

BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - August 1st, 2008 7.30pm ★

Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

MC for August, June Bond

August is
The Horse's Birthday
The Last Month of Winter

As I write this edition of the Bully Tin I can hear the welcome sound of the rain.

Poet **E.S Emerson** also celebrated the coming of the rain with this poem written somewhere around the time of the end of the "Centenary Drought" early last century. This drought which lasted up to eight years in some parts changed the face of Australian agriculture, particularly in the marginal regions. Before the drought, vast numbers of people were employed in the pastoral industries, but as stock numbers dwindled, there was no work for many of them and so they drifted to the cities seeking work. Once the drought was over, changing agricultural and pastoral methods were such that only a fraction of the workforce was needed.



A Rain Song

There is music in the Mallee, lilting music, soft and low
Like the songs in vale and valley where the summer waters flow;
But an anthem of elation, passing now from mouth to mouth
Is the message from each station, from the Mitchell River south.

For its raining! Raining! Raining! How the iron rooftops ring!
How the waters, swiftly draining through the straining
down-pipes sing!

Every drop a golden rhyme is, every shower a stanza strong,
And each day of raining time is canto sweet of God's great song.

Oh, the earth was dry as tinder and her lips were cracked with pain!
From the south to Thargomindah like a dead thing she has lain;
But her famine days are over, and her smiles shall soon be seen
For her old time Autumn lover brings her back her garb of green.

For its raining! Raining! Raining! Don't you hear the merry din?
Don't you hear the old earth straining as she sucks the juices in?
And the swelling creeks and rivers—hark! Their merry madrigal,
Oh, the sweetest music givers are the Autumn rains that fall!

For its raining! Raining! Raining! Over all the thirsty land!
Don't you hear the old earth straining as the sapless roots expand?
And above the joyous beating on the rooftops you can hear
All the choirs of nature meeting in an anthem loud and clear.

September Traditional Night Muster. will feature only poems from times past. We consider Traditional poetry to be at least 50 years old, but more likely to have come from the golden years of Australian Rhyming Verse, 1880–1920

The first half of the evening "Impressions of Australia" will be a narrative connecting together a series of poems in which various poets from early times describe how they viewed this great land of ours. Some of them are well known, others not so.

As many of these poems are not generally considered to be "performance poems", many of them will be read by accomplished readers.

This performance, and the "Festival of Writers in March" are the only two musters where "reading" takes prominence over our normal presentations where our poets/performers recite from memory without reference to the written word.

The second half of the Traditional night will consist of members and friends performing their favourite poems from those poets of 100 years or so ago. It would be appreciated if those performers who specialise in the older poems could make a special effort to attend and participate.

We would like it to be a successful night and would ask **everyone** to get into the atmosphere of the occasion by dressing in something more in keeping with the clothes of that time rather than in modern gear.

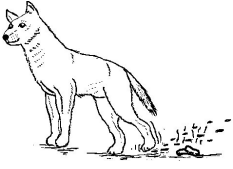
It would also be great if everyone could spread the word among their friends and also try and bring along someone who has not been before.

The Mutton Bird

Only a greenhorn (or a glutton)
Would seek the mutton-bird for mutton
For, be it known, he might as well
Pursue the bellbird for a bell;
Or, (passing on from brute to brute)
Approach the fruit-bat for some fruit;
Or, (getting quite beyond control)
Track down the polecat for a pole
Which goes to prove our nomenclature
Is not in strict accord with nature.

Leon Gellert (1892—1977)





Scratchings

As Only a small number of members attend the AGM, I've replaced my usual ramblings with extracts from my President's report for 2007-08

This year has seen a considerable number of Significant Events

The Assn. successfully applied for two Grants for equipment and now, thanks to Lotteries West and the Commonwealth Government have a trailer, additional sound equipment, a marquee, and some amenities equipment.

In conjunction with the City of Melville, we ran a junior development program and competition. Unfortunately there were few participants, although the standard of those taking part in the competition was extremely high. We thank the City of Melville for their support.

We attempted to run a State Championships, but unfortunately there was insufficient interest in a Performance competition to make it viable. We did successfully run a Written Verse Competition which attracted some 90 poems in the open section, Thank you to those who took part and congratulations to those who were successful in the competition.

We instituted a varied Muster program which has been very successful - we saw guest artists along with the normal annual Traditional night, and for the first time, we ran short poetry competitions and a festival of writers night. We also had a writing and performance workshop and hope to have more ... We have seen the emergence of a number of new writers, some of whom are now also moving into the performance arena.

We have welcomed back several poets who have been absent from our ranks for a considerable time. We also welcomed a number of new members to our midst. We have now moved to a new location, and I am sure that move will be mutually beneficial to both the WABP&YS and to the residents of Bentley Park.

We unfortunately had a couple of poets who passed away during the year, namely Bill McAtee and Leigh Mathews

Events - Local performances - Tried a Poets in the Park - though the poetry was up to its usual excellent standard, the audience numbers were disappointing, The Australia Day Bush Poetry Showcase was, as usual, very successful. Performing members took part in various events during the WA Poetry Week. While audience numbers were generally disappointing, our performances attracted a significantly larger audience than did most others.

Country Events Organised directly by WABP&YS - Pingrup was very successful. Moondyne Joe festival at Toodyay, - this time we were part of the general entertainment - like all such events, success is hard to measure due to having a passing audience

Several Country members have organised or coordinated events in their regions. In particular, the highly successful Boyup Brook Poets breakfast, organised by Bill Gordon, The Albany Show by Peter Blyth (who continues to operate his local writers group), Waddi Festiva and a Jurien BP event by Corin Linch and several local events around Geraldton which involved Catherine McLernon A big thank you to these people and any others which I may have unfortunately overlooked.

Several members continue to promote Bush Poetry and our Association via various Radio programs, almost all being ABC regional radio, thank you and please continue to do so.

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

We will be actively seeking sponsorship so that we are able to more effectively fulfill our Associations aims

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

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

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

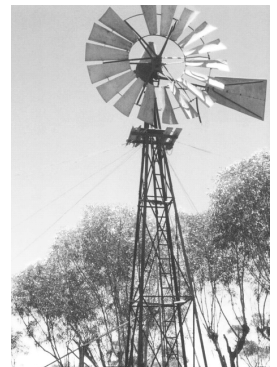
Regards to all Brian Langley, President.

What's on in the Bush?

As mentioned last month, Kenny Rogers will be in concert at Boyup Brook on 1st November, hoping to attract a crowd of 5000 country music fans, I will be coordinating a Bush Poets Breakfast for that weekend. So if you would like to stand on the stage of the greatest venue in Australia, give me a call on 0428651098 or 97651098 (evenings only).

Bill Gordon Boyup Brook

On that same weekend, (the evening of Sat Nov 1st) the Pingrup Community Assn have invited some of our members to take part in a BBQ and Bush Poetry event. This will be of a similar format to last years performance in what would have to be one of the most unique venues in the country. It is one of the very few remaining corrugated iron "tank style" wheat silos which was converted into a "theatre" for shearing competitions. Having no flat surfaces whatsoever, the acoustics are quite brilliant. Proceeds from the event will go to the Flying Doctor.



Country members - Is anything Poetically Australian going on in your neck of the woods? If so we'd like to hear about it and if it fits our criteria, give it some promotion.

To the President and members WA. Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Assoc.

"Thank You All" for the honour you bestowed on me at our AGM. It was difficult for the executive to set up the implementation of the award surreptitiously with the recipient hanging around at meetings as I was. Nevertheless they did an excellent job to keep it low key without being blatantly obvious.

I can assure them and members, that although I had a clue of what was going on, when the time came to accept the certificate of life membership, although I wasn't surprised, I felt humble and proud that my Bush Poetry friends and peers thought enough of myself and my pioneer efforts in 1995 to breath new life into an almost forgotten Australian tradition to make such an award. I appreciate you all for your support over the years.

Over the last thirteen years Bush Poetry has been a large part of my life, there has been highs and there has been a few lows along the way, apart from that, the major benefit I have enjoyed has been, and still is, the good people I have had the privilege to meet and interact with, not only in our great state, but in forays to that other country beyond the Nullarbor and beyond to the US. when I had the honour and good fortune to represent you all in an unforgettable experience of folk poetry, it has all been part of the journey.

I will not be riding off into the sunset but look forward to another thirteen years of interaction with my Bush Poetry friends so that we can enjoy together the camaraderie of Australian Rhythmic Verse aka Bush Poetry.

Rusty Christensen.

Being as the August Muster is on "The Horses' birthday, I couldn't let this BullyTin pass without a horse poem Here's one I found when wandering the Internet -

I can relate to this poem—Ask me why! - Ed

If someone lays claim to having written it, please let me know and I'll make due acknowledgement next month.

How the Sailor Rode the Brumby

Anon

There was an agile sailor lad
Who longed to know the bush
So with his swag and billy-can
He said he'd make a push.

He left his ship in Moreton Bay
And faced the Western run,
And asked his way, ten times a day,
And steered for Bandy's Run.

Said Bandy: "You can start, my son,
If you can ride a horse,"
For stockmen on the cattle-run
Were wanted there, of course.

Now Jack had strode the cross-bars oft
On many a bounding sea,
So reckoned he'd be safe enough
On any moke you see.

They caught him one and saddled it,
And led it from the yard,
It champed a bit and sidled round
And at the sailor sparred.

Jack towed her to him with a grin,
He eyed her fore and aft;
Then thrust his foot the gangway in
And swung aboard the craft.

The watchers tumbled off the rail,
The boss lay down and roared,
While Jack held tight by mane and tail
And rocked about on board.

But still he clung as monkeys cling
To rudder, line and flap,
Although at every bound and spring
They thought his neck must snap.

They stared to see him stick aloft
- The brum. bucked fierce and free,
But he had strode the cross-bars oft
On many a rolling sea.

The saddle from the rolling back
Went spinning in mid-air,
Whilst two big boots were flung off Jack
And four shoes off the mare.

The bridle broke and left her free,
He grasped her round the neck;
"We're 'mong the breakers now," cried he,
"There's bound to be a wreck."

The brumby struck and snorted loud,
She reared and pawed the air,
It was the grandest sight the crowd
Had ever witnessed there.

For Jack with arms and legs held tight
The brumby's neck hung round
And yelled, "A pilot, quick as light,
Or strike me I'm aground."

The whites and blacks climbed on the rails,
The boss stood smiling by
As Jack exclaimed, "Away she sails!"
- The brum. began to fly.

She bounded first against the gate,
And Jack cried out, "Astern!"
Then struck a whirlpool - at any rate
That was the sailor's yarn.

The brumby spun him round and round,
She reared and kicked and struck,
And with alternate bump and bound
In earnest began to buck.

A tree loomed on the starboard bow,
And "Port your helm!" cried he;
She fouled a bush and he roared "You scow!"
And "Keep to the open sea!"

From ears to tail he rode her hard,
From tail to ears again,
One mile beyond the cattle-yard
And back across the plain.

Now high upon the pommel bumped,
Now clinging on the side,
And on behind the saddle lumped
With arms and legs flung wide.

They only laughed the louder then
When the mare began to back
Until she struck the fence at last
Then sat and looked at Jack.

He gasped, "I'm safe in port at last,
I'll quit your bounding mane!"
Dropped off and sang, "All danger's passed
And Jack's come home again."

Old Jack has been a stockman now
On Bandy's Run for years
Yet memories of that morning's fun
To many still bring tears.

July Muster Wrap-up - by Dot

With our AGM out of the way **Rusty Christensen**, our MC for the night started the show with an acknowledgement that today is American Independence Day and as a tribute he did Carson Robinson "Life Gets Tedious Don't it?" as a spoken version instead of the sung one we have heard before. He can't take a bath as there is no water, his shoes are untied because its wasted effort to tie them, and its just one darn thing after another, and life gets tedious, don't it?

A big welcome to **Brian Gale** up from Margaret River and a member we haven't heard from in a long time. With his "Tribute to Jim Thorpe" an Olympic Pentathlon and decathlon gold medal winner of 96 years ago. Though born into a poor mixed race family Jim excelled in all sports. For the Olympics he did 15 events and there was no greater athlete. BUT in his youth he had played baseball and to eat he had accepted some money therefore his amateur status was corrupted. So they took away his Olympic medals. In 1982 his wins were reinstated and so, once again the records reflect the amazing abilities of this true athlete.

With his second poem with a VERY LONG title, "The Night that Miss Nancy Ann's Hotel For Single Girls Burnt Down". Brian told of the rumour that feminine company was for hire at this establishment. This was borne out on the night of the fire by the scandalous behaviour of the towns leading citizens as they appeared in the back alley. There was the Chief of Police along with the city's elite, partly clad, and accompanied by very scantily attired young women.

Grace Williamson was next with a poem by Paul Harrower "Old Mate" which told the story of a bloke, come to town to have a drink or two who sat with another that looked like he could do with the company. This old bloke then told of his mate who was always there for him, "Blue" the dog, helping him run the cattle. He told how a big bull, his eyes filled with hate, had gored his horse in the chest. As the rider fell to the ground the dog dashed out to save him and grabbed the bull by the nose. The bull swung him around and crushed him into a tree. "That old mate, "Blue" the dog, gave his life for me", he concluded..

In a political frame of mind **Barry Higgins** did one of Syd Hopkinson's simply titled "GST" The street busker feeling good with a brand new crowd was showing off his prowess with a coin, tossing and catching it between his teeth. With a wind shift the coin came and went down his throat. With death eminent, a guy from the crowd came out to save him. He grabbed the "family jewels" and twisted and out shot the coin. Are you a Doctor? No I'm a Tax inspector and used to getting every cent available.

Graeme Hedley with one of his own "Casting of Parts", has the auditions and the building of sets underway, but with a musical director who doesn't understand and the director and the stage manager who also don't know what they are doing. The Autumn winds however continue blowing as players and members get everything together.

DOT NOTE Just a reminder to ALL our poets (especially those that are new to our scene) that OUR style is "strictly very good and consistent rhyme and rhythm" and that all poets and performers should be working towards that aim at our musters.

This is a lesson to all who rewrite their work. **John Hayes** has rewritten "Bush Bay" 3 times and he needed his cheat sheet to help him remember where he had changed the lyrics. With the ribbon of road beckoning from behind the hill, the journey to northern parts begins, to a little bay where the amenities are Spartan with no electricity and a composting toilet. But the half moon descending and the flowers and the animals are there for all to see, as folks leave their city ways behind.

With her own version of the "Three Little Pigs" **Caroline Sambridge** told a story of the Wolf who had an asthmatic attack and was 3 days on a respirator, by the time he came back and knocked the door down of the three Little Pigs they had moved away and left the country.

Next, with the perennial question "Are You Catching Any Mate?" **Brian Langley** told of this interruption to his day no matter where he went fishing, there would always be someone asking "Are.....Mate?" Well why don't you bring along a few cans and pull up a chair and maybe then I'll tell you if "I'm catching any, mate???"

With a surprise entry from one of the residents of Bentley Park Village, **Norm Eaton** gave us his own "Trickling Treacle". For a bloke who lives on his own he decides what is for breakfast. So he trickled treacle on his bread and then the phone rang. With knife covered in treacle and now the phone, he has a sticky mess everywhere. Perhaps vegemite would have been a better choice.

Norm then did a poem by his writers group member Eileen Gibby "The Tale of Cedric Dance". Cedric went to bed without his teeth in and his wife would like a snuggle, but his mouth was rather gummy. As he reached for his teeth he knocked them onto the floor. While he is looking for his teeth, she now has got a headache, so the moral of the tale is to leave your teeth in at night, coz you never know.

We then broke for a lovely supper, with everyone getting used to the new way of doing things with the cups and saucers. The changes makes it much quicker for Edna and her crew to finish and get back for the rest of the nights entertainment.

Rusty Christensen started the second half with Henry Lawson's "The Teams" which tells of the bullocks, weary with pulling the loads through the blinding dust as inch by inch the distant goal gets closer. The bullock driver plods along beside them, his whip striking cruel blows as the bullocks bellow with pain and fear, heaving as if their hearts would burst to see glimpses of home and rest.

Brian Gale came back to do his own "Rodeo Game", which tells of the rough and tumble that is the Rodeo. The exhilaration as the gate opens, when seconds seem like hours, When you take your hat off to the crowd and salute the bull. This is the only life they know.

In "Getting Your Own Back" Brian told us that there was squawking coming from the chook house that just had to be that wild cat in there again. Loading up the shot gun he blasted away at the cat as it came from the chook house with the evidence in its mouth. Needing to bury the body he used the hole that the thunder box had sat over, but the cat wasn't dead yet and up it came swimming. He swung the shovel, missed the cat but was splattered with the other contents of the hole.

Grace Williamson was next with Archie Gibb's "Grandma's Laundry" which had all of us remembering 'the good old days'. The cane basket, the copper with a stick to lift up the clothes. A box of Silver Star starch, Reckits blue and a dipper with a handle. Dolly pegs and a homemade hessian bag to hold them. The pole to prop up the line and keep the clothes off the ground. We all like the changes to our washing days but these things I will always remember about the old laundry.

With Blue the Shearer's (Col Wilson) "Local Government" **Barry Higgins** told how, in prehistoric times men of wisdom got together to sort out interclan issues. And so were sewn the seeds of Government. Lacking expertise in some areas meant that experts needed to be employed, And so developed Councils, a CEO in charge of a team of "experts" bringing great purpose to life by constantly re-inventing the wheel.

With his second poem **Graeme Hadley** "Hamlets Understudy", has the understudy in a flap, as he is expected to go on in the starring role. He can't remember the next line and those words he just doesn't know and where does he go from here? His career is in tatters!

John Hayes had a couple of short ones. "I would like to till the soil again" tells of watching the soil as its gets churned over. And at night, the moon rising and the frost blanketing the paddocks. In "Water Diving" Corkscrew Jack, although rough in his ways always found good water and so was welcomed by the farmers. His memory is in the windmills around the district.

Having had no one volunteer for the "Readings from the Classics", **Brian Langley** stepped in and gave us a winter poem, "Shes and Skis" by 1930s poet Kenneth Slessor in which the author bemoans that he is unable to attract the lady of his dreams as she flies past him on her skis, as his skiing prowess is such that he seems to have his face perpetually buried in the snow.

Norm Eaton returned to the microphone with another of his own "A Ladies Purse" which reminded us that it is a sacred object. Most blokes travel light but his wife has everything that you could ever want stashed away in her purse. From a hankie to string and glue, a band-aid and even a spare tire for the car.

Brian Gale, put on the spot for an extra poem or two, started on his own "Memories in a Box" but after a few lines realised that he had slipped into another poem. When all the words had totally left him stranded **Kerry Bowe** helped him out by filling in with a story while Brian collected his thoughts. Her story told of her Grandmother washing a white chenille bed spread and carrying it out to the clothes line only to have the prop break, spilling the spread onto the muddy ground. Rewashed, it was now the line that broke, again muddying the bedspread. A third wash again had the same result. Grandmother somehow lost her "cool" and was seen jumping and stamping all over the white chenille bedcover, muttering words under her breath that ladies are not supposed to know.

Well done Kerry to come to the rescue of Brian and tell us this story. It is a difficult situation for a poet to be standing in the limelight and have his words totally vanish.

After a breather and a wander about up the back of the hall **Brian** was back with "Joggers". A trucker for years didn't like Sunday drivers or sharing the road with Joggers. One day he saw a Jogger all dressed in baby blue, who issued a challenge to see who could get to town first. Try though he might, the truck was unable to loose the jogger. Asked how he did it, the jogger replied that his Father wouldn't let him run in heaven so from time to time he returned to earth for a run. Now the trucker doesn't yell at anyone on the road anymore.

Rusty Christensen closed the night by starting with one of Bob Magor's Caravanning poems, with the caravans on the move at the break of dawn. Doors slamming and instructions issued to those that must be deaf,*and there the words went missing.* So instead he gave us Jim Haynes' "Lunch for Dipso Dan" When told that 'lunch' would be a good bet he went looking for the best odds to place his bet. With all the hotels and the café's telling that 'lunch' was at different times of the day Dipso Dan got it all wrong thinking that the odds were getting shorter. When he was finally taken to goal he found that "lunch" had not won and "sober up first" had been the winner. So it was just as well that he had not backed 'lunch'

Dot Note *We don't stop playing because we grow old. We grow old because we stop playing*

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2008—2009

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Trish Joyce	Committee	9493 1995	
Noreen Boyd	Library	9472 1384	

Members please note— Please contact any of the above committee members if you have any queries or issues you feel require attention

☆☆ Upcoming Events ☆☆

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

July	25	Geraldton Bush Poetry	Fund Raise for the RFDS (see page 2)	Catherine Wk 9964 7325 H 9938 3813	catherines.singing@gmail.com
July	31	Nandewar Open Written Comp	closing date	SSAE PO Box 55 Narrabri NSW 2390	
Aug	1	WABP&YS Muster	Bentley Park Auditorium, special topic "horses & transport"		
Aug	2, 3	Mt Kembla Mining & Heritage festival	Mt Kembla, NSW	Cate, 02 4271 3737	mt.kembla@bigpond.com
Aug	22	Womens Weekly / Meat & Livestock Bush Poetry Comp	closing date, BIG prizes – entry forms in August "Australian Womens Weekly"		
Aug	22-24	Australian Bush Poetry Championships	Bray Park—North Brisbane	Performance Closing Date 11 Aug - www.abpa.org.au	then navigate to the competition entry forms.
Aug	26-31	Gympie Muster	Gympie, Qld	Marco Giori 07 4661 4024	giori@in.com.au
Aug	31	Closing Date—Mandurah Scribblers Poetry & Short Story Comp	www.southwest.com.au/~dunkann/		
Sept	2	Closing Date—Koorda Show Bush Poetry Written Comp	e-mail Pres. Brian for entry forms		
Sep	5	WABP&YS Muster	Bentley Park Auditorium - Traditional Night—Bring a friend		
Oct	3	WABP&YS Muster	Bentley Park Auditorium - Guest Artist—Peter Harries		
Nov	1	Pingrup RFDS Community BP BBQ	Old Pingrup Silo 5pm		
Nov	2	Boyup Brook Poets Brekky	To be confirmed		
Nov	7	WABP&YS Muster	Bentley Park Auditorium - Short Poetry Comp		
Nov	16	Poets in The Park	South Perth "Poetry Park" to be confirmed		
Regular events - Albany Bush Poetry group		4th Thursday of each month	Peter 9844 6606		

Country Poets

Coming to the City? - City lights are fine, but 1st Fridays could see you shine at our Muster. If you are coming to the big smoke on a muster night why not come along and be part of our get together. Give us a bit of notice and you might even find yourself being star act (but only if you want to be). This applies also to Bush Poets from other places and those past member poets whose lives have now gone in different directions.

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.com

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 payable to Treasurer Margaret
coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au (02) 6652 3716

**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**

<p>Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list</p> <p>Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit our website www.wabushpoets.com Go to the "Performance Poets" page</p>	<p>Members' Poetic Products</p> <table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td>Victoria Brown</td> <td>CD</td> <td>Rod & Kerry Lee</td> <td>CDs</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Peter Blyth</td> <td>CDs, books</td> <td>Arthur Leggett</td> <td>books, inc autobiography</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Rusty Christensen</td> <td>CDs</td> <td>Keith Lethbridge</td> <td>books</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Brian Gale</td> <td>CD & books</td> <td>Corin Linch</td> <td>books</td> </tr> <tr> <td>John Hayes</td> <td>CDs & books</td> <td>Val Read</td> <td>books</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Tim Heffernan</td> <td>book</td> <td>Caroline Sambridge</td> <td>book</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Brian Langley</td> <td>books & laminated poems</td> <td>Peg Vickers</td> <td>books</td> </tr> </table>	Victoria Brown	CD	Rod & Kerry Lee	CDs	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography	Rusty Christensen	CDs	Keith Lethbridge	books	Brian Gale	CD & books	Corin Linch	books	John Hayes	CDs & books	Val Read	books	Tim Heffernan	book	Caroline Sambridge	book	Brian Langley	books & laminated poems	Peg Vickers	books	
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<p>Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to:</p> <p>The Editor "Bully Tin" 86 Hillview Tce, St. James 6102</p>	<p>As we currently don't have a secretary, Address all other correspondence to either the President (address as for the Editor) or the Vice President: WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 13 Getting St, Lathlain, 6100</p>	<p>Address Monetary payments to:</p> <p>The Treasurer WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners 3 - 10 Gibson St, Mt Pleasant 6153</p>
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