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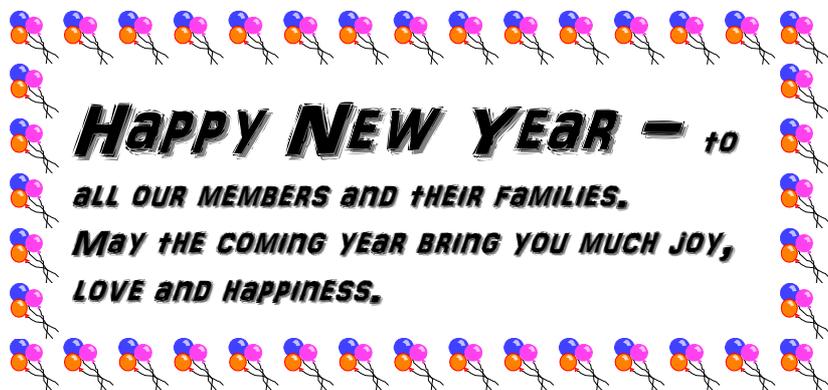
January 2013

BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



**Next Muster 4th January 7pm RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley
MC Maxine Richter (Dave Smith is taking performer names - 0438341256**



HAPPY NEW YEAR - to

ALL OUR MEMBERS AND THEIR FAMILIES,

**MAY THE COMING YEAR BRING YOU MUCH JOY,
LOVE AND HAPPINESS.**

With the new year starting, and the talk about all the new energies coming in, perhaps it is time that we looked at our new year resolutions, and think about what we would like to change about ourselves (I do this every year, but it just seems to go by the wayside!!). How many things do we hide from everyone, or don't do or say - because it is what society expects?! - and in the meantime we are not happy? For this year's resolutions, perhaps we could all resolve to remove the masks we wear, allow others to do the same, and accept everyone for who and what they are!!

I like Henry Lawson's reflections on the subject.

The Things We Dare Not Tell

Henry Lawson

The fields are fair in autumn yet, and the sun's still shining there,
But we bow our heads and we brood and fret, because of the masks we wear;

Or we nod and smile the social while, and we say we're doing well,
But we break our hearts, oh, we break our hearts! for the things we must not tell.

There's the old love wronged ere the new was won, there's the light of long ago;

There's the cruel lie that we suffer for, and the public must not know.
So we go through life with a ghastly mask, and we're doing fairly well,

While they break our hearts, oh, they kill our hearts! do the things we must not tell.

We see but pride in a selfish breast, while a heart is breaking there;
Oh, the world would be such a kindly world if all men's hearts lay bare!

PLEASE NOTE - CHANGES TO MUSTER

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 starting at 7pm. This is for a trial period only at this stage. We have had to give a commitment to the RSL for our bookings for next year, so we have booked this venue until the June muster.

If there are any concerns about this, or anyone feels that this venue isn't suitable, please contact a committee member, or email the Secretary (email address on back of magazine). If we do not receive any comments from our members, the committee will make a decision about venue when the time is due.

The Things We Dare Not Tell (cont)

We live and share the living lie, we are doing very well,
While they eat our hearts as the years go by, do the things we dare not tell.
We bow us down to a dusty shrine, or a temple in the East,
Or we stand and drink to the world-old creed, with the coffins at the feast;
We fight it down, and we live it down, or we bear it bravely well,
But the best men die of a broken heart for the things they cannot tell.

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.

An Aussie Night Before Christmas

Yvonne Morrison. ©

'Twas the night before Christmas, There wasn't a sound.

Not a possum was stirring; there was no one around.
We'd left on the table some tucker and beer,
Hoping that Santa Claus soon would be here;

Us kids were snuggled up safe in our beds,
While dreams of pavlova danced 'round in our heads;
Then Mum in her nightie, and Dad in his shorts,
Settled in front of the telly, to catch up with the sports.

When outside the house a mad ruckus arose;
loud squeaking and banging woke us from our doze.
We ran to the screen door, peeked cautiously out,
Sneaked onto the deck, then let out a shout.

Guess what had woken us up from our snooze?
But a rusty old Ute pulled by eight mighty 'roos.
The cheerful man driving was giggling with glee,
And we both knew at once who this plump bloke must be.

Now, I'm telling the truth it's all dinki-di,
Those eight kangaroos fairly soared through the sky.
Santa leaned out the window to pull at the reins,
And encouraged the 'roos, by calling their names.

'Now, Kylie! Now, Kirsty! Now, Shazza and Shane!
On Kipper! On, Skipper! On, Bazza and Wayne!
Park on that water tank. Grab a quick drink;
I'll scoot down the gum tree. Be back in a wink!

So up to the tank those eight kangaroos flew,
With the Ute full of toys, and Santa Claus too.
He slid down the gum tree and jumped to the ground,
Then in through the window he sprang with a bound.

He had bright-sunburned cheeks and a milky white beard.
A jolly old joker was how he appeared.
He wore red stubby shorts and old thongs on his feet,
And a hat of deep crimson as shade from the heat.

His eyes- bright as opals- Oh! How they twinkled!
And, like a goanna, his skin was quite wrinkled!
His shirt was stretched over a round bulging belly
Which shook when he moved, like a plate full of jelly.

A fat stack of prezzies he had flung from his back,
And he looked like a swaggie unfastening his pack.
He spoke not a word, but bent down on one knee,
To position our goodies beneath the Yule tree.

Surfboard and football shapes just for us two.
And for Dad, tongs to use on the new barbeque.
A mysterious package he left for our Mum,
Then he turned and he winked and he held up his thumb;
He strolled out on deck and his 'roos came on cue;
Flung his sack in the back and prepared to shoot through.

He bellowed out loud as they swooped past the gates -
'MERRY CHRISTMAS to all, and goodonya mates.

AUSTRALIA DAY AT WIRELESS HILL

A reminder to everyone about Poetry in the Park at Wireless Hill - Saturday 26th January commencing at 1pm. Bring your chairs, some nibblies etc and enjoy an enjoyable afternoon sitting under the beautiful gum trees while being entertained by our wonderful poets!! Enquiries to Dave Smith/Terry Piggot - contacts on back.

For a copy of the flyer that Brian Langley will give out at the muster for members to distribute in their community, please contact him - number on back.

HOLUS BOLUS

By E.G. Murphy (Dryblower)

He lay in the hospital, pallid and weak,
The wreck of a once healthy man;
His breathing was wheezy, his voice was a squeak,
As his story of woe he began.

"'Twas Danny O'Hara," he murmured in pain,
"Who told me his camel was bad,
A bulky young bull, with the strength of a crane,
But a temperament quiet and sad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At this time of the year, vigilance is so important in prevention of bushfires.

The Bushfire

Henry Lawson

AH, better the thud of the deadly gun, and the crash of the bursting shell,
Than the terrible silence where drought is fought out there in the western hell;
And better the rattle of rifles near, or the thunder on deck at sea,
Than the sound—most hellish of all to hear—of a fire where it should not be.

On the runs to the west of the Dingo Scrubs there was drought, and ruin, and death,
And the sandstorm came from the dread north-east with the blast of a furnace-breath;
Till at last one day, at the fierce sunrise, a boundary-rider woke,
And saw, in the place of the distant haze, a curtain of light blue smoke.

There is saddling-up by the cockey's hut, and out in the station yard,
And away to the north, north-east, north-west, the bushmen are riding hard.
The pickets are out and many a scout, and many a mulga wire,
While Bill and Jim, with their faces grim, are riding to meet the fire.

It roars for days in the hopeless scrubs, and across, where the ground seems bare,
With a cackle and hiss, like the hissing of snakes, the fire is travelling there;
Till at last, exhausted by sleeplessness, and the terrible toil and heat,
The squatter is crying, 'My God! the wool!' and the farmer, 'My God! the wheat!'

But there comes a drunkard (who reels as he rides), with the news from the roadside pub:—
'Pat Murphy—the cockey—cut off by the fire!—way back in the Dingo Scrub!'
'Let the wheat and the woolshed go to——' Well, they do as each great heart bids;
They are riding a race for the Dingo Scrub—for Pat and his wife and kids.

And who is leading the race with death? An ill-matched three, you'll allow;
Flash Jim the breaker and Boozing Bill (who is riding steadily now),
And Constable Dunn, of the Mounted Police, is riding between the two

(He wants Flash Jim, but the job can wait till they get the Murphys through).

As they strike the track through the blazing scrub, the trooper is heard to shout:
'We'll take them on to the Two-mile Tank, if we cannot bring them out!'
A half-mile more, and the rest rein back, retreating, half-choked, halfblind;
And the three are gone from the sight of men, and the bush fire roars behind.

The Bushman wiped the tears of smoke, and like Bushmen wept and swore;
'Poor Bill will be wanting his drink to-night as never he did before.
'And Dunn was the best in the whole damned force!' says a client of Dunn's, with pride;
I reckon he'll serve his summons on Jim—when they get to the other side.

.....
It is daylight again, and the fire is past, and the black scrub silent and grim,
Except for the blaze of an old dead tree, or the crash of a falling limb;
And the Bushmen are riding again on the run, with hearts and with eyes that fill,
To look for the bodies of Constable Dunn, Flash Jim, and Boozing Bill.

They are found in the mud of the Two-mile Tank, where a fiend might scarce survive,
But the Bushmen gather from words they hear that the bodies are much alive.
There is Swearing Pat, with his grey beard singed, and his language of lurid hue,
And his tough old wife, and his half-baked kids, and the three who dragged them through.

Old Pat is deploring his burnt-out home, and his wife the climate warm;
And Jim the loss of his favourite horse, and Dunn his uniform;
And Boozing Bill, with a raging thirst, is cursing the Dingo Scrub—
He'll only ask for the loan of a flask and a lift to the nearest pub.

.....
Flash Jim the Breaker is lying low—blue-paper is after him,
And Dunn, the trooper, is riding his rounds with a blind eye out for Jim,
And Boozing Bill is fighting D.Ts. in the township of Sudden Jerk—
When they're wanted again in the Dingo Scrubs, they'll be there to do the work.

Red Jack

Mary Durack

She rises clear to memory's eye
from mists of long ago,
though we met but once, in '98 –
in the days of Cobb & Co.

'Twas driving into Hughenden
with mail and gold for load
that I saw Red Jack, the wanderer,
come riding down the road.

Red Jack and Mephistopheles –
they knew them far and wide,
from Camooweal to Charters Towers,
the route they used to ride.

They knew them round the Selwyns where
the Leichhardt has its source,
along the winding cattle ways –
a woman and a horse.

And strange the tales they told of them
who ranged the dusty track;
the great black Mephistopheles
and the red-haired witch Red Jack.

She claimed no name but that, they said,
and owned no things but these:
her saddle, swag and riding-kit
and Mephistopheles.

And often travellers such as I
had seen, and thought it strange,
a woman working on the line
that crossed McKinlay Range.

Had seen her in the dreary wake
of stock upon the plains,
her brown hand quick upon the whip
and light upon the reins.

With milling cattle in the yard
amid the dust-fouled air,
with rope and knife and branding iron –
a girl with glowing hair.

"Red Jack's as good as any man!"
the settlers used to own;
and some bold spirits sought her hand,
but Red Jack rode alone.

She rode alone, and wise men learned
to set her virtue high,
to weight what skill she plied her whip
with the hardness of her eye.

I saw Red Jack in '98,
the first time and the last,
but her face, brown-gaunt, and her hair, red-bright,
still haunt me from the past.

(continued)

Red Jack (cont)

The coach drew in as she rode in sight;
we passed the time of day;
then shuffled out the mail she sought
and watched her ride away.

And oh! her hair was living fire,
but her eyes were cold as stone:
Red Jack and Mephistopheles
went all their ways alone.

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

Would anyone like a trip to Wiluna? URGENT!!

If anyone is interested, please contact Mick ASAP, but also let me know so I am not trying to follow it up.

Hello Irene,

There's a peaceful pleasance today in little Wiluna as showers are settling the dust ; the storms may last a little while but I doubt the creeks will bust!

This year we'll be holding our humble Australia Day breakfast at our swimming pool and wondered whether there may be a free spirit within the mantle of your association who may want to share our bounteous brekkie and regale us with a yarn. Unfortunately there 's no budget but we can offer accommodation and food and reckon that we can get one of the mining companies in the region to supply the air travel from/to Perth.

Any chance?

Best regards

Mick Beltran AFSM MPA
Community Development Manager

T: 08 9981 8000

F: 08 9981 7110

M: 0419 917 489

E cdm@wiluna.wa.gov.au

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 on 19th December. You can listen to the segment on the radio by tuning in to 89.7 Twin cities FM, or access it via the internet on www.897fm.com.au

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.

Along by Merry Christmas Time

Henry Lawson, 1913

Along by merry Christmas time they buy the aged
goose,
And boil the dread plum pudding, because of an-
cient use.
But to sneer at old time customs would be nothing
but a crime,
For the memory of the Past is all bound up in Christ-
mas time.

Then Jim comes home from shearing, and he puts a
few away,
With Dad, perhaps, or Uncle, but they're right on
Christmas Day:
For be it on the Never, or 'neath the church bells'
chime,
The family gets together, if they can, at Christmas
time.

And, after tea at Christmas, they clear the things
away
And play the dear old silly games our grand-folk
used to play
And Dad gives a recitation that used to be the joy
Of all the Western countryside, when Father was a
boy.

Along by merry Christmas time, and ere the week is
o'er
We meet and fix up quarrels that each was sorry for.
Our hearts are filled with kindness and forgiveness
sublime,
For no one knows where one may be next merry
Christmas time.

**Muster MCs and Classics Readers are ur-
gently needed - See Terry Piggott or
Dave Smith (Contacts on back page)**

Ode to the Spell Checker

Eye halve a spelling chequer
It came with my pea sea
It plainly marques four my revue
Miss steaks I kin knot sea.

Eye strike a key and type a word
And weight four it two say
Weather eye am wrong or wright
It shows me strait a weigh.

As soon as a mist ache is maid
It nose bee fore two long
And eye can put the era rite
Its rare lea ever wrong.

Eye have run this pome threw it
I am shore your pleased two no
Its letter perfect awl the weigh
My chequer tolled me sew.

*This poem was given to me by Brian Langley - found on
a Vocational Educational in Schools website - no author
acknowledged.*

Mary McGregor-Craigie hails from down Busselton way,
and has submitted this poem for us. It is great to see
some new poets sending in their work.

FOXES AND FERALS

© Mary McGregor-Craigie

Written for Conservation Week, WA - October 9th
2012

'Friends, Aussies, Country Folk – Lend me an ear!
My letter is urgent; my message is clear,
I speak of the ferals that shouldn't be here.

While the lambs and the poultry are dying in pain
Wildlife extinctions are occurring in vain.
Haven't you heard there's a plague on the run?
Please pick up a pen or pick up a gun!
Tell people of influence: write to people in power,
We did little yesterday, It has to be now.
Every state must pay a bounty on the feral cat or fox
Before any more species are hunted and lost.
If rabies should reach us it will be more than a shame
With ferals on the landscape, impossible to contain.

Do your bit for our emblems; show that you care,
It's not hard to fathom, we cant afford to dwell,
Don't wait 'til our fauna has all gone to you know
where.

Submissions for the Bully Tin

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

Catching The Coach

Alfred Thomas Chandler

At Kangaroo Gully in 'Fifty-two
The rush and the scramble was reckless and rough;
'Three ounces a dish and the lead running true!
Was whispered around concerning the stuff.

Next morning a thousand of fellows or more
Appeared for invasion along the brown rise,
Some Yankees, and Cockneys, and Cantabs of yore
And B.As from Oxford in blue-shirt disguise.

And two mornings later the Nugget saloon,
With billiards and skittles, was glaring with signs,
A blind fiddler, Jim, worked out a weak tune,
Beguiling the boys and collecting the fines.

Then tents started up like the freaks of a dream
While heaps of white pipeclay dotted the slope,
To 'Dern her -- a duffer!' or 'Creme de la creme!'
That settled the verdict of languishing hope.

And bustle and jollity rang through the trees
In strange combination of humankind traits;
With feverish searchings and gay levities
The fires of excitement were fully ablaze.

Well, three mornings after, the stringybark gums
All rustled their leaves with further surprise;
They'd seen old staggers and limey new-chums,
But here were galoots in peculiar guise:

With nondescript uniform, booted and spurred,
A fierce-looking strap on the underneath lip,
An ominous shooter, a dangling sword,
A grim leather pouch about the right hip!

And maybe a dozen came cantering so,
All clanking and jaunty --- authority vain --
When down through the gully rang out the word 'Joe',
And 'Joe' was sent on with a sneering refrain.

There was hunting for 'rights', and producing the same,
Or passing them on to a paperless mate,
Or hiding in bushes or down in the claim --
Such various expedients to baffle the State.

Then 'Who put him on?' -- 'Twig his illigant seat!'
'Cuss me, but he's purty!' -- 'The thing on the horse!'
'His first dacent clothes!' -- 'What surprise for his feet!'
Such volleys as these were soon fired at the Force.

But duty was duty. Just then through the scrub
A digger made off -- he a culprit no doubt!
'Dismount you then, Wilson!' roared Sergeant Hubbud;
'Quick! follow the rascal and ferret him out.'

The sapling cadet, with budding moustache,
Then sprang to the ground in dauntless pursuit
And, filled up with zeal and a soldier-like dash,
He felt a true hero of saddle and boot.

The gully quick echoed with taints that were real,
Keen chaff of defiance allied to revolt,

Such sharp wordy weapons as might have been steel
From skirmishers laughing on hillock and holt.

Away went the fugitive, spurred on by haste,
Escaping the undergrowth, leaping the logs,
Yet ne'er looking back -- did he know he was chased?
Said Wilson, 'He's one of the worst of the dogs!'

'Some greater misdeed must have blackened his hand;
I'll have him -- promotion! Stop there, or I'll shoot!
The other ahead didn't hear the command
But sprang on unheeding o'er dry branch and root.

The chase settled down to a heavy set-to;
They ran o'er the hill and across the clear flat;
And Wilson was chuckling -- the villian he knew
Was making a bee-line for jail -- Ballarat!

'I'll follow the rogue safely into the trap --
Confound him, he's speedy; I can't run him down;
But there, quite unconscious of any mishap,
I'll fix him up neatly in gay Canvas Town!'

Then over a creek where a line of sage-gums
All flourishing grew, then away to the right;
Their loud breathings mingled with strange forest hums,
And wallabies scampered with terror and fright.

And cockatoos screeched from the loftiest trees,
The minahs and magpies all fluttered and flew,
The drowsy old possums were roused from their ease,
The locusts and lizards quick stepped out of view.

But on went the pair, never noticing this,
For both had a serious business in hand.
With one there were feelings that prophesied bliss,
The other saw capture and glory so grand.

O'er the hillside and creek, beyond hollow and spur,
Through brief strips of woodland, they hurried on still;
The trooper lost ground, but he wasn't a cur;
Besides, they were nearing on Bakery Hill.

Then suddenly broke on each sweltering sight
The thousand of tents in the city of gold;
And straight to the thick of them ran with delight
The chased and the chaser -- what luck for the bold!

The coach was just starting for Melbourne that day
As Wilson rushed eagerly on to his man.
'I'll put you with care where you won't be so gay,'
The trooper in triumph already began.

'You've led me a dance in a lively hour's sun;
Now trip out your licence, or waltz off to jail!
What! got one? Oh, ho! Why the ___ did you run?'
'To post this here letter for Nell by the mail.'

**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**

**The Man From Snow River Bush Festival/
Victorian Bush Poetry Championships**

with \$4,500 in prizes and trophies.
4 – 7th April 2013

Written competition, and performance sections for Open, Intermediate and Novice.
Starts Thursday with afternoon concert – through to Sunday, with non-competitive activities sprinkled throughout the weekend.
Enjoy the thrills and sights of the Man from Snowy River competition and festival.
Enquiries: Jan Lewis 02 60774332 Email: info@bushfestival.com.au
Website: www.bushfestival.com.au
PO Box 144, Corryong. Vic. 3707

CALLING ALL WRITING POETS!!!!!!

At the **February muster**, we will be having a short poem competition - the topic is 'Elections'.
With government elections coming up, there is sure to be lots of grist for the mill!!!

Poems are to have a max 16 lines with max 13 syllables per line. The only prize is something nominal (choccies, wine etc) for the first place, and a Certificate for the first 3. There is no entry fee - judging is on a "slam" basis with five judges selected at random from the audience - each judge give a mark out of 10, top and bottom are discarded - other 3 added, to make the score - there are "rules" for splitting ties

At the **March Muster** we will be holding a WA Writers Night, in which we will feature poems mainly from our non-performing poets, or country writers who cannot attend musters. Upon submission of the poems, we will arrange for a city member to read the poem on the night.

So come on - get your pens ready, and email your poems off to us to help make our two musters interesting and different!! You can enter the competition without attending the muster.
Poems can be emailed to Brian Langley, or sent via post (ensure you allow time for them to arrive, and be collected from the post - which isn't checked every day!) Contact details are on the back of the newsletter.

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 description of the poem in our muster write up. This is to be given to the person writing up the muster notes.
Lesley McAlpine has offered to do the write up when she is there, but if she isn't there, please give it to the MC, who will ensure it gets back to the Editor to be written up.

Also, the musters are run on a strict timetable. 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 limit, 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 appreciated

The Bog

Mark Kleinschmidt –Longreach. Qld

Dan and his bullocks departed the sheds
with a load as big as the sky,
determined to cross the black soil flats;
a matter of do or die.

For the clouds had dumped for many weeks
on the sprawl of the black soil plain,
but bog never stopped old Bullocky Dan;
he was tried and true and game.

A week went past with no sign of Dan
so his mates set out for a look.
They searched the breadth of the black soil flat
and things were looking crook.

Then one of the spied a battered old hat
lying alone in the mire.
Under that hat was Bullocky Dan,
one searched bent low to enquire.

"Are you all right there, Dan, old mate?
You've been gone for over a week."
"Yeah, I'm all right," was the gurgled reply,
"But the team's in pretty deep!"

Gravity
Brian Langley

Grandad's given in to gravity,
there's no way he could win.
His chest's dropped to his belly
and his hair's down on his chin!!

Hearing Aid
Brian Langley

Uncle Fred has got a hearing aid,
it's stuck inside his ear.
The other day he dropped it
and it fell into his beer.

(Continued)

Hearing Aid (cont)

Well, now he says it doesn't
work,
not e're a squeak or ping.
So we can say some naughty
words
and he won't hear a thing!!

This letter was received by Maxine, in thanks for her submission of Victor's poem last issue.

Victor Dale
Coolgardie

To Maxine
Thank you for mailing me a copy of your newsletter.

Of recent years, quite a lot of my written work seems to go through different type of media and my only request is that I am recognized as the author.
So once again, thank you.

One other fact of the window, Maxine that you may not be aware of is the colours in the window are the colours on the Vietnam war medals. I read with interest your story on Dryblower Murphy and was impressed to see him recognized, as he spent quite some time here in the early days of the goldfields.

I personally believe him to be one of our states best poets. The Palace hotel in Hannan Street has a poem on display of a young man meeting a young lady under the bougainvilleas in the moonlight, and lay claim it was written by Hoover, who was a mine manager in the 1890's and went on to become president of the USA. I have strong doubts of this as there is no record of Hoover writing any poetry. He was also a Quaker by belief so I don't think he was meeting barmaids under the moon. The writing however, by its style does fit with that of Dryblower Murphy and I believe the now famous poem was written by the latter.

Maxine, I shall pass on your expressions of kindness to Kenny Ball when next I see him .

Once again, thank you

Yours sincerely
Victor Dale

'FACT' OR 'URBAN MYTH'?????

As mentioned in Victor's letter above, the poem that follows has been attributed to Herbert Hoover - former President of the United States. Herbert Hoover was an engineer/mine manager who came to Western Australia as a young man in his early 20's. Brian Langley and I were discussing the issue, and I thank Brian for the following report he has written as to why he doesn't think it was written by Herbert Hoover.

I have serious doubts as to the authorship of this poem -
Supposedly it was written by Herbert Hoover some time after returning to the USA after spending 19 months in the WA Goldfields - The story goes that he had a brief passionate liaison with a barmaid.

My doubts are due to

1. Hoover was not known at all for writing poetry, far from it, he was reported to have been an abysmal failure at literature - He almost did not pass his degree due to this, it was only the intervention of his geology professor that got him through.
2. He is not known to have written any other poetry.

3. The poem refers to the bougainvilleas in the garden. In 1897-98 when Hoover was in Kalgoorlie there would not have been any bougainvilleas or "peppers" big enough to sit under, (It's very doubtful if there had been any at all - they are not plants that 1890s West Australians would have even been aware of) - The town had only been in existence since 1893 when gold was first discovered there. It was, at that time just emerging from a mining camp into a proper town with all of its infrastructure (pavements, roads, etc, let alone any ornamental plants or "garden close at hand". If there was any garden, it would have been for growing vegetables, not ornamental plants

4. The Palace hotel was only built in 1897. There were no public gardens at that time. - There were also no "golden wattles" in Kalgoorlie. There was no water - any trees would have been long cut down to provide fuel for cooking and heating or for supporting the underground workings. By around 1900, trees were being cut from over 100km from Kalgoorlie - there were none close, they had all been cut down.

5. "Southern Squatter" - the term "squatter" was not in common use in Western Australia - This is a NSW concept - Also, if the term is used relative to Kalgoorlie, it doesn't make a lot of sense, for at the time, there was nothing south of Kalgoorlie except some mining and the small port town of Esperance which at that time had no agricultural or pastoral significance.

6. The style and poetic tools used in this poem are the hallmarks of a poet of some expertise, Hoover was far from that .

7. It has a consistency of rhythm that the vast majority of "amateur" poets find difficult to achieve, the use of alliteration, (eg. "the murmerous, mellow music" or "cascades of cadence") is a feature which "amateur" poets are unlikely to be accomplished in, as are various examples of syntax variations (eg "Stood we two a space in silence"), use of metaphors (eg "And the grey dove dusk, with drooping pinions")

Hoover had been bought up as a Quaker, he was engaged to be married (which he did almost immediately he returned home), and, bearing in mind the morals of the time, it is highly unlikely that he would have had a liaison with a barmaid.

Perhaps, Hoover did send it to Kalgoorlie, but who wrote it? It could have been any one of dozens of accomplished poets. As we don't know when he purportedly wrote it (supposedly many years after the event) we cannot even raise any likely possibilities. -

Then again, it may just be another hoax, a story put out by the author, or, more likely, the Palace Hotel where a copy of the poem is displayed alongside the huge ornate mirror that Hoover presented to the hotel (his place of residence while in Kalgoorlie) when he left.

It has been suggested that it is the work of Dryblower Murphy, who, in 1898, would likely have come across Hoover, however the poem is not quite of his style and some terms are not ones he used, even though I am sure he could have penned it, The other fact, of course, is that not knowing when it was written, it is impossible to tie it in to his evolving styles over his forty year career.

It would seem to me that the poem was likely written by a poet from "t'otherside" either Queensland or Northern NSW. Perhaps the original town name was substituted with "Kalgoorlie" - Various terms in the poem suggest that (Bougainvilleas, Golden Wattle, Southern Squatter)

Herbert Hoover's 'Love Song'

Do you ever dream, my sweetheart, of a twilight long ago,
Of a park in old Kalgoorlie, where the bougainvilleas grow,
Where the moonbeams on the pathways trace a shimmering brocade,

And the overhanging peppers form a lovers' promenade?
Where in soft cascades of cadence from a garden close at hand,
Came the murmerous, mellow music of a sweet, orchestral band.

Years have flown since then, my sweetheart, fleet as orchard blooms in May,
But the hour that fills my dreaming, was it only yesterday?
Stood we two a space in silence, while the summer sun slipped down,

And the grey dove dusk, with drooping pinions, wrapt the mining town,

Then you raised your tender glances darkly, dreamily to mine,

And my pulses clashed like symbols in a rhapsody divine.
And the pent-up fires of longing loosed their prison's weak control,

And in wild, hot words came rushing from my burning soul.
Wild hot words that spoke of passion, hitherto but half expressed,

And I clasped you close, my sweetheart, kissed you, strained you to my breast.

While the starlight-spangled heavens rolled around us where we stood,

And a tide of bliss kept surging through the current of our blood.

And I spent my soul in kisses, crushed upon your scarlet mouth,

Oh! My red-lipped, sunbrowned sweetheart, dark-eyed daughter of the south.

It was well that fate should part us, it was well my path should lead,
Back to slopes of high endeavour, aye, and was it well, indeed.

You have wed some southern squatter, learned long since his every whim,
Soothed his sorrows, borne his troubles, sung your sweetest songs for him.

I have fought my fight and triumphed, on the map I've writ my name,

But I prize one hour of loving, more than fifty years of fame.

It was but a summer madness that possessed us, men will hold,

And the yellow moon bewitched me with its wizardry of gold.

Let them say it, dear, but oft-times in the dusk I close my eyes

And in dreams drift back to where the stars rain splendour from the skies,

To a park in far Kalgoorlie, where the golden wattles grow,
Where you kissed me in the twilight of a summer long ago.

And I clasp you close, my sweetheart, while each throbbing pulse is thrilled,

By a low and mournful music that shall never more be stilled.

Good Looker

Glenny Palmer

I have a place for everything
and all is in its place,
but when my hubbie's searching,
things just vanish without trace.

He opens up the cupboard door
and says, "...it's not in here."
I think he's waiting for the thing
to wave to him and cheer.

"It must be in there somewhere
you just used it yesterday."
"Nope", he says with arms still folded
:...not in here, no way."

By now I'm getting crabby
;cause I've got my job to do,
but for the sake of peace
I take up searching for it too.

I reach inside the cupboard
and I shift a tin or two.
Do you believe in miracles?
the thing comes into view.

And does he hug and kiss me
'cause the bloody thing is found?
Not on your life, that's when
he turns the situation 'round.

He accuses me of hiding it
"...you shouldn't shove it here."
:I haven't shoved it anywhere –
at least, not yet, my dear."

So now I'm an inventor
and I'm working on a plan
to make a see-through cupboard
that will liberate my man.

The shelves are all transparent,
and a voice is set to cheer
automatically, when
someone says, "It's not in here."

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

Muster Write Up – December

Being a special time, we started the evening off with nibblies and drink – a chance for everyone to catch up and share some time together before getting started on the serious business of the night – some great bush poetry!! A big thank you to Maxine and her helpers for the wonderful array for food put out for our enjoyment!!

Brian Langley started the night with the launch of his newly published book – *You Could Write a Poem About That*. This book combines some of the poems from his previously published booklets, as well as a good number of new ones. With nearly 200 pages in the book, there is surely something for everyone!! Please contact Brian (number on the back of BT) if you would like to purchase a copy for yourself, or as a gift.

He then started the poetry with his own poem called *Summer Days* – a poem in celebration of the beautiful sunny days that we enjoy most of the year, of the ‘weekend’ and of trips to the beach with the family. ‘The next day, it’s off to work – I cough, I’m sore, I’m broke – but I tell my mates I had such fun!!’

Grace Williamson followed with a wonderful poem by Val Read called ‘*The Internment of Grandad*’ – Grandad wished for his ashes to be sent home to Scotland, where in spirit he could roam. The family sifted them into a sunshine milk can and packed them in with gifts. They had no labelling on the can – so the women folk baked a cake with what they thought was Sunshine Milk, and shared it among the clan!!

Dave Smith took the floor next with a great rendition of ‘*An Aussie Night Before Christmas*, written by Yvonne Morrison – in which the family were woken by the noise from a rusty old Ute pulled by eight might ‘roos!! The jolly old joker that appeared with the presents was dressed in red stubby shorts and old thongs on his feet.

Caroline Sambridge delighted the audience with two of your original poems – *Flies will always Love You*, about those pesky flies that always come around you – and *Santa the Burglar* – poor Santa wants some grub, and a whiskey from the pub but he steals the presents from under the tree, so give him a treat to get him back on his feet by leaving some money in a jar.

We were then treated to the magic of the harmonica – with Keith ‘Cobber’ Lethbridge playing ‘*We are Australian*’ – a beautiful rendition. He then recited his poem ‘*The Lodger*’ – the story of Old Uncle Frank, when he married the young and beautiful Blossom. Cobber thought he’d better bring in a lodger, to ‘warm up the nuptial bed’ but Uncle Frank was one jump ahead. He bought in a female lodge and got both her and his bride in the family way!!

Christine Boulton performed a short, but lovely poem by Henry Lawson – *Along by Merry Christmas Time* – about the rituals of Christmas, and how we meet and fix up quarrels that each was sorry for – for no one knows where one may be next Christmas Time.

Robert Gunn followed this with a Murray Hartin poem called *Chinese Whispers* - a very funny story of how gossip magnifies in a small town. Shirley was moving to the city and was going to share a house with her uncle Ray for a six month trial. But soon, her boyfriend Roy was punching out the butcher – Shirley’s uncle – after hearing the gossip that her uncle had gotten her pregnant, and was waiting to go to trial!!

Teresa Rose did a wonderful job of imitating the sound of a wheezy old man, so pallid and weak, as he told his story of woe. His mate asked him to help give his faithful camel a ‘pick-me-up’ pill – check out this Dryblower Murphy poem in the magazine.

To finish off the first half - and just to show that, while he may be getting a little older now, he certainly hasn’t lost the knack of reciting good poetry!! – Rusty Christensen gave a rousing rendition of the well-known Banjo Paterson classic, ‘*The Man From Ironbark*!!! The tough old country bloke who stopped in at a barbers shop to have his beard shaved, got a little more than he expected when the barber decided to play a joke on him. But so too did the barber get a little more than he bargained for!!! Needless to say, the blokes at Ironbark now all sport flowing beards!!!

Supper was another pick at the fantastic nibblies put on, along with a sip of ‘port or sherry’! Brian passed on Christmas wishes from Colleen O’Grady, who was unwell and couldn’t attend. Colleen is very soon due to get some ‘bionic’ ears – a great Christmas present!!! Brian also ran into Arthur Leggett at a function – he also wishes everyone a very Merry Christmas. Unfortunately, Arthur has a prior engagement on Friday nights which prevents him from attending musters.

The raffle for the Christmas presents was also held, with lots of lovely presents being received by all.

Teresa Rose started the second half of the program off with the 'Reading from the Classics', choosing a Henry Kendall poem – Christmas Creek.

This is a beautifully descriptive poem tell the story of six men who had the fierce desert behind them, and searching for water. Three succumbed, but three made it to the place they named Christmas Creek. They had endured seven months of grief in their travels.

As an introduction for Dot, Brian Langley gave a little bit of Chrissie history, which was followed by a computer slide presentation of illustrations by Kilmeny Niland for the poem An Aussie Night Before Christmas – the same poem that Dave did in the first half. Dot and Brian decided to go ahead with their presentation despite that, and it was indeed totally different listening to Dot reciting the poem as Brian presented the images. They also presented the poem 'The Aussie Day before Christmas – written by Kilmeny Niland – a lovely tale of the aussie Santa trying to get his pressies wrapped – but his helper, the blow flies, were on strike, and then the roo's to pull his ute were having a kip!! But finally, they got going to deliver their load.

We then had the pleasure of a new performer – Colin Tyler. Colin had gone to Wireless Hill last Australia Day, not knowing there was a bush poetry event on. He and his wife enjoyed the show, and became members. Colin presented a poem that his daughter Sheryl wrote at school when she was about 12yrs of age, called 'Exist No More'. Sheryl wrote the poem about the killing of fur seals by clubbing – would they ever find a safe home, or will they 'exist no more'? It was a well written and very touching poem, with sentiments as valid now as they were back when she wrote it – and Sheryl, who was in the audience, was obviously not aware her Dad was going to do her poem!!

He then did an original poem, the style of which he based on the style that Caroline Sambridge uses and was called 'I Feel down in the Dumps'. He was feeling really bad, with everything going wrong. But things were looking up – his lotto numbers have come up – only he doesn't remember where his ticket is!!

Grace Williamson returned to the microphone to do a poem called 'Christmas' by an author unknown – a thoughtful poem of what friends mean at Christmas.

We were then treated to another lovely tune on the harmonica, but this time, Cobber also used some blood wood sticks to provide a harmony to it. It is amazing watching him play the harmonica as well as work the sticks!! He played Wichita Linesman, then went on to recite his own poem – Harrys Mate .When Cobber first stated working on farms and stations in the north of WA, he learnt a lot from his mate, Harry. Harry was older, knew all the lurks and where to get work. He was tough and fearless, but he also liked a drink. Gradually, grog got the better of Harry. Cobber was the last to recognise Harry's condition, but now Harry's in a nursing home and his memory and strength are shot to pieces.

This was followed by Jack Mathews, reciting a Splinter Lawson poem called 'Cockroaches' – about a man who tried to get rid of the cockroach in the toilet bowl. He used some genuine heavy artillery spray – which did the trick, but also sent his wife off to live with her mum, because of the smell. As he contemplated single life, he decided he would've used the spray 20 years ago – if he'd though it'd work on his wife!!

Unfortunately, we had run out of time by now, so the poets still to go were unable to present their work. However, we look forward to hearing them next month.

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 Damper Awards? (Performance competition)

Graem Johnson (The Rhymer from Ryde) has been appointed to co-ordinate this event on behalf of the ABPA. Please contact him on therhymer-fromryde@bigpond.com or (M) 0419 415137 (H) 02 9874 7653

This is a great opportunity to meet your compatriots on the t'otherside and become a part of the broader poetical community!!

Searching for Words

Irene Conner

I'm sitting in my caravan
a little pome I seek
to finish off this project that
I should have done last week.

My books are back in Jurien -
so many could I choose.
Just twelve lines I am wanting
to befuddle or amuse!!

I've searched the web with google, but
I'm weary – had enough!
I'm sneaking in my own twelve lines
that's filled with worthless stuff!!

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2010—2011

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Brian Langley	Vice President	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
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Trish Joyce	Library	0419921026	
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

- ◆ Friday 4th January 2013 7pm - January Muster. RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley.
- ◆ Saturday 26th January 1pm Australia Day at Wireless Hill. Bring your own chairs/nibbles!
- ◆ Friday 1st February 2013 - February Muster RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley

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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