

BULLY TIN



& Yarnspinners Assn.

□ Next Muster July 1st, 2011 7.30pm MC Grace Williamson
 Preceded by AGM at 6.30pm
 Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

July is
 Mid Winter,
 Perth Int. Film Festival,
 NAIDOC Week
 School Holidays
 Mundaring Truffle Festival
 and not a single Public Holiday
 anywhere in Australia

As we move into our twilight years, for some it is a time to reflect on what "might have been" - and for some, a time to do something about it.—A few words on this theme from someone who wasn't able to do it.

AT LAST

When I am tired, and old, and worn,
 And harassed by regret;
 When blame, reproach, and worldling's scorn
 On every side are met;
 When I have live long years in vain
 And found life's garlands rue,
 Maybe that I'll come back again
 At last — At last — to you!

When all the joys and all the zest
 Of youthful years have fled,
 Maybe that I shall leave the rest
 And turn to you instead;
 For you, dear heart would never spurn
 (With condemnation due!)
 If, at the close of all, I turn
 Homeward—at last — to you!

When other faces turn away
 And lighter loves have passed,
 When life is weary, cold and grey
 I may come back — at last!
 When cares, remorse, regrets are rife —
 To late to live anew —
 In the sad twilight of my life
 I will come back — to you!

Harry (Breaker) Morant

**THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE OF the
 WABP&YS Assn ?**
 Will be determined at the AGM
 Make your opinion count
BE THERE at 6.30pm

This 'Bully Tin' I send today,
 And then I mutter Hip Hooray;
 For again I have found
 Enough words to go round;
 (Each month, a bit more I go grey).

Each month I start of with a hope
 That still I am able to cope;
 That the words somehow flow
 From each finger and toe,
 As each month with the keyboard I grope.

The searching is getting quite hard,
 For a septuagenarian bard;
 To find something more
 That you've not seen before
 And you wont brush aside and discard.

In the five years I've churned out this tome
 Three times the Bush Poets have moved home
 'Tis now time to move on
 So I'll dump it upon
 Irene Conner who writes a fine pome

So please, all you members and friends
 When next Bully Tin, Irene, she sends
 Please make sure that it's got
 Stuff **you've** sent her that's hot
 And which drivell and doggerel transcends

There are few of you've done it for me
 But I'll ask you to help her to be
 A news editor who
 With words informs you
 What is happening in Bush Poet-ry

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



Walking Different Tracks

Booboo!!! Sorry Last month I gave you a website to join "**Australian Poetry**"

But I've been getting two things mixed up— **Australian Poetry**—The "Newly formed "QANGO" Part funded by a Government Grant who's Director here in WA is Katrina Bercov. Their website is www.australianpoetry.org/

This is the organisation of which I am a member, and which is using various programs and techniques to raise the profile of Poetry in Australia

This is not to be confused with "Poetry Australia" a semi commercial website (whose address I gave you last month) They are rather scathing in their remarks about the "New site purporting to represent Australian poetry."

Who ever thought we would see the "Australian Poetry Wars"

Big \$\$\$ Competition—On the Australian Poetry Site is a link to what would have to be the biggest Poetry Comp Prize I've ever come across— \$50,000 for a single poem—any style, any English dialect, any topic

July is Fremantle Poetry Month

Get ready to celebrate all things poetic with Fremantle Press as their second annual Poetry Month kicks off in July. There will be a host of free events, including a workshop, book launches, browsing library and a mini-bookstore with Australian Poetry, an open mike session with Voicebox and a haiku-inspired art exhibition by creative writing students on Christmas Island. For those outside Perth, there will be a weekly online session linking writers and readers with editors and poets from Fremantle Press, *dotdotdash* and *Westerly*. Check out the complete schedule at <http://listmail.bam.com.au/tr//jhirdjd/cfjrkr/w/>

IN BRIEF **Caroline Sambridge** wont be at the July Muster, She's off to England for a few weeks to visit family. She tells me that she has written another couple of her quirky poems and also promises to make every effort to commit a few of them to Memory.



OLD WA POEMS— My "middle of the night " project collecting the old West Australian Poets has resulted in some quite nice little gems coming my way— perhaps (if we are to continue) I will find time to present some of them to the general membership, meanwhile perhaps Irene could put some in the Bully Tin (I've got a couple in this month)

NEW BULLY TIN EDITOR

As most of you know, I am giving up editing the Bully Tin. It will be exactly 5 years and 60 editions since I first took on the job temporarily when Kerry Lee decided that she had done her bit. That was the same month that We moved from Como to Mt Pleasant. In that first edition that I produced, "The Drought" was the main topic of Poetry, I featured William Ogilvie and Jessie Litchford as well as giving a summary of the President's report from the 2006 AGM.

Irene Conner in Jurien has volunteered to give the Newsletter Editing a go and I would hope that all members help her along the way by sending her suitable material. Being away from "the Smoke", she perhaps doesn't as yet have that access to material that I have had.

You can send stuff to Irene either through the mail, or by e-mail - her contact details are given on the back page of this Bully Tin. Mailed Out Bully Tins will still be coming out of Perth with a couple of current committee members volunteering to collect it from the printer, fold, envelope and post them. I wish Irene all the best in her new "job" It has certainly given me an insight into not only our poetry but also a lot about our State and our Nation's history.



Prize winners at the State Open Performance Championships held back in February at Boyup Brook

Front Row, Bill Gordon (2nd), Peter Blyth (1st), Irene Conner (3rd) Back Row—Peg Vickers, Brian Langley (at rear) Catherine McLernan, John Hayes, Roger Cracknell, Dave Smith and Barry Higgins

My computer warning seems to have been timely, at least for a couple of our members who told me at the last muster that they had received phone calls of the type I had referred to and heeded my warning. I'm getting quite a few less than before, perhaps the word has gone around that my phone number is a waste of their time. - Talking of wasting time, I have been following my own advice with the past few scammers. One of the people who rang me, after some five or six minutes of me "not understanding", telling him that "It wasn't working" etc accused **me** of wasting **his** time. I did remind him it was he who'd rung me—that was just before I told him "what he could do next". Another hung on the phone for several minutes while I supposedly went through the motions of turning on my computer, waiting an extra ordinary time for it to boot up, asking him to repeat everything, and only when he was asking me to press the combination of keys which would give him access did I tell him what I thought of him. He Hung up!!



BRAIN FOOD FROM THE PAST.

It has always "amused" (though that word is not really appropriate) me that in wartime, (and I include civil wars, religious conflicts etc) that both sides believe that "God" is on their side. This is not a new idea, back in 1900 (I've been doing my research) **Frederick Vosper**, newspaper editor, politician, reformist wrote the following words Bear in mind that at the time, the English (and allies) were fighting the Boers in Africa, Other conflicts were, at the time going on in the Philippines, Soudan and the Far East (the latter was of little importance as no "Christian" country was directly involved.)

"ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS"

The Anglo-Saxon Christian, with Gatling gun and sword,
In serried ranks are pushing on the gospel of the Lord ;
On Afric's shores they press the foe in war's, terrific scenes,
And merrily the hunt goes on throughout the Philippines.

What though the Boers are Christians, the Filipinos, too
It is a Christian act to shoot a fellow creature through.
The bombs with dynamite surcharged their deadly missiles fling,
And gaily on their fatal work the Dum Dum bullets sing.

The dead and mangled bodies, the wounded and the sick,
Are multiplied on every hand, on every field are thick;
'Oh gracious Lord,' the prayer goes up, to ns give victory swift
The chaplains on opposing sides the same petitions lift.

The mahdis and the sirdars along the great Soudan
Are learning at the cannon's mouth the brotherhood of man ;
The Holy Spirit guides aloft the shrieking shot and shell,
And Christian people shout with joy at thousands blown to hell

The pulpits bless the victor's arms and praise the bloody work,
As after an Armenian raid rejoiced the pious Turk.
The Christian press applauds the use of bayonet and knife,
For how can social order last without the strenuous life ?

The outworn, threadless precept, to lift the poor and weak,
The fallacy that this great earth is for the saintly meek,
Have both gone out of fashion ; the world is for the strong ;
That might shall be the lord of right is now the Christian song

The Jesus that we reverence is not the lowly man
Who trod in poverty and rags where Jordan's waters ran.
Our Saviour is an admiral upon the quarter-deck,
Or else a general uniformed, an army at his beck.

How natural that a change should come in nineteen hundred years.
And Bibles take a place behind the bullets and the beers !
We need a new Messiah to lead the latest way.
And gospel version well revised to show us how to pray.

Then, onward. Christian soldier, through fields of crimson gore !
Behold the trade advantages beyond the open door !
The profits on our ledgers outweigh the heathen loss ;
Set thou the glorious Union Jack above the ancient cross.

GIVE US OUR DAILY TRAGEDY

"Dryblower" 1903

Give us each day sensations new,
And let us have a share
Of happenings from the slum and stew, ;
The mansion, park and square.

Give us this day our tale of blood
For which we vainly pine
Give us the dull and sickening thud,
And dislocated spine.

Give us the chance to gloat in glee
On shocks that loom ahead,
Give us our daily tragedy,
And give it reeking red!

Give us our share of daily crime
That thrills the happy host;
Who gulp their gore at breakfast time
Along with buttered toast.

To give a zest to new laid eggs
And spice the mutton chop,
Tell us each day how someone's legs
Went groggy on the drop.

Improve our morning cup of tea
By blood in anger shed,
Give us our daily tragedy,
And give it reeking red!

How happy is the multitude
To whom each morn is bought
Foul murder, famine, fire and feud
Of every shape and sort.

Each day within the Balkan war
A dainty tit-bit lurks.

A revolution red and raw,
A massacre by Turks!
Stale horrors must our sad lot be
While they with fresh are fed

Give us our daily tragedy,
And give it reeking red!

We care not how our monarchs feed,
Or whether stocks are snide,
If with our matutinal meal
We get our suicide.

We care not if the State's in debt
Or if our credit vaults,

As long as every morn we get,
Our criminal assaults.

Our breakfast shock we like to see
An inch in thickness spread;

Give us our daily tragedy
And give it reeking red!

No morning sheet may we peruse
Beneath our front door slipped,
To learn how tight the knotted noose
The felon's throttle gripped.

Alas, we live in far off gloom,
And time and oft we're stumped

For news about the quicklime tomb
Where William Sykes was dumped.

We merely ask that such as we
Shan't live in darkened dread.

Give us our daily tragedy,
And give it reeking red.

HISTORY

Referring to the two poems on the opposite page, they really show that it is the poets of the day who give us an insight into the thinking of “the common man” and put a real face onto the history of the time.

How many people now have either a boiled eggs or mut-ton chops for breakfast?

They also go to show us that though specific things are of the past, basic fundamentals continue. We still hear how “God” is on ‘our’ side of any conflict, perhaps not so much in secular Australia, but the USA still puts the Al-mighty somewhere in almost all policy statements.

As for Dryblower’s poem, what’s changed ? — just the fact that today’s tragedies are not slipped under the door encased in the morning paper (but still perhaps on our front lawns) but flood our houses from the screens of multiple TVs and Internet screens.

Perhaps in 100 years or so, people reading the words of today’s poets will also look back on them, not just as an amusing or sad story, but a window into the lives and deaths of the people of our times. I would like to think that the words of the poet, particularly the “Bush Poet” will remain an important part of our heritage and history.

The serious reader will also use such poems as these to gain additional knowledge, perhaps the usage of words that are either not in common speech (who remembers botcher, clyner, spieler, brum, tray and zac) or maybe words that have totally changed their meaning, current examples of this being ‘gay’, ‘bash’, ‘having a ball’, ‘screw’,

And just in case you were wondering what ‘matutinal’ means - I eventually found it - An organism that is most active in the early morning—or more generally “in reference to early morning” (from L. ‘matin’)

July History

Back 111 years ago (1900) WA was referred to by several poets as the “Land of Forrests” here’s part of the reason:-

Glancing thru a paper of the time, I find that in a total population of some 176,000 people (of which about 50,000 were eligible to vote (#)) , there were 3 of the Forrest Family in the Legislative Assembly John (the Premier) (Bunbury) representing 348 voters Alexander (West Kimberley) 100 voters And David (Ashburton) 42 voters

Metro seats typically had around 1000—2000 voters So much for 1 man 1 vote

(#) the proportion of voters—population was high in those times for even though few women could vote, and families had many children, WA had a huge discrepancy in terms of the sexes, Men outnumbered women almost 2 to 1 - mostly due to the fact that the goldfields was still populated largely by single or unaccompanied men.

Looking back at past newspapers I’ve come across a number of poets that I’d not heard of before, Various “real” names, quite a few ‘non de plumes’ such as “Coolgardie”, “Willy Willy” and so on, but the one that has me intrigued was a poet from the Wyndham area who wrote under the name of “The Rough and Ready Rhyme-ster from The River” - I wonder who he really was?

Once again I’ve had to trim my trees so that they don’t interfere with the power lines, one of the main offenders is a box tree. Over the years my trees have cost quite a few \$\$\$ - Locational discrimination it is—people on the other side of the road don’t have to trim their trees . And we were promised underground power for 2002. Ah well. Here’s a modern bit of verse I found on the internet, unfortunately, even though it is a web page devoted to “Bush Poetry” no authors are given, Naughty naughty.

Stumped

The box-gum on my footpath grew up through the powerlines
its branches needed trimming every year,
with age the shady lady broke way out of its confines,
the council had enough now it’s not here.

They thought of public safety as the tree had posed a threat,
especially in a summer thunderstorm.
It seems bare on the footpath as I look out with regret,
next summer it will be a trifle warm.

The workmen came to chop it down one weekday afternoon,
they mulched the leaves and branches that same day.
They spoke to me at five o’clock and said they’d be back soon,
Tomorrow they would take the stump away.

Tomorrow came tomorrow went before long weeks had passed.
They didn’t come back when they said they would.
I thought they were too busy and had left my stump till last.
What once was verdant green was now dead wood.

The council sent a letter. They had brand new trees to plant
replacing all the box-gums they’d cut down.
The stump still on my footpath, I rang up to have a rant.
The next day there were no more stumps in town.

I’ll miss my shady lady, in the summer I’ll be hot,
I’ll miss the cooling canopy of green.
With an educated guess I’d say council has forgot,
to plant a tree where my box-gum had been.

STOP PRESS

Committee member Marjory Cobb has unfortunately found herself in hospital after having a fall and apparently breaking her knee (?). This will, at Marjorie’s tender age, obviously mean quite a while out of action.

I am sure that all members will join me in wishing her all the best for a speedy and pain free recovery

Wrap-up of June Muster - by Dot

Our Mc for the night, **Loralie Tacoma** had no spaces left in her full program.

Carolyn Sambridge has written another new one "Beware of the Bear." Don't go to bed with a teddy bear unless you have 9 lives. Its not a cuddly toy and it doesn't eat veggies but loves to tuck into steak. It's blood thirsty so you had better beware.

John Hayes had written a new one and just finished it today. "Cane Toad" started going some where and then he found it had gone somewhere else. (Other writers / poets will totally agree with that John.) Would he woo a Queensland girl toad, or would you rather hop the border. you don't have many options — prospect don't look bright. Check your financial status before you make any decisions although matrimony does have benefits.

Ron Ingam had a poem, author unknown and also missing a title but it was thinking about what is to come for when the shearing shed is silent and the harvesters stand derelict upon the wind swept plains and a hundred out-back settlements are ghost towns overnight. When Pioneer means a stereo and a digger is some backhoe and the outback is behind the house. And don't forget that Anzac is a brand of biscuit that is probably foreign owned. One day you might find yourself an outcast in this land and then join the swelling ranks who say "**Don't sell Australia out**"

Grace Williamson has an admiration for Joan Strange's poetry and with her "Dear Mrs Harrison" she thinks that she would like to write a letter to someone she will never know and tell her that she now lives in her cottage. She wonders, did she have an English rose complexion and did you regret your decision to come to the bush. She feels that there is a special bond between them and she just knows that they could have been friends because they share the same emotions and she feels her close at hand.

With his "The Highway Man" **Brian Langley** told of a night to remember tearing down the desertroad at 200 K's. But things go horribly wrong and the car leaves the road and spins over and over. It's then that the poem becomes analogous as he sees on the screen a message—Your are Dead— Game over!

Teresa Rose had one she thought could have been from John O'Brien, "His Story" It tells of this wizened and wrinkled, grey and poverty painted old man. He had asked him his name and settled in for a yarn from the old man. The old man took his time while he took out his whip and shook out the strands, then he took a plug of tobacco and it seemed that he was going to chew for a week. Then he finally motioned to come nearer. Was I to hear of a tale of our criminal scum, but he just grunted asked for a bob for a rum. His name? Why it's Tommy the Lag. (Recent research gives the author as Jack Dunn of Broad Arrow, written 1903 —Ed)

With Murray Hartin's "Rain from Nowhere", **Marjory Cobb** told of the farmer driven to his knees. He can only see more drought and more work that isn't going to get him out of debt. He contemplates taking his life but wanders down to the letter box and finds a letter from his father. As he reads the letter his father tells him of the bad times that he had experienced and the time that he had thought about taking his life. But it had been his son (this son) asking where was he and was he ready to come and play that turned his thoughts back to his family. The father tells him that it was him who saved him. And he tells him that things can get better if you just hang in there. The famer turns and goes back to the homestead and as he does he smells the rain on the wind and there his hope in his step.

Dot Note: Murray has the poem up on his website for any one to use in any way. All he asks is that if you use it you make a donation to the local CWA as they are coordinating a Rural Suicide help forum.

Up from Narrogin, **Frank Heffernan** had two short poems. The first, recently written by him is "The Inheritance" It is about a time when it was common practice for a boy to leave school and work on the farm for Mum and Dad for tucker money and the promise that one day they would eventually take over the reins. The succession eventually came about but then he had to agree to pay all his sisters out. Little left for all that time and no pay.

The next one by GH (Ironbark) Gibson is a yarn about a case where the land fell on the farmer. "And fifty acres more or less came down on Jones's back". He then asks the question is this what should happen to farmers who do not look after their soil? *Thank you Frank for always giving me a summary of your presentations it makes my job so much quicker and easier.*

Next was the dynamic duo of **Kerry Bowe and Barry Higgins** with some of Syd Hopkinson's "Naughty Shorties". 'Tricky and a trifle naughty, and battling for a better name, we'll just call them a "Shorty"

In "Animal Anecdotes" the family Chihuahua had killed their Alsatian. The bigger dog when attacked by the smaller had swallowed it. Unfortunately the Alsatian choked and died

"Lion Park" reminded us of the true story of tourists wanting to go through Bullen's Lion Park on push-bikes An angry fellow pushed his nasty Mother in Law into the lion's cage. The RSPCA prosecuted him for animal cruelty. The Duchess and the Padre were sitting together when there was an enormous blast of wind. She apologised but the Padre thought it had been the horse. Why do some people eat snails? Because they don't like fast food!!!

With "Mammary Morsels" there is a new undergarment worn by ladies and it is a brand new bra called a sheep-dog. The bra rounds them up, bails them up and points them in the right direction!!! Then a young lady seeking the sun and thinking she was all alone on the Hotel's roof took off all her clothes. When asked to stop she replied

that she was lying on her face so how could any one see!! It seems that she was lying on the new skylight!!

After a lovely supper organised by Maxine we had our regular Readings from the Classics. **Brian Langley** chose a poem from Dryblower, "No Confidence" not so much because of its story (which was about a vote of "No Confidence" in the State Parliament in 1901), but because of the almost libelous language that once was the norm in Political comment poetry. We just don't see that type of poetry any more.

As it would be Henry Lawson's birthday later in the month **Grace Lawson** chose his "Since Then". When he met Jack Ellis, his old mate it seemed as if he was going to just walk on past. His old mate was battered and his coat was thin with his boots gone through. Whereas he felt that time had altered him and he was dressed in a better way. Did his old mate not recognise that they had shared a life that was remembered with feelings as they tramped throughout the years of drought? He asked him to come and have a drink, but as he tried to relive the past, he realised he could never go back.

Again with a lack of rain **John Hayes** "Ernie's Pipe Dream" becomes a pointed look at why we didn't build the pipe when it was first proposed. (Was it because he was black and anyway what did he know!!!) There is a topic of serious consideration as our waterways become polluted and the water from the tap has been purified by chemicals to get rid of the germs or impurities that lurk. In basins underground there is water but the vegetation is dying as the streams and lakes disappear. So why not pipe it from the Ord. In a good year there's enough for the whole nation

Kerry Bowe then presented one of her own written in 1970 and well worth airing for tonight. In "Mystery of the Deep" she takes the part of the waves and the water swishing along the desolate beach. The sun and the rising moon are seen as she washes away the tracks and we are left with stories untold. Now and then the seas fury frown and she thrashes the placid rocks, dunes and sand. And when at last her anger dies she goes back to the shadows of the deep, subdued into a peaceful sleep.

Frank Heffernan then had 6 Nursery Rhymes with a modern twist that he had written for a Grade 7 boy who was having great difficulties with his reading skills. He loves them, especially "ole King Mike, on his Harley motor bike, a merry old bloke was he...."

His second was the ABC for Seniors written by Pete Stratford a friend from Tasmania. We can all relate to 'A is for aging, B is for bulges, C for companionship, comfort and care' but what about O for surprises we get early morning when P becomes urgent with so little warning!"

Kerry and Barry were back again with those naughty shorties. Among them was the statement to drink nothing but water to stop stiffness in your joints. The joints that I go to don't sell water! A lady visiting a Dentist said she would rather have a baby than a tooth out. The Dentist said he would have to alter the chair if that was her wish. With twins and how do you tell them apart. Well its by their balls. Tommy bawls all day and Jimmy bawls all night. The traffic cop told the driver that his wife had fallen out of the car on the other side of town. Thank goodness she replied I thought that I had lost my hearing!

Ron Ingham had a poem written supposedly by an old man who had died in a Geriatric ward of the nursing home in Canada. So impressed were the staff that they make copies and distributed them throughout the hospital. It is called "Crabby Old Man" and the authors name is not known. What do you see nurses? When you are looking at me. As they tell him to try harder and do the things that they now have to do for him. He remembers his childhood with his family and then a young man of sixteen with wings on his feet dreaming of what is to come. A groom at twenty with love promised, then at twenty five a child of his own to guide.

Bri Note—Having seen the poem elsewhere, a quick search of the internet reveals about 6 different versions of this poem on some 20 or more sites, none with an author, but relating to both an old man and an old woman.

With her "Late Night Lament" **Teresa Rose** asks us to consider the effects of longer hours for shopping. With it already being a dangerous place after dark, what will be the effects on the "car park hoons" who hunt in packs, their squealing girls all dressed to tease. Its often said that actions speak louder than words but it's money that speaks much louder. Should the grab for more dollars with late shopping control all common sense. ?

With the onset of some rain **Barry Higgins** presented Jeff Bebb's "The Rain Gauge Man". He read the rain gauge every day at the same time whether it was raining or fine but one day his partner asked him to linger in bed for a little while longer. So he hopes the Weather Dept will understand that he didn't read the rain gauge till 7

Brian Langley finished the evening with a tribute poem to Dryblower that he had just written for a "poem about a poet" submission. In it he describes how Dryblower (Edwin Murphy) wrote around 10,000 poems mostly with some socio-political message. While his death was mourned by many, there were others who were glad to see the end of his very cynical poems of which they had been the target. . (Cont next page)

Final Dot Note:-

This is my last write up of the musters, Australia Day and other bush poetry events that I have attended over the last 5 years. It's been a hard and long task finding the words to describe the poetry presented. How can I dare to try and write words to describe a poem that has already been beautifully written? To the poets as always a BIG THANK YOU. I've gone through at least 6 note books, sometimes drawing pictures in the margins BUT mostly I've been moved to laughter, smiles, deep thoughts, tears or anger at the range of poetry presented. My own

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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

July 1	AGM WABP&YS	Auditorium, Bentley Park	6.30pm
July 1	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	7.30pm Guest "Outback Paddy"

What happens after July— This is in the lap of the Gods, or more specifically the members.

Regular events - Albany Bush Poetry group 4th Tuesday of each month Peter 9844 6606
 Geraldton Growers market Poetry gig 2nd Saturday Catherine 0409 200 153.

Do YOU have any poetic events which need to go in this space? Or for that matter anywhere within this newsletter — it is YOUR newsletter, I would like to see more direct contributions from members and

knowledge has been enhanced by the poetry, with the history, the stories and the yarns. Even when I've made a mistake your gentleness in pointing out my errors along with constructive criticism has always been gratefully received. To all the writers, keep up your fantastic work in bringing to the stage your thoughts and feelings. To the performers of other people's poetry, may you always be inspired by others' words enough to present them to an audience!

You can't get rid of me totally!! I will fill in if required but I feel that it is time to get another's point of view. See you down the track and at poetry performances throughout our great country.

**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**

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