

BULLY TIN



**Next Muster November 5th, 2011 7.30pm MC Brian Langley
Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Drive Bentley 6102,**

THIS DAY IN HISTORY

Tuesday, November 1, 2011

Australian Explorers:

1865 - The first European explorer to see Ayers Rock, William Christie Gosse, is appointed Government Surveyor in the South Australian colony.

World History

1884 - Greenwich Mean Time (GMT) is adopted.

2009 - Australia's population passes 22 million.

November is Movember month - an annual, month-long celebration of the moustache, highlighting men's health issues, specifically prostate cancer and depression in men. Mo Bros, supported by their Mo Sistas, start Movember (November 1st) clean shaven and then have the remainder of the month to grow and groom their moustache. During Movember, each Mo Bro effectively becomes a walking billboard for men's health and, via their Mo, raises essential funds and awareness for Movember's men's health partners.

This poem was written by Stephen Whiteside, a well published poet and Doctor from Victoria.

Check Your PSA Today!

© Stephen Whiteside 13.08.2011

It started with a PSA.
The doctor said, "That's fine today,
But come back in another year."
I felt a rising tide of fear.
You can't write poems when you're dead.
The twelve months very quickly sped.
So then I had the test once more.
It showed a slightly higher score.
"Can't avoid it this time, mate,"
The doctor said. I muttered, "Great."
I knew he planned to perforate
With needles sharp my poor prostate.
'The odds,' he said, "are still quite fair.
Just one in three there's cancer there."
I reached out wide for fortune's cup.
Alas, my number still came up.
An open prostatectomy!
Imagine the effect on me!
I knew exactly what it meant.
Would I be incontinent?

The positions of President and Vice President are still vacant.

If you feel you are able to take on one of these positions, please contact the secretary —

**Teresa Rose on 9402 3912
tarose5@bigpond.com**

I'd heard it turned some men to wrecks.
Would it spell the end for sex?
To dodge my death, I'd face the knife,
But what of quality of life?

I sit here now six weeks postop.
It's been, I think, a quite fair cop.
I spent six days in hospital,
And day-time tele don't enthral;
A catheter for two full weeks,
The price for stemming later leaks.
A month off work is quite a blow,
But then, my energy was low,
And six weeks lifting nothing heavy
Seems a quite exacting levy.

The margins were reported clear.
Life has never felt so dear.
The future path, once straight, feels bent.
The surgeon, though, seems confident.
I'm mostly dry, though wear a pad,
And of that much, at least, I'm glad.
The old boy's shorter half an inch,
And such things matter in a clinch,
But clinching isn't really sound
Right now. He faces to the ground.
But hopefully (so people say)
It may not always be this way,
And sex can still be quite a blast
Without a firmly pointing mast.

I've reached a point where I can say
I'm glad I checked my PSA.
I'd say to all men, "Stem your fear.
Check your PSA each year."
And women, if your man won't budge,
Give a none too subtle nudge.
The images inside your mind
Are so much worse, I think you'll find
Than straight reality. I say,
Please, check your PSA today.



Walking Different Tracks

Although we are too late for this submission round, perhaps someone would be interested in this for the next round.

Are you a writer? A poet? Someone who loves the culture of Cafes and coffee?

Australian Poetry's Cafe Poet Program is a way to combine all of these passions and we are on the hunt for the next group of Cafe Poets in Australia.

What is the Cafe Poet Program? The Cafe Poet Program places poets in cafes as 'poets in residence' for a six-month period. The poet is given space to write and given complimentary tea and/or coffee and in return the cafe gets to be part of this community, receives promotion and the op-

portunity to plan events with the poet enriching the cultural life of the cafe.

The program began in February 2009 and has been a huge success, placing more than forty poets in cafes all over the country and receiving extensive media coverage including The Age, Sydney Morning Herald and MX.

Our next Cafe Poet submission deadline is 31 October.

To apply please visit: <http://www.australianpoetry.org/cafe-poet-program/>

For more information about the Cafe Poet Program

Please contact Eliza Hull
eliza@australianpoetry.org

Kalgoorlie Motorhome Rally

Over 800 motorhomes and 1800 people attended the annual CMCA National Rally held in Kalgoorlie on 8th – 16th October.

On four mornings WABPYS poets entertained them at a bush poet's breakfast.

Capably chaired by Maxine Richter in her first time as MC for such an event, John Hayes, Peg Vickers, Grace Williamson and Bill Gordon presented a top quality program.

Kalgoorlie poet Ken Ball started proceedings with his horse and stockwhip, setting the scene for the many city-based travellers.

John shared many of his poems of the goldfields, having been born in Kalgoorlie and spending much of his youth there. John later worked throughout the wheat belt before farming with his family at Kalannie. Peg had the audience enthralled with her unique humour and presentation of the misadventures of Grandpa.

Grace and Bill rounded off a well-balanced and entertaining program.

CMCA members showed they were not lacking in talent, with several reading and a few reciting poetry. The top performance of the week was undoubtedly Leo imitating Frank Spencer in "Some Mothers Do Have Them" while he recited Blue The Shearer's poem about backing the trailer.

The Bush Ports also joined with musicians in an informal session around the fire pit each night. Bill livened up proceedings when he recited "The Man from Snowy River" and cracking his stock whip during the poem.

CMCA members were highly complimentary of the contribution of the Bush Poets to their rally, and were left in no doubt about the talent among WABPYS members

Maxine Richter and Bill Gordon

The Rally of CMCA

John Hayes

They rocked into Kalgoorlie for National rally twenty six
It's the way the CMCA get their annual kicks
From the east from the south and north from Kimberley
Following the wildflower trail down past Perenjori
Along the road of freedom their kingdom's ever growing
The road beneath the nomad's home is flowing ever
flowing.

When the distant sun is setting on the sea or desert
dune
they gather by the campfire to spin a yarn or sing a
tune
While the mystic moon is sailing on its path of silver
beams
they watch the stars go wheeling through a galaxy of
dreams
Then surrender soul and body to a treasured memory.
as their eyes are filled with stardust in silent reverie

Beyond the blue horizon where tomorrows clouds abide
there's a journey down a river to where past friends
reside.

Where the streams are clear as crystal where the skies
are always blue
and a campfire's always burning where hearts are loyal
and true.

Where a record of each member is inscribed by night
and day
at the final rally there up yonder of their CMCA

**Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed - See John Hayes
Please Contact any committee person**

**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**

Farewell to the Bushland

By Temora (at Leonora)

(Sunday Times, February 26th 1905)

I have fought the hard, stern battle, I have fought and I have lost.
Finding cherished hopes departed is the price defeat has cost;
Recollection ever near me fills my wearied soul with gloom,
And the pow'r's of fate combining hurl me headlong to my doom.

As I leave the Sunny Bushland in my heart is sad regret,
There are memories still we cherish, there are friends we ne'er forget;
In the haven of the weary that are friends in more than name,
Where I found them true in manhood, where I leave them still the same.

Oft 'tis said "the dreamy Bushland, - 'tis a place of want and woe,
Here is but a smile beguiling," yet I never found it so.
When my kindred, spurned me from them, wearied with my load of care,
I had sought my love, the Bushland, and I found a welcome there.

When I found old loves forgetful, found the falseness of the new,
When the world, and friends had failed me she remained a lover true;
When I came a wandering exile she had shown her smiling face,
And had given lovers' welcome and a lover's fond embrace.

Bushland scenes, my heart re-echoes in its sadness and its pain,
Shall I ever know the brightness of those gladsome days again ?
Shall my spirit; e'er re-visit realms of fairy land from whence
Springs the fount of joys eternal, blissful joys of innocence ?

Scenes of sweet enchanting beauty, where the morn in glory
breaks
'Mid the scenes of pealing gladness, as the world of nature, wakes;
Where the winds, like fairy zephyrs murmuring softly, seem to be
Angel whispers set to music, Nature's sweetest melody.

Where the song birds sing their love songs, As they flutter through
the trees,
And the freshness of the flowers come like incense on the breeze;
Where the wattles crowned with beauty would a wealth of bloom
unfold
And the, waters in the shadows bullion-fringed with burnished-gold.

Let my longing eyes still linger on those scenes before I go,
Ere I face the city turmoil let me once more gladness know;
Let me listen while the bellbird rings his low, sad curfew bell,
Let me take those mem'ries with me dear old Bushland, fare you
well.

When, the cares of life are over in the evening of my day,
And the clouds of dark depression from my sky has passed away,
When the struggle for existence with its bitterness is past,
May I see a peaceful sunset 'mid those Bushland scenes at last.

Submissions for the Bully Tin

Just a quick reminder to everyone that this is **your** newsletter.
Please feel free to submit your poems for inclusion, keeping in
mind the need for size constraints.

Coming Events

As the Crow Flies - Poet in the Park
27th November - Wireless Hill

Featuring Geoffrey W Graham
Supported by local poets.

The committee will accept nominations
for ? 2 support performances. If you wish to
nominate,
please contact Robert Suann or Bill
Gordon (contact details on back) for further
details.

November Muster - Feature Poet Dryblower Murphy.

"Dryblower" first came on the scene in
Coolgardie in 1898, where he contributed
poetry and stories to several goldfields
papers. He quickly found himself with a
regular column, "The Mingled Yarn"
In 1901, he joined the staff of the Perth
based Sunday Times (a sister paper to
the Kalgoorlie "Sun") with his column
"Verse and Worse".

For the next almost 40 years, working
both for the "Times" and the "Sun" he
wrote a prodigious amount of poetry, in all
something like 10,000 poems, at least 2 -
3,000 being "of significance" - A consid-
erable portion of his poems were socio -
political comment and he was not afraid to
vent his poetic spleen on anybody who
he considered was not doing their job, was
"ripping off" the public or was guilty of hi-
pocracy.

The presentation at "Traditional Night" will
look at just a tiny percentage of his poems
within the short period, around 1901-05.
They will take a peek at the many and var-
ied topics that he found worth commenting
on.

ANZAC Centenary Poetry Competition

The ANZAC Day Centenary Poetry Project
challenges poets to answer the following
question:

What does ANZAC Day mean to you, to
today's families, communities or nations?
The outcomes of the project will include
the publication of a collection of two hun-
dred poems as well as an ANZAC Centen-
ary Poetry Prize. Full details and entry in-
formation are available from
[http://www.ozzywriters.com/index.php/
anzac-centenary-overview](http://www.ozzywriters.com/index.php/anzac-centenary-overview)
or by contacting the Co-ordinating Editor
by phoning +61 (0)3 6362 4390, or
emailing anzac.poetry@pnc.com.au

WALKING WITH GHOSTS

Terry Piggott

I hear their whispered voices as they're carried on the breeze
and laughter's all around me in the sighing of the trees.
Excitement ripples through the ranks despite the searing heat
and footsteps ever echo to the tramping of their feet.

I follow now the trails they blazed and sense their ghostly
ways,
at night I see them in my dreams way back in bygone days.
With tucker bags near empty and their water running low,
they dared to test the limits where a mortal man can go.

A fever burnt within them as they pressed ahead so bold,
to face this hostile country in a daring rush for gold.
And many lives were forfeit in the barren wastes outback;
their ghosts are out there wandering along each lonely track.

They join me by the campfire from the shadows of the night,
I know they're all around me though they keep well out of
sight.
I'm sure they try to guide me; show me where the nuggets
lay,
but earthly ties forbid me now from hearing what they say.

By day I pass a ruin where a town once used to be,
it's slowly disappearing and there's little left to see.
Where streets once filled with laughter you'll find only si-
lence now,
along with faded memories - it seems a shame somehow.

A long forgotten graveyard huddles on a nearby hill,
no markers show who lies there but their spirits rest here
still.
I feel a surge of sadness as I view some tiny mounds,
among the crumbling graves here in these dusty harsh sur-
rounds.

I cross the sun baked clay-pans on the desert fringe again;
beneath these burning sands here lie the bones of many men.
Mirages tantalized them showing waters clear and cool,
they're always out here waiting, for a victim they can fool.

And in these arid places where the dunes reach for the sky,
the sameness of the landscape sometimes tricked a passerby.
Men disappeared forever in this harshest of all lands,
their voices may be heard now in the songs of singing sands.

Corella's noisy welcome means there's water in the creek
and ghost like gums are beckoning with shade that I now
seek.
Some rusty cans and bottles show that others passed here
first,
perhaps in search for water when a drought was at its worst.

I sit beneath a shady tree; cool waters at my feet
and visualize those people whom in dreams I often meet.
Their courage is unquestioned and their deeds will long be
known
and though it happened years ago - how quickly time has
flown.

RIDING IN THE MOUNTAINS

Bill Gordon 25.8.2011

If you're ever up at Mansfield and the mountains beckon you,
Pay a visit to McCormacks, with their trail riding crew,
For a close look at the ranges and to get the grandest view,
Of the mountains.

Some like to bump and bounce on the winding four-wheel track,
Drive up to the summit then o'er to the mustering shack,
But to really feel the country get up on a horse's back,
In the mountains.

Those hardy mountain horses are muscular and strong,
With stamina that's needed to last the whole day long,
The tracks are steep and stony, no place to get it wrong,
Up the mountains.

We humbly pay a visit to this rugged country grand,
To be a part, however small, of this majestic land,
No man can tame this country, or even make a stand,
Against the mountains.

Up through the mountain ash, the kurrajongs and stringybark,
Those mighty trees forever on the landscape make their mark,
The stunted twisted snow gums, their ghostly trunks stand stark,
On the mountains.

Then we slowly make our way down to McCormack's camp,
Where for a hundred years and more the stockmen left their
stamp,
And the crystal clear King River felt the cattle's easy tramp,
Through the mountains.

Australia has her heritage, forged o'er two hundred years,
The settlers and the drovers, who overcame their fears,
Those old high country cattlemen, their women without peers,
In the mountains.

The country's made immortal in movie, poem and song,
The man from Snowy River with his hard and fearless throng,
It stirs the Aussie blood in us as we ride the ridges long,
Over the mountains.

We've all seen the movie of the daring mountain ride,
The wild rush up through the gorges, dash down the other side,
To ride those very hills ourselves fills our hearts with pride,
For the mountains.

The snowy mountains reign supreme over all who come and go,
Can be so unpredictable, in summer sun or snow,
To have been and felt her heartbeat leaves me with a special
glow,
From the mountains.

I have seen the rugged beauty from the mighty mountain track,
The courage and proud history around each mustering shack
I pray that time will give to me the chance to journey back
To the mountains.

Another chance to ride again the mighty mountainside,
With Deb and Bruce McCormack, great hostess and top guide
Another chance to feel and share their quiet Aussie pride
Of their Mountains

Billy Brink

There once was a shearer by the name of Bill Brink,
a devil for work and a devil for drink.
He'd shear his two hundred a day without fear,
and he'd drink without stopping two gallons of beer.

When the pub opened up he was very first in,
roaring for whisky and howling for gin,
saying, "Jimmy, my boy, I'm dying of thirst,
whatever you've got here just give to me first.

Now Jimmy the barman who served him the rum
hated the sight of old Billy the bum;
He came up too late, he came up too soon,
at morning, at evening, at night and at noon.

Now Jimmy the barman was cleaning the bar
with sulphuric acid locked up in a jar.
He poured him a measure into a small glass,
saying, "After this drink you will surely say 'Pass'"

"Well," says Billy to Jimmy, "the stuff it tastes fine.
She's a new kind of liquor or whisky or wine.
Yes, that's the stuff, Jimmy, I'm strong as a Turk -
I'll break all the records today at my work."

Well, all that day long there was Jim at the bar,
roaring and trembling with a terrible fear;
too eager to argue, too anxious to fight,
for he pictured the corpse of old Bill in his sight.

But early next morn there was Bill as before,
roaring and bawling, and howling for more.
His eyeballs were singed and his whiskers deranged,
he had holes in his hide like a dog with a mange.

Said Billy to Jimmy, "She sure was fine stuff,
It made me feel well, but I ain't had enough.
It started me coughing, you know I'm no liar,
and every damn cough set my whiskers on fire!"

The Bush

James Lister Cuthbertson

Give us from dawn to dark
blue of Australian skies,
Let there be none to mark
whither our pathway lies.

Give us when noontide comes
rest in the woodland free-
fragrant breath of the gums,
cold, sweet scent of the sea.

Give us the wattle's gold
and the dew-laden air,
and the loveliness bold
Loneliest landscapes wear.

These are the haunts that we love,
glad with enchanted hours,
bright as the heavens above,
fresh as the wild bush flowers.

Judges Comments - Cervantes Written Competition

Having read and re-read the many entries to this competition, Once again I find myself 'blown away' by some very brilliant, expressive "Bush Poetry" , in particular those I have rated, "Commended" or better

That is not to say that the others are failures, far from it, for most were of a very high standard but, being a judge means that I must rank the submissions as I see them. I took into account the storyline, its originality and logical progression as well as the use of various poetic tools which embellish the written verse. I pay little heed to 'perfection'

in grammar and punctuation, sufficient that they are in keeping with the poem and are consistent. These features of a poem do not appear in the entry criteria and I would only use them to split otherwise inseparable poems. I do however pay particular attention to the entry requirement of "very good and consistent Rhyme and metre" I must be able to pick up the poem for the first time and read it out loud without having to stop and ponder over how a word should be stressed - such factors should flow automatically. A few entrants have yet to achieve this.

As to Rhyme, whilst most were able to achieve 'perfection' several poems suffered from the "almosts", abandoned DOES NOT rhyme with stranded, nor do Stops and Spots -

While these and quite a few other similar misrhymes have the feature known as assonance (ie sounding similar) and are often used in song, they do not fit the written "Bush Poem" - In Performance poetry, with a good performer, you may get away with it, but not in a written verse competition. I was pleased that very few resorted to "forced rhyme" where a word is included purely for its rhyming and has little to do with the story, leaving the reader just that bit confused.

Just a few poems had some slight issues with continuity and a couple with location, time and similar concepts (ie here and there and was and is)

One entrant obviously failed to read the entry criteria and submitted a poem in Free verse. This was NOT the forum for such poems. It is the same as entering a jar of Jam in a Cake competition, both are food, but there's little else in common. There are plenty of other competitions for such poetry. There were some VERY interesting poetic tools used in some of the entries, including some quite complex verse structure, internal rhyme, enjambment, syntax variations, metaphors etc. etc - such tools (if not overdone) enhance the poem considerably.

I did find, once again that most of the "better" poems had reminiscence as their base theme - perhaps this is a feature of older, more experienced poets, but I have no way of being sure.

The one junior entry deserves commendation for although being deficient in consistency (many adults suffer this same problem) great effort was taken with rhyme and with the overall theme and progression. These concepts are difficult for one of such tender years (8) to grasp. I look forward in hope of seeing this young person's poetry develop as he or she matures.

Thank you to all the entrants - To those in the "top" listing, keep it up, to those who are still 'emerging' don't despair, read the works of the masters, both traditional and contemporary, read also the various notes put out by those who are willing to pass on their expertise and use these to add that little more finesse to your work. Keep persevering, but remember that inspiration and perfection are both very fickle mistresses.

Remembrance Day - 11th November.

Remembrance Day (Red Poppy Day) is celebrated on 11th November to remember the members of our armed forces who have died on duty since the 1st world war.

Edwin Gerard (Gerardy/Trooper Gerardy)

Edwin Field Gerard (1891 – 1965), war balladist, soldier and farmer, was born Edwin Gerhard on 22nd May 1891 at Yunta, South Australia, and moved in 1896 to the Kalgoorlie area, WA. He appears to have left school at 16, starting work as coachmaker and/or coachpainter, & signwriter. He may have worked as an underground trucker on the Kalgoorlie and Coolgardie goldfields, followed by a spell as a gold prospector. He eventually worked his way to the eastern States, where he took up art studies – later to be relinquished in favour of writing verse. He eventually changed his surname to Gerard.

Gerard saw active service as part of the Australian Imperial Force as a dismounted trooper with the 7th Australian Light Horse Regiment at Gallipoli, and as a mounted trooper with the 12th Light Horse in Sinai, Palestine, Jordan, Syria and Lebanon. His published war poems appeared over the pseudonyms "Gerardy" and 'Trooper Gerardy' in periodicals such as the Sydney Bulletin and the Kalgoorlie Sun, and in two volumes, *The Road to Palestine and other verses*, and *Australian Light Horse Ballads and Rhymes*. Gerards ballads of war constitute his best group of writings – he writes at the poet laureate of the Australian light horsemen, although not as their uncritical panegyrist.

Gerard vividly recreates actual incidents of the desert war, and at the same time conveys the common sensations and feelings experienced. His style, at its best, is vigorous, swift moving, vivid and musical. Gerard died at Parkes on 19 January 1965.

THE HORSE THAT DIED FOR ME

by Trooper Gerardy, Australian Light Horse

They gave me a fiery horse to groom, and I rode him on parade,
While he plunged and swung for kicking room like a young and haughty jade.
I rode him hard till I curbed his will, hot foot in the sham attack,
Till he ceased to jib, and took to drill like a first-class trooper's hack.
He tasted hell on the Indian sea. Pent up in the gloom below,
He dreamed of the days when he was free, and his weary heart beat slow.
But he lived to leave the reeking ship, and raised his drooping head
With new-born zest when he felt the grip of the earth beneath his tread.
I left him and sailed away to fight on foot in the trenches deep-
A stretch that passed like an awful hour of fearsome nightmare sleep.
I lived to search for a mount once more on the crowded piquet line-

I rode him out as I did before, when I'd claimed the horse as mine.
I loved him as only one who knows the way of a horse may love;
Who rides athirst when the hell-wind blows and the sun stands still above;
Who rides for cover behind the rise that lifts like a wall of woe
And smites the vision of burning eyes when the Moslem lead rips low.
Far out on the hock-deep sands that roll in waves to the flaming sky,
He carried me far on the night patrol where the Turkish outposts lie;
He took me back to the camp at noon when the skirmish died amain,
And under a white and spectral moon he bore me afield again.
Our squadrons surged to the left and right when the fire of the day was dead;
The foeman crept in the sombre night with a wary, noiseless tread.
We moved away on a flanking march, like a brown line rudely drawn
That reached the foot of the grey sky's arch in the waking light of dawn.
The line closed in when the red sun shot from the purple-tinted east
To glare with scorn on the wretched lot of man and his jaded beast.
I urged my horse with a purpose grim for a ridge where cover lay,
And my heart beat high for the heart of him when he saved my life that day.
His knees gave way and I slipped from him: he dropped in a sprawling heap
On the wind-gapped edge of the skyline's rim where the high-blown sand was deep;
And fear came down with a gusty rain of lead on his final bed

~~~~~

My heart is warm for a heart that died in the desert flank attack,  
And the white sand surges down to hide the bones of a trooper's hack.

Australian Light Horse Ballads and Rhymes by Trooper Gerardy, Australian Light Horse, 1919

### Monthly Challenge

I asked last month if anyone had any suggestions for our newsletter. In the absence of any, and given that, in the written competitions I organise, the majority of the entrants are from the eastern states, I would like to try a monthly challenge, whereby you are asked to write a poem on a particular topic. Selected poems from these topics will be printed in the Bully Tin. You do not have to use the exact words, but can just write about the topic.

This month's topic is:  
I Remember

## Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2010—2011

|                |                  |                 |                            |
|----------------|------------------|-----------------|----------------------------|
|                | President        | Position Vacant |                            |
|                | V. President     | Position Vacant |                            |
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| Brian Langley  | Website Manager  | 9361 3770       | briandot@tpg.com.au        |
| Jill Miller    | Library          | 9472 3553       | jill1947@yahoo.com.au      |
| Irene Conner   | State Rep-ABPA   | 0429652155      | iconner21@wn.com.au        |

### Upcoming Events

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

- ◆ November 4th 2011      Monthly Muster 7.30pm, Bentley Park Auditorium.
- ◆ November 27th 2011      Poet in the Park - As the Crow Flies. Wireless Hill, Ardross. 1 - 5pm  
Geoffrey W Graham - supported by local poets

**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 friends.**

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](http://www.abpa.org.au) or [www.bushverse.com](http://www.bushverse.com)

### **Don't forget our website** **[www.wabushpoets.com](http://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<br>Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit our website <a href="http://www.wabushpoets.com">www.wabushpoets.com</a><br>Go to the "Performance Poets" page | <b>Members' Poetic Products</b> | Arthur Leggett     | books, inc autobiography |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Graham Armstrong Book           | Keith Lethbridge   | books                    |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Victoria Brown CD               | Corin Linch        | books                    |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Peter Blyth CDs, books          | Val Read           | books                    |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Rusty Christensen CDs           | Caroline Sambridge | book                     |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Brian Gale CD & books           | Peg Vickers        | books & CD               |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | John Hayes CDs & books          | "Terry & Jenny"    | Music CDs                |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Tim Heffernan book              |                    |                          |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Brian Langley books, CD         |                    |                          |

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