

## BULLY TIN



&amp; Yarn Spinners

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★ Next Muster - Dec 1st 2006, 7.30pm ★  
Mt Pleasant Bowling Club, Bedford Rd, Ardross

The Committee of the WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners wish all members and friends a very “



Merry Christmas  
 and a  
 Healthy & Happy New Year.

We would like to see you all at our December Muster. Why not bring along a friend or two and join us in partaking of some Christmas Goodies for supper. Performing

Poets and Yarnspinners - It would be appreciated if your choice of poems and stories for the December Muster relate to the onset of Summer and to the Festive Season

In keeping with the festive season, for this edition of the Bully Tin, I have selected poems reflecting various thoughts of this time of the year, and, in this time of racial and religious suspicions, a classic relating to “Goodwill to all Men” (and of course this applies equally to women ).

Although Christmas is meant to be a joyous occasion, for many people it holds far sadder memories. Two events come immediately to mind, Remember Cyclone Tracy? Now more than 30 years ago, but still fresh in the memories of those who were there at the time.

“Santa never made it into Darwin  
 A big wind came and blew the town away”

And of course, only 2 years ago on Boxing Day, what is the most devastating natural disaster in the last several hundred years occurred just to our north,

**TSUNAMI 2004**

Spare a thought, a prayer, a tear  
 For those who're missing someone dear  
 For the many homeless, sick and maimed  
 Struck down by nature's force untamed  
 For the clean-up crews with tasks so great  
 That must be done, that cannot wait  
 For the helpers doing what they can  
 To ease the pain of their fellow man  
 For everyone in every way  
 Who's lives were changed on Boxing Day

Brian Langley Jan 2005

**Christmas Eve**

Tip Kelaher - Middle East 1941

The crowd will throng the pavement  
 of the city's streets that night.  
 With the loaded trams a-rattle  
 and the shops a blaze of light.  
 There'll be merry greetings echoed  
 through the smoke haze in the bars;  
 There'll be frolic and flirtation  
 beneath the summer stars.

And there'll be hoof beats drumming  
 along the river road,  
 With perhaps a bright moon swinging  
 through the myalls as a goad;  
 For there isn't time to loiter,  
 Cupid's arrow's on the breeze,  
 And a little lady waiting  
 down beneath the pepper trees.

I've spent Christmas in the city,  
 I've spent Christmas in the bush,  
 I've spent it on the beaches  
 with all the surf club 'push',  
 And though the climate's chilly  
 and we're pretty short of beer,  
 You can bet I'll be a starter  
 to enjoy a Christmas here!

But no matter where it finds me,  
 I shall think of southern climes,  
 Of the happiness and laughter  
 of those other Christmas times.  
 Despite Adolf and Musso  
 we shall see such times once more  
 When we all come sailing homeward—  
 but first we'll win the war!

Footnote—Sadly, Tip Kelaher did not see another Australian Christmas, he was killed in action in Egypt in 1942

**HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS?**

Please tell us ASAP if you have changed your address so that we can make sure your BULLY TIN gets to you on time

Don't Forget our website, it's  
[www.wabushpoets.com](http://www.wabushpoets.com)





## Walking Different Tracks

If you are interested in **Norman Lindsay's** etchings, the WA Art Gallery is featuring an exhibition of his work extending through until January. Known for his depictions of voluptuous naked ladies, I'm sure there are many of the blokes who will find the exhibition of great interest.

### Obit



November saw the passing of **Paul Rigby**. Born in Victoria in 1924, upon reaching the age of dissent, he migrated West. Paul is mainly remembered in WA for his satirical cartoons on the back page of the "Daily News". We all looked forward to trying to locate his trademark urchin and dog hidden among his depictions of current events and personalities. Paul won many National and International awards for his unique style. In 1969, Paul was lured from his job in the west, going first to Sydney, then to London and New York.



### Boyup Brook

I know it's a bit early but you need to make sure that your diary has the Weekend of Feb 16 - 18 2007 tagged. That is the weekend of the Boyup Brook Country Music Festival. As well as some of the states best Country Music Artists, there are a number of Bush Poetry events, an "open mic" on Saturday morning and the main event, the **Poets Breakfast** on the Sunday morning. This is WA's largest Bush Poetry event with over 1000 people attending in 2006 with an even bigger crowd expected for 2007. Further details will be given as they come to hand.



### Australia Day (Friday Jan 26th)

2 Bush Poetry events are planned for that day, a short segment in the morning, associated with the Melville City Council's "Australia Day Breakfast and Citizenship Ceremony". This will only involve a very small number of poets.

Of far greater significance is the afternoon's "Bush Poetry Showcase" at our usual Wireless Hill venue. This year, Council will not be providing their marquee so our performance will once again return to its origins and be performed under the trees. We would like to see a good cross section of seasoned performers making themselves available for this event. The event will start at 2pm, so bring along your friends, your chairs and your refreshments for an enjoyable afternoon.



### Country Poets and Members



Will you be in the City on a Muster Night. If so, we'd love to see you. Country Poets and Yarnspinners - do you want to be a star performer?? If so, can you let a committee person know in advance so that we can arrange suitable publicity in the Bully Tin

### Practice your public speaking skills - Volunteer as a Muster MC. or for "Readings from the Classics"

We need people for both roles from January 07 Guidelines for both will be provided if needed

See Vice Pres, Tom Conway for M.C.ing or Brian Langley for The "Readings"

### ALBANY BUSH POETS BREAKFAST - (A big Thank you to Peter Blyth for this wrap-up - Ed.)

Some 400 people attended the Bush Poets Breakfast held at the Albany Show on Saturday 11th November, which was an increase of 100 on last year, and judging by the feedback, it looks like becoming an annual event. Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge gave a great performance of his own poems and yarns, with a short interlude of harmonica playing for good measure, which left the crowd wanting more.

Rod and Kerry Lee started with a few classics, including Kerry's fine rendition of The Man From Snowy River, followed by some humorous antics, Rod with his battered hat and Kerry 'Peddling Piddling Pete' around the stage, leaving everyone with sore ribs from laughing.

It being Remembrance Day, Wayne Pantall led with his new poem about the Kokoda Trail, and then entertained the crowd with some humorous tales of his encounters with the dreaded Bureaucrats.

Albany's First Lady of Bush Poetry, Peg Vickers, knocked their socks off with her own brand of humour, including 'Auntie's Shepherds Pie' and a tale about Grandpa getting caught up in an incident at the bank with a balaclava clad bandit.

Peter Blyth Emceed the show, throwing in the odd poem to show that Arthur Itus, Gerry Atrick and Al Zeimers hadn't quite got the better of him, at least, he couldn't remember if they had or not.

For the second year in a row, our friends and neighbours rallied round to cook the breakfast, for which we sincerely thank them. We also thank the Albany Show Committee and Cameron's Caravans for their generous sponsorship.

The proceeds from this year's Bush poets Breakfast will be donated to the local Rotary Group towards the Liberty Swing they are fundraising for to assist handicapped children.

We're definitely going on with it again next year, so watch this space.

## Aussie Beach Christmas

Clare Bebrouth

Splashing through the surf on a sunny Christmas Day  
Zinc cream on the nose to keep sunburn away  
Kids on boogie boards come riding to the shore  
But when we want to take them home, they always beg for more

Slip slop slap, slip slop slap, that's the way it's done  
Christmas on an Aussie beach, the kids all play and run  
Slip slop slap, slip slop slap, that's the way it's done  
Christmas on an Aussie beach, no snow but lots of fun

Lifesavers on the shore, standing bronzed and tall  
A rider on a tricky wave is bound to have a fall  
The flag shows where its safe, the sharks they stay away  
The beach is where we park ourselves each lovely Christmas Day

Some will go to church, it's right on Christmas Day  
They'll sing along with carols and for peace on earth they'll pray  
Then hurry home for lunch of ham and turkey cold  
Then down onto the beach once more, green sea and sand of gold

Slip slop slap, slip slop slap, that's the way it's done  
Christmas on an Aussie beach, the kids all play and run  
Slip slop slap, slip slop slap, that's the way it's done  
Christmas on an Aussie beach, is always so much fun

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From **Santa Bloody Claus** - Eric Bogle

That time of the year is almost on us  
When Department Stores will cheat and con us  
Trying to steal our money from us  
It's Christmas time in Oz.  
And who's the fat old jolly bloke  
With the long white beard and the bright red cloak  
Who'll do his best to send us broke  
It's Santa Bloody Claus

### *Chorus*

Who makes us eat and overindulge,  
Santa, Santa  
So our eyes pop out and our stomachs bulge  
Santa Bloody Claus

So when you hear the sound of a reindeer's hoof  
And the damn things crap upon your roof  
If your chimney isn't Santa-proof  
You'd better run because  
If you don't, then before you know  
You'll be up to your eyes in mistletoe  
And all you'll hear is Ho Ho Ho  
Its Santa Bloody Claus



## The Duty of Australians

Henry Lawson

'Tis the duty of Australians,  
in the bush and in the town,  
To forever praise their country,  
but to run no other down;  
Not to start at every nothing  
with the boast that bluffs and halts,  
But to love their young Australia  
and explain away her faults.

Not to lose their heads in triumph,  
nor be bitter in defeat,  
Not to rave about the coming  
of a fighting man - or fleet.  
When a man or nation visits,  
in the key-day of its pride, '  
Tis the duty of Australians  
to be kind, but dignified.

We can worship foreign talent -  
give our money, hearts and hand  
While we send our own, embittered,  
to win bread in foreign lane  
We are great to men who pedal,  
men who kick or bat the ball,  
While our duty to the stranger  
is Australia's over all.

'Tis our place, when asked directions  
by a stranger in the land,  
Not to jerk our thumb and mutter,  
for he may not understand.  
We are free and we're enlightened,  
but at times we may forget  
That the grand old-world politeness  
hasn't ruined England yet.

'Tis our duty to the stranger -  
landed, maybe, but an hour -  
To give all the information  
and assistance in our power.  
To give audience to the new chum  
and to let the old chums wait  
Lest his memory be embittered  
by his first days in the State.

'Tis our duty, when he's foreign,  
and his English very young,  
To find out and take him somewhere  
where he'll hear his native tongue.  
To give him our last spare moment,  
and our pleasure to defer -  
He'll be father of Australians,  
as our foreign fathers were!

### **Anthology**

So far, there have only been a few submissions for the "Presentation Anthology" of members poems outlined in the November Bully Tin.

The deadline has been extended to the end of December in the hope that we can get some more poems. So, come on all you writers, now's your big chance for a place in history. We need SHORT poems (32 lines or less) as a representation of the work of our members. Each selected contributor will receive a free copy of the anthology.

### **Training**

As there has been almost zero response for any training, we will have to forget the topic for some time. If interest develops later we will have to take another look, but for now, if you are looking for training, you'll need to join a suitable theatrical or writers group.



## November Muster Wrap-up - by Dot

We are trying out a 'new' starting format with Rusty up first giving us all the housekeeping news. Then the MC for the night will carry on with our usual way of doing things. There were a few teething problems tonight but we eventually got under way. Wally Williamson was our MC for the night, and, according to him, he is the person holding the family together as Grace prepares her poetry. I know exactly what you mean Wally, as I also live with a poet and have him mumbling and practicing his poetry whilst I think he is talking to me. Perhaps a sound proof room might be in order for poets so their partners can get on with other things in PEACE. Only joking folks, although I wonder how many times we have listened to the practicing of individual poems? It doesn't matter as I applaud the poets and their ability to remember the poems and get up in front of the mike with an audience and recite some fairly complicated and difficult poems for our pleasure.

Rusty Christensen was our first poet tonight with a horse racing poem "Lunch" one of Jim Haines' Dipso Dan poems. After Dipso had been thrown out of the pub he got told by the Reverend to have Lunch. Well Dan staggered up and down the main street seeing various signs for "Lunch", 12 to 1 good odds thought Dan, then 11 to 2 and finally at 1 to 2. Odds on, thought Dan, I should have backed it at 12s Well he didn't get a chance to put a bet on because he was arrested and in answer to his query "What about lunch", the warden told him "Sober up first" Dan reckoned he was pretty lucky that he hadn't backed lunch.

Grace Williamson then presented a lovely poem by Joan Strange, "Poor Tree" which told the story of a tree with a long history of a place where a child could go and play amongst the branches and leaves and all the birds using it for nesting and roosting in. This tree will be everlasting whilst it seemed that Joan knew that she was dying of a terminal illness and this poem was a tribute to life going on.

John Hayes was next up with Henry Lawson's "In Defense of the Bush". This is part of the Banjo / Henry "Bush Controversy" poetic dueling which took place in the Sydney Bulletin in the early 1890s. John was going to perform this at the Septembers 2005 traditional night when we presented this whole series of poems but unfortunately illness prevented him from doing it that night. This is a very long poem and goes for over 10 minutes but at a penny a line I think Lawson got his money's worth. This poem refers to many comments from Banjo's earlier poems, cleverly worked into a reply. With a little prompting from Anne with her finger following the lines of this classic poem that perhaps isn't performed at all because of the length, John got through it. Well done John and welcome back to you and Anne from your overseas tripping.

Gary Jones, on his very first night with us then got up to do his own "I dreamt the Winner of the Mighty Melbourne Cup", a poem which tells of a dream in which an old grey mare carrying number 24 wins the coveted Cup. Come the race, the field only numbered 23 and he didn't put a bet on but when the horses jumped it seems that there was a field of 24. Well you guessed it the Grey mare Maggie May romped it in at 6 lengths ahead and at 100 to 1. Well done, Gary, we hope to see you again.

Carrying on in the tradition of horses and Melbourne Cup Brian Langley then presented his short new one written for the occasion called appropriately "Melbourne Cup" It seems that the women only go to the races to show off silly hats while the punters everywhere rarely remember the winner and it really is only an excuse to have some time of work!

His next one "The Cricket Match" told of the traditional cricket game up at Lilac Hill of us against the Pommies with the game getting a wee bit boring. The action livened up considerably when a lady without her clothing took to the pitch, hotly pursued by police and players. This lady of course was his wife. (*No it really wasn't me—he must have another wife somewhere. I couldn't think of anything more boring than to go to the cricket*)

Trish Joyce who has also been away tripping (over on the sunrise side of Oz) followed with her own poem, "Torro" about a black Labrador dog who was to be a pet for the family but whose barking nearly drove the neighbors mad. They quickly changed their tune when they saw that their tires had been pinched and that he had been only trying to tell them.

Keith Lethbridge (Cobber) then spun us a poetic story featuring Mother McQ, about the war at Wyndham's '6 Mile' Pub. With the mustering over a fight broke out in the bar. With fractured skulls and noses bleeding, the challenge was to get Big Bluey, a drover from Queensland, to fight Mother McQ. She dealt him a sickening blow to the heart and he rolled off the verandah. Then an all in brawl erupted with meat workers being piled up by the yard. Just as Mother McQ was being attacked by a baseball bat Big Bluey saved her and became her hero. At 94 she still tells the tale of the bloke who deserves a medal.

*The poem bought back memories for Brian and myself as we lived at Wyndham and often went to the 6 mile pub (they had a tropical beer garden whereas the 'Town' pub only had a concrete beer garden).*

Bob Chambers had a story from Henry Lawson about two mates. These two blokes argued all day as each had totally opposite views on just about everything. As they spun their stories each declaring that he was right, they had a falling out over whether free trade was better than protectionism.

For supper tonight Edna had made all sorts of nibbles. Pikelets with ginger and biscuits smeared with topping. Thank you Edna for the extras that you do for our Muster Nights, the audience appreciates it.

Rusty was indulging in some of those lovely pikelets and he got caught with his mouth full. After he quickly swallowed and cleared his mouth it was with pleasure that he introduced Katherine Jackson the Mayor of Melville who had come along to present a Community grant cheque to us to run and organise our "Poets in Schools" program.

Rusty then told us some stories of the late Billy Hayes, out in Queensland's fossil country and his prowess as the

“damper king” being fooled by a rock the same size snuck into the camp oven when he wasn’t looking. He followed this with The “Dead Dog” story which had this poor farmer returning home to the news that just got worse the longer he listened. The story relates how the dog died from eating half cooked horse meat, the thoroughbred horse having died due to the barn burning down. This of course was as a result of the house curtains catching fire from the candles which were on his mothers coffin..... But never mind as the dead dog never amounted to much and could easily be replaced.

Trish Yensch was our presenter of “Reading from the Classics”. This was a poem, by Tom Wilson written in 1914 “Waiting for the News”. And was taken from a book put together by Bob Grummery Tom known as ‘crosscut’ was born in England and later went to Kalgoorlie. He wrote about Gallipoli from ‘somewhere over there’ where ‘over bloody graves’, someone’s sweetheart, lover or mother is ‘waiting for the news’. It seems that there is nothing new about war!!

Roza Celenzo’s story followed, about the Indians on the reservation gathering wood for the coming very cold weather, had even the weather bureau declaring it will be a cold one. Then the story of the cab driver who lost control of his cab after being spooked by a passenger tapping him on the shoulder. It turns out he used to be a hearse driver!

Cobber returned to the microphone with his mouth organ and ‘woods’ with the “Overlander”. (*Dot note - the ‘woods’ that Cobber plays are from a blood wood tree*). He followed this with his yarn about the worlds cleverest amazing “Talking Dog” who had the pub barman setting a test to see if this dog knew his music. After playing a tune, the dog gave a bark when asked who the composer was. After being thrown out of the pub, the dog apologised to Cobber, telling him that though he was fairly good at picking Tchaikovsky or Rachmaninoff he could have sworn that the Chopin Polonaise was written by Bach.

Brian returned with another new one of his, “Knockers” which had us all believing that the lady with the huge knockers, standing next to him in the queue had something that he desired above all else and if he could only get a good look at them they could come to some mutual understanding. After the price had been negotiated he went home with a pair of knockers for his “dual front doors”

Trish then once again entertained us with a couple of her short poems. First was “Medical Concerns” about the show Dr Kildare on the TV stopping for an advert break which had her son very concerned “because the patient might die” while the ad was running. In her “Errand of Mercy” her kids baptised with water the vagrant lying on the grass in a drunken stupor.

John Hayes again trod the boards, reminiscing about a friend of theirs with a poem dedicated to Pat. “Treasured Memories”. With sorrow lingering, climbing hills together with destiny unknown and waiting for the moon to rise. All dreams must have an ending and laughter will come again. A very poignant poem.

As there was still some time to go before the finish our MC Wally called upon some extras from our poets. Brian did his “The Tale of Arthur’s Ute” about a delinquent lad whose ute got stuck fast in the quicksand and when they came to pull it out only the front half came out with Arthur saying a lot of words that rhymed with ‘truck’. Being “off the cuff” he did manage a stumble but soon got back on track.

Rusty concluded the evening with Banjo’s “How the Favourite Beat Us” with the owner - trainer trying to see if the betting would go his way. All of a sudden his mare is the favourite and he told the jockey to hold the mare back unless he waved his hand. Unable to lay a bet on his mare, he bet his entire wealth against it, intending it to lose. When an errant mosquito made its appearance the jockey got the wrong hand signal and ‘the favourite went on to win’, sending it’s poor owner broke.

#### Ruminations from Dot - .

Christmas is that fun time of the year.

We all sit around in front of a dead tree and eat chocolate out of our socks!!!



#### More Tales from the Speewah

Big Bill, the fencer on the Speewah came from the goldfields at Croydon where he had made a fortune cutting up disused shafts and selling them for postholes. Unfortunately, by the time he got to the Speewah, he had run out of them and had to dig them by hand. He was very fast at digging holes and recalls that on the first day, he put his lunch beside the first hole of the day. Come lunchtime, he remembered where he had left his lunch and decided to walk back for it. He’d dug a few more than he thought for it took him until lunchtime the following day to retrace his steps. He slowed down a bit after that and only dug them at twice the speed he could walk.

The Speewah was so big that when Uncle Harry was sent out to close the garden gate, he had to take a week’s rations with him. Not only that but it took a jackaroo six months to bring in the house cow from the other side of the home paddock, - More tales in later editions.



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**Members please note—** Please contact any of the above committee members if you have any queries or issues you feel require attention

### ☆☆ **Upcoming Events** ☆☆

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

Nov 30	Blackened Billy Written Comp closing Date	Tamworth NSW	Janmorris@northnet.com.au PO Box 3001 W Tamworth 2340
Dec 1	WABP&YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club 7.30pm	Christmas Special
Dec 3 (Sun)	Welcome back "Cobber"	Diggers Camp, Oakford 1—3.30pm	Featuring Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge 9397 0409
Dec 3-4	Written & Performance Comp	Young, NSW	Greg 02 6382 2506
Jan 5 2007	WABP&YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club 7.30pm	
Jan 22 - 30	Tamworth Country Music Festival inc many Bush Poetry events	Tamworth NSW inc ABP AGM	www.users.tpg.com.au/thegrey
Jan 26	City of Melville Australia Day Breakfast & Citizenship Awards	John Creaney Reserve, Bull Creek	Time TBA
Jan 26	Bush Poets Showcase	Wireless Hill, Melville, 2pm	BYO chairs & refreshments
Feb 2	WABP&YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club 7.30pm	
Feb 16—18	Boyup Brook Country Music Festival—Several Bush Poetry Events, inc BIG Poets Brekkie Sun 18th	Boyup Brook	Bill Gordon northlands@wn.com.au
Feb 28	Midlands Lit. Written Comp	Ballarat Vic	SSAE PO Box 1563 Ballarat Vic 3354
Mar 1-4	Australian Championships	Dunedoo NSW	SSAE PO Box 1 Dunedoo NSW 2844
Mar 2	WAPB & YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club	
Mar 10	Henry Kendall Written Comp	Gosford NSW	PO Box 276 Gosford NSW 2230
June 2-4	WA State Championships	Melville / Fremantle Area	Tentative only at this time

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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

#### **Members' Poetic Products**

Rusty Christensen CDs  
John Hayes CDs & books  
Tim Heffernan book  
Brian Langley book & laminated poems

Rod & Kerry Lee CDs  
Arthur Leggett books,  
inc autobiography  
Keith Lethbridge books  
Val Read books

#### **New this month:**

Peter Blyth CDs, books

This space reserved for  
**YOUR NAME & PRODUCTS**