



**Next Muster 5th October 7pm RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley
MC Dave Smith - 0438341256 & Terry Piggott - 0457026223**

THIS DAY IN HISTORY

1st November

Australian Explorers

1865 - The first European explorer to see Ayers Rock, William Christie Gosse, is appointed Government Surveyor in the South Australian colony.

Australian History

1791 - A party of convicts escape from Parramatta, intending to walk to China, as many convicts believed that China lay behind the Blue Mountains. While some were re-captured, many simply died in the unfamiliar bushland.

**PLEASE NOTE -
CHANGES TO MUSTER
FROM NOVEMBER!!!!!!**

After discussion at the AGM and subsequent committee meeting, the following changes have been made to the musters:

All musters will be held at the RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley from the November muster onwards. This is for a six month trial period only at this stage.

From November, musters will start at 7pm through until 9.30pm. (Currently, 7.30 - 10pm)

We ask that, if you have any concerns over these changes, please contact a committee member to discuss them. We will also be seeking your feedback on how you find the changes.

Next Musters

Friday 2nd November **7.00pm**
RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley

Friday 7th December. 7pm
RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley

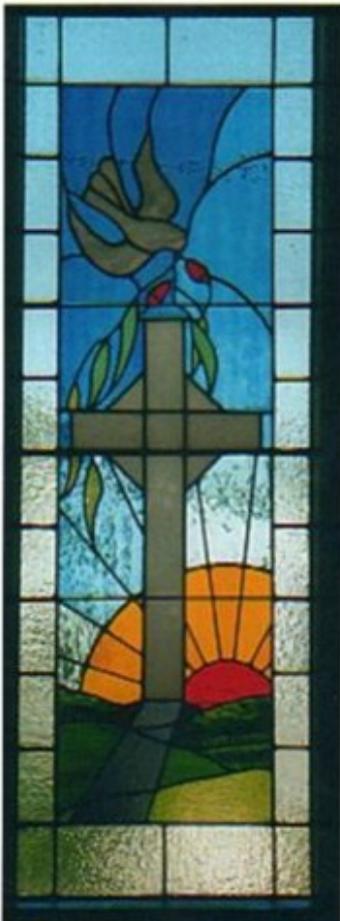
A reminder to readers of the Bully Tin

Many of the WA poets who allow me to print a copy of their poems in the magazine have books available for sale. In order to show your appreciation of their generosity, please consider purchasing a copy of their books if you like their poetry. A list of members with products available is at the back of the magazine and on the website.

THE WINDOW OF PEACE

Victor Daley

It was a small country church
That I may never see again
Yet I was guided in its prayers
To the thoughts of warring men,
I saw the war in Vietnam,
I still hear the children cry
And the colours in the window
Fell where my memories lie,
I knelt there beside the light
And drifting in my years,
I saw the ravages of war
And cried a thousand tears,
If hope lies beyond man's folly,
We must always have tomorrow
Where the gentleness of woman,
Can baptise a soldier's sorrow,
It was just a small window
That I was looking through
Yet it bore an old reflection
Of some memories I knew,
I believe the window of peace
Where threads of life unlock
Will shine for all humanity,
At the window in Bruce Rock



WANTED - MUSTER MC's

Dave Smith & Terry Piggott, our new Event Coordinators, are wanting members who would be willing to take on the role of MC for 1 Muster each. There are guidelines to work within, for those who are unsure as to what is required, and both Dave & Terry are available for help. Please see Dave or Terry Thank you.

This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of Steve Irons, Federal Member for the seat of Swan and posted with the generous assistance of Ben Wyatt, MLA - Member for Victoria Park.

The Window Of Peace

In the small town of Bruce Rock in country Western Australia they have been notable for a number of things. One of them is they were the first town to give away blocks of land so that they would have a better chance of sustainability. So families took up the offer and built houses and became part of the community. Then they assisted families to start up a business in the town and while this was happening they were planning a special week for some special people. Living in the Shire of Bruce Rock were just 4 Vietnam Veterans - they decided that they would have a reunion, not just of their own Regiment but all the men and women who served in some capacity in Vietnam. And not just from Western Australia but for all where ever they lived, so the Back To the Bush for Vietnam Veterans was born. This is the 10th year that it has been held, on the 1st weekend in November. They come from all over with everything from the largest caravans and Winnebago's to the man just with his swag to sleep under the stars. A few years ago St Peters Church had a window designed for it, depicting the blue skies and green grass of Australia, the rising sun from the Diggers slouch hat, a cross reflecting the hard walk of the Vets, and a dove with an olive branch - the hope of peace. Victor Churchill Dale wrote the poem on page 1 about that church window. He sat quietly in an empty Church and let the window speak to him. The poem on page 1 is included with his permission - many thanks to Victor. Victor also has a beautiful book of poems/photographs available for sale.

Bruce Rock Back to the Bush (Cont)

The very best that happened, two Vets proudly became
Australia's newest Aussies, Advance Australia Fair
was sung
With so much might and feeling I thought the roof
would lift
The loudest singer that I heard was the Scotsman in
his kilt!

That night when we all went to bed a tired but happy
bunch
We wondered if we'd have the strength to arise much
before lunch,
But round the 5 am mark as I turned, to sleep, oh no!
A smoky perfume drifted in, breakfast was on the go
The bacon sausages and beans and even eggs in
toast!
Oh what welcome to that day!! I would like to thank our
host!
The people of that little town that hardly makes the
map
Bruce Rock, it is the big heart town and Yes! I will be
back!!

(PJs - pyjamas)

This piece was written the 1st year that Heather Denholm went to Bruce Rock - as a thank you to the organisers. She attended as part of the musical entertainment.

BRUCE ROCK BACK TO THE BUSH 2006

Heather Denholm
5th November 2006

The weekend at Bruce Rock was great; a lot of laughs were had,
The sleeping was communal, but it really wasn't bad,
For at night for entertainment, lots of PJs came in view
With frogs and hearts and hippos, and plain old navy blue.

The residents excelled themselves, and we all can say
That country hospitality is alive and well today
With food laid out for miles and miles the hundreds were well fed,
And then we had some supper before we went to bed!
Most country towns are crying out, for help in dry drought times
But Bruce Rock welcomed, and reached out, to Vets of Vietnam,
Back to the Bush the Vets all went, and that meant to Bruce Rock
Many took their families, and others took their dog.

They came on Bikes, their Harleys, with tents for sleeping in.
Some caravans, and motorhomes, some trailers made of tin,
There were also many busses decked out to be a home.
At the back I saw a one-man swag out on his very own.
The footy oval had transformed into a sea of white Aussie flags flew proudly over everyone each night
The feeling was the same from the eldest to the young
I wouldn't want to miss this and I'm glad that I could come!

On Saturday the march past and the rain it tumbled down
But it couldn't put a dampener on those Vets that were in town
They marched with pride, they marched for mates remembered, tho' long gone,
For two long blocks down Main Street before they turned around
And marched down to the church, where they tried to cram inside,
To stand in silent reverence, some their feelings could not hide,
While someone lit a candle and placed it gently down
At the window of remembrance in the Church in Bruce Rock town.

The entertainment at the camp continued on that night
The mattresses were moved away to give everyone a seat
And even room for dancing, on some not too nimble feet

Teresa Rose did this poem at the last muster - on the theme of 'Childhood Memories'. Dave Smith also recited 'The Bush Christening' by Banjo Paterson - and it was great to have the two poems along similar lines, but different!!

THE CHRISTENIN'

"Priam"

On the plains of Tooraneedin, where the rabbits keep on breedin',
Where the sheep break through the fences, and the cows are fierce and wild,
In a farmhouse near the "river" (which was flowing hardly ever),
In the family of Maloney had arrived the seventh child.

There was Pathrick and Honora ('twas her mother's name before her),
There was Bridget, Kate, and Edward, and that Murty rogue as well;
And with Number Seven squealing, old Maloney said, with feeling-
"Begobs, 'tis I'm the man deserves to ind his days in h—I.

"For 'tis sinful an' surprisin' that there's divil a baptizin'
Has any av thim chidher iver had from any praste;
Faith, if Father Dooley knew ut (him that married me to rue ut),
Av purgatorial penance I wud get a fearful taste.

"Now, I hear that at the station, there's a praste av reputation-
A jolly bhoy who'd christen thim an' niver turn a hair;
O'll sind for him tomorrow; for 'tis shame to me an' sorrow
That I've never sought His Riverince all th' toime that he's been there."

So Maloney in the morning at the station gave his warnin'
And Father McNulty heard his story with a grin;
"You muster up the siven and I 'll help them all to hiven
This evenin' after sunsit, just as fast as they'll come in".

That night the nine Maloneys, with their neighbours and their cronies,
Sat waiting for the Father, who arrived a little late;
There were lights and water handy (and maybe a drop of brandy)
When Father McNulty's trap pulled up beside the gate.

Their thirst they had abated in the hour that they had waited,
For a christenin' needs the comfort of a drop of good potheen;
And Maloney's nose was reddened, and his eyes a trifle deadened,
But 'twas dark within the parlour, and it couldn't well be seen.

Inside Maloney's kitchen all the kids with fun were twitch-

in'
For to be baptized was something they had never known before;
And a list of names was handed to the Father, who commanded
The evening's operations like a war.

They put the blessed candle in a bottle- 'twas a scandal,
But no other thing to hold it in the farmhouse could be found;
And from Murty up to Paddy all were dragged in by their daddy-
The Holy Church received them; and the baby's turn came round.

Then behold, there was a scuffling, and a grunting, and a snuffling,
And a sudden gust of wind came in and put the candle out.
"Where the divil is that baby?" "Och, he's on the flagstones, maybe!"
And Maloney picked up something. "Call him James!" they heard him shout.

And the Latin words went racing, while Maloney stood embracing
The baby; but he muttered, "By me sowl, he's pretty big!"
Till Bridget struck a light and, screeched out loud in accents frightened
"God save us, Holy Father! Ye're baptizin' Murty's pig!"

And the pig it kicked and wriggled, while the spalpeen Murty giggled
Till Maloney bent above him, and he gripped him by the ear.
But says Father Mac, "Don't bate him; faith, 'tis not yourself should hate him,
For the pig's as good a Christian as you've been this fourteen year!"

Now up at Tooraneedin, there's a pig of Berkshire breedin'
Whom people come to gaze at, from districts far and wide;
They point at him declaring you can gather from his bearing
He's the one and only Christian pig in all the countryside.

Limerick - from 'The Great Australian Book of Limericks' - put together by Jim Haynes

When summertime comes to Australia
Thongs and stubbies are formal regalia.
With sun, surf and beer
For most of the year,
It's the land of the long bacchanalia.

(Bacchanalia - a drunken feast)

Dear Sir,

I am the secretary of the Carnarvon Artists Club based in Carnarvon. Our Club is for anyone interested in the arts in general but in the old days we used to hold a 'Poets Night' every two months or so which was very popular with our members.

We are thinking about holding another Poets night event and maybe combine it with a country and western band and I wondered if any of your members travel to the country to recite yarns and poems and if so what would their charges and fees be?

Regards

Jenny Walsh (jennywalsh@wn.com.au)
Secretary - Carnarvon Artists Club

The Forest

Do you see the soft leaves falling?
Do you hear the song birds calling
As they flutter through the treetops
That shade the sunlight's glare?
Do you see the orchid showing
By the maiden-hair-fern growing
In the soft and misty raindrops?
God!, there's beauty everywhere.
Do you hear the axe-blows ringing?
Do you hear the saw-blades singing?
Do you hear the crash of thunder
As the forest giants fall?
Do you see the forest dwindling
As it's all reduced to kindling?
Do you ever stop to wonder
At the reason for it all?
Do you see the forest dying?
Do you hear the sound of crying
In the valley where the river
Has become a salty creek?
No more the orchids flow'ring
'Neath the forest giants tow'ring;
And the whole world seems to shiver--
Do the tears run down your cheek?
No more the soft leaves falling;
No more the songbirds calling
As they flutter through the treetops,
For there are no treetops there.
And there's almost nothing growing;
And the desert wind is blowing;
And there isn't any raindrops --
And there's few who seem to care!

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Submissions for the Bully Tin

Just a quick reminder to everyone that this is *your* newsletter. Please feel free to submit your poems for inclusion, keeping in mind the need for size constraints.

Tamworth Poetry Reading Group BLACKENED BILLY VERSE COMPETITION

The Blackened Billy Verse Competition is regarded as one of the most prestigious BUSH POETRY competitions in Australia.

Writers of Bush verse are invited to compete.

First prize is \$600 plus the famous BLACKENED BILLY TROPHY.

Second prize is \$300 and third \$200.

Entries close November 30 and the winners will be announced at the Tamworth Country Music Festival in January 2013.

Write to Jan Morris PO Box 3001, West Tamworth NSW 2340 or email janmorris33@bigpond.com

Little Folk presents

FOLK IN THE FOREST FESTIVAL - DWELLINGUP Friday 16 to Sunday 18 November

Purchase before 30 September to avail of the early bird price of \$50 - after 30 September tickets are \$65.00

All proceeds to childrens cancer research.

Music and bush poetry. Accomodation available.

Bookings are open now and you can email folk-intheforest@gmail.com or you can email Connie at conniekenny@hotmail.com or phone Noel on 0402039954

URGENT - HELP WANTED

Will there be anyone from WA at the Tamworth Country Music Festival in January 2013 that could help out with the small jobs required to hold the Golden Dampier Awards? (Performance competition)

The ABPA are doing these awards this year, but as yet, do not have enough volunteers to do so. If they do not have enough by 31st October, the event will be cancelled.

Please let me know ASAP if you are available to help.

Thanks

Irene 0429652155

Please Note.....

Anyone wishing to join a Yahoo group attached to our website, please contact Brian Langley for further details. It is basically a bulletin board, on which you can post informations/discussions for other members of the group to read.

**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**

CHRISTMAS MUSTER

Members are asked to bring a wrapped gift to the December Muster. The value will be left up to each member, but it is suggested that it is between \$5 and \$10. Please hand it wrapped to Dave or Terry as you arrive. This will be a special night with the traditional Christmas time supper, so come along and have a good evening of fun to end our year together.

CHRISTMAS RADIO OPPORTUNITY

The Bush Poets of WA have been invited by one of our Community radio stations 6.. to go live to air with some Christmas poetry in December. There are a few date options available, and if you would like to be involved in this please see or contact Heather. If needed you can take part via the telephone.

SWAP MEET Expressions of interest

Members of the Bush Poets WA have been invited to provide some entertainment at the SwapMeets held in the Wanneroo Show Grounds each Sunday morning, so there is plenty of opportunity. We just need to choose a couple of dates, between around 9am and 10:30am.

It is a well run and not terribly noisy swapmeet so no one would need to yell to be heard, but a PA system would be a good idea. Please speak to or contact Heather or one of our event organisers, Dave or Terry.

With the theme of 'Childhood Memories' at the last muster, Anne Hayes recited this poem - written by John Hayes

Through the Eyes of a Child

John Hayes

If you could see, through the eyes of a child,
all would be good, loving and kind.
The world a playground, everything new,
a life of discovery, with so much to do.

A time for just living, all that is joy,
in the dream wonderland of each girl and boy.
Eyes sparkle as stars in the heavens above,
their hearts overflow with abundance of love.

Whether they're rich, or whether they're poor,
children together, each one for all.
A world full of laughter, all the day long,
care for each other, the weak and the strong.

But sooner or later, a shadow is cast,
dreams of a childhood, are over at last.
For what we did see, through those eyes long ago,
happens just once in a lifetime, you know.

The magic has passed, with the movement of time,
never again such a joy, will we find,
dreams last forever, not boy or girl,
a treasure was held, each day a pearl.
Long now forgotten, by each woman and man,
in the passage of time, that has slipped through our hands.

THE SHEARER'S NIGHTMARE

Old Joe the shearer had been phoned to catch the train next day.

He had a job at Mungindi, an early start for May.

So he packed his port and rolled his swag and hurried off to bed.

But sleep, he couldn't steal a wink to soothe his aching head.

He heard the missus snoring hard, he heard the ticking clock.

He heard the midnight train blow in, he heard the crowing cock.

At last Joe in a stupor lay, a dreaming now was he
Of sheep, and pens, and belly wool, he shore in number three.

He grabbed the missus in his sleep and shore her like a ewe.

The first performance soon was done as up the neck he flew.

And then he turned to longblow her, down the whipping side he tore,

With his mighty knee upon her and his grip around her jaw.

And then he rolled her over, like a demon now he shore.
She dare not kick or struggle; she had seen him shear before.

He was leading Jack the ringer, he was catching Mick the Brute.

When he called for tar and dumped her, like a hogget down the chute.

Then he reached to stop the shear machine, excited and out of gear.

And the electric light was shining, and all was bright and clear.

He gazed now out the window, half awakened from his sleep,

And down there on the footpath lay the missus in a heap.

"Gawd Blimey, I've had nightmares after boozin' up a treat.

And I've walked without me trousers to the pub across the street,

But this one here takes lickin' and its one I'll have to keep,

I dare not tell the cobbers I shore the missus in me sleep.

Written we believe by that prolific writer of many genres
Anonymous

More Limericks - from Jim Haynes book!

A wonderful bird is the pelican,
His beak can hold more than his belly can.
He can hold in his beak
Enough food for a week,
But I'm darned if I know how the hell he can.

Poet Profile:

Edwin Greenslade (Dryblower) Murphy

Murphy was born in Caslemaine, Victoria - the 10th child and eldest son. He developed a good tenor voice, and joined the JC Williamson Opera company, with whom he toured for 3 years.

In 1892, he came to WA to seek his fortune on the gold-fields. He walked to Coolgardie, arriving in 1894, and did some dryblowing before setting out prospecting. After writing for the Coolgardie Miner under the pen name Dryblower, his crisp, humorous writing won him a job on the new Kalgoorlie's weekly "Sun". Initially this column was largely humorous and satirical anecdotes of life 'on the fields', but almost from the beginning he started to write poetry.

In 1901, he joined the permanent staff of 'West Australian Sunday Times' to which he contributed until his death nearly 40 years later. He was also still writing his 'A Mingled Yarn' column in the 'Sun'.

Privately, Murphy was a born joker and a great teller of stories. In his newspaper column, he fought for many a popular cause, and his humour and kindly satire made him the best-known and best-loved journalist of his time in Western Australia. Looking back, he would likely still be rated as one of the most influential Australian journalists of all time.

Murphy was very quick to comment on anything politically controversial and or anyone who was hypocritical, self seeking or (in his view) not doing the job they were paid to do - in particular, politicians and senior public officials.

As well as his writing, in all its various forms, Murphy still found time for numerous public appearances, at which he was a guest artist or speaker, either telling tales of the early days of the goldfields, reciting his poetry, and at times singing.

Murphy died of cancer at East Perth on 9th March 1939. He was buried at Karrakatta Cemetery.

The Lodes That Under-lie

O, calm and clear the liar lies
Who writes reports on mines;
Behold what knowledge deep and wise
His legend intertwines.
But ah, if he should own the lease
Supposed to hold the lode
Behold his lying pow'rs increase
Observe his matchless mode.

He may not have an ounce of quartz,
The reef his lease might miss,
But in his Rougemont-like reports
THE
REEF
RUNS
DOWN
LIKE
THIS.

But if perchance the reef is found
And proven rich and wide,
Within another party's ground
Who pegged him side by side.

He can't peg in upon the end,
That's taken long ago.
And if the lode-line doesn't bend
He hasn't Buckley's show;
But shifting reefs is labor light,
And perfect is his bliss,
So as his lease is on the right
It under lies like this.

But should his lease located be
Upon the left-hand side,
The reef in which the gold shows free
Towards the left he'll guide.
For that which baulks a modest man
A mining scribe can do.
And alterations on a plan
Will swing a reef askew;

So once again with pencil deft
He plumbs the earth's abyss
And as his lease is on the left
The reef runs down like this.
But if he has no part or share
Around the golden ground,
A tinker's toss he doesn't care

If any reef is found.
He cares not if it goes an ounce
Or only goes a grain,
But if the owners try to bounce
They're soon amongst the slain.
He slays them as a mad Malay,
Slays foemen with a kris,
And in the mining news next days

The Rhymes That Our Hearts Can Read

The Rhymes That Our Hearts Can Read
We are sated of songs that hymn the praise
Of a world beyond our ken;
We are bored by the ballads of beaten ways,
And milk and water men;
We are tired of the tales that lovers told
To the cooing, amorous dove;
We have banished the minstrelsy of old,
And the lyric of languid love.
While we stand where the ways of men have end,
And the untrod tracks commence,
We weary of songs that poets penned
In pastoral indolence.
The sleepy sonnet that lovers make
Where weeping willows arch
Cannot the passionate soul awake
Of men who outward march.
Our harps are hung in the towering trees,
And the mulga low and gray
Our ballads are sung by every breeze
That flogs the sea to spray;
We want no lay of a moonlit strand,
No idyll of daisied mead,
For the rhymes that our hearts can understand
Are the rhymes that our hearts can read.

Said Hanrahan
John O'Brien

"We'll all be rooned", said Hanrahan
In accents most forlorn
Outside the church, ere Mass began
One frosty Sunday morn'

The congregation stood about
Coat collars to the ears
And talked of stock and crops and drought
As it had done for years

"It's lookin' crook" said Daniel Croke
"Bedad it's cruke me lad,
But never since the banks went broke
Has seasons been so bad"

"It's dry all right" said young O'Neil
With which astute remark
He squatted down upon his heel
And chewed a piece of bark

And so around the chorus ran
"It's keepin' dry no doubt"
"We'll all be rooned" said Hanrahan
"Before the year is out"

"The crops are done, you'll have your work
To save one bag of grain
From here way out to Back o' Bourke
They're singing out for rain"

"They're singin' out for rain" he said
"And all the tanks are dry."
The congregation scratched its head
And gazed around the sky

"There won't be grass, in any case
Enough to feed and ass
There's not a blade on Casey's place
As I came down to Mass"

"If rain don't come this month" said Dan
And cleared his throat to speak
"We'll all be rooned" said Hanrahan
"If rain don't come this week"

A heavy silence seemed to steal
On all at his remark
And each man squatted on his heel
And chewed a piece of bark

"We want an inch of rain, we do"
O'Neil observed at last
But Croke "maintained" we wanted two
To put the danger past

"If we don't get three inches man
Or four to break this drought.
We'll all be rooned" said Hanrahan
"Before the year is out"

In God's good time, down came the rain,
And all the afternoon
On iron roof and window pane
It drummed a homely tune

And through the night it pattered still
And lightsome, gladsome elves
On dripping spout and window sill
Kept talking to themselves

It pelted, pelted all day long
A-singing at its work
Till every heart took up the song
Way out to Back o' Bourke

And every creek a banker ran
And dams filled overtop
"We'll all be rooned" said Hanrahan
"If this rain doesn't stop"

And stop it did in God's good time
And Spring came into fold
A mantle o'er the hills sublime
Of green and pink and gold

And days went by on dancing feet
With harvest hopes immense
And laughing eyes beheld the wheat
Nid-nodding o'er the fence

And, oh, the smiles on every face
As happy lad and lass
Through grass knee deep on Casey's
place
Went riding down to Mass

While round the church in clothes genteel
Discoursed the men of mark
And each man squatted on his heel
And chewed a piece of bark

"There'll be bush fires for sure, me man,
There will without a doubt
We'll all be rooned" said Hanrahan
"Before the year is out"

**PLEASE
NOTE.....**

A reminder to all
those who perform at
our musters...

Please remember to
bring a short synopsis
of your poem so we
can include a descrip-
tion of the poem in
our muster write up.
This is to be given to
the person writing up
the muster notes.

Also, the musters are
run on a strict timeta-
ble. Please ensure
that you are aware of
how much time you
have to perform, and
keep your poem and
pre-amble within that
time. If you do not
keep to your time lim-
it, you may need to be
taken off the rest of
the program for that
night.

It is a difficult job for
our MC's to do, trying
to co-ordinate poets
and time tables, and if
we expect people to
continue volunteering
for this role, we need
to do everything we
can to make it easier
for them.

Your co-operation on
this matter is appreci-
ated

THANK YOU

A big thank you to Heather Denholm who helped out this month with the Bullytin while I was off in South Australia for the National Arts Conference.

Heather had offered to help previously, (never offer to help me - I might take you up on the offer!!! Ha, Ha!!) and so I had to call on her assistance - and she typed up poems, articles, and finished the muster notes for me.

Unfortunately, Heather hadn't realised that she didn't have access to Publisher to complete the magazine, and so, it had to wait until I arrived back last night to put it all together and fill the empty spots!

So my apologies for it being late this month, and thank you very much for all your work Heather - or everyone would still be waiting for it to be completed by the time the muster came around!! Irene

Walk-About
Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge

When the summer grass is growing,
and the mighty Ord is flowing,
and the turkeys run abundant
on the Mulga dotted plain,
then I get the urge to wander,
through the bush and over yonder,
with me tucker bag and blanket,
going walk-about again.

Can't afford a picnic hamper,
just some flour to make a damper,
some raisins for the Johnny cakes,
and brisket salted down.
Spuds and onions I'll be getting',
and a little mozzie nettin',
bit o' canvas for the weather,
and a rope in case I drown.

Then away one early morning,
while the cockies screech their warning,
through the fences, over gullies,
'till I'm off the beaten track.
Not a job to keep me sweatin',
not a care to keep me frettin',
just the grass around me ankles,
and the sun upon me back.

There's a donkey in the clearing,
and he must be hard of hearing,
'cause I'm nearly up beside him,
and he hasn't raised his head,
and the cattle see no danger,
in the quiet treading stranger,
but the wallabies are startled
from their shady gully bed.

Now the sun is setting lower,
and my steps are getting slower,
so I'll grab meself an acre,
where I won't disturb the crowd.
While me billy tea is brewin',
and the brisket's softly stewin',
I can argue with a boab tree,
or chat a passing cloud.

It looks a bit like raining,
but it's little use complaining,
I can curl beneath the canvass,
if she really starts to pour.
I'll be dry enough on Sunday
and it's back to work on Monday,
then you'd never hear me grumble
if it rained forever more.

When the summer grass is growing,
and the mighty Ord is flowing,
and the turkeys run abundant
on the Mulga dotted plain,
then I get the urge to wander
through the bush and over yonder,
with me tucker bag and blanket,
going walk-about again.

Both poems on this page were presented at the muster for the theme 'Childhood Memories'. This one was done by Lesley McAlpine, I didn't catch the author, but internet surfing lists it both as 'Unknown' 'Eva Cook' and JS Birkenhead. If someone can let me know the correct author, I would appreciate it.

Thoroughly Modern Granny

I have a little Granny,
She's really very old
But also unconventional
in a most unusual mould.

She doesn't wear her spectacles
perched upon her nose,
She's into contact lenses and
varnishes her toes.

Unlike some other Grannies,
who are home before it's dark,
She's dressed up in a track
suit, a jogging in the Park.

And when I wish she'd sometimes
stay and tuck me up in bed,
She's off to study yoga and
standing on her head.

Some Grannies sit in rocking chairs
and crochet shawls indoors,
My Granny jumps upon a horse
and rides across the moors.

She goes on day trips with her gang,
the over sixties's club.
They racket round the countryside
and end up in the Pub!

And on the homeward journey,
like a flock of singing birds
They harmonise old favourites
with some very naughty words!

I love my little Granny,
I think she's simply great.
If that's what growing old is like,
I simply cannot wait.

Another poem from the muster

A Mother's Wish

Anonymous

I hope my child looks back on today
And sees a mother who had time to play.
There will be years for cleaning and cooking,
But children grow up when you're not looking.
Tomorrow I'll do all the chores you can mention
But today, my baby needs time and attention.
So settle down cobwebs; dust go to sleep,
I'm cuddling my baby, and babies don't keep.

Adrian Egan hails from down Bunbury way, and has worked with his mate Norm Flynn and another fellow to present a Tribute to Henry Lawson back in September. Adrian has been unable to get up to a muster recently, but sent in this poem as his contribution to the Childhood memories theme.

Gifts

Adrian Egan, 2010

I know that it's a foolish mind that dwells on things long gone
But would I could gift all children that generous sense of self.
A simpler life drawing great rewards that rise in unstructured play

To exercise one's imagination through each and every day
To find that secret hideaway where the no adult will intrude
And build with imagination the stuff that is soul-food;
No constraining inhibition, plagiarizing tales from the library shelf;
Full-blooded ownership of life is the volume to build upon!

The games we played and ways we learned cost no one very dear
To build it up and knock it down is not store-bought or costly
To dress the part in cast-me downs and act out fantasies;
To make it up and work it out, find common ground to please
Our playmates and ourselves, no need for "social engineering"
Just fitting in and adding on, new realisations oft appearing.
Perhaps I idealise too far but spite was avoided mostly
And tomorrow came with disputes forgot, self's way ahead was clear.

We learned a generosity and that others deserved respect.
Respect for self thrives on what one gives with little expectation!
Not contriving, it provides each chance to quietly reveal
An inner self that's comfortable with its own unique appeal:
To know one's self and know the code that brings it into the light;
To own the strength that some call love or soul or doing right;
To walk with confidence and trail your singular creation
Where hand and mind and heart combine in the way that we select.

Every child is different but are equally all the same!
They are unique but share potential to reach some highest goal.
Just watch the emerging person as each benchmark is achieved

The acts they watch and words they hear are instinctively believed.

Thus form both map and prism through which they view the world

And time will reveal the kind of self that is silently unfurled.
No child is lacking in diverse ways they could play an adult role
But the best of self can be denied if others control the game.

Adults' best gifts are nurturing and guidance with the message plain:

Freedom involves knowing boundaries where others are involved.

Encourage their abilities that underpin self-growth, not pride
So the capacities inherent will strengthen that self inside.

I know that it's a foolish mind that dwells on things long gone
But as I watch the children these things I dwell upon;
And in myself I imagine I see the grandfatherly child, resolved
To treat myself more gently and that inner self regain!

Collie Motor Home Rally

Bill Gordon and Dave Smith performed at a Bush Poets Breakfast for the campervan and motor home rally held in Collie over the long weekend at the end of September. Between them they used poem like Said Hanrahan, Bills poem, The Boyup Brook, Johnsons Snakebite Antidote, A Bush Christening, Mrs Mickys Menus and many more along with a few humorous jokes and yarns. Maxine Richter and Trish Joyce who were in the audience said they were well received and much fun was had by all.



Bill Gordon & Dave Smith on stage at the Motor Home Rally in Collie

100 Years from Gallipoli Poetry Project

For anyone interested in the ANZAC Day Centenary Poetry Project, please be aware that the project has had a name change. It is now called "100 years from Gallipoli" Poetry Project. The name change is to do with the protection of the 'ANZAC' name. Full details and entry information are available from <http://www.ozzywriters.com/index.php/100-years-from-gallipoli> or by contacting the Co-ordinating Editor by phoning +61 (0)3 6362 4390, or emailing gallipoli-100@ozzywriters.com Closing date is Remembrance Day, 11 November, 2013.

MUSTER WRITE UP FROM OCTOBER MUSTER

Message from Heather

First of all I would like to thank everyone who stepped up to the mike and helped with a very full program for my 1st time as MC of a Muster, and with a little juggling I hope fitted everyone in. Thank you each for your support. Heather.

This months muster, we had Heather Denholm as MC, and she asked that we consider our poems within the realm of 'Childhood Memories'. Heather started the evening with a short piece about a station cook who disappeared, because the sheep dog went missing. Ultimately the sheep dog was found to have ended up inside the cooks shepherd pie.

Next, Robert Gun performed the wonder poem written by Marco Gliori, called 'The Mr Whippy Man'. Dad was trying to watch football, and the kids heard the Mr Whippy van, so he sent them out with money to get an icecream, and keep them quiet for awhile. On their return, he was shocked to find they had been short-changed. He roared off – picking up a mate on the way – to teach Mr Whippy a lesson. Needless to say, the van ended up upside down, the kids helped themselves to the icecreams, and Dad headed back home – only to find the missing change under the lounge!! Some time later, after receiving lots of parking tickets, he approached the inspector and asked how it felt to be the most hated man? 'Easy' he said, "I used to be a Mr Whippy Man!"

Cobber then regaled us with a lovely rendition of Danny Boy on the mouth organ, followed by one of his own poems called Walkabout – which was written when he worked at the Kimberley Research station at 16yrs of age. In it, he paints a wonderful picture of the Kimberley area, which drew him to head off on 'Walkabout' with his tucker bag and blanket.

Dave Smith then recited the well know Bush Christening, by Banjo Paterson about the rather hilarious tale of how McGuinness McGee came to be christened McGuinness!

Teresa Rose then gave us a beautiful musical rendition, accompanied by her guitar, of Henry Lawson's The Water Lily – the story of which came from a curious dream that was related to him by a lady. Henry then added some of his own details. It tells the story of a mother dreaming of a child with butterfly wings, who called her to step onto the waterlily leaves with her. When she does, the leaves sink, and she awakes. She knows that it was the spirit of her dead baby calling her.

Brian Langley's grand-daughter obviously knows how to wrap him around her little finger, and she has a most enjoyable and successful fishing expedition with him, while poor old Grandad caught nothing!! It may well have had something to do with the amount of time he spent baiting, holding, reeling and re-baiting for his Grand-daughter!!

Caroline Sambridge then related two of her new poems: Old Ned Kelly – who robbed a café and gets shot in the belly! – a modern day version of the Ned Kelly story, and The Tale of Burglar Bill – who was a modern day Robin Hood. Caroline has a wonderfully quirky sense of humour that goes over so well!!

Ann Hayes then recited one of John Hayes poems called 'Through the Eyes of a Child' – a beautiful piece about what life would be like if we could still see through the eyes of a child, and of how too soon, a shadow is cast, and the magic has passed.

John followed this with one of CJ Dennis' poems called 'Washing Day' – a poem he is still learning, but which he did a good job of, with just a couple of stumbles!! The poem is a reflection on Dennis' well know character 'Doreen' by her husband, and how he 'wed a dinkum woman!'

Dot Langley then recited a poem about the new alphabet – described as an acrostic. It presents the letters of the alphabet with descriptions that related well to us that are getting 'older'! Descriptions such as Arthritis, bad back, chest pains, dental decay.... you get the picture?? I know I can already relate to many of them!!

Lesley McAlpine recited a lovely poem about a grandchilds 'Thoroughly Modern Granny' – where the child talks about her 'really old granny who is also unconventional in the most unusual mould! She doesn't do what normal grannies do – she jogs in the park, goes to yoga and stands on her head, rides across the moors and rackets round the countryside with her Over Sixties club, who then end up in the pub!

Heather then finished the first half of the night with a poem she wrote, which is simply called "Introducing Joe". It is written along the lines of Clancy of the Overflow, and is about Joe – who was the night man who empties the night pan. Her family was a large one, who had crowds of visitors, but Joe only came once a week, so the

pan was always filled to brimming when he came to empty it. But unbeknown to many, Joe had a secret – he also a well known opera singer!! She wondered if those who paid to hear him sing also knew he was the night man!! But all the kids in the street called him Clancy of the overflow.

After interval, Dot Langley started the entertainment off with the Reading from the Classics, a poem by Dryblower Murphy called Going East.

Dot was followed by Cobber with another of his own poems called Mums Driving Lesson, and I think it has convinced many of us to not even try to teach a close relative to drive.

Rusty Christensen then presented another Henry Lawson poem called – The Teams
It commences with a great description of a long and dusty day

And the teams go creeping on
Inch by inch with the weary load;
And by the power of the greenhide goad
The distant goal is won.
With eyes half-shut to the blinding dust,
And necks to the yokes bent low,
And concludes as the bullock driver reaches his home and family.

Colleen O'Grady then recited two of her own poems – Walking the Pipeline, was written about her memory of taking of from home at any chance so that she didn't have to mind the other kids or do extra house work, all the babies would be wanting their tea at once so I would take of from our home in Southern Cross to Walk the Pipeline/
and Bush schools it was written about Jarradale school the she attended when she was 11, it was a 2 room school, and sometimes both classes would be together in the main room round the open fire drinking cocoa and listening to or reciting poetry. They are great memories'.

Dave Smith then took the mic again to tell the story of how, When I'm really old and I live with my kids, I'll make them so happy doing just as they did, I'll write on the walls, with reds, whites and blues, and bounce on the furniture still wearing my shoes. Then much later in bed, I'll lay back with a sigh and My Kids will look down with a smile slowly creeping, and say with a groan "He's so sweet when He's sleeping. Yes just how much fun that will be!!

Teresa Rose **The Christenin' by "Priam"**

In the Maloney family of Tooraneedin, the seventh child has arrived. Old Maloney fears that he is destined for Purgatory because none of the children have been christened. He goes to call on Father McNulty at the station, who agrees to help the children to Heaven. The Maloneys and their neighbours and cronies quench their thirst whilst waiting for Father who is an hour late. When the baby's turn comes round, there is much confusion as the candle has been blown out. Maloney picks up the baby in the dark, but when a new light is struck, it turns out to be the pig that has been christened! Now people come from all over to see the one and only Christian pig in all the countryside.

John Hayes – another of his own called Farewell to Yesterday

Rosa Silenza read a poem by Val Read – Grandma's new electric chair - a hilarious poem about what happens to Grandma when she tried out her new electric chair! For two long hours, she road that beast, through ev'ry buck and spin.....

Rosa finished with a tribute to Keith Lethbridge – about the joy he brings to all with his entertainment, and a big thank you to him.

Lesley McAlpine read two short but lovely poems: Mothers Wish - about what a mother hopes her child will look back on today and see - and A poem for Parents - about the little eyes upon you, watching night and day.

Brian Langley finished off the night with the poem that he wrote and presented for the Wireless Hill Centenary the weekend before – Wireless Hill 100 years Plus, which, although a lengthy poem, was a well-researched and written history of Wireless Hill.

And as a goodnight we had a chat with the Man in the Moon a poem Heather remembered learning at the age of 5.

JUST A REMINDER TO ANYONE WILLING TO HAVE A GO AT BEING MC - PLEASE CONTACT DAVE SMITH OR TERRY PIGGOTT - Phone numbers are on back page of BullyTin

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Nancy Coe	Muster Meet/greet	94725303	

Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:

Robert Gunn	Sound gear set up	0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Rhonda	Supper	0417099676	

Upcoming Events

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

- ◆ Sun 30th Sept. 12-5pm Wireless Hill Centenary. Bush poetry throughout the afternoon
- ◆ Friday 5th October Muster. RSL Hall. 1 Fred Bell Parade (off Hill View Tce) Bentley
- ◆ Oct 25-29th Cervantes Festival of Art - Written bush poetry competition
- ◆ Fri 2nd Nov 7pm Muster. RSL Hall. 1 Fred Bell Parade. Bentley
- ◆ Sun 4th Nov 7am 3pm Toodyay Moondyne Festival - Bush poets breakfast.

Regular events

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
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Do YOU have any poetic events which need to go in this space? Or for that matter anywhere within this newsletter — it is YOUR newsletter, I would like to see more direct contributions from members and friends.

If you would like to be part of a forum—post your poetry, see what other contemporary bush poets are writing, keep up to date with poetry events throughout Australia—visit www.abpa.org.au or www.bushverse.com

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.com

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

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

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