



□ **Next Muster September 2nd, 2011 7.30pm MC Dave Smith**  
**Poets Co-ordination: Ann Hayes** [hayseed1@optusnet.com.au](mailto:hayseed1@optusnet.com.au) PH: 9377 1238  
**Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,**

**THIS DAY IN HISTORY**  
**Monday, August 1, 2011**

**Born on this day**

**1872** - George Taylor, little-known pioneer in Australian aviation, is born.

**Australian History**

**1949** - The Australian government sends in army troops to work the mines during the extensive Coal Miner's Strike, effectively ending the strike.

**1949** - The Snowy Mountains Authority comes into being, initiating Australia's greatest feat of engineering in the 20th century.

**Under the Shadow of Kiley's Hill**  
 Banjo Paterson

This is the place where they all were bred;  
 Some of the rafters are standing still;  
 Now they are scattered and lost and dead,  
 Every one from the old nest fled,  
 Out of the shadow of Kiley's Hill.

Better it is that they ne'er came back --  
 Changes and chances are quickly rung;  
 Now the old homestead is gone to rack,  
 Green is the grass on the well-worn track  
 Down by the gate where the roses clung.

Gone is the garden they kept with care;  
 Left to decay at its own sweet will,  
 Fruit trees and flower-beds eaten bare,  
 Cattle and sheep where the roses were,  
 Under the shadow of Kiley's Hill.

Where are the children that strove and grew  
 In the old homestead in days gone by?  
 One is away on the far Barcoo  
 Watching his cattle the long year through,  
 Watching them starve in the droughts and die.

One, in the town where all cares are rife,  
 Weary with troubles that cramp and kill,  
 Fain would be done with the restless strife,  
 Fain would go back to the old bush life,  
 Back to the shadow of Kiley's Hill.

One is away on the roving quest,  
 Seeking his share of the golden spoil;

**The positions of President and Vice  
 President are still vacant.**

**If you feel you are able to take on  
 one of these positions, please con-  
 tact the secretary —  
 Teresa Rose on 9402 3912  
 tarose5@bigpond.com**

One is away on the roving quest,  
 Seeking his share of the golden spoil;  
 Out in the wastes of the trackless west,  
 Wandering ever he gives the best  
 Of his years and strength to the hopeless toil.

What of the parents? That unkempt mound  
 Shows where they slumber united still;  
 Rough is their grave, but they sleep as sound  
 Out on the range as in holy ground,  
 Under the shadow of Kiley's Hill.

Louise Lawson - mother of Henry Lawson - was instrumental in helping to get women the right to vote in Australia. She was also a gifted journalist and poet in her own right.

**A Child's Question**

Louise Lawson

O, why do you weep mother, why do you weep  
 For baby that fell in the summer to sleep?  
 You say that you prayed, when she lingered in pain,  
 That God in His mercy would take her again.  
 He heeded your prayer, and a beautiful sleep  
 Stole over our darling; then why do you weep?  
 You tell how the angels sang paeans of love  
 To welcome her home to the mansions above,  
 Where lovingly over her spirit they keep  
 A bright watch forever; then why do you weep?  
 And have you not told us again and again  
 That we will yet see her set free from all pain,  
 Beyond the bright sun where no dark shadows creep?  
 Then why do you weep, mother? Why do you weep?





## Walking Different Tracks

### WA POETS POETRY FESTIVAL

Planning is well underway for this years WA Spring Poetry Festival, which will be run by the WA Poets Inc in partnership with The City of Perth Winter Arts Season.

There will be open performances in the Cultural Centre and Murray St Mall which will help to bring poetry to the people, and co creative workshops in collaboration with other art forms (music, dance, art, theatre, etc) that aim to create inspiration to extend poetry into new realm.

There will also be workshops leading up to the Festival focusing on reading/performing your poetry and microphone technique

The WA Bush poets muster on 2nd September is included in the program, along with a bush poets breakfast on 3rd September - to be held in Kings Park.

Hopefully, the bush poets breakfast will see some of our members participating and promoting our craft.

For further information, and for a copy of the draft program, go to their website:

[www.wapoets.net.au](http://www.wapoets.net.au)

and click on the side menu - WA Poetry Festival. There is a link to the draft programme.

### PERTH POETRY CLUB

hold a poetry reading session every Saturday afternoon between 2 - 4pm at the Moon Café at 323 William Street, Northbridge. They have special invited guests, followed by an open mike session. Each participant in the open mike are allowed 3 minutes (unless it is busy, then it will be shorter)

For further information, check out their website:

[www.perthpoetryclub.com](http://www.perthpoetryclub.com)

It seems that our wonderful poet from down Albany way - Peg Vickers - thought she had nearly cleaned up Brian Langley while driving down the road recently. What would have happened if it had been him??? Who would have taken on all his bits & pieces??

### The Man That Looked Like Brian Langley

I was driving down the main street  
feeling fancy free  
when this stupid looking sausage  
walked right in front of me.

I was going to run him over;  
what else could I do?  
Then I thought, "That's Brian Langley"  
a poet bloke I knew.

And so I slammed the brakes on;  
things were almost grim  
for if that was Brian Langley,  
I could not run over him.

But when I'd barely missed him  
that was when I learnt  
though he looked like Brian Langley,  
it's who he really weren't.

So that stupid looking sausage  
should actually be thrilled  
that he looked like Brian Langley  
which meant he wasn't killed.

For he wasn't *on* the crosswalk;  
if he said he was, he's lyin'  
and he'd be dead as mutton  
if he hadn't looked like Brian.

And that sausage *near* the crosswalk  
will never know the story.  
If it weren't for Brian Langley,  
He'd be all squashed and gory.

So how many things have happened  
as men may come and go  
and we're delivered from destruction  
and never really know!!.

© Peg Vickers 2011

(Cont)

**History: August 6th 1915** - The Battle for Lone Pine began on Gallipoli. The Australians suffered more than 2,200 casualties and seven Australians were awarded a Victoria Cross

### **The Australian**

The bravest thing God ever made!  
(A British Officer's Opinion)

The skies that arched his land were blue,  
His bush-born winds were warm and sweet,  
And yet from earliest hours he knew  
The tides of victory and defeat:  
From fierce floods thundering at his birth,  
From red droughts ravening while he played,  
He learned no fear no foes on earth -  
The bravest thing God ever made!

The bugles of the Motherland  
Rang ceaselessly across the sea,  
To call him and his lean brown band  
To shape Imperial destiny.  
He went by youth's grave purpose willed,  
The goal unknown, the cost unweighed,  
The promise of his blood fulfilled -  
The bravest thing God ever made!

We know - it is our deathless pride! -  
The splendour of his first fierce blow;  
How reckless, glorious, undenied,  
He stormed those steel-lined cliffs we know!  
And none who saw him scale the height  
Behind his reeking bayonet blade  
Would rob him of his title right -  
The bravest thing God ever made!

Bravest, where half a world of men  
Are brave beyond all earth's rewards,  
So stoutly none shall charge again  
Till the last breaking of the swords;  
Wounded or hale, won home from war,  
Or yonder by the Lone Pine laid,  
Give him his due for evermore -  
The bravest thing God ever made!

W. H. Ogilvie

## ***The Bushman's Book* by Will Ogilvie**

All roughly bound together  
The red-brown pages lie  
In red sirroco leather  
With scored lines to the sky:  
The Western suns have burned them,  
The desert winds dog's-eared,  
And winter rains have turned them  
With wanton hands and weird!

They flutter, torn and lonely,  
Far out, like lost brown birds;  
The Western stockmen only  
Can spell their wondrous words;  
And gifted souls and sages  
May gather round and look,  
They cannot read the pages  
That fill the Bushman's Book!

But open, night and day-time,  
It spreads with witching art  
A picture-book of playtime  
To hold the Bushman's heart,  
And learned in the lore of it,  
And lessoned in its signs,  
He reads the scroll, and more of it,  
That lies between the lines.

He sees the well-filled purses,  
From Abbot-tracks like wires,  
And hears the deep-drawn curses  
That dog the four-inch tyres!  
He knows the busy super  
By worn hoofs flat as plates,  
And tracks the mounted trooper  
By shod hoofs at the gates!

He knows the tracks unsteady,  
Of riders "on the bust,"  
Of nags "knocked up already"  
By toes that drag the dust;  
The "split" hoofs and the "quartered,"  
He'll show you on the spot,  
And brumbies that have watered,  
And brumbies that have not!

So, North and West o' westward,  
Nor'-West and North again,  
The Bush Book is the best word  
Among the Western men;  
They find her lines and hail them,  
And read with trusting eyes:  
They know if old mates fail them.  
The Bush Book never lies!

First published in *The Bulletin*, 14 December 1905

## ***The Kalgoorlie Flying Doctor* By D'arcy McNamara (Kanandah Station—pre 1978)**

Like an angel of mercy  
He soars through the sky.  
His mission is healing  
And he never asks why.  
No matter the patient  
Be coloured or white;  
He goes in the day-time,  
He flies through the night.

He lands by a car light  
To save a young life;  
He takes off at midnight  
To help a man's wife.  
He is never a man  
Who studies the cost,  
For while he is thinking—  
A life may be lost.

To keep this man flying  
The bush folk roll up;  
They never stop trying  
To keep his plane up.  
They know not the day  
When their turn comes around,  
So they forgo their leisure  
To help raise a pound.

So the next time they ask you,  
Pay up with a smile.  
No matter how little  
The cause is worth while.  
Leave not the trying  
To only a few,  
A Man may be dying—  
That man may be you.

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Next month, with there being no Muster wrap up, I will include Brians President report from the AGM, as well as the minutes of the meeting.

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### **Nationality**

Dame Mary Gilmour

I have grown past hate and bitterness,  
I see the world as one;  
Yet, thought I can no longer hate,  
My son is still my son.

All men at God's round table sit  
And all men must be fed;  
But this loaf in my hand,  
This loaf is my son's bread.

## Acclamations to our now past President Brian Langley

I would like to write a few words of appreciation of what Brian as President has done for the Bush Poets of W.A. In his first two years I was his Vice President so I can write with some knowledge of his hard work for our association.

He has always had a strong interest in promoting the bush poetry as far and wide as he could. To save money for the association he sat for hours perusing the internet sites to find grants that he could apply for to get better equipment to help in running musters and events. And he succeeded. Over the five years as President he has—

Updated the sound system that produces the voice to a high quality

Purchased hard stand advertising boards to display our presence at events

Bought a trailer to carry all the sound system and other equipment from place to place.

Organised and ran workshops on how to perform and write poetry.

With others taken poetry to schools and libraries

Was involved in running children's and adults writing and reciting competitions.

Organised places and poets to perform in Parks around the local areas to promote Australian Bush Poetry

Been involved in organising poetry for "Have a Go Day" at Burswood.

And of course our Day of Days "Australia Day at Wireless Hill".

On top of all this he is the sound man, the lighting man, the Editor of the Bullytin, ( a job that must take up an enormous amount of time finding the material he has always included in it.

On top of all this he has done private performances to many who have asked for him at their functions. I know I have probably left out some of what he has done, but this is an insight as to how he has lived and breathed his Presidents job. He was always available for those who rang him for advice, help or to grumble. As no matter what or how hard one works to the best of their ability there is always someone who can complain of the way or how it is done. Brian has taken all this on board and never spat the dummy and given in.

I and I'm sure all the members are so grateful to Brian and would like to say as I-- have a great break do things for yourself and **thank-you, thank-you** for all your hard work.

I must not forget Dot, Brian's wife as Brian refers to her (good wife or bad wife). She has always been a support in every way and I know Brian could not have been able to devote all the time he has to W.A.B.P. without Dot's full support. She has not only been Brian's sounding board but the scribe doing the write-ups of the performances each muster for the Bully Tin.

Dot also did the wonderful art work for the backdrops used at all our events. She greets people as they come to musters making them feel very welcome. May you and Brian now have time for each other and be able to do all the things you plan.

Grace Williamson

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### Sunset

Sunset—clouds on fire  
hover on a tranquil sea.  
Waves wash gently on the sand  
and you are here with me.

We walk along the waters edge  
where land and sea unite,  
where pools of water in the rocks  
reflect the evening light.

So hand in hand together,  
but in our separate ways  
We walk toward the sunset,  
of the evening of our days.

Brian Langley.

### PASSING OF GWYNVA RUMBALL

This email was received from Gwynva Rumballs family.

*It is with great regret we wish to inform you of the peaceful passing of our Mum Gwynva Rumball at 1.30pm today (8 July 2011).*

*After a 3 year battle with Thyroid cancer, she is now at peace.*

*Thank you for all your prayers and well wishes.*

*Ashley & Bronwyn*

Bronwyn & Graeme: g\_booth@iinet.net.au

Ashley & Julie: ashleyandjulie@bigpond.com

Gwynva has been a member of the WA Bush Poets for many, many years, Members attending musters a year or two back will remember Gwynva for she was a friend and great help to our then treasurer, Judith. Gwynva would be at her 'post' at the entrance table assisting with the treasury. It is with much sadness that the WA Bush Poets committee and members note her passing. Our deepest condolences go to her family and those to whom she was close.

## July Muster Wrap Up, by Teresa Rose

I would like to say thank you to Dot Langley for all the work she has put in to doing the write ups for all the musters over recent years, and I wish her and Brian all the best for their 'retirement'. Hers are big shoes to fill, so to speak, but I'm sure she will now be able to sit back and enjoy the poetry more.

Following our Annual General Meeting, the July Muster got underway with MC Grace Williamson at the helm. She had the unenviable task of running a tight programme because our meeting had gone on a bit longer than usual. However, all went off smoothly, although the attendance numbers were down again.

**Wally Williamson** was the first cab off the rank and, since he was dressed to fit the part, we knew we were in for a gripping tale of bushranging. "**Morgan**" by Edward Harrington, tells of that bloodthirsty villain who ignored the warning of the boobook as he crossed the Murray and travelled to Peechelba with evil on his mind. Both animals and men feared the cold and callous killer, but he was unaware of the phantom who shadowed him as he rode towards the homestead. Once inside the station he threatened and bullied those within, demanding grog. He drank himself to sleep and the brave Scottish girl slipped out to summon help. In the morning, Morgan set out to continue on his murderous way, but was caught in the trap and died a lonely and bloody death; hated by all.

**Rita Paul** was next, with a 'short and sweet' offering: "**Goldfields' Dust**" by Joan Strange. Looking around her before her friends come to visit, the lady of the house was horrified at the dreadful state of her house. Despite her best efforts to clean away the dust and cobwebs, she could not get rid of the Goldfields' Dust. Sheets that had been sparkling and white were a depressingly dirty colour; the floor resembled a cattle pad and the spiders continued to spin their webs. Eventually she resigned herself to the fact that she was living in the Goldfields and not the city. What's a bit of dust between friends anyhow?

**John Hayes** presented an old favourite, "**Second Class, Wait Here**" by Henry Lawson. On the railway stations the signs tell second class passengers where to wait, and the writer feels that the sounds of the train seem to repeat the instruction as it goes along. Throughout history, Second Class has always been waiting. The gloom and dull weather seem to echo the sign's message, as do the chimney stacks and the wind through the trees. Boyhood spent among the smell of the workhouses and railways made a man resentful, but the final train with Death as its driver, will have no class compartments, and there will be no sign at the last Station saying, "Second class wait here".

**Trish Joyce** then gave us one of her own gems, "**Relative Strangers**". Sifting through paperwork, the woman made a startling discovery. The mother she had loved and thought she knew so well, had been divorced and borne a child before she herself was borne. As she delved further into the past, it became clear that the long lost 'uncle' was in fact her own brother. When the two finally met, these 'relative strangers' now became a loving brother and sister. *What a beautiful poem, Joyce, and how nice to have such a happy ending!*

Then it was time for our special guest for the evening, entertainer "**Outback Paddy**", otherwise known as Michael Blake.

The day of the Muster, July 1<sup>st</sup>, happened to be the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of his arrival here in Australia! Paddy gave us 5 of his songs in this first half of the programme.

"**You Are My Country**" tells of how he has "adopted" Australia as his country; of his travels throughout the land and the wonderful places he has visited.

"**Perfect Broome Day**" recalls the time he spent there, and the beautiful sights; "Moonbeams and moonlight, Sweet dreams and good night, The end of a perfect Broome day".

"**Outback Paddy**" was written when he felt he needed a theme song for his shows; a song that explained who he was; a song that had some Gaelic words to illustrate his heritage.

"**Freedom Road**" was written whilst being 'stuck' in house that he was minding for his brother, and while he was waiting to get back out on the road again; a 'tribute' to all the 'grey nomads' out there.

"**Kununurra Man**" was written in response to the teasing he received from all the kids who laughed at his 'funny' accent because he couldn't pronounce the 'u' sound as they did.

With supper and raffle over, it was time for Grace to get the second half of the programme underway. Not wanting to let a golden opportunity to hear from the 'Master', pass by, she called our first presenter, **Rusty Christensen**, to the microphone.

Rusty presented one of Banjo Paterson's all-time classics, "The Geebung Polo Club". The members of this institution were long and wiry and masters of mountain riding. They may not have had the glamour of the regular polo clubs, but they and their ponies were toughened by wheeling cattle through the scrub. The Cuff and Collar team were proud of their prestige and sleek ponies, and set off to teach the country lads how the game should be played. Their no-holds-barred match was fiercely played, with casualties, then fatalities on both sides. At the end of the match, no-one was left alive to tell the tale, but their spectres haunt the ground where it was played.

**Ron Ingham** presented a poem that is doing the rounds on the internet as, "An Aussie Poem". It is in fact, "After Ewe" by Peter Blyth. As the cocky was checking his flock, he discovered a ewe stuck down in the dam. Realising he'd have to get her out before she drowned with the weight of her wet fleece, he stripped off and jumped in to rescue her. After much effort, he got her to the bank, where she took off like a Bondi tram. He chased her round the dam, yelling at the 'bitch' to come back. Meanwhile, the local stock rep arrived and witnessing this extraordinary sight, took off in his car. The cocky's reputation was damaged near and far. The moral of the story is to remember your Work Safe rules; the most important being to keep your jocks on!

**Trish Joyce** then gave us another little offering, "Completely Taken In". Stopping to buy supplies whilst on her travels, she wrote down her shopping list, including Kevin's request for Brylcreem. She couldn't find it in the next shop and as she looked up to explain, discovered that he was standing grinning because she'd forgotten he had a crew cut!

**John Hayes** gave us a rendition of one of his own poems, "The Wool Buyer". He reminisced about selling wool in the outback. The itinerant trader, Jack Wende, had an uncanny knack of turning up at exactly the right time to purchase the newly-baled wool. He would appear at the back blocks, cash in hand, and penknife ready to check the bales before investing his money. His first offer would always be well below evaluation and he would argue until the dinner gong sounded, and again after until the sun went down. His final offer would finally be sealed with a handshake; he'd throw in an extra \$20 for the cook, as he always appreciated the value of the woman of the house.

**Brian Langley** presented, "A Twentieth Century Song", by one of his favourite WA poets, 'Dryblower Murphy'. The automatic world has been sprung upon us, beginning with the try-your-weight machines. All our wants and needs are gradually going to be filled by *automatons*, machines that are fed by coins. Even babies and children will be fed and taught by them and only the courtship and honeymoon will remain 'normal' interactions. The days of the cheeky barmaid will go and counter lunches will be produced automatically. Local officials will also be replaced, as will the judges and the crooks. Theatres, Churches and Sporting grounds will all be 'serviced' by automatons; the only thing we won't get is 'automatic sin'!

**Ron Ingham** returned to present the final poem of the night, "The Sick Stockrider", by Adam Lindsay Gordon. The old stockrider begs his mate Ned, to lay him down in the shade where he reminisces about their lives. He dreams about all the places they rode over, all the different colours and landscapes of the country. A wild dingo led them on a merry chase; they had relaxed rides when they could take time to smoke at their leisure. They had hard rides too, wheeling cattle and chasing the bushranger Starlight and his gang. Ned had a narrow shave in that encounter. He remembers all their old comrades, long since gone, and now it is time for him to rest beneath the wattle, where he may hear the children overhead.

Our entertainer, "**Outback Paddy**" closed off the evening with another bracket of his songs.

"**She's God's Country, Mate**", reflects the love he feels for this country where he believes he was meant to be.

"**More To Explore In The Pilbara**", describes his trip to the Karajini National Park, which is the most beautiful place he has seen, and which shows that there is more than just gold and iron ore to be discovered.

"**I Never Made It To Sydney**" (because I fell in love with Kalgoorlie), speaks for itself. Mike was due to drive from the West to Sydney but couldn't bear to leave Kalgoorlie.

"**What's The Colour O f Your Day?**" A bit of Mike's philosophy here. Your day is coloured by what you choose to see.

"**The Flies, and the Mozzies, and the Humidity**" was a great audience participation song to round off a great evening. No-one ever advertises this aspect of Australian life do they?

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

	President	Position Vacant	
	V. President	Position Vacant	
Teresa Rose	Secretary	9402 3912	tarose5@bigpond.com
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Jill Miller	Library	9472 3553	jill1947@yahoo.com.au
Irene Conner	State Rep-ABPA	0429652155	iconner21@wn.com.au

### Upcoming Events

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

- ♦ Sept 2nd 2011                                      WABP&YS Muster            Auditorium, Bentley Park 7.30pm
- ♦ October 29th 2011                              Cervantes Art Festival—Written Bush Poetry Competition. Entries close  
14th Oct. 2011.  
1st prize Open—\$250 1st prize Junior—\$100. Winner announced opening night 29th October 2011  
Entries to iconner21@wn.com.au
- ♦ Sunday 31st October. 2011.                      Bush Poets Breakfast—Cervantes Art Festival.  
Contact Irene Conner for details on 0429652155 or iconner21@wn.com.au
- ♦ December 2011                                      Geoffrey W Graham—watch this space for further details

**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](http://www.abpa.org.au) or [www.bushverse.com](http://www.bushverse.com)

**Don't forget our website**  
**[www.wabushpoets.com](http://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 <a href="http://www.wabushpoets.com">www.wabushpoets.com</a> Go to the "Performance Poets" page	<b>Members' Poetic Products</b> 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 Sambridge book Peg Vickers books & CD "Terry & Jenny" Music CDs	
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