few lines? — I visited Sylvia and Harold, and the stories they have to tell would fill several books. Sylvia grew up in Eastern parts, studied English literature and commenced her career as a librarian. From her early memories, she recalls that she often questioned the traditional views of many literary works. Harold at that time was in Perth and starting a career in Life Insurance, then along came the war. Harold joined the RAAF and became a combat pilot, stationed in Northern Australia and New Guinea. Sylvia meanwhile was doing “secret stuff” for the Navy. They met in Sydney in 1942 thru a mutual friend and it wasn't long before they became “a couple”, They recall fondly that their first outing together was to Taronga Park Zoo. Sylvia and Harold were married in Sydney in 1944, by which time Harold was a flying instructor (in Tasmania and later at Cunderdin). Late in the war, Harold was “manpowered” out of the airforce to a civilian air operations post at Derby, and it was there that the first of their 3 children was born. After the war, they came to Perth where Harold resumed his Insurance career, but in 1948, he was invited to become a pilot with the WA based MacRobertson Miller Airlines (MMA). With his love of flying, this was an opportunity not to be missed, and so started a flying career which lasted 32 years (only finishing when he reached the compulsory retirement age) Meanwhile, Sylvia was keeping home and hearth warm, their family having now expanded. Airline pilots are away from home quite a bit and also have time to pursue other interests. Over the years, Harold took the opportunities that came along to become involved in many commercial enterprises, Sylvia with her literary background became his “Girl Friday”, doing most of the correspondence and running around associated with them. I was told that these various “other” interests included trading in horses, prize bulls, crocodile skins, trochus shell and oysters, having interests in a scrapyard, an old peoples home, a pub, a lolly water factory and more recently in a couple of shopping centres. Harold was also heavily involved with the (at times militant) National Commercial Pilots Union and with Legacy, both of which, from time to time, caused him to come into conflict with “the establishment”. Over the years both Sylvia and Harold had become involved in many community service organisations, and in recognition of this, both have been awarded OAMs and the “Paul Harris Rotary Fellowship”. As well as all this, they found time to travel widely throughout much of the world. Sylvia has always kept up her love of literature, and around 15 years ago translated this into writing and reciting Australian Rhyming Poetry. Through their son's business connection with Rusty Christensen, they discovered the newly formed WA Bush Poets and became active members, not always in agreement with the management. It was Sylvia who wrote to the committee requesting that “people of a certain age” be allowed to commit the unforgivable and “read” their poems . - And so we come to today, married now for 65 years, still very much in love, frailer than either would like to be, they live out their retirement in their dream home of 30 years overlooking Melville Waters and the City. A truly lovely couple whose lives and commitment have fortunately touched many of us.



I keep coming across poets who's work fits our criteria, but who are generally unknown to us—WA Poet, Lesley Adams is one such—in 2000 she published a small booklet of her comical verse, “A look on the Light Side” but efforts to locate her have been in vain — her publisher too seems to have vanished, anyway here's a little ditty of hers that tickled my fancy

Air on a G-String

I've always been a
 follower of fashion
 Although I'm often
 several steps behind
 I like to keep an eye on
 what is trendy
 And when I'm shopping, keep those trends in mind



I wouldn't say that I'm a shopaholic

Fashion Slavery is not my vice
 Not every style would suit my style or figure
 And some of them would never suit my price
 But I write this ode in honour of the G-string
 A fashion boon to anyone who's plump
 A G-string lets you wear the sleekest trousers
 Without a panty-line to spoil your rump
 A G-string can improve the largest bottom
 (though not for public viewing I should add)
 But underneath your clothes it can enhance you
 So even leggings don't look quite so bad
 But still I must admit they have their drawbacks
 And so a word of wisdom I impart
 Don't wear a G-string when you've eaten curry
 Because they make you whistle when you fart!



Letter to the Editor

We only had one written response to Val Read's Letter last month complaining that some of the poetry in the "Bully Tin" was not "Bush Poetry". There were a number of comments made at the last muster, however none of those has been put to print.

So here's the one and only submission:

We, the Bush Poet's Assn. have been told that we should concentrate on bush poetry only. That might be the ideal to be striven for but the reality is otherwise.

Australia became an urban country in 1922 with more people living in cities and major towns than in the country.

Now, 87 years later, even fewer Australians have rural associations and people with poetic leanings will write about the things they know and the topics that interest and amuse them.

So while we should embrace the wealth of traditional material, we should also give scope to those whose interest in poetry is to compose it and we should accept and enjoy verse about family life, sport, holidays, travel, war service, work, leisure and human nature.

Bob Chambers

Thanks Bob, 1922, goodness, there were only a very few of our members born before that so I suppose we are really almost all "Urban Poets"

I will hold this topic open until next month if anyone else wishes to comment—but please—"Keep it short" - Ed

A Rhyme of the West

What have we gained?
We have gained romance,
And the tales will be told anew.
In the tents of the far goldfields,
When the far dim days fall due
But of all the tales of the roaring days,
The wealth and the power of gold
The tale of a mate who could die
for a mate
Will be the oftenest told

Frederick Ophel ("Prospect Good")
WA Goldfields c1905

Membership fees were due on July 1st

Membership fees are now OVERDUE if not paid during August Your membership will cease and
YOU WILL BE DROPPED OFF THE MAILING LIST

July saw the 40th anniversary of Man's first landing on the moon—Back in 2005, Corin Linch started to write a poem about that momentous occasion, but like many poems, it got shoved into a back drawer and forgotten. This anniversary prompted Corin to drag it out and rework it, so here it is—3½ years in the making.

OLD JIM and the MOON LANDING (1969)

I'd left school for a year or so and was working for a wage,
Earning about twenty bucks a week; seventeen was my age.
The so called Swinging Sixties was rapidly drawing to a close,
Bell bottoms and floral shirts now look stupid I suppose.

Young blokes were going to Vietnam, conscripted to the forces,
Until my turn I was happy in the bush, working with my horses.
Poseidon shares hit \$200 and investors thought everything was fine,
There were millionaires made overnight back in nineteen sixty nine.

There were fires in Victoria, bringing tragedy to that southern state,
The Southern Aurora crashed into another train loaded up with freight.
The Beatles performed their last concert; Woodstock was all the rage,
Rain Lover won a second Melbourne Cup; Flemington the centre stage.

A Saturn rocket lifted off from Cape Canaveral blasting into space,
Apollo 11 carrying three brave men, was about to win the lunar race.
JFK said there would be a man on the moon before the 60's were through,
And although he hadn't lived to see it, soon his statement would come true.

On July twentieth; we heard '*Tranquility base here, the Eagle has landed.*'
Landing had the module low on fuel; would these astronauts be stranded?
Next day July twenty-one, a cold, blustery, Australian winter's afternoon,
The world watched as Neil Armstrong prepared to walk upon the moon.

He said "*It's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind.*"
Then joined by Buzz Aldrin they set about the task they'd been assigned.
These pictures coming from the moon held the world enchanted,
As on the moons surface the Stars and Stripes was firmly planted.

At the time I was working with an old drover bloke named Jim,
And I was keen to know what the moon landing had meant to him.
The black and white pictures from the moon, to the chair had me glued,
But I was soon to find out that old Jim had a totally different attitude.

"Amazing that moon thing Jim," I said 'don't you agree?'
Well he just grunted; rolled a smoke, then quietly said to me.
"I reckon it's a waste of time and money putting blokes into space,
And by cripes that moon looks like a barren, drought ridden place."

"I couldn't see no thousand steers, quietly grazing and getting fat,
For cattle that lunar landscape looks to be an uninviting habitat."
It took me a while to understand for I'd just watched history being made,
But what use is a barren lunar landscape to someone in the droving trade.

However I'm sure I detected a mischievous twinkle in his eye,
As he lit his cigarette and gazed towards the sky.
Now forty years have passed; scientists talk of growing crops on Mars,
If Jim were alive he'd say

"Heck, they still wasting money flying round the stars?"

© Corin Linch 10/11/05-13/7/09

Are you looking for Bush Poetry books or CDs—I've just become aware of a website selling a range of these, along with other "self published" music etc you can also sell through them, but I'm still finding out how you go about this
Go to www.tradandnow.com It's an Australian group, based in Woy Woy, NSW

June Muster 2009 - by Dot

.As I write this I am conscious that there has been no one to come forward and 'do' the writing and summary of the nights entertainment when Brian and I go tripping overseas. It is not a hard job and can be made easier if some of our presenters do one of the traditional poems as I have the book of words and I can look up the whole poem at my leisure for this write up. Also some of our newer poets very generously give me their written poem on the night or e-mail it to me so again I have the whole poem to refer to. As I am writing all the time I never get to sit and wallow in the poetry as presented as I am listening very carefully for those words and lines that will help me describe this poem to you dear reader. I almost never get to sit and listen to the poetry as I am writing furiously trying to keep up as I search for the essence of the presentation. Where oh where is someone to come and 'do' the September write up and occasionally give ME a hand so that I can have some time off? It will be all right on the night is not a good planning tool!!!

My deepest apologies to Shan Rose Brown, I got her name wrong in the last Bully Tin. It must have been that delightful Scottish accent.

After all the formalities of the AGM we started our nights entertainment with Loralie Tacoma as our MC.

Brian Langley was our first performer and he had bought along his 'baby guitar' (a Ukulele) to help him with his "Playing Aussie Songs" in which he expresses a desire for us all to join him in a "sing along" and sing about all things Australian. The only problem is that he can't play the thing.

Rosa Cilenza had one of Val Read's, "Beware of Bibra Lake". Rosa asked all of us to close our eyes as then we wouldn't see her read this poem! There seems to be a thylacine living near the lake although no one has seen the monster up close. It can't be a stray cat or dog but it lies low in a clump of dry reeds. One day it snapped at my heels as I ran to straddled the gate. I've told people but no one listens. If a jogger goes missing they will act but if a bird should disappear they will say that it the natural thing.

Bob Chambers and some of his stories and poems had reference to some Nursery Verses about boys and Miss Muffit along with Mary and her misadventures. The Dead Horse story was a tale about sailors who cooked up an excuse for why they had been late. The horses that they had used had all died trying to get back, until the last sailor told of being unable to get through because of this pile of dead horses.

"The Death of Ben Hall", announced as being by Anon now seems to be attributed to Will Ogilvie. **Grace Williamson** did an extremely good performance of this poem. Ben Hall the bushranger who never killed anyone was hunted by the Troopers and with a price on his head of a thousand pounds he was followed through dazzling days and moonlit nights. He was ragged and torn and he hid like a beast forlorn, but every night he crossed to the stockman's hut and was given some food. But a man had read of the big reward and his soul was stirred with greed so he told the Troopers where Ben Hall lay. He told Ben Hall falsely where the Troopers were and as they lay in wait they came upon Ben Hall in the dew wet grass. At the words "Fire" Ben Hall lay dead, but the man who betrayed him reaped his reward and offered everyone a drink but no one would drink with him as they would rather sleep with the dead Ben Hall than go where that traitor went.

Marjory Cobb came back to do "Bannerman of the Dandenongs" by Alice Warner and she did a fantastic job of remembering the whole poems with only a little stutter at the same place that threw her the last time. Refer to last months Bully Tin for the write up. Her next one was by John Bailey, "Bush Dummies". Her and John were writers for the Metal Detectors Club and John wrote this after a camping trip. There are fancy dummies of the Camp of '96, some with fly wire doors or hessian walls. There were handles and some were narrow so that it was hard to squeeze in and the bulges told of if being occupied. Some had hot and cold water with carpet on the floor and with a fancy pump some even had room for two together in the shower. This colourful collection was dotted throughout the Mulga just to confuse the Kangaroos.

With one of her own **Trish Joyce** told of a chap laying in bed who got an itch. Not wanting to disturb anyone he got up and fumbled around and reached for the wrong cream. He applied it but had to jump quickly into the shower because he had applied Deep Heat and now he had "Great Balls of Fire".

Graham Hedley has again used a popular song to declare his Personal View of Bush Poetry, "My Way". Because he is new to this type of poetry he is completely in the dark but because some of it has been hit and miss he wont let it beat him. He has tried to write a few but they seem to have odd rules and strange conventions that have archaic words and turns of phrase. So he breaks the rules and of course that's his concern for what are words when they are all he has got to catch his thoughts and with true emotion he will do it his way.

Welcome to a newcomer **Alan Rafael**, With the "First Surveyor" by Banjo Paterson he read this poem with passion that almost overcame him at a number of places. It is good to let the pathos and the emotions to overflow as it shows with these heartbreaking stories about this harsh country. At the opening of the railway line with banners and flags blowing they salute the engineer who bought the railway through. But to one woman it wasn't the engineer that did the work it was her husband who traveled and starved, hunted and found the pass behind the hill that saved their stock, as he blazed a trail. Then others came and they built the town and then came the engineer who had all the comforts of other people to help him as he easily found the track through. Her husband is buried beside the railway line and she wonders can he hear them going down the track that he marked out. The Governor has invited her out to night as she is the oldest settler, but she will stay beside the railway track with her husband, as she knows who ought to get the cheers.

We had wine and bikkies for supper. Thank you Edna. The plastic cups are still causing some spillage so if everyone can keep a more steady hand we wont have to be wiping the floor quite so much.



Teresa Rose at the May Muster — "And it must be the Irish in me" (pity you can't see the green

With readings from the classics we had another new presenter **Mary Maud Winter** gave us John Shore Neilson's "The Orange Tree". There is a young girl listening to the orange tree although she calls there is no voice and no sound. For all your talk you fail to see but stay awhile because I'm listening to the orange tree.

Teresa Rose had a very difficult choice with her poem "Heaven in the Valley" because it seemed to be appropriate for other themes at the different musters so she left it for tonight. There is a true haven from the rat race at Caversham. Hand over your fee and you are inside but watch out for the peacock, his feathers are gathered and sold to support the trust for a beloved daughter who had died. There are birds galore some of the animals are in cages or running free, so why not stay and watch and listen to the animals whilst you wander, read the signs that tell other stories about the animals and the people who have helped out as volunteers.

With one of her quirky poems **Caroline Sambridge** presented "Billy Jean Goes to the Hairdressers". A lady had had a nightmare at the hairdressers as she had wanted her hair to be all different colours but she didn't like the results so she was going to sue. Judge Judy sent her straight to jail. She put on a brave face but her hair still looked just awful.

Barry Higgins then performed Geoff Bebb's "The Rain Gauge Man". He had been to all the lectures and the talks about how to be the best gatherer of information that he could be. He got up early at 6 every morning to read the gauge and send in the result. But this morning his wife had distracted him with an invitation that no man can refuse. So he was very worried that he had read the gauge at 7 and would this be a problem?

Another new presenter **Trish Smith** performed Banjo's "A Bush Christening". Once she had got the 'mic sorted out she launched herself into the performance with gusto. Most of us are familiar with the lad that had never been christened and his mother worried that he would not be allowed to go to heaven. When the priest appeared on his rounds this talk upset the lad who thought it all sounded like branding so he took off and hid in a log. When they poked a stick in one end the lad came flying out and the priest being a quick thinker flung a flask of McGinnis whiskey at his head as he had forgotten the names for the boy so he christened him McGinnis McGhee.

With yet another new presenter **Louise Evans** gave us her "1867 Australian Odyssey". The townsfolk were standing on the corners when they thought the drovers were coming but as the dust cloud lessened they saw that it was a camel that folk had never seen before. The camel driver held up the bank and later he disappeared into the bush. When the camel reappeared the drovers caught him and led him back to town and as his saddle bags fell off the townsfolk celebrated. There is a pile of bones in the bush that tell of the camel drovers demise.

In only her second presentation, **Shan Rose Brown**, who loves the collected poetry in Ian McNamara's book, did one of Kate Biddlecomb's from Broome, "Bugs" written after battling the bugs one night. There are bugs in the bedroom and out in the hall, there is no place in the whole darned house free from bugs. The pest man came to spray them and they went away but two weeks later they are back again. So with her nerves in tatters as she had tried everything to foil them she is going to join them.

Ron Ingam's performance of Banjo's "The Last Parade" had a last verse that was deemed at the time to be politically incorrect so it was left off. Now off course it really tells the true story of the horses who were left behind. In the last parade the men and their horses are ranked up and parading just before they are shipped off home. As the proud horses and the men march past for the last time little did they know that they were to be shot and their bones left in foreign soil. This poem is a real tear jerker but we must acknowledge the tremendous amount of toil that these fantastic horses did with no trumpets to tell of their glory. These horses inglorious ending is now being acknowledged by every historian, as is their story in the history of the First World War.

Rosa Cilenza has a "Secret Love" (shock horror) and she remembers the day that they came together. She became obsessive and suffered when apart. The magic touch brings pleasure and she is addicted to the power. But her love cannot leave her as she embraces her new companions, her fax, photocopier and phone.

Val Read on reading this 'love poem?' had a reply. "Dear Rosa" my poor heart missed a beat as I read of this romance with someone who will love you always and imagine my delight and surprise when I read of the love and visualized the waiting anticipation. But I felt a dill as my thoughts had gone astray when I realised that this affection was for a mechanical device!

With Part 3 of Jim of the Hills by CJ Dennis, **Grace Williamson** presented "A Morning Song". The birds are in the wattle trees calling and telling all to hear of the mates that are listening near. The morning noises of the birds singing remind us that whilst it may be good to be a wealthy man or a King there is nothing like the singing of the birds in the morning with the sunlight slanting across the trees with the gum leaves a twinkle as the sun comes peeping out coz its morning in the land that I count the best.

Brian Langley finished off the nights fantastic entertainment with two of his own with a fishing flavour. In "Fishing for the Future" he told of the ideals of the Department of Fisheries (for which he is a volunteer). However, even though the Dept. has laid down rules that hopefully will conserve fish stocks, there are still people who flaunt them. But disobeying the rules can be very expensive. Its far better to follow the rules and feel good about it.

In "Fishing with the Grandkid" he related that he took the grand daughter fishing but by the sound of it he did all the work. What with putting worms on her hook (she didn't like the slime), casting out her line, reeling in the bigger fish and taking the fish off the hook, he didn't actually get around to wetting his own line. On arriving home after a successful afternoon the granddaughter informed her mum that while she had caught four big bream, granddad hadn't caught a thing.

It was great to see so many new people prepared to "have a go" and while a number of them are reading, they do so with expression and an understanding of the emotions of the poem. As Rosa says, "close your eyes and you don't know" We look forward to hearing more from them in future months.

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2009—2010

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☆☆ Upcoming Events ☆☆

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

Aug 7	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park - Topic - "Far Horizons"
Sept 1	Opening Date	Blackened Billy Verse Comp janmorris@northnet.com.au
Sept 4	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park - Traditional Night — come "dressed up"
Sep 9	Bush Poets Brekky	Koorda Showgrounds
Oct 2	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park - Guest Artist— any suggestions?
Oct 10	Poets in the Grainshed	Pingrup
Oct 18	Bush Poets Brekky	Esperance Showground's (inaugural event)
Oct 18	Festival of Yarns	Alverstoke—Brunswick http://vlhrf.mysouthwest.com.au/festival of yarns competition entries close Oct 1st
Oct 28	Have A Go Day	Burswood Park—a couple of poets may be required.
Nov 6	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium , Bentley Park - Short poetry competition
Nov 7	Bush Poets Brekky	Albany Showgrounds (tentative)
Nov 15	Poets in the Park	Burswood Park
Dec 4	WABP&YS Xmas Muster	Auditorium , Bentley Park - Free Supper—Monster Raffle
Jan 1	Scheduled day for muster, but being New Years Day, this may need to change	

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

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

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

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.com

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

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 Victoria Brown CD Peter Blyth CDs, books Rusty Christensen CDs Brian Gale CD & books John Hayes CDs & books Tim Heffernan book Brian Langley books & laminated poems	Rod & Kerry Lee CDs Arthur Leggett books, inc autobiography Keith Lethbridge books Corin Linch books Val Read books Caroline Sambridge book Peg Vickers books
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See Page 3 for September

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