

BULLY TIN

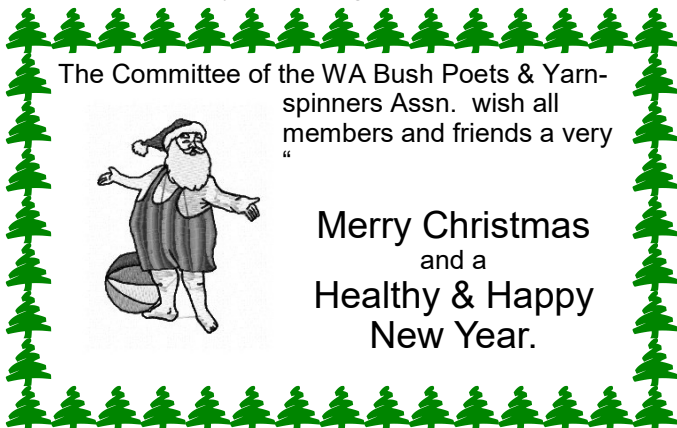


□ **Next Muster - December 3rd, 2010 7.30pm MC Grace Williamson Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102.**

**December is
Silly Season—Christmas
Kids on Holidays
Official start of Cyclone and Bushfire
seasons
Int. Disabled People's Day
Int. Volunteers Day**

December Muster

Pies, Port, Poetry and a monster raffle
Free Supper
Why not Bring a friend



The Committee of the WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn. wish all members and friends a very

**Merry Christmas
and a
Healthy & Happy
New Year.**

**"Good Old Wally King"
(tune Good King Wenceslas)"**

Good old Wally King looked out, on his crop of barley
"bless my soul and blow me down, that looks to me like Charlie
Haven't seen him round these parts , many a long year,
Reckon I might offer him a glass of Christmas Cheer

Agnes, put the kettle on, quick as you are able,
Let us make another place, for him at the table
He looks a little worse for wear, his clothes are old and baggy,
It is a long and weary road for an honest swaggie

Mates they'd been in years before, now the two were older
And so he welcomed Charlie in, hand upon his shoulder.
Gladly those three feasted there, and in the warmth of sharing
The Christmas season bought again, a time of peace and caring.

VALE - TOM CONWAY (1929—2010)

It is with much sadness that we report the passing, on November 23 of former member and Vice President, Tom Conway. Tom died at home after having been in a hospice for some time. For the past 18 months or so Tom's health had been slowly deteriorating due to the effects of cancer.

Tom came into the WA Bush poets around 9 years ago at a time when the management was undergoing considerable upheaval. Tom, who was a mate of the Assn Founder, Rusty Christensen was asked by Rusty to come into the Assn to help get it back on track. This he did, bringing with him organisational and accountancy skills developed through his lifetime career in the Accountancy Dept of the Fremantle Port Authority. Tom was Vice President of our Assn from around 2002 until his retirement from the position in 2008 during which time he managed various aspects of the Assn business including organising the Annual Australia Day Wireless Hill Bush Poetry Showcase.

Tom's other interests included, in his younger days, hockey and in later years public speaking and golf. He had many awards from the Fremantle Golf Club. Tom was also a leading coach and mentor in the Blind Golfing Assn, taking teams across Australia and the world.

Our condolences and sympathy are extended to Tom's wife, Peg, along with others of his family.
RIP Tom

Tom's funeral will be at 2pm on Tuesday Nov 30th at the Fremantle Cemetery. We would like to see all available members there to bid Tom a final farewell

**The Holly and The Ivy—
from "Fair Dinkum Aussie Christmas"**

The holly and the ivy, if they come up in your yard
Then go and get the roundup and hit the mongrels hard
The feral pig and cane toad, have a right to exist
But they don't fit our ecology, make awful Christmas gifts
The rabbit is a dreadful pest, and introduced of course
But it makes a bonzer Christmas dish, with gravy and plum sauce

The privet and lantana are an absolute eyesore
And whoever introduced them has a lot to answer for
The banksia and bottlebrush, koala and emu
They are honest Aussie diggers, they're the only ones true blue
The holly and the ivy, if they come up in your yard
Then go and get the roundup and hit the mongrels hard

This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of Steve Irons, Federal Member for the seat of Swan



Scratchings

With the silly season now well and truly with us we are all running around like headless chooks trying to get everything organised for Xmas as well as attending all the events, parties, sales and other events that seem to cram themselves into the last couple of months of each year.

Well, in the Langley household, the Auto car is now a reality, as is the realisation that it is unlikely that Dot will ever get "normal" movement in her knee. This too has had some ramifications in that trying to book an "extra legroom" airline seat is proving to be a bit difficult, not aided at all by the fact that the "Client Relationship" person at the other end of the phone spoke English with a very strong Asian accent to the point that I found great difficulty in understanding what she was saying—I'm still awaiting a reply to my written complaint. Why is it that here in Australia, the phone contact person often seems to be someone who does not have English as a first language. I realise we are a multi-cultural society, and have few problems with this, but surely "understandability" by the vast majority of customers should be one of the criteria of such positions.

Talking multi-culturalism, the Muslim lady who has been convicted of giving false testimony by accusing a policeman of interfering with her burqa has set her cause back a long way by her lawyer suggesting that it wasn't her at all, because you can't tell. Fortunately, the judge in the case wouldn't wear that at all and convicted her. So what has this got to do with Bush Poetry? Possibly little, BUT it does have a lot to do with retaining our ideals, culture, heritage etc. We have always been a nation where people are open with one another, where we interact with each other irrespective of position, religion, race or gender. Unfortunately, some recent immigrants (and some converted locals) insist on isolating themselves (or their ladies) behind this mask of anonymity, In doing so, they not only proclaim their opposition to our culture but leave themselves open to the question as to just why they came here? If it was to get away from oppression, they do themselves a disservice by continuing to wear the trappings of the repressors. The wearing of this hideous garment is not a religious requirement and has in fact been opposed by the leader of the National Australian Islamic Society - I believe that it is past time that we follow many other nations and ban this symbol of repression — a symbol representing the people that our troops in Afghanistan are fighting against — I personally take every opportunity to tell wearers of it about my feelings — perhaps, if you too feel strongly about it you should do the same.

Enough soapbox My decision to quit most of my roles in WABP next July does not seem to have caused any waves yet. - But remember, Both Dot and I will be away for a while after the next AGM, does anybody else know what to do about the day to day running of the Assn and the running of musters? Who even knows how to turn the air conditioner on? Who will store and transport the trailer with the PA system? Who will look after the Bully Tin? Who will do the muster write ups? All of these need to be considered BEFORE the time comes when we are not available. Expression of interest, understudying roles—these need to be done NOW, otherwise we could end up in a far worse position than the Assn was in some years back when the then Management team was dissolved—it was fortunate then that some of the earlier people stepped in to do the necessary work, but many of these have now gone in different directions or are getting just too old and frail to want to be called back—It is up to the younger members (those under 65 or so) to take over the running of the Assn, to continue the work done by others before them to carry out the aims of our Assn, to Preserve and Present and Foster the Rhyming Poetry and Storytelling that is a such great part of our Aussie heritage.

My comment last month about some councils not being very cooperative was borne out by the fact that the Joondalup Poets in the Park did not happen. Weeks after submitting applications and a plea for waiving of fees, I received a bill for \$85 plus \$350 bond to entertain their citizens with a FREE event—your committee immediately vetoed the event and we ran it at Belmont who were only too happy to accommodate us with only very short notice. I am writing this Bullytin almost on the eve of this event which will be over by the time you receive your newsletter.

It was nice to see muster attendance numbers up a bit last month. As we have previously seen, it is largely the musters that pay for the day to day running of our Assn, and if numbers continue to be low we will have no option but to increase membership fees substantially, something we have avoided for many years

Finally, Dot and I wish all members and friends a Merry Christmas and we hope that the New Year brings you all that you would wish it to do.

So, once again, that's it from me—

Keep Writin' and Recitin', Brian Langley President.

- ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★
- ★ **Upcoming Musters** ★
- ★
- ★ **December (3rd)** - Pies, Port & Poetry - This ★
- ★ is our Christmas Muster— Supper will be FREE, ★
- ★ We will, once again run our Monster Xmas Raffle ★
- ★ where we ask for prize donations from members ★
- ★ and friends - **There's Still time to donate—** ★
- ★ **bring along YOUR contribution** ★
- ★ MC will be Grace Williamson, 9361 4265 ★
- ★ gracewill@bigpond.com ★
- ★
- ★ **January 7th**—Normal Muster MC will be Leslie ★
- ★ McAlpine please let her know if you wish to be ★
- ★ on the performers list. You can contact her on ★
- ★ 9329 9709 or les057@bigpond.com ★
- ★
- ★ **February 4th** — Details next month ★
- ★
- ★ **March 4th** — Festival of Writers— country poets ★
- ★ please send your contributions in time ★
- ★
- ★
- ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★



Walking Different Tracks

Australian Poetry 2011 Poet in Residence Program

Calling all Australian poets! Australian Poetry invites you to apply for its 2011 Poet in Residence Program. The selected poet will be provided with \$20,000 to work as a poet in their home city, wherever they happen to live in Australia, from March 1-Oct 31, 2011. They will spend time writing poetry, reading publicly, attending events, contributing to publications and working with Australian Poetry, and relevant associated organizations, to be an ambassador for poetry, promoting their

own work, Australian Poetry and the art form. Applicants must have published at least one collection by a reputable publishing house. Deadline Dec 3. details - e-mail brian L for the original e-mail

I note here that it specifies "reputable publisher" - seems that they are only willing to consider people who either "already have a name" or those who are using the "grant system and Uni print" to fund publishing or those who are a bit rich for as many of us know, most publishers want the author to prepay the entire cost of the publication—not something many of us more mature poets can afford. – Ed

IN BRIEF

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING



Which was held last muster resulted in a vast majority decision to have the "Committee" section of our constitution changed so as to reflect what is actually done (and has been for the last ten years or so) replacing the original wording which had 2 year committee position rotations and which had been found in the past to be unworkable.

WEBSITE (partly a repeat of last month's plea)— still not much response from members about collecting "old" WA Bush poetry for our website— I'm quite sure that there are members who have books of poems from a past era. Unfortunately a lot has already been lost and I'm trying to do my bit so that we retain as much as possible.

If you have any of the old poems, please send them to me (hopefully electronically) so I can get them onto the website. Likewise, if you know of any deceased Bush poets from WA, I'd like some info about them so that they do not get forgotten (I'd also like their poetry—but this may involve a copyright issue—

I do know that most poets (even those who have passed on) would like to know that their poems are not forgotten and I am putting some up on the internet even though they are still under copyright—I am trying (unsuccessfully so far) to find the copyright owners to seek their permission but meanwhile rely on my favourite quote

" 'Tis better to beg forgiveness than to seek approval"

I have been busy uploading poems and info about past poets, so far, there are some 120 poems, plus the location of a further 300 or so but it is a long slow process and I would like some other people to contribute. Please check out the website www.wabushpoets.com "Past Poets" pages for what is already there

WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING

Wrap up of a NEW Bush Poetry Event at Geraldton from Catherine McLernon

For the first time in the history of the Big Sky Writers and Readers Festival we had a bush poets breakfast at Maitland Park Growers Market. The guest poet was Corin Linch who travelled the enormous distance from Jurien Bay to Geraldton. He was ably supported by some of our locals -myself, Roger Cracknell and The Man Under The Hat [Tony Turner]. Corin reckons he was really spoilt by the preferential treatment given to Big Sky Writers guests.

I had done some bush poetry workshops with Nagle Catholic College year 9 SOSE classes in the two weeks before the festival and had a lot of fun with the kids writing class poems. The poetic subjects ranged from the controversial to the hysterically ridiculous. One of the students came to the breakfast and read her class's poem before she went to her Saturday job. I read the other class poems throughout the breakfast program.

We had great feedback from people at the breakfast who said that they really appreciated the poetry and entertainment. We also had contact with local poets interested in getting together on a regular basis from as far away as Mullewa. We are planning to have a Bush Poetry event as part of the Australia Day celebrations in Geraldton. In the meantime best wishes to all in bush poetry for Christmas and New Year from the bush poets of Geraldton and the Midwest.

Great to hear from you Catherine, It seems that you are really getting the BP message across in your world. Well Done! And please keep it up.

AMENITIES MANAGER Our current amenities manager has decided that the job is not for her and has resigned, consequently we are looking for someone to take over this important role.

The main duties are to be responsible for organising suppers at musters, and be responsible for any amenities, refreshments etc at our major public events (about 4 each year,) Australia Day, Poets in the Park etc

It is not essential that the person be available for committee meeting (which are now generally held bi-monthly), but it would be advantageous if they could be.

So how about taking a good look at your commitment to the Assn and doing Your Bit to be involved in its running, There's surely someone among the members who is prepared to take on this role.

AUSTRALIA'S GOT TALENT AUDITIONS

During the month, I e-mailed most of our performers regarding a request from Channel 7 to audition for "Australia's Got Talent"

The audition date was November 21st, and at least one of our members took up the challenge.

Corin Linch, from Jurien arrived bright and early at the Channel 7 studios so that he wouldn't be caught up in the rush— not having a clue of what was required of him, he just "did his own thing" - It must have been up to his usual standard for Corin now finds himself on the list of those who will be competing. We wish him well in the heats which will be held in all capitol cities during the early part of next year. His of course will be here in Perth. We've no idea yet if any other poets got past the auditions as Corin was one of the early ones and left soon after his appearance and didn't see if there were even any other contenders. There was also a heat in Bunbury on the 23rd and video auditions won't close for a couple of weeks yet, so we wait to see. There may of course also be some T'Othersiders who are contenders, I know of several who would put up an excellent showing.

Anyway, while waiting to perform Corin was in a poetic frame of mind and started to put down a few words on paper which he finished when he got home — So here they are

AUSTRALIA'S GOT TALENT AUDITIONS Perth November 2010

Now fair dinkum, I have to ask myself `What the Hell am I Doing Here?`
I could be at a camp-draft, or sitting in the shade with an ice cold beer.
But this email said Australia's Got Talent, want Bush Poets to have a go,
And someone said ` You never know mate, you might even have a show.`

So here I am at the auditions waiting patiently in line,
An' I have to tell ya, patience has never been a virtue of mine.
I mean this ain't like tailing bullocks, watching the day drift slowly by,
Dunno if I can control me temper, but I guess I'll have to try.

I fronted up pretty early, a few hours before the official registration time,
And I felt outta place wondering how they'd take me words of rhyme.
There was only a few of us there early and no-one was gunna speak,
Crikey this was Sunday morning, what a way to start the week.

A fella arrives who does everything, singing, dancing and a bit of magic,
He smells like he's full of Dutch courage, now I think that's a little tragic.
He provides us with a laugh or two, but I warn me patience is wearing thin,
If he keeps annoying me I might have to bang him on the chin.

Right we're registered, given a number and into this holding room we go,
Like a mob of sheep or cattle you know just drifting with the flow.
By now everyone is talking, I suppose because we're all in the same boat,
Then Darcy starts warming up her voice hits a rich and pure note.

A fella starts singing Neil Young's Heart of Gold crikey his voice is strong,
And I sorta get that feeling that tells me, `Here I don't belong.`
The drunk is drinking water and raving on about Johnny Cash,
I can feel me patience slipping, it'll be gone in a flash.

There's a young girl doing belly dancing and everyone gives her a cheer,
Then some of us get moved again, I think death knock time is near.
So here we go, another wait, ah gee the drunk is back to entertain,
Some of these poor kids are nervous, dunno if they can take the strain.

Well finally it's my turn, so in I go, answer questions and do me bit,
And I don't reckon I did a real good job that much I will admit.
I mean I know I can do better but it's a bit off putting in this room,
It's hard performing for one person I could be talking to a broom.

But wait, it can't have been that bad 'cos a second opinion is desired,
Go around to this other room where another audition is required.
So this time I do a different poem and thank heavens I get it right,
And this is filmed as well; hey, I could be on TV tonight.

Now my daughter is really worried, she thinks I'll embarrass her,
I'm worried about embarrassing myself on that me missus does concur.
So what the hell am I doing here? Well you don't know unless you try.
I don't expect much, but at least I had a go, is what I say in reply.

© Corin Linch 21 November 2010

Boyup Brook Bush Poetry Programme

Summary Only here
Full details on our website
www.wabushpoets.com
Upcoming Events Page.

Or e-mail briandot@tpg.com.au for
full transcript

This year we will host the WA Bush Poets State Championship, open section as part of the general programs, with the main competition being held on Saturday afternoon. . We will continue with the Bush Poetry Writers Competition There will again be two sections: Open, and Emerging Poets (who have not won a writers competition.) .

Thursday 17th Feb 8.00-10.00
BUSH POETS at the Tennis Club - Brekky
Yarnspinners Comp will be included in this session.

Thursday 17th Feb 11.00 –1.00
BUSH VERSE WRITERS WORKSHOP

Thursday 17th Feb 2.00 — 4.00
POETRY PERFORMERS WORKSHOP
Both these workshops will be held at the bowling club.

Friday 18th Feb 8.00-10.00
HOT COUNTRY MORNING at Harvey Dickson's Country Music Centre hosted by Melanie, Susan and Neil

Friday 18th Feb 11.00-1.00
POETS IN THE PARK in town
Contemporary Performance comp included

Saturday 19th Feb 8 -10am
BUSH POETS AT THE CLUB Brekky
Includes "Poets Brawl"
\$5 to enter, winner (by audience acclamation) takes all.

Saturday 19th Feb 1.00pm on
W A BUSH POETRY STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

Own Serious, Own Humorous & traditional
Cont next page

With the number of “Fly-in, Fly-out” mining and similar jobs increasing at the expense of developing communities at remote locations, there are many women who, like their counterparts in years past find themselves waiting for the return of their menfolk. I recently came across this poem written by Mabel Forrest (1872—1935) which looks at this subject

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 humpey,
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 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!

(Mainly) Aussie — December History

1st	1876	Sam Isaacs & Grace Bussel rescue 40 people from the wreck of the “Georgette”
2nd	1642	First Europeans set foot on Van Diemen’s Land (Tasmania) (Tasman’s crew)
3rd	1854	Eureka Stockade battle at Ballarat
4th	1953	Oil discovered at Exmouth Gulf
6th	1784	Concept of transporting convicts to NSW authorized in England
7th	1941	Pearl Harbour bombed bringing USA into WWII
9th	1842 1968	First reported “yowie” sighting First computer mouse
11th	1931	Former British Colonies (inc Australia) get full independence
13th	1858 1955	Australia’s first hot air balloon flight Dame Edna Everidge first stage appearance
14th	1911	First man to South Pole (Amundsen)
17th	1967	PM Harold Holt disappears
21st	1894	SA becomes world first to give women the vote
23rd	1906	First Surf rescue reel—Sydney
25th	1826 1974	First WA European settlement (Albany) Cyclone Tracy devastates Darwin –65 die
26th	1945	First Sydney—Hobart yacht race
28th	1836	SA proclaimed a colony of England
31st	1964	Malcolm Campbell breaks water speed record 444km/hr on Lk Dumbleyung
Other December Events		
	1696	Wm De Vlaming lands on and names Rottneest Is
	1817	Governor Lachlan Macquarie suggests that our country be named Australia
	1889	“Clancy” published in “The Bulletin”
	1905	The world’s first feature length film “The Kelly Gang” premiers in Melbourne
	1915	ANZAC troops evacuated from Gallipoli
	1930	Perth linked to E/S by phone
	1935	Cane Toads introduced into Qld
	1977	World Series Cricket launched

Boyup Brook—Continued

Sunday 20th. 7-10am BUSH POETS BREAKFAST
This is the biggest Bush Poetry event in WA

Next year’s festival will see the return of our much-loved dynamic duo Susan Carcary and Melanie Hall together with the “Ratbag of Rhyme” Neil MacArthur. I have already heard of several WA poets who will be attending, but with four programs featuring bush poetry, there will be ample opportunity for all

The Competitions organiser is Irene Conner
PO Box 584, Jurien, 6516
0429 652 155, i.conner21@wn.com.au

November Muster 2010 By Dot

After a short special meeting to change part of our constitution our usual muster night began with **John Hayes** as our MC.

First up was **Brian Langley** with an appropriate one of his own "Melbourne Cup", which tells the story of this special day With the ladies all wearing "stupid hats" and the blokes with "silly grins" on their faces so you can tell who has won, but can you tell me in a week or so what horse won?? Doesn't matter though, we had time off work.

In his second, "9 Miles from Gundagai" by Jack Moses he tells of the original "Dog on Tuckerbox" poem—at the time unpublishable because it told that the dog really "Shat in the tuckerbox" - Shortly after he wrote the sanitised version we now know. In the original, the teamster undergoes trials and tribulations, topped off by the action of the dog that no matter how tries, he'll never forgive.

Because the theme for the night was animals, **Grace Williamson** performed "Horses are Smart" by Betsy Chape. The bushman told of how some horses are very smart while others are stubborn and others are mean. Some give you a smooth ride while some are rough. But his Joe was the smartest of all except for one time he had fallen and broken his arm, he told the horse to go and get a doctor, But the horse let him down, he came back with the VET.

Teresa Rose loves Orangutans and with her own poem, Orangutans she tells of a visit to the Zoo where they live and play in their special enclosure. They amuse us with their antics and play and we surely are amused at their behaviour. But when we watch them in their enclosures, do we sometimes wonder just who is watching who?

A newish presenter **Barry Mori** got up to do two of his own about dogs. After being defeated by Newcomer Nerves, he came back and what emotional stories these two poems were. In the first there is a dog who the owners said they would love to have and they would walk it every day and the dog would be a friend. But why is he chained up this way and why don't they want me anymore? The second was of a stray dog, picked up by the ranger and taken to the pound. Hearing someone saying "hello brown eyes" he thought, Could this be that for once in my life I had a special place to go to. No, his time was up and when as the needle went in he heard again that golden voice that said "Hello brown eyes"

Ralph Bradstreet had a this actually happened poem about horses. He had a horse that could run and had won some money but unfortunately had broken his shoulder. The owners had not wanted to put him down so he was put out into paddocks full of clover. Ralph often wonders where that horse finished up when ever he eats a Peters Pie. A very nice twist to the story. His second was again taken from real life when, with his little son on a visit to the Zoo the child was intrigued with the "monkeys with red bums" and why was it so? Everybody stopped to hear his explanation. Well you see they were naughty monkeys and hadn't tidied up they toys so they had had their bottoms smacked so you see that is why they are red.

My turn next with a poem taken out of the local RSL newsletter but very appropriate because it was poppy day. "Please wear a poppy", author unknown. I chose to ignore the old weather-worn lady selling Poppies but a young boy came whistling past and asked why we wear a poppy today. She told of the son who went away to war. He said he would be back soon but the war went on and his letters told of the awful fight but at last the war was won, so that is why we wear a poppy my son. As the boy turned to go he asked did your boy come back all right? A tear rolled down each of the old ladies cheeks. So when you see a Poppy worn let us reflect on those who gave their very all when asked to answer their country's call.

With his hurdy gurdy **Keith Lethbridge (Cobber)** started his selection with a tune which led into his "Cobbers Talking Dog". While Cobber was at the bar he had boasted about his talking dog The barman said he could have a free beer if the dog could tell which piece of music he was playing. As Chopins Polanaise drifted through the bar. The dog stood and listened for a while and then said "Bach(k)" Cobber and his dog were thrown out of the pub and as they walked away the dog said that he knew all about these other muscians but he would have sworn that the piece of music had been written by Bach.

With their double act **Barry Higgins and Kerry Bowe** performed Peter Blythe's "After Ewe". The tale of the sheep getting caught in the dam and the farmer having to strip down to his all together and go in and pull her out. She got herself out and he was seen by a passing stock rep chasing her around the dam wall yelling come back you Bitch The rep knowing that the farmers wife was away was a bit worried. So you see you need to spot the hazard and assess the risk and always wear your jocks.

What better poem to hear, on a night dedicated to animals, than Banjo's "The Last Parade" performed for us by **Ron Ingam**. The story of the horses in the desert campaigns being paraded for the last time before the men were being sent back home. These horses had carried the men through a terrible time and they had kept on going.. At the last time the horses would be paraded they were dismissed and then taken away and sold for food or shot because they were not going back with their men. This terrible time has lately been recognized and suitable memorials and re enactments have been done to salute these gallant horses.

With animals in mind **Graham Hedley** presented his "Twas the night before Christmas" at the zoo and all the animals are sleeping. Along comes St Nick complete with reindeer and fur etc. He (Graham) wondering why he was there as the animals didn't need presents. Nick tells him, "My job here tonight is because I read all the letters sent by the animals. Would you like to be caged all the time or confined to a small piece of a pond? So I am here to give each animal his wish. As he spoke all the animals faded away into nothing at all. They have gone to the places that they ought to have been, in the ocean or scrub or the plain. And I heard him exclaim as he vanished "Happy Christmas to all and to zoos a good night" *A really nice twist and what a wish that would be!!!*

With "No Eggs Please" **Carolyn Sambridge** tells of the hatred of hard boiled eggs as they are no good for her teeth. The egg white reminds her of Good Year's rubber and the taste is foul and rather bland. She would rather eat a bucket of KFC.

John Hayes had a poem set to music that was written originally by Fredrick Von Chillen and used by Beethoven in his Ode to Joy. His "Doing What Comes Naturally" told the story of the keeper responsible for keeping the cages clean. His wages are poor but as the management keep providing food until the animals are stuffed to capacity his work is never done. They say it is organic fertilizer but all he knows is that he has to creep quietly into the cages and quickly gather the poo.

The odour is offensive but it helps the garden to grow. But beware all this consuming of grasses and grain can give wind and some pain so do not go near a elephant with diarrhoea or stand beneath a giraffe for the compacted dung can deliver a fatal blow.

Marjory Cobb thought that her poem "The Drifter" was by Anon but Cobber felt that Banjo had written it. This mongrel had wandered in and they gave him some biscuits and a drink and they fed him up. But he bit the butcher. Instead of bringing charges the Butcher got his revenge by tossing a shin of beef for the dog to munch on. The dog took it in amongst the flowers and had made a hole as big so he could to bury the bone. Well they showed him the gate and told him to get on his way.

While we had supper the very talented **Cobber** entertained us with his clarinet playing

Gwen Johnson was our Reader of the Classics and she presented Henry Kendall's "Bellbirds." Henry Kendall was born in 1839 died in 1882, an Australian, brought up among the mountains and forests of the south coast of New South Wales. From the start, his life was rarely happy, and as a young man he was a disturbing mixture of shyness, melancholy and intense ambition. His poetry is perhaps the most lyrical of any of the Australian poets his 'singing pictures', are evocative tributes to the Australian bush.

Down in the dim gorges the creek is falling where the soft and sweet singing of the notes of the Bellbird are heard. These silver voiced birds are often heard through the harshest of summers and their calling can direct thirsty people to the waters of the spring and river.. A childhood spent in the hills and valleys with the sounds of the bush was something that he longed for.

With one of her own **Kerry Bowe** performed "Ode to Clayton" Her little dog was always there to greet her when she came home from work. Your loyalty and devotion and excitement expressed in many ways by your antics. When walking down to the river you were always so well behaved where you loved the little dogs but the bigger ones would make you walk away very slowly. You could pack away your toys and put them back into the basket. The years we had together were precious and wont be forgotten as the memories will stay forever.

Warwick Connor had written his poem for children to explain the Western Quoll or Chuditch a carnivorous marsupial. "The Ballad of Queen Quoll" is the story of a fight between a quoll and a fox. The quoll had her family of eight and like the fox was out hunting for food for the families. The quoll would take on any animal but to take on a fox that outweighed her was difficult. They stood toe to toe and circled each other as they leapt and circled around each fighting for the sake of their children. With the fox sensing victory, she suddenly found she had a quoll's sharp teeth at her throat— Begging for mercy, the fox capitulated, the conditions being that she moved her family away. So that is why the Quoll is Queen in these parts.

With one of Syd Hopkinson's "The Traveller and the Donkey", **Barry Higgins** told of the bloke who took on the bet to get the donkey to laugh. He thought about it for a while and went out to the donkey and when it began to laugh they paid him the money. A while later he was back again but this time the bet had changed to try and make the donkey cry. Again the bloke went up to the donkey and he started to cry. How do you do it they asked. Well the first time I told him that I had a bigger one than he did and this time I showed him. - Ego???

Ralph Bradstreet lives up in the hills and down the back of his block he has a dam surrounded with trees. Although there doesn't seem to be much going on at the surface underneath there is a flurry of activity. The dam is full of giant Marron. His neighbour thinking to help himself to a free feed succumbed to the giants. All they found was a few bones and on the bank his false teeth. The water was slightly coloured blood red. Now the Marron have become aggressive and leave the dam in search of meat. So he issued an invitation to anyone to come to his block but be careful as the Marron may catch you.

Grace Williamson had another animal story with "An Old Mate" by Paul Harrower. This dog had been through good times and rough until one day they had bailed up a crossbred bull. As he drove his horse to turn the bull it turned in a flash and brought down both rider and horse. He knew that his leg was broken and the bull was turning for another charge when the dog grabbed the bull by the nose. The bull retaliated by smashing the dog into a tree. The dog lay still and he knew that he had climbed his last big hill.

Keith Lethbridge has a story about apathy, "God Bless our Apathy" We all just drift along from day to day thinking that others must have been born under a lucky sun but we could make it better if we just got up and tried to change something but it is too hard. When it comes to a long weekend we will just have more time to complain.

With his second "Never Forget" he asks to not forget the men who died to keep this place free. The women folk who shed a tear to read a hasty written note from the men in the carnage where skin colour or creed have no meaning. Some came back but many of their comrades were left in foreign lands. As their ranks grow thin and in the dark there is silence as we never forget.

At the annual poetry slam **Carolyn Sambridge** entered with her poem "I Want To Win". She is going to the poetry slam to see how many swear words she can use. She has to make it boring as she tries to join the intellectual elite. People wont understand the words but she wants to earn some money for her tea. A rather tongue in cheek look at what other people see as "poetry"

John Hayes has a pair of gold measuring scales that was owned by an ancestor of his. In "Henry Swain's Scales" he tells the story from the scales point of view. At Coolgardie the scales were used to measure every ounce found and to hear again the jubilant sound of a miner yelling 'strike'. When nuggets were placed on the shiny plate and the cost was tallied for these miners who thirsted and starved for their fever for gold. In a velvet lined case it travelled in style but now sits on the shelf forgotten and abandoned but the phantoms of the past remain.

Teresa Rose had one of Banjo's from his "Animals Noah Forgot" collection called the "Billy Goat Overland" The greatest trip ever made was when we started out with a thousand goats to take them overland. There wasn't a fence that could hold them in and they stripped the grass from the paddocks as they went. The squatters started to drive them back but the horses ran from the scent that was like a wall coming from the goats. The dogs wouldn't stand in front of the mob and face the charge of the mob. They found that they were a hundred over strength when they count out the mob and they were put in jail for thieving but it seems that every goat between here and there had scented the spicy band and had left his home to join the billy goat overland. **Cont next page**

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Upcoming Events

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

Dec 3	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	“Pies Port & Poets”	Free supper	Giant Raffle
Next Year					
Jan 7	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	(Topic / specialty not yet decided)		
Jan 26	Bush Poetry Showcase	Wireless Hill, Ardross	1-5pm		
Feb 4	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park			
Feb 17—20 SEE YOU AT BOYUP BROOK - INCLUDES OPEN CATEGORIES OF STATE PERFORMANCE CHAMPIONSHIPS See Page 4					
Mar 4	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park			
Mar 18	Melville Movies	We have a gig preceding the evening movie— more details later			
May 4	Poets in the Park	Kalamunda	Stirk Park	2pm	(part of Kalamunda Autumn Festival)

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

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.

Cont from previous page Colin Thomas had a short one The Concert Party where we were asked to sing a song of our land where the ladies in white were rewarded for their efforts.

Brian Langley finished the evening off with one of his sonnets that was chosen to go into the book commemorating Shakespeare who wrote 154 sonnets so the Victorian Shakespearian Society called for the “155th Sonnet” Brians “Mornings” tells of the love who is always there in the mornings curled up beside him, her golden hair spread on the pillow . He prays she will always be there, but ‘tis now time for brekky. He gets it for both of them, ‘Just Milk for her, same every day’, She laps it up, then sits and purrs”.....

So the animals theme ended up including dogs, horses, marron, orangutans, chuditch,, cat, a whole zoo (along with zoo poo) , bellbird, donkey and goats—quite a good collection

Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed -	Don't forget our website www.wabushpoets.com
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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	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 & laminated poems Arthur Leggett books, inc autobiography	Keith Lethbridge books Corin Linch books Val Read books Caroline Sambridge book Peg Vickers books “Terry & Jenny” Music CDs
Members' Poetic Products		

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