



Next Muster May 4th 7.30pm MC Robert Gunn 0417099676

Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Drive Bentley 6102,

THIS DAY IN HISTORY

Tuesday 1st May

Born on this day

1934 - Australian actor, John Meillon, is born.

Australian Explorers

1839 - Eyre departs Adelaide to explore country to the north.

Australian History

1770 - Forby Sutherland becomes the first European to be buried in Australian soil.

1891 - Australia's first May Day marches are held in support of the shearers' strike in Barcardine.

World History

2011 - Osama Bin Laden, leader of Islamic militant group al-Qaeda, is killed.

The **1891 shearers' strike** is one of Australia's earliest and most important industrial disputes. The strike started and quickly spread. From February until May, central Queensland was on the brink of civil war. One of the first May Day marches in the world took place during the strike on 1 May 1891 in Barcardine. The Sydney Morning Herald reported that 1340 men took part of whom 618 were mounted on horse. Banners carried included those of the Australian Labor Federation, the Shearers' and Carriers' Unions, and one inscribed 'Young Australia'. The leaders wore blue sashes and the Eureka flag was carried.

Henry Lawsons well know poem 'Freedom on the Wallaby' was written as a comment on the strike, and published in The Worker in Brisbane on 16th May 1891,

Freedom on the Wallaby

Henry Lawson

Australia's a big country
An' Freedom's humping bluey,
An' Freedom's on the wallaby
Oh! don't you hear 'er cooey?
She's just begun to boomerang,
She'll knock the tyrants silly,
She's goin' to light another fire
And boil another billy.

Our fathers toiled for bitter bread
While loafers thrived beside 'em,
But food to eat and clothes to wear,
Their native land denied 'em.
An' so they left their native land
In spite of their devotion,
An' so they came, or if they stole,
Were sent across the ocean.

Then Freedom couldn't stand the glare
O' Royalty's regalia,
She left the loafers where they were,
An' came out to Australia.
But now across the mighty main
The chains have come ter bind her –
She little thought to see again
The wrongs she left behind her.

Our parents toil'd to make a home –
Hard grubbin 'twas an' clearin' –
They wasn't crowded much with lords
When they was pioneering.
But now that we have made the land
A garden full of promise,
Old Greed must crook 'is dirty hand
And come ter take it from us.

So we must fly a rebel flag,
As others did before us,
And we must sing a rebel song
And join in rebel chorus.
We'll make the tyrants feel the sting
O' those that they would throttle;
They needn't say the fault is ours
If blood should stain the wattle!

Bush Analogy

Will Ogilvie

What are the swift hours told
each day with a ceaseless chime,
But swagmen bold with their blankets rolled
on the wallaby tracks of Time?

What's man, when all is said,
but a drover to and fro,
whose years are fed with a three-score spread
on the stock-reserves of Woe?

What is Death but a shearer clean?
a ringer, with lives for sheep;
his shear-blades keen have an ebon sheen,
and his tally the graveyards keep.

Next Musters

Friday 4th May 7.30pm
Bentley Park Auditorium
MC - Robert Gunn 0417099676

Friday 1st June 7.30pm
RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley

A few months ago, a fellow from Cervantes gave me this poem that was written about his uncle, Don McLeod. I re-search some of the history, and thought it would be appropriate, given that 1st May is May Day.

On May Day, 1946, in the Pilbarra District, 800 aborigine station hands struck for 30 bob a week and the right to organise. Their leaders, the white man Don McLeod, and two Aborigines, Clancy McKenna and Dooley, are arrested and convicted.

But pressure through the Labour Movement and the United Nations brought their release. The aborigines formed their own co-operative which endures to this day.

Clancy and Dooley and Don McLeod

Dorothy Hewett 1946

Clancy and Dooley and Don McLeod
walked by the wurlies when the wind was loud,
and their voice was new as the fresh sap running,
and we keep on fighting and we keep on coming.

Don McLeod beat at a mulga bush
and a lot of queer things came out in a rush.
Like mongrel dogs with their flattened tail
they sneaked him off to the Hedland jail.

In the big black jail where the moonlight fell
Clancy and Dooley sat in the cell.
In the big white court crammed full with hate
they said, 'we wouldn't scab on a mate.'

In the great hot quiet they said it loud
and smiled in the eyes of Don McLeod,
and the working-men all over the land
heard what they shouted and shook their hand.

The sheep's wool dragged and the squatters swore
and talked nice words till their tongues got sore
and their bellies swelled with so much lies
but the blackfellers shooed them off like flies.

The sheep got lost on the squatter's run.
The shearing season was nearly done.
Said the squatters eaten up with greed,
'We'll pay good wages and give good feed.'

The blackfellers sheared the wool and then
got their wages like working-men.
The squatters' words were stiff and sore,
'We won't pay wages like that no more.'

The white boss said – STAY OUT OF TOWN,
and they ground with their boots to keep us down.
'We'll starve them out until they crawl
back on their bellies, we'll starve 'em all.'

The sun was blood on the bare sheep-runs
the women whispered, 'They'll come with guns.
But we marched to our camp, and our step was proud,
and we sat down there and we laughed out loud.

The young men marched down the road like thunder,
kicked up the dust and padded it under.
They marched into town like a whirlwind cloud
open up the jail and let out Don McLeod.

The squatters are riding round in the night
crying, 'Load up your guns and creep out quiet.
Let's teach these niggers that they can't rob
the big white bosses of thirty bob.'

Our young men are hunters, our old men make
songs
and the words of our people are whiplashed with
wrongs.
In the tribes of our country they sing, and are proud
of the Pilbarra men and the white man, McLeod.

Our voice is lightning all over the land
and we clench up our fists on the sweat of our
hands
for the voice of the workers is thundering loud
FIGHT WITH CLANCY AND DOOLEY AND DON
MCLEOD.

Victor James Daley was born in Navan, Armagh,
Ireland in 1858.
Daley moved to Plymouth in England at the age of
14yrs. He left there in 1876 at age 22 for Australia
where he firstly landed in Sydney, and shortly after,
went to Adelaide, where he worked as a clerk.
He later returned to Sydney and wrote for Australia
papers, principally 'The Bulletin'.
He died in 1905.

Moderation

Victor Daley

I do not wish for wealth
beyond a livelihood;
I do not ask for health
uproariously good.

I do not care for men
to point with pride at me;
a model citizen
I do not wish to be.

I have not dream bizarre
of strange erotic joy;
I want no avatar
of Helena of Troy.

I do not crave the boon
of Immortality;
I do not want the moon,
not yet the rainbow's key.

I do not yearn for wings,
or fins to swim the sea;
I merely want the things
that are not good for me.

POET PROFILE

If you would like to feature in the Poet Profile section,
please email me a short intro about yourself, along with a
photo -or information regarding a poet you would like to
see profiled.



Anzac Day Poetry

For anyone interested in the ANZAC Day Centenary Poetry Project, please be aware that the project has had a name change. It is now called "100 years from Gallipoli" Poetry Project. The name change is to do with the protection of the 'ANZAC' name.

This 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 hundred poems as well as a 100 Years from Gallipoli Poetry Prize.

This month is Mothers Day

Origin of Mothers Day goes back to the era of ancient Greek and Romans. But the roots of Mother's Day history can also be traced in UK where a Mothering Sunday was celebrated. However, the celebration of the festival as it is seen today is a recent phenomenon and not even a hundred years old.

This poem is from John Hayes book, Beneath Australian Sky.

Mother

John Hayes

When I think of Mother I recall my childhood days,
the warmth of love she fostered, the kindness of her ways.

The music of her lilting voice that brushed away my fears
brought laughter to my lips and stemmed the flow of tears.

Through my years of schooling she urged me to pursue
the ethos that was valued while to thyself be true.
She cloaked her disappointments as knowingly she smiled,
with the wisdom of a mother who loved her artless child.

When from the sheltered haven I ventured further out,
though willing was my spirit my heart was filled with doubt.

As 'neath the darkest night I walk or the clear blue sky,
I hear her voice through the trees or in the winds that sigh.

There's no need to light a candle to show me the way,
for Mother was the light of life until her dying day.
In the unknown world she dwells but lives within my heart,
for timeless is a mothers love, and we will never part.

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

The objectives of the project are:

- ♦ to use new poetry written by today's poets to illustrate the diversity of current views about Australian & NZ commemorations and anniversaries of military history
- ♦ To contrast these modern views with those from the past

Full details and entry information are available from <http://www.ozzywriters.com/index.php/100-years-from-gallipoli> or by contacting the Co-ordinating Editor by phoning +61 (0)3 6362 4390, or emailing gallipoli-100@ozzywriters.com

Closing date is Remembrance Day, 11 November, 2013.

For those of you interested in entering written poetry competitions, there is a new competition just started - details below:

**South Coast Country Music Assn
together with
Illawarra Breakfast Poets
2012 Inaugural Written Poetry competition**

The Kembla Flame

Written (Australian) Poetry Competition

1st 'The Kembla Flame' Trophy
\$60. and Certificate

2nd Trophy \$40 and certificate

3rd Trophy, \$20 and certificate
and 3 'commended' certificates

Entries close of 27th June

'The Kembla Flame' trophy and other prizes will be presented at the

SCCMA Country Music Festival

Dapto Leagues Club, Bong Bong Road, Dapto
on 15th July 2012

conditions and entry form the Events section of the ABPA website

www.abpa.org.au- from homepage go to events page or phone Comp Sec 02 42953452 or 0401160137

Please let me know if you have any trouble accessing the webpages, and I will contact Zondrae for you.

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Are you looking for Bush Poetry books or CDs—there is a website selling a range of these, along with other "self published" music etc you can also sell through them, Go to www.tradandnow.com It's an Australian group, based in Woy Woy, NSW

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

President's Report - John Hayes

Dear Members,

We are home from our ramblings after the Boyup Brook festival and it was great opportunity to meet our country friends and participate with them for the festival week.

We visited Peter and Jill Blyth at their lovely retreat at Elleker for a few days then travelled the south coast. stopping few a few days at Cape Riche, Quaggi Beach, Esperance and Thomas River in the Cape Arid National Park. I recited poetry five or six times and it was a great atmosphere as we watched the sun go down over the ocean. Another special treat was swimming close to the dolphins at Quaggi when they came near the shore

The committee has made arrangements to hold a muster at the RSL Hall in Fred Bell Pde. which is off Hill View Terrace between Berwick st and Jarrah Rd.

This will be held on the first friday of the month in June and that is the 1st. Please mark your calender for this event as we need your support to make it a success.

On the first Sunday of the month there is an opportunity for our performers to recite at the Canning Bridge Arts and Craft Markets, this will be from 10am till noon every month if the venue is suitable for us. We will require at least four or five people each time, Anyone that wishes to do so would they please contact me for further directions.

We are going to place a suggestion and comments box on a table and we invite people to use the same. All remarks and suggestions will be a pointer on what is required to improve our musters and give you better value for your continued support. It is not a requirement to sign your comments.

As we move toward the end of our financial year the committee would like to appeal to members to pay their subscriptions by the due date to make our Treasurers job a bit easier and to ensure that they are financial by the Annual Greneral Meeting and therefore eligble to vote.

Robert Gunn is our M.C for the May muster and Wally Williamson will be our classic reader.

Please remember next month on the first of June at the RSL Hall regards John and Anne

Bedtime

Trish Joyce

Kids can wear you to a frazzle
for they never seem to tire,
with a sudden burst of energy
when you feel you might expire.

When you've had a pretty hectic time
at the closing of the day,
you think it's time to go to sleep -
that's when they want to play.

One night, when I was weary,
they looked at me and said,
'How come Mum, when you are tired,
WE have to go to bed?'

The Daylight is Dying

Banjo Paterson

The daylight is dying
Away in the west,
The wild birds are flying
In silence to rest;
In leafage and frondage
Where shadows are deep,
They pass to their bondage --
The kingdom of sleep.
And watched in their sleeping
By stars in the height,
They rest in your keeping,
Oh, wonderful night.

When night doth her glories
Of starshine unfold,
'Tis then that the stories
Of bushland are told.
Unnumbered I hold them
In memories bright,
But who could unfold them,
Or read them aright?

Beyond all denials
The stars in their glories
The breeze in the myalls
Are part of these stories.
The waving of grasses,
The song of the river
That sings as it passes
For ever and ever,
The hobble-chains' rattle,
The calling of birds,
The lowing of cattle
Must blend with the words.
Without these, indeed, you
Would find it ere long,
As though I should read you
The words of a song
That lamely would linger
When lacking the rune,
The voice of the singer,
The lilt of the tune.

But, as one half-hearing
An old-time refrain,
With memory clearing,
Recalls it again,
These tales, roughly wrought of
The bush and its ways,
May call back a thought of
The wandering days.
And, blending with each
In the mem'ries that throng,
There haply shall reach
You some echo of song.



gun.hink@hotmail.com
0417 099 676

Giddy, let me introduce myself. I'm Robert Gunn and I have been a member of W.A Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners for three years. In May 2012 I have been given the opportunity to be M.C. at our muster.

Hopefully we will have a special guest in Mr Mick Collis. Unfortunately, because of Mick's commitment to The Western Force and personal workload, at present cannot say if he can attend. Let's keep our fingers crossed. Also at our May muster, I would like to encourage poets to perform.

Recently at Boyup Brook, they had what is called a poets brawl. Draws quite a bit of interest & four people who have never been involved joined in. The rules for that competition are [1] \$5 to enter, winner takes all. Entrants are given a title on Thursday, to be presented on Saturday. No longer than a minute. Can be read if preferred.

At this stage in May we will have a variance to a brawl:

- [1] No entry fee.
- [2] Pick a title for yourself, from the following. I will put them on a separate sheet.
- [3] No longer than a minute.
- [4] No pressure, you have two months.
- [5] Judged by crowd acclamation.
- [6] So that I can fit you into the program, I would appreciate a call or mail if you happen to get something under your belt.
- [7] Could be fun. We may unveil a new talent.
- [8] A small prize for winner.
- [9] If you enter and are too nervous to present it, I'm sure someone will do it for you.

A Little Ghost (Cont)

The startled air, that scarcely shrinks
Ere he afar is gone.

And curlews wake, and wailing cry
Cur-lew! cur-lew! cur-lew!
Till all the Bush, with nameless dread
Is pulsing through and through.

The moonlight leads her back again
And leaves her at the door,
A little ghost whose steps have passed
Across the creaking floor.

Further to Roberts request, here is another poem from the 1minute poets brawl in Boyup Brook - just to show how easy it is!! The words in bold italics are the topics they were given.

Dave Smith's line was 'I've got this deep, dark secret..'

The Hair Brush Incident

Mum's looking for her hairbrush, she's looking everywhere, Sal said, "them boys have had it," Mum said "they wouldn't dare!"

We were looking in the cupboards and every where around,
Us boys said, "What a waste of time it never will be found."

They had us looking under things, in every nook and cranny,
They made us strip search all the beds, we even strip searched Granny.

Granny took offence at this and grabbed her walking cane
And in her anger took after us intent to cause us pain.

We boys got right out of there, made a beeline for the door,
From Granny with her walking stick we could take no more.
For the safety of our skins and our peace of mind,
We bolted for the outhouse leaving Granny far behind.

Maybe this is déjà vu we'd been out here before
When Sally saw us with the brush as we went out the door
I've got this deep dark secret, it really isn't funny
As we were fighting over it we dropped it down the dunny.

A Little Ghost

Mary Gilmore

The moonlight flutters from the sky
To meet her at the door,
A little ghost, whose steps have passed
Across the creaking floor.

And rustling vines that lightly tap
Against the window-pane,
Throw shadows on the white-washed walls
To blot them out again.

The moonlight leads her as she goes
Across a narrow plain,
By all the old, familiar ways
That know her steps again.

And through the scrub it leads her on
And brings her to the creek,
But by the broken dam she stops
And seems as she would speak.

She moves her lips, but not a sound
Ripples the silent air;
She wrings her little hands, ah, me!
The sadness of despair!

While overhead the black-duck's wing
Cuts like a flash upon (Cont. at left)



Poet Profile - Terry Piggott

My family is a very old one in Western Australian terms. On my fathers side our earliest arrival was appointed town constable in charge of convicts in Albany after transferring from Port Arthur where he served with the British army. He was given a generous land grant and named his property Moolicup and the homestead was called Santa Maria. He was said to be a strong disciplinarian. If there was a family fortune none found its way down to me. There are similar stories on the other side of the family, but once again the family fortune if any seems to have evaded me

On my mothers side her grandmother, (I think) was the Hulk Masters Daughter. In those days there were no jetties so cargoes were offloaded onto hulks and distributed from there to shore.

I was born in Albany and still have a soft spot for the old town, although I haven't lived there for many years. My childhood was spent in various country towns. I have spent most of my life prospecting, starting with six years opal mining at Coober Pedy. Since then I've have spent much of the last 30 years prospecting for gold. I also ran a wholesale Opal Cutting business in Perth for some years.

I started writing poetry about four or five years ago and joined ABPA and later heard about and joined WABP&YS. Wanting to improve my writing I took Irene Connors advice and joined the ABPA forum and later another forum as well. There's no doubt this did teach me a lot with so many poets participating and offering advice. Then a few months ago I made contact with Valerie Read, Valerie has been extremely generous with her time and patience and has taught me so much, I value her advice so highly. Although I haven't met Valerie in person I feel I know her well. Thanks Valerie. Of course I still have much to learn.

Most of my poems are about the outback and prospecting, but I also write about the southern forest for which I feel great affection, I occasionally write the odd poem about other things as well. I have recently entered the odd competition with some modest success. My next challenge is to have a go at reciting.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PINNACLES

Terry Piggott

It must have been a dream I guess; yet seemed so real back then,
and though this took place years ago, I've not been back again.

It happened at the Pinnacles while visiting that site,
I'd suddenly felt tired, so I camped there for the night.

There'd been a dazzling bright full moon that cast an eerie glow,
a kind of silver spotlight seemed to shine on all below.
And then from out of nowhere I was in a time machine,
and whirling back through time; though never leaving where I'd been.

But where the Pinnacles once were, a mighty city stood,
and it was not of this world, this I clearly understood.
The strange machine that I was in had shown a perfect view;
those strangers that were with me there, were aliens, I knew.

And then the sound of sirens - loud enough to wake the dead,
saw beings from another world, start marching out ahead.
Until they reached a space port where they stood in numbered lines;
there seemed to have been thousands, gathered in those close confines.

A leader then stepped forward to address the gathered throng,
a mighty roar had greeted him; then came a stirring song.
The aliens there with me had placed something on my head,
no doubt so I could understand, just what the leader said.

And then he started talking and a hush fell on the crowd,
his voice was almost soothing, it was calm, relaxed, yet loud.
He said their mission had now ended; it was time to leave,
and he was very proud, of what they'd managed to achieve.

One hundred Earth years had passed by from when they first arrived,
to study life on this new world where many species thrived.
Intelligence did not exist, but would one day evolve,
they'd only scratched the surface here; with much still left to solve.

Perhaps one day they would return back to this site once more,
and study all the changes then, from what they'd seen before.
But nothing must be left here; not a single trace remain,
the city would return to sand; worn down by wind and rain.

"So look once more at paradise, for that's what you see here,
it's peaceful quiet and beautiful with not a thing to fear".
And as he spoke a rumbling sound was heard now overhead,
then tiny specks grew large in size - excitement quickly spread.

A fleet of mighty spaceships had descended from the sky,
they landed and were boarded, by the crowds that flocked nearby.
They also loaded cargo at what seemed a rapid pace,
and as each ship departed, then another took its place.

It seemed like only minutes and the spaceships were all gone,

the city was deserted, not a single soul stayed on.
The time machine then took its leave from what was now a shrine,
but paused each hundred years, to show the city in decline.

The buildings slowly crumbled back to what is left today
and if this was a dream, there's little more that I can say
It seemed so real back then; now faded memories confound,
especially next morning's, with strange imprints on the ground.

Do You Remember?

Ron Domin

Do you remember who it was,
so many years ago,
who gave you life and cared for you,
and forever loved you so?

Who changed your dirty nappies,
and fed you at her breast,
who went without, and sacrificed
so you may have the best?

Do you remember who it was
that brushed away your tears,
and cared for you without complaint
through all your tender years?

Who tucked you in your little bed
and kissed your cheek good night,
who said a little prayer with you
and taught you wrong from right?

Do you remember who it was
when you were hurt or ill
who bathed your bruise and sat with you,
no doubt she'd do it still.

Who took you off to school first day
when you were five years old,
and worried every time it rained
that you'd be wet and cold?

Do you remember who it was
when you had your first date,
who pressed your clothes and fussed about
and said, 'Don't stop out late.'?"

Who sat and waited up for you,
worried sick with fright
that something bad had happened,
till you came home late at night?

Do you remember what it is
the second Sunday in May?
Just spare some time for a grand old girl,
for that is 'Mother's Day'

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

POSITION VACANT !!

We are looking for a person interested in serving and preparing supper for our musters.

It is not necessary to be on the committee!!

Duties include:

Fill and set the Urn
Place 2 trays on server - 25 cups on each
Put out Tea Pots and jugs for hot water
Tea bags, coffee and milk,
Set 2 small tables with sugar and teaspoons

It is your choice as to what you serve for EATS - just biscuits is fine.

All our supper requirements are stored on site.
REMEMBER TO PACK UP AND LEAVE KITCHEN CLEAN!

At present, the larder is full!! Ready to Go!!

Enquiries Maxine Richter (Committee Person)

APOLOGIES!!! In the last Bully Tin, I wrote in this ad for those interested in the above position to contact Maxine at the May muster. Please do not do that, as Maxine will be busy setting up/organizing the supper - please contact her via phone at another time.

SECRETARY NEEDED

The position of secretary is also vacant.
If you feel you are able to fill this very important role in our organization, please contact John Hayes, President.

The Smart Horse

Peg Vickers

Grandma glared at Grandpa
then whacked him around the head.
'And just why did you hit me?'
bewildered Grandpa said.

'This note here in your pocket!
her wild anger grew -
'It's in your own handwriting
this name MARYLOU.'

'I can explain,' he told her,
'I can see you're mad of course,
but I've just come from the races
and Marylou's a horse.'

Next day Grandma was angry
and belted him again.
'But why don't you believe me,'
Grandpa cried in pain.

'Of course I do,' said Grandma
'The smartest horse I've known,
And she's just left you a message
on your mobile telephone.'

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

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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

- ◆ Friday 4th May Muster. Bentley Park Auditorium at 7.30pm. 26 Plantation Drive. Bentley
- ◆ Friday 1st June Muster. RSL Hall. 1 Fred Bell Parade (off Hill View Tce) Bentley
- ◆ Friday 6th July Muster. Bentley Park Auditorium at 7.30pm. 26 Plantation Drive. Bentley

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 or www.bushverse.com

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.com

Please contact the Webmaster, Brian Langley on 93613770 if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.

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

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

Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The Editor "Bully Tin" PO Box 584, Jurien Bay 6516 e-mail iconner21@wn.com.au	Address all other correspondence to The Secretary(Teresa Rose) WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 10a Seaflower Crescent- Craigie 6025 Ph:9402 3912 tarose5@bigpond.com	Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer (Robert Suann) WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn 40 Central Rd, Rossmoyne 6148 Ph: 9457 2715 robert.suann@wanet.com.au
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