

# The

June 2017

W.A. Bush Poets

# BULLY TIN



**Next Muster :7pm 2nd June- Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park**

**MC :** Dave Smith 97341256 or 0438341256 [daveandelainesmith1@bigpond.com](mailto:daveandelainesmith1@bigpond.com)

## ***Vale Rusty***

### ***A TRIBUTE TO KEVIN "RUSTY" CHRISTENSEN***

Rusty Christensen passed away yesterday, on May 17. I understand that he died very peacefully.

As most bush poets are aware, Rusty got us started as an organisation, round about 1995, when he called a meeting, with performances, at a hall in Applecross. (This darn computer wants me to spell "organisation" with a "z", but Rusty wouldn't like that. He had nothing against Americans, but didn't want Australia to become another US State. And he wasn't shy to let anyone know.)



Rusty loved Australia, its language and especially its bush poetry. He was a gentleman in the best sense of the word, with all the kindness, compassion, wisdom and understanding that goes with being a gentleman. (I read about it.) But he also had that streak of larrikin *humour* (there goes that Yankee computer again) that could tear strips off an opponent, an interjector or anyone who tried to rhyme "get up" with "syrup". (Who would be so bold?) On occasion, Rusty could be outspoken and bloody annoying, but he never held a grudge. Most of us loved him just the way he was. He taught me plenty.

*"He could mix with the high and mighty, break bread with the upper crust,  
Or roll his swag by a boab tree out in the far West Kimberley  
With battling bums like us."*

When Rusty and I went to Winton (in Queensland) in 1996, my wife Maricor was happy that Rusty would be there "to keep me out of trouble". I suppose that was fair enough. After all, I was on bail at the time and really not supposed to be out of the State. I soon found out that Rusty could also be a fair dinkum scallywag, so in the finish we both kept each other out of trouble (just).

Most of us could tell a thousand stories about Rusty, and on some other occasion I'd certainly love to start the ball rolling. But for now, I'll just mention 2 things: Firstly, deep condolence and also a tribute to Rusty's wife, Judy. What a wonderful person and a true lady. I don't think Rusty would mind me saying that without Judy, his life would have been sadly diminished.

Secondly, rest in peace Rusty, old mate. You had a magnificent journey and it was my great honor and privilege to have shared a small portion of it with you. Keep the billy boiling old fella, and I'll catch you later on.

Regards,

Cobber  
18 May 2017

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



It is with great sadness that we note the passing of Rusty Christensen. Rusty was founder and inaugural president of WABP &YS in 1995. Rusty promoted "Bush Poetry and Keeping the Aussie Tradition Alive" at every opportunity throughout his community, in the country and overseas. He has won awards at Winton and been twice invited to the "Cowboy Poets of America" festival. Open Champion at the Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Festival 2004, Melville Citizen of the Year in 2001. His business card read "Bush Poet, Balladeer and Story Teller" Ambassador for "2002 Year of the Outback". Despite his advancing years, Rusty's command of the microphone and his ability to put life into his performances was an inspiration to all of us younger poets. Rest in peace old mate.

As we farewell one, we welcome some new (to us) poets. At the inaugural Port Bouvard Bush Poets Festival on Saturday 20<sup>th</sup> May we were treated to some excellent poems from Mandurah locals as well as our regular performers. The day started with a hearty breakfast cooked by Anne Chalmers and her helpers, followed by a poetry session starting with a romantic poem "Our 45<sup>th</sup> Anniversary" by another new poet, Ian Farrell from Bunbury. A tear was seen in Paula's eye!

A competition held after the poets breakfast unearthed some great talent. Photo below Bill Gordon, judge, winner Craig Waterman from Mandurah, MC Rob Gunn, convenor Anne Chalmers, runner up Roger Palmer, also from Mandurah, third place Chris Taylor, Bunbury, and judge Christine Boulton. The day concluded with a Country Bush Dance where the stayers danced the night away to the music of the band Hideaway.

Bill Gordon, President



Port Bouvard Competition : Original poems

Winner: Craig Waterman, Second :Roger Palmer, Third: Chris Taylor

# RUSTY, TAKE A BOW

We travelled many a country mile and warbled many a song,  
On station tracks in out-back style, just rattling along.  
You knew a lot of good old songs and sang 'em all by heart,  
While I attempted harmony and tapped the spoons upon my knee,  
Trying to look the part.

From Winton through to Camooweal, all stops along the way,  
A few bush rhymes, a station meal, another dusty day.  
You gave *The Man from Ironbark* a second lease of life,  
Then *Clancy of the Overflow* appeared around the campfire glow  
To station man and wife.

Up to the Kimberley we went, Halls Creek and Lamboo Station;  
A breakfast or a big event, a campfire situation,  
Then several times at Derby town, we joined the poets there,  
With ringers from the great out-back, grey nomads on the tourist track;  
Top spruikers everywhere.

Under the gums at Wireless Hill or at the Raffles pub,  
I reckon they'll remember still, *The Geebung Polo Club*.  
You took us *Back to the Droving Days*, out to the open plain,  
Where men and horses worked as one to keep the cattle moving on  
Through stifling heat or rain.

The great Australian larrikin; the undefeated bloke,  
Performing with a cheeky grin, a rhyme, a song, a joke.  
You set the scene for out-back yarns from all the seven States,  
With gentle wisdom shining through, good humour and compassion too;  
The very best of mates.

\* \* \*

We travelled many a country mile and warbled many a song,  
On station tracks in out-back style, just rattling along,  
We never made the hit parade; it doesn't matter now,  
But if some listener raised a smile, I reckon it was all worthwhile,  
So Rusty, take a bow!



*East Perth. 17 May 2017  
Kevin "Rusty" Christensen passed  
away on this day, while I was writing  
this tribute.  
Rest in peace old mate.*

*Cobber (Keith) Lethbridge*

***Rusty Christensen and Rod  
Lee in action performing the poem  
"Turbulence" at the  
State Championships  
in May 2004***

### **Heart in the Bush...Soul in the Sea**

It starts as a feeling  
That's hard to explain

...

You feel kind of trapped  
Like you're sort of in pain

It's a bursting desire  
A need to escape

From the City and Suburbs  
It's time for a break

But how do you get there  
You've a Family and Job

You can't go without 'em  
They'd feel bloody robbed

Well you know there's an answer  
You've been there before

Shut your eyes and smile  
Let your mind out the door

You'll soon be in places  
That you love to be

Just send your Heart to the Bush  
And your Soul to the Sea

When you arrive there  
You'll see nothin's changed

The raw power of nature  
In its mightiest rage

Be it Thunder and Lightning  
Or a wave crashing down

Whether you walk on the beach  
Or through a small country town

Swimming over a reef  
Or waist high in wheat

It's a feeling of freedom  
That just can't be beat

You're lethargy is gone  
And your pulse beats a pace

You suddenly remember  
That life aint a race

It's that jubilant feeling  
You and nature are one

The raw power of nature  
In its mightiest rage

Be it Thunder and Lightning  
Or a wave crashing down

Whether you walk on the beach  
Or through a small country town

Swimming over a reef  
Or waist high in wheat

It's a feeling of freedom  
That just can't be beat

You're lethargy is gone  
And your pulse beats a pace

You suddenly remember  
That life aint a race

It's that jubilant feeling  
You and nature are one

The waves and the sand  
The bush and the sun

Then a haze is upon you  
And it all seems a blur

A shake of your head  
And your back where you were

The humdrum crawls back  
And the pleasure recedes

But you've had a day in a moment  
A moment of need

And if once again  
The trap starts to close

You know what to do  
It's as close as your nose

Just take a deep breath  
And set your mind free

Send your Heart to the Bush  
And your Soul to the Sea

Craig A. Waterman



Winning poem at Port Bouvard. Craig has a facebook page **Tales from the Suburban Bush**. You are able to check more of his poems on that site.

### **THE FIGHTIN' JOHNS**

The Fighting Johns that's what they were so-called  
In the Murchison region the population they appalled  
For the population fled when a stoush was on  
And the barfly and the bum would yell 'I'm gone!'

Dad often told these tales of the past  
Watching these two fighters was a real blast  
There would be bloodied noses and lacerations  
And followed at times with jail incarcerations

Down to the Magnet the Johns would travel  
The stage was set as they galloped over gravel  
Or decision stay at home in the pubs of Cue  
But no matter where, a fight would ensue

Sometimes it was further north up in Meeka  
Where Dad as a drover was a frequent visitor  
And Tuckanurra was listed also for a swill  
Thus out these doors the fighters would spill

But the best fight of all Dad would often say  
Was after swimming the Ashburton without any pay  
A depression was responsible for a raging River  
And the regular mail man had turned all a-quiver

The Fightin' Johns in Cue said they would go  
And swim this flood carrying the mail so  
But to their chagrin from Meeka Dad had gone  
Leaving the Johns fuming thus a stoush was planned  
on

Fame greeted Dad when he safely returned  
Beaming with all the publicity he had earned  
Bragging of his picture in state's newspaper  
He really did cut up a cavorting caper

The infuriated Johns rode for the town of Meeka  
To put down this usurper and to roar eureka!  
But they found had Dad gone from the droving yards  
Had gone riding to Cue for a game of cards

Still raging the Johns headed back south  
To find this New Zealander with the big mouth  
In the Club hotel Dad was winning a pile  
When in walked the Johns filled with angry bile

The bar tender yelled 'Get out in the street!  
You're not wrecking my pub with you flying feet!'  
Dad's fists were flailing his honour was at stake  
He was fightin the two Johns without an even break

The barfly fled and the bum hid behind a door  
The regular drinkers scattered from the flying gore  
Punches and whacks and whams was the noise  
From these silly fighters who were no longer boys

Wearing pretty bonnets ladies scampered for home  
Slamming their doors, it no place for a roam  
Standing at their windows and watching the fun  
And munching on orange peel cake laced with rum

Fightin' Dad knew about as a matter of course  
For it was he in 1942 that trained the Z Force  
Unarmed combat was the exceptional thrill  
And only the Cue Sarge was aware of his skill.

Good ole Sarge remained closeted in his police station  
No time for him for fighter incarceration  
He patiently waited as the fight raged down the street  
And tumbled through the rotunda with flying fists  
and feet

Battered, bruised, bloodied they reached the railway station  
And a piercing whistle halted the fighters in frustration  
The engine let out a cloud of steam to smother the men  
Who then decided that this fight had been a real gem

They shook hands and arm in arm staggered back to the pub  
The Sarge wasn't needed and they headed for the tub  
They were three rough bushmen tall and sun-bronzed  
But honour was held when Dad fought the Fightin' Johns  
Colleen O'Grady

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### **LET ME KNOW .**

Underneath the wattle tree with a nice warm cup of tea.  
I think of all the memories and what you mean to me.  
Your still apart of my heart and will always be.  
Time goes by and years fly what is done is done.  
I don't need to tell you that your the only one.  
Outback towns I've travelled in the hot desert sun.  
Over dusty Gascoyne plains where indigenous run.  
They run amongst the desert winds to spear the kangaroo.  
Their dreamtime stories are the best and their spirits beckon too.  
They don't need to LET ME KNOW .  
Because I'm one with them.  
Like a thread connected.  
I can also beckon them.  
As north winds blow, rivers flow, heaven stars aglow.  
I'll hitch my wagon to a lofty star.  
To see the things below.



LORELEI ROSE 5.5.2017  
Requested by Maxine Richter  
sent in and typed by Judith Jowett

## **The Truth About Farming**

Frank Heffernan, Jan 2016

I was driving down a highway, past great fields of waving gold;

canola crops were flowering, and t'was a wonder to behold.

The lupin plants were turning from a green to motley white;

and a flowering lupin crop is another awesome sight.

Then some sheep and cattle grazing on pastures thick and green,

everywhere I glanced around the country looked serene.

The dams were overflowing and there was water in the creek,

and the crops I knew kept growing for seven days a week.

I thought of all this bounty and the millions that it's worth;

for our produce makes this Nation the richest land on earth.

Our country sure is wealthy; it's a place of milk and honey;

and yet we hear of farmers still running short of money.

The input costs of cropping, can drive a farmer to the wall,

when those often lousy prices leave him nothing left at all.

These modern ways of farming, keep on driving up the cost,

and all the perks we used to have, are fast becoming lost.

Most machinery is imported, and parts are hard to get;

and health and education can plunge a farm in debt.

Our whole Nation is dividing, and will soon be split in two;

we see the rich are getting richer, the poor are poorer too!

The biggest Multi-Nationals can avoid their share of tax,

and when it comes to Corporations, our laws are mighty lax.

So the Gov't raises taxes on the farmers even more,

and middle class Australians, are the new emerging poor.

There are levies, fees and charges, fines and user pay;

no matter what they call it, they will get you either way.

You may hear of cocky's bitching; or argue, rave and vent,

about the sheer wicked waste, of how taxes all get spent.

Well, we hate a gov't spending more dollars than they get,

and mortgage off our future, for an endless sea of debt.

If they would fix our railways, or reduce the cost of freight;

and then improve our country roads, before it's all too late!

That our rural towns are bleeding, is a sign of something wrong;

but attending to the basic things; we could again be strong.

Remove those rules and regulations that most of us abhor;

if they serve no useful purpose, it's time to change the law.

The problem's for us farmers is not just about the rain;

it's also all those petty laws; the debt, the tax, the pain.

So next you drive a highway, and admire the crops some more;

talk to any group of locals, who'll update you on the score.

You can still enjoy the vista, and breathe in the country air;

but do you see the heartache, the frustration and despair?

Will there still be agriculture in another twenty years?

Is the future of our farmers, more blood and sweat and tears?

If you're a city dweller, then you may never understand;

the hurting, or the hardships of the man upon the land.

But just look a little deeper and remember what I said;

'It's the farmer and their labours, that keep this Nation fed!!'

**Do you want to be part of the National Scene –  
Then you might consider joining the Australian  
Bush Poets Assn  
[www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au) . Annual membership \$35/45  
Stay up to date with events and competitions right  
across Australia**

**FARMERS**  
Feed The World

## At The First Light of Dawn

Dave Smith ©  
April 2012

I rise up from my bed feeling cosy and warm,  
and dress for the street in the dark of pre dawn.  
I walk down the road as I shiver from cold  
and join others who walk too; some young and  
some old.

We head for the park in the centre of town;  
The flag's being raised and then lowered back  
down.

We have all come to honour those brave men  
who lost  
the freedom they bought us, at their supreme  
cost.

There's a chill in the air on this damp, dawning  
day  
but to suffer the cold is a small price to pay  
for the lads who so willingly all left our shore....  
carried never a thought, they'd return home no  
more.

The first rays of light show fine mist in the park,  
I see many silhouettes in that grey dark.  
A shake of the hand, nod to others I know,  
the young people's tears that they try not to  
show.

I've been coming for years to remember my ma-  
tes,  
it's so pleasing to see such a crowd at the gates.  
Some youngsters I asked why they brave this  
cold wet;  
they answered as one...'Mate; its "Lest We For-  
get." '



Author's Note.

I have been going to the ANZAC services in one  
way on another most of my  
life but this year I was very impressed by the  
amount of people who were in  
attendance especially the young people.

We had walked along side the parade only to find  
on arrive at the Soldiers

Park we had to stand at the back of the crowd  
almost out to the road.

I was so in awe of this it was the inspiration for  
this poem.

Dave Smith.



### Let me know

by Frank Heffernan,  
Are you coming down to Narrogin for the  
local Show?

Will you travel on your own, is what I need  
to know.

We're always good for coffee or a lovely  
cup of tea.

If you bring the milk and sugar, the rest  
will be for free.

Have you heard about those brothers Bill  
and Joe?

I hear the tax man cleaned them out, or  
did you know?

Old Freddie told me quietly how they spent  
some time in jail;

He reckons that he saw them looking very  
worn and pale.

Do you still see that sheila; the one we  
called "The Crow"?

Well say "Goodday" from all the gang, and  
kindly let me know.

Remember all the good times and all the  
fun we've had?

The stuff we did was crazy, but still noth-  
ing really bad.

Have you ever met a bloke by the name of  
Jimmy Kline?

He used to be a colleague and former mate  
of mine.

Well now he owes me fifty quid; the rotten  
so and so;

If you ever come across him; be sure to let  
me know!!!

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### **Great Poetry sites:**

**eMuse: Independent Bush Poets News-  
letter.** 1300 plus subscribers (on-line free!)

Australia-Wide! Through his free distribution of  
this most informative, 20 page **eMuse**, (*An Inde-  
pendent Bush poetry newsletter*) Editor: Wally  
"The Bear" Finch. P. O. Box 68, Morayfield,  
4506, Qld. Phone: (07) 54 955 110. E-Mail:

[wmbear1@bigpond.com](mailto:wmbear1@bigpond.com)

## **May Muster – Friday 5<sup>th</sup> May – Write-up Sue Hill and Nancy Coe**

**M.C.** Christine Boulton – started proceedings at 7pm

**Barry Higgins – “Green and Gold Malaria” by Rupert McCall.** A poem describing how one is effected by good old Aussie patriotism and pride.

**Nancy Coe – “In the Wool Shed”** Nancy’s own poem describing the Bush Poets from the Eastern States gathering at Meg and Bill’s Wool Shed in Boyup Brook. How the Wool Shed was transformed into a great venue for poetry, yarn spinning and sharing a great evening with friends and members of the audience.

**Deb McGuire “It’s a Quiet Life Really”** Deb’s own poem describing all the little things she enjoys at her peaceful place in Toodyay.

**“Not for Profit Committees”** A take on how committee members get together, progress is made and due process is followed.

**“Don’t Judge the Unknown”** Please don’t voice an opinion on something that you possibly know nothing about.

**Keith “Cobber” Lethbridge** – Entertains us with his harmonica and plays “The Waltzing Bugle Boy”  
**“Show Day”** Keith’s own poem about Mother McQ who runs a bit short on cash, so she enters a beauty competition at the Kununurra show. This leads to a few complications.

**Christine Boulton – “Running the Dog”** Christine’s wrote this poem about Depression “The Black Dog” A person suffering greatly from the “Black Dog” gets a dog from the pound, the dog worms its way into his heart and the dog who he eventually names “Pal” helps him to overcome the pain and meet new friends.

**Terry Piggott – “Dancing with the Devil”** Terry’s poem describing the scourge of “ICE” and drug abuse how this is destroying lives and the horrors awaiting those who get trapped into that life style.

**Lesley McAlpine – “My Mate - Lest we Forget” by Ian Coate.** A story of an Anzac soldier how strong and caring he was.

**Brian Langley** – Tells us of a Book and a program on ABC about a horse called “Bill the Bastard” one of the horses, “The Whalers”, used in the War.

**Evolution** - Recited his poem concerning the language of today’s youth and how it is difficult to understand what they are saying, they seem to mumble and grunt, their pronunciation is not clear, they do not seem to be taught how to say their vowels or to speak with purpose and conviction

**Jem Shorland.** Jem reads out his speech/poem he wrote for his daughter Eve on her Wedding day, describing from the time she was born and the different stages of her life.

### **1 Minute Poem – “Let Me Know”**

**Deb McGuire** – Let me know how I should behave in different circumstances

**Lorelei Rose** – Let me know if memories mean the same to you as they do to me

**Nancy Coe** – Asking her loved one if he can let her know if his feelings are the same.

**Dot Langley** – Written by Frank Heffernan

Let me know if friends are coming to visit and let me know if you see the person who owes me \$50

**Meg Gordon** - The time is dragging, the clock is ticking would they please just come and let her know.

**Christine Boulton** – How her list grows regarding organising the list of poets who need to let her know who is going to perform the one minute poem at the muster.

### **Bill Gordon – “Mates” by Duncan Butler**

Mates who depended on each other during the war, especially the P.O.W.’s who needed to be strong and keep up their morale. Always thinking of their mates and remembering all on ANZAC Day.

**Break for Supper.**

**Thanks to Bev Shorland and Tony Hill for organising the supper while Colin is on holiday.**

**Lesley McAlpine – Classic Reader – Frederick Charles Burleigh Vosper. “The New Woman”**A brave woman of her time, who has skilful hands and cultured mind.

**Christine Boulton – “Snap, Crackle, Pop” by Dave Moss** Driving a steamroller and loving the sound of snap, crackle pop.

**Brian Langley –**

**“Breakfast Sitting Down”** Brian’s original poem commenting that while at home in the City he can leisurely eat his breakfast sitting down at the table, whereas, when holidaying at the beach, breakfast is taken “on the run” whilst getting organised to go fishing. His good wife suggests that it won’t be long before he’s back home again and he can eat his breakfast sitting down.

**“Are You Catching Any Mate”** Each time when he is fishing, whether it is on the Jetty or the beach there is always someone who always asks “Are you catching any mate”? They don’t bother to look in his bucket before they ask the question. He wishes that people would just bring along a beer to share instead.

**Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge** – Plays us a tune on his guitar “Never Forget” a song about our Anzacs how we will never forget what they sacrificed to save our country and mates.

**“My Old Mate” dedicated to Rusty** Along with Bush Poetry, one of the great Australian traditions is mateship. This poem is one of many written on the subject. Although written about Australia, it was written in the Philippines.

**Jerome – “The Cool Sore” Phillip R. Rush** The story describing how some Apple growers just starting out buy and erect a cool room to keep their apples cool.

**Terry Piggott – Down and Out** Tells the story of people who struggle financially in retirement and somehow seem to have fallen through the cracks and end up living in poverty.

**Lesley McAlpine – “Taking Ali to the Vet”**How a trip to the Vet and a consultation which is not appreciated by Ali, has cost a fortune.

**Jem Shorland** – describes how words that are rearranged and what the words mean.

**“Where I Left My Hat”** Remembers where he left his hat after a conversation with the Minister.

**Barry Higgins – “Love Your Dentist” by Syd Hopkinson** How the dentist is not liked by everyone, but the chair must be adjusted accordingly.

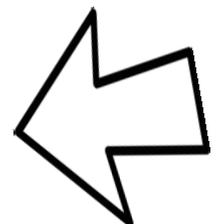
**Pigs – Anonymous** A story of politicians in Parliament.

**Bill Gordon – “The Cattle Dogs Revenge” by Jack Drake** A great poem about the visitors from hell, who turn up at your door with very little food or beer and a dog that causes havoc around the place.

**The evening finished 9.30**

**Please note change of date for Bunbury Poet’s  
Time: 7pm-9.30pm  
Date: June 12<sup>th</sup> ( as the 5<sup>th</sup> is a public holiday)  
Coffee Lounge, Rose Hotel, Bunbury enter from Wellington  
Street**

**See you there, Ian Farrell**



## Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2015—2016

Bill Gordon	President	97651098	0428651098	northlands@wn.com.au
Peter "Stinger" Nettleton	Vice President		0407770053	stinger@iinet.net.au
Rodger Kohn	Secretary	93320876	0419666168	rodgershirley@bigpond.com
Jem Shorland	Treasurer	61430127	0487 764 897	shorland@iinet.net.au

### Committee

Alan Aitken			0400249243	aaitken@live.com.au
Irene Conner	State Rep APBA		0429652155	lconner21@wn.com.au
Meg Gordon			0404075108	meggordon4@bigpond.com.au
Dave Smith			0438341256	daveandelainesmith1@bigpond.com
Bob Brackenbury		93641310	0418918884	brack123@gmail.com

Maxine Richter	Bully Tin Distributor		0429339002	maxine.richter@bigpond.com
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### Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:

Colin Tyler	Supper			
Rhonda Hinkley	Librarian		0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Nancy Coe	Muster Meet/greet	94725303		
Brian Langley	Webmaster	93613770	93613770	briandot@tpg.com.au
Robert Gunn	Sound gear set up		0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Christine Boulton	Bully Tin Editor	9364 8784		christineboulton7@bigpond.com

### Regular Events

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets	First Monday of every second month	Alan Aitken 0400249243
	Coffee Lounge, Rose Hotel, Bunbury enter from Wellington Street, Ian Farrell	0408212636
Geraldton Bush Poets	Second Tuesday of the month. Contacts: Roger & Jan Cracknell	0427 625 181, or Irene Conner 0429652155.
	6pm at Recreation room, Belair caravan park, Geraldton. Bring and share snacks for tea.	

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.asn.au](http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au)

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 <a href="http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au">www.wabushpoets.asn.au</a> Go to the "Performance Poets" page	<b>Members' Poetic Products</b>	Val Read	books	
	Victoria Brown	CD	Caroline Sambridge	book
	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Peg Vickers	books & CD
	Rusty Christensen	CDs	"Terry & Jenny"	Music CDs
	John Hayes	CDs & books	Terry Piggott	Book
	Tim Heffernan	book	Frank Heffernan	Book
	Brian Langley	books, CD	Christine Boulton	Book, CD
	Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography	Pete Stratford	Book, CDs
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