

# BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - May 1st, 2009 7.30pm MC Anne Hayes ★  
Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

## May is

**Mayday (International Labor Day)  
 Mid Autumn, Mothers Day**

The modern name is thought by some scholars to come from the Latin *Maia* (consort of Jupiter, mother of Hermes, or Mercury), the goddess of growth and increase. We often hear reference to May as "The Merry Merry month of May". and other such quotations but of course one must remember that they generally refer to the month in the Northern Hemisphere, where the climate differs completely from Australia. In modern times, Mayday, May 1st is recognized as International labor Day. This is because on May 1, 1886 in America, workers held the first nationwide strike, struggling to win an eight-hour working day. Three years later, in 1889, the anniversary was held as the first International Labor Day.

The first May Day procession in Australia was held on May 1st at Barcaldine, Queensland during the Great Shearers' Strike of 1891.



*Tree of Knowledge in 2007 after being poisoned in 2006*

The symbol of the strike is the 'Tree of Knowledge', located in Oak Street, Barcaldine in front of the railway station. The tree was vandalised and poisoned in November, 2006. The dead tree was removed in July, 2007 and replaced by monument celebrating its significance in Australian political history. Striking shearers held their meetings under this 150-year-old ghost gum. It was here that they sang Henry Lawson's great poem 'Freedom on the Wallaby' with its stirring final verse:

'We'll make the tyrants feel the sting

Of those that they would throttle;  
 They needn't say the fault is ours  
 If blood should stain the wattle.'

It is a sad reflection on our community that the tree of knowledge (or the monument which replaced it) has again in 2009 been vandalised. Whilst we may not agree with the politics of the labor party, such symbols are part of our national psyche and our heritage. The other main celebration (in Australia) during May is Mothers Day . While much can, and has been written

about this special Day, there are some connections between the comments about Labor Day, 1891 and Henry Lawson.

Henry's mother, Louisa Lawson was a newspaper proprietor, journalist, poet and feminist. She was born Louisa Albury on 17 February 1848 near Mudgee, N.S.W. From her earliest days, Louisa rebelled against what she felt were unjust restrictions of being female.



At age 18, in order to escape her home life, she married Niels Larson, (who shortly after changed his name to Peter Lawson). The marriage was filled with hardships and eventually, in 1883, she left her husband and set up a boarding house in Sydney. It

was here that she became friendly with many political activists.

In 1887-8 with son Henry, she edited the *Republican*, printed on an old press set up in Louisa's cottage. The *Republican* called for all Australians to unite under 'the flag of a Federated Australia, the Great Republic of the Southern Seas'. *Republican* was replaced by the *Nationalist* which lasted two issues. From 1888 to 1905 Louisa was the moving spirit behind the feminist journal, *Dawn: a Journal for Australian Women*.

In 1891, the year of the first Mayday procession in Australia she joined the Womanhood Suffrage League, allowing the League to use the *Dawn* office and print its literature there free of charge. She was a member of the League's deputation to NSW premier George Dibbs in 1892. In a *Dawn* editorial of October 1890 she wrote 'Men govern the world and the schemes upon which all our institutions are founded show men's thoughts only'. Her journalistic and political efforts did much to make the vote for women a precondition for a federated Australia.

Louisa can rightly take her place as "The Mother of Australian Women's Suffrage"  
 She died on 12 August 1920.

One of Louisa's poems, "The Digger's Daughter is printed on page 5

Did you spot last months "deliberate mistake" Seems Anne Hayes was so keen to be MC,. She got her name put in a month early

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





## Walking Different Tracks

Oops - Last month I gave you details about grants being offered by the Australian Society of Authors (ASA) . Unfortunately I'd been given the wrong website—while some of you may have worked it out (there was an 'a' too many) some may not have . The correct address is [www.asauthors.org](http://www.asauthors.org) - go to, and click on "More" under the heading of "Emerging Writers and Illustrators Initiative" (4th topic)

Below are some items relating to the broader poetry scene— maybe if we can get enough of our of style of poet to submit, it might , just might, have some influence on the decision makers - It upset me greatly when a judge in a National Competition recently made a statement that she "Almost never considers rhyming poems" - Not good to hear a judge dismiss a large piece of our cultural heritage.

**Fremantle Press** invites new and emerging poets of Western Australian origin or whose main place of residence is Western Australia to submit a collection of their work for consideration for publication in *Shorelines 2*; This volume will feature a small group of poets who, at the time of publication (June 2010), will have published no more than one other full length volume of their work; Closing date for submissions is June 15; For more information go to the Fremantle Press website <http://listmail.bam.com.au/t/r/l/trltyh/cfjrkr/h> (why do they have to have such ridiculous addresses)

### The Max Harris Poetry Award 2009 is now open for entries.

Following the success of last year's competition, this national award will again offer a prize of \$3,000. The entry fee is \$10 for one poem and an extra \$5 per poem for up to two additional poems. The closing date for entries is 15 July 2009. Please feel free to contact the Poetry and Poetics Centre ( <http://listmail.bam.com.au/t/r/l/trltyh/cfjrkr/k> ) for more information.

### 2009 ACT Poetry Prize

Applications open for the 2009 ACT Poetry Prize. The ACT Government offers four prizes (three open nationally) that recognise excellence in poetry: The Judith Wright Prize for a published collection by an Australian poet (valued at \$10,000); The Alec Bolton Prize for an unpublished manuscript by an Australian poet (valued at \$5,000); The Rosemary Dobson Prize for an unpublished poem by an Australian poet (valued at \$3,000) and the David Campbell Prize for an unpublished poem by an ACT poet (valued at \$2,000). Applications close at 5pm on Wednesday 27 May 2009. For more information and an application form visit the artsACT website. <http://listmail.bam.com.au/t/r/l/trltyh/cfjrkr/u>

### Poets in the Park

We will again be having a "Poets in the Park" and once more it will be under the trees at Neil McDougal Park, located between Ley & Davilak Rd in McDougall Park (That used to be called South Como) .

We have five poets who have volunteered to entertain the audience, the same five as were at the previous Poets in the Park. It would be great if we could get another one or two to do at least one poem. This is a different style of venue and audience to what we have at musters and if emerging performers are wishing to extend their presentations it is a great opportunity to practice in a new location..

The afternoon will be on Sunday May 3rd, commencing at 2pm—(Not sure what we'll do if it should rain)

If you have any friends who live in the area, why not suggest to them that they can go along for FREE and enjoy a couple of hours of top class Aussie entertainment.

### Short Poetry Competition

For those who haven't yet made up their mind about submitting a poem or two for this muster's short Poetry Comp, here once again are the rules.

- ◆ Maximum 2 poems per person
- ◆ Maximum 16 lines
- ◆ Maximum 13 syllables per line

TOPIC - is **MOTHER** (any aspect of the topic is OK)

Poems will be judged by 5 judges selected at random – top and bottom scores discarded, winner is the one with the highest aggregate score – If necessary, a countback using highest and lowest will be applied.

Entry is FREE

There will be a small prize for the winner – certificates for first 3 Poets attending muster - you can bring along your poem on the night – you can perform or read it yourself or have someone else read it – Please e-mail or phone Pres. Brian to indicate participation

Poets not attending AND presenting their own work, please send your poem(s) to Pres. Brian [briandot@tpg.com.au](mailto:briandot@tpg.com.au)  
Or post to 86 Hillview Tce, St James 6102  
Ph. 9361 3770

Many of our poems this month are from women—This first one is from Mary Duroux (1934—) Mary is of Aboriginal origin and lives in southern NSW. She is an author, poet songwriter and member of the Aboriginal Arts Board of Australia—she maintains strong links with her cultural heritage



### To a City Cousin

Can you hear the whisper in the grass beneath your feet?  
Can you taste the flavour of wild honey, pure and sweet?  
Can you see the wonder of the moon, the earth, the sky?  
Can you feel the pleasure in a stream that's rippling by?  
Can you smell the perfume from the wattle, golden hue?  
Can you touch the gum trees reaching up toward the blue?  
Can you accomplish all of this, if not then it's a pity,  
You have lost a paradise in moving to the city.



## The Diggers Daughter

Louisa Lawson

The waratah has stained her cheek,  
Her lips are even brighter;  
Like virgin quartz without a streak  
Her teeth are, but far whiter.  
Her eyes are large, and soft, and dark,  
And clear as running water;  
And straight as any stringy bark  
Is Lil, the digger's daughter.

She'll wash a prospect quick and well,  
And deftly use the ladle;  
The weight of gold at sight she'll tell,  
And work with tub and cradle.  
She was her father's only mate,  
And wound up wash and water;  
She worked all day and studied late,  
And all she knows he taught her.

She stood alone above the shaft –  
A test for woman, rather –  
When I sprang to the windlass haft  
And helped her land her father.  
She turned her pretty face to me  
To thank me, and I thought her  
The grandest girl of all her race –  
Sweet Lil, the digger's daughter.

And when my luck began to change  
I grew a trifle bolder  
And told my love, but thought it strange  
She knew before I told her.  
She said that she would be my wife;  
Then home I proudly brought her,  
To be my loving mate for life,  
But still the digger's daughter.

How do you define a Mother's role? Perhaps this is the answer.

### Census

© Janine Haig (from her book "I Hope Yer Sheep Get Flyblown")

I was filling out the census form,  
It asked me what I did -  
'Occupation' boldly printed -  
How it is I earn a quid.  
'Housewife' doesn't cover it  
'Mother's' not enough;  
To find my job description  
Was a choice almighty tough.  
Finally I found it!  
The answer was right there;  
I lifted up my pencil  
And I wrote it down with care.  
Jus'cm'ere and hold this ladder,  
Jus'cm'ere and switch this on,  
Jus'cm'ere and hold this up,  
Jus'cm'ere - now where's she gone?  
It is hard to find a title  
For my job and make it clear;  
So I'll stick to what's familiar;  
Occupation; Jus'cm'ere.

And staying with the "Mother" role— this poem by JW Gordon (Jim Grahame) was written at a time when a mother took pride in doing her household tasks and looked no further for personal satisfaction.

### The Line

Across a strip of pasture land, when washing day is fine  
I sometimes watch my neighbour's wife hang garments on the line  
They billow out like sails of ships, old ships we used to know  
Great counterpanes and pillow-slips and sheets as white as snow

My neighbour's wife is plump and fair and she's a fruitful vine  
For one-year-old to twelve-year-old have something on the line.  
There, fathers shirt and baby's bib are waving fresh and clean;  
And rompers up to dungaree, with sizes in between.

The copper boils at eight o'clock, the tubs are full at nine;  
And 'ere the whistle blows at twelve, the clothes are on the line.  
I see the hose of every shape flung out like nimble legs  
Of dancers at a festival, all straining at the pegs.

The little trousers seem to try to run out into space,  
And flay the air with hasty strides which easily outpace  
The cotton tweeds, threadbare and patched, the kind that workmen don  
While red-striped towels flick and crack to urge the sprinters on

~~Of course, for many, a woman's role in colonial times meant long periods when the husband and father was away, for, far more than in recent times a man's work took him to far distant places for long periods.~~

I found this rather poignant poem by Mabel Forrest— (1872—1935)

### The Lonely Woman

Where the ironbarks are hanging leaves disconsolate and pale,  
Where the wild vines o'er the ranges their spilt cream of blossom trail,  
By the door of the bark humpy, by the rotting blood-wood gates,  
On the river-bound selection, there a lonely woman waits,  
Waits and watches gilded sunrise glow behind the mountain peak  
Hears the water hens' shrill piping, in the rushes by the creek,  
And by the sullen stormy sunsets, when the anxious cattle call,  
Sees the everlasting gum-trees closing round her like a wall.  
With the hunger of her bosom notes the wild birds seek their mates,  
All alone and heavy-hearted, there the lonely woman waits.

Where the tall brown city buildings loom against a cloud-flecked sky,  
Where along the curving tramlines brightly varnished cars rush by,  
Where the call of petty traders echoes down the dusty street,  
And forever comes the beating of the many passing feet,  
Where the bamboo reeds are whispering by the green park's iron gates,  
By the muslin-curtained window, there a lonely woman waits.

Where the white caps lash the sea-wall, and the great waves thunder by,  
Where the grey rains sweep the beaches underneath a sodden sky,  
Where the swift-winged gull flies landward, and the fisher bides at home,  
When the long Pacific reaches are a seething stretch of foam,  
Where the empty boat drifts seawards, by the ocean's sand-flanked gates,  
In the weather-boarded cottage, there a lonely woman waits.

Where the river boats are calling, where the railway engine shrieks,  
Or where only wild bird liltings echo from the reedy creeks,  
Where the grey waves grieve to landward, and a wet wind beats the seas,  
Or where pearl-white moths flit slowly through the dropping wattle-trees,  
By the high verandah pillars, by the rotting bloodwood gates,  
Crowded town or dreary seaboard, everywhere some woman waits

## April Muster 2009 - by Dot

Our MC for the night was **Grace Williamson**, and at her first venture into this role did an extremely good job and even with some poets not turning up she managed to move and cover their spots with consummate ease.

We even ran over time but that didn't matter when we had been so well entertained with poetry music singing and stories.

Our special guest performer for the night was **Greg Hastings** singer, songwriter, raconteur, ex-pat Welshman, founding member of the Mucky Duck Bush Band who entertained us with stories of his travels and the places he has been, along with the people he met along the way.

He has a great love of the bush and is amazed by our Aboriginals with their music, culture and philosophy. His didgeridoo playing, with the extra sound that our speakers gave when added to his gave us a new dimension to this haunting descriptive sound.

One of the highlights of his performance was a didgeridoo rendition of the story of creation of the animals with the sounds representing a kangaroo, dingo and a kookaburra. Then came the appearance of people and their ability to talk..... Time moves on and we find man observing the busy highway with the trucks and motor bike whizzing past. The story finished with the kangaroo re appearing and its inevitable end as a truck hits it!! All these sound effects done with the didgeridoo, was fantastic as we could 'hear' the animals and people in the different sounds that only an expert player can get from the didgeridoo.

Greg told us in rhyme and story with music from the guitar about teaching his fellow countrymen how to sing and be cockatoo's, Koala's, kangaroo's and a lizard, (it was slightly difficult to get the singsong out of those Welsh voices). We also tried to do the sounds and gestures necessary for this as "we went walking in the bush one day and we saw a....". He and his partner Linda are children's entertainers and travel the world introducing Australian stories and music to kids in other countries.

**Frank Heffernan** started the evening's programme with one that John Farr (ABC fame) wrote about bankruptcy. With the current economical situation, it is appropriate at this time with all the CEO's getting their massive pension payouts and companies declaring themselves bankrupt. Called "The Failed Businessman", these two business people talking to each other and asking how are you? How can you manage in this high society now that you are bankrupt. I see that the car, phone the TV and bar filled with drinks is still here so how can you afford them? Well they belong to the wife you see, they don't belong to me. But Sir you are working to clear all your debts? We don't do the accounts when you're bankrupt you see. But what about your reputation you must clear your name? We don't give a toss when you're bankrupt you see.

**Norm Eaton** followed. He had just written his story about his families Model T Ford that they had in 1920. As he was just a lad he helped drive it when they went to pick up things like manure for the garden. I am not a very technical person but when Norm explained the complexities of getting the thing started and then how to get it to move and as for stopping well that was a minor miracle in itself. With his Dad's help he had his first driving lesson. Car buffs forgive me if I get this wrong but I think it went somehow like this. First the crank handle then pull out the choke and give 3 pulls, with Dad reminding hem to watch out for his fingers, he then pulled this lever sticking out for the ignition. There is no accelerator; this was done with another lever that was the throttle. The ignition key was pushed in either to the left or right for what ever function you needed. It was tricky but once it got moving there were 3 pedals. Hand brake was forward and finally with everything working the car got moving. It took him a few months before he got it into top gear!! Everything was pretty obvious and so easy for 12 years old kid. Wasn't it??

**Caroline Sambridge** was next to the mic' with another one of hers that she almost got through without her prompt sheet. "All Hale King Ronnie", tells of Ronald McDonald and his burgers. He is full of tricks and joy and with every burger you can get a toy.

**Beth Scott** isn't able to come to the Musters so she sent this poem to Grace. Written by her in 1942 (during the war years) when she was 11 years old, "Our Land" tells of our soldiers across the sea, they are fighting for our freedom. They are fighting for our land and one day they will return. A remarkable piece of poetry by a very young girl.

Next up was **Arthur Leggett** doing one of his own, "It Happened". We were again reminded that Anzac Day was approaching. In a bush school the children sang a patriotic song of England, protecting all the nations and dividing right from wrong. The brickies lad, the baker's son and Sam the blacksmith's boy all heeded the call to arms. All the town-folk turned out to see them off. The blinding flash of the flares and the machine guns crackling told them that they were now in the war as the boat ground onto the beach. The bakers son never made it off the boat, the brickies son was cut down as he leaped onto the sand. The blacksmith's son stood appalled at the slaughter until the Authority told him to run. He didn't make it off the beach. At the bush school they still sing a patriotic song as the father's of the boys pause and wonder if the rattle of the bakers tins and the clanging of the anvil is some bell's slow toiling for their sons who wont come back.

With her lengthy introduction **Margery Cobb** told how she had had a dream, which led her to this poem. 'Go on the land', the speaker had said where there is health and a future. For 40 years the farmer toiled with little result, and he eventually died. Now he is no longer on the land— the land is ON him!!

Next, we heard "Driving in the Outback" by **Brian Langley** (see full poem on page 4 ). After some description of events, the poem concludes with the fact that should you need assistance while driving in the outback, all you need do is drop your pants when nature calls!!!

With some of **Syd Hopkinson's** stories **Barry Higgins** told us about the Dentist when confronted by a patient who was

terrified and that she would rather have a baby than go through the drilling. The Dentist had the answer though because could she hurry up and make up her mind as he would have to alter the chair!!!  
The second one had a bloke without his trousers being pursued by a Nurse holding a pan that was steaming. The nurse was told she had it all wrong as she had been told to "prick his boil" not.....  
Greg entertained us until supper time.  
Considering the long queues Edna and her very hard working troops manage to get everyone served in time for the second half.

In a very reflective mood **Arthur Leggett** returned and told us of his "Mate". A mate is always there to help when a mate is close to dropping his bundle. A man is never lonely when a mate is there. But when a mate is no longer there he is a very lonely man. So when he goes to heavens gate he will tell St Peter that he has come to join his mates.

**Desiree Peta** was our classic reader tonight and for her debut she choose David Campbell's (1915 1979), "Soldiers Song". A lyric poet of Australian rural life and of love and war he was highly respected and wrote with very wide ranging themes. A poet of distinction with the ability to write interesting and often with different styles all genre of poetry. This is a song of a different wind that blows and tells the songs as the troops went overseas to fight. The wind tells of their success and their destruction.

With one of Ogden Nash's "The Dog", **Bob Chambers** opened his presentation with this and other stories. These were about Daylight Saving, what do you remember? Followed by people that get confused about money and a telephone call that involved a child trying to interpret the caller's questions.

"Toys", the bane of every Mothers life, was the title of **Trish Joyce's** poem. This was about her grand daughters toys, all strewn about the house and her mother going to get a trunk to store them in. The child didn't think much of that but was glad to get the elephant that would come with the trunk.

After another very entertaining interlude with Greg Hastings, **Barry Higgins** presented another one from Syd Hopkinson titled "The Illiterate Stockman" (or, as Barry puts it, for tautologists, "The Illiterate Stockman who couldn't read or write". Ernie the stockman was on his way for a holiday after getting his pay but he stopped off at Cue. Here he was asked to help out driving the dunny cart. When he went to sign up for the job they wouldn't employ him as he couldn't sign his name on the job application. He went on to town and a worried shopkeeper called the police when Ernie flashed his huge wad of notes around. The policeman took him to a bank where he was encouraged to put the money in a bank account. When he made his mark the bank man exclaimed how had a person such as he accrued so such wealth and where would you be had you also been an educated man?. He replied "well I would have been the dunny man at Cue!!"

Mr. Rudd's exhortation to spend our bonuses had **Colin Thomas** traveling to Booragoon Shopping centre to do just that. His poem, read by Brian Langley (Colin was in the audience, but, having just celebrated his 94th birthday, did not feel up to presenting it himself) told how, not really wanting anything he stopped off to have a bite of lunch and a cup of flat white along with a chocolate éclair served with cream. (Have any of you tried to eat a chocolate éclair covered in cream? Which end do you start?) Well this was Colin's problem as he got it on his face and hands and on his shirtfront too. No matter as there was just one place for it to go—straight down his throat.

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And to finish off, a Mother's day poem, written on Mothers Day in 2006 by Geraldton member, Catherine McLernon  
*Your Committee wish all mothers a Happy Mothers Day*

## MOTHER

My mother changed my nappies and kissed away my tears  
Offered her security to chase away my fears  
Taught me to help others smile amidst the trials of life  
Held me in her arms as soon as tears and woes were rife  
Expressed her love in many ways and taught me to be strong  
Raised me full of confidence and filled me full of song

Meaning what you say and saying what you mean  
Often speak in praise and never to demean  
Take every chance you have to show the ones you love  
How much they mean to you when push comes down to shove  
Erstwhile misdemeanors just forgive and then forget  
Remembering that you have also much you can regret

Many days I'm grateful for all her work and care  
Only she could teach me all the things I need to bear  
To be the woman that I am and always need to be  
Helping me to see my dreams as clear reality  
Even when the clouds of life obscured my inward sight  
Remembered she my talents and put my doubts to flight

Making children into people is what our mothers do  
Out of naughtiness they strive to always pull us through  
Training never stops, for mothers have to keep right on  
Hoping that her children learn to make out right from wrong  
Earnestly she prays they will in trials all come through  
Revealing that she taught them well - "To thine own self be true!"



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

Brian Langley	President	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
Grace Williamson	V. President	9361 4265	gracewil@bigpond.com
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**Members please note**— Please contact any of the above committee members if you have any queries or issues you feel require attention  
**Note—some contact details have changed**

### ☆☆ Upcoming Events ☆☆

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

April 30	Closing date	Bronze Swagman Awards	PO Box 120 Winton Qld 4735
May 1	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park -	Short Poetry Competition
May 3	Poets in the Park	McDougall Park (Sth Perth)-	2—5pm
May 10,11	National BP Championships	Longreach Qld	www.stockmanshalloffame.com.au
June 5	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park -	
June 7-9	Gulgong NSW	Henry Lawson Festival & Literary Awards	C Peters, PO Box 235 Gulgong 2852
July 1	DerbyPoets Brekky,	Robyn,	roboco@optusnet.com.au
July 3	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park -	AGM
August 7	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park -	Specific Topic or Subject Night (to be decided)
Sept 1	Opening Date	Blackened Billy Verse Comp	janmorris@northnet.com.au
Sept 4	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park -	Traditional Night
Oct 2	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park -	Gust Artist
Oct 18	Festival of Yarns	Alverstoke—Brunswick	(details later)
Nov 15	Poets in the Park	Pioneer Park Gosnells	2-5pm (tentative)

Regular events - Albany Bush Poetry group      4th Tuesday of each month      Peter 9844 6606

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 \$30 Stay up to date with events and competitions right across Australia

Membership fees are due from July 1st— New members joining after next muster get 13 months for the price of 12 - membership renewal slips will be included with next month's BullyTin

**Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed -**  
**Please Contact Vice Pres—Grace**

**Don't forget our website**  
[www.wabushpoets.com](http://www.wabushpoets.com)

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

<p>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.com">www.wabushpoets.com</a> Go to the "Performance Poets" page</p>	<p><b>Members' Poetic Products</b></p> <table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td>Victoria Brown</td> <td>CD</td> <td>Rod &amp; 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 &amp; books</td> <td>Corin Linch</td> <td>books</td> </tr> <tr> <td>John Hayes</td> <td>CDs &amp; 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 &amp; 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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Tim Heffernan	book	Caroline Sambridge	book																											
Brian Langley	books & laminated poems	Peg Vickers	books																											

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