



★ Next Muster - August 6th, 2010 7.30pm MC Anne Hayes
Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

August is
The Horses Birthday
Perth's "Foundation Day"
National Pet Desexing Month
4 years since I started editing the
Bully Tin does anyone want the job?

Being the horses birthday and as Breaker Morant who was an expert horseman is currently rating considerable TV attention, here's one of his poems which is sort of about horses.

The Day that is Dead
Harry (Breaker) Morant 1893

Ah, Jack! Time finds us feeble men,
And all too swift our years have flown.
The days are different now to then -
In that time when we rode ten stone.



The minstrel when his mem'ry goes
To old times, tunes a doleful lay -
Comparing modern nags with those
Which Lee once bred down Bathurst way.

The type to-day's a woeful weed,
Which lacks the stoutness, strength and bone
Of horses they were wont to breed
In those days - when we rode ten stone.

But all of us remorseless Fate
O'ertakes, and as the years roll on
Our saddles carry extra weight,
And old age mourns the keenness gone.

The young ones, too - 'mong men, I mean -
Watch not the sires from whom they've sprung,
They nowadays are not so keen
As when we - and the world - were young.

They've neither nerve nor seat to suit
The back of Paddy Ryan's roar -
That wall-eyed, vicious, bucking brute
You rode - when you could ride ten stone.

But, Johnny, ere we "go to grass" -
Ere angel wings are fledged to fly -
With wine we'll fill a bumper glass,
And drink to those good times gone by.

We've *had* our day - 'twill not come back!
But, comrade mine, this much you'll own,
'Tis something *to have had it*, Jack-
That time when we could ride ten stone! .

Can you remember when you were 10 stone (64kg) ?

AUGUST MUSTER Features

MIKE & LESLEY

SINGERS / SONGWRITERS of
WA HISTORIC Folk Songs

Come along and Bring a friend

Staying with horses, It was recently announced that Perth had its first human consumption "Horse Butcher" - Horse meat is part of the staple diet of many nationalities but here it has been only available in Pet supply shops (where it is often marketed as donkey) and quite a few people buy it from them for their own meals. This fact seems to have eluded the people who have complained bitterly about the Health Dept giving the go ahead, even to the point of sending death threats to the butcher concerned.

Here is John Hayes take on this event.

Horses for Courses

By John Hayes © 10 July 10

The hunt is on for colts or fillies up to two years old
So that boucheries chevalines can serve it hot or cold
It has got the go ahead and health minister's green light
For us to dine on horse flesh as a French gourmet delight

I simply can't imagine how you could give a foal the chop
If his pedigree's not up to scratch and hang him in a shop
To get carved up as a fillet, be used as a Sunday roast
Never to parade in colours as first horse past the post.

Horses for courses is how punters choose to speculate
But not as a menu item served upon a dinner plate.
Vendors must guarantee that each beast is fit and well
and can't be more than two years old if they wish to sell.

It's a likely starter for Pierre, on Frances Bastille Day,
Medium rare with sweeter sauce should go down quite okay
And horse meat served with truffles is new and rather daring
A treat that Vince will offer us, in August at Mundaring.

He's got the jump on other butchers in the horse meat steaks
And if he is on a winner, then he's got what it takes.
But to change an Aussies diet may be difficult to do
Because he is fond of steak and snaggers off the barbecue

If it's cooked rare to medium with condiments to savour
And the odour is alluring it should enhance the flavour
Then I may taste a morsel, being more curious than most.
But a winner from the stable can't beat leg of lamb as roast.

In both the city and in the regions, several performing members went along to quite a number of venues in a private capacity to entertain and inform very appreciative audiences. While the Assn does not become directly involved in these activities, our members' presence at them spreads the "Bush poetry" word and helps in promoting and preserving our cultural heritage.

Country Events - Country members were again very active, 2 new events took place, **Victoria Brown at Esperance** organised a Poets brekky as part of their Agricultural show. This was very well attended and greatly appreciated by everyone. It will likely become a regular event. **In Geraldton, Catherine McLernon** ran a poets brekky and competition in conjunction with their Heritage festival. This too looks like becoming a regular event.

Other events which took place during the year include the annual highly successful Boyup Brook Country Music Festival which introduced a 4th Bush poetry performance, these were organised, as they have been for the past several years by Bill Gordon. All 4 events were "sellouts". Visiting Bush poets from Eastern Parts (Susan Carbery, Melanie Hall and Dave Proust) also took time out to run some workshops and some presentations at the local schools. Several of our members took advantage of the workshops

A number of other events were organised, either in full or part by our country members, I refer specifically to **Peter Blyth, Corin Linch, Irene Conner, and Victoria Brown**

I thank these members for their efforts in their regions

Several members continue to promote Bush Poetry and our Association via various Radio programs, almost all being ABC regional radio, thank you and please continue to do so.

Upcoming Events - we are currently in discussion with the Joondalup Council, the South Perth Zoo and Melville Council for events of a "Poets in the Park" style in this financial year.

Grants

This year we successfully applied for grants for running Australia Day and the Burswood Poets in the Park, I would like to thank the City of Melville and the town of Victoria Park. for helping us promote Bush Poetry at these special events.

Unfortunately we were unsuccessful in getting additional grants to assist with Australia Day which meant that we had to curtail our advertising costs somewhat.

We are currently negotiating for an overall grant to assist with several events during the 2011 calendar year

In addition, We are waiting the outcome of a grant application for capital equipment in which we have applied for some additional PA equipment (mainly needed for Australia Day), some library storage facilities and for some additional signage. **Stop Press - this has now been approved.**

Website -

Our website continues to be well patronized, we are about to embark on a new venture where our members can have their own personal webpage attached to the Assn site for a very small annual fee..

Competition

Several of our members were successful in Major Competitions across the Country. In particular Val Read won several awards. The prestigious Bronze Swagman Award which she won in 2008 again came to WA with Keith Lethbridge taking out this coveted award in 2009 with his great poem "Galipolli". Congratulations to all of those who have achieved awards through the past year

Committee

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the outgoing committee for their support and hard work during the past year.

In particular, those committee members who are retiring,

- 1 Vice President **Grace** who has, since being elected to the position two years ago organised the muster personnel, Australia Day talent and programme coordination, newspaper advertising for our various events, and kept me on the straight and narrow when I drifted off it.
- 2 Our outgoing treasurer **Judith**, who "filled in" until you can get someone to do it" 2 years ago and who has kept our finances in order, and been responsible getting rid of our bank fees and also for getting the best financial deals for your money
- 3 Our outgoing Amenities manager, **Edna**, - how are we going to manage - who is leaving only because she has some quite major health issues.

Edna has seemingly always been there in the background, She came on the scene just in time to be the accommodation coordinator way back in 2004 when the National Championships were here.

I would also like to thank those people who have no committee connections but who, month after month come along and help at musters, Gwynva Rumble, Joan Donaldson, Ron Ingham and Gordon Thomas

And a special thank you to the very talented poets, performers, presenters and MCs who stand before us and share with us the humor, sadness and adventures of their poems and stories. Without you, we would have no musters, no country performances, no association

The future, It is again my hope that we continue to grow, to attract new writers and performers and to improve

the skills of those we have.

To become more well known in the general community, particularly among younger members and to have our style of Poetry once again become part of the mainstream entertainment, recognised as an important part of Australian Culture

And one final special thank you – To my “Good Wife” Dot, who helps in so many ways, both with the Assn at personally. She continues to support my endeavours despite hearing the same poems over and over again.

Thank you one and all. And I do hope I’ve not forgotten any one, if I have, I’m sorry

So that was my report for the year past. **On the financial side** of things, we made a profit of just over \$2,100 however \$2,000 of that was a donation to be put aside for (hopefully) Junior development - this has been done .

The Assn Assets were - Cash at Bank (working account) \$4,600, Fixed Deposit, \$7,000, Electronic Equipment \$5,000 (less depreciation), Outdoor and Misc Equipment, \$1800 (less dep) Catering Equipment \$400, Trailer and Signage \$2800 (less dep) = approx \$19,800 after depreciation of material assets

Looking at the ins and outs, we see the following (figures rounded to nearest \$25), (not including the \$2000 donation) Looking at the above figures, it is glaringly obvious that it is Muster attendance that pays for most of the ongoing expenses of the Assn, and if attendance numbers drop, we will have to raise membership fees significantly— we don't want to do this, so please, come along regularly, bring a friend, encourage others, this way we can all benefit and at the same time keep our costs to a minimum.

So there we are, another year gone— I welcome the new committee and I’m sure that we can all work together to give us another year of great Bush Poetry.

Ins (income)		Outs (Expenditure)	
Membership fees	1,950	Bully Tin	2,100
Muster Attendance	4,000	Muster Costs—Hall Hire	975
		Special Functions	150
Supper income	500	Supper	350
		Insurance	1,250
Australia Day (Grant & Donations)	1,250	Australia Day	2,200
Poets in the Park (Grant and Donations)	600	Poets in the Park (publicity, poets)	475
	100	Novice Comp (prizes certificates)	550
Novice Comp	250	Other expenses, inc Publicity, Office	1,600
Bank Interest	1,100	supplies, printing, website, trailer, badges	
Other income - Donations performance fees, Raffle, Badges	9,750 approx		9,650 approx
TOTAL			

Keep Writin' and Recitin', Brian Langley President.



Walking Different Tracks

Safety Issue In 2012, The Natural Gas that supplies many of our homes will change—this will mean that some gas appliances made before 1981 will be a hazard and will be replaced free with new ones to see if you are eligible—you need to fill in the form on-line at <http://www.gasapplianceprogram.com.au/form>. or ring **1800 110 464**

President Brian has given birth to twins— After a 13 year gestation period, he has finally delivered his Family History “Polly’s Lot”, both as a 150 page book and as a virtual website” on a CD. This is an endeavour that many people in their senior years take on. Unfortunately, many are started but never finished, either the project gets totally out of hand, dies prematurely due to lack of continuing enthusiasm, or just becomes a listing of dates and events. Brian’s book is not just this but is an interesting historic narrative, interspersed with photos, maps, as well as these essential ‘facts’

Derby Poets Brekky (July 4th)



Some of the Derby performers,
Back Row — Joss, Muz, Cobber, Ed,
Front Row — Peg, Phoebe and Shan-Rose

Collie 'Wally's new Locals were well represented, with poems from Joss Dunster, Raymond Te Amo, Ed Mahon (Who won the open written competition), Caitlin Westlake and Phoebe Jamieson (who won the Junior Competition)

All in all, A great morning was had by all.

Shan-Rose Brown

COBBER.

He warbles like a magpie in the moonlight,
And whistles like canaries do in Spring.
He can tell a story that will fill you with delight,
And play a tune on almost anything.

He often called the dancers to the square,
And they circled round in colourful delight.
His voice ensured that happiness was there,
As they chass'ed to the left and to the right.

His poems had rhythm and plenty of rhyme,
And are written in a gratifying way.
They tell us of another place and time.
How Australians occupied their day.

He mentioned ghostly dancers in a hall,
As he played an old piano tune or two.
He's had a lot of memories to recall,
But was eager to forget the wallaby stew.

He has an everlasting love of nature
And just walking through the bush.
Its quietness is the one great lure,
To save him from the City push.

He has a love of family and friends they've had for
years,
And the young ones no doubt keep him up to date,
But, with all the many jobs he had it certainly appears,
That he often liked the company of a dinkum Aussie
mate.

John W.Putland (c) 2010

And from our Qld member, **Colleen O'Grady** comes
ME

This, the 13th Annual Derby Bush Poet's Brekky was fantastic. After a cooked brekky - Barry Hasse, the Federal member for Kalgoorlie opened the show This was followed by a couple of hours of great poetry presented by a mixture of visitors and locals. Of the visitors, Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge - a regular at this event presented his 'unique' style of poetry which was received extremely well. Especially when he played 'We are Australian' using gum leaves!.

Our member, Peg Vickers from Albany, presented her usual very quirky and humorous poems which were also very well received.

The highlight of the morning was 'Muz' (Murray Hartin) from New South Wales, a professional 'poet' who had us all rollicking and laughing in our seats at his poems and humour. Yours truly (Shan-Rose Brown) presented two poems that went down extremely well. One which was given to her by our own Dave Smith from

Little girl sitting on a country fence,
Dreaming of things that make 'common sense',
Like pretty frilly dresses and brand new shoes,
Instead of those, which were 'don't know whose'!
A brand new doll in a brand new gown
Of soft white lace. She'd seen it in town!
Suddenly she started and looked around
And noticed that the sun was going down.
Up to the scrubby old shack on the hill
In her second-hand dress without any frill.

Sitting on a fence in her early teens,
Dreaming of a pony and brand new jeans.
Rodeos, gymkhanas, all around the west,
She'd prove to them all she rode the best!
Portable radio was tuned to her ear,
She'd won it in a raffle just last year!
Suddenly she started and looked around.
Her Mother was standing there, all of a frown!
You're wasting your time wrapped up in a dream!
You make me so mad, that I could scream!

Leaning on a fence as a young wife,
She daydreamed away the meaning of life.
Still wearing clothes that were 'don't know whose',
And married to a bumpkin always on the booze!
There were two little boys that took up her time,
Along with the washing draped on the line.
Maybe one day she will find herself free
To go and do her writing down by the sea.
A slurry voice behind her said 'wa'sh f'r dinner!'
She turned away, sighing; she'll never be a winner!

Middle age was on her as she gazed across the river
Feeling fairly happy, no longer in a dither.
She had also acquired a legal separation.
Plus a novel she had written was due for publication,
(Cont next page)

Poetry, prose and novel number two
Kept her pen busy while hearing doves coo.
History and English at school she was attending,
University could follow, but that was 'depending'.
She thought it could be a writer, or a social worker!

Whatever she decides, she'll never be a shirker.

Gone are the daydreams while sitting on fences!
After all these years, she'd come to her senses!
During her life she made many mistakes
While washing baby nappies or baking large cakes;
Along with some laughter, and many, many tears.
But time hadn't been wasted, she used her eyes and ears,
Tomorrow is now the day for which she will fight
For the four boys, and praying she was right;
Their education was important, she will not spare the rod.
It is a pact between her and Him - the one they call, God!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Firstly may I compliment you on the consistent quality of the content of the Bully Tin. In the June edition you gave a big coverage to the Bush Poets Breakfast and poets brawl obviously organised by Catherine McLernon, by the report it was a success. in which case my compliments are extended to all those involved.

When the Bush Poets and Yarnspinners were originally formed one of its aims was to introduce it to the folk of regional centres and surrounding areas, with the group in Albany and I hope in other places our art form is making progress. My good wishes are extended to you all out there - 'cause it ain't easy to keep the interest going It is refreshing to see some of the traditional works being recited also the good works of some of the contemporary writers, Syd Hopkinson, Bob Magor, what about 'Cobber'? he has written some great stuff and many others. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!
Rusty Christensen .

Thank you for the bouquets, Rusty, Catherine indeed does a great job in promoting and organising Bush poetry in the Geraldton district as do several others in regional areas, in particular (coming south from Geraldton), Corin Linch and Irene Conner at Jurien, Bill Gordon in Boyup Brook, Peter Blyth in Albany and Victoria Brown in Esperance. - Ed.

I enjoy reading the Bully Tin, and some of the new talent coming on is gratifying. While it is good to keep hearing the poetry of the 1890 writers, I think some of the older poets in our group should use their talents to make up new poems and not keep regurgitating old favourites at events, good as they are. Keep up the good work and I agree that some of the poetry from the "Arty-Tarty" group leaves me cold.
Regarding judges of poetry, no doubt they have their uses to regulate the standard of our poetry but they vary according to what they personally like to read and hear and audience reaction should be taken into account by them in their task of judging. Perhaps a separate vote should be taken by audiences at events. I often think the story behind a poem is often more important than the niceties of correct structure but there is no doubt that a well written poem with the dual attributes of very good rhyme and rhythm about an interesting subject is a pleasure to hear or reads.
John Putland - Darkan

Thanks John, you raise a couple of issues here, the first one came to my attention several years ago and it was for that reason that I introduced "Readings from the Classics" as a normal muster feature with the intention of diversifying the poems of a past era that we hear. Of the many, many thousands of poems of that time, we hear less than a hundred, those that have retained their popularity over the years. BUT many of those that languish in forgotten texts also deserve preservation and presentation. The second issue, judging has had a considerable airing at all levels of the Bush Poetry organisations without over-all consensus. A section "Audience Appeal" on performance competitions was suggested to the ABPA by Dave Proust but it was over-ruled by the management committee who considered that it would be too difficult to ascertain—"funnies" would likely achieve high marks. Dave did argue that "audience appeal should include tears, and other emotive reactions. - Ed

Rusty mentions Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge in his letter, John accompanied his letter with a couple of poems, one dedicated to Keith. You'll find it on the previous page

Believe in yourself

Because I enjoy presenting Poetry at Perth musters - I thought, with Dot's encouragement that I would apply to present a couple of poems at the Derby Poets Brekky - while I was holidaying up there.

My two 'gal pals' whom I was staying with on my short holiday they were 'full of trepidation' however. I couldn't quite understand that and it made me feel quite apprehensive.

I tried not to let it bother me too much - as I was 'armed' with a great poem that Dave Smith gave me and I also had the encouragement of Dot Langley when I first 'thought' of the idea. She also sent me through the words of 'Wild Stuff Stoo' which she had read and won our 'Classic' competition with.

Therefore!! to anyone who is considering going up on stage and presenting a poem. JUST DO IT! Believe in yourself - your ability to 'perform'. Never allow any 'negativity' to affect you. Don't ever say 'I cannot do that'.

Shan-Rose Brown

Thank you Shan-Rose, and Well Done. - That is indeed what this Bush Poetry stuff is all about - having a go. It's not just for the "experts" it's something that almost anyone can do, if, as you suggest they believe in themselves.

Standing up in front of an unfamiliar crowd for the first time is one of life's "dragons", but having conquered that, your self image will improve as will your communication skills and you will find that many of the other dragons will not seem so daunting. many of the other ones (one of the big ones being ers) is one the ways to improve your self image, improve your communication skills - Ed

July Muster Wrap up , by Teresa Rose

Thanks to Dot for 'holding my hand', so to speak, at our July Muster. Hopefully she is now well on the road to recovery. I will apologise now if I have not summed up all your poems and stories as they are usually done by 'The Expert'; as mentioned in previous "Bully Tins", it is very difficult to listen and write down everything at the same time, **especially when you've never done it before!**

So may I ask that all performers please give me a copy of their poems so that I can read and summarise them better. I will be doing the "Wrap Ups" for the next two Musters, and someone else will do September's as I will be in Kathmandu!!!

June Bond was our MC for the very cold and frosty July Muster which was held after the AGM. Congratulations to the incoming committee for 2010-2011, both old and new members.

Barry Higgins, J.P. was first up to the microphone and got the evening off to a light-hearted start by relating many of the "clangers" that various Football Commentators subject us to during the course of the football season. He then went on to give us a rendition of Syd Hopkinson's poem, "The Eagles and The Insects At The Zoo". (*N.B. Brian, I'm not sure if this is the actual title or not*) In what turned out to be very prophetic, (The Eagles were thrashed the next day), the poem relates how in the first half of the game, the Insects were getting thoroughly "done". In the second half, they brought in their 'secret weapon', the centipede and went on to win the match. When asked by fans why it took the coach so long to get him onto the field, he said that it took all of the first half to lace up his boots. Barry's second offering, "Animal Cunning" told about the handsome zoo creature who had a predilection for stone fruit, but after a very nasty experience with a peach stone that had to be removed surgically, thereafter always measured the size of the stone before eating the fruit!

Ron Ingham then gave us a performance of the very emotional and stirring, "The Last Parade" by Banjo Paterson, but in his introduction, told us that there were two verses which had been left out of many versions because they were considered 'politically incorrect' for a long time. Banjo had a great love for horses and his poem relates all the hardships and dangers that they endured; how they served so faithfully in battle, yet were dismissed so coldly at war's end. They just wanted to go home to their Australian paddocks. The missing verses which thankfully Ron included in his performance, tell of their inglorious 'disposal' when they were no longer needed, and the lack of acknowledgement for their bravery.

Marjorie Cobb told us that her poem, "The Shearer's Dream" by Henry Lawson, needed no preamble since it was very popular and well-known. However, she did remind us that it was written by a man, even though *she* was performing it. The shearer dreams of a shearing paradise where the rouseabouts are all beautiful girls who regularly serve beer and whiskey; where the sheep are all clean and smelling of scent and the shed and sleeping quarters are all cool and made of the best wood. To top it all there were three girls to every chap, but unfortunately it was all a dream brought on by the blazing sun.

Frank Heffernan was our next presenter and he had two of his own poems to offer for our enjoyment. The first, "Polly's Q Lamb Promo", told of the eating preferences of women, men and children. A woman is happy to eat most things, from stew, to salad, pasta or broth. Kids are happy with the simplest of foods, especially if it comes out of a packet or can; BUT a real Aussie man loves his red meat. However the meal guaranteed to be a favourite with all the family is the Sunday meal of Q lamb roast.

Frank's second poem, "She Married a Farmer", apparently got him into a bit of hot water when he wrote it because it is autobiographical and, according to his delightful wife Mary, is, "a bit close to the bone"!

The young farmer met the girl of his dreams at a country ball and despite coming from very different worlds fell in love and married. She thought being a farmer's wife would be just what she wanted and that she would have rather high place in the world. He thought that she would make a wonderful "chief cook and bottle washer" and run the whole place. Reality set in very quickly in the first year of marital bliss, but they managed to go with the changes and really started to appreciate the joys and pleasures that country life can bring. Even in their twilight years, there's dirt and grime and sheep poo to contend with, but his answer to all is the standard, "I still love you".

Caroline Sambridge presented us with two of her latest writings. She belongs to the Karibu Women Writers Group who have just released a book. Caroline told us her story called, "The Wacky Relative", about a strange lady who likes a breakfast of triple chocolate cheesecake, ice cream and fruit juice! She has had many adventures with her circus friends and introduced them to Caroline who is her niece! Then we had Caroline's poem, "The Book Launch", in which she tells about the book which has a picture of vegetables on the cover and is called, "Brussel Sprouts Won't Kill You!" If you want an interesting day, then come along to the book launch; you don't even have to pay!

Dave Smith, up from Collie began with the yarn, (inspired by Colin Thomas' version of "It's A Long Way") about Roy Rogers coming into town with a pocket full of money determined to get cleaned up and find a woman. Spruced up he goes off to find Mary Lou but is attacked by a mountain lion who rips his clothes to ribbons. In town he offers a reward for the capture of the offending cat. A local man comes in later with a huge cat's tail over his arm, asking, "Pardon me Roy, Is This The Cat-a -You- mew-mew? (*not sure if this is right!*)". After that, David performed his own poem, "Wally's New Boots", complete with alternating hats! Times were tough for Wally and Roma in the drought, but he really needed a new pair of boots. At last a small Lotto win came his way and he proudly brought his new R.M. Williams' boots home to show Roma. Disappointed at her lack of interest he strips off and admires his boots, (nothing else!) She just wishes he'd bought a new hat!

John Hayes was next with a poem he had written back in 1983, "Life In The Good Old Days", in which he relates about the times as a young man, he would only half listen to his Dad's stories. Living in a cold, old shack with no wall lining or insulation, and only dirt floors, Dad would reminisce about the good old days, about how the towns grew and his memories were nostalgic and rose-coloured, rather than telling of the constant hard work, the dole queues, the hardships and miseries that he had endured. However, as he looked back with fond memories, the years seem to fall from Dad's shoulders, and the 'good old days could be glimpsed in his eyes.

Lesley McAlpine presented a poem, "Nancy Of The Overtime", by Christina Hindhaugh. The writer is a successful farming, business woman as well as writer, and all her work shows her sense of humour and belief in embracing change. With apologies to Banjo (and his tale of Clancy), she tells of Nancy who works somewhere in an office, but a computer-generated reply to a letter, said she was off in Queensland, flying. The writer then imagines what Nancy's life may be like in the city; cool offices, lots of money, short hours, and time to visit fancy restaurants, shops and concerts. She compares it with her own hard, smelly life on the farm in the country, and although she would love to change places, doubts whether Nancy would be able to cope with the sheepyards.

Owen Keane gave us a poem, "The Assassination of Kevin Rudd", which he had only written the night before. Drawing some very hard-hitting comparisons with the betrayal and demise of Julius Caesar, it relates what may have been the ex-PM's reflections as he looked in the mirror the next day, as well as what the Governor General may have said.

Colin Thomas then gave us a beautiful poem he had written, "A Mother's Words of Wisdom". He tells of how his mother gave the newly-weds some valuable advice for a long and happy marriage: there will always be times of disagreement but one of you must give in, no matter who is right. Don't let the sun go down on an argument, and always be ready to listen. Wonderful words of wisdom indeed; thank you Colin.

Jack Matthews finished up the first half of the evening with a yarn that is not Australian but, he felt it was appropriate for the cold night we were having! "The Cremation of Sam McGee" by Robert Service tells the tale of two prospectors searching for gold in the frozen expanse of Alaska. Before he dies from the cold, Sam makes his mate promise to cremate him because he was so sick of the cold. A promise to a dying mate was not something that the other man would break, and he dragged the corpse on his sled along the ice for days until he came to a lake. There he found an old steamer and after stoking up the boiler with lots of wood, he stuffs Sam's body inside but it makes such horrible noises as it cooks that he rushes off outside. When he goes back to check and open the boiler door, there's Sam sitting there smiling because he's warm at last and asks for the door to be closed again to keep the draught out. This would have to have been the queerest sight ever seen under the Northern Lights!

After our 'free AGM' supper we returned for the second half of the programme. Many thanks to all the ladies who organised the refreshments.

Jean Richie gave us this month's Reading from the Classics: "West of Alice" by W.E. "Bill" Harney. In her introduction, Jean told us that the writer was a small man who loved to talk as well as write. He was a yarnspinner and poet as well as being the first Ranger at Uluru. He had a long association with the aborigines of the Northern Territory and readily welcomed any visitors to his tent, then cottage. He died on New Year's Eve 1962. In his poem, he tells of the people and activities involved in building the road North. He paints a very colourful picture of the red and dusty outback as it succumbed to the blades of the graders. Sturt Peas, acacia trees and purple parakeetyas all fell under those blades of steel. The local wildlife and native people are all affected by the disturbance to their lands. The history and culture of this land are revealed as the machines continue on their journey North.

Brian Langley presented certificates to the winners of our Short Poetry Competition then gave us a brief lesson about the do's and don'ts of writing Australian Rhyming Poetry. He then performed his own poem, "A Dangerous Place". The sea is a dangerous place to be in with all sorts of nasty creatures just waiting to get you or me. They swim under the waves or lurk under rocks with their poison and sharp teeth. Even in the little rock pools there's hundreds of pesky creatures so the safest place to swim is in the pool!

Dave Smith returned to the mike with his second offering, "The Old Bedford Truck" by Philip R. Rush. Dave relates very well to this poem as his father owned a Bedford. It was a truck used for so many different tasks on the working farm; from carrying stock and feed, to wire, machinery and vegetables. With the windows and paint-work well past their glory days, and most of the interior and the tray in worse condition, it still runs, with a few rattles and only needs to be in the sun for a while to get it going so it's good for a few years yet!

John Hayes gave us a short poem he had written about a fishing excursion at Timber Creek. In "Gone Fishing" he tells of how he wanted to catch a Barramundi, so one of the locals told him the best spot was the boat ramp. He failed to let on that the local crocodiles like to camp in the area too! Since the mosquitoes were swarming he had to stand in the water with his line and no light. Feeling a tug on the line he was astonished to pull in a 5m croc who proceeded to pull him into the water and grab him under with a death roll. After struggling for ages they surfaced in the ocean. Only then did he wake up to find himself strangling the missus! His tip: Don't drop off to sleep when you go fishing!

Frank Heffernan returned with, "The Man from Snowy River" by Eric Smith; but not the poem we all know and love so well. This Man was a legend too but not for the same reasons. This man's horse died and he carried it all the way into Cooma, but found his way lined with women and children who had come out to meet him. The taxi driver wouldn't allow the dead horse in the cab and the policeman barred him from the pedestrian crossing. He

was totally lost and confused with the roads and the roundabout in the town, but the locals bought him drinks and pies which were a bit hard to handle with his horse still in his arms. Eventually reaching Jindabyne, he was able to lay his burden down and his final resting place was there in the shade of Kosciusko beside his mare. Now his legend is celebrated by a race around the roundabout carrying a horse!

Lesley McAlpine gave us her own poem; the first time anyone other than Barry has heard it. In “Confetti” she tells of visiting one of those little old country churches where confetti was thrown at weddings and made a mess that the Minister did not like. He came up with the idea of employing a young lad whose sole responsibility was to clean up all the dots. Everything he tried to do to clean them up was useless as they all stuck fast. With determination he eventually came up with a successful method and was dubbed “Confetti Inspector” with a Dust Buster!

Barry Higgins gave us the yarn of “Dipso Dan Meets the Twins” by Jim Haynes. Dipso Dan spends most of his time in Dougie’s pub and is the town drunk and the butt of a prank by Dougie and the locals. They word up a pair of beautiful, identical twins who are in town for a ball, to come into the pub that night at exactly the same time, and to move and talk in a synchronised way. When Dougie tells Dipso Dan that he is so drunk that he’ll be seeing double if he drinks any more, the girls are given the nod to come into the bar as planned. Dan goes as white as a sheet and swears to give up the drink after seeing them. Worried that they’ve gone too far, Dougie tells him that it was just a joke and that the girls are identical; Dan is even more surprised and asks if all 4 are!

Jack Matthews was caught on the hop when asked to come up again as we had some spare time. He began by telling us a little about droving at Victoria River in the ‘40s, and about a cook they had once who used to hit the metho bottle sometimes. He was actually a very good cook and also had a wonderful singing voice. Jack told the short story of “Sonia Snell – To Whom an Accident Fell”. We have heard this before but it is always good fun. Sonia Snell is ‘caught short’ and has to spend a penny in the railway loo. In her hurry she doesn’t see that the seat has been freshly painted and sticks fast. She is taken to hospital by ambulance after the carpenter saws through the seat. The Doctors are amazed and one young fellow says he has seen a sight like it before but never framed!

Ron Ingham performed another of Banjo’s wartime poems, “A Grain of Desert Sand”. Written from the perspective of a grain of sand, it recounts the passing parade of people and history that has travelled the desert; Egyptian pyramid builders, Alexander and Napoleon. Many different races and religions have come and gone but the desert sand never changes.

With a couple of spare minutes at the end of the programme, our MC, **June**, finished off with some anecdotes of the delightful and embarrassing things small children say, written by Graham Mabury in the local newspaper. She thanked everyone for their efforts for the evening and Brian finished off proceedings for another month. See you all next time.

Thank you Teresa for a job very well done— are you sure you didn’t have a past life with a career in journalism ?

The 2010 National Bush Poetry Championships have just finished over there in banana and Bundy land, Bundaberg, Queensland. Major results were—

2010 Overall Australian Champion Poet					
Female			Male		
Jan Facey		Innes Park Qld	Gregory North		Linden NSW
Female Runner-Up			Male Runner-Up		
1st	Wendy Oss	Charters Towers Qld Gloucester NSW	1st	Ellis Campbell	Dubbo NSW
2nd	Claire Reynolds		2nd	John Lloyd	Calen Qld

The Full results can be found on-line at

www.abpa.org.au/archive/championships/Australian_Bush_Poets_Championships_Results_2010.html

State Performance Championships

Pssst - there's a whisper goin' round that we are going to have a State Performance Championship. As yet it is unconfirmed, but people are working toward it.

It's a long time since the last one in October 2005 at Tumulgum Farm in Serpentine. Will we have a new State Champion? Will the current Champion, Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge defend his title?

It has been proposed that the Open sections of a State Performance Championship be held at Boyup Brook in February 2011 in conjunction with the other Bush Poetry events which form part of the WA Country Music festival.

Initially conceived by our ABPA rep, Irene Conner while she was recently in Bundaberg at the 2010 National Championships, the idea was floated to President Brian and Boyup Brook Festival poetry coordinator Bill Gordon. These 3 considered it worth perusing and so the idea was put to the Boyup Brook committee who are enthusiastic

Earlier this year we concluded a Novice Performance State Championship but did not include "Open" events due to a lack of both available performers and enthusiasm.

Boyup Brook presents an ideal opportunity for a competition as a considerable number of poets gather there annually.

Initial events planning indicate that it is likely that the event will be "open" categories only, the "3 State championship" events (Traditional, Own Serious, Own Humorous) being a stand alone event additional to the 4 Bush Poetry events of the long weekend with other categories being included as part of the existing program.

So, making the assumption that it will happen, It's time to think about YOUR part in it. It's time to hone your presentation skills so that YOU can be part of this exciting event.

Whilst nothing is yet set in concrete, past Championships have included not only the 3 categories above, but also Yarn Spinning and Contemporary (someone else's) Bush verse as well as the possibility of a Poets Brawl type of event in which contestants are given a word or phrase to include in a poem which they must write and present in a fairly short time.

It is also intended to again hold a written competition in conjunction with the other events. - In the past couple of years, this has had two categories, Open and Novice

Keep your eye on your Bully Tins for further information as it evolves.

Talking of Boyup Brook, I've heard that we will again have the privilege of seeing and hearing those two Past National Champion, amazing young (well, young to me) Lady Poets Susie Carcery and Melanie Hall. If you missed out on being at Boyup this year, make sure you get there in 2011

Perhaps we can persuade them to come a bit a bit earlier so they can come along to our February Muster—wouldn't that be great.

With country thoughts in mind, here a poem from a few years back by that red-headed lass from Geraldton

COUNTRY YEARNING

Traffic fumes assault me as I walk along the street
The concrete of the pavement pushes back against my feet
Bargain signs shout out from shops to people passing by
Dazzled by the neon signs of commerce and desire
Ordinary people with no individual voice
Hurrying along because there is no other choice
Crowded and offended by their loss of personal space
Pretending that they're not surrounded by the human race
While packed in tight on trains and buses, ferries too and planes
They hide themselves in fantasy books or play their 'mobile' games.

The scent of eucalyptus, fragrant after rain
Settles all the busyness rushing round my brain
Lovingly the ground gives way underneath my feet
And cushions every step I take escaping from the heat
The rustle of dried leaves and twigs I kick into the air
Is music to my heart and I soon lose my despair
It evaporated quietly while I gaze on all around
In the wonder of the vastness and the spaces that abound
They make me feel at ease at last with all and every one
And my mind delights in memories as I warm up in the sun

I see again my childhood and the mates with whom I played
The vehicles that I rode in and the places where we stayed
I hear the horses canter round the paddock by the fence
I feel the velvet softness of their noses as they tense
Against the noisy trains that rattled on the nearby track
Even though they saw and heard them every day out back.
I climb again the pepper tree through its dappled shade
And smell the pungent fragrance as we crush its leaves of jade.
Swing from the rope tied on the branch, dangling to the ground
Recollecting friends and all the 'treasures' that we found

"Look out where you're going! Do you think I'm made of glass?"
My memories are scattered as I'm wrenched back from the past
It's time I left this foolishness and sought that sweet retreat
Not just in my daydreams but a place where I can meet
My present with my past and sweet memories without end
Of quiet times and happy thoughts with nature as my friend
Goodbye to all you city folk. I wish you all the best
A quiet place with fewer people is my main request
I'll pack my bags and leave you all. I'm going back again
To where the stars are always bright and we all love the rain.

Catherine McLernon December 2006

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

Brian Langley	President	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
Ralph Bradstreet	V. President		0408 099 146 ralph@bradstreet.org
Graham Hedley	Secretary	9306 8514	grahamhedley@westnet.com.au
Shan-Rose Brown	Treasurer	0427 080 574	shan-rose@bigpond.com
John Hayes	Committee	9377 1238	hayseed1@optusnet.com.au
Maxine Richter	Committee	9361 2365	maxine.richter@bigpond.com
Marjory Cobb	Committee	6250 0459	marjory@bentleyparkestate.com.au
Teresa Rose	Committee	9402 3912	tarose5@bigpond.com
Jill Miller	Committee	9472 3553	jill1947@yahoo.com.au

☆☆ **Upcoming Events** ☆☆

July 30—Aug 1	Ravenswood Qld	Qld Bush Poetry Titles—Neil 0400 131 852	macpoet@iprimus.com.au
August 6	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	Guest Artists—WA Folk Singers, Mike and Lesley
Aug 13-15	Casino NSW	Bushman Heritage Festival	www.casinovillage.com.au
Sep 3	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	Traditional Night (time now to start organising your costume)
Oct 1	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	
Oct 16	Bush Poets Brekky	Esperance Show	Victoria 9076 6088 tvbrown@bigpond.com
Oct 29	Closing Date	\$1,000 Gippsland Bush Poets Written Comp	bjdraper@netspace.net.au
Nov 13	Bush Poets Brekky	Albany Show - Peter 9844 6606	poetblyth@oceanbroadband.net
Next Year			
Jan 26	Bush poetry Showcase	Wireless Hill, Ardross	1-5pm
Feb 17—20	SEE YOU AT BOYUP BROOK		

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.

Do you want to be part of the National Scene — Then you might consider joining the Australian Bush Poets Assn
www.abpa.org.au . Annual membership \$30
 Stay up to date with events and competitions right across Australia

**Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed -
 Please Contact any committee person**

**Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.com**

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

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	Victoria Brown	CD	Keith Lethbridge	books
	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Corin Linch	books
	Rusty Christensen	CDs	Val Read	books
	Brian Gale	CD & books	Caroline Sambridge	book
	John Hayes	CDs & books	Peg Vickers	books
	Tim Heffernan	book		
	Brian Langley	books & laminated poems	"Terry & Jenny"	Music CDs
Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography			

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

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

Address Monetary payments to:
 The Treasurer
 WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn
 2 - 75 Ferguson St
 Midland 6056