

BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - March 5th, 2010 7.30pm MC Dot Langley★
Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

**March is
 Autumn St. Patrick's Day
 World Meteorological Day**

Just 3 short topical poems this month. For some reason we seem to be filled with all sorts of news—Still, you can always go the library, Section 821A and get out a book of poetry to read.

Vale Bob Chambers

It is with great sadness that we announce the passing in early February of long time member, poet and story teller, Bob Chambers. We all fondly recall his quirky stories, inspired by all sorts of events, both local and from places afar. It's only a few months since Bob last joined us at our muster, but in January we were told that he was seriously ill. Our deepest sympathy goes out to his wife Claire and their children and their families. - RIP Bob , you and your stories will be missed.

Being St Pat's month, a poem by John O'Brien always fits.

One by One

With trust in God and her good man
 She settled neath the spur;
 The old slab-dwelling, spick and span,
 Was world enough for her;
 The lamp-light kissed her raven hair
 As, when her work was done,
 She lined us up beside her chair
 And taught us one by one.

And weaving memories, haunting sweet,
 With threads of weal and woe,
 The years went by on velvet feet
 We did not hear them go.
 The world was calling everywhere
 Beneath the golden sun;
 When silver streaked her raven hair,
 We left her one by one.

Then, turning back on cogs of pain,
 The spool that ran so fast
 Unwound before her eyes again
 The pictures of the past.
 The shadows played around her chair,
 Where fancy's web was spun;
 When time had bleached her raven hair,
 She called us one by one.

Oh, say not that we loved her less!
 But write them to our shame,
 The silence and the loneliness;
 And then the summons came—
 We found the dark clouds banking there
 To hide the setting sun.
 Ah, white threads in her children's hair!
 We gathered one by one.

How quaintly sere, how small and strange
 The old home and the spur;
 But stranger this—the only change
 Was wrought in us and her.
 The lamplight kissed her faded chair,

Where,
 ere the sands had run,
 The sheen still on her raven hair,
 She'd nursed us one by one.

Oh, vain the word that each could tell
 With full heart brimming o'er,
 That we, who ever loved her well,
 Might still have loved her more
 Then back into the world of care,
 To bless till life is done –
 A memory crowned with milk-white hair
 We carried one by one.

**AU-
 TUMN** 

YEARS
 Leonie Parker © September 2008

I'm one of many women
 who have reached a certain age,
 More years behind us, than in front,
 on life's eternal stage.
 We've raised our children and we've
 weathered many storms and tears.
 I guess it's fair to say that
 we have reached our Autumn years.

These Autumn years are something
 that we find we really love.
 Life's battles mostly won; so
 we give thanks to those above.
 Aliens stole our teenagers;
 left cuckoos in the nest,
 But they've returned them now,
 full grown, so we are truly blessed.

Some of us have grandchildren
 to make our lives complete.
 We spoil them, then we hand them back,
 oh my, revenge is sweet.

Winter's years still some way off;
 those grown up children play,
 At picking out a nursing home
 they'll shove us in one day.

But that's tomorrow's Winter years,
 these years are still amusing.
 There's just one thing that bothers
 me, I find it quite confusing.
 The doorbell rings and I approach,
 then in the glass I see
 A reflection of some fat old broad
 looking back at me

The Weather Prophet
 Banjo Paterson

"Ow can it rain," the old man said
 "with things the way they are?
 You've got to learn off ant and bee
 and jackass and galah.
 And no man never saw it rain, for
 fifty years at least.
 Not when the blessed parakeets
 are flyin' to the east!

The weeks went by, the squatter
 wrote to tell his bank the news.
 "It's dry as dust", he said, "I'm feed-
 in' all the ewes.
 The overdraft would sink a ship, but
 make your mind at rest,
 It's alright now, the parakeets are
 flyin' to the west."



**This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of
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Walking Different Tracks

Are you internet security savvy? There are many people out there creating mayhem with viruses and similar, but one of the latest scams is telling you are infected and offering a fix (at a cost, of course) —the provided software does nothing but rip you off—and you likely didn't have a virus in the first place

Are you interested in preserving and promoting Australian Heritage and Culture? - there is an on-line group whose aims are just that "The Eureka Council" <http://www.eurekacouncil.com.au/>
The Eureka Council Inc. is an Incorporated Association, or a government registered non-profit group that was conceived in 1998, and registered in January of 2003. It is serving the social, cultural and heritage needs of Native, or Colonial and Anzac Australians. It is a home for all those who can say "I am proud to be Australian".

The Katherine Susannah Pritchard Writers Centre in Greenmount is having an open day on Sunday, 14 March 2010. For more information, e-mail kspf@inet.net.au or phone Katrin on 9294 1872

Another Perth Poetry Slam series runs Wed 24 Feb from 8pm and each Wednesday night until the final on 17 March. For details or to register, email perthslam@radicalhack.com. There is also a heat in Bunbury 13th March

In March:

- 1772 France makes its first formal claim to Australian territory
- 1791 Convict James Ruse is given the first land grant (30 acres at Parramatta) in the colony of New South Wales in recognition for his farming activities since arriving on the first fleet.
- 1803 Australia's first newspaper "The Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser" is printed by convict George Howe. .
Howe's newspaper remained the only one in Sydney until the appearance of explorer William Wentworth's "The Australian" in 1824.
- 1837 The city of Melbourne, Australia, is named
- 1840 Strzelecki climbs and names Mt Kosciuszko
- 1854 Australia's first telegraph line is opened. It ran from Melbourne to Williamstown
- 1870 Granny Smith, (Maria Ann Smith) who gave her name to the Granny Smith apple, dies. This apple variety, developed by Maria around 1865 is the only variety from that era still available.
- 1897 Edmund Barton heads a conference to discuss the proposed constitution for the Commonwealth of Australia
- 1899 Cyclone Mahina hits north Queensland, killing over 400.— Australia's worst natural disaster
- 1910 The first flight of a powered aircraft in Australia is made by Frederick Custance, near Adelaide
- 1913 Canberra is named the capital city of Australia before it is even built
- 1932 The Sydney Harbour Bridge is officially opened, amidst unexpected controversy
- 1942 Japanese bomb Broome and Wyndham
- 1954 The "Sydney Morning Herald" reports a new craze of flattening pennies under the Royal Train of Queen Elizabeth II
- 1975 Colour television begins in Australia
- 1984 Australia introduces the \$100 note

March Muster - Festival of Writers -

This month's muster features poems from **non performers** and country members. Consequently, there will be a substantial amount of "Reading". We have a significant number of people who have put their name forward to take this role, but we are still short of a few poems.

So - if you haven't done so yet, and you are a non performing writer, PLEASE, e-mail (It's a bit too late to post) them to Dot, or if you are happy to read them yourself, just make sure that Dot knows your intent so that you can be included in the program.

Dot's contact details are given in the "Upcoming Musters" on the previous page.

Henry Kendall Poetry Award

Reminder that the 2010 Award closes on the 12th of March.— See last month's Bully Tin for details

Did You Know?

That Henry Lawson Walk, alongside Claisebrook Cove, East Perth is in the vicinity of where Henry lived (in a tent) on his visit to Perth back around 1895.

Living Histories

Kerry Bowe (Moriconi) submitted a poem to the 3rd edition of the Living Histories project and it had been accepted. Congratulations Kerry you have joined a growing band of our members that have had their stories accepted by this project. I think that this is the first poem. We hope to feature Kerry's poem soon

Poets in the Park — Brunch at Mosman Park

Unfortunately, due to events outside our control, this has had to be deferred indefinitely. Consequently, it is unlikely that we have sufficient time to organise another venue, arrange for some advertising funding etc. So unless someone is prepared to do a lot of work organising it we wont be having an Autumn event and will have to wait until next spring

The Town of Mosman Park and the WA Bush Poets both regret that circumstances have had to change our plans.

STOP PRESS Boyup Brook 2010— Full wrap up next month but it was a great weekend. 'Tis a pity that more local writers and performers couldn't attend the workshops.

Australian Heritage— Does talk of singing our National Anthem in another language upset you?— What about changing our flag? Or having special laws for people from other cultures? here are some comments from an address by an Aussie politician of some considerable note.

'In the first place, we should insist that if the immigrant who comes here in good faith becomes an Australian and assimilates himself to us, he shall be treated on an exact equality with everyone else, for it is an outrage to discriminate against any such man because of creed, or birthplace, or origin. But this is predicated upon the person's becoming in every facet an Australian, and nothing but an Australian ... There can be no divided allegiance here. Any man who says he is an Australian, but something else also, isn't an Australian at all. We have room for but one flag, the Australian flag.... We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language... and we have room for but one sole loyalty and that is a loyalty to the Australian people.'

Edmund Barton (Australia's first PM), 1907.

(from previous page)

A salute to an old mate and the times that they had bought out stories of the prouder man than him.

The farming community would be lost without their local Elders man as he helps get people out of their dilemmas but don't mow the lawn in just your knickers.

What would he be if he were an educated man? Why he would be driving a dunny cart. The perils of using outback dunnies when you don't look were you have sat was pointed out.

In a confrontational way the bush was defended by a person who felt that he was a proper 'bushie' while the city bushman also had his say.

The problems when you say that you can ride a bicycle and then prove to everyone that you can't were led to the downfall of Bill.

The drum that calls people to fight and to march - not the drum of war and battles against our fellow man but the battle to save us from the demon drink.

Some culinary spices were introduced that caused some puzzlement in a husband questioning his wife's love affair with these herbs also had a traveling salesman using lies to get into the house where the wife didn't like his attitude and attacked him.

Grandpa's dream resulted in things not being what they seemed. The ice cream van made its appearance with the resulting problems when someone is accused of stealing the change from the kids. And we finished with a look at why we speak the way we do.

Congratulations to all the performers, in order of appearance, they were : — Brian Langley, Victoria Brown, Corin Linch, Irene Conner, Rusty Christensen, Wayne Pantall, Trish Smith, Bill Gordon, Keith Lethbridge, Peg Vickers, Arthur Leggett, Michael Trevor, Grace Williamson, John Hayes, Ron Ingham, Barry Higgins

Novice Performance Competition Results.

The competition consisted of 3 categories, "Novice Original", in which the entrant performs his/her own poem, "Novice Other" in which the performer does someone else's work and a new category "Reading from the Classics" in which unlike other performance categories reading is permitted. The poem selected by the entrant must be at least 50 years old. Two heats of this Competition were held, November 2009 and Feb 2010.

The overall results were:

Novice original (7 entries):

1st—Irene Connor, 2nd—Michael Trevor, 3rd—Chris Preece

Novice Other (4 entries)

1st—Grace Williamson, 2nd Ron Ingham, 3rd—Marjory Cobb

Reading from the Classics (7 entries)

1st—Dot Langley, 2nd—Grace Williamson, 3rd—Chris Preece

Prizes will be presented at the March Muster

Congratulations to all place getters and a thank you to the 7 members who very diligently carried out the Judging and timekeeping

A few comments on some issues which became apparent during the competition: I will not name names, but probably many (and hopefully the competitors) will recognise who I'm referring to

Memory Loss—unfortunately most of us have been there at some stage—but don't give up hope—It's usually more apparent at times of pressure, and competition is certainly a pressure time. Time and practice may reduce it, but for many of us it is a fact of life we have to co-exist with.

Choice of poem—The judges are looking for consistency in both rhyme and rhythm— In the Classics, one entrant chose a poem by Kenneth Slessor. He was a poet during the 1930s when poetry was changing direction. Some of his poems (including the one chosen) have many inconsistencies—perhaps a poor choice of poem.—

In original poems, each MUST have very good Rhyme and Rhythm PLUS logical progression, a beginning, a middle and an end. Some seemed to lack this - In competition, you MUST choose your poem VERY carefully

Accents and Ethnic origin—and maybe I'm treading on some toes here, BUT in Aussie Rhyming poetry you must be able to hear the rhythm. Our English has multi-emphasis with a definite pattern to the syllables which are emphasized and those which are not. People whose formative years were in a different culture may not see the significance of this as their speech patterns are often quite different. Many people of non English / Irish origins have either a different or mono-emphatic speech pattern which does not naturally blend with the "Bush Poetry" style. - Country of origin Accents and too can be a drawback particularly where some words appear to the "Aussie ear" to be mispronounced or indistinguishable. Also—"well rounded vowels" do not fit well This also applies to inappropriate pauses and emphasis on wrong words - PAY ATTENTION TO THE RHYTHM

Preamble—In a couple of cases, there was either no preamble at all or it was impossible to determine which was preamble and which was the poem. The preamble is an important part of the poem

February Wrap—up - by Dot

With this muster we had an MC on her debut. Jill Millar did a fantastic job and even when different things came along to upset the program that she had so carefully worked out she calmly went on. Congratulations Jill I know that you were nervous but it is onwards and upwards now isn't it??

Tonight also, saw the second part of our Novice competition so Jill had worked the competitors in and around the other poets normal presentations. This gave plenty of time to the judges to finish each competitors marks well before the next one needed to be adjudicated.

Brian Langley started off proceedings "Moore River Blues" a poem written in 3 parts at three different times. Now there is a need to write another fourth part. The poem is about our little bit of heaven in Guilderton and how the development on the south side of the river is going to do tremendous damage to this very fragile river system. Unfortunately this government has reversed the previous governments decision to not allow re-zoning to residential. So its back to protests and shouting outside Parliament House. (Yes we have done this in the past and will again I suppose until someone listens. Can we ever hope that common sense will prevail?? No I think is the answer.

Owen Keene followed with his Original competition entry, "In a Country Town" where its Saturday night and the dance hall is packed with people who have come for the music and the cha cha. See Brian's Judging notes on page 5 You didn't leave your poems with me therefore I can't later sit and really read the poems. This is your decision but it would help me tremendously if you would.

Shan-Rose Brown reminded us about the people who she cares for and how important it is for them to also have love in their lives while she waited for the judges to catch up. She presented A J Kennett's poem "The Steps at Newton Station." The story of a little girl who uses the steps at the station and, as she grows into an adult these steps change their significance.

In her entry of readings from the Classics **Rita Paul** gave us John Shaw Neilson's "Old Granny South" (sorry if I didn't get all the details right I DO need ALL the words plus the writer). A story about a woman who has seen the world and her trip to a strange new land and as she remembers her wedding dress and the days gone past she now has the loneliness that come to her with the dark days of widowhood. See Brian's judging notes on page 5

Then we had a duet. **Kerry Bowe and Barry Higgins** had been practicing for ages for this and with Blue the Shearer's "Ouch" they told the story with Kerry doing the narrative and Barry filling in with the blokes comments. The story of a fella having to go and when he didn't come back they went looking for him. He was in some distress as each time he pushed the pedal something was grabbing him by the knackers. He was told that well if he wanted to sit upon the mop bucket and push the pedal what else would happen.

Graham Hedley in his Readings from the Classics competition entry had read the conditions wrongly and thought that he had to fill up the full time with poetry hence his presentation of two poems "A Convicts lament on the Death of Captain Logan" by Anon and "The Soldier is Home" by JS Neilson. In the first a new chum to Australia wandered by the waterfront one day and heard a prisoner sadly telling of his life of transportation and prisons, but nothing beat the floggings from Logan. He made the men's lives a misery as he had them flogged and worked them for long days of toil. But he was fatally wounded and the prisoners time of bondage was finally over.

In the second poem he tells of the soldier who proudly went off to war because he listened to the music and the cheers of the crowd. But now he is home without his legs and destined to be always sitting in the dark with his world being fearfully small.

In her own Valentine poem, "An Amphibious Romance" **Teresa Rose** told us that she doesn't have fairies in her garden but something else far more precious. Frogs Years ago she gave some tadpoles a home and after feeding them when they had changed into frogs, they packed their bags and all but one disappeared. But recently there has been sound of croaking so others are there and love is in air as the frogs go courting.

Note we too have frogs in our garden and over the many years with lots of croaking and displaying going on we have only had one lot of eggs and hatching (try feeding thousands of baby tadpoles) so we hope that your efforts are well rewarded.

Marjory Cobb chose "Ballad of the Drover" by Henry Lawson for the competition entry in Novice Other category. This is the tale of the drover coming home from a long trip, and finding the homestead creek flooded to a mighty surging torrent. Eager to be home with his sweetheart, he attempts to swim the river, but the girl will, forever wait in vain for her Harry.

In his second presentation **Owen Keene** had two letters that he had written. In "Dear Rhonda", a letter to a friend, he spoke of this year that had bought sadness but now changes were being made. Now there are clear bright summer days. In letter two written to the editor of the Herald Newspaper about the dredging that is going on and now you, do not see the birds any more.

John Hayes then stepped up with his own "The Wool Buyer" which tells of the buyer always knowing when the wool was ready to be assessed and always had a price that was fair and accurate for the clip.
(See note at bottom)

Ron Ingham has a love of the old style of poetry which he does very well. In Banjo's well known story "The Man From Ironbark" he tells of the country fellow wanting a shave, the barber playing a joke on him with a hot razor back across his throat and the aftermath.....So, beards are all the rage - back home in Ironbark.

Keith Lethbridge had his bag of tricks which I think only holds his mouth organ and his sticks I daren't guess what else there might be in there. He knew the tune that went with Grahams lament and then he played the tune of the

Condamine Bell. In his own "Have a Nice Day" he refers to the "cashiers comment" but how can you have a nice day when the prices are always going up but the products seem to be getting smaller, cereals are smothered with sugar, the bananas are black and the lettuce is limp.

In her Readings from the Classics competition piece, **Shan Rose Brown** gave us Kenneth Slessor's "Country Town" which tells of the place where general stores are open and the advertised entertainment is a year and a half old. The dog dozes in the while people sit on a bench and sleep the afternoon away, until the bar opens.

With his own Original Competition poem **Warwick Connor's** gave us "The Ghosts of Anzac Cove" in which the ghosts of the fallen ask "Was our sacrifice in vain" for they see many of us wasting our lives with drugs and poor behaviour. For we must hold up the flag and use that freedom that they gave to us.

Carolyn Sambridge has the "Birthday Blues" in her poem now she is turning 42. She also has an appointment with the dentist to have her teeth filled and with the anesthetic that is making her lips numb.

Colin Thomas then presented us with two of his own. He told us of his visit to "Wireless Hill" with its wonderful shady open grassed area, and views of the river. But on the right day, you'll also find Bush Poets having a wong with music and wise words in rhyme from poets from near and far. In his second "Toby's Song" he told of this happy band of vermin of inquisitive rats. They fought their war underground and it was a rotten war, still they march on Anzac Day and they are rigged out in all their gear. Just letting you know that the Rats of Tobruk are still here.

In his Novice Other competition entry, **Ron Ingham** gave us Banjo's "The Boss of the Admiral Lynch", written in 1892, it is a poem of the times with references to an insurrection in Chile with the aim of overthrowing President Balmaceda. Although the coup-de-tat was successful, a Spanish nobleman, supporting Balmaceda commanded a small gunboat in defiance of the new leaders army.

Welcome to a new comer **Dave Smith** who comes up from Collie to join us. He often fossicks through old books that are going to be thrown out. Inside one was a piece of paper with this poem on it. Unfortunately it is by Anon, so with a little bit of adaptation he presented "When I'm Really Old and I Live With my Kids". It's payback time for what they did as kids. I will write on the walls and bounce on the furniture while still wearing my shoes, I'll spill food everywhere and crawl under the bed and refuse to come out. I'll not eat any greens or salad and spill milk on the table. Then much later in bed they will look down on me and say with a groan 'he is so sweet when he's sleeping!'

With John Hayes' "Brumbies" **Chris Preece** tells of the mountain ponies heading across the dusty plain. With the stallion calling from the mountain peak and across the distant valley comes a faint reply. With their tails wind-swept and flanks flecked with foam they sweep across the ridges in the run for home. Is that the wind whispering through the mountain peaks of the wild stallion calling from the range?

Then in his "Forms II", **Graham Hedley** has the paperwork piling up as these forms pile higher and higher but there will be no escape from the forms.

With **Barry Higgins** in a Valentine frame of mind he remembered the night that he held hand that made him sing, - four aces and a king. In his second he did Arthur Leggetts "Idyll". When he was cleaning out his swimming pool he heard a plop as a grasshopper fell into the water. He thought he heard him ask was he going to let him drown, so he plucked him from the water and squashed him with his foot, - 'die you b#@\$#% die!'

Trish Joyce had some advice for young lovers in her poem, "The Coming of Age" You may laugh at this aging body but just think that you will be where I am one day. In her second "Wedding Bells" a guest had forsaken his day at the races and he had dozed off during the ceremony. When the bells were rung he stood and shouted "they're off".

Keith Lethbridge in his "Reckon He's a Scallwag" had Digger, needing some money, thought he'd raffle off his mule. At \$1 a ticket he would win fame and fortune. The mule died and the winner complained so Digger gave him back his money. In his second "Home" he saw his old house knocked down flat in 1/2 a day. But the new house with its panoramic views does not hold the golden memories that were built up in the old place.

We just had enough time to fit in **Ralph Bradstreet**, a newcomer, with two of his own short poems. "Going back to Corama" came because he had been surfing the net looking for his ancestors and found a Great Uncle who was Italian but had lived in the Goldfields. He served in the army but hated bully beef so he would always serve up pasta. His second was a love poem to the new lady in his life. "Meredith's Poem" told of his inability to show how much he cared in public. Well he told her that his thoughts were quite imaginative and if he carried them out the crowd would get a fright. So that is why he only will kiss her on the cheek, to protect them both from embarrassment. /

Somewhere in all the nights entertainment there was a break for supper but I didn't mark it down. Needless to say we had a lovely supper somewhere!!

NOTE FROM DOT FOR ALL MUSTER PERFORMERS

PLEASE performers— could you write YOUR name on the paper with your poem before you leave it on my table. I also seem to spend some time trying to sort out every bit of paper that is thrust into my hands, along with multiple sheets that should be fastened together, so more preparation is required. You could also try and write a summary of your presented poem. I've only got that ONCE to hear then digest and THEN write a summary of the poem BEFORE the next presenter is up and then I have to be ready to do it all again.

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☆☆ Upcoming Events ☆☆

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

Mar	5	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park - Festival of Writers
April	9	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium— changed date due to 1st Friday being Easter Friday
April	16	Entries Close	Bunbury “Shorelines” Writers & performers Fest—See January Bully Tin entry forms available from www.bunbury.wa.gov.au (enter “shorelines” in search window)
April	18	Poets in the Park	Deferred indefinitely
May	7	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park

Regular events - Albany Bush Poetry group 4th Tuesday of each month Peter 9844 6606

Poets with already published poetry I still need a copy of your poems as I don't think it is my role to hunt up and search through your books (if I have them) for your particular pieces of poetry. If you know I have your book, at the very least please give me a piece of paper with your name, the poem, which book and the page number. So to ALL poets as a slap on the wrist a better presentation of your work before you even front up to the mike would be appreciated by ME and save me an enormous amount of time.

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
coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au (02) 6652 3716

**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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