

BULLY TIN



□ **Next Muster - October 1st, 2010 7.30pm MC Lorelie Tacoma
Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102.**

**October is
Mid Spring Cricket Season Starts
School Holidays
Community Safety Month,
Children's Month, National Lupus
awareness month and if you are visit-
ing the USA it's National Popcorn pop-
ping month there**



IT'S OUR 15th BIRTHDAY

Back in 1995, Rusty Christensen decided to set about forming a Bush Poetry group. He had been hearing stories about how bush poetry was gaining in popularity in the Eastern States and inspired by a book of poetry by Blue the Shearer, better known as Col Wilson, he decided that WA should join the trend.

With the assistance of fellow Rotarian Trevor Cooksley, the pair approached their local council, the City of Melville, and received enthusiastic support from Anne Farrin, the Council's Art Officer at the time. Anne agreed to take on the administrative role and Rusty set about bringing together all of the people he knew of who were out there, telling tall tales and quirky yarns, and writing poetry and spruiking it to anyone who would listen.

The group's first official concert was held in the picturesque bush setting of Wireless Hill Park in Ardross, a southern suburb of Perth on Sunday, 15 September 1995.

Over the next few months, the Assn was officially formed, constitution etc done,

And here we are 15 year later and still going strong and Rusty is still (although not as much as in the past) 'strutting the boards'

As we have just had our "Traditional Muster" I

thought I would try and find the earliest WA "Bush Poem" - Well, I didn't have to look very far, for it was just 3 years after the "first fleet" arrived in June 1829 that this little poem was penned—

Remember this was many years before Adam Lindsay Gordon, or for that matter Henry Kendall and I would have expected a more "English" style of verse, It's also not very 'politically correct', but he was writing of his times - so here 'tis

The Kangaroo is in the Swamp

by John G Bussell 1832

The kangaroo is in the swamp,
The wild man in his cell,
And heavy rise the vapours damp
And brood o'er yonder dell.

If water there our search reward,
Our weary limbs will rest;
The turf shall be the genial board,
The chase supplies a feast.

Down with our knapsacks on the sod
Beside yon shelt'ring tree,
Our guns lean charged with ample load
If danger aught there be.

See how these murky woods throughout
Our jolly fire glares:
Full readily the way-worn rout
An evening meal prepares.

We'll fill our cups, and sing our song
Before we sink to sleep,
Our dogs shall then the drear night long
Their faithful vigils keep.

No lurking savage shall assail.
To-morrow, with the day,
O'er stream, savanna, hill and dale
Our compass points the way.

John Garret Bussell was the leader of a small group of colonists who almost immediately after arriving went down to the southwest corner of the state to find good farming land. The property that he set up was called "Cattle Chosen" as his cattle had strayed and were found grazing in an area of perfect pastureland. One of the party, Miss Capel Carter (a cousin) collected all of the families correspondence in those early days, which after her early death was kept by the Bussell family. These documents formed the basis for the book "Cattle Chosen" by E O G Shann in 1926 from which this poem is drawn

**This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of
the office of Steve Irons, Federal Member for the seat of Swan**



Walking Different Tracks

The Josephine Ulrick Poetry Prize 2011

\$10,000 First Prize; \$5,000 Second Prize; 2 x \$2,500 Com-
mended for a poem or suite of poems up to 200 lines. Closing
date 31 January 2011. For guidelines and entry forms, e-mail:
c.keys@griffith.edu.au.

RED FRIDAYS Should you see people wearing RED on Fri-
days, apparently this is the current way of showing support for
our armed forces. While we may not all agree on the political
decisions that see them in various overseas countries, the
men and women of our armed forces deserve to see our sup-

port for them. At times, in the past the differences between
the people and the politics has become blurred—we should all
try and separate the two and give our full support to those
Australians who are prepared, if necessary to die for their
country.

A couple of your committee members are certainly walking
different tracks around the time of our October Muster— **Mar-
jory Cobb** is heading off for a visit to Norfolk Is to take in a bit
of Colonial history,

Teresa Rose is doing something totally different—You find
her trekking in the mountains of Nepal, and then taking a
quickie into Tibet—I hope she's got her long johns with her.

IN BRIEF



BIONIC EDNA —Has had her ear
implant and all seems to be on
track—It seems that it takes a few months
to re-learn to hear properly as initially all
the background noises that surround us
can be a bit overwhelming - We hope to
see her back with us very soon.

WEBSITE— We are now in a position to
offer low cost personal webpages for mem-
bers— see me (BL) to sort out the best
way to go.

Also, I did indicate some time back that I
would be trying to collect poems from WA
poets of the past and put them on the web-
site - I have started doing this and so far
have uploaded some info and poems about
Andree Hayward, Crosscut Wilson, Dry-
blower Murhy, Francis Ophel, Jack
Sorensen etc etc - This will be an ongo-
ing project, so check it out regularly.
www.wabushpoets.com navigate to the
WA Past Poets page

If you have any of the old poems, please
send them to me (hopefully electronically)
so I can get them onto the website. Like-
wise, if you know of any deceased Bush
poets from WA, I'd like some info about
them so that they do not get forgotten (I'd
also like their poetry—but this may involve
a copyright issue)

ESPERANCE SHOW BP BREKKY

Last October saw the inaugural Bush Poets
Brekkie at the Esperance Show, very ably
organised by our local member, Victoria
Brown. She did such a great job that the
local committee have seen fit to do it as a
regular feature of the show and so it's on
again this year.

ALBANY SHOW BP BREKKY—Peter
Blyth down in Albany will again be coordi-
nating their local Ag. Show's BP brekky.
Peter has been doing this now for quite a
few years and it is now well and truly en-
sconced as a regular feature

HELP NEEDED URGENTLY !!!

October Muster— We need someone to do the muster wrap-up—Dot
will likely be in hospital and her "backup" person, Teresa is away in the
mountaintops of Nepal. Someone with the ability to quickly jot down the
essence of a poem from the presentation or from copies **given by the
presenters**

There are many tales of strong men, men like those from the
Speewah, men who can shape the earth. Here is just one of
those tales. This one from WA's "Bush Poet" of the 30s,
Jack Sorensen

Legend of Strong Men

He told this tale as he drank his ale with never a smile or wink
With a look of sincerity on his face, though he had a few in I think.

When Bingle came to Ningaloo there wasn't a Bingle Bay

But he cast his cable into the blue, to fish for a whale one day.

And the big steel hook caught onto the reef that ran by the shingle shore

And Bingle heaved beyond belief that men have sensed before

And we all looked on with our mouths agape, when we saw the line give way

And the whole darn coast was out of shape, and there was the Bingle Bay.

This Bingle came from none knew where, from up Carnarvon way,
And they gave him a job in the goods shed there and sold their crane next day.

And way out east on the Wolgan track, the bogged a ten ton truck

And they roared the engine forth and back, but still the thing stayed stuck.

And they tried a tow but the tow chain broke and the truck sank further down

So the driver said "We'll send for the bloke who loads all the wool in town."

And Bingle said when he saw the truck, "She's badly in, no doubt

I never saw one so completely stuck but I think I'll get her out."

And he put his shoulder under the back and heaved with all his might,

And the truck came out with a grinding crack, but the back wheels still stuck

tight

"I've broke the thing, that's darned bad luck." Said Bingle with a frown,

"But carry on with the other truck, I'll tow this back to town."

.

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And the big steel hook caught onto the reef that ran by the shingle shore

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And we all looked on with our mouths agape, when we saw the line give way

And the whole darn coast was out of shape, and there was the Bingle Bay.

I said, "These things could never be." And the drover made reply;

"Well, ask Bill Dooley - He told me - and he seldom tells a lie."

(Mainly) **Aussie — October History**

2nd	1902	William Gocher defies the law and swims in the ocean in daylight, start of surf-swimming
3rd	1953	First atomic test at the Monte Bellow Is
5th	1789	First Australian Ferry Sevice, Sydney—Parramatta
12th	1918	Norman Lindsay's "Magic Pudding" first published
13th	1933	Australia's first traffic lights - Sydney
14th	1968	Meckering Earthquake
15th	1970	Westgate bridge collapses killing 35
16th	1863	Author Daisy Bates born
17th	1949	Snowy Mountain Hydro scheme starts
19th	1833	Adam Lindsay Gordon born
20th	1973	Sydney Opera officially opened
24th	1945	United Nations comes into being
25th	1616	Dirk Hartog—first known European to set foot on Australia
29th	1880	Ned Kelly sentenced to hang
	1982	Lindy Chamberlain found guilty of murdering Azaria

John O'Brien Festival:

Are you travelling to Eastern parts next March—the John O'Brien Festival will be held at Narrandera March 17—20. If you want to take part—Register NOW— closes Sept 30 Go to www.johnobrien.org.au

With the cricket season on us, here's a topical ditty from t'othersider James Hasson

It's Just Not Cricket

They play the game for money now,
it used to be for fun
And it doesn't really matter how,
so long as you have won
The game we knew as cricket,
will never be the same
With dollars for each wicket,
should we all share the blame?

When an umpire points a finger,
or makes the call NO BALL
Why should some men linger,
or dispute his call
Should a batsman be subjected
to an angry bowler's slurs
There were laws that once protected,
and some players wound up Sirs

When a captain starts complaining,
with all his force and might
It doesn't change the golden rule,
the umpire's always right
And if a team is losing,
should a captain use his weight
Let's stop all this abusing
before it gets too late

October Trivia - Have you ever wondered why September—December seem to have the wrong names? Sept means 7, Oct is 8, Nova is 9 and Deca is 10, so how come they are two months out? It all goes back to very early Roman times when the calendar had only ten months of 30 or 31 days along with midwinter of 61 days which weren't assigned to any months. From the 5th month (Quintilis) on they were termed by numbers - The early Romans added two extra months to accommodate the winter days. These were January and February, and so the remainder got misplaced in the counting system (I wonder why they just didn't rename them). Later, Quintilis (#5, but now month 7) was renamed to honour Julius Caesar, and later still Sextilis (#6, but now the 8th month) was renamed to honour Caesar Augustus. The Romans almost got the length of the year right, at 365 1/4 days, but gradually over time the small error (11 minutes per year) meant that the religious festivals began to occur at the wrong time, so in 1582, Pope Gregory XIII changed the leap year rules a little bit and at the same time removed ten days from eternity (Oct 5th became the 15th) That meant that nobody was born in Christendom during that 10 day period—Some Eastern countries didn't adopt the Gregorian Calendar until the 20th century and they had to drop 13 days out of the system. Tough if your birthday anniversary was in one of those days

Australian Poetry (as seen by a British Reviewer in the early 1890s)

The delusion that these writers of the Bulletin school labour under is trying to be too exclusively Australian, by which they come merely provincial. That a man's lot should be cast in the wilds of Australia is no reason that his whole inner life should be taken up with the glorification of the shearer or the ridiculing of jackaroos, particularly those from the Mother Country. Australian poetry can only arise when such matters fall into their true place and assume their relatively small artistic importance

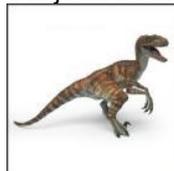
Ah well, so much for that Aussie Poetry stuff —will never catch on

Clancy, Matilda and Banjo are names familiar to us all, but did you know that they are also the names of newly discovered types of dinosaurs.

Clancy is an armoured (or at least heavily scaled) sauropod. Matilda is a big unarmoured giant—Both of these fall into the Tintanosaur groupings, the biggest of all dinosaurs and the only group to make it through the Cretaceous Period.



Banjo however is a type quite new to science, a sort of giant Velociraptor, a huge raptor.



These new discoveries were a joint effort between the Queensland Museum and the Winton non profit group Australian Age of Dinosaurs and puts in doubt many of the theories about when Australia separated from it's neighbours.

With a title of Government to Gallipoli we knew that we would be in for an interesting performance in the first half of the evening. What a shame there weren't as many people here because they missed a brilliant and exciting show. Was it the football match? Or something else that kept some of our usual members away.

Taking the part of the President of the "Westralian Poetic Appreciation Society" (with another of his many hats) **Brian Langley** laid the foundation for the 1915 Annual Public Poetry Presentation by the members of that Society. This collection of Western Australian Poetry written mostly during the period 1890 to 1915 was a clever blending of largely political and social issues poetry during the time Western Australia underwent huge changes, due mainly to the discovery of large quantities of gold.

The story line connecting the poems was written by **Brian** who was the narrator for this inaugural presentation. The poems were presented by **Dot Langley, Ron Ingham, Teresa Rose, John Hayes, Jill Miller, Graham Hedley and Brian**. The titles and authors are listed here. If you would like to do some research many of the full poems are on our web site.

As a presenter all I can say well done to Brian for his enormous task of researching and getting the poems together. If only History had been taught in school like this presentation was done maybe I would have enjoyed the subject differently. I know I had to sit through many recitations with comments about difficult and non rhyming structure. My comments usually were on the lines of maybe it's too long or are you drifting off topic.

Western Australia for me	George F Moore
On the Summit of Mt Clarence	Henry Lawson
The Spinifex and The Sand	David Carnegie
The T'othersiders & the Perthite	Q
Along the Road to Cue	Andree Hayward
The Leaves Have Changed	Henry Gliddon
The New Woman	Frederick Vosper
The Sneer of Septimus Burt	Andree Hayward
The Forrest Doctrine	Andree Hayward
The Heatwave	Andree Hayward
Belinda (Extract)	Andree Hayward
Ode to Westralia	The Boulder Bard
93 to 99	Dryblower Murphy
The Royal Show	Julian Stuart
What of the Pioneers	Dryblower Murphy
The Boulder Block	Crosscut Wilson
A Man Was Killed In The Mine Today	Crosscut Wilson
His Epitaph	Francis Ophel
The Doctors Story	Dryblower Murphy
I Haven't The Guts To Go	Bluebush Burke
The Terrace	W. C. Thomas
The Farmers Daughter	Lillian Wooster-Greaves
My Son,	Dryblower Murphy
Hic Jacet	Crosscut Wilson

When the evening's performance started with the cast assembled on the stage for the presentation and with the advantages of the new overhead projector giving us a slide show to get us in the mood. The audience was very appreciative with nearly all the poems presented getting their first public performance ever.

Even though some of the authors names were familiar these poems presented were almost unknown. I must single out one in particular as it was written by Brian's Great Uncle Henry Gliddon, a poem of longing for his sweetheart that he hadn't heard from for quite a while. This poem was found in his diary amongst shopping lists, what to take with him to the 'wild west' (Kalgoorlie), books that he had read and some simple recipes of ingredients for illness should it strike. This find is off course a family jewel as it gives such an insight into those days and his life.

As always we couldn't do any of these presentations without our cast of very willing volunteers. They certainly put the work into the poems so that the 'readings' flowed beautifully. The costumes that each adopted added atmosphere to the nights entertainment with a fantastic and enjoyable first half.

After a lovely supper and thanks once again to the ladies in the kitchen.

It was my turn to 'do' the second half. My break during supper was taken up with presenters telling me what they

were going to do. Please people it is difficult enough doing the MC role but a little bit of preparation well before the night would have been appreciated. I knew some of you were going to do something but I hadn't been given the poem etc. So in future please remember that the MC also has to be ready to introduce the next presenter as well as try and get some kind of structure in the line up and because of this, this summary is going to be out of order. I am a woman therefore I know I can multi task but a phone call or an email would have been nice.

I was up first with a slightly different approach to a well know poem. There has been very little poetry written by women that has survived. I suppose most of it was scribbles that were discarded on the back of shopping lists etc. Anyway my apologies to the purists but, shock horror; I changed a few of the words to fit into MY interpretation of Banjo's Clancy of the Overflow. A youngish lady had gone to the bush and she had fallen in love with the beauty of the bush and hadn't seen the dirt and dust. Also there was a chap who had taken her fancy. Clancy could be her romantic hero, while she saw the pleasures that towns folk never know.

Graham Hedley had the reply to my poem written by Thomas Gerald Clancy. Simply titled Clancy's Reply he wrote it in 1897 years after he gave up droving. Although the years have passed forever since he clipped the fleeces of the jumbucks down the Lachlan his memory lingers on the many cheerful faces. Tired of life upon the stations he had taken a sudden notion that a droving he would go.

With the anniversary of Henry Lawson's death on the 2nd of September 1922 it was very appropriate that **Grace Williamson** performed one of Lawson's "Glass on the Bar". Grace has a love of Henry's poetry and she did this one su-

perbly. The bushmen rode up to the inn and called for the drinks to be poured. The landlord came and poured out four drinks. But where is Harry? That's his glass - the very same glass that he drank from last year. His mates were sad as they said Harry is dead. That glass now stands on the shelf all polished and clean but never with the rest on the bar.

Robert Gunn had a treat for us as he accompanied himself with guitar and sang Banjo's The Man from Snowy River. I know that Robert has just taken up the guitar for a short while and is still learning. He had his debut at this year's Boyup Brook Poets Brekkie so to hear him sing a very long poem was fantastic. While we all know the poem, it is great that we are now getting different interpretations of how it can be presented.—perhaps not for the purist, but then, who is to know what the author had in mind so long ago.

Dot Note for performers one of the ways that helps you to learn a poem is to sing it. There are many tunes that easily fit most poetic rhythmic patterns. You will have to try a few different ones to get the right rhythm for your poem depending on its structure but it somehow helps you to remember the sequence of the words. Just think how many songs that you can sing the chorus of and even the whole song? Some tunes you might try is The Theme from Rush, some of Slim Dusty tunes, Grandfathers clock etc Ghost Riders, etc . Don't try to sing to the tune of songs you already like Click goes the Shears otherwise you may find you have drifted off your poem and are reciting the wrong one!!

When **Wally Williamson** took off his coat to display his singlet my thoughts were quite knocked over by this display. Performing "Shearing at Castlereagh" by Banjo he did a fantastic job with a little help from Grace (who must have been learning it along with him). The hustle and bustle of the shearing shed, the beauty of the fleece as it is shorn away to show the snowy fleece underneath, the complaints of the man who keeps the cutters sharp, all help to create the bales of wool labeled "Castlereagh".

With a very good try with learning his poem **Dave Smith** gave us Banjo's "When Dacey Rode the Mule". Dave told of the prize of a crown that the circus clown offered to anyone who could ride the mule. Little did they know that the mule's pastime was to buck off anything that touched him. Then it was Dacey's turn—When he won much to the crowds pleasure the clown presented him with a little paper crown. Now Dacey would not be made a fool of so in a furious rage he went and let out all the monkeys. Now from those escapees it is suggested that from them came a race of people that can be seen in the Sydney Parliament! So when those legislators fight and drink and act the fool, just blame it on Dacey and the day he rode the mule.

With Banjo's "In the Droving Days" **John Hayes** took us back to that time when the narrator rode a horse very similar to the one being auctioned. His thoughts turned to the time spent in the saddle riding behind the mob through miles of the saltbush plains along side the dried up bed of an inland sea. The wild horses and the kangaroos in the Mitchell grass. "Only a pound," said the auctioneer - so he bid the pound for that horse with it broken knee and broken heart. That horse is now wandering fat and sleek on the Lucerne flats, for just having him there takes the narrator back to the droving days.

Ron Ingham came to the microphone and presented two poems, The old classic "The Spider from the Gwydir and Banjo's "Moving On"

"Spider" by Anon, tells the story of the shearer, drunk and asleep on the riverbank from two days on the town. When along comes "a spieler with a dainty little sheila" who could see some easy money—I can handle it, said the girl and as she was about to relieve the shearer of his wallet, she was bit on the bum by a resident redback. Shedding her clothes in panic, the girl raced off, leaving the shearer to his dreams. To this day he doesn't know how the spider saved him from losing his money.

"Moving On" is a short war poem about the lot of a Light Horseman—never staying long enough to make friends, to enjoy the company of a lady—He's forever Moving on

Jack Matthews always had an interest and a fondness for horses. When he was young he rode all through Queensland and the top end and knows what a horse will do if you ask it for that next big effort. Jack told the story of how he became involved in the Kelmscott – Pinjarra Light Horse Memorial Troop - See the full story on page 4

With our last poet for the night, **Barry Higgins** gave us Lawson's "O'Hara JP" A bossy man was O'Hara JP as he went around his town. Now one of the landlords was charged with a breach of the licensing act and he was also careless about talking of matters about O'Hara JP. But taken in by the looks and sweet words of witness "Baby", the barmaid, he decided to ignore the police evidence and visit the scene of the crime himself. Well, later that night when the Constables were patrolling they saw some strange shadows on the window blind and thought that they would investigate. But then realised that the goings on were involving O'Hara JP. Now O'Hara JP with a drunken sing song was balancing two barmaids on his knee and when they conveyed him to bed the hard cases remarked that it was joyful to see the sinful JP. Next morning O'Hara JP dismissed the case but retribution was quick to come down on his head from both law and religion, but his wife was the hardest of all

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	Amenities	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	Library	9472 3553	jill1947@yahoo.com.au

Upcoming Events

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

Sep 30	closing date 2011 John O'Brien Festival	Narrandera	entry forms at www.johnobrien.org.au
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 3	Have a go Day	Burswood Park	commencing 10am
Nov 5	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	Theme—Animals - preceded by a very "short Special General Meeting"
Nov 13	Bush Poets Brekky	Albany Show - Peter	9844 6606 poetblyth@oceanbroadband.net
Nov 21	Poets in the Park	Joondalup Neil Hawkins Park (lakeside, end of Boas Ave)	2pm
Dec 3	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	"Pies Port & Poets" Free supper Giant Raffle

Next Year

Jan 26 Bush Poetry Showcase Wireless Hill, Ardross 1-5pm
Feb 17—20 SEE YOU AT BOYUP BROOK - INCLUDES OPEN CATEGORIES OF STATE PERFORMANCE CHAMPIONSHIPS Entries Close Jan 31

Mar 18 Melville Movies We have a gig preceding the evening movie— more details later
 May 4 Poets in the Park Kalamunda Stirk Park 2pm (part of Kalamunda Autumn Festival)

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.

Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed -	Don't forget our website www.wabushpoets.com
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**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, CD & 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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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
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