

BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - October 2nd, 2009 7.30pm MC ★
Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

October is
Mid Spring?? Cricket Season Starts
School Holidays
Seniors Week
Community Safety Month,
Children's Month, National Lupus
awareness month and if you are visit-
ing the USA it's National Popcorn pop-
ping month there

Continuing with the Monthly excerpts from Henry Kendall's "Austral Months",

October

Where fountains sing and many waters meet,
 October comes with blossom-trammelled feet.
 She sheds green glory by the wayside rills
 And clothes with grace the haughty-featured hills.
 This is the queen of all the year. She brings
 The pure chief beauty of our southern springs.
 Fair lady of the yellow hair! Her breath
 Starts flowers to life, and shames the storm to death;
 Through tender nights and days of generous sun
 By prospering woods her clear strong torrents run;
 In far deep forests, where all life is mute,
 Of leaf and bough she makes a touching lute.
 Her life is lovely. Stream, and wind, and bird
 Have seen her face—her marvelous voice have heard;
 And, in strange tracts of wildwood, all day long,
 They tell the story in surpassing song.

It would seem that if Henry were still around, he might have to change his verses to reflect the changing climate. September saw record number of successive rainy days here in the west while over on t'other side they are preparing for another extreme bushfire season. Is it bought on by actions of people? Or is it just part of the ever changing cycle of life, and if so is the current global warming controllable by we mere mortals.

On Cricket—There are records (in England) of cricket having been played back around 1550, perhaps even as early as around 1300. The first mention of cricket in a poem was in 1658 and the first official rules were published in 1744 but it seems from recent results that the originators of the game have lost the ability to play it. Perhaps the "cricket gene" emigrated along with the hundreds of thousands of Brits (Poms) who have made Australia their home.

Another Great Muster coming up

This next Muster on October 2nd will feature guests, "Terry and Jenny", Australian Country Musicians, fresh from their National Tour. Terry and Jenny are based here in Perth and have, among many other awards, been finalists in the prestigious "Golden Guitar" awards held annually at Tamworth.

Why not take the opportunity to bring a friend or three along.

With the kids on holidays again, here's a little school related poems from C J Dennis— how attitudes have changed since 1931

THE TEACHER

I'd like to be a teacher, and have a clever brain,
 Calling out, "Attention, please!"
 and "Must I speak in vain?"
 I'd be quite strict with boys and girls
 whose minds I 'ad to train,
 And all the books and maps and things
 I'd carefully explain;
 I'd make them learn the dates of kings,
 and all the capes of Spain;
 But I wouldn't be a teacher if ...
 I couldn't use the cane.
 Would you?

And after Septembers record number of consecutive wet days here's a little ditty I came across

It rained and it rained and it rained and it rained
 The average fall was well maintained
 And when the tracks were simply bogs
 It started raining cats and dogs
 Then after a drought of almost an hour
 We had a most refreshing shower
 After which (the most curious of all)
 A gentle rain began to fall

MUSTER ENTRY INCREASE

Remember that due to an increase in our rent, Muster Entry Fee have risen by \$1 as from last month

Members, Bentley Park and Rowethorpe Residents \$6,
general public \$8

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

While I was away, the "West Australian" newspaper actually had a "literary arts" section. It was unfortunate that I missed being able to submit an article, however thanks to "Writing WA" they did include our contact details. So far I have had a couple of enquires regarding musters and membership resulting from that bit of mainstream print media advertising. It is hoped that the "West" will see fit to repeat this column on a regular basis.

The Department of Culture and the Arts invites applications from groups and organisations to support regional and remote communities in a broad range of arts and cultural development. The Looking Forward Fund will support imaginative and inspiring programs including the development of markets, networks, professional artistic and creative skills and partnerships. The purpose of the Looking Forward Fund is to encourage and stimulate strong and diverse regional arts and cultural outcomes leading to social and economic benefits for communities and artists.

The Annual Nanga Music Festival will be held at Nanga Bush Camp Dwellingup 9-11 October. Tickets are available from BOCS and close Fri Oct 2nd. Details <http://nangamusic.org.au/>



NOVICE COMPETITION

As indicated last month, your committee has decided to go along with a NOVICE PERFORMANCE COMPETITION— (Novices are those who have never won any performance category in any competition run by any Bush Poetry organisation).

The competition will only be open to financial members of the WABP&YS

We have decided to start sooner rather than delay it—so the first "heat" will be at the NOVEMBER muster. There will be one more heat (probably February) THERE ARE LIMITED PLACES in each of the three categories, so you need to get your application in pronto to ensure a place. Country people may negotiate date selection, city people will expect to be in the first heat in a month's time, but some may be delayed to the second heat – We realise that it is short notice, but there's little point in procrastinating.

The three categories are :

- ◆ Performance — Your own poem
- ◆ Performance — Some one else's poem (traditional or contemporary)
- ◆ Reading—Classical poem (50+ years old) only

You may enter multiple categories BUT they will be prioritised in the order above, and you will be added to the bottom of the list for your lesser choices (does that make sense??)

Each performance / reading will have a maximum time of 7 minutes, including any preamble. Disqualifying penalties will apply for going overtime, and for using prompts in the "performance" categories.

There will be a \$5 entry fee per category to cover additional paper work etc - There will be monetary prizes for 1st, 2nd and 3rd in each category. If you do not get a place your entry fee will be refunded

Entry forms and conditions will be available at the October Muster and on our website from that date and from the Assn Secretary (send SSAE) Meanwhile you might like to take a look at our website on the "Competition" page to get an idea of what judges might be looking for.

Jack Thompson reads Henry Lawson's Stories.

Remember, back a while we had some CDs of Jack Thompson reading Banjo Paterson's poems. Well the same company have bought out another Jack Thompson Classic CD, this time he is reading some of Henry Lawson's stories. Your Assn has bought some of these and they will be available at the next muster for \$20 each

Being Seniors week during October, I looked around for a poem relating to aging. I didn't need to look very far—just as far as this very compassionate and sensitive poem from member Irene Conner in Jurien

From Yours Hands into Mine

© Irene Conner 03/12/07



They lie within my trembling palms, so frail and worn and thin.
The wrinkled skin's transparent now, displaying veins within.
Misshapen fingers show the pain arthritis cast on you,
but Grandma, over many years, these hands have helped you through.

They show the marks of where you've been, in good times and
through strife,
reflect your pain and happiness, the richness of your life;
been red and swollen, hard and soft, been broken, scraped and raw;
have wiped away a million tears when Grandpa went to war.

They braced your falls when, as a child, you crashed upon the floor,
and placed the food into your mouth when you were young and poor.
They dried your little kiddies' tears, and soothed an injured knee,
caressed the lover in your life – these hands that I now see.

They gently held your newborn child, and trembled when he died;
they cooked your grandkids special treats, and held us when we cried;
replied to letters from the war, from friends, and kids away.
They cleaned and mopped and mended clothes, and still had time to play.

They spread your love to all around, with just a tender touch
with nothing asked for in return – you never needed much.
But you have left a legacy I'll carry in my heart
to guide me through the lonely years when we will be apart.

These hands I love are fading now, but memories never die,
and Grandma, all my memories will hold me when I cry.
I hear your voice that whispers soft, 'My child, now don't you pine',
and feel your strength and courage flow from your hands into mine.

Letters to the Editor

Val Read has sent me two more e-mails which I am not going to publish as they are continuations of themes which Val has already expressed her views on, namely standard of judging and its consequences and her definition of "Bush Poetry". I think these topics have had enough exposure and I doubt if any consensus can ever be reached. Val's e-mails are on file, if anyone would like to read them.

Quin's Vineyard

Old Quin's vines grow tangled now,
Along the rows the grass waves high;
Undisturbed by spade or plough,
The dandelions bloom and die,
The straying cattle wander in
Now that the earth lies over Quin.

The clear cool creek that used to stray
Through Old Quin's vineyard now is dry.
Long years ago I heard him say,
The stream would cease if I should die,
They'll dam it on the mountainside,
It has ceased to flow since Old Quin died.

This morn I passed the vineyard by,
In faint dawn light all grey and strange,
The wild east wind was howling high,
That hasten's seaward from the range.
I'm almost sure I saw Old Quin
Twining the tossing tendrils in.

Old Quin's vineyard soon will go
Back to the wild he carved it from;
Those who pass it by and know,
Will say to friends in years to come,
Pointing where the saplings grow.
There was a vineyard, long ago.

Jack Sorensen



ADVERTISEMENT

Remember Greg Hastings!! - our guest artist a while back with his great didgeridoo playing, songs and stories. Well, fresh from a tour of the more remote regions of WA, Greg along with fellow entertainer Peter Harding will be appearing at KULCHA (above the Dome Café), 13 South Terrace, Fremantle on Friday October 9th, commencing 8pm. Tickets at the door, \$15

Greg and His partner Linda will also be doing their kids show "Wandering in the bush" at KULCHA on Saturday Oct 10th commencing 2pm — Kids \$12 — accompanying adults free

Concluding Noel Stallard's Performance Tips on SPEECH

Volume.

For most performances you will have a microphone that will allow you to be heard. If there is a sound man controlling the sound he should be able to adjust the volume you present so that it is comfortable for the listening audience so long as you stay with the mic. If the console is fixed then it is up to you to ensure you are not too loud or too soft. Most mics are multi-directional; which means they will pick up sounds from their front and from their sides. This gives you some leeway. If you are first up and the sound is fixed then make sure you test the mic. If you are following others observe whether it is better to have the mic at your mouth or a short distance away. A good technique, if the sound will allow, is to have the mic on your chin. This means that it does not matter where your head moves in your presentation the mic will follow.

Holding the mic does restrict your hand gestures so you have to work out whether of not the mic-in-its-stand is better for your poem.

Having the mic-in-its-stand restricts your lateral movement as you can not be heard if you get away from the mic.

When you are researching your poem look for places where relevant variations of volume can be used. Increasing or decreasing volume is only appropriate if it is relevant to the action or emotion of the poem.

Pace.

Speed Kills! This applies when presenting a poem. Generally foreign people will tell us that Australians are rapid speakers and we will become more rapid when we are nervous. You will have rehearsed the poem (hopefully) many, many times but your audience get one chance to hear it and you need to give them an appropriate pace and clarity for them to comprehend what you are saying.

You control the poem. It does not control you.

The more confident you are with what you are saying the more in control you are.

In most poems there will be opportunities for variations in pace. Here again knowing your poem will tell you what action or emotion needs the appropriate pace.

Consider pauses. When relevant it is a very effective tool in creating emphasis, holding attention, regaining attention. In humour the pause to allow audience to laugh is essential.

Competition entries for the The Val Lishman Foundation **Festival of Yarns** at Alverstoke in Brunswick on October 18th has been extended to Oct 7th. See back page for contact details.

In association with this event, award winning Bush Poet, Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge will be featured at the Bunbury Regional Art Galley 12.30—3.30 October 17th

More info—ring Sharon 0427 363 306 or 9792 2740

Poets in the Park

All is on-track for "Poets in the Park" at Burswood on Sunday November 15th Commencing 2pm We have received some funding for advertising from Victoria Park, so all is set for another great afternoon of Aussie Rhyming Poetry. The event will be under the trees in the "picnic area" near the car park at the causeway end of Burswood Park. We hope, that we can attract some of the large number of "casual park users" to come and listen to us

September 2009 Wrap—up - by Anne Hayes

Grace Williamson our vice President was compere for the first half our Traditional Night of Poetry Brian Langley wrote the script for Tall Stories and selected verses were chosen by him and Grace . Of the eighteen poems selected very few had been heard before which was a new theme for our patrons.

Although we were little late getting underway due to some technical difficulties, Grace had the performers well organized and each one was smartly on cue.

We would to thank the sixteen performers who dressed for the occasion and breezed through their act with confidence.

The poems and their presenters were :

Post Hole Mick (Steele Grey) —John Hayes, The Shorter Week (C J Dennis) - Graham Hedley, The Stockyard Liar (Will Ogilvie) —Robert Gunn, The Germ Chaser (C J Dennis) — Lorelie Tacoma, My Cousin from Pall Mall (Arthur P Martin) —Graham Hedley, A Diggers Tale (C J Dennis) —Frank Heffernan, Mad Jack's Cockatoo (Anon) — Teresa Rose, A Snake Yarn (W T Goodge) —Anne Hayes, Holus Bolus (Dryblower Murphy) - Wally Williamson, When Dacey Rode the Mule (Banjo Paterson) —Barry Higgins, 9 Miles to Gundagai (Jack Moses) —Wayne Pantall, The Coachman's yarn (E J Brady) —Trish Smith, Barcoo Jim's Bath (C H Winter) —Hadley Provis, Jone's Selection (Ironbark Gibson) —Wayne Pantall, Outback (P Quinn) - Ron Ingham A Nautical Yarn (Keightly Goodchild) —, Chris Preece, The Boss's Wife (Anon) —Grace Williamson, After the War (Sapper Cumine)—Ron Ingham

Many of the performers took the trouble to dress fitting their poem, Teresa had her stuffed cocky on her shoulder, while Wally carried his bamboo tube to poke down the camel's throat in Holus Bolus.

There was a competition for the "best dressed, Grace Williamson was chosen for best costume, but she declined and Maxine Richter won the ladies section and Wally Williamson won the mens section. They received a small gift.

Following supper, the second half was for traditional poetry and our first performer was **Teresa Rose** she shared her talent by singing and playing "Andy's Gone With Cattle" by Henry Lawson. During the drought Andy went droving over the border leaving everyone at home to deal with the squatter and praying for rain to fill the tanks, and for green grass in the pathway of the drover.

Chris Preece has grown in confidence by learning to recite and presented "The Corrugated Iron Tank" written by Hal Grey. This poem shows how hard it is when the rainwater is low in the tanks and not until the rain comes that they could wash their feet!

Barry Higgins brought Henry Lawson's "O'Hara J P" to life with his recital. O'Hara J P was daddy of them all and enjoyed "the seedier side of life" and then was left to ponder his fall from the judicial bench and the wrath of his wife.

Ron Ingham recited "The Man From Snowy River" by Banjo Barton Paterson. This is a story of rounding of wild horses in mountainous country in N S W and how a single handed rider and his horse brought them safely to the home-stead.

Frank Heffernan came all the way from the country to recite C J Dennis, "The Play". Frank recited this very well and took us through the story how C J took Doreen to see Romeo and Juliet and through out the show he was comparing Romeo and Juliet to how he felt about Doreen as the play unfolded

Louise Evans read "Clancy of The Overflow" by Banjo Paterson

Banjo receives a letter from Clancy who is droving but they "don't know where he are" While he is sitting in his dingy little office and he somehow fancies how he'd like to change with Clancy

Grace Williamson decided to present "In Defence of the Bush" By Banjo Paterson. Henry Lawson and Banjo Paterson wrote poetry for the The Bulletin and Henry would write a poem one week and Banjo would reply the following week and they were paid a penny per line This poem depicts the comparison of city and country life.

Robert Gunn brought to us in verse "The Man" claiming to being the man from Snowy River, and why he never left the saddle was because he was glued to it with fear! So he remains unnamed

John Hayes recited for the first time Henry Lawson's poem "When Your Pants Begin to Go" .This poem gives insight how you have to keep your dignity when you have patches all over and they are wearing thin

Marjorie Cobb read "Last of His Tribe" by Henry Kendal An Aboriginal Warrior in his older years was dreaming of his family of his way of life, and his beloved country and longing for those years that had passed

Being as September was Fathers Day, **Wayne Pantall** received permission to depart from the "traditional". The last performer for the night, he presented his own "A Father's Day Poem". putting poor Dad in his shed as it was a Dockers house and Dad was an Eagles supporter but they still had to look after Dad as they may miss out on the inheritance when he died.

From "Hokus Bolus" - Dryblower Murphy

"The camel was sick, up at Cassidy's Hill,
And he'd think me an angel from heaven
If I'd help him to give it a "pick- me- up" pill,
To keep it from "throwing a seven".

A pipe was precurred, three feet of bamboo,
Then Danny, myself and the pill,
Went bravely this medical office to do
For the patient at Cassidy's Hill.

"When the pill's in the pipe, and the pipe's in his jaws,
Which I'll open", O'hara observed,
"You place the free end of the blow- pipe in yours,
And puff when his gullet's uncurved,

"I'd blow it myself, but me bellows are weak,
And I haven't the strength in my lungs,
Since I had that bad accident up at The Peak,
My puffing machinery's bung.

"The pill is composed", he further explained,
Of axle-grease, sulphur and tar;
And piquant and suitable flavour is gained
By a dip in the kerosene jar.

"To aid his digestion there's gravel and shot,
And I've seasoned it strongly with snuff;
And I want in his system to scatter the lot,
So take a deep breath and then puff."

With the pipe to my lips a long breath I drew,
Till my diaphragm threatened to burst,
Then, bang! Down my gullet the flaming pill flew!
For the blithering camel blew first!



Mad Jack's Cockatoo Anon

There's a man that went out in the floodtime and drought
By the banks of the Outer Barcoo
And they called him Mad Jack, cos the swag on his back
Was the perch for an old cockatoo

By the towns near and far, in shed, shanty and bar
Came the yarns of Mad Jack and his bird
And this tale I relate, It was told by a mate
Is just one of the many I heard.

Now Jack was a bloke who could drink. "Holy Smoke!"
He could swig twenty mugs to my ten,
And that old cockatoo it could sink quite a few
And it drank with the rest of the men

One day when the heat was a thing hard to beat,
Mad Jack and his old cockatoo,
Came in from the west to the "Old Swag Man's Rest"
Jack ordered up schooners for two,

When these had gone down he popped out half a crown
and they drank till their money was spent,
Then he pulled out a note from his old tattered coat
And between them they drank every cent,
Then that old cockatoo it swore red, black and blue,
And it knocked all the mugs off the bar,
Then it flew through the air and it pulled at the hair,
Of a chap who was drinking "Three Star",

And it jerked out the pegs from the barrels and kegs
Knocked the bottles all down from the shelf,
With a sound like a cheer it dived into the beer
And it finished up drowning itself

When at last Mad Jack woke from his sleep he ne'er spoke
But he cried like a lost husband's wife,
And with each quick falling tear made a flood with the beer,
And the men had to swim for their life,

Then Mad Jack, he did drown; - when the waters went down
he was lying there stiffened and blue,
And it's told, far and wide that stretched out by his side
Was his track mate -.. the old cockatoo.

From My Cousin from Pall Mall
Arthur Patchett Martin



There's nothing so exasperates a true Australian youth,
Whatever be his rank in life, be he cultured or uncouth,
As the manner of a London swell. Now it chanced, the other day,
That one came out, consigned to me—a cousin, by the way.

As he landed from the steamer at the somewhat dirty pier,
He took my hand; and lispingly remarked, 'How very queer!
I'm glad, of course, to see you—but you must admit this place,
With all its mixed surroundings, is a national disgrace.'

On the morrow through the city we sauntered, arm in arm;
I strove to be informative—my style was grand and calm.
I showed him all the landmarks—but I noted with despair
His smile, his drawl, his eye-glass, and his supercilious air.

As we strolled along that crowded street, where Fashion holds proud sway,
He deigned to glance at every thing, but not one word did say;
I really thought he was impressed by its well-deserved renown
Till he drawled, 'Not bad—not bad at all—for a provincial town.'

Then we strolled into the Club, where he again commenced to speak,
But I interrupted saying, 'Let us leave town for a week.
I see that Melbourne bores you—nay, nay, I know it's true;
Let us wander 'midst the gum-trees, and observe the kangaroo.'

Ah! who has ever journeyed on a glorious summer night
Through the weird Australian bush-land without feeling of delight?
The dense untrodden forest, in the moonlight coldly pale,
Brings before our wondering eyes again, the scenes of fairy tale.

'Twas such a night we wandered forth; we never spoke a word
(I was too full of thought for speech—to him no thought occurred)
When, gazing from the silent earth to the star-lit silent sky,
My cousin in amazement dropped his eye-glass from his eye.

At last, I thought his soul was moved by the grandeur of the scene
(As the most prosaic Colonist's I'm certain would have been),
Till he replaced his eye-glass, and remarked—'This may be well,
But one who's civilized prefers the pavement of Pall Mall.'

ooo

I swerved not from that moment from my purpose foul and grim;
I never deigned to speak one word, nor even glanced at him;
But suddenly I seized his throat,...he gave one dreadful groan,
And I, who had gone forth with him, that night returned alone.

This is where a photo of "Best Dressed Lady" Maxine should be—but I mislaid the photo— sorry—I'll try and put it in next month's Bully Tin

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2009—2010

Brian Langley	President	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
Grace Williamson	V. President	9361 4265	grace.wil@bigpond.com
Graham Hedley	Secretary	9306 8514	grahamhedley@westnet.com.au
Judith Jowett	Treasurer	9364 1699	
Edna Westall	Amenities	9339 3028	ewestall@tpg.com.au
John Hayes	Committee	9377 1238	hayseed1@optusnet.com.au
Maxine Richter	Committee	9361 2365	maxine.richter@bigpond.com
Marjory Cobb	Committee	6250 0459	marjory@bentleyparkestate.com.au

☆☆ Upcoming Events ☆☆

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

Oct	2	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park - Guest Artist— Terry and Jenny
Oct	10	Poets in the Grainshed	Pingrup
Oct	18	Bush Poets Brekky	Esperance Showground's (inaugural event)
Oct	18	Festival of Yarns	Alverstoke—Brunswick http://vlhrf.mysouthwest.com.au/festival of yarns competition entries extended to October 7th
Oct	28	Have A Go Day	Burswood Park—a couple of poets may be required.
Nov	6	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium , Bentley Park - includes Novice performance competition - Heat 1
Nov	7	Bush Poets Brekky	Albany Showgrounds (tentative)
Nov	15	Poets in the Park	Burswood Park
Nov	28	Jacaranda Festival	Ardross Village, We will have our gazebo there, giving out WABP&YS info
Dec	4	WABP&YS Xmas Muster	Auditorium , Bentley Park - Port Pies & Poetry Free Supper—Monster Raffle
Jan	8	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium , Bentley Park -

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

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

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

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

Don't forget our website
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</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	
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																											

Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to:
The Editor “Bully Tin”
86 Hillview Tce, St. James 6102
e-mail briandot@tpg.com.au

Address all other correspondence to The Secretary.
WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners
39 Eradu Ramble, Hocking, 6065
e-mail grahamhedley@westnet.com.au

Address Monetary payments to:
The Treasurer
WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners
3 - 10 Gibson St, Mt Pleasant 6153