



★ Next Muster - July 2nd, 2010 7.30pm MC June Bond
Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

**There are no public holidays in
 July in Australia
 Perth Int. Film Festival
 NAIDOC Week
 School Holidays
 Mundaring Truffle Festival**

What's here on the front page? When we think of Traditional Aussie Bush Poetry, we generally think of those relatively few poems which have remained popular throughout the past century. Many of those are by Banjo Paterson, some by Henry Lawson and a few by other poets. There were many thousands of poems printed in various newspapers of the times, unfortunately few of them retained any popularity, but many had messages, told stories or painted word pictures that are just as relevant today as they were when they were written

Last month I featured here a few of Henry's poems. I'm going to do it again this month, and again, like last month, these will be poems that do not see much exposure. Henry was a very prolific writer although much of his poetry was socio-political and about events of his time. Consequently such poems become outdated rather quickly. Irrespective of this, he had much to say on many subjects and a re-look at just a few may just give one or two of our members the incentive to look beyond the books of popular verses for other great poetry.

A Backward Glance

It is well when you've lived in clover,
 To mourn for the days gone by,
 Would I live the same life over
 Could I live again? Not !!
 But, knowing the false from the real,
 I would strive to ascend:
 I would seek out my boyhood's ideal,
 And follow it to the end.

From **As it was in the beginning**

As it was in the beginning,
 so we'll find it in the end,
 For a lover, or a brother,
 or a sweetheart, or a friend;
 As it was in the beginning,
 so we'll find it by-and-bye,
 When weak women hug their babies,
 and strong men go out to die.

As 'tis written now, or spoken,
 so we'll find it yet in deed,
 For their State, or for their Country,
 for their Honour or their Creed;
 For the love of Right, or hatred
 for the Everlasting Lie,
 When the women think of some things,
 and strong men go out to die.

Rebels all we are, and brothers,
 rebels to the laws we make,
 Rich or poor, or fat or lean man,
 fighting for another's sake;
 It is all as God decreed it,
 we shall find it by-and-bye,
 When our girls, disguised in boys' clothes,
 go to die where strong men die

Poverty (written 1897)

I hate this grinding poverty,
 To toil, and pinch, and borrow,
 And be for ever haunted by
 The spectre of to-morrow.
 It breaks the strong heart of a man,
 It crushes out his spirit,
 Do what he will, do what he can,
 However high his merit!

I hate the praise that Want has got
 From preacher and from poet,
 The cant of those who know it not
 To blind the men who know it.
 The greatest curse since man had birth,
 An everlasting terror:
 The cause of half the crime on earth,
 The cause of half the error

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I only woke this morning
 To find the world is fair,
 I'm going on for forty,
 With scarcely one grey hair;
 I'm going on for forty,
 Where man's strong life begins,
 With scarce a sign of crows' feet,
 In spite of all my sins.

Then here's the living Forties!
 The Forties! The Forties!
 Then here's the living Forties!
 We're good for ten years more.
 The teens were black and bitter,
 A smothered boyhood's grave,
 A farm-drudge in the drought-time,
 A weary workshop slave.

But twenty years have laid them,
 And all the world is fair,
 We'll find time in the Forties,
 To have some boyhood there.
 Then here's the wide, free Forties,
 The Forties! The Forties!
 Then here's the wide, free Forties!
 We're good for ten years more!

The twenties they were noble,
 The bravest years, I think;
 'Twas man to man in trouble,
 In working and in drink;
 'Twas man to man in fighting,
 For money or for praise.
 And we'll find in the Forties
 Some more Bohemian days.

Then here's the wiser Forties!
 The Forties! The Forties!
 Then here's the wiser Forties!
 We're good for ten years more.
 The thirties were the fate years;
 I fought behind the scenes.
 The thirties were more cruel
 And blacker than the teens;

I held them not but bore them,
 They were no years of mine;
 But they are going from me,
 For I am thirty-nine.
 So here's the stronger Forties!
 The Forties! The Forties!
 And here's the good old Forties!
 We're good for ten years more.



Walking Different Tracks

We note the passing of Western Australian author "Randolph Stow" (1935-2010). Winner of several prestigious literary awards, Stow was born in Geraldton, studied literature at UWA and was a writer of poetry and "literature of significance". One of his most commercially successful books was the 1967 largely autobiographical "Merry-go-round in the sea" which many of us will have read. Though living in UK for the past 40 years

he still retained connections to his birthplace. He is credited with having the ability to create an entire novel in his head and once completed, to transcribe it direct to print. Stow's main writing was carried out in the 1950s and 60s. He has written little in recent years but claims that if something came along that interested him, he would again take up the challenge.. He is described by many literary critics and current authors of note, including Tim Winton as one of WA's greatest authors.

IN BRIEF MEMBERSHIP FEES

Membership Fees are Due from July 1 - - please pay on time as we don't want to have to send out further reminder notices. Fees are unchanged since last year (and for the last several years)

BADGES

Remember—we now have badges for sale— Selling well, but we still have quite a few. See the treasurer at Muster or send her the \$5 plus \$1 P&P (or include a SSAE)

What's Traditional?

With Traditional night coming up rapidly over the horizon, your committee recently took a look at just what qualifies for this category. In the past, this has usually meant, more than 50 years old, but with our membership aging and the fifty years ago now being pre 1960, they thought some of these poems are a bit modern and could have been written by most of our current members. It was felt that the spirit of "traditionalism" should concentrate on older stuff. So - the decision has been made that for general "Traditional" categories (not in competition where we follow ABPA guidelines) Traditional will mean prior to the end of WWII

PLAGERISM Back in May "The Saga of Sonia Snell", was presented by Jack Mathews, at the time, Jack did not know the author, President Brian, who knows the poem well told us it was by Cyril Fletcher (a pom)
Shan Rose had done some research during the month and found that the poem was actually written by Doug Ginger in 1940. He was a private in the British Army and his Captain had asked him to write something to entertain the troops. His Captain SOLD it to the Age Newspaper who passed on to the BBC and Cyril Fletcher, who took it as his! While Cyril may not have said it was his work; neither he or the BBC apparently corrected later claims that Cyril was the author. Oh Dear! another writer cheated out of his due.

This only goes to show the importance of always acknowledging the source of any poem you present or pass on to others.

CONGRATULATIONS to Syd Hopkinson for having his well known poem "The Illiterate Stockman" selected for featuring in the RM Williams Co magazine "Outback"

AUGUST MUSTER GUEST ARTISTS

Many of you may recall, back at Mt Pleasant, we had folk singers "Mike and Lesley" come along to

entertain us with their songs about Western Australia's early days. We are fortunate that we are having them back again, this time for the AUGUST MUSTER - so - This is a special night, tell all your friends and bring them along for some great entertainment.

BUSH POETRY - just a gentle reminder to one or two presenters—we are a BUSH POETRY organisation, Presented poems MUST ~~have very good and consistent R & R~~

A couple of points from "tips for writers" which could be of advantage to some are:

- ◆ Bush Poetry has **either** a 1 in 2 or a 1 in 3 stressed / unstressed syllable pattern **YOU MUST NEVER MIX THESE**
- ◆ Do NOT try and put a rhythm to words—it is the other way about, **YOU MUST** use words that fit the consistent rhythm

Here's the lovely Peg Vickers from Albany's slant on this subject— Thanks Peg

GRANDPA AND THE POETS' BREAKFAST

It was a poets' breakfast, at the agricultural show
And Grandpa in his wisdom ~~thought he'd like to have a go~~
It had to be bush poetry for that was all the rage
So Grandpa put his hat on, and went up on the stage.

But he'd forgot the golden rule, we hear it all the time.
Bush poetry's Australian, with rhythm and a rhyme.
But Grandpa gave them Tennyson, Byron, Keats and Blake
No hint of dying stockmen, or a cranky tiger snake

He boomed out 'The Death of Nelson', 'The Lady of Shallot'.
And the people cheered wildly, at the bits that he forgot.
He knew 'The Ancient Mariner', 'The Raven at the Door'
And when they thought he'd finished, he hit them with some more.

Dying kings and shipwrecks, the maiden and the rose
Byronic lengthy elegies, ballads, odes and prose.
Romeo and Juliet, sonnets and the verse
Til some old cocky bellowed out "This can't get any worse"

So they threw tomatoes at him, custard pies and eggs
Which burst upon his jacket and ran all down his legs
But he said he wasn't finished as he tried to wipe his shirt
So they pelted him with turnips, which really must have hurt.

At last Grandpa conceded that he's surely had enough
But he said "It isn't my fault, I didn't write this stuff -
Byron, Keats and Shakespeare are the ones you should condemn
So take your eggs and turnips, and throw the lot at them.

Now at a poet's breakfast, where their verses fill the air,
If you look around for Grandpa—you wont find him anywhere.



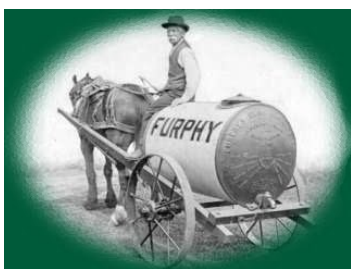
★ **Poet from the Past** Although not strictly a “Bush Poet”, some of his work finds its way into
★ our genre—An icon in the literary field, Joseph Furphy (1843—1912) (of the family from
★ which the term “furphy” meaning rumour comes) wrote under the name of “**Tom Collins**” .
★ He is remembered particularly here in Western Australia ,by the annual Tom Collins Literary
★ Award and that the house that he lived in has been preserved (albeit relocated from its original
★ 9 Servetus St. Cottesloe to Swanbourne) and is now used by WA’s oldest literary society.
★ Starting his working life as a farmer, Joseph went on be a bullock driver, and later, during the
★ depression of the 1890s worked at his brother’s foundry.
★ During much of this time he had developed various philosophies of life which he put into stories
★ and verse, many of which were bought to the public by the Sydney Bulletin. He was a
★ man of very high morals and also a born optimist. He was often at odds with Henry Lawson’s
★ views on bush life. In 1893 he wrote to a friend about ‘the hideous depression brought on by the unbridled
★ greed of vile men in high places’. His major literary work “Such is Life” (for the first time using “Tom Collins” as
★ his pseudonym) which he presented to the Bullytin editor, Alfred Stephens for consideration in 1897 was criti-
★ qued by Stephens as “Rather long-winded, yet it is good. It seems fit to me to become an Australian classic, or
★ semi-classic, since it embalms accurate representations of our character and customs, life and scenery which
★ in so skilled and methodical a form occur in no other book I know.” The book was eventually printed in 1903.
★ The following year, he moved to Perth where he continuing to write until his death in 1912.
★ Although widely acclaimed by literary critics and academics of the time, sales of his book “Such is Life” were
★ disappointing both to him and his publisher, but the devotion of his admirers, and the praise of some critics
★ have not upset his standing as the author of a classic which few were to read and no one was ever to establish
★ clearly what it was all about.
★ You can find Joseph Furphy’s (Tom Collins) biography at www.adb.online.anu.edu.au/biogs/A080618b.htm



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Furphies

No doubt everyone has heard the term “Furphy” applied to unsubstantiated stories, rumours etc—This term originated around this time of the year during the Gallipoli campaign in 1915. As usual in the military, the fighting men are the last to know what is actually going on and rumours abound. During WWI one of the few enlisted men who moved between the various companies, both officers and enlisted men was the waterman, his horse (or in some cases donkey) pulling the iron water tanks of the time. In the AIF, the company that got the contract to supply these water tanks was the foundry of John Furphy of Shepparton, Victoria. The



tanks (which were first made in 1878), and by default, the men who moved them around became known as “furphys” and as the only means that the troops had of knowing (supposedly) what was happening elsewhere was through

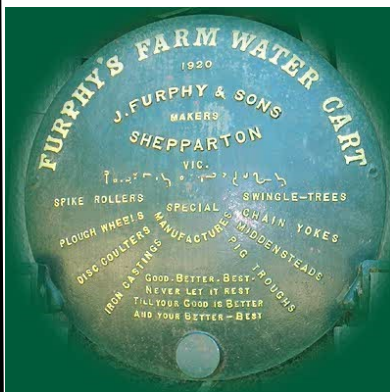
the “furphy”, this term gradually changed from meaning the tank and /or its driver to meaning the stories that he told, unsubstantiated and largely based on rumour

Over the years, the tanks changed—initially having blank ends, advertising was added during the 1880s. In 1896 a quote “Good, Better, Best, never let it rest, until your good is better and your better best” was added.

After the war, the tanks were promoted as farm tanks and in about 1920, what looked like some foreign writing appeared on them. It is in fact Pitman Shorthand and says "Water is the gift of God, but beer is a concoction of the devil, don't drink beer"

In 1942 (with Furphy tanks again being used by the AIF in North Africa), this was changed to "Water is the gift of God, but beer and whisky are concoctions of the devil,

come and have a drink of water"



Other messages were, from time to time also cast into the tank ends, one of the more notable ones being a modified version of the saying attributed to W M Hughes, the prime minister of Australia, together with an illustration of a stork holding a baby in traditional fashion. The statement, also in shorthand, read "Produce and populate or perish."

Another story about the origin of the term “Furphy” in a similar vein is that it was the spreading of stories by people gathering at outback wells to fill their water tanks.— I feel that this is a bit far fetched (a ‘furphy’, no less) as the term did not appear meaning rumour until WWI - I doubt too that people having Furphy tanks gathered to collect water. Certainly they were used on farms, but collective water gathering? - perhaps also a furphy - but then—maybe not.

Philistine — regarded as being ignorant, uncultured, and indifferent or hostile to artistic and intellectual achievement.

What is it that makes some people become larger than life, in fact almost God like in the literary and arts fields? Mostly I find their product to be undecipherable, boring and totally lacking appeal to almost all but their “intellectual contemporaries”. - Perhaps I’m a Philistine If so, I don’t care (BL)

Banjo Paterson, referring to his fellow contributor to the Bulletin wrote:

Tom Collins

Who never drinks and never bets,
But loves his wife and pays his debts
And feels content with what he gets?
Tom Collins.
Who has the utmost confidence
That all the banks now in suspense
Will meet their paper three years hence?
Tom Collins.

Who reads the Herald leaders through,
And takes the Evening News for true,
And thought the Echo's jokes were new?
Tom Collins.

Who is the patriot renowned
So very opportunely found
To fork up Dibbs's thousand pound?
Tom Collins.

"Dibbs" refers to Sir George Richard Dibbs (1834—1904), a colourful NSW politician who was forever dreaming up schemes to bring the colony into some sort of financial stability. Many of his schemes involved increased taxation and government charges which were not very popular. Tom Collins was in favour of many of his proposed reforms.

Banjo of course spelt his name with a single T, unlike many others who have a similar name. Unfortunately, many people writing his name forget this

Frank Daniels wrote this little ditty about this very subject.

One 'T' in Paterson

'An error' you say or a 'typo'!
Careless is my point of view
'Banjo' saw fit to use only one
Many persist using two!

It's blasphemy, that's what I call it,
Irreverence comes to my mind
He only used one in his signing
How many of you are so blind

You can see by the letters he wrote
Third letter after the 'P'
Whenever you write the bush bard's name
Remember - there's only one 'T'

And to fill a little space—a **bush limerick**

There was a young girl from Gilgarre
Whose doctor said "you'd better marry"
She said "Marvellous news;
But who do I choose?
I don't know if it's Tom, Dick or Harry

© Grahame Watt

(Mainly) **Aussie — History This Month July**

1st	2000	GST introduced into Australia
2nd	1865	Forerunner of Salvation Army founded (Wm Booth UK)
	1897	First Wireless Telegraphy patent (Marconi)
3rd	1886	Worlds first automobile (K Benz—Germany)
7th	1841	Edward Eyre completes first crossing of Australia
10th	1852	Sydney incorporated as a city
	1985	Greenpeace's "Rainbow Warrior" sunk in Auckland
12th	1971	Aboriginal Flag flown for first time
14th	1814	Mathew Flinders book in which he proposes the name "Australia" is published
	1900	Australia's first Gov. general appointed (John Hope—Earl of Hopetoun, previously Gov. of Victoria)
16th	1914	Australia first interstate airmail service (Vic—NSW)
18th	64	"Nero" burns Rome
19th	1814	Matthew Flinders dies
21st	1858	First intercity telegraph opened (Adelaide—Melbourne)
23rd	1903	First Ford motor car sold
25th	1851	First written mention of the "Yowie"
	1973	the Numbat becomes WA's animal emblem
26th	1858	Melbourne & Sydney linked by telegraph
27th	1850	First English Gov. assisted immigrants (now termed 10 pound poms) arrive in Australia (Freo aboard the "Sophia")
28th	1902	Painter Albert Namatjira born
	1993	the Opal given National Emblem status
29th	1907	Boy scout movement started (UK)
31st	1900	WA votes to join the Commonwealth of Australia (the last colony to do so)
	1951	Tennis player Evonne Gulagong born

Paddy Magee - Breaker Morant written 1892

What are you doing now, Paddy Magee?
Grafting, or spelling now, Paddy Magee?
Breaking, or branding?
Or overlanding,
Out on the sand ridges, Paddy Magee?

Is your mouth parched, from an all-night spree?
Taking a pick-me-up, Paddy Magee?
Cocktail - or simple soda and b.? -
Which is the "antidote," Paddy Magee?

Still "shook" on some beautiful, blushing she?
Girl in the Bogan side, Paddy Magee?
A hack providing
For moonlight riding,
Side-saddle foolery, Paddy Magee?

Up on the station - or in the town -
Or on the Warrego, droving down,
Whatever you're doing - wherever you be!
"There's lashin's o' luck to ye!" Paddy Magee!

June Muster Wrap up , by Dot Langley

Lorelie Tacoma was our MC for the night and we were joined by some new members some of which were not yet 1 year old!! With the accompaniment of baby chuckles and singing in time to the poetry all of our poets coped very well with the extra murmuring.

Brian Langley went first with a new one just written and not yet quite fully committed to memory. "Different Stances" had a few of our ladies a bit worried about just where this poem was going. With the starting line of 'ladies mostly do it while they're sitting on a seat but blokes prefer to stand up tall upon their own two feet'. We looked at why men and women do this simple task so differently. Anatomy? Vanity? Fashion? Well - its practical and not so weird that ladies sit to shave their legs, blokes stand to shave their beard.

"The Roaring Days" by Henry Lawson was performed by **Grace Williamson**. This poem talks of the days that are quickly passing as we grow old. Remembering those glorious days of sailing ships carrying the "seekers of gold" The rough bush camps, the mullock heaps, the occasional woman's touch, the disappointments of failed hopes - these were the roaring days.

Dave Smith had a treasure of a find when cleaning out someone's room and in a box with a whole lot of old music he found this gem. "Fair City of Perth" written by Ada Coultas, with words and music tells of our fair city and how you will always want to come back to it. The photo on the front of the music sheet, suggests that the city was still growing with most of the 'high rise' only about 8 - 10 stories tall.

With his second presentation he had "The Old Kero Tin" by Dulcie Smith from Queensland. This was a tin that had enumerable uses as most of us of a certain age know full well!! The kero tin when it was empty it wasn't thrown away. With added handles it was used to carry water, it was kept in the shed for tools and gear, it was kept to carry stock food. Mum would keep one on the stove with water hot and steaming for the bath in the old tin tub as well as boiling up Dad's dirty clothes. It served as a mail tin until when it was finally full of holes we threw it away.

Shan Rose Brown then gave us "A Smile" by that industrious poet, Anon . This smile she gave it away to everyone that she met and even took it out when shopping and gave it away without thinking. She gave it to the little ones, also her neighbours and to the old folk. The wonderful thing is that every time her smile came back to her.

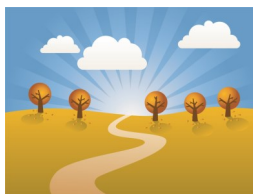
Colin Thomas had some of his tales to tell. With the first about an insect that was caught then put into a match box that was put into a shoe box then into a crate but instead of taking it to the tip he took it to Kings Park and let it up and away. The second had a stowaway with no money getting on a boat to try and get to France. It will take a bit of luck as this boat is the Rottnest Ferry.

Owen Keene had a bit of a rant about "Respect". He demanded that people respect his flag and on his command salute it and with complete silence hear his voice and show proper respect for the flag.

Our unlikely duo **Barry Higgins and Kerry Bowe** did their double act with "Unlikely Bedmate" by Betsey Chase. An Indian from Bombay and a Politician along with a Jew were seeking a bed for the night. As only two spare beds were available in the house, one needed to sleep in the barn. The Indian volunteered but decided it was no go as he couldn't share a bed with a sacred cow., The Jew couldn't either as an unclean pig was there, so off went the polly but shortly there was a knocking at the door. The pig and the cow were looking for somewhere to sleep!!

Jerome had been to Dwellingup and found there a few books by Tasmanian bush poet Philip Rush who has many awards and lots of books to his credit. Out of the Book "How to Dazzle a Bandicoot" he read "The environmental poem" Why, he asks, couldn't we have chickens hired out to reduce the household waste, they could scratch around and even leave us some eggs. Sheep are quieter than a mower and there could be a show when children could watch them being shorn. Jack Russells' could be used to catch mice. Environmental opportunities abound. In his second reading Jerome did "The Locust Plague" written for Sydney's invasion in 2000. This menace that has developed in China recommends the voracious anti locust team. They are several thousand ducks ready to attack. Chickens are inadequate but ducks are more aggressive. With the ducks on the job there is a limit in chemicals and they will give us a 'green' control.

Marjory Cobb has been away travelling all over. She says that she must have itchy feet as she is always looking over the hill. In Gerald Gould's poem "Beyond the East the Sunrise", stirs her the same. The call of travel bids me to say goodbye as I follow the call of the seas and the ships. With the sun for a friend and the stars as a guide the call of a bird, as long as there is a horizon put the blame on the white road and the sun in the sky that calls for me to go.



Peter Drayton up from Albany has a new one of his own, "Kings of the Dead". With many faces and our leaders who came to fame, there are now fallen captains, kings and princes of the dead. Yarn spinners reflect our culture as they tell their stories as they lean on the stories of the dead.

After a lovely supper and once again our thanks to the ladies with the tea pots and jugs of hot water and some home made cakes and slices.

Mary Maude Winter was our Reader of the Classics and she had chosen three short poems by James Mc Cauley, Douglas Stewart and Judith Wright who had all written about Magpies. These fascinating birds with the black and white feathers who confidently go about their foraging. With their songs that they sing when they throw back their heads and sing with such song that each is born with such a throat that every note is clear and strong. In their

black and white feathers they run about gathering up worms and its in the night when the moon is shining bright the we lie in bed listening to the call of the magpies practicing their songs.

Barry Higgins then gave us "Rough Justice" by Connie Herbert, he then told of the two JP's caught fighting and being arrested. What were they to do as each of them were the towns only JP's. We will try each other was the decision. With the first JP being tried and fined ten pounds they swapped places and the next JP was fined one hundred dollars. Why? Because there is too much of this fighting as this is the second case this morning. The two JP's are now no longer friends.

Next, with her own "Bedtime Blues" **Kerry Bowe** tells of that problem with trying to get to sleep. When the stars and moonlight are so bright and she has counted enough sheep but still she can not get to sleep. Perhaps some food, or watch TV, try some deep breathing, or if only my husband would wake then we could talk or go out for a walk. The clock in the hall is sounding out his wake up call and now the sunlight has appeared and the long night has passed but as the time to arise its now I think that I can drop off to sleep.



Then with Banjo's "The Swagman's Rest", **Peter Drayton** told of the swaggie, old Bob, who on his deathbed had said "*bury me out where the bloodwoods wave, and, if ever you're fairly stuck, Just take and shovel me out of the grave And, maybe, I'll bring you luck.*" Well, they buried old Bob and years later when the drought came remembered his words so they moved aside his skeleton and found a vein of quartz and the gleam of gold that ran for ever was the richest mine of the Eaglehawk, known as The Swagman's' rest.

With her second performance **Grace Williamson** did "An Old Mate" by Paul Harrower. This poem about man's best mate – This dog shows that his loyalty in times of trouble is given unselfishly to his master. When a wild bull charged straight in and felled the masters horse; unable to move as his leg was broken, he feared the end was nigh. But Blue the dog raced out and saved him, sacrificing his own life for his master.

Jerome returned with another of Philip Rush's poems "Where is the Toilet?" which tells of the farmer needing to go. Their toilet was outside down the garden path, with its porcelain loo, all connected to the septic. A quiet reflective spot he needed to sit a while with a good book. His impatient spouse rushed back in asking where is the loo? Its all gone nothing to see except a spouting gush of water. They both look and there is the missing loo being pushed across the lawn with the bright new red tractor. Oops must have left the tractor in gear!! He continued with "What comes around", which is all about those annoying Blow-flies that you don't seem to be able to get away from. Daytime, they're everywhere. At night with the lights ooff, you hear them buzzing round your face, but turn the light on and they've disappeared.

With the new computer speak there are a number of words that we need to know and just what is their true meanings and **Lesley Mc Alpine** had a list of these words and their meanings. Words like Log On – make the barbie hotter, Megabyte – what territory mozzies do, Micro chip – what's left in the bag after you have eaten the chips, Laptop – where cats sleep, Cursor – the old bloke that swears a lot, Off Line – when the pegs don't hold the washing up.

Dave Smith was next with Banjo's "Geebung Polo Club" a well known poem of the club that formed from thin and wiry folk who could ride any horse although their style was a bit rough. When from the city came a team of neat collar and cuff men with members quite distinguished by exclusiveness and dress. When they thought that they would show the Geebungs a thing or too they were quickly overwhelmed by a much tougher group of riders as they battled one another till the field was strewn with the dead. As the last surviving collar and cuff man tumbled off his horse to die the game was declared a tie. By the river where the breezes shake the grass there is a row of little gravestones that the stockmen never pass. For they can hear the ghostly riders and the phantom polo ponies and the haunting specters of the Geebung Polo Club.

With one of his own **Graham Hedley** presented "John Dunn of Osterley". Poor John is waiting for the train knowing that he won't get any shelter from the rain and when the train comes there won't be anywhere to sit as the train is always full. He would like to read the paper but the train is always full and there isn't anywhere to stand. He really should change his address too, but he know that he never will.

Barry Higgins was then called up to give us a return performance of Syd Hopkinsons' Illiterate Stockman (See last months wrap up for the full story).

Brian Langley finished the nights entertainment with his "Shipwreck". Today being the anniversary of the Batavia wreck, he reminded us of other ships whose fate forever remains a mystery. His poem could be one of those. Smashed up on a reef somewhere, any survivors cast ashore "10 thousand miles from home" with no food and no prospect of rescue.



Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2009—2010

Note—all positions will become vacant at the AGM, some positions in the new committee will be different people

Brian Langley	President	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
Grace Williamson	V. President	9361 4265	grace.wil@bigpond.com
Graham Hedley	Secretary	9306 8514	grahamhedley@westnet.com.au
Judith Jowett	Treasurer	9364 1699	
Edna Westall	Amenities	9339 3028	ewestall@tpg.com.au
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

Note people with crossed out names are NOT nominating for the 2010-11 committee

☆☆ Upcoming Events ☆☆

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

July	2	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	Preceded at 6.30pm by AGM
July	4	Derby	Bush Poets Brekky—	fatesbe@aapt.net.au
July	9-11	Bundaberg, Qld	National Championships	www.abpa.org.au/Bush_Poetry/Championships/
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	29	Closing Date	\$1,000 Gippsland Bush Poets Written Comp	bjdraper@netspace.net.au
Next Year	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 Vice Pres—Grace**

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

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 3 - 10 Gibson St, Mt Pleasant 6153
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