

BULLY TIN



**Next Muster 5th October 7.30pm RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley
MC Heather Denholm 9405 6307**

THIS DAY IN HISTORY

2nd October:

Born on this Day:

1869 - Political leader and humanitarian, Mahatma Gandhi, is born

Australian History:

1902 - William Gocher defies the Australian law that prohibits daylight bathing in the ocean, and sets a new precedent in surf-swimming.

World History:

1950 - The comic strip "Peanuts", by Charles M Schulz, makes its debut in seven newspapers across America.

Our Glorious West Evelyn Cull

I've roamed thro' the West, this wonderful land,
From green karri south to Hammersley grand
And all in between wherever I been
I've loved every acre and all that I've seen.

Down south where the valleys are cool, grasses sweet,
Orchards and flax farms, fat cattle replete,
Where rivers run ever and never go dry,
Soft grasses still tender, the summer goes by.

There's our wheat-belt with acres of tall golden wheat,
Shimmering richly in summertime heat
Awaiting the header to harvest the treasure,
The eyes of the farmer light up with the pleasure,

He gives silent thanks to our Lord up above
For the wonder and glory, this land that we love.
The north with the soil that is dusty and red,
The gibbers, grey spinifex and dry river bed.

Cassias, mulga, the ghost gums so white
The red hungry dingos that howl thro' the night.
The drovers who follow the flocks of grey sheep
By mulga wood fire, they curl up to sleep.

Till the wail of the curlew's weird haunting screams
Awaken the drovers and shatter their dreams.
The white moon shines down on a desolate scene
And makes you forget that the place isn't green.

But when the rains come, then the land comes alive,
The grasses will grow and the flocks will survive.
In the rainbow's bright promise we see once again
The plenteous feed that will follow the rain

PLEASE NOTE - CHANGES TO MUSTER FROM NOVEMBER!!!!!!

After discussion at the AGM and subsequent committee meeting, the following changes have been made to the musters:

All musters will be held at the RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley from the November muster onwards. This is for a six month trial period only at this stage.

From November, musters will start at 7pm through until 9.30pm. (Currently, 7.30 - 10pm)

We ask that, if you have any concerns over these changes, please contact a committee member to discuss them. We will also be seeking your feedback on how you find the changes.

Our Glorious West (Cont)

Each part of our state has something for all,
From dry cattle country to mill timbers tall;
From the north with its spread of lovely Sturt pea
To the south with its leschnault, blue as the sea.

So tell of our glories wherever you go
And hope that our visitors like the state too.

Next Musters

Friday 5th October 7.30pm
RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley

Friday 2nd November **7.00pm**
RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley

This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of Steve Irons, Federal Member for the seat of Swan and posted with the generous assistance of Ben Wyatt, MLA - Member for Victoria Park.

2nd October is International day of Non-Violence, an occasion to "disseminate the message of non-violence, and the desire "to secure a culture of peace, tolerance, understanding and non-violence".

THE THIN BLUE LINE

Maureen Clifford © 06/11

She was over the death and destruction and pain
and the need to look over her shoulder.
Seemed nothing they did would ever break the chain
of violence, each day she grew older.
The Blue leather chair was showing signs of age,
on the desk before her the incident page
awaited her signature – blind to her rage.
From the tree of life leaves started falling.

If these walls could talk what a story they'd tell
of a day in the life of a copper.
A vain hope still surfaced occasionally. Well
at least she did nothing improper.
The old world was fading - now pure hatred reigned.
No honour in thieves and of those they restrained
there was no civility, no shred remained;
and each day became less enthralling.

She thought of her Gramps and remembered her Dad,
both policemen who'd been proud to serve.
She remembered their stories, recalled why she joined,
a career that she thought would not swerve.
And yet here she sat just ten years down the track
and her thoughts turned to leaving and not looking
back
for each day was a trial. One she just couldn't hack.
It was time to leave and stop stalling.

She got called to an incident down at the docks,
a man armed and dangerous there.
She jumped in the squad car with others thus called
and tried not to give in to despair.
She checked that her weapon was ready to roll.
They tried to talk him down, to gain some control
but their words of reason did not him console
and rifle shots saw bodies sprawling.

They gathered together at the fading of the light
to pay their respects, It was hard when
the sweet scent of roses drifted 'neath starlight
and bird song was heard through the walled garden.
They mourned for a comrade who gave up her life.
They mourned for a daughter, a mother and wife.
They mourned for a world that seemed beset with strife
and the loss to all there was appalling.

She was part of the death and destruction and pain
and her bones now in dark earth would molder.
Seemed nothing they did would ever break the chain
of violence, but she'd never grow older.
The Blue leather chair still showed signs of age
an incident report form waited to engage
a pen with no lid to scrawl words on its page.
A closed case now – no need for recalling.

The thin blue ranks once more are in mourning.

OCTOBER MUSTER -NOTE

The October Muster Friday 5th of October the theme for the night will be Childhood Memories if performers would like to base their performance on a Childhood memory or Childhood that would be good,(if not that's OK.)

To contact Heather 08 9405 6307, (some have the numbers in a different order) mobile for SMS 042 905 2900 or my email is h.e.denholm@gmail.com

The Author's Farewell To The Bushmen

Henry Lawson

This poem was written as Henry left Albany in 1890 on his way back to Sydney - It is aimed at the few people in Albany who gave Henry the opportunity to publish some of his poems and stories in the local papers. Many others considered him to be "an upstart from t'otherside" The "Great North-West" refers to the recent mini gold-rushes in the Pilbara and Kimberley regions of WA

Some carry their swags in the Great North-West,
Where the bravest battle and die,
And a few have gone to their last long rest,
And a few have said: Good-bye!
The coast grows dim, and it may be long
Ere the Gums again I see;
So I put my soul in a farewell song
To the chaps who barracked for me.

Their days are hard at the best of times,
And their dreams are dreams of care,
God bless them all for their big soft hearts,
And the brave, brave grins they wear!
God keep me straight as a man can go,
And true as a man may be!
For the sake of the hearts that were always so,
Of the men who had faith in me!

And a ship-side word I would say, you chaps
Of the blood of the Don't-give-in!
The world will call it a boast, perhaps,
But I'll win, if a man can win!
And not for gold nor the world's applause,
Though ways to the end they be,
I'll win, if a man might win, because
Of the men who believed in me.

Grandma's Teeth

Brian Langley

Grandma's teeth, they sometimes rattle
And flop around a bit.
They must be getting smaller
Cos they do not seem to fit.
But I think she's found the answer
To make them big and strong.
She puts them in some water
So they'll grow the whole night long!



Anzac Day Poetry

For anyone interested in the ANZAC Day Centenary Poetry Project, please be aware that the project has had a name change. It is now called "100 years from Gallipoli" Poetry Project. The name change is to do with the protection of the 'ANZAC' name.

This project challenges poets to answer the following question:

What does ANZAC Day mean to you, to today's families, communities or nations?

The outcomes of the project will include the publication of a collection of two hundred poems as well as a 100 Years from Gallipoli Poetry Prize.

The objectives of the project are:

- ♦ to use new poetry written by today's poets to illustrate the diversity of current views about Australian & NZ commemorations and anniversaries of military history
- ♦ To contrast these modern views with those from the past

Full details and entry information are available from <http://www.ozzywriters.com/index.php/100-years-from-gallipoli> or by contacting the Co-ordinating Editor by phoning +61 (0)3 6362 4390, or emailing gallipoli-100@ozziewriters.com

Closing date is Remembrance Day, 11 November, 2013.

Sign Me Up

Keith Lethbridge

What can I do? Well, it's hard to say...
I mustered cattle for many a day,
in dusty camps when the days were hot,
with prickly heat and Barcoo rot,
with beans and damper and sweet black tea
'til an aching back got the best of me.
Then I rested up in a one-horse town,
but the liquor and loneliness wore me down.

What kind of work could I do today?
Well, strike me rotten, it's hard to say.
I used to be known as a good bush cook,
and I had no need for a recipe book;
just spuds and onions and something green;
good solid tucker, if you know what I mean.
I cooked for shearers in many a shed
and only a few of them dropped down dead.

But what kind of job could you find me now?
Well, my grandfather taught me to milk a cow,
and down on the farm where I learnt the art,
we were up at four for an early start;
out in the paddocks come rain or shine,
and the wildest kickers were always mine;
never the less, I was fast and clean,
but you can't compete with a milking machine.

Work in the city? Well, can't you see,
there's nothing 'round here for a bloke like me.
I'm too cantankerous, that's the truth,
and getting a little bit long in the tooth.
They're looking for young fellas now, you know;
a few grey whiskers and out you go!
No mate, I'm set for another role...
Just sign me up for the flamin' dole!!

(From Keiths book – Damper and Tea – available from Keith)

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.

The Australian Emigrant

Henry Kendall

How dazzling the sunbeams awoke on the spray,
when Australia first rose in the distance away
as welcome to us on the deck of the bark,
as the dove to the vision of those in the ark!
What fairylike fancies appear'd to the view
as nearer and nearer the haven we drew!
What castles were built and rebuilt in the brain,
to totter and crumble to nothing again!

We had roam'd o'er the ocean – had travers'd a path,
where the tempest surrounded and shriek'd in its wrath:
alike we had roll'd in the hurricanes breath,
and slumber'd on waters as silent as death:
we had watch'd the day breaking each morn on the main,
and had seen it sink down in the billows again;
for week after week, till dishearten'd we thought
an age would elapse 'ere we enter'd the port.

How often while ploughing the 'watery waste',
our thoughts – from the future have turn'd to the past;
how often our bosoms have heav'd with regret;
for faces and scenes we could never forget:
for we'd seen as the shadows o'er-curtain'd our minds
the cliffs of old England receding behind;
and had turned in our tears from the view of the shore,
the land of our childhood, to see it no more.

But when that red morning awoke from its sleep,
to show us this land like a cloud on the deep;
and when the warm sunbeams imparted their glow,
to the heavens above and the ocean below;
the hearts had been aching then revell'd with joy,
and a pleasure was tasted exempt from alloy;
the souls had been heavy grew happy and light
and all was forgotten in present delight.

'Tis true – of the hopes that were verdant that day
there is more than the half of them withered away:
'tis true that emotions of temper'd regret,
still live for the country we'll never forget;
but yet we are happy, since learning to love
the scenes that surround us – the skies are above,
we find ourselves bound, as it were by a spell,
in the clime we've adopted contented to dwell.

President's Report - Bill Gordon

It was very heartening to see so many at the A G M, and to have several new faces coming on to the committee. All positions have been filled, and your committee is feeling positive about the future of the WABPYS.

I would like to thank John Hayes for accepting the role of President for the last year. John has given his best, often under difficult personal circumstances. John has done a lot towards the inclusion of bush poetry at the Toodyay Moondine Joe Festival next month. We have four poets performing at various venues throughout the day. This is a lead up to Toodyay hosting the State championship next year. John has been capably supported by his wife Anne.

Other events members will be performing (or have performed) at are the Centenary celebrations for Wireless Hill on 30th September, Harvey Dickson's Country Music Show in Boyup Brook also on that day, and the day before at the W A Motorhome rally in Collie.

We welcome a return to monthly musters, to be held at the East Victoria Park R S L Club in Fred Bell Parade, St James. This location has proved popular among the members who have attended the muster there, and offers a more intimate venue than the retirement village auditorium. It also gives the opportunity for social events and BBQs if members so desire.

I thank the WABPYS for the confidence they have placed in me to take the position of president, and look forward to progressing our association and promoting our poetry. Please contact me or any committee member if you have any questions or suggestions. We are here to lead, but the association belongs to all the members.

Bill Gordon
President

Dear Sir,

I am the secretary of the Carnarvon Artists Club based in Carnarvon. Our Club is for anyone interested in the arts in general but in the old days we used to hold a 'Poets Night' every two months or so which was very popular with our members.

We are thinking about holding another Poets night event and maybe combine it with a country and western band and I wondered if any of your members travel to the country to recite yarns and poems and if so what would their charges and fees be?

Regards

Jenny Walsh (jennywalsh@wn.com.au)

Secretary - Carnarvon Artists Club

Walking Different Tracks

For anyone holidaying down Dwellingup way in October, the Nanga Music Festival is being held again on 12 - 14th October 2012.

The 2012 Nanga Music Festival continues its celebration of acoustic and folk music with an impressive line-up of artists gathered under the tall trees of Nanga Bush Camp near Dwellingup, WA.

For further information, visit their website on www.nangamusic.org.au

Cervantes Festival of Art WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION Cervantes Recreation Centre October 25th - 29th 2012

Entries close 11th October.

1st prize - \$250

Junior prize - \$100

Entry -\$5/poem Open, \$2/poem Junior

Please contact Irene Conner on 0429652155 or email iconner21@wn.com.au for entry form and details.

This is an open event for original poems that have good rhyme and metre - and that meet the criteria for Australian bush poetry.

Poems will be on display at the festival.

Tamworth Poetry Reading Group BLACKENED BILLY VERSE COMPETITION

The Blackened Billy Verse Competition is regarded as one of the most prestigious BUSH POETRY competitions in Australia.

Writers of Bush verse are invited to compete.

First prize is \$600 plus the famous BLACKENED BILLY TROPHY.

Second prize is \$300 and third \$200.

Entries close November 30 and the winners will be announced at the Tamworth Country Music Festival in January 2013.

Write to Jan Morris PO Box 3001, West Tamworth NSW 2340 or email janmorris33@bigpond.com

Little Folk presents FOLK IN THE FOREST FESTIVAL - DWELLINGUP Friday 16 to Sunday 18 November

Purchase before 30 September to avail of the early bird price of \$50 - after 30 September tickets are \$65.00

All proceeds to childrens cancer research.

Music and bush poetry. Accomodation available.

Bookings are open now and you can email folk-in-the-forest@gmail.com or you can email Connie at conniekenny@hotmail.com or phone Noel on 0402039954

Please Note.....

Anyone wishing to join a Yahoo group attached to our website, please contact Brian Langley for further details. It is basically a bulletin board, on which you can post informations/discussions for other members of the group to read.

**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**

The Brumby's Death

Ethel Mills

(Published in the Bulletin - pre 1901)

'Twas only last night I was leading them westward
o'er hills bathed in moonlight, thro' forests of gloom,
past reed-beds that sang by the deep water-courses,
thro' thickets of starry-white jasmine in bloom;
my beautiful troop, with their wind-toss'd manes flying,
their hoofs flashing fire as they wheeled on the plain –
Ah! never thro' desert or bird-haunted forest
shall I lead them in moonlight or shadow again.

It was only last night that we came to the clearing:
the blaze of the camp-fire - our halt in surprise,
and the whirr and the sting of the death-dealing bullet,
the last maddened gallop, the fast-dimming eyes.
Then / sank on the reed-beds, *they* fled in the dark-
ness,
still westward – their hoofbeats seemed ringing my
knell;
was there one, do you think, gave a thought to the
leader
who, stricken and helpless, lay still where he fell?

I had led them of yore to the hills of grey granite;
I knew where the creepers hung thick o'er the pass
that led to the vale in the heart of the mountains –
the clear, crystal river – the green slopes of grass.
Ah, Me! Those were days when we met in the morning
and galloped in glee while the sweet breezes sang,
and the echoes came up from the hollow, red ridges
as over the gravel our hoofs lightly rang.

I can follow in fancy their flight thro' the darkness –
bereft of their leader, still hurried by fear:
will they wander till lights of some lonely out-station
shine out, or a horse-bell sounds far off, yet clear?
Will they turn then and, seeking the swampland behind
them,
forget their wild panic in longing for me,
and hasten to guard me? – for bright eyes are gleam-
ing
and swift shadows hasten past thicket and tree.

How weirdly the dingoes are howling around me!
The wings of a night-hawk brushed lightly my mane:
the eagles will shriek for their feast on the morrow
but my troop will be with me, nor leave me again
till these dim eyes grow bright, and far to the westward
I lead them, forgetting this night and its fear...
They are slow – they are late – ah! I would that they
hasten –
the stealthy night prowlers draw silently near.

Far away in the hills that have guarded so firmly
the granite-ringed pastures the wild horses know,
they are feeding knee-deep in the grass and the clover
while red grows the east from the dawn's tender glow.
And another as leader looks proudly around him,
sleek-skinned and fleet-footed, well fit to be head;
but far in the reed-beds the eagles have gathered...
one might have remembered as westward they fled!

Appleby

John Hayes

When Appleby the carpenter was towed off by a calf,
tho' he could have come to grief, we thought it all a laugh.
'Twas at Pelhams as usual, the incident took place,
tho' pride was rather injured, 'twas taken in good grace.

The aforesaid offender being a ten month old calf,
sired by a certain bull that one day chanced to pass.
Not that breeding matters where behaviour is concerned,
'tis weight upon the hoof that counts, this much have I
learned.

It had been decided the calf's mother must be captured,
without the use of horse-play, lest bones by chance be frac-
tured.

The calf of course was easy prey for men of such renown,
swiftly roped and tethered to the stoutest post around.

The calf becoming quite upset, let it well be known,
pawing earth and bellowing, mouthing froth and foam.
Offsprings cries soon were heard, loud moans of despair,
old roan cow came galloping, head wavin' in the air.

All was going just as planned, roped calf she spied,
when she entered through the pen, we'd lock her safe in-
side.

Waving arms and shouting, all joined in the fray,
then I heard a distant cry, "take the calf away".

Quickly from behind the post I slipped the holding knot,
sensing now his freedom he went past me like a shot.
Amidst a cloud of dust with every leap and bound,
gathering momentum his four feet left the ground.'

The fowl pen was in his way, he plowed right through the
side,
tho' feathers filled the air above, he never missed a stride.
With head held close to the ground in a bid for his escape,
the tying rope of sixty feet slithered in his wake.

'Twas Appleby who saw the rope trailing quickly past,
threw caution to the wind, whilst the end he firmly grasped.
When the slack was taken in, it twanged as it went tight,
then Appleby leaning back, hung on for all his might.

So swift was his projection, feet wildly beat the air,
the rope he couldn't let it go, or perhaps he didn't dare.
When he touched the ground again he leaned back as a
skier,
'twas then I heard the gravel stone whistlin' past my ear.

An obstruction quickly came to view, he saw it much too
late,
it clipped his heels with a thud, he took off into space.
Whilst suspended din the air, as though to take a rest,
he gave a last despairing shout and landed on his chest.

Concerned about his state of health we rushed off to his aid,
he staggered to his feet at last, his chest now cleanly
shaved.

Often when I reminisce it always brings a laugh,
how Appleby the carpenter, was towed off by a calf.

Poet Profile: John Philip (Bluebush) Bourke

Born: 5 August 1860 Nundle NSW

Died: 13 January 1914 Boulder WA

Biography:

Bourke was the son of William David Bourke, butcher, and his wife Jane, *née* Shepherd. After a primary education, he became a prospector with his father. At 17 years of age, he sold a claim for £600. He then became a school teacher in September 1882 and occasionally contributed verse to *The Bulletin*. He retired from the education department in 1887 after being found drunk by a school inspector.

In 1894 he went to the recently discovered goldfields in Western Australia, prospected in various parts of the west, and at variously made and lost a considerable sums of money. About the turn of the 20th century Bourke took up journalism and was a regular contributor to the *Kalgoorlie Sun*. He was a writer of vigorous prose and verse which gave him a local reputation, but he was comparatively little known away from the gold-mining towns.

'Bluebush' Bourke was a popular poet, one of the leading poets of the goldfields along with E. B. (Dryblower) Murphy. In his own phrase they were "singers standing on the outer rim, who touch the fringe of poetry at times".

While Murphy wrote more and had the larger audience, Bourke was the more lyrical and more often did succeed in touching the fringe of poetry.

Bourke's own estimation of his talent was modest:

A Mulga Romance

John Philip (Bluebush) Burke

(Sunday Times, December 20th 1903)

Oh, he led his love through the church's aisle,
And he cried "You bet!" with an eight horse smile.
When, the parson asked would he love and care
For the dainty thing with the forehead fair,
And the dimpled chin and the sun kissed locks,
Oh he yelled again, "You may bet yer socks."

For a rough-cut sleeper was Mulga Jim,
With never the sign of a fly on him.
Then he signed the book and he seized his prize,
With a joyful gleam in his big brown eyes.
As they jumped aboard of the north bound train,
Oh, he gathered his girl to his chest again.
And the days went by with a new-born vim
At the wayback mansion of Mulga Jim.

And the stars loomed bright and the sky loomed clear
Till nearing the end of the first half-year.
Then one fateful morning dressed neat and trim
A woman tripped out from the camp of Jim.
As laughing and smiling, "I wish you joy,"
She said, "You're the dad of a bouncing boy."
Then Mulga Jim studied and scratched his head,
"Well, that I guess is a record," he said.
"A plume in the cap of a way-back bloke --
The first damn record that ever I broke."

Then he cut no caper nor went off "pop,"
But closed the shutters of "Cupid's" shop.
And he coiled his swag and he greased his straps
And said "Good-bye" to the mulga chaps.
Then as fast and far from the scene he hied,
Who'd a' guessed it was loaded?" he sadly sighed.

Life

"Bluebush" Bourke 1913

A little ray from a shaded light
A colour splash on a field of white
Too short a day and a damn long night

A wreath of pain and a faded laugh
A rotten stick for a pilgrim's staff
An ounce of grain and a ton of chaff

A glimpse of youth and a woman's eyes
A long, long look into starlit skies
Mere chips of truth on a stream of lies

A glass of 'hops' and a pint of lees
A year of toil and an hour of ease
Till the worker drops to his broken knees

Then voices flout from life's garden walls
And bedposts grin and the earthworm calls
And lights go out as the curtain falls

Say, will the bark that was tempest-tossed
Still flounder on when the bar is crossed
And night grows dark and the path is lost?

Ah! Cast my lot in the realms of mist
With friends I've loved near the lips I've kissed
For Hell's too hot for a pessimist

Waiting for the Call

John Philip (Bluebush) Burke

Though today may groan 'neath its weight of care
and the sun be a raven's wing
that darkens the faces of children fair
and saddens the songs they sing;
I know it will change a the faintest touch
from the hand of a God-sent Spring!

And I know, though the desert be grim and grey,
and its life be a Lethe's pond
whose waters of indolence hold always
the spirits of men in bond,
full well there is room for a strenuous life
in the Land that is Just Beyond.

Thus we wait for the touch of a magic string
and a glance of a love-lit eye:
for a breath from some spirit awakening
that passes us clearly by;
-We legion of dreamers that drift and live,
and dabble and drink – and die.

This poem was written by Les Cheetham in 1936 in the Perth Library beside the statue of the unknown soldier. Europe was in turmoil, Hitler was on the rampage and there were Nazi soldier goose stepping all over Germany. Hitler had occupied the neutral buffer zone between Germany and France.

Chamberlain, Britain's Prime Minister, panicked. He flew to Germany to talk to Hitler and when he came back said, "Hitler is an honourable man. There will be no war in our time".

(Taken from "Over the Years" - Poems by L.J.Cheetham)

The Unknown Soldier Les Cheetham

They raised his monuments on high,
the man who died that war might cease,
and he with hellish wounds did die
so that his people live in peace.

Vain was his gruesome death,
vain all those graves did fill
when war put forth it's fiery breath,
mad with the lust to kill.

Around us war dogs snarl and growl,
their lesson never learnt.
We hear the people's futile how
as each fresh treatys torn or burnt.

Oh, youthful man, so fit and strong,
today your pleasures take,
for you must fight through right or wrong,
for war the world will shake.

2013 AUSTRALIAN BUSH LAUREATE AWARDS

Nominations are now open for the above competition. Categories include Book of the Year, Album of the Year, Single Recorded Performance of the Year, Published Poem of the Year, Childrens Poem or Track of the Year and Recorded Australian Song Lyric of the Year. The eligibility period is from October 1st 2011 to September 30, 2012 - nominations must have been released or published during this period.

The Committee also invite nominations for the Judith Hosi-er Heritage Award, which is for a lasting and significant contribution to Australian Bush poetry.

Results will be announced at the Town Hall in Tamworth, NSW during the January festival - on Tuesday 22nd January 2013 at 2pm.

Further information and nomination forms can be obtained either by emailing www.bushlaureate.com.au or phoning 02 67622993. Please leave your name and number if we do not answer.

Doesn't the wattle look just beautiful at this time of the year? I curse it growing everywhere most of the year - except springtime!!

When the Wattle Turns to Gold © Irene Conner 16.09.12

In the greyness of the winter
when the air is damp and chill;
when the morning light is shrouded
by the fog beneath the hill;
when the days are short and dreary
with no sun to warm the cold,
I'll be dreaming of the springtime
when the wattle turns to gold.

When the trees are bent and trembling
in the midst of winter squalls;
when a careless foot is anchored
in the mud as more rain falls;
when the dampness, all pervading,
spawns an ever-creeping mould,
I'll anticipate the beauty
when the wattle turns to gold.

When the days are creeping slowly
but the grass is full and lush
and the early morning sunlight
paints the soft clouds with a blush;
when the budding of the bushes
hint at beauty still untold,
I will know the day is dawning
when the wattle turns to gold.

When the birdsong wakes the morning
serenading to the world
and the dainty buds of colour
in their glory have unfurled,
and when Mother Nature graces
us with beauty to behold,
I will revel in the magic
when the wattle turns to gold.

As the springtime fades to summer
and the heat intensifies,
there's a lightness in my spirit
as the season purifies.
When the freshness waves goodbye and
colours change from soft to bold,
I will not forget the glory
when the wattle turns to gold.

When the autumn leaves have fallen
and again the winter calls;
when the firelight's burning bright and
dancing sylphs light up the walls,
I will sit in grateful silence
as my memories unfold,
and I'll journey to the springtime
when the wattle turns to gold.

Sylph – imaginary being that dwelt in the air, and were light, dainty, and airy beings; an imaginary being of the air.

In the Dead-Letter Office

R.Stewart (Published in the Bulletin – pre 1901)

Come, rip the mail-bags open, chaps, and sort the stuff away;
a thumping mail again from Perth – we'll have some work to-day.
Two thousand unclaimed letters here, if there's a single one;
so bustle round the tables, boys, and get the sorting done that we may have them opened up and let the senders know
the reason why there's no reply come back from
'Westward-Ho!'

For wives have husbands over there, and girls their sweet-hearts, too,
and sons who found the old land hard sought fortune in the new;
and some died in the hospitals, who nameless there have lain,
and some lie dead where no man knows upon the scorching plain;
and some have glared on blazing skies and cruel desert sands
till reeling brain and bursting heart they stilled with desp'rate hands;
and timid men stay near the towns, - but some in quest of gold
have wandered from the mailman's track: no letters reach the bold.

Then stir yourselves and toss them out; for some are on the rack
these three months past with sorrowing when no reply came back;
a gleam of hope to many send who mourn their loved to-day,
for oft the envelopes are marked *Unclaimed*, or *Gone away*;
but some have scored across the face the mournful legend, *Dead*,
or *Died in Hospital* - ah me! Sad missives never read.

The daring heart that crossed the sea to win his dear ones bread
had perished 'neath the fever-pang, no friend beside his bed;
and hardly had his sunken eyes filmed in approaching death,
and still his frame seemed quivering with one last sobbing breath,
when from his wife the letter came so full of loving cheer:
"I'm longing for your safe return; God bless and keep you, dear!

The children all are well and strong – they send their love to you;
we manage just to get along, but one week's rent is due, and that can wait, the landlord says – he's better than we thought;
he thinks, perhaps, you'll strike the gold; there's plenty there; you ought."

Ah, well! Such tales are common now, they're multiplying fast –
see! Yonder lazy fourth-class man is working hard at last!
He's crusty and cantankerous, and selfish as can be: he growls and grumbles all the day, and little work does he;
his tongue is always on the nag, but since the goldfield's mail comes once a month from Albany with many a mournful tale,
he's seized with a desire to show a heart he does not lack,
and grafts away with might and main to send the letters back.

The junior clerks are writing fast, their pen-nibs fairly fly; the usual chatt'ring is not heard, and little wonder why – when sending back to some poor girl the tender, loving note that never met the eyes of him for whose dear sake she wrote;
and right across the envelope a legend, scrawled in red, tells how, while she poured forth her heart, the youth lay stark and dead.

Alas for those unfortunates whose hopes are in the West, -
with husbands, fathers, toiling there for gold in fierce unrest!
For fever, drought, and pestilence will reap a harvest grand –
the stoutest hearts Australia owns throb in that deadly land:
so, when you pass our office by, and hear no noisy din, you'll maybe murmur with a sigh, "The Perth Dead Mail is in."

PLEASE NOTE.....

A reminder to all those who perform at our musters...

Please remember to bring a short synopsis of your poem so we can include a description of the poem in our muster write up. This is to be given to the person writing up the muster notes.

Also, the musters are run on a strict timetable. Please ensure that you are aware of how much time you have to perform, and keep your poem and pre-amble within that time. If you do not keep to your time limit, you may need to be taken off the rest of the program for that night.

It is a difficult job for our MC's to do, trying to co-ordinate poets and time tables, and if we expect people to continue volunteering for this role, we need to do everything we can to make it easier for them.

Your co-operation on this matter is appreciated

Boiling the Billy

By Anon (Sunday Times, March 12th 1905)

It was Nor'-West Bill who was giving room
To many beers in the town of Broome.

I have met with many an out-back thirst,
But Nor'-West Bill's was an easy first.

For the pots went up and the beer went down
As though there was something inside to drown.

And the savage oath that he swore with each
Was ever the same - "Hell take the beach."

"William," I said, "will you please explain
What beach you curse with such might and main?"

He answered me with never a smile
"It's the blasted beach of the Ninety Mile.

"Where the endless sandhills the eyeballs vex
With their prickly vesture of spinifex.

"For nought else grows on that lonely strand,
With its whirling pillars of desert sand."

"There, was me and Porky and Lugger Jack
Padding the hoof on that sinful track.

"And our thirst grew strong as the sun grew higher
But there wasn't a stick to light a fire.

"So; we dumped our swags on the sand to think
How the devil to make some tea to drink.

"You take off your belts,' old Porky said,
'And swing the billy : I'll go ahead.

"And set each spinifex aflame;
You follow - and boil it - that's the game !"

"Each bush he lit on that desert brown
Would wave with flame ere it dwindled down.

"But while it flared in the smoky air
We swung the billy a moment there.

"Then dashed along to the next that threw
It's fiery tongues to the dome of blue,

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 you would like to see profiled.

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

"Our hands and faces were black with soot
And the sweat ran down till it filled our boots.

"Our smoke-filled eyes were awash with tears,
And we grew a thirst that will last for years.

"But still, like demons at some hell-game,
We strode along in our path of flame.

* * * * *

As he paused, I said, "After all, was not
your scheme successful to boil the pot?"

* * * * *

(A pint went down to its destined bed).
"We boiled the billy all right," he said.

"But this was our big mistake, you see
We had run ten miles from the blanky tea !"

The Twentieth Century Girl

Anon

(West Australian Sunday Times February 12th 1899)

Oh, the twentieth century girl,
What a wonderful thing she will be !
She'll evolve from a mystical whirl ,
A woman unfettered and free ;
No corset 'to crampen her waist,
No crimps to encumber her brain ;
Unafraid, bifurcate, unlaced,
Like a goddess of old she will reign.

She'll wear bloomers, a matter of course ;
She will vote, not a question of doubt ;
She will ride like a man on a horse ;
At the club late at night shell stay out.
If she chances to love she'll propose ;
To blush will be quite out of date,
She'll discuss politics with her beaux,
And put-talk her masculine mate.

She'll be up in the science of things ;
She will smoke cigarettes, she will swear,
If the servant a dunning note brings,
Or the steak isn't served up with care.
No longer she'll powder her nose,
Or cultivate even a curl,
Nor bother with fashion or clothes,
This twentieth century girl.

Her voice will be heard in the land ;
She'll dabble in matters of State ;
In Council her word will command,
And her whisper the laws regulate.
She'll stand 'neath her banner unfurl'd,
Inscribed with her principles new,
But the question is what in the world
The new century baby will do.

September Muster.

The First half of the Traditional night was a "mini play" "The Bush Controversy" which featured poems from the Sydney Bulletin. The play was written by Brian Langley who played the part of Mr. Archibald. This review was written by Brian and Dot Langley.

Literary Leanings By Lucy Longfellow

On Thursday October 6th the 1892 Annual Public Meeting of the Sydney Literary Society was held at their Bentley Park Auditorium.

The meeting was called to order by the Mistress of Ceremonies for the evening, Mrs. Langley, whose costume of green satin overlaid with aquamarine lace was topped off by a dainty fetching contoured hat of green satin and lilac daises.

Mrs. Langley then introduced the speaker of the night's edification, the Editor of that illustrious weekend magazine, the Sydney Bulletin, Mr. Jules Archibald.

Mr. Archibald, resplendent in a frock coat and gold trimmed waistcoat then gave us a presentation which revolved around the influence that certain local poets have had on the circulation of his paper. In particular, two poets have, by their imagination and interplay of words captured the imagination of the nation.

As Mr Archibald's is (at this time at least) the only paper presenting the works of these poets, their popularity is reflected in his sales.

The two poets referred to are of course that gentleman known to us only as "The Banjo" and **Mr. Henry Lawson**, a young storyteller who it would seem has, almost overnight, become a favourite of society.

A sequence of verses from these two, interspersed with short explanations from Mr. Archibald, along with some lesser contributions were presented, in the order in which they were published, by members of the Literary Society.

Not only did the Society have the presence of Mr. Archibald, but all of those attending were granted the

privilege of witnessing, many for the first time, that innovative and illuminative invention, the Optical Lantern, more widely known as the "Magic Lantern"

We saw to our amazement, displayed upon the wall, for all to see at the same time, the cover of each Bulletin referred to in Mr. Archibald's address.

The presenters of the various poems were as follows, the ladies all in fetching costumes, the gentlemen, resplendent in their best attire.

The first poem, *Clancy of the Overflow*, by "The Banjo" was presented by the M.C. Mrs Langley.

This was followed by a rendition of Mr. Lawson's *Bordertown*, (known by some as *Up the Country*). This painted a far different view of life in the country than did The Banjo's poem.

Up the Country was presented by Mrs Moriconi, a lady who is a poetess in her own right and writes under the pseudonym of "Kerry Bowe".

The next poem, *In Defence of the Bush* by The Banjo was presented by Mrs. Williamson. Not only was it a stirring presentation, but done entirely from memory, an outstanding feat.

The fourth verse, by another poet, Mr. Edward Dyson was titled *The Fact of the Matter* in which comment, using some rather difficult and clever turns of phrase, was made on the previous poems. This was presented by member Miss Christine Boulton, who is a teacher of the dramatic arts at a local school.

As a reply to *In Defence of the Bush*, Mr Lawson had responded with a very lengthy poem, "*In Answer to Banjo and Otherwise*" (which Mr. Archibald has

suggested be renamed *The City Bushman*). This too was performed from memory, this time by the outgoing president of the Society, Mr John Hayes. Considering the length of the poem, this was truly an amazing accomplishment.

Poems six and seven were two parodies on the original Banjo poem, they were; *The Overflow of Clancy* (by H.H.C.C.) which was presented by Mr. Robert Suann, and *Banjo of the Overflow* (by Mr. Francis Kenna) presented very enthusiastically by Mrs H. Denholm.

What was to have been the last poem, *An Answer to Various Bards*, by The Banjo in which he summed up many issues from the previous poems was presented by the Societies incoming President, Mr. Wm. Gordon.

Not to be outdone, however, Mr Lawson, currently in Bourke, had sent a last minute poem via telegram to Mr Archibald, which arrived just in time to be presented by Mr. Archibald himself. This was *The Poets of the Tomb* which philosophised on the worth of a man.

Mr. Archibald then summed up his address with two questions: Will we ever get to know the true identity of "The Banjo?" and; Was the poetic interplay between the poets contrived, or was it antagonistic?

Only the future holds the answers.

Mr Archibald then thanked the presenters and the Society for allowing him the opportunity to address them and their friends. The audience responded with resounding applause.

The second half of the traditional night began with John Hayes reciting “Faces in The Street” by Henry Lawson which tells the story of the harsh reality of poverty stricken Sydney in the 1890. Like many of Lawson’s poems it is rather long but it is a worthy poem to recite for any traditional performance.

Thomas E Spencer also wrote for the Sydney Bulletin in 1891. Grace Williamson chose his poem “Song of The Sundowner” depicting a light hearted view of tramping the track which was not for the faint hearted.

I’m always at home when the sun goes down

and I can find a good meal when the sun goes down

Grace has a good repertoire from a wide range of poets and it is pleasing to note she is one of the few who continues to work hard at learning new poetry.

Our new president Bill Gordon was next up with ‘We’re All Australians Now’ written by Banjo Patterson in 1915 and published as an open letter to the troops. Men from all States, occupations, and backgrounds united as one to fight the common enemy. They shared a pride in their nation, their flag, and their purpose, and this pride was felt by all Australians. We would like to see Bill more frequently at our musters but it is a long way to come from Boyup Brook.

I have no doubt that Will Ogilvie (1869-1963) is one of Irene Conner’s favourite poets and she chose “The Pearl of them All” – a poem in which an owner has to make the decision to put down a much-loved aged horse. Irene is our new club secretary as well as our National delegate and she has always worked hard to promote poetry around Jurien Bay.

Robert Gunn admits that he doesn’t do traditional or classic poetry very often but he put in a good effort to learn “The Glass on the Bar” by Henry Lawson for this occasion.

And often the strangers will read as they pass

The name of the bushman engraved on the glass

And though on the shelf but a dozen there are

That glass never stands wit the rest on the bar.

Heather Denholm then sang “The Man from Snowy River” by Banjo Paterson.

There are quite a few of us who have done this before and it is difficult to perform well as the music and rhythm doesn’t seem to flow evenly.

Dave Smith from Collie chose to short poems by Alma A. Franks of Coolgardie.

The first one was “The Goldfields in The Twenties” followed by “The Return of the Prospector” “When dad and all of her brothers found gold”

Colleen O’Grady then recited “A Mulga Romance” from ‘Back block Rhymes”

By Blind Jack Matheau who was perhaps a distant relative of Colleens.

Last on the program for our evening was Frank Heffernan who read two poems from his new book.

“Bring Back the Trains” then from “Grandpa”

He’s a little hard of hearing more like stony deaf

And a little bit of exercise will leave him short of breath

He knows his days are numbered to his last sunset

But his mind is still in overdrive, don’t write him off just yet.

The Drought - Keith Lethbridge

What’s the use of talking,
When you’re stony broke and walking,
And there’s nothing where you came from,
And you’re moving further out?

And your weary bones are aching,
And your lonely heart is breaking,
And you curse the road you’re taking,
Since the drought.

Desert Sunrise - Brian Langley

As dawn approaches from the east, across the desert sands,
The sky turns slowly from its black, to pink and purple bands,
And just before the rising sun casts shadows ‘cross the plain,
The bands of colour in the sky turn lilac as they wane.

And the, for just a moment, along their distant crest,
A blood red glow illuminates the mountains to the west.
And as I watch these vivid rays reflect across the sand,
My spirit is united with this vast and timeless land.

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2010—2011

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Nancy Coe	Muster Meet/greet	94725303	

Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:

Robert Gunn	Sound gear set up	0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Rhonda	Supper	0417099676	

Upcoming Events

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

- ◆ Sun 30th Sept. 12-5pm Wireless Hill Centenary. Bush poetry throughout the afternoon
- ◆ Friday 5th October Muster. RSL Hall. 1 Fred Bell Parade (off Hill View Tce) Bentley
- ◆ Oct 25-29th Cervantes Festival of Art - Written bush poetry competition
- ◆ Fri 2nd Nov 7pm Muster. RSL Hall. 1 Fred Bell Parade. Bentley
- ◆ Sun 4th Nov 7am 3pm Toodyay Moondyne Festival - Bush poets breakfast.

Regular events

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
West Kimberley Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Muster	1st Sunday of month—Broome RSL (Stinger) on 0407770053	Peter Nettleton

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	Keith Lethbridge	books	
	Graham Armstrong	Book	Corin Linch	books
	Victoria Brown	CD	Val Read	books
	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Caroline Sambridge	book
	Rusty Christensen	CDs	Peg Vickers	books & CD
	Brian Gale	CD & books		
	John Hayes	CDs & books	"Terry & Jenny"	Music CDs
	Tim Heffernan	book	Terry Piggott	Book
	Brian Langley	books, CD	Frank Heffernan	Book
	Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography		

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