



Next Muster March 2nd 7.30pm MC Grace Williamson

Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Drive Bentley 6102,

THIS DAY IN HISTORY

Wednesday 1st February

Australian History

1858 - The first balloon flight in Australia occurs.
1915 - Opal is first discovered in Coober Pedy, Australia.

World History

1524 - It is prophesied that the city of London will be drowned by the Thames River on this date.
1811 - The light of the Bell Rock Lighthouse, considered one of the "7 Wonders of the Industrial World", is lit for the first time.
2003 - The space shuttle 'Columbia' breaks up on re-entry into the Earth's atmosphere, killing seven astronauts.

February 14th is Valentines Day. Throughout the ages, poets have written words of love. Our own bush poets, though many of them tough bushmen, also wrote their words of love, or their pursuit of it.

Will Ogilvie writes of his 'race' for love in the following poem.

The Race of My Heart

I have ridden in finishes fast and fine
for many a purse and plate,
from the Coorong out to the Condamine,
from Bourke to the Bogan Gate;
but the race of my heart has a sunset start
when the flag of darkness droops:
'Tis the True Lover's Cup with an amateur up
in shadow-and-moonlight hoops!

I hear the dew in the still night fall
and the whispering grasses speak;
I hear the wail in the curlew's call
as he follows the winding creek,
and I saddle the grey in the failing day
when the dim light limns the course-
by Follow-the-Fair from a Dreamland mare
there is blood in the old grey horse!

I ride him out on his royal trip
with the help of hand and heel;
he needs no lash of the whistling whip,
no sting of the biting steel;
but he wakes again to the talking rein
in the bridle-hand above,
and he thunders down by camp and town
and lays to his work for love!

And I pass the post, and I pull him up
with a heart that is proud to find
that the rivals who ride in the True Lover's Cup
are a night-and-a-half behind!
And I read my prize in her lustrous eyes,
while the stars in their circling troops
beam soft on her face – for I've won my race
in the shadow-and-moonlight hoops!

And just to prove that women can write love poetry
also, here's one from our very own Peg Vickers from
Albany!

A Poem of Love

So lovely young and beautiful,
a goddess come to life –
He'd found her, he had courted her
and claimed her for his wife.

And when he came home from his work
he thought, "This is unreal."
She'd cleaned the house and made the bed
and cooked his favourite meal.

She gazed at him with loving eyes
as he consumed the food.
She said, "I feel I'm really in
a most romantic mood."

The silken strap that held her dress
began to slip somehow –
Seductively she softly asked,
"And what would you like now?"

He looked at her with hopeful eyes,
his hands began to shake,
"How about some syrup dumplings
like me mother used to make?"

Submissions for the Bully Tin

Just a quick reminder to everyone that this is **your** newsletter. Please feel free to submit your poems for inclusion, keeping in mind the need for size constraints.

President's Report - John Hayes

Whew! We have I hope taken a positive leap into our New Year with our 17th Australia Day showcase event.

No doubt the forty-one degree heat was the reason for our smaller audience, but this did not affect the quality of our performance or the hard work and dedication of our committee members and our small number of volunteers.

There was a bit of a hiccup at the beginning but I'll put that down to my heat affected brain.

As the performance gathered momentum everything seem to go well. Once again Josie Boyle came to perform and I am sure everyone enjoyed her own "Song of Western Australia". And of course the conclusion of our Program with "I Am Australian"

I have read quite a number of her dreamtime stories which she relates to children in schools around WA.

She is a delightful person and at ease with people from all walks of life.

Peg Vickers, Irene Conner and Dave Smith represented our country performers and it is always a pleasure to work with them or to just enjoy their company. I don't think that any show would be complete without Peg. Her skilful variation of poems from the confines of her witty intellect is reason enough for a good belly laugh.

Dave Smith and Carolyn Sandbridge appeared for the first time and Carolyn should be congratulated for committing her short quirky poems to memory. No scraps of paper.

Well done Carolyn. Not forgetting the sterling performance by Dave.

Questionnaires were handed out during the day and I'm hoping that people took the trouble to fill them out and hand them in as we are always looking for a ways to improve and to attract more members and performers.

A number of interested people attended the comprehensive day of tuition on the setting up and operating the sound system. Brian has been our sound controller for a number of years and it's about time we stepped and relieved him of some of the burden. To do this I feel we need those interested parties to have a number of practice runs to become more familiar with the equipment. Thank you Brian and indeed Dot who always been there to set up the sound and stage equipment. And to Lorelei, who did such a great job as MC - thank you.

Anne and I will be away for the March Muster as we are heading south to Boyup Brook for the festival and making our way slowly around to Esperance, but while we're away it has been left in capable hands. We would like to thank all those who attend the musters and support the performers because without you there would not be any musters.

Wishing everyone a happy and prosperous New Year.
John

POET PROFILE

If you would like to feature in the Poet Profile section, please email me a short intro about yourself, along with a photo -or information regarding a poet your would like to see profiled.



Rusty Christensen performing at Wireless Hill 2012

Flies

Geoffrey W Graham

Wave the flies from off your face,
and wave them from your rear.
Wave 'em all from every place
and wack 'em without fear.

Wave them off your legs and knees
and wave 'em off your tum.
Wave 'em off your arms and hands
and shoo 'em off your bum.

Keep the bugs all from your nose,
just weave about and bob.
And when you speak, clench tight your teeth
to keep 'em from your gob.

FOR SALE: Reprint of historic book - "The Boulder Block and other Verses" by Tom :Crosscut" Wilson. Reprinted by Bob Rummery, one of the early instigators of the WABYS. He has several copies available for sale for \$20. You can contact Bob on 94476689, email - rums@iinet.net.au, or 9 Hovea Ave. Sorrento.

. Unique Opportunity - Rare Book for Sale

1924 Book "Dryblowers Verses" for sale

It is in quite good condition, the cover has a bit of scuffing and the pages have yellowed inside but the spine and binding is very strong. There are a couple of newspaper clippings glued into the back cover of the book. Due to its rarity I have it for sale on the Internet for \$250 at the moment (there is another for \$350) I am quite happy to let it go for \$150.

Anybody wanting to buy it please contact Linda at trevlin2@bigpond.com

PA System Workshop

A very big thank you to Brian, who did such a wonderful job of trying to teach us beginners about the intricacies of a PA system. We all learnt so much as Brian went into detail sound fundamentals, components of a PA system, and issues such as reverberation, feed-back, foldback, etc, and set ups of the current PA system.

Thank you also to Dot, who fed and watered us!! It was wonderful, and we hope that in the future, more people will make the effort to learn how to set our systems up. Brian will not be here to do it much this year, so it will need to fall on others shoulders.



G'Day
Grahame Watt

'G'day! How are ya? How'd ya be?'
It's the same all day when people meet me.
They ask the same question, like a form of address,
they say, 'How're ya goin?' when they couldn't care less

One of these day I vow and declare,
I'll tell 'em the truth – that'll give 'em a scare.
When they say, 'How're ya going?', not wanting to know
I'll give 'em a talking for an hour or so.

'I'm no bloomin' good thanks, I'm no good at all,
the bank's got me farm and me back's to the wall,
the drought's killed me stock, then, just for change,
the bushfires went through and me dog got the mange.

All I've got in me pocket is a dirty big hole,
and because of some reason I can't get the dole.
Then me missus shot through with some shearer named Jack.
Now, to add to me troubles, she wants to come back.

Things are real crook, I think that I'm done.
I'd shoot meself if I could borrow a gun.
So next time you see me for Gawd's sake don't say,
'How're ya goin'? – just say 'G;day!'

Notice to Members

On Australia day, we circulated some surveys to visitors and members. There will also be one going out with this Bully Tin. The aim of this is to get some idea of why people may not be wanting to join our association, and what suggestions might keep them as members. This will also help your committee to make plans on where we are going in the future.
Please return the surveys as soon as possi-

Australian Bards And Bush Reviewers

Henry Lawson

While you use your best endeavour to immortalise in verse
the gambling and the drink which are your country's greatest curse,
while you glorify the bully and take the spieler's part –
you're a clever southern writer, scarce inferior to Bret Harte.

If you sing of waving grasses when the plains are dry as bricks,
and discover shining rivers where there's only mud and sticks;
If you picture 'mighty forests' where the mulga spoils the view –
you're superior to Kendall, and ahead of Gordon too.

If you swear there's not a country like the land that gave you birth,
and its sons are just the noblest and most glorious chaps on earth;
if in every girl a Venus your poetic eye discerns,
you are gracefully referred to as the 'young Australian Burns'.

But if you should find that bushmen – spite of all the poets say –
are just common brother-sinners, and you're quite as good as they –
you're a drunkard, and a liar, and a cynic, and a sneak,
your grammar's simply awful and your intellect is weak.

Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed - See John Hayes Please Contact any committee person

**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**

Boyup Brook Country Music Festival - Poetry Program - 16th to 19th February 2012

This year's program will be similar to last year but without the WABPYS State Championships, which they are planning to hold later in the year. We will continue with the Bush Poetry Writers Competition as part of the festival program. There will again be two sections: Open, and Emerging Poets (who have not won a writers competition.) There will be \$5.00 entry fee, and \$100 prize money for each section.

Irene Conner has offered to co-ordinate this competition. Please send entries to her at P O Box 584, Jurien Bay WA 6156 or iconner21@wn.com.au by 31st January.

Thursday 16 th 8-10 am	BUSH POETS at the Tennis Club The Tennis Club will be selling breakfast while poets recite on the lawn by the tennis courts. Yarnspinners are encouraged to include yarns in their bracket this morning. Includes "open mike" session.
Thursday 16 th 11-1 pm	BUSH VERSE WRITERS WORKSHOP Gary Fogarty and Carol Heuchan will conduct a two-hour workshop on writing and publishing your poems.
Thursday 16 th 2 – 4 pm	POETRY PERFORMERS WORKSHOP Gary and Carol will share some of the skills that have made them both winners of several Championships in Bush Poetry. Both these workshops will be held at the bowling club.
Friday 17 th 1 - 4 pm	VARIETY CONCERT POETRY AND MUSIC Country music artists and Bush Poets will combine to provide a free concert at the rear of the Tourist Centre
Saturday 18 th 8-10am	BUSH POETS AT THE CLUB The Bowling Club will be selling breakfast while poets recite in the bar. Format will be same as previous years as an "Open Mike" program with all welcome to participate. "Poets Brawl" will be held this morning.
Sunday 19 th 7-10am	BUSH POETS BREAKFAST This is the biggest Bush Poetry event in WA With the line-up of top Country Music Artists, including Beccy Cole, Gina Jeffreys and Sara Storer at this year's Festival, we can be assured the Bush Poet's Brekky will Again be a huge success.

2012 festival will feature Gary Fogarty and Carol Heuchan. Gary hails from Millmerran, Qld, and Carol Heuchan Both are well known on the East side where they have been seasoned performers for many years and have won the most prestigious awards. Both have been invited to perform and compete in America.
details

I have already heard from several WA poets who will be attending.
But with four programs featuring bush poetry, there will be ample opportunity for all poets, whether beginners or seasoned campaigners, to have a go.

New and regular poets will be included as and when I know who is coming. Thursday, Friday and Saturday sessions will be for all who can make it to Boyup Brook for all or part of the weekend. It would help if any poets coming were to contact me so I know who will be here and when. I can then ensure that everyone can participate in the program.

Camping is available on my farm, which is only 5 minutes from Boyup Brook (on the Kojonup road). I can be contacted on 0428651098 (daytime) or 97651098 (evenings).

E-mail: northlands@wn.com.au

A meet and greet BBQ (BYO) will be held at Northlands on Wednesday evening. All poets, friends and other campers are welcome. Any poets staying on Sunday night are welcome to a BBQ put on by the Country Music Club committee.

Looking forward to a great weekend.

Regards Bill Gordon

Cecil James (Jim) Kelly was one of the last of the old time drovers and cattlemen who made the North. He was unique in the way that he expressed his love of the Kimberley. No one else has or will write of those times in the style of Jim Kelly (Peter McCumstie. President, Shire of Derby/West Kimberley 1993)

The Road to Broome

Jim Kelly

Oh word came by where the stations lie
for bullocks to ship at Broome.
The old, old sound was out of bound
when war clouds darkly loom.
So they mustered round the black soil Downs
to Pindan scrub and hill
the mobs they grew as they mustered through
for they'd shipping space to fill.

They headed out on the Broome stock route
thru' the far flung Kimberley land,
from the Leopold Range whose rampants strange
stand majestically and grand -
then poked them thru where the Boabs grew
from the Leonard River side,
and camped at night 'neath the bright star light
by the Fitzroy River wide.

From the Fitzroy store to Myall's Bore
the night camps twinkled far;
on the Yeeda Plain they shone again,
like a distant beacon far.
While the muffled beat of the horses feet
I heard in the night watch long
and the mellow ring when a stockmans sings
a refrain of the Overland song.

I heard the rush in the Pindan brush
of cattle in maddened flight.
Where the valley dips the echoing whips
blend with the thundering hooves that night –
on Streeter's Run at the setting sun
I see them feeling slow;
while around the camp the zephyrs vamp
as the west sea breezes blow.

The seagulls fly in the sunlit sky
o'er the mob now moving down
past the one mile mill on the low sand hill,
with its russet shade of brown.
Tween the Acrodrome and sea shore foam
they swing wide to get more room
then slowly wend to their journey's end
in the cattle yard at Broome.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Next Muster

Friday 2nd March 7.30pm
Bentley Park Auditorium
26 Plantation Drive. Bentley.

The Digger's Widow
Trish Patterson 2010

By the window sits a lady and each day she sadly weeps
as she stares into a photograph, which by her side,
she keeps.

It's a gentleman in uniform, with rifle by his side...
all her memories are surfacing of when she was his bride.

Of her dear departed Digger, all her thoughts have quickly turned –
and her face portrays the heartache, for the love she long has yearned.

All those years have quickly vanished; many friends have passed away,
but the longing for her sweetheart, still remains there every day.

As she sits there reminiscing through a tear-filled, misty blur,
deep within her sacred archives, lost emotions start to stir.

From the horrors in the trenches, to the places that he went;
she retraces every footprint, from the letters that he sent.

Just to have her Digger back again, if only for a while,
would relieve the endless sorrow and return her youthful smile.

Grown and gone are all her loved ones, far from where she now resides;
and in nursing home surroundings, precious time she sadly bides.

All that's left are fleeting memories within her failing mind;
and the photograph and letters from the love she'll never find.

LIMERICK CORNER

An exceedingly daft entertainer
dived into a spiky container.
The spikes all stuck through him
and all those who knew him
said, "Now he'll be used for a strainer!"

When Rex kissed a cod on a dish
it told him, "I have but one wish -
to see you cremated
then reincarnated
to come back to earth as a fish!"

Peg Vickers

Walking Different Tracks

2012 Castaways Poetry Prize

Almost \$500 in prizes. Submissions open until 13th March 2012.

Visit the Castaways Web Gallery at <http://rockingham.wa.gov.au/Leisure-and-recreation/Art-and-craft/Castaways/Castaways-Gallery.aspx> and view the 32 images of entries from previous exhibitions. All entered poems must be inspired by, drawn upon, or use the theme of, images in the Castaways Web gallery.



Send a maximum of 3 poems, attached to an email in rtf or doc format, to castaways@rockingham.wa.gov.au with "POETRY SUBMISSION: Your Title" as the subject line.

The body of your email must include your name, address, phone/mobile number, email address, and the title & line counts of your poems. To ensure anonymity, do not include your details on your entered poems themselves. Do not post entries. Only entries received via email will be accepted.

Each poem must be no longer than 24 lines.

Poems must be original, unpublished, not have received an award in another competition, and not be under consideration elsewhere from the time of entry in the awards until the official announcement of the winners.

For further information contact Lee Battersby, Community Development Officer (Culture & Arts) on 9528 0386 or lee.battersby@rockingham.wa.gov.au

THE SUMMER HIDEAWAY

The first faint flush of daylight has adorned the eastern sky,
bright stars now start to slowly fade; the wind begins to die.
A feathered voice then sweetly calls out to the waiting
throng,
It's call is quickly answered and my camp is full of song.

I'm camped beside a forest stream where gentle waters flow,
shy trout reside within its depths; but hidden well below.
The gurgling of this pristine stream relaxes me once more,
and in my dreams I clearly see, the things I'm yearning for.

The day then quickly brightens as the sun begins to glow,
and chases out the shadows as it penetrates below.
The dampness of the undergrowth now feels its warming
ray,
and hidden flowers open up to greet this summers day,

It's been my secret hideaway; the one I never share,
a place to take my troubles to, and cleanse my soul whilst
there.
The setting is so beautiful with nature on display,
exotic plants and animals; seen all along the way.

Some days I laze about the camp just drinking in the scene,
or think about the past, and dream of things that might have
been.
You are so close to nature that it opens up your mind,
and helps you see things clearly; helps your body to unwind.

And when its time to take your leave, it saddens you to go,
this place has shared your secrets; shared the sadness that
you know.
It knows the strengths and weaknesses that make you what
you are,
then fortifies your spirit; so you walk away a Czar.

© T.E. Piggott

Sunrise On The Coast

A.B Paterson

Grey dawn on the sand-hills – the night wind has
drifted.
All night from the rollers a scent of the sea;
with the dawn the grey fog his battalions has lifted,
at the call of the morning they scatter and flee.

Like mariners calling the roll of their number
the sea-fowl put out to the infinite deep.
And far overhead – sinking softly to slumber –
worn out by their watching the stars fall asleep.

To eastward, where rests the broad dome of the
skies on
the sea-line, stirs softly the curtain of night;
and far from behind the enshrouded horizon
comes the voice of a God saying 'Let there be
light.'

And lo, there is light! Evanescing and tender,
it glows ruby-red where 'twas now ashen-grey;
and purple and scarlet and gold in its splendour –
behold, 'tis that marvel, the birth of the day!

Country Poets

Coming to the City? - City lights are fine, but 1st
Fridays could see **you** shine at our Muster. If
you are coming to the big smoke on a muster
night why not come along and be part of our get
together.

Give us a bit of notice and you might even find
yourself being star act (but only if you want to
be). This applies also to Bush Poets from other
places and those past member poets whose
lives have now gone in different directions.

The Swagman At The Golden Gate

Anon

Saint Peter put his quart-pot down and rubbed his saintly eyes,
as through the cloud a figure, bowed and pursued by swarms of flies,
came tramping up to Heaven's Gate and stood there in amaze.
He dropped his swag and tuckerbag and said, 'Well, spare me days!'

'I've humped this old Matilda since the age of seventeen.
There's not a track in the great outback that we two haven't seen;
So when I rolled me final swag I thought I'd cleaned the slate –
but stone the crows! Before me nose I see another gate!

In fifty years of tramping and covering all the while
twelve miles a day, at least to say with two gates to the mile -
I'm not much good at figures but the way I calculate
in my career I've opened near on fifty thousand gates.

There was gates that fairly haunt me, there was gates of every sort,
sagging gates and dragging gates; high, low, long and short.
Gates that seemed to challenge you and gates that seemed to grin –
lazy gates and crazy gates that hung by half a hinge;

Gates tied up with fencing wire and gates with fancy scrolls,
with patent catch and homemade latch, and gates made out of poles.
Wide gates and busted gates, big barriers and small,
rusted gates and busted gates – I've wrestled with them all;

Now, I've opened them and shut 'em till the sight of all I hate,
and I'd sooner miss yer Heavenly Bliss than open that there gate!
What's that? You say you'll open it! Well, that's what I call nice!
And close it too when I've got through? This MUST be Paradise'

THE PIG

'Twas an evening in November
As I very well remember
I was strolling down the street in drunken pride
But my knees were all a-flutter
So I landed in the gutter
And a pig came up and lay down by my side

On Old Albany Road

© Wayne Pantall 16/8/05

The warm smell of bread in the mist and the smoke,
matches the cheer of the grocery bloke,
who is busily setting up shop for the day,
as a wagon comes rolling from Albany way.

On Albany Road as a freckly kid
smiles at the milko adjusting the lid,
of the billy can brimming, so creamy and white;
sister Ivy is stroking the mare on the right.

The penny they spend on the Albany Road,
rattles a purse in a humble abode,
and will jingle the till of the quaint butcher shop,
as the change for old Nanna Brown's sausage and chop.

The Smithy accepting the fish from a man,
passes the penny and takes down a pan,
while his teapot is welcome to one and to all,
with a joke and a yarn for whomever should call.

The penny is warm from the palm of the girl,
who gives with a "Thank you" - grins with a swirl,
running happily home, bringing bread for the toast,
with fresh butter and jam, of which Dad will have most.

On Albany Road as the penny goes round
tables and counters there's joy at the sound,
and a warming of souls at the take and the give,
of reciprocal values of 'live and let live'.

For hundreds of miles from the north to the south,
good local money, is food in the mouth
of the farmer, the postie, the teacher, the nun,
of the kids in the bush and the towns - everyone.

Our concrete and bitumen highway today
serves as a means to whisk dollars away
to a man overseas, with a screen and a mouse,
who is raising the rent, on what once was her house.

The sight of the old copper coin in the sand,
is warm to her heart, and warm to her hand,
as old Ivy Jean Amity nuzzles a mane,
and is skipping down Albany Road once again.

The Pig (Cont)

Yes, I lay there in the gutter
Thinking thoughts I could not utter
When a colleen passing by did softly say:
"Ye can tell a man that boozes
By the company he chooses"
And the pig got up and slowly walked away!

Anonymous

January Muster Wrap Up, by Teresa Rose

Welcome to the first Muster Write-Up for 2012. I hope everyone had a Happy, Joyful and Safe Christmas and New Year. It was terrific to see such a good ‘turn-out’ for the first Muster of the year. Let’s hope this is a sign of good things to come! Our MC for the evening was Anne Hayes and to start what turned out to be a very entertaining programme, she called on her other half.

John Hayes presented one of his own, more recent works, “Black Saturday”. On February 7th, 2009, temperatures in Victoria reached a scorching 45 degrees. As fire took hold in different parts of the state, some folk fled in terror and some stayed to fight. The ferocious winds helped set the state ablaze, accompanied by the most terrifying chorus of sounds. Livestock, towns and so many lives were lost as the firestorms overran everything and everyone in their path. Both the people and the land that survived bore dreadful scars. The whole country was left reeling with shock. Yet, when winter rain began to fall, new life sprang up, covering the scars and bringing new hope.

Grace Williamson then came to the mike to present, “It’s Christmas Eve in the Farm House” by Victoria Brown. The poem tells of the frustration a farmer’s wife has on Christmas Eve, when the husband is still busy with the harvest. She’s left with all the Christmas ‘jobs’ such as sending cards, cooking (and burning) mince pies, as well as mowing the lawns, chopping wood, do gardening, cleaning up roo poo, organising relay of message out to him about fire warnings. Oh and decorating the Christmas tree and hanging the stockings. However, when hubby walks in, all is forgotten as they enjoy a cool beer and a nice mince pie on the verandah. Yes it’s a lovely time of the year!

Dave Smith then gave us a rendition of an old Banjo favourite, “Mulga Bill’s Bicycle”. Bill decided that he was going to get into this cycling craze and dressed up to suit the part. He went into town to buy himself a shiny new machine and when asked if he could actually ride, he claimed to be an expert in riding all manner of wheeled contraptions and animals. He set off for home above Dead Man’s Creek, but had not gone far down the hill, when the bicycle took off at speed, heading straight for the creek. Animals ran and hid in right as a white-faced Bill raced over the edge and into the water below. A shaken Bill swore that it had been the worst ride of his life and that he would leave the machine where it lay. From then on, a horse was good enough for Mulga Bill.

Kerry Bowe and Barry Higgins presented a duet performance of Peter Blythe’s “After Ewe”. On a hot morning out on the station, the cocky took off to check on his stock and all his equipment and dams. Seeing a ewe stuck in the mud he had to go in and get her out before she died. Stripping all his clothes off, he jumped into the water. When he eventually got her to the bank, she took off around the dam. He ran after her, thinking she’d soon run out of puff. Meanwhile the stock rep came calling, but was unprepared for what he saw: a frantic ewe being chased by the farmer yelling, “Come back here, you lousy bitch!” The rep took off and cocky’s reputation was soon ruined. The moral of the story being to mind the Work Safe rule: “Spot the hazard, assess the risk, and always wear your jocks!”

Kerry and Barry then gave us one of Kerry’s own poems, “Lotto Winner”. The dear old lady had won the lotto and now her family were suddenly very attentive to her. Awake to their hopes of getting her money, she decided to use it all up. Having had trips overseas, organised all her affairs and making the house and gardens like new, she decided to buy a brand new car. Ignoring the salesman’s warning about the gears, she set off at great speed and ignoring all signs, lights and other road users. She returned to the sales yard, complaining off a strange smell when she had people in the car. The boss agreed to come with her to see if he could detect where it was coming from. After she raced the lights, squealed round roundabouts and screeched to a stop just before the train passed, he slowly came out of his daze to tell her that the smell is what he was sitting in!

Frank Heffernan introduced his poem, “Our Day at Ray” by telling us how he and his wife came to be staying at this station as part of a trip they did. They had received a special invitation to this remote sheep and cattle station in Western Queensland. It was just a basic shack with the minimum of facilities. Enjoying the peace and quiet, they also saw many animals and a variety of trees and grasses. It was a rare experience to live the life of outback dwellers who have to be very creative in their cooking for so many mouths! All in all, it was a truly Aussie experience, with people who embody the true Aussie spirit, in a far away, isolated spot in this great country of ours.

Frank then gave us a poem, “David & Goliath” by a friend of his, Pete Stratford. The regulars were all having a pre-weekend drink at the usual watering hole. Nothing unusual was happening, just the usual yarns and such. Davo, the half-pint jockey was there too, as were all the usual characters. Suddenly a monster of a bloke crashes into the bar, demanding they pay for his drinks. Suddenly there’s a scream and Davo knocks him to the floor with a head butt to his ‘goollies’! The hulk doesn’t stir so they load him up on a ute and dump him outside town. Dave is hailed as a hero and plied with drink. When asked to make a speech, he just wants to know who stuck the kitchen fork up his bum!

Christine Boult does not get to Musters very often due to work commitments. This evening she presented one of her new poems, “Frank’s Gone Mad for Macca”. Frank discovered Macca on Sunday morning radio, while everyone else is asleep. Nothing is allowed to interrupt or disturb him listening to Macca in case he misses something important. He imagines himself tripping around the country and following Macca’s every step. Then it hits home that Macca is really a good thing for women. He’s a ‘men’s shed on the airwaves’. Christine now falls under his spell and starts to imagine life as a grey nomad, and this worries Frank. So now it’s a life on the road and all the wonders to see, but Frank still likes to return to his creature comforts.

Ron Ingham gave us another rendition of “The Ballad of the Bushman’s Club” by Graham Jenkins. This club is very exclusive as all the women are dressed like Chloe and there is unlimited free beer. There is a very strict entry requirement. Apart from all the physical challenges a prospective member had to pass, the last one is the real test. He

had to relate a litany of yarns that were completely false but well told. Having told a catalogue of unbelievable achievements, the man was delighted to be accepted into this club. Sadly, a week later, he is informed that he had to leave. It had come to the elders' attention that everything he had told them was in fact true!

Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge then came to the mike to give us a little music and then his poem, "Meekatharra". The old bloke was loading up his barrow ready to head off to the Murchison to look for gold. He thought there'd be plenty but all he needed was a mattock. He looked like he needed a feed but he was too proud to accept any hand-outs. He wasn't really homeless, but he had to leave the fickle wife and work to pay her expenses. So he headed off alone down the track and Cobber often wonders how he's getting on and how he copes with the poverty and drought. He doesn't know where he came from, but he knows for sure where he is: in Meeka-bloody-tharra with his leaky bloody tent!

Anne then introduced our very special guest speaker, Josie Wowolla Boyle. Josie's ancestors are the western desert people of the Wonghi tribe. She was born in Kalgoorlie and raised by a white family at Laverton. She was educated at the Mount Margaret Mission until she left at the age of 16. She came to Perth and worked as a Teacher's Aide at the Russel St. School in Morley. She made frequent trips back to her country to learn from her birth mother all about her Aboriginal heritage and culture. She started singing in her 30's and then began story telling in her 40's. She told us she prefers to tell her stories in the oral tradition of her people and often illustrates them in the sand. She does write them too and related two of these for us.

1. The first story was about an old tribal man who came to her family home to share his stories with them. She was fascinated with watching and listening to this old man who could remember when white men first came to his land in the desert.

2. Josie's second story was "When The Night Desert Train Comes". Sadly, these trains are not seen any more. She remembers going to watch them, especially as they made their way through the Mulga. The local dogs would start barking when they heard the train in the distance. All the folks would take their torches and lamps to go and watch for the first sign of the train's light. People would crowd into the railway siding to watch as it approached. Then there would be a scramble for the produce as it was unloaded. Further down the track, people would be waiting for letters. The train whistled as it left. Josie remembered the Station Master's small daughter creeping up to peek in to the train to see the 'city folk'. A tall man gave something to her dad. It was an incubator and he showed the children the cheeping chicks. When the chicks were grown, that was the first time Aboriginal kids got to taste eggs!

3. Josie normally writes stories about the Dreamtime. These are stories that are passed from family to family. She also writes about the current issues. In her song, "Parents do you know where your children are?" she deals with the problem behaviours of many of the kids and young people, such as the high incidence of petrol sniffing.

Robert Suann opened the second half of the programme as our Classic Reader. He introduced and presented Henry Kendall's, "The Last of His Tribe". The old man crouches and hides his face as he cannot bear to look at what is around him. He was once a warrior and hunter, but the weapons are still now. When the storm breaks, in his mind he is a hunter again; he relives the battles fought long ago. As the water moans and tumbles, a song seems to stir him and grab his attention. He sees the corroboree and the woman beckoning him. Is it time for him to go and follow her? It is all like a wonderful dream.

Brian Langley presented his annual offering of, "New Year Resolutions". All the Christmas celebrations and gatherings are over and it's time to make a few changes this year. Changes such as riding the bike, cutting back on the grog and wearing sun protection. It's time to start being more friendly and to do the right thing for a change. At the end of this long list is a note that says these are the same resolutions made last year!

His second poem, "Noise" bemoans the increased noise generated by all the electronic gadgets that the young people have. Then there are the places where they all congregate; the noise is deafening in there! If they are alone, then they are on the phone. They don't seem to care who has to hear their foul language and it makes them worse if you complain about it. Then there's the noise from the cars with their monster speakers. Fortunately there are still some places where you can escape all the din and listen to the gentle sounds of Nature.

Caroline Cambridge then stepped up to the mike with two new poems. The first, "Welcome to China" tells of the people who work in the 'sweat shops' in China for not much pay. They dare not complain because otherwise they will have their 'goonies' cut out! Life is cheap in China! The second poem, "Welcome to La La Land" tells of a new theme park, La La Land, where life is grand. It is full of roller coasters, a water park and skating rink. There is a concert hall and you can eat burgers full of chilli. They play Johnny Cash on the radio and there is an Australian zoo too. There's a lot to do in La La Land!

Ron Ingham returned to present, "The Boss of the Admiral Lynch" by Banjo Patterson. In Chili, when they want to get rid of their leaders, they don't do it in a polite, democratic fashion. They simply shoot them if they catch them! When Balmaceda and his followers were beaten, they showed incredible courage, but none more so than the boss of the one-horse gunboat, the Admiral Lynch. When he flew Balmaceda's flag, the victors were amazed, especially as he had no fire in his furnace to escape with. They sent a message, asking him to surrender, and saying his side were beaten and enough blood had been spilt. His answer was to fight; he could do no less. Of course they pounded his boat and captured everyone on board. No-one knew for sure if he was killed, but of all those who died, the king of them all was the boss of the Admiral Lynch.

Christine Boult then gave us another of her new poems, "Tea Towel Memories". Tea towels are wonderful mementos of trips that friends have taken. With such great scenes and stories on them, they were too good to be used for

the dishes. Pretty soon every inch of the house was covered in tea towels. Frank used them to check his oil, but when one came from India with poses from the Kama Sutra, he was delighted and studied them closely. With all the practice, his back went out, so now all the tea towels are folded in the draw, and changed every day. The one that caused all the pain is hidden away until they want a little bit of fun again.

Kerry Bowe gave us a poem, "The Bearer of Gifts and Thumber of Lifts", which she wrote after falling victim to Carpel Tunnel woes. The hand has written of so many different things. It has been in all sorts of unimaginable places and situations down on the farm. It has been used in a variety of ways when manners were lacking or required. It was used for all kinds of child care, and shifted furniture. It has prepared numerous meals and snacks but finally it let her down. A clever surgeon fixed it up. With the warning not to do anything for 6 weeks, he cheerily said he would fix the other one too, in 6 weeks time!

Frank Heffernan presented his own poem, "Volunteers", in which he talks of the 'unpaid army' of people who willingly work when there's a task to be done. There are no restrictions on who can be a volunteer. They come from all walks of life and have different things to offer. It is important that children learn from them, how to give to others of their time and support. So many people need help, even if it's a stranger. This attitude is what makes Australia great and we can take pride in what our volunteers do; they're a special breed and we should all show our appreciation.

Dave Smith first shared a little gem, forwarded onto him by his grandchildren, "The Computer Swallowed Grandpa". Grandpa pressed 'control and enter' and disappeared. He must have caught a virus or been eaten by a worm. He can't be found anywhere; even Google couldn't help. If you find him in your inbox, please copy, scan and paste him back!

Then, for something different, he gave us, "The Flea" by Frank Daniel . The blokes were all having a few drinks in the Pub and swapping a few yarns. When they had stopped talking for a while, the silence was broken by the squeaking of the door as a weary flea hopped in. He ordered seven schooners and then another, he was so dry. Then with his stubbies he took off out the door. While they were all wondering if they had seen right, there was an awful crash. The injured and beer-soaked flea limped back in and asked who had moved his dog! saying his side were beaten and enough blood had been spilt. His answer was to fight; he could do no less. Of course they pounded his boat and captured everyone on board. No-one knew for sure if he was killed, but of all those who died, the king of them all was the boss of the Admiral Lynch.

Robert Gunn had a story to tell of a swanky costume party. The wife begged off due to a bad headache so the husband had to go alone. He took his costume and she went to bed. Later she felt better and decided to go after all, and watch what her husband got up to, since he didn't know what costume she had. After watching his antics for a while, she went up to him, incognito, and eventually let him have 'his wicked way' with her. She slipped away before he realised and was innocently sitting reading when he came home. When she asked about the evening, he said he had played cards all night, but that the guy he lent his costume to, had had a wow of a time!

'Cobber' Keith Lethbridge told of "Harry's Mate" in his next poem. The 'mate' found Harry in a Nursing Home, where he saw that the tough years had taken their toll on him. There seemed to be faint hint of recognition, and tales from his cattle days kept coming. The mate recalls the times he had with Harry when they were young and foolish. They got into all sorts of scrapes, and Harry had taught him so much . Somewhere along the way, Harry had loved and lost and turned to drink. Since there weren't any computers in those days, and not many phones, they lost touch except for a couple of occasions when they met up. Now he's in the Nursing Home, where he gets washed, clothed and fed, but it's still a source of pride to be Harry's mate.

John Hayes was our last poet for the evening, with his own poem, "Cricket Time". When you play cricket, you always play the best you can, but there are always 'experts' in the crowd who call out what you should be doing. If you have an appeal quashed, it's "Oh, bad luck", but "Have A Go" is the usual call. The Umpire is never right because the crowd always knows best. There are none that can play the game better than those out in the crowd!

Josie Wowolla Boyle then gave us a bit of run down on some more aspects of her culture. She comes from the Red Earth desert people and belongs to what they call a 'Skin Group', which has nothing to do with the colour of their skin, but is to do with her mother's family. Women such as Josie, can 'adopt' other sisters into their skin group. They take them out into their desert and share their knowledge with them. Her people use the environment as their 'calendar' to work out what is happening around them; where the wildflowers are, and what the different colours mean. They tell the seasons by what the creatures are doing, and by watching the sky.

Then she told us one of her stories about, "The Bird Woman". A tall, aboriginal woman glided over the land. She was beautiful, innocent and grew up wild. The tribal elders had names for her, but she couldn't hear them. During the night, there was a big storm. And afterwards, she was nowhere to be seen. The elders looked for her and eventually found her, tired, wet and afraid. They warmed her up and fed her. When the next storm came, they gave her a gift of a long-legged grasshopper. This had secret water in its body, which they squirted into her ears. She began to smile because now she could hear. Now when you see and hear all the birds making a lot of noise, they are telling you a storm is near.

The evening concluded with Josie inviting John and Cobber to join her in a version of "Waltzing Mathilda'. As we all joined in the chorus, she sang in her own language. What a wonderful to finish a great programme. Our special thanks go to Josie for bringing us just a little bit of her fascinating culture and we hope to see and hear some more another time. Thanks too, to Anne for running a smooth and interesting night.

Our special guest at Wireless Hill - Josie Boyle - is a storyteller. Here, John Hayes has converted one of her stories to poetry form. I have used the two - story and poem - to show how we can take our own stories, and also convert them into poetry that will, in time, become part of our history.

A Story From a Collection
by Josie Wollawa Boyle

The night desert train came to towns along time ago; sadly we don't see them any more.
But when they came we all ran down to watch especially in the mulga.

When The Night Desert Train Comes

Out in the desert the moon shines on the lonely railway track, but here in the siding in the desert the dogs pick up the radar of engines.
They prowl around and howl into the night.
As the dogs announce its coming, people gather at the siding sweeping their torches over the dark red earth.
They chat in the cold squinting into the dark for the first glimpse of light.
Twinkling in the night the desert night train draws near, the engine throbs louder until it becomes a roar.
The people shuffle on the platform craning their necks to see as it loom out of the darkness in a blaze of noise and light.
The whistle blows, the wheels screech and the desert night train is here.
People scramble for their produce, a box of oranges, or a bag of flour.
Some strong men grab the mail bag and swing it on to the back of a truck, then it speeds off in a cloud of dust through the dark desert scrub.
Further down the track other folk are waiting for their in the night, and for family and friends who are carrying their bags.
With its dazzling light the train whistles at the cold then the black and gold caterpillar disappears into the night.
All the while a little girl sits in the darkness watching all the action.
She is the station masters daughter from the cottage near the siding.

One night when the train comes, she creeps up close to the carriage with all its lights burning, and peeps inside.
In there she sees city folk dressed up in their finery, all the theatre and glamour passing through the siding.
Then she sees a man wearing a long black coat carrying something all lit up.
“What is it she says,” and watches as the tall man gives it to her dad. She runs over, “what is it dad, what is it?”
“It’s an incubator,” he says “come and look inside.” and when he opens it up what does she see?
Chickens, fluffy yellow chickens all cheeping and chirping in the warm light.
They take them home to her waiting Mum. When the chickens grow bigger her Dad builds a pen.
Then when the chickens lay eggs they take them to the mission kids up the road.
Then the aboriginal children have eggs for the first time.
Every night the little girl sits and waits for the dogs to announce the arrival of the desert train, watching and waiting as it comes from far and wide to the little siding in the desert.

The Night Desert Train

John Hayes

An adaptation of a story from the archives of Josie Boyle

The dogs were barking at the night
before they saw the dazzling light,
pierce the darkness of the plain
the vanguard of desert train

Excitement stirred the cold night air
beside the station platform where
torch lights glowed where people found
their way across the dark red ground.

As laughing children ran about
the adults spoke and words spilled out.
Then from the darkness o'er the plain
loomed from the night, the desert train.

The whistle blows a screech of steel
the protest comes from every wheel
And then the diesel throb is loud
as waves of heat engulf the crowd.

Some of the people hurry down
to unload produce for the town.
Then disembarking from the train
come friends to visit them again

As two men grab the bag of mail
a passing truck gives them a hail
with engine roar and clash of gears
through desert scrub it disappears.

The whistle blows then on the track
wheels start to turn, the crowd falls back.
Then off into the cold dark night
the caterpillar fades from sight.

A little girl with hair of gold
observes the action there unfold
Day after day and night by night
she waits and watches for the light.

The station masters daughter Clare
is always watching waiting there,
And then one night before her eyes
there came to her a big surprise.

A late night train had just arrived
she hurried down and looked inside,
where city folk were finely dressed
with glitz and glamour they possessed.

Perhaps we can all have a go at writing one of
our own stories (and we all have them!!), then
converting it into a poem.

What a great way to create our own history records!!

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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

- ♦ February 15 - 19th 2012 Boyup Brook Country Music Festival. Featuring WA's biggest Bush Poetry Brekky.
- ♦ Friday 2nd March Muster. Bentley Park Auditorium at 7.30pm. 26 Plantation Drive. Bentley

Regular events: Albany Bush Poetry group 4th Tuesday of each month Peter 9844 6606
Geraldton Growers market Poetry gig 2nd Saturday Catherine 0409 200 153.

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.

If you would like to be part of a forum—post your poetry, see what other contemporary bush poets are writing, keep up to date with poetry events throughout Australia—visit www.abpa.org.au or www.bushverse.com

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.com

Please contact the Webmaster, Brian Langley on 93613770 if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.

**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

Graham Armstrong	Book
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

Arthur Leggett

books,
inc autobiography

Keith Lethbridge books

Corin Linch books

Val Read books

Caroline Cambridge book

Peg Vickers books & CD

"Terry & Jenny" Music CDs

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