



□ **Next Muster - January 7th, 2010 7.30pm MC Leslie McAlpine  
Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,**

**January is  
Kids on Holidays  
Cyclone and Bushfire seasons  
Perth Cup  
Hopman Cup  
Oz Concert, Australia Day**

This poem was written in England in 1901 when the author, walking the streets of London compared the local hostelry with another which he had visited back in 1896 whilst in Western Australia.

### The Bulletin Hotel

I was drifting in the drizzle past the Cecil in the Strand  
Which, I'm told is very tony - and its front looks very grand  
And I somehow fell a-thinking of a pub I know so well  
Of a palace in Australia called The Bulletin Hotel

Just a little six room shanty, built of corrugated tin  
And all around a blazing desert - land of camels, thirst and sin  
And the landlord is "The Spider" - western diggers know him well  
Charlie Webb - Ah there you have it! - of The Bulletin Hotel

"Tis a big soft hearted spider in a land where life is grim  
And a web of great good nature that brings worn out flies to him  
"Tis the club of many lost souls in the wide Westralian hell  
And the stage of many Mitchells is The Bulletin Hotel

But the swagman on his uppers pulls his undertaker's mug  
And he leans across the counter and he breathes in Charlie's lug  
Tale of thirst and of misfortune. Charlie knows it, and - Ah, well  
But it's very bad for business at The Bulletin Hotel

"What's a drink or two", says Charlie, "and you can't refuse a feed"  
But there's many drink unpaid for, many sticks of borrowed weed  
And the poor old spineless bummer and the broken hearted swell  
Knows that they are sure of tucker at The Bulletin Hotel

There's the liquor and the licence and the 'carriage' and the rent  
And the sea or grave twixt Charlie and the fivers he has lent  
And I'm forced to think in sorrow, for I know the country well  
That the end will be the bailiff in The Bulletin Hotel

But he'll pack up in a hurry and he'll seek a cooler clime  
If I make a rise in England and I get out there in time  
For a mate of mine is Charlie and I stayed there for a spell  
And I owe more than a jingle to The Bulletin Hotel

But there's a lot of graft between us, there are many miles of sea  
So, if you should drop on Charlie, just shake hands with him for me  
Say I think the bush less lonely than the great town where I dwell  
And grander than the Cecil is The Bulletin Hotel

Henry Lawson



In my youth, (pre air-conditioning), at this time of the year it was quite common on hot nights to sleep outside on the front lawn, (at least until the early morning dew made everything just that bit too damp). We had no thoughts of anyone out to do us harm. Such thoughts didn't come along until the summer of 1962/63 when Perth "lost its innocence" with the serial killer Eric Edgar Cook on the loose.

What made me recall this, I came across this poem while researching our WA Poets of the Past

### Star Gazing

I camped last night in a desert grey  
'Neath the eyes of a million stars,  
For they all had come in their vestments gay,  
Like a laughing host in the wake of day  
To the shrine of the midnight bars.

And satyrs slid on the glinting spars  
Of light, through the halls of space,  
And Venus served from the vintage jars,  
And a blossom shone on the nose of Mars  
And a smile on the old Moon's face.

My castle's roof was the spangled sky  
And it's carpet of sea-green moss;  
And its walls were curtained with tapestry, . . .  
And the face of Her I had kissed goodbye  
Was enshrined in the Southern Cross.

As I gazed, the stars kept clustering,  
And closer and closer crept,  
Until I and they, were all a-swing,  
When an owl flew down on a drowsy wing  
And we blew out the light - and slept,

John Philip (Bluebush) Bourke (1860—1914)





## Walking Different Tracks

Australia now has a "Peak Poetry" organisation. Until now, only NSW and Victoria have had such a group, other states incorporating it in their general literature scene. (In our case, "Writing WA") As from Jan 1st, the new group, "Australian Poetry" will be recognised by the Australia Council as the nation-wide peak body. A management committee has been formed as has a "Poet in Residence" for the forthcoming year. You can read about the organisation, it's per-

sonnel and its objectives at the website,  
<http://www.australianpoetrycentre.org.au>

I will shortly be writing to the management expressing my concerns over such issues as disproportionate opportunities across the various poetic genres, attitudes of some academics to "popular rhyming verse" - publishing opportunities etc etc. Who knows, maybe the new broom will be able to improve the overall image of poetry (including our particular style), in the population in general, but especially in the younger members.

### IN BRIEF

**WEBSITE** — I'm continuing to add Past Poets and over the month have added a significant amount of the poems of Edwin G (Dryblower) Murphy. I will continue to add poems just as quickly as I can get them transcribed— anybody interested in transcribing from pictures of old newspapers? The OCR software is not very successful at reading these as they are mostly poorly printed and often not photographed all that well. Alternatively, if you like spending time pouring over old papers (or films of them) you might like to volunteer to spend some time in the Battye library. You will need some fairly basic computer skills, (drag and drop, copy / paste) along with the ability to quickly scan and interpret what you are seeing on a screen.



**AMENITIES MANAGER** Nobody has volunteered for this position, we have a temporary solution for January with 4 members bringing along a plate for supper but as yet **NO-ONE** to get the actual supper and drinks on the table. - This, along with other jobs mentioned in other places in this newsletter is essential for the continuation of our Assn as we have had it for the past many years, and if we don't get someone willing to do these jobs, then we must question, What is our Future? It's up to YOU

**THANK YOU** To everyone who bought along prizes for the Xmas Raffle, it was once again a huge success, with most people going away with a prize. It was gratifying to notice that several prize winners, after getting one, declined their subsequent winnings in order that other people got a look in. Such selflessness is not something that is all that common in our current society.

**TREASURER**—Our current treasurer (who reluctantly took on the role this year as there was no one else volunteering) has had changes in her personal situation and will NOT BE AVAILABLE after July, consequently that position too is looking for a new face. - See the comments in "Scratchings"

More briefs on next page

### Australia Day 2010



Once again, time draws closer for our annual showcase event at Wireless Hill park, Ardross on Australia Day commencing at 1pm.

This year we do have a bit more funding available as we have successfully applied for grants from both The City of Melville and Healthway. The Healthway grant is part of a grant for promoting various BP events across the state, It does however come with a requirement on our part to include their mental health message "Act, Belong, Commit" into our events

This coming Australia Day Bush Poetry Showcase is being coordinated by John Hayes who has already put a comprehensive program together which includes poets from both the city and from the country. While most of the performers are 'well seasoned', we are including a couple of 'younger' people who are new to Australia Day. It is essential that we do this to retain a pool of experience as many of our poets are feeling the effects of their years, and may not be available in the years ahead.

Some of our country poets have indicated that they will not be available this year, not because they are losing interest in Bush Poetry, but because they are involved in similar events in their own districts. While we in Perth may be disappointed in their unavailability, it is great that our style of entertainment is once again having a surge of popularity right across the state and is rightly finding its way into Australia Day celebrations. A great part of the reason for this is the efforts and enthusiasm of many of our country members throughout the year. **Well Done, and keep it up**

This coming Showcase, Bill Gordon from Boyup Brook will be the MC. Bill is no newcomer to events of this kind as he is the current MC (and coordinator) of the Bush Poetry events at the Annual Boyup Brook Country Music Festival.

Our musical support will be Terry and Jenny, the same as that which was planned last year but unfortunately was cancelled at the very last minute due to a medical emergency. Award winning Aussie country singer / songwriters, Terry and Jenny are well known to many of us as they have been along to a couple of musters.

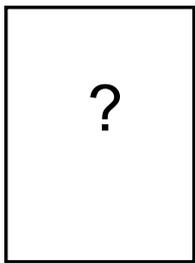
Remember to be early if you want to get the best of the shade

So, Time to get yourself, your friends and their friends organised and make sure that you all come along to enjoy the poetry.

Notices advertising the event will be available at the January Muster - we would like everyone to take a few and have them pinned up at local libraries, Seniors and Community Centres, Shopping Centres or any other place you think might be appropriate—also we would like some of the smaller fliers to be distributed to libraries and such where interested people may pick them up.

**HELP NEEDED FOR AUSTRALIA DAY** We would like a couple of "fit young men" to be available for setting up from about 10.30am Names to president Brian please.

**Poets From the Past** A year ago, in this column, I first mentioned that during 2010 I hoped to gather information and poems of WA Past poets. Have I achieved my aim? Well the Answer is "partly". I have managed to gather together on our website brief biographies of about 18 poets, some reasonably well known, others virtually unheard of. I've also managed to transcribe and put on our website some 200 poems from WA "bush poets" of the past, including, at this time almost half of the known poems of "Dryblower" Murphy and most of the known poems of Jack Sorensen. I've also managed to locate a couple of previously unpublished poems by Dame Mary Durack. In doing my research I came upon one (of several) name that was unfamiliar to me, "**The Goldfields Bard**", who, it seems had written quite a number of poems. Whilst I didn't have the poems, I did come across an index of titles and this name featured on many. My curiosity was aroused—who was this person? I was aware that there were many of the older poets, who, like many modern authors published under 'non-de-plumes'. Dryblower, Viator, Bluebush, Tom Collins to name just a few. Further research gave me the answer—it was not a single individual at all, but was a term dreamed up by 'cataloguers' of the current library system to lump together poems of an era which were published without having an author's name attached, so I suppose that "The Goldfields Bard" is just a further pen name for that well known author, Anon.



In the period from 1893 up until the start of WWI there were something like 60 different newspapers published in WA, most of them being 'weeklies' with the vast majority of them being printed in the 'goldfields' (this fact alone would imply that there must have been a considerable industry in transporting both machinery and paper to these outback locations, as well as quite a few jobs— no desktop publishing in those days, it was all compiled (back to front) on linotype machines, then run through a printing press)). Many of these publications included poetry and short stories along with news about the district's goldfields, stock exchange prices, comings and goings, court cases and of course advertisements. While much of the poetry had its authorship given, there was a large amount that did not, and it was an index of these (or at least some of these) that was attributed to "the "Goldfields Bard" I came across one library index listing over 200 such poems (now listed on our website) and recently I decided (in a moment of madness) to verify some of it, So into the Batty Library, and the rolls and rolls of microfilm— One paper that's features heavily on the list is "The (Kalgoorlie) Sun", and it was this paper that I chose to examine. The first date that I chose listed two poems, they were indeed there, along with a third that had an author, just a set of initials. Ah! I thought, the list is comprehensive, but this was not to be, for examining another date with only one poem listed, I came upon a further three that were not on the list at all - So if this is typical of the whole listing, it means that there were many hundreds of virtually unknown poems just waiting to be rediscovered. Will I get them all listed and transcribed, who knows, It could well be a job far bigger than one person can handle. - Perhaps I'll apply for a government grant to buy me some help. Whatever happens, "The Goldfields Bard" wrote an enormous number of poems, many of which will likely prove an insight into the lives of the men and women of an era that is now but a memory.

### More Briefs



**The Albany Bush Poets** writers group, led by Peter Blyth has been busy and has recently published a 40 page booklet of poems, stories and miscellanea titled "Santa's Harley and other Christmas Works" With contributions from Peter Blyth, Peg Vickers, David Higham, Joan Rosman and Jim Riches. It was published in time to be distributed for Chrissie presents by those "in the know" but if you were seeking a copy, I'm afraid I've only just learned of it and so you've dipped out for Xmas, but you can get a copy (\$8 + P&P) by contacting either Peter 9844 6606 or Peg 9841 2129

It is great to see a group such as this, putting their considerable talents together.

Not only have they been busy writing, but the local ABC has taken 3 of them (Peter, Peg and Jim) on a trip through the wheatbelt presenting their work at 'gigs' at Lake Grace, Narabbeen and Corrigin.

Great work, Albany Poets and Albany ABC for promoting them.

Just heard that Peg has also, with brother Jim, released a CD featuring her poems—this will be available on Australia Day

**"Poetry"** (PG rated) by Helen Sanders  
(Poem supplied by member Janette Rodda)

I love a rhyming poem,  
flowing smooth as polished glass,  
Can't stand that free verse waffle,  
Stick that haiku up you're arse  
No, a poem's not a poem  
if there's just no rhyme and metre,  
If it doesn't have that warmth and glow,  
like a fancy bathroom heater.

A poem should tell a story,  
be it funny, strange or sad,  
Tell of deeds both bold and gory,  
or just things that make you glad,  
Hell, there's politics and sportsmen—  
That's a field day there for starters  
You can cheer blokes on, or take the piss,  
from the trendy arty-farters

And as much as fancy language,  
may be in quite high demand  
There's a place for Aussie poems  
with those words we understand  
So at every stage let history's page,  
have an Aussie poem on it  
A rousing outback ballad—  
Not a piss-weak bloody sonnet

I know that by the time you read this, Christmas Day 2010 will be a thing of the past, but there's always next year. Here's a poem from the Albany Xmas booklet

### CHRISTMAS DAY

Peg Vickers

They'll all be here on Christmas Day  
An absolute delight,  
Family members gathered round  
A joyous festive sight  
Auntie Mavis always comes  
And wears that stupid hat -  
We hope with all intensity  
She doesn't bring her cat.

Grandma thinks the punch is safe  
And then without a doubt  
She'll fall into the swimming pool -  
Why do they fish her out?  
Of course there's always cousin Fred  
Looking for a treat,  
Sneaking round the biscuit tins  
For something more to eat.

May and Jean will have a row  
Just like they always do -  
Some stupid family argument  
From nineteen forty two.  
Uncle Sid will drink too much  
And flatten Mum's pavlova,  
We only hope on boxing day  
He'll have a big hangover.

And if perchance he doesn't come  
We surely wouldn't miss him -  
He stands beneath the mistletoe  
And no one wants to kiss him.  
Marlene has to let us know  
She is the judge's daughter  
Relating in a booming voice  
The gifts that Daddy bought her.

Grandpa does the Christmas lights  
It is his one desire -  
Last time he blacked out half the town  
And set the tree on fire.  
Fred will fight and then he'll skite  
He is a dopey jerk  
He'll burst balloons and tease the kids  
And send the dog berserk.

Hors d'oeuvres and toys will fill the house  
Along with cans of beer -  
We shall forever thankful be  
It's only once a year.

### GOD AND POETS.

I think God values spinifex as highly as the rose,  
He even may like poetry that reads like rancid prose.  
The reason I suppose  
Is that He feels responsible for all He sows and grows  
And so gives equal marks for song to nightingales and crows.  
Though why, only God knows.

Jack Sorensen (1907—1949)

### (Mainly) Aussie — January History

1st	1622	Jan 1st officially 1st day of the year
	1901	Commonwealth of Australia proclaimed
	1915	Broken Hill Holiday train ambushed by "the enemy" (2 Turkish miners) 6 killed inc the Turks
4th	1688	Wm Dampier first Englishman to set foot on Oz.
5th	1891	Great Shearers Strike commenced
7th	1983	First solar powered car to cross Australia
8th	1931	Australia's largest gold nugget discovered at Kal.
10th	1868	WA's and Australia's last convict ship arrives
11th	1896	heatwave in NSW ends—47 died
13th	1939	Victoria's "Black Friday" bushfires, 71 die
14th	1699	Wm Dampier leaves England on his second expedition to Australia
16th	1899	Hottest shade temp 53.1 Cloncurry, Qld
17th	1773	Captn J Cook in "Resolution" first known vessel in Antarctica
19th	1790	"Second fleet" leaves England
	1955	"Scrabble" released in Australia
21st	1815	First road to cross the Blue Mtns
	1788	"First Fleet" arrives in Botany Bay
	1863	J.M Stuart arrives in Adelaide after making the first crossing of Australia (his 5th attempt)
	1863	Burke & Wills State Funeral
22nd	1840	First British settlers arrive in N.Z.
	1901	Queen Victoria dies
26th	1788	"First Fleet" arrives Sydney Cove
	1808	Gov. Bligh overthrown by "Rum Rebellion"
29th	1957	Joern Utzon, Winner of Sydney Opera House design announced

My True Blue Kulcha Dream B.L. Dec 2010

No Cookies or Candy in my house,  
I don't wear my cap back to front  
I'll say "Bloody Hell" if I want to.  
My language is sometimes quite blunt.  
No friends of mine wear a burqa,  
I spend quite a time on the beach  
As for p'litical c'rrectness,  
It's something my kids I don't teach  
I don't have much time for religion,  
My God lives in forest and stream  
I'd like ALL to be "True Blue" and "Dinkum" -  
That is MY great Aussie dream.

### Interesting Bit of Trivia -

Henry Lawsons first book, "When the world was wide" was published in 1896 (while Henry was here in Perth), it received mixed reviews but what is interesting is that one reviewer noticed that there was not one horse poem in the entire book, vastly different when compared to the poetry of the other major poet of the time, Banjo Paterson



## December Muster 2010 By Dot

With **Grace Williamson** as our Mc and some new members and visitors along with a festive theme it was a great night for our "Port, Poetry and Pies muster".

**Brian Langley** was our first poet with some reminders about Christmas. In his first short poem "Christmas Cards" he reminded us (not that we needed it) that although most Christmas cards show "winter scenes with snow", here in Oz it's usually "stinkin' bloody hot" - In his second, "Silly Season" he comments on the impossibility of trying to attend all the functions he's been invited to and asks "Why do we have to cram in all into just a few short weeks?"

**John Hayes** then told us that when a child, at this time of the year out on the farm, he waited for the arrival of the Wool Buyer, so with his "After Shearing" he told of the wool buyer who could look at a bail of wool and give a price. But with a twinkle he knew that the grower would argue the price for a better one. There would be a bit of discussion and the price reached would always be the agreed on by both parties.

**Ron Ingham** had a poem about Memories of his mates in the Navy. When a grandchild asked him if he had been in the war, his answer was yes, along with the other young men. How do you tell the misery and pain or the Mothers loss of loved ones. How do you speak of the horror of battle as you fight for the Mother land. There is another side of war with the wonders of the foreign land and the harbours and the scenery from volcanoes to icebergs as he told her this he hoped that she would go through life with love.

With "Santa Claus" by Banjo written on the 24<sup>th</sup> of December in 1899 and published in 1900 **Teresa Rose** told of the night when the camp was settling down for the night and the sentry gave the challenge of Halt who goes there. The answer was given by a quaint old figure clothed in white and he was asked to advance and give the countersign. But he had no sign or countersign to give and he told of his travels through many lands to see those exiles at Christmas time and to bring them a thought of home. With wishes from loved ones and blessings for everyone. But the sentry said he could not enter without the countersign. He vanished but in the morning light the soldiers knew that Old Santa Claus had come to the camp without the countersign. *Dot Note — I will forgive the Master But we have Father Christmas here in Aussie NOT that foreign Santa Claus*

With a welcome return to the microphone **Rusty Christensen** gave us Bob Magor's "Caravanning Bliss" which tells of grey nomads travelling all around the place towing their caravans. The bliss of travelling can be overshadowed by the problems as each caravan sets out for the next days travel. With the noise of the legs being wound up and the yelling and screaming as the car is hooked up to the van. Along with the diesels sitting idling as they get warmed up. *Note We have seen in our travels some very good domestic arguments and they seem to only occur when backing the van into the park van space.*

**Kerry Bowe** and **Barry Higgins** are at it again with one of Syd Hopkins's, "Christmas Cocktails". Rosie the Barmaid said she would help out with the fund raising by getting into a bath of champagne, naked, but no one was to touch. At the end of the night the yard man felt it was a waste of good champagne to tip it down the drain. So he filled up the bottles but was confused as he had tipped in 12 bottles but he had re filled 13 bottles. With their second "Ouch!" by Blue the Shearer the perils of using an out back dunny with people wondering why it was taking so long to use the facility. When he was found he was well and truly stuck because he was sitting on the mop bucket and his foot was on the peddle and every time he went to get up something was grabbing his bit and pieces.

That poem seemed to be the catalyst as from then on there were quite a few dunny poems starting with **Dave Smith** and "The Outback Dunny" by Anon. It told of those funny looking buildings that were once a way of life that were nailed or wired and mostly falling down but there was one in every back yard. There was no soft tissue just pages of a well read newspaper hanging on the wall. The dunny cart man came once a week and if you needed an extra can he would leave you one if you paid in a zac. If you don't know what a zac is then you are too young to have had a dunny out the back. *Note for our younger readers a zac is sixpence or 5 cents in today's money*

With an "Aussie Day Before Christmas" **Dot Langley** presented this poem by Kilmeny Niland. Santa was snoozing and when he was told to get a move on he pulled on his shorts and old singlet top and went and fed the chooks before he sorted out the 'roos. He quickly ate his brekkie and went and read the news in the dunny. After much shouting and banging on a drum the 'roos finally were chosen as to who would pull the sleigh with sacks full of prezzies on this once a year flight. As dusk was falling Santa and his sleigh swept away with a "Happy Christmas Hoo Roo!"

Welcome back also **Arthur Leggett** who had a yarn to tell about Dad's false teeth. When Dad put his false teeth on the floor by his bed the dog grabbed them and started munching on them. Dad kicked the dog in the tummy who then spun around and bit the horse who then swung around and trod on the teeth. Was it a true story, - only Arthur knows.

We had another double act with **Jill Millar** and **Teresa Rose** singing for their supper. With the 12 days of an Aussie Christmas we were told of the, much more appropriate (?) way that we spend the Christmas season. With an Emu caught in a gum tree the other days before Christmas just seemed to get worse. With Galahs and penguins and Koala's and Kangaroos along with some sharks and possums This Christmas is going to get very crowded. *I have just realised that my two versions of this poem are perhaps not the same as the one done by Teresa and Jill, Sorry ladies.* After this Teresa with her guitar sang the English version of the 12 days of Christmas.

Supper was lovely and it was a BIG BIG welcome back to Edna who we have missed during her rehabilitation with her back and now that she has learned to use her Bionic ear she can hear all the poetry. With pies and port, chrissy cake and tarts it was a credit to all who helped with the supper.

With a story about a bloke with Mongolian VD, Barry Higgins told of this problem that had to be solved but with amputation being the only option he sought help from a Chinese Doctor who told him not to worry, no need for surgery -

In a few weeks it would drop off by itself!

With his second poem, Bob Magor's "Bush Justice" he told of the indecent exposure charge bought about from the Avon Lady who when out calling had been greeted by a man only wearing his singlet. The Judge was worried because this bloke owned the boat they fished in. When officially told the defendant had 17 kids, the judge's dilemma was over and he pronounced the defendant wasn't indecent but in his working clothes.

With a poem taken out of the Womens Weekly magazine in 2002 **Robert Gunn** performed "Sinbad at the Show". This poem was by Anon and what a shame that there is no author to acknowledge. Based loosely on Banjo's "Mulga Bill's Bicycle" it was a great story. Sinbad had never owned a motor car or sat upon a tractor seat, but knew of them. He saw a tractor and the salesman thinking that he had a good sale he pounced on him. Not knowing how to drive didn't deter Sinbad as he started up the tractor. He caused a lot of trouble but when he headed for the strippers tent he was in for quite a shock. As her 'G' string flew off it got caught in the fan on the tractor and everything ground to a halt. Now Sinbad is home again using his horse team to plough on the flat with a contended smile upon his face and a 'G' string tied around his hat.

**John Hayes** performed his "The Burakin Cricket Club" where way out East in the land of flies and scrub it was decided to resurrect the cricket club. With style that seemed to be uncivilized and fielding that was pathetic these boys trained hard. An invitation was issued to the Kalannie club who had educated members and players of renown to come and play. The game was played with a fierce attack with bat and ball. The batters were left concussed and confused and the bowlers were getting up some steam when the game was declared a draw. It is not a place to visit after dark as the ghosts of players when lightning dances around and there will never be a match to equal with the bat and ball when the game between Burakin and Kalannie. - Shades of Banjo's "Geebung Polo Club".

With another poem by Anon **Jack Mathews** presented "A Boundary Rider's Christmas" This poem was found by a stockman in a boundary rider's hut in Queensland around the year 1900. A really sad poem about the boundary riders lonely life where it is too far to get dressed up to go into town. Because he has lived too long alone he would feel awkward or dull or shy. But he will take down the old concertina and play some old songs, have a shave and check his gear and wash a couple of shirts. He will make a damper for Christmas eve and perhaps a stew for two because a swaggie may come his way. A letter would be nice from someone who used to care. But Christmas day has arrived with nary a soul in sight, the same as it was last Christmas and before that as well.

We then heard "The Ghost of Murderer's Hut" published in the Bulletin on the 30<sup>th</sup> December 1893. **Dave Smith** presented the story of the stockman whose horse had been lamed so he camped at the place where the murder had been done. The walls were all spattered with gore and the bloodstains were fresh on the floor where the blood of the victim was spilt. A dreadful shape loomed at the window and frightened the stockman as he thought that the devil himself had come to get him. When it made a sound that he recognized he let out a cheer as it was an old billy goat was left when his master had been killed. So he took him back to the house where he lived to a fragrant old age this "ghost" of the murderer's hut.

In the Women's Weekly in February 1943 there appeared this poem by Bobbie Tobruk titled "Sapper T Reg". So said Ron Ingham as he presented this poem which told of the little 'bitsa' dog befriended by the troops, All the troops loved him and shared their beer and biscuits with him. He shared the line duties and saw his share of fighting and they had taught him how to run for cover. He dodged dive bombers but he had to die under an Arab Truck. He was buried with full honors. For his second performance Ron had the piece "Dear Mum I'm Safe and Well." A letter from a soldier in Tobruk to his mother, discovered many years on by his niece. The letter was written as a poem with every verse ending with the words 'Dear Mum I'm Safe And Well' (Check out Terry and Jenny Bennetts CD for the song of this poem)

**Rusty Christensen** loves his writing group and for his project he had written a letter to his friend PF (who had died) about "wishing you were here". In this yarn he reminisced about the things that they had done as boys, the depression and then the new money along with new technology. He wonders where would you go these days to meet some chicks?

With his second performance "Along by Merry Christmas Time" by Henry Lawson he told the story that when they buy the aged goose and boil the dried plum pudding you must not sneer at these old time customs for the memory of the past is all bound up in Christmas time for no one knows where one may be next Merry Christmas Time.

*Dotnote—How true this is, so when like me you get cranky around this time of the year just remember that it is also a joyful time.... Because the holidays are near!!!!*

**Kerry Bowe and Teresa Rose** got together to sing some children's rhymes with well known tunes but the words were changed In Sing a Song of Sixth Sense the cat was quite aware that the packing was for holidays that he would not be allowed to go on. So he was going to hide out in the garden or climb a tall tree so stop from being taken to the kennel house. In We Wish for the Family Goldfish the families cat has made out its list of what it would like to eat. The goldfish would look great in a bowl, the hamster would make a nice little snack and as for the budgie he would eat him up and just keep on burping each day of the year.

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

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### **Upcoming Events**

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

Jan 7	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	(Topic / specialty not yet decided)
<b>Jan 26</b>	<b>Bush Poetry Showcase</b>	<b>Wireless Hill, Ardross</b>	<b>1-5pm</b>
Feb 4	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	Theme— “Valentine”
<b>Feb 17—20</b>	<b>SEE YOU AT BOYUP BROOK - INCLUDES OPEN CATEGORIES OF STATE PERFORMANCE CHAMPIONSHIPS See December Bully Tin Page 4 or website</b>		
Mar 4	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	“Festival of Writers”
Mar 18	Melville Movies	We have a gig preceding the evening movie— more details later	
May ??	Poets in the Park	Kalamunda Stirk Park	2pm (part of Kalamunda Autumn Festival) Seems The date I was given is wrong— well, whatever, 'tis Mother's Day
May 6	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	

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

**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.**

<b>Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed -</b>	<b>Don't forget our website <a href="http://www.wabushpoets.com">www.wabushpoets.com</a></b>
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### 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>	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 & laminated poems 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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