



★ **Next Muster - Jan 5th 2006, 7.30pm** ★
Mt Pleasant Bowling Club, Bedford Rd, Ardross

The committee of the WABP&YS hope that you all had an enjoyable Christmas.

Well, now the celebrations are over, the New Year Resolutions made (and hopefully not forgotten already) it is time to look at the other important event which takes place in January. I refer, of course to Australia Day, celebrated in WA for the past few years on January 26th. It wasn't always so, for in earlier times it was held on the Monday closest to that date so as to have a long weekend.

While Jan the 26th is celebrated as this special day in our history, there are a significant number of our citizens who consider that the wrong date has been chosen.

January 26th was the day on which the "first fleet" of 11 ships, commanded by Governor Phillip, with its contingent of mainly convicts and their keepers arrived on our sunny shores. It was on this day that Governor Phillip declared New South Wales to be part of the British Empire. Note, that New South Wales at that time covered the entire eastern 2/3 of our continent but did NOT include us here in the West, consequently, there are people who consider Jan 26 to be NSW Day. Jan. 26 is also seen by many aboriginal people as "invasion day" and not a day of celebration.

What then are the suggested alternative dates?:

Probably the most universal is considered to be January 1st, for it was on New Year's Day in 1901, that the six Australian colonies joined together to become the Commonwealth of Australia with a National Parliament (at that time located in Melbourne) and Constitution. Prior to that date, each of the colonies had largely gone their own separate ways, thus leaving us with a legacy of different laws, industrial and commercial relations, road rules, education systems and even railway gauges, many of which continue, even to this day.

A couple of other dates put forward by some are:

Anzac Day (April 25) for that was the first time that Australian Military Forces under their own command first went into battle. Another date is the day in 1967 in which the people of Australia passed a referendum effectively making (for the first time) aboriginal people citizens of the country in which they had lived for many thousands of years.

What do you think?

But no matter what date is your choice, Australia Day is a day when we should reflect on what a great place it is to live, for we are indeed one of the "Lucky Countries" of the world.

This Poem in the next column may well be the very first "Australia Day" poem. It was published in the Bulletin on Jan 12th 1901.

**Federated Australia
Jan 1 1901**

Henry Batten

Australia's national baptism
Is taking place today
Let loyal hands dismantle her -
The trousseau place away.
Ah, leave her like our Mother Eve,
Just from her maker's hand
A Statue fair to look upon
Great Glorious and Grand

Chorus

In the pride of the Southern Ocean
In the land that's dear to me
You want but true devotion
To be Australians free!

Let no false pretending patriot
Her garments re-adjust:
Arrayed in robes of righteousness
Admire her all men must.
May God provide her with true
Friends, To make her land their home
Then her place she'll proudly take
Like that of ancient Rome

Conquest crowning her peaceful brow,
Contentment is her breast;
Be not as the Romans were,
Lulled into idle rest.
Let her sons be on the watch
And keep her Standard high
The world will know Australia lives
And does not mean to die.

In this world of Martial nations
She can justly take her stand
And find a home for all her friends
From every distant land.
As a Power beneath the sun,
She never can decline;
A mighty nation must remain
Until the end of time.

With the fostering hand of England
Her first infant steps to guide
Upon the ocean of the world
In Freedom she may ride.
With Great Britain watching on
With true maternal care
Australia like a trusting child,
Her joys and sorrows share.

Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"



Almost a new year folks, 2006 saw us move from the Como Camp to the salubrious surrounds of the Mount Pleasant Bowling Club. I am sure you would agree that we made the correct decision. The rules are a bit tighter at the 'Mount' in particular in regard to times, mainly finishing time which is not a problem if we start on time 7.30 SHARP. Of course that means we must use that daylight saving time to arrive a little earlier, have a chat with your mates, get organised and seated for the show to commence on time.

TIME appears to be the operative word and I don't wish to labour the point because there has been an obvious improvement in our starting time. We are such a friendly group, it is great to see and hear the buzz of conversation before the curtain goes up. By nature Bush Poets and their friends are a garrulous group so that meeting and mingling before the poetry is important. To make it happen, plus have the enjoyment of yarning with our friends, we should try and get the 7.30 time start out of our head clock and begin to think 7.00 or a little after so that we can get the best show in town started on time. That would be an extra bonus for the poets who have worked assiduously to learn their lines to have extra time to present them.

The new year, with your support, will be equally as enjoyable as the old one, in fact more so now we have settled into the new premises. Hopefully the schools comp, with financial help from the City of Melville, will get some traction into the schools and the younger generation. The state champs. mid year will be interesting, as will Australia Day. We have committed to send a squad to John Creaney Reserve late morning on Aus. Day. To keep faith with our hard core regulars and friends, we will take a trip back in time on Wireless Hill when we will perform much as we did on our first occasion eleven years back, under the trees, no marquee, just a small stage and you blokes with your folding chairs. Please spread the word that YES the Bush Poets will be on 'the hill' on Australia Day-- kick off, 2.00pm.

I do hope you and yours had a most pleasant Christmas. New Year to me, is the beginning of a new time [that word again], a new beginning without the resolutions, which in our case is to make our merry band that much more enjoyable for everybody. Please keep supporting the Association, the committee, the diligent poets both writers and performers, new faces [make them welcome] and should you have some spare time or a special skill, maybe a fresh idea, put your hand up, there is always room at the table. See you at the New Year Muster. NOTE I am embarrassed, please excuse me for using a four letter word, TIME, so often.

The Boss Cocky Rusty C.



Australia Day (Friday Jan 26th)

As Rusty mentions above—there are 2 Bush Poetry events on Australia Day. The morning one is a short supporting act for the Naturalisation Ceremony. Please yourselves if you want to go, but you will no doubt hear the same poems that you are likely to hear in the afternoon at Wireless Hill.

That's our "Main Event" for the day. "**Bush Poetry Showcase**" Starting at 2pm under the trees just near the Wireless Museum.

As it is a "family" event, why not gather your lot together and bring them and all their friends along. This year, due to daylight saving, Skyshow wont be starting till much later

You will need to bring something to sit on, a drink or three, maybe some nibbles and make sure you are protected from the sun

Boyup Brook

This event is getting ever closer—I'll try and get full details for the February Bully Tin (Hint for Bill Gordon or Ron Evans)

But for now, please make sure you have your calendar tagged "Boyup Brook Country Music Festival" for Feb 16 - 18 .

Time also, if you are going, to start thinking about travel and accommodation options. No good leaving them until the last minute - by then many choices are no longer available. The main Bush Poetry event at the Festival is the "Poets Brekky" on the Sunday morning. There will also be an "open mic" session on the Saturday morning.

The Sunday Poets Brekky is by far, WA's largest Bush Poetry event, so lets try and make Boyup Brook 2007 even bigger and better.

For the few who don't know where it is, Boyup Brook is about 300km from Perth via Bridgetown. Roads also from Doonybrook, Collie, Arthur River & Kojo-nup.



Walking Different Tracks

Walking Different Tracks literally, (or from his description, slipping and sliding rather than walking) was what member and poet Wayne Pantell and some of his family did recently. Like many other Australians, they went to see for themselves the hardships and virtually impossible conditions that our soldiers (Including some of Wayne's relations) had to endure on the Kokoda Track in New Guinea as they valiantly fought to stem the southward flow of the Imperial Japanese Army during World War. II .

Waynes experiences on the trek are expressed in verse which he wrote while huddled in a small tent in the jun-

Practice your public speaking skills - Muster MC & "Readings from the Classics" volun- teers still needed

We are still looking for people for both roles from February 07

Guidelines for both will be provided if needed

See Vice Pres, Tom Conway for M.C.ing or Brian Langley for The "Readings"



A couple of short poems, reflecting current events, drought and the school holidays.

Foney It'd Rain

© Jim Haynes

'Foney it'd rain, foney it'd rain
We could stop hand feedin', get some seed in,
Foney it'd rain.

Foney it'd rain, foney it'd rain
We could do some sowin', get things growin',
Foney it'd rain.

Foney it'd rain, foney it'd rain
We'd get a crop in, do some shoppin'
Foney it'd rain,

No More Pencils

Anon

No more pencils, no more books
No more teacher's dirty looks
When I grow up I'll be a fool
But that's much better than goin' to school



Country Poets



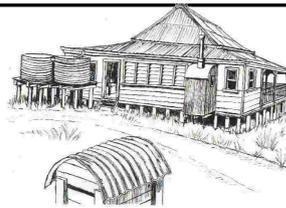
Coming to the City? - City lights are fine, but 1st Fridays could see **you** shine at our Muster. If you are coming to the big smoke on a muster night why not come along and be part of our get together. Give us a bit of notice and you might even find yourself being star act (but only if you want to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

Tamworth & Other Eastern Events

Are any members going to Tamworth this January? Or perhaps to some other Bush Poetry Festival or Competition over on the sunrise side of Oz. If so we'd love you to give us a summary happenings at these events. While we do get some of them in the Australian Bush Poetry newsletter, it is only published bi-monthly and some things are well in the past before we get to hear about them. Please send any such contributions to the Editor—address on the back page

Poets from the past

One of our more well known Bush Poets of an earlier time was Harold Harboard Morant, generally referred to as "The Breaker". Though he was not a particularly prolific poet, his noteriety came more from the fact that he (and a companion PJ Handcock) were executed by firing squad following a court-marshal for the murder of some Boer civilians. There are other factors of his life that are just as interesting. While his version of his birth is that he was the son of Admiral Sir Digby Morant, recent research paints a different story and has him being born Edwin Henry Murrant, son of a much lesser personage. He is also believed to have had a Very short marriage to Daisy May O'Dwyer, later to be Daisy Bates.



More Tales from the Speewah

There were always a lot of galahs out there on the Speewah, There were so many that at the break of the big drought, not a drop fell on the home paddock (the one that it took several months to cross). Just as the first of the deluge started to break the drought, there was an enormous clap of thunder. This startled all of the galahs that had been foraging on the ground. In unison, they all took off into flight. There were so many above the Speewah that not a single drop of rain managed to get through them, even though some of the nearby areas were flooded with ten foot of water.

A mob of them, swooping under Crooked Mick's hut to avoid a hawk lifted it clear off the ground with the wind from their wings and carried it almost thirty miles. Mick finished his breakfast while flying through cloud at five thousand feet. It was the presence of the galahs that made the Speewah soil so fertile. At times, the piles of guano were so high that they totally blotted out the sun for all except the hour each side of midday.

Darkan Pioneer Day

© John Putland 2006

The poets came to Darkan town
To entertain the crowd.
There was a PA system
So their voices were quite loud.

They stood upon a podium
Beneath a music shell.
We hoped the moving fickle crowd
Would come under their spell.

Some folk stood to listen in
But others never stopped.
Some just stood with mouths agape
Until the penny dropped.

When Brian grabbed the microphone
His words came thick and fast.
A tree, he said, grew Vegemite
But that was in the past.

When Grace read out a story true
Her clothes turned back the clock.
She told how John Rajander came
And pioneered a Darkan block.

Rusty rhymed about a barber's lark
But some folk never 'larn'.
A woman wrote about it and
Described it as a yarn.

As Arthur rose to do his bit
And I was drawing near.
An old friend sidled up to me
And neatly bashed my ear.

And Dot, surrounded by their goods
Sat lonely in her tent.
She watched the shoppers passing by
And others - pleasure bent.

There was a speaker in the shed
Where engines popped away
And some relished the poetry
You travelers bought our way.

And as we visit other towns
We hear the odd remark
How they enjoyed the poets
At the Darkan Railway Park.

Great summary, John.

John is a member of the WABP&YS and it was
he who initiated us being invited to be part of
their celebrations

Anthology

Most of our writers seem to be having a bad attack of apathy. Or is it that they only write long poems. Whatever is the reason, we still need some more short poems for the "Presentation Anthology" of members poems which was outlined in the November Bully Tin. So, come on all you blokes 'n sheilas who are writers, get your poems in to our secretary so we can get this project up and running.

Tall Timber C.J Dennis (1876 - 1938)

A snake at Burnie, in Tasmania had latched onto a man's leg. It was disgusted to find that the leg was a wooden one.

That sort o' reminds me of the old days (said Bill)
In the bush at Toolangi, at Switherton's mill —
A sor mill you know - an' the sawyer we 'ad
Was old "Oppy McClintock, a wooden-legged lad.
"E was walkin' one day, for to tighten a peg
When a tiger snake grabbed at 'is old timber leg.
And there it 'angs on, till I fetched it a crack,
But old "Oppy just grins as 'e starts to walk back.

An' then somethink 'appens, we see 'Oppy stop
As 'e stumbles a bit and looks down at 'is prop
With a dead funny look. Then 'e lets out a yell:
"Ere boys! Take it off me! It's startin' to swell!
Well, we unstraps 'is leg as it swole an' it swole.
Snake poison? Too right! 'Twas a twenty foot pole
In less than five minutes! Believe it or not.
An' as thick - it's as true as I stand on this spot

We was 'eavin it out when the boss starts to roar
'Ere! Why waste good wood, shove it on to the sor!
So we sors it in two, down the middle, an' then,
Them there slabs swole and swole, so we sors 'em agen.
An' we sors, an' we sors; an' it swole an' it swole
Till the end of the day, when the tally, all tole,
Was two thousand foot super. You doubt it (said Bill)
You ask any ol' 'and up at Switherton's mill.

From **In the Future**

Frederick Ophel (Prospect Good) 1903

Of what will the bush bards sing in time
When the digging days are done?
When the roaring times have been sung in rhymes
The yarns of the past all spun?
Where there's no new field to rush and work
And never a camp fire gleams.
When the stampers roar can be heard no more
Oh then they'll be short of themes.

What, when the boundary rider's line
Is a 'thin tin crackling fence'
And minus a nag will he strike a snag
And puncture his Dunlops tense?
When the drover drives his mob per train
And across the black soil plains
The carriers theme is a thing of steam
And engine instead of wains.

When the last wattle bloom is of yore.
The gums are all ring-barked too
Oh spirit of Boake, when the bushfires smoke
What will all the poets do.....
Will they write the merits of motor cars
The praise of each maker rave?
While Lawson looks out from the shades in doubt
And 'Banjo' turns in his grave.

A lack of foresight, perhaps. I think that the old masters would have enjoyed most of the work of those that have followed in their footsteps. Ed

December Muster Wrap-up - by Dot

Our Christmas celebration and last muster for this year of 2006 saw one or two people dressed for the occasion. Brian Langley resplendent in a very fetching glittery waistcoat, was obviously getting in early for the festive season.

Rusty was our MC for the night and started the evening off with apologies from the Mayor Katherine Jackson who couldn't come tonight but will hopefully be able to attend regularly in the New Year. He also informed us that Syd Hopkinson is on sick leave. We all wish him the best for a speedy recovery.

It was nice to welcome some new members and we hope to see them coming back for more in the New Year.

John Hayes was our first poet with his new one "Day Light Saving", a very topical subject at the moment with the clocks changing over on Saturday night. I agree with John as I also remember that we had said an emphatic NO on three previous occasions. It must be a misuse of parliamentary power to adopt a policy that suits the Eastern States. John's next one was about our WA Inc ex-premier Mr Burke and the newest exposure from the phone taps. These had caught a lot of public figures in the political fallout that these lobbyists create with their peddling and meddling.

Grace Williamson was next wearing her Christmas hat as the poem was about "Oh Christmas Eve in the Farmhouse" by Victoria Brown (a West Australian).

The poor lady of the farmhouse was doing everything as we women seem to do at this time of the year, what with getting all the pressies, preparing food and sending out cards in the midst of which she is interrupted by the two way from a frazzled husband trying to get the crop in and demanding she organise the truck. Consequently, things go wrong, but, being a typical farmer's wife she manages to get everything in order for Christmas to turn out OK.

The Poet Laureate of the Rottnest Voluntary Guides, **Phil Strutt** had his own "Rotto" poem written for the children, called, "Rottnest Monster". He warned the front row of listeners that they could be in the firing line. As to what he meant we were quick to see. For bits of the "Quokkasaurus" went flying through the air in the form of tennis balls and undies (yes they seemed to be some of Phill's more fetching under daks) along with the message that was loud and clear PLEASE DON'T EAT SANTA AND THE REINDEERS!!

Trish Joyce then trod the boards with one of her short whimsical family poems "Santa's Secret". It would seem that one young grandson has worked out who Father Christmas is!! Because if he takes his whiskers off, well....he is just someone's dad!!

Brian Langley (nicknamed Mr Luminous) presented John Putland's poem about the Darkan Pioneer Day celebrations that some of our poets went to. (John's poem is presented elsewhere in this publication).

It was a welcome back to **Beth Scott** who after traveling through the USA with a broken foot now has a foot that is numb so she can't feel anything. Her poem was about getting ready for the occasion with shopping and a cooking frenzy with puddings on the boil. Office parties, hangovers and people feeling queasy all wishing everyone a "Merry Christmas".

Another person who has been trekking but doing it the hard way is **Wayne Pantell** with his poem about the Kokoda Track. Because some of his family fought there, Wayne and some members of his family decided to do the trek. This poem too is included in this edition of the Bully

Yarn telling from **Bob Chambers** was dealing with semantics and Americanisms that are insidiously filtering into OUR language.

Suffering from "Alcoholic Arthritis" **Arthur Leggett's** excuse was that it had been a week of ex-servicemen's celebrations. His poem "Kimberleys Own" was about the never ending splendour and that vastness of the land. He then reminded us of the reason why we celebrate Christmas, because of the birth of a special child.

It was then time for Christmas sweeties, cake and biscuits. We had a lovely supper, thanks to Edna and the other ladies. The Christmas Raffle that Edna organised was again very successful with about 8 different yummy, forget the calories prizes.

The first poet after supper was **Wayne** returning with his own "HMAS Jelly" about the fishing poachers that seemed to be prolific around our shores. It would appear that having over fished all the favourite spots it is now more profitable to bring in refugees. The Naval flotilla is still on the ball and tries to apprehend these foreigners because they've gone and pulled the Admiral's cray pots.

Oops! Rusty nearly forgot the Reading from the Classics. **Evie Perron** was our reader and she choose from Chris Holliday's book Into the West a poem from Dry Bower Murphy "What of the Pioneers". Celebrating the arrival of water to Coolgardie, reminding us of the workers that didn't seem to have any place in the celebrations amongst the dignitaries. What of the battlers as these were the people who blazed the trail but were now forgotten.

It was then the turn of **Trish Joyce** with her "Eternal Youth", a gentle reminder that no matter what the camera shows you will always be as you were.

Phill Strutt then gave another "Rotto" poem, "The Guide Who got Lost" a tribute to the Volunteer Guides 20th Anniversary. The poem related how Miriam Mc Bride, a new "volly" got lost after finding a discreet spot for a wee. Getting lighthouses confused, she continued to track the ever rotating lights, getting herself well and truly lost. If you are game enough to take the Rotto Ghost Tours you will likely see her if it is a moonless night.

Brian Langley on the first day of Summer then gave us his "Summer Days" with family all dashing off to the beach for the weekend swim, surf and lay around in the sun. The consequences of this is that sunburn, the beginnings of a cold and a knowing that we will all do it again next weekend still doesn't stop us.

A brand new presenter, **John Baldock** who met us at the Melville Amphitheater, had his own poem about a "Folding Chair" which refused to cooperate. Eventually, with temper soaring and with injuries sustained in the struggle the chair became suitable to sit in. His next one "Morning has Broken" was about everlasting youth and a nostalgic trip to the old farm where time seemed to stand still with the reminder that each day is a new beginning and yesterdays are not for sad memory.

At a request from the audience **Beth Scott** did "Great Grandma's Lament" Poor grandma's left with getting a toy boy after grand-dads blood pressure was going up while other bits of him were going down. When she tried to practice what she had learned she found the silly old bugger had died. She concluded with a recipe for making an "Irish Whisky Christmas Cake" which got more and more slurred and tangled as more and more of the whisky went into the cook.

Roza Celenzo's then told us two similar versions of the history of the beginnings of Candy Cane the shape and colours symbolising the religious significance of Christmas.

Arthur Leggett then told of his thought of "Christmas in Australia" while incarcerated in Europe during WWII. Would he ever get home to see his family again? Would he ever again smell the wattle and see the dawn rise amongst the gum trees? Would he survive to see his child again?

John Hayes suitably dressed for cricket with hat and bat gave us his "Burrakin Cricket Club". (Dot Note: At primary school, the first poem learned by John was Banjo's "Gee Bung Polo Club". This poem is based on that first learnt one). The Burrakin cricket club had been disbanded and the foundation members long gone. But with some willing workers the ground was cleared, a bough shed built and the rabbit holes filled in. Then came the match against Kalannie with their expert team succumbing to the rugged conditions, unable to wear down the locals and take the lead. They say people dressed in white still haunt the pitch at Thompson's flat.

Rusty realised that he had done a lot of talking and no poetry this evening so thought that he would finish off the evening with Banjo's "Gee Bung Polo Club". Coming straight after John's cricket poem it showed some of the influences that Banjo has had on John's work. Like John's version, The Polo game too ended in a draw with dead players littering the field, now haunted by the spectres of those players of long ago. Rusty finished the evening with Henry Lawson's Poem "Along about Merry Christmas Time" where all the old traditions are done and the family gets together by playing silly games. Don't forget the recitation by Dad and it is time to patch up old quarrels.

I hope that you all had a lovely Christmas and a Happy New Year. All the best from the Editors Assistant's desk Cheers Dot

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2006—2007

Rusty Christensen	President	9364 4491	rustnjude@bigpond.com
Tom Conway	V. President	9339 2802	
Joyce Harris	Secretary	9331 1648	jayfeh@hotmail.com
June Bond	Treasurer	9354 5804	jlbond@tpg.com.au
Edna Westall	Amenities	9339 3028	ewestall1@bigpond.com
Brian Langley	[Webmaster & [Bully Tin Editor	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
Rosemary Sharland	Committee	9271 2059	wrd@iinet.net.au

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

☆☆ **Upcoming Events** ☆☆

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

Jan 5 2007	WABP&YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club 7.30pm	
Jan 22 - 30	Tamworth Country Music Festival inc many Bush Poetry events	Tamworth NSW inc ABP AGM	www.users.tpg.com.au/thegrey
Jan 26	City of Melville Australia Day Breakfast & Citizenship Awards	John Creaney Reserve, Bull Creek	About 10.30am - short performance only
Jan 26	Bush Poets Showcase	Wireless Hill, Melville, 2pm	BYO chairs & refreshments
Feb 2	WABP&YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club 7.30pm	
Feb 16—18	Boyup Brook Country Music Festival—Several Bush Poetry Events, inc BIG Poets Brekkie Sun 18th	Boyup Brook	Bill Gordon northlands@wn.com.au
Feb 28	Midlands Lit. Written Comp	Ballarat Vic	SSAE PO Box 1563 Ballarat Vic 3354
Mar 1-4	Australian Championships	Dunedoo NSW	SSAE PO Box 1 Dunedoo NSW 2844
Mar 2	WAPB & YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club	
Mar 10	Henry Kendall Written Comp	Gosford NSW	PO Box 276 Gosford NSW 2230
June 2-4	WA State Championships	Melville / Fremantle Area	Tentative only at this time

HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS?

Please tell us ASAP if you have changed your address so that we can make sure your BULLY TIN gets to you on time

**Why not BRING A FRIEND
to our next Muster**

**Don't Forget our website, it's
www.wabushpoets.com**

<p>Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary</p>	<p>Members' Poetic Products Rusty Christensen CDs John Hayes CDs & books Tim Heffernan book Brian Langley book & laminated poems</p>	<p>Rod & Kerry Lee CDs Arthur Leggett books, inc autobiography Keith Lethbridge books Val Read books Peter Blyth CDs, books</p>
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Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to:

The Editor
"Bully Tin"
86 Hillview Tce,
St. James 6102

Address Monetary payments to:

The Treasurer
WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners
165A Rostrata Ave
Willeton 6155

Address all other correspondence to

The Secretary
WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners
Unit 4/37 Bawdan St
Willagee, 6156