

BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - June 5th, 2009 7.30pm MC Chris Preece ★
Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

June is

The start of Winter,
 Foundation Day,
 World Blood Donor Day,
 Red Nose Day
 And among many others it's "Potty
 Training awareness month"



While the rest of Australia celebrates the Queen's Birthday in June, we here in the west have it at a different time. This is because we have our own

special celebration on the weekend before. Here in WA, Foundation Day is on the 1st of June and is , marked by a long weekend.

This is a very significant date in our history, for on that day in 1829 the Colony's first European settlers, men, women and children, completed their long sea journey from Britain to the (yet to be proclaimed) Swan River Colony. They arrived on board the *Parmelia* under the command of Captain James Stirling and had their first view of mainland Western Australia. Although wintry conditions prevented them from stepping ashore on the mainland until some time later, Foundation Day has since been recognised on this date.

A Meeting of Cultures

Foundation Day commemorates the date in 1829 when there was a meeting of cultures; one that has evolved from this land over tens of thousands of years, another brought to this land from across the waters by free settlers seeking a new promised land to call home. Over the subsequent years these have been joined by further arrivals from all corners of the world. Each group contributes elements of its rich heritage to forge our unique, vibrant Western Australian identity and culture.

Without those who together laid the foundation of our State Western Australia as we know it would not exist. To say we owe much to all those who have come before us is an understatement. From the traditional custodians of the land, to the British colonists, to the waves of immigrants that followed, they were exceptional people, farsighted and determined in their belief in the viable, free, prosperous, democratic State we all share and enjoy today.

Foundation Day is a time when we pay tribute to all those who came before us and to the citizens of today who are building our future. It also a time, when we can join in putting community endeavour on show in a spirit of pride and appreciation for the efforts and achievements of our fellow citizens, past and present.

It is a day of significance and pride to all who call Western Australia home.

In order to help celebrate Foundation Day, this Bully Tin will feature only the works of Western Australians, mainly current ones, but a couple from the past.

Elsewhere in this Bully Tin, you'll see reference to "Closet poets" - This poem is from one such poet who sent me in his collection of around 50 poems. He tells me that he's thought about publishing, but just hasn't got around to it. I wonder how many others like him are out there? A whole lot of wonderful verses, yet to be discovered.

I can relate to this poem, as I'm sure a whole lot of other members can

Aching bones

Now my hair is thinning out, but that's only on my head
 For it grows in great big clumps from both my ears
 And it's better not to mention all the re-growth in my nose
 As I face the mounting weight of passing years

And I find the days grow shorter than they ever were before
 For I'm able to do less each passing day
 My back and knees and joints and eyes are failing one by one
 I'm getting bent and old and going grey

Some say there's compensation and great joy in growing old
 But I'm bugged if I know just what they mean
 Perhaps it's watching movies that I've watched ten times before
 'cos I can't remember much of what I've seen

The books I've read I read again as if they're something new
 But only large print versions make the grade
 I've given up all sorts of things I used to like to do
 And things I still can manage get delayed

Oh I know they say you mellow like a good old vintage wine
 But I think they tend to stretch the honest truth
 For if I had my druthers I would swap my aching bones
 For a body full of life and hope and youth

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Walking Different Tracks

On the general poetic scene, Remember that the Perth Poetry Club has their weekly "readings" at the Court Hotel, 50 Beaufort St. Perth, every Saturday, 2—4pm. If you're interested in other poetic aspects, be it Slams or Sonnets, why not pop along. More info at www.perthpoetryclub.com

Seems that member **George England** has an Australian heritage association with more than just Bush Poetry, I happened to see his picture in the local community paper a week or two back. George is featured for donating two May Gibbs paintings he owned (inherited from his grandfather) to the City of South Perth's "Heritage House Cultural Centre." May Gibbs and her father Herbert Gibbs, both lived for some time in South Perth in the early 1900s.

This is a reminder to all of us that should we be in possession of anything of cultural significance, we should seriously consider ensuring that it eventually finds its way to a suitable home. It would seem that interest in our heritage is something that grows with age, and many of our younger generation would consign anything they didn't personally like either to a rubbish skip or as part of a bulk deal to a second hand auction house. Our heritage deserves a far better fate

Poets in the Park

Another successful "Poets in the Park" at McDougall Park in South Perth on May 3rd. Not quite as many in the audience as last November, but, it was after all an afternoon when the footy was on.

President Brian MC'd the event and was joined by Grace Williamson, John Hayes, Wayne Pantall, Barry Higgins and a very welcome late addition, Arthur Leggett. The audience were entertained for two and a half hours which included a range of traditional poems as well as many written by the poets themselves. Trish Joyce joined the line-up in fine voice with her song "Mother." In the "open Mic" section, we heard from 3 non professionals, also a newcomer to the Bush Poetry scene was impressed enough to come to the microphone and thank us all for keeping our great heritage going

Short Poetry Competition

The May Muster was the setting for our most recent short poetry competition. With the number of lines limited to 16 and the topic being "Mother" 21 entries were presented to the very appreciative audience. Judging was, as in past similar events, by a panel of 5 judges, selected at random from the audience. In judging, the top and bottom marks were initially discarded, the other 3 being totaled for a final score. Out of a possible 30, the two top results were 24 followed by 3 on 23. The discarded bottom marks were used to separate the tied results giving us:

- 1st place—John Hayes (read by Grace Williamson)
- 2nd—Norm Eaton (read by himself)
- Equal thirds, both by Brian Langley (read by himself)
- 5th Hadley Provis (read by himself)

It's great to see some new faces among those near the top. Only a few marks separated the majority of the remainder. While many of the poems were traditional in their sentiments, there were some who went a bit "outside the square"

Congratulations to all the entrants and especially to those who will shortly receive their "Certificates of Merit"

The top 4 poems are included in this Bully Tin (hint - Hadley if you'd like to give me your poem, I'll put it in next month)

"Mother" Poems Winners - More on next page



Mother (John Hayes - 1st Place)

When I think of mother I recall my childhood days,
The warmth of love she fostered the kindness of her ways.
The music of her lilting voice that allayed my fears,
Bringing laughter to my lips that stemmed the flow of tears.

Through my years of schooling she urged me to pursue
The ethos that was valued while to thyself be true.
She cloaked her disappointments as knowingly she smiled,
With the wisdom of a mother who loved her artless child.

When from the sheltered haven I ventured further out,
Though willing was my spirit my heart was filled with doubt.
As 'neath the darkest night I walk or the clear blue sky
I hear her voice through the trees or on the winds that sigh.

There's no need to light a candle to show me the way,
For mother was the light of life till her dying day.
In the unknown world she dwells but lives within my heart,
For timeless is a mothers love, and we will never part.

About My Mum (Norm Eaton — 2nd Place)

I was born in Subiaco around nineteen twenty five;
And I lived on Bengers Baby Milk,
'Twas this kept me alive.
It was a rough beginning for a two and a half pound kid,
But then, with every recipe,
Be it soup or sweets or crusts,
Was added bags of sentiment,
That wondrous stuff called love.
When we came home from school or play,
We knew Mum would be there,
We knew that she would wash our clothes,
That there'd be things to wear.
Takes years of life to understand,
And humbling it will be,
That wondrous thing Mum always had,
Was love for kids like me.

New Poetry Comp—Short Notice

The inaugural "Snowy Mountains of Music" Festival at Perisher on June 5-8 will feature both written and performance competitions. Entries for The "Broken Ski" award for written verse can only be done electronically at website <http://snowymountainsofmusic.com.au/poetry>. Entries close on **June 3rd** so you've not much time to get your entries in. It would seem that there is no entry fee and there appears to be no restrictions on entries.

May Muster 2009 - by Dot

Firstly an Oops from last month, Fran Heffernan's poem was not by John Farr, but the political satirist John Clarke.

Ann Hayes was our MC for the night and we had the theme of Mother. . We had 21 poems submitted for the short poetry competition and a couple of poems written to the theme but too long for the competition were submitted by country poets and read by other members. We also had some new faces in our audience so we welcome them and hope that they will make our muster nights a fixture on their calendar.

With Anzac Day just gone **Peter Knowles** presented his "Anzacs". It tells of the 'old soldiers' gathering for that special day as they tell of their stories to their mates and sing the well known ditties. As the beer flows freely and the pennies flutter to the ground they are out there with their thoughts turning to the ones who sailed at dawn and left their dead on those foreign shores. With the bugles call and the flags all waving proudly we will honour them.

Chris Preece had put a lot of work into learning one of John Hayes poems "Through the eyes of a Child" and almost got through it before having to use her helping pages. Good try Chris. The poem tells of that time of innocence when we were children and everything seemed so simple and straightforward and we had no prejudices, but times change, we grow older and innocence and wonderment is lost.

John Hayes followed with one of his own, a tribute to his Mum and Dad, "King and Queen of Hearts". It tells of the miner, marrying John's widowed mum, only to become a victim of the dust that had killed his dad. Not ones to give in, his mum and step father took up the challenge of starting life anew on the land, They did not make a fortune, but John recalls their love and hard work bringing satisfaction and contentment to their lives and to his memories of them.

With Joan Strange's "Dear Mrs. Harrison", **Grace Williamson** presented the story of a letter written by a young mother to the original owner of the cottage she was now living in. She imagines her to have an English rose complexion and wearing a bonnet to protect her skin. She imagines her working throughout the long hard days. There is a worn out wooden chest left behind that perhaps held her trousseau. And as she sits looking at it today with the wind softly blowing in she is comforted by feeling her close through the night.

Bob Chambers then gave us several of his short stories., he started with "The Porpoise" by Ogden Nash and then moved onto tales of Adam and Eve, followed by A New Refrigerator that cost more than expected. In Church the deceased was farewelled after a dog savaged her. Catching the biggest fish ever seen and in finally the Asylum inmate, after many years, being allowed to shave and having a mirror.

A new presenter to our ranks **Joan Mann** had come across Murray Hartin's poem "Rain from Nowhere" and it appealed to her. This poem tells of the farmer facing ruin and considering a gun to put himself out of this misery. But a chance stop at the post box where a letter from his Dad is waiting, telling of his anguish and concern that his son would be thinking the same thoughts he had in earlier times. If he hadn't heard his small son calling him to come and play he too was going to use the gun. As the son quietly puts the gun away and goes back inside to his family there is the smell of rain and thunder on the wind. - A very moving poem

With a slight leaning towards Old Possums book of Cats by T S Elliot, **Graeme Hedley** used the well know "McCavity's not there" and put "Veronica" to the same rhythm.. Veronica is an auditor who leads a charmed life as she is always doing things for different people and being on the move but when it comes to actually being there to answer to the questions and pay her way. Well Veronica's just not there!

Irene Conner sent a Mother's day poem "We Proudly Call You Mother" down from Jurien. A two part poem, the first part tells of the Mother who carries the children through pregnancy and to birth. After the greatest miracle of birth the children are guided through their childhood even there are those that may judge her disciplining skills. As they grow into adults she set them free while she is proud to be their mother. The second part tells of a different Mother, the step mother. While she didn't give birth to them she has taken on the role of one, works around the problems of access and learns pretty fast how to be a mother. When they have grown they remember that she gave them her all and they are proud to call her Mother.

Because he was in hospital **Colin Thomas** asked that his two poems be read by John Hayes. With the first "My Friend", his old grey walking stick is his special friend. This walking stick helps him when walking as it guides him up and down kerbs and gutters and on steps and stairs. This old friend lives near the entrance and is always very handy to make a grab and walk out. The second, "Another Doctor", tells of the healing effects from the lethargy of a hot summers day bought about almost every afternoon by the arrival of the "Freo Doctor"

Norm Eaton had started to write his yarn for the short poetry competition and then realised it was too wordy, so he made it a yarn. He was sitting at home having breakfast and when he opened the door he found an enormous tub with plants in it had fallen over and was slowly subsiding into the soft sand. Because is was too big for him to move it he called on God's help. When he turned around there was a huge man asking if he could help (it turned out to be his neighbour). Moral of the story is to be careful who is listening.

With too many lines **Brian Gale's** (from Margaret River) poem "Just for You" was ruled out of the competition. Brian Langley presented it. There is always that special someone that you long for no matter where you are. The love that glows in the distance after all this time is a love that is cherished. After watching our children grow and knowing that you are beside me even when my restless nature takes me away there is always that thrill to know that when I am heading for home the love that you are giving I can not live without.

Next was **Barry Higgins** with a Syd Hopkinson poem, "The Insects Football Game". It told of the strategy needed when the Dockers played the Insects at the zoo. At the half time the Dockers were in front when the insects made some changes and they bought on a new player, a centipede. This move changed the game and the Insects went on

to win the game. When they were asked why didn't they bring on the centipede at the beginning they were told that it took the first half to lace up all his boots! With his second one "Animal Cunning", the antics of an Orangutan was questioned. It seems once he had been given a peach and had needed surgery to remove the stone when it got stuck (you can guess where). So now the Orangutan checks out each piece of fruit. He now tests the stone for fit before he eats the fruit.

Good to see and hear **Rusty Christensen** present Banjo Paterson's "The Man From Snowy River". With this well known story of the chase to go and get the thorough bred horse back from the wild bush herd. The wild ride and the seemingly impossible tasks faced by all the riders when the group got away from them. But the man from Snowy River, alone gave chase down the mountain and through the gullies and caught the mob and turned them back to home.

With supper being a try out night for our 'new' way of serving cuppa's everything went well and allowed our hard working kitchen and 'tea ladies' get finished much quicker and back out in the audience enjoying the evening.

The second half started with a tribute to all Mothers; **Trish Joyce** sang of all that Mothers mean to everyone.

In our regular feature, "Readings from the Classics", **Lesley McAlpine** did her very first presentation. She chose a poem written by Francis Humphris Brown (1884 – 1933). Born the thirteenth child his interest in writing verse was developed in his high school days. Although working as an Engineer he always maintained his interest in both Latin and Greek and also became an expert cartoonist. In his "Scotty's Wild Stuff Stoo", the jackeroo made Scotty angry when he presented him with a brace of unplucked pigeons. Because the Jackeroo objected to this, Scotty determined to give him wild stuff 'stoo'. He went out the back and found some really interesting ingredients for his 'stoo'. A lizard, some hairy things, a frog, a fox's skin and a shoe lace or two as well as some insects with overpowering scent, a mother mouse, and after a bit of hesitation, a red-backed spider. When the Jackeroo had eaten two helpings they showed him what had gone into it. The jackeroo understandably got the shakes but the opinion was that it was just the flu. That Jackeroo has never eaten wild food again!!

Then it was onto our short poem competition with 21 poems being lined up for presentation either by the author or another person. To each of our Authors a very BIG THANK YOU for participating in this, they were Chris Preece, Grace Williamson, Brian Langley, Frank Heffernan, Teresa Rose, Owen Keane, Beryl Sylvester, Peter Knowles, Hadley Provis, Margaret Taylor, Evie Perrins, Paul Johnson, Syd Hopkinson, and John Hayes, well done everyone who gave us all kinds of tributes and never ending thanks and love to our Mothers and grandmothers. If I were doing a book of what to say on Mothers Day cards I could use these wonderful lines. (I think I will start my own Company with greeting card lines directed at Mothers). To our readers who stepped in to read for our absent or shy poets another BIG THANK YOU: Graham Hedley, Rosa, Dot Langley and Barry Higgins. - See report on page 3

With another familiar theme **Graham Hedley** gave us his version of "I'm Not Australian". With his very distinctive English accent he loudly proclaimed that he is NOT an Australian, because even though he had read about our dusty red soils and even knows how Aussie Rules is played he is confused as to why we don't like any sport where the score can only be a one. It is a bit tricky when the Ashes are played but he faithfully follows the other crowd even though he will be given a hard time. He has tried to understand our humour but he really doesn't give a monkey's #### because you see, even though 'You are, and We are; He is NOT Australian!!'

Henry Lawson's "The Never Never Land" was presented by **John Hayes**. This evokes the images of this vast land with its lonely graves and its wide plains with the blazing desert in the drought. With the drovers and the stockmen travelling for the northern grasses and the broken hearts bought on by drought we will somehow see it through and to all those who came to try and conquer this land, their mateship will be true.

In a political frame of mind **Barry Higgins** did another of Syd Hopkinson's. Simply titled "GST" it tells of the busker feeling good with a brand new crowd and showing off his prowess with a coin, tossing and catching it between his feet. With a wind shift the coin came and went down his throat. With death imminent, a guy from the crowd came out to save him. He grabbed the "family jewels" and twisted and out shot the coin. Are you a Doctor? No I'm a government tax inspector and used to getting every cent available.

Grace Williamson presented "The Woman" by Birdie. This tells the story of the woman who gets up early and gets the bread rising, the children fed, the garden dug over as well as the milking and churning the butter. The strongest of men were needed to tame this country but they couldn't have done it without the *wife*.

"Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels" by Sapper Bert Beroz was **Rusty's** choice for remembering our unsung heroes during the campaign in New Guinea. A prayer to keep a son alive as the tattooed native people carried the wounded through the Owen Stanley ranges. With leaves used to keep our soldiers dry Christ was seen as a black impromptu Angel.

If I haven't done a good job of describing these last part of this second half it was because both Brian and I were trying to count up the votes for the short poetry competition and also listen and in my case write the next lot of presented poems down and try and keep track of what was happening out there at the front and try and keep Brian's adding fingers correct. Sorry.

Dot Note Mothers only offer advice on two occasions: when you want it and when you don't.

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2008—2009

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

☆☆ Upcoming Events ☆☆

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

June 5	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park -
June 7-9	Gulgong NSW	Henry Lawson Festival & Literary Awards C Peters, PO Box 235 Gulgong 2852
July 1	DerbyPoets Brekky,	Robyn, roboco@optusnet.com.au
July 3	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park - AGM
July 13	Closing date	Australian BP Champs—JUNIOR Written Verse Note 1 below
July 31	Closing Date	Australian BP Championships - Open Written Comp - See Note 1 below
August 7	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park - Specific Topic or Subject Night (to be decided)
Sept 1	Opening Date	Blackened Billy Verse Comp janmorris@northnet.com.au
Sept 4	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park - Traditional Night
Oct 2	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park - Guest Artist
Oct 18	Festival of Yarns	Alverstoke—Brunswick (details later)
Nov 6	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium , Bentley Park - Short poetry competition
Nov 15	Poets in the Park	Pioneer Park Gosnells 2-5pm (tentative - could change venue)

Regular events - Albany Bush Poetry group 4th Tuesday of each month Peter 9844 6606
 Note 1 http://www.abpa.org.au/Bush_Poetry/Championships/ navigate to appropriate entry form

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

Membership fees are due from July 1st— membership renewal slips are included with this month's BullyTin
 Please be prompt with your payment, Fees unpaid by September will have your membership cancelled

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	Members' Poetic Products 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	Rod & Kerry Lee CDs Arthur Leggett books, inc autobiography Keith Lethbridge books Corin Linch books Val Read books Caroline Sambridge book Peg Vickers books
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Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The Editor "Bully Tin" 86 Hillview Tce, St. James 6102 e-mail briandot@tpg.com.au	As we still don't have a secretary, Address all other correspondence to either the President (address as for the Editor) or the Vice Pres. WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 13 Getting St, Lathlain, 6100 e-mail grace.wil@bigpond.com	Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners 3 - 10 Gibson St, Mt Pleasant 6153
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