

# The Bully Tin

June 2006



& Yarn Spinners

Monthly Muster at the Como Bowling & Recreation Club cnr Hensman & Sandgate Sts, South Perth  
 Next meeting Friday 2nd June, 2006 at 7.00pm for 7.30pm start.  
 July Muster—Friday 7th July, 2006  
[www.wabushpoets.com](http://www.wabushpoets.com)

The tragedy, drama and, finally, the joy when the miners were rescued in Beaconsfield, Tasmania held the attention for several weeks. It is a story which has been replayed, unfortunately, many times in the mining history of Australia. The June edition of the Bully Tin pays tribute to the miners and the poets who have known them.

## *The Rescue* by Edward Dyson

There's a sudden, fierce clang of the knocker,  
 Then the sound of a voice in the shaft,  
 Shrieking words that drum hard on the centres,  
 And the braceman goes suddenly daft:  
 'Set the whistle a-blowing like blazes! Billy, run, give old Mackie a  
 call —  
 Run, you fool! Number Two's gone to pieces,  
 And Fred Baker is caught in the fall!  
 Say, hullo! there below — any hope, boys, any chances of saving his  
 life?'

'Heave away!' says the knocker. 'They've started.  
 God be praised, he's no youngsters or wife!'

Screams the whistle in fearful entreaty,  
 And the wild echo raves on the spur,  
 And the night, that was still as a sleeper  
 In soft, charmed sleep, is astir  
 With the fluttering of wings in the wattles,  
 And the vague, frightened murmur of birds,  
 With far cooees that carry the warning,  
 Running feet, inarticulate words.  
 From the black belt of bush come the miners,  
 And they gather by Mack on the brace,  
 Out of breath, barely clad, and half-wakened,  
 With a question in every face.

'Who's below?' 'Where's the fall?' 'Didn't I tell you —  
 Didn't I say that them sets wasn't sound?'  
 'Is it Fred? He was reckless with Baker;  
 Now he's seen his last shift underground.'  
 'And his mate? Where is Sandy McFadyn?'  
 'Sandy's snoring at home on his bunk.'  
 'Not at work! Name o' God! a foreboding?'  
 'A foreboding be hanged! He is drunk!'  
 'Take it steady there, lads!' the boss orders.  
 He is white to the roots of his hair.  
 'We may get him alive before daybreak  
 If he's close to the face and has air.'

In the dim drive with arduous heroic  
 Two facemen are pegging away.  
 Long and Coots in the rise heard her thunder,  
 And they fled without word or delay  
 Down the drive, and they rushed for the ladders,  
 And they went up the shaft with a run,  
 For they knew the weak spot in the workings,  
 And the guess there was graft to be done.  
 Number Two was pitch dark, and they scrambled  
 To the plat and they made for the face,  
 But the roof had come down fifty yards in,  
 And the reef was all over the place . . .

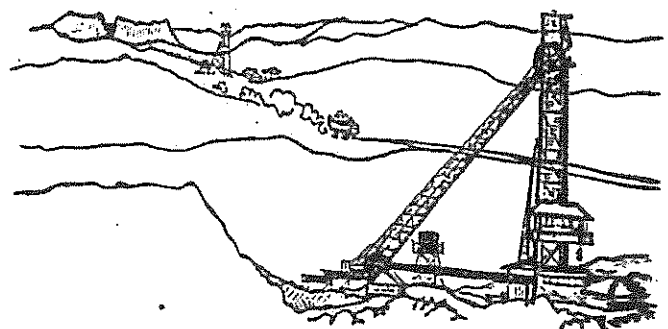
By the faint yellow glow of the candles,  
 Where the dank drive is hot with their breath,  
 On the verge of the Land of the Shadow,  
 Waging war breast to bosom with Death,  
 How they struggle, these giants! and slowly,  
 As the trucks rattle into the gloom,  
 Inch by inch they advance to the conquest  
 Of a prison — or is it a tomb?  
 And the workings re-echo a volley  
 As the timbers are driven in place;  
 Then a whisper is borne to the toilers:  
 'Boys, his mother is there on the brace!'

Like veterans late into action,  
 Fierce with longing to hew and to hack,  
 Riordan's shift rushes in to relieve them,  
 And the toil-stricken men stagger back.  
 'Stow the stuff, mates, wherever there's stowage!  
 Run the man on the brace till he drops!  
 There's no time to think on this billet!  
 Bark the heels of the trucker who stops!  
 Keep the props well in front, and be careful.  
 He's in there, and alive, never fret.'  
 But the grey dawn is softening the ridges, and  
 Word has not come to us yet.

Still the knocker rings out, and the engine  
 Shrieks and strains like a creature in pain  
 As the cage rushes up to the surface  
 And drops back into darkness again.  
 By the capstan a woman is crouching.  
 In her eyes neither hope nor despair;  
 But a yearning that glowers like frenzy  
 Bids those who'd speak pity forbear.  
 Like a figure in stone she is seated  
 Till the labour of rescue be done.  
 For the father was killed in the Phoenix,  
 And the son — Lord of pity! the son?

'Hullo! there on top!' they are calling.  
 'They are through! He is seen in the drive!'  
 They have got him — thank Heaven! they've got him,  
 And oh, blessed be God, he's alive!  
 'Man on! heave away!' 'Step aside, lads;  
 Let his mother be first when he lands.'  
 She was silent and strong in her anguish;  
 Now she babbles and weeps where she stands,  
 And the stern men, grown gentle, support her

At the mouth of the shaft, till at last  
 With a rush the cage springs to the landing,  
 And her son's arms encircle her fast.



# Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"



Greetings to my Bush Poetry mates.

Judy and self made it safely back from the wilds of Sydney and New Zealand. We didn't come home without a reminder of the land of the long white cloud, Judy with a cold and yours truly with a king sized dose of the flu, hardly left the house for the first week back but thanks to some help from the medical profession, some nursing and TLC from matron Judy, I am back in the firing line.

Glowing reports tell me that May's Muster was a knockout. The highlight being the long awaited launch of our mate, Arthur Leggett's book, so appropriately named 'Don't Cry For Me'. We are all privileged to have a bloke of Arthur's calibre as a mate and member of our unique Association. Heard the supper was not too bad also, we usually get spoiled by Edna and Co. so those in attendance received a double treat.

That time of the year is approaching when we look around to see who is doing what to keep the show on the road, which is code for, the AGM. at our July Muster. I may sound like a cracked record when I trumpet the praise of the team that I have had the pleasure of working with - and pleasure is the operative word, never a cross word [ except from me at times] but even the best of teams change their personel. Bully Tin Editor Kerry has to rearrange her priorities and has been placing a sits. vacant add in our excellent publication over the last few months, we hope that it has not been lost on enthusiastic members, if you get my drift.

Another much valued member of the team, secretary Jean [ a very busy lady] is moving on, and with Kerry, will leave two big gaps in our lineup, which is more matter for members to contemplate. Both of these girls have made a huge contribution to the conduct of our Association, and I am certain, would assist anyone who has the interests of our organisation at heart to take over where they have left off.

Of course , all other positions become vacant at the AGM. so, if you have the urge, the time and inspiration, as is said in the classics - HAVE A GO - you will find it rewarding and, like, nobody is rusted on to their position [ no pun intended ]. At least consider a committe position, we have been under manned in this department for some time, some fresh ideas are always welcome. These appeals have a familiar ring to me. I seem to have to repeat them each year, sometimes there is a result, other times, nothing. So put plainly, if these and other spots are not filled we will have to cut our cloth accordingly, which means cutting back on a lot of our activities. Secretary Jean will have nomination forms at the June Muster. See you there.

The Barking [as in coughing ]Boss Cocky. Rusty C.

## ***Urgently required!* - Committee Members** **Secretary                      Newsletter Editor**

Both these positions will be vacant at the July AGM.

As I will be interstate until the end of June the position of Editor is now vacant.

This is a challenging and rewarding position and, after two years of producing the Bully Tin, a new hand at the helm would be a refreshing change for members. It is also a chance to support the  
WABP&YS Assoc.

I will be happy to assist the new Editor in any way I can.

Please contact myself or a committee member with expressions of interest.

# A Word From The Editor



Dear Editor

Hi, how's it going?

That (Hi) caused a bit of excitement. Guess it's not what you say, just so long as you give a greeting, no matter how it's put. Everyone seems to have enjoyed the Cowboy Poet who came here to entertain us with his style of verse.

What I'd like to know is - how come our poets are not encouraged to diversify their style and feelings?

Why are we confined to our verse that has to be Australian, by Australians, about Australia?

In my travels I've written many poems about the people, places and country that I've travelled through.

Many are very educational and reflect on stories and history about these people and places.

I've got many wonderful stories from beyond these shores.

(Really, you didn't need to import a Cowboy Poet!)

"Remember Sand Creek", "Custer's Last Stand", "For My People", "Jim Thorpe", "The Season of Yellowleaf",

"Shuswop of the Rockies", "Yesterday's Warriors", just to name a few.

Even "Back to the River" (has been put to music and recorded) got 2nd place in an Australia wide competition supposed to be about Australia and their way of life. And the first line was: "Billy was a Cherokee and the bravest of his tribe".

So come on, let's expand a little and be a bit more versatile.

Robert Service is a great Canadian poet. Some of his I have heard recited at Tamworth (by request) "The Cremation of Sam McGee" is his claim to fame.

I picked up his book while there in 1995. Great stuff!

I've been given and sent some wonderful verse as many know of my love of nature and down to earth feelings.

When I first got to the Poets Gathering in Pincher Creek, Alberta, Canada (...I've been four times) it was all about bull dist and barbed wire. (Most read their poems) I was one of the few who recited and wrote about the Indians, their history and feelings.

On my last visit in 2004 their style had improved out of sight, so maybe I had some influence.

Enclosed is "The Cowboy's Prayer", one of my favourites. I even came across Tom Dooley's grandson one evening in Yellowstone National Park. Stood round the fire with a beer and recited "Jim Thorpe". They've never forgotten him (the greatest athlete of the last century) and he died in 1953.

Hope this letter encourages other writers.

Yours sincerely

Brian Gale

Dear Editor

My poem (not strictly bush poetry) has won the Mandurah Scribblers 2006 Open award. (Refer page 5)

Also, 4 members (John Hayes, Wayne Pantall, Chris Sadler and Brian Langley,) got up bright and early to perform at a poets brekkie at the Moondyne Joe Festival at Toodyay on May 7th.

Unfortunately, attendance was fairly poor, and it was a bit of a schnozzle all round. The whole organisation appeared to have gone pear shaped a few weeks before the event. There was very little advertising, and what there was gave no venues. Most advertising indicated a 9.30 start for the day's proceedings (long after brekkie had finished).

The few who attended were very appreciative of the wide range of poetry that was presented. John mainly concentrated on the traditional stuff, Chris on her tales of the farming life, Wayne with his contemporary political and social issues and Brian mainly concentrating on shorter humorous verses.

The organisers indicated that they would like to see us again next year, but they will need to get their act into gear a bit better than this year.

Have you had any nibbles about a replacement for you? **Brian Langley**

Hi again Kerry

WA Bush poetry members were well represented among the Open Poetry award winners at the Mandurah Scribblers 2006 Literary Competition.

My poem, "The Forrest", took out First Place. I was also awarded a Commended for another of my short verses. Val Read took out an equal Second, the two Third places, along with a Highly Commended. Hector Scott's 5 entries achieved three Highly Commended and 2 Commended. The competition was open to all poets, irrespective of style. The only entry criteria being that they were 40 lines or less.

**Brian Langley**

Dear Brian

Thanks for passing this information on to us all. And congratulations to you, Val and Hector on your successes in this competition.

It's great to see our poets out there having a go and doing so well. The opportunities for both performance and written poets to present their work seems to be increasing dramatically in Western Australia.

I have included a letter sent to us after Rod and I visited the Dardanup Tavern to listen to their Bush Poetry competition. We were privileged to be asked to perform during the afternoon and had a great time.

Re: Your contribution to a successful "Bush Poets 2006 at Dardanup Tavern"

On behalf of my board and myself, I thank you for your generous contribution to the success of this year's event, the fourth we have held.

Your impromptu contributions expanded our small program magnificently and enhanced our amateurs' insight into the possibilities of Bush poetry. I'm sure they were inspired to better things next year. We appreciate the interest of the WA Bush Poets Association, and warmly invite your members to attend next year, as competitors or guest artists as appropriate. In particular I thank you for donating two CDs and poetry books for auction and sale.

I suspect that with your extensive experience you may have some advice for us for future events: please do not hesitate to make comment or suggestions.

Besides welcome publicity for the work of the Foundation the event again made a modest profit. This will be devoted to our current initiative, "Enhancing Cancer Services in Rural Western Australia". This addresses poorer results of cancer treatment experienced by all rural Australians, and will be undertaken by Murdoch University in collaboration with the Health Department of Western Australia. Of \$50,000 required for this over the coming year, \$35,000 has already been raised.

Thank you again for your kind help.

**Talent may develop in solitude  
but character is developed in  
society**

Dear Brian

Thank you for taking the time to submit your very interesting and thought provoking letter. Rather than expounding my thoughts on the topics you raised I throw it open to the Members for comment. I imagine there will be some readers out there who will have thoughts and opinions on Brian's letter.

Brian is a long standing member of the WABP&YS Association who lives down Margaret River way, so will not be known to many who attend the Musters. He is passionate about his poetry.

Kerry

## May Monthly Muster



What a brilliant night! One of the best. The attendance was considerably boosted by the family and friends of **Arthur Legget's**, come to support him as he launched his book. His family also supplied us with an absolutely delicious supper.

**Brian Langley** was the MC for the night. He informed us that the first week in September is Australian Poetry Week. Those interested in performing at Forest Place on 2nd September, 2006, please see Brian. It was also made known that Arthur has been nominated for "Citizen of the Year". Congratulations, Arthur! And good luck. I was a very unworthy nomination several years back and the night was an experience I will long treasure, especially being seated beside Fiona Woods! My thanks to June and Jean for that wonderful opportunity.

**John Hayes** was first up to the mike with *Breaking of the Dry*, an absorbing account of the antics that went on whilst waiting for the rain in the outback. He followed that up with Banjo Paterson's *Clancy*.

The Bush Ranger theme was then picked up by **Grace Williamson** with an excellent rendition of *The Death of Ben Hall*. (Anon) Her preamble was short sharp and interesting. It was a pity she had to compete with the noise from the bar.

**Rod Lee** was inspired by Arthur's book on reminiscences to recite John O'Brien's *Around the Boree Log*. The book of poems by the same name is well worth the reading. I think **Trish Joyce** surprised us with her lovely singing voice when she performed a special tribute to Mothers Day.

**Margaret Taylor** then entertained us with some bright little poems by Leon Gellert. (Hope I have that right as the bar noise was challenging) One poem I did take exception to, Margaret, and that was "Gecko". How can anyone call them ugly!!!! We shared our house with them while living in Malaya and I found them cute and entertaining to have around. They weren't invited, but neither were the shrews and bats which I could develop no fondness for at all!

It was over to **David Sears** then to regale us with *The Cremation of Robert McGee*, by Robert Service. In retrospect this was an interesting choice as this poem and the author are mentioned in Brian Gale's letter on page 3. We all know now that Robert Service was a Canadian poet.

**Arthur** then presented his book in his usual humble, modest style, despite the fact that he was suffering from the flue and he was seeing double! He had to close one eye to read. The quality of the extracts he read to us had me racing up to be one of the first to purchase a copy. \$25.00 well spent! He made special thanks to his family and the "Hell Fire" Helen who was the driving force behind him writing the book. Helen is a remarkable woman in her own right. She is a writer and poet and for many years an extremely dedicated leader of the SES Mounted Division. I had the privilege of working under Helen as a mounted volunteer for five years and admired her very much. We then went to the break with that totally yummy supper. Brian then called me up to start the second part of the night with the 'Reading' section. My choice for the evening was a beautiful poem of the demise of a bush-ranger's sweet heart, *Marian Lee*, by Berbard Espinasse. Then it was over to **Brian** to hear one of his humorous poems, *The DIY'er*, including a little bit of "cold shoulder from Dot.

**Arthur** was next with a beautiful, moving, well chosen poem "The Things I Have Seen and Done".

Next it was **Syd** putting "Bryl Cream" on sheep, a poem of shearing and hairdos. His comment that "those without hair wish they had it and those with it shave it off" was very apt in these times.

**Barry** then arrived at the mike with a prompt sheet in hand. I think this is a great idea. No matter how hard and how much we recite a poem before performing it there is always one unexpected line which will slip from the memory bank. It is better, I feel, to have a quick peek and bring the poem to a conclusion than to leave the audience up in the air. Barry recited two poems written by *Jim Haynes - Dipso Dan* and *Dipso Dan Sees Double*.

Then **Rosemary Sharland** was called up. Her chosen piece, "Easter V Easter" (Easter in Australia v Easter in Japan), delivered with the laughs and giggles we have come to expect and love from Rosemary, was very good.

**Rod** then entertained us with an extremely politically incorrect poem by Neil Macarthur, *The Gay Farmhand*. Neil is a talented poet who is renowned for pushing the boundaries. This poem is possibly his least offensive and very funny.

**John Hayes** shared an extremely apt cameo from his life *The Diggers Rest*, considering at the time the frantic rescue was still underway for the miners in Tasmania. Tragically his father died in the mines at the age of 32. His habit of stopping in at the pub on his way home from work used to annoy his wife until he took her down a mine to see what it was like '2,500ft below'. I felt this poem is one of John's best and it because of this I felt moved to dedicate this month's Bully Tin to Miners, past and present.

**Trish Joyce** set a good example with her funny little poem *Do What I Say, Not What I Do*. How many of us can relate to this as parents?

**David Sears** then treated us to *The Bachelor's Return* by Bobby Miller. Bobby was a larger than life poet with a great sense of humour.

The evening was then brought to a conclusion by Arthur with his poem of being on the road, being seduced by a lovely young girl and then realising his wife and companion is what matters most to him ... "my final choice would be you". Love you, Arthur. Hope your book is the success it deserves to be.

**Kerry.**

# Way out back of Perth!

The last few months have been a time of goodbyes and hellos at Diggers Camp. One huge wrench is letting go of production of the Bully Tin. Producing it each month has been a source of enjoyment, frustration and over all satisfaction. Also a time of learning. So it is with regrets that I am forced to resign from this position.

We have also faced the sad, but inevitable, "final goodbyes" to two of the four legged fur babes. One was Caddie, the 15 yo blue heeler, a great dog who left us a wealth of memories. Like the time she duxed obedience class. She knew she had done well. Dale, our daughter, had taken her. Caddie flew into the house, leapt up on a stool and sat up on her haunches with a great smile on her face. And she loved to talk to us and would not be denied her opinion in a conversation. One night in particular springs to mind. Dale and her friends were sitting in a circle on the carpet chatting and laughing. Caddie was sitting there with them, tail wagging. Finally, she had to add her bit and wouldn't stop whinging until they all were quiet and paid attention. Then she did her little "talk". Boris, the tabby cat, was trying to sleep on a chair but Caddie's conversation was keeping him awake. He slowly unravelled himself, slunk down to the floor, strolled over to an unsuspecting Caddie and whacked her across the behind with a fully loaded claw. Caddie let out a yelp and shut up and, smugly satisfied, Boris strolled back to his chair, curled up and went back to sleep.

The other "goodbye" was Meggsie, a ginger tom who strolled in one night and stayed for several years, until his untimely demise. Mind you, he didn't stay a tom for long once we realised he had taken up permanent residence. He was a cat with attitude and a great ratter to boot. We knew this because each catch had to be proudly brought into the house for our inspection. You can imagine how much we appreciated that ..... Especially when staggering out in the middle of the night a bare foot landed in the middle of a half masticated rodent!

The "hullo" might be aptly named "Grandma's Folly". I foolishly took two of the grandkids with me to buy some new chooks. The first pen we passed contained two tiny ducklings and a chicken with a bantam hen. Need I say more?!?! It was love at first sight. They could not be convinced that two egg laying hens were more interesting and adorable than these tiny fluffy babes. And grandma's are easily manipulated, especially this one. So we compromised and came home with one egg laying hen for Grandma and two useless, high maintenance ducklings for 'Kensie and Harrison.

They were duly named "Birthday Happy" and "Spiderman", totally suitable names you'd agree! I figured if they survived the first day of intense loving they could survive anything. They were cuddled and kissed and treated to rides in the back of the tricycle. "How wonderful for the littlies to be bonding with animals like this" I thought. After they went home there were phone calls to check on their progress and safety and it was all very cute and delightful. But, ducklings grow very quickly. Suddenly these bundles of charm were too large for the grandies to nurse and had grown sharp claws which scratched soft flesh. The phone calls stopped and Birthday Happy and Spiderman (sometime Batman) have taken up residence with the other chooks and ducks. Fortunately I still find them adorable, especially, as I am almost sure one, at least, is a DRAKE!!!! This would not be a problem to a true blue farmer, but I am an 'urban farmer' and any livestock which arrives at Diggers Camp only leaves when 'death do us part', naturally or by misadventure.

Kerry

## The Forest

Can you see the soft leaves falling? Do you hear the songbirds calling?  
In the lush green forest tree tops that shades the sunlight's glare.  
Do you see the orchids showing? By the maidenhair fern growing.  
In the misty gentle raindrops, and there's beauty everywhere.

Can you hear the axe blows ringing? Do you hear the saw blade singing?  
Do you hear the crash of thunder? As the forest giants fall.  
Can you see the forest dwindling? As it's all reduced to kindling.  
Do you ever stop to wonder at the reason for it all?

Can you see the forest dying? Do you hear the sound of crying?  
In the valleys where the river has become a salty creek.  
No more orchids shyly flowering, 'neath the forest giants towering.  
And the whole world seems to shiver. do the tears run down your cheek?.

No more the soft leaves falling. No more the song birds calling.  
As they flutter through the tree tops, for there are no tree tops there.  
And there's almost nothing growing, for the desert wind is blowing.  
And there isn't any raindrops. And there's few who seem to care.

© Brian Langley Aug 21st 2005

Congratulations, Brian  
on winning the Mandurah Scribbler's Award  
with this poem.

## THE COWBOYS PRAYER

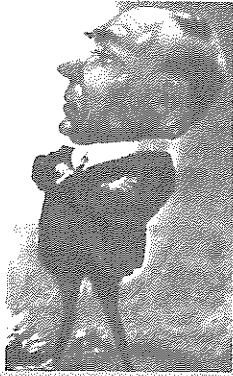
Oh Lord, I've never lived where churches grow,  
I love creation better as it stood,  
The day you finished it so long ago,  
And looked upon your work and called it good.  
I know that others find you in the light  
That's sifted down through tinted window panes,  
And yet I seem to feel you near tonight,  
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

I thank you Lord, that I am placed so well;  
That you have made my freedom so complete,  
That I'm no slave to whistle clock or bell,  
Or weak-eyed prisoner of wall or street.  
Just let me live my life as I've begun,  
And give me work that's open to the sky,  
Make me a partner of the wind and sun,  
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.

Let me be easy on the man that's down,  
And make me square and generous with all;  
I'm careless, sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,  
But never let them say I'm mean or small.  
Make me as big and open as the plains,  
As honest as the horse between my knees,  
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,  
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze.

Forgive me Lord, when sometimes I forget,  
You understand the reasons that are hid;  
You know the many things that gall and fret,  
You know me better than my Mother did.  
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said,  
Just right me sometimes when I turn aside,  
And guide me on that long, dim trail ahead,  
That stretches upward toward the great divide.

By Badger Clarke (Submitted by Brian Gale)



# Edward Dyson (1865 - 1931)

Edward Dyson was born in 1865 at Morrison, near Ballarat, in Victoria. He was the son of a mining engineer and elder brother to Will and Ambrose, both artists and writers. Edward followed his family around the goldfields of Victoria in his early years and left school at the age of 12 to become a hawker, and later a trucker in the mines of Victoria and Tasmania. He moved into writing and journalism while still in his teens and took up the editorship of the Melbourne periodical *Life* at the age of 21. Throughout his working life he produced vast amounts of poetry, though his *metier* was the short story. His first collection of verse, *Rhymes from the Mines and Other Lines* was published in 1896, and was followed by a series of novels and short story collections. Edward Dyson died in 1931.

Caricature by Will Dyson (Son)

Dyson's poem 'The Rescue' appears on front cover.

## The Talking Ground

*There's a dreaded sound in the underground  
That a miner gets to know  
When he's on his own, working all alone  
Several hundred feet below;  
And he casts his light where it's black as night,  
For a place that's safe to walk;  
And he holds his breath - it's the Voice of Death  
When the ground begins to talk.*

*Soon he finds a space, near a worked out face,  
Where the backs look firm and tight,  
And he crouches there with an ill mouthed prayer  
As he hopes to Christ he's right;  
And recalls a mate, one who met his fate  
In a fall in bygone years,  
Then he sees his wife with her shattered life  
And his three young kids in tears.*

*And he wonders why he should have to die  
Long before he's gotten old;  
Throw his life away for the lousy pay  
He collects for mining gold;  
Then the roar and thud fairly chill his blood,  
And he fights the urge to run;  
He says, "Nick old mate, you'll just have to wait,  
For my name's not on that one".*

*Then it stops at last, and he gets out fast,  
For he has no wish to die,  
But he's not prepared to admit he's scared,  
He would rather live a lie;  
Still he dreams in fright as he sleeps that night,  
And he feels a strange disgrace,  
But he surely knows when the whistle blows  
He'll be back there at the brace.*

*You may wonder why such a man as I,  
Out here farming on the land,  
Thinks he'd know the fear when the end is near,  
Or could even understand;  
Well, I spent some time in my youth and prime,  
Working in the mining game,  
And I know the sound of the talking ground,  
For I've heard it speak my name.*

Peter Blyth © Albany

A point of interest is that Peter was down the mines at Norseman when the Meckering earthquake struck. He has personally experienced the dreaded sound of "the talking ground".

## THE BLOKE FROM BUGGA UP DOWNS



A COLLECTION OF YARNS & BUSH VERSE  
BY PETER BLYTH

Peter came to Australia as a 'Ten Quid Immigrant' keen to get himself a farm. To fulfil this dream he worked down the mines at Norseman for ten years, then as a haulage contractor for five. He worked hard and got the farm he came for as well as "a wonderful wife, a bubbly daughter and two strong healthy sons".

He wrote the occasional poem through his younger years but his most creative period was when driving around in his tractor on the farm.

Peter has produced two books which combine his life story along with his poems—"Gold Fever and Other Diseases" and "The Bloke From Bugga Up Downs". Both books are a great read and a worthwhile addition to anyone's book shelves.

His poetry and writing is as genuine as the bloke himself. Copies of his book can be acquired by contacting Peter at  
P Blyth

RMB 9166 Lower Denmark Road  
Eillecker WA 6330

**Farewell Miner**  
(Moura Mine No2 Qld 1994)

They told us you were lost down in a smoky Moura Mine.  
They told us they were leaving you and all your mates behind.  
But were you down there waiting, hanging on for help to come -  
praying with a mate that some miracle be done?

These questions are our nightmare, and as we pause to cry,  
we ask God to convince us, that these good men had to die.

They tell us you were buried, and this picture haunts us still.  
But Pharaohs were entombed you know, they chose it free of will.  
So if it's good for Kings, old mate, then surely it must do  
that a miner start for glory from the shaft of Number 2.  
*Though coal-dust steals the daylight, and walls of rock confine,  
not even they can trap the soul with Heaven on its mind.*

It seems so easy now to blame Man's ruthless quest for fuel.  
The Company's beurocracy, appearing oh so cruel,  
praying on our loved ones to toil and sweat for them -  
but blame would never blossom in the hearts of these true men.  
So we too must forgive, let go, so they may seek that place  
where springs eternal pleasure, to an ever-blackened face.

Bare with us, mere mortals with such grand and selfish grief,  
searching for some justice, as you dearest, lay beneath  
that closed down Moura Mineshaft, while suffering in vain  
we wait to talk of heroes so your name can ring again.  
*Though coal-dust steals the daylight and walls of rock confine,  
not even they can trap the soul with Heaven on its mind.*

(For my big brother, Geoff. Always in our hearts.)

Marco Gliori ©

**Marco Gliori**

Is a member of the Naked Poets, a poet in his own right and works in the Queensland Arts Council's School Touring Programme performing for both Secondary and Primary Schools. Marco has experienced first hand the heart-break of losing a family member in a mining tragedy. Following the rescue of the men at Beaconsfield brought the memories back but, when they walked out alive he felt his brother walked out with them.



**BEACONSFIELD MINE DISASTER 2006**

Oh! What a miracle. *Oh! What a healing!*

When lucky Miners leave a mine  
Behind them walks a ghostly line  
Of brave lost souls who'll evermore  
Remain below the shifting floor

They rise, these ghosts, like comrades true  
(The type who'd go back down for you)  
The sort that joins the rescue mob  
And laughs, "it's just another job!"

Until some wife lies dead awake  
And waits for vital news to break  
Then sees the boss and hears him shout  
*"We've got him love... he's walking out!"*

Marco Gliori  
saddlesaw.com

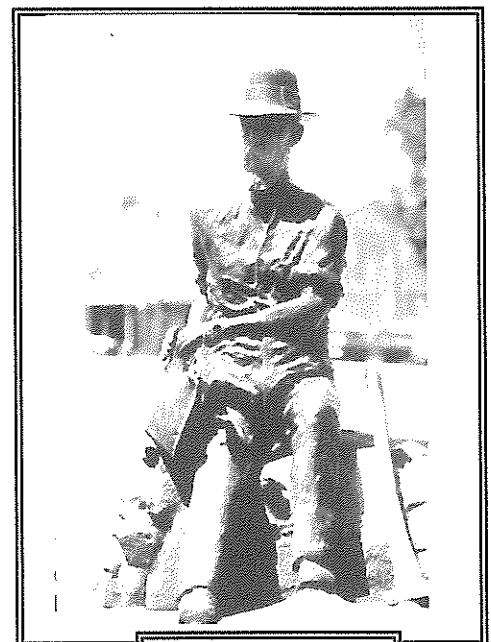
(I lost my half brother Geoff in the Moura Mine No. 2 disaster in 1994. He is still underground along with 10 mates. Whenever amazing, joyous rescues like this happen, all of them walk free)

**The Riot Where No-One  
Was Hurt**

When the Western Australian government prohibited digging below a certain level the miners went wild and angrily mobbed Premier John Forrest when he visited the fields. Newspaper accounts exaggerated reports of the 'riot'; in fact the only injury suffered by Forrest was an accidental jab by an umbrella.

There have been riots, I know, in the land of the spud,  
Which are not unattended with the spilling of blood,  
As the blackthorn encounters the Constable's crown  
And the stalwart policemen like ninepins go down.  
When the amiable Hindoo is ripe for the fray,  
There are nice little shindies in sultry Bombay,  
Things get lively at times in Hyde Park and the Strand  
When the suffering Communist gets 'out of hand'.  
But except in Westralia—'tis safe to assert  
There was never a riot where no one was hurt.

What a blood-curdling story they pitched us last week,  
Of a tumult colossal, Homeric unique!  
Of a crowd of wild diggers, some ten thousand strong,  
Who bustled and chevied a premier along;  
Of ears that were deafened by salvoes of groans, Of lives that  
were threatened by bludgeons and stones!  
You'd have thought from the published reports of the fray  
Red Hell had broke loose in Kalgoorlie that day,  
And that scores had been trampled to death in the dirt,  
In that terrible riot—where no one was hurt.



Paddy Hannon Statue  
Kalgoorlie

### Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2004-2005

Rusty Christensen	President	9364 4491
Tom Conway	Vice-President	9339 2802
Jean Ritchie	Secretary	9450 3111
Kerry Lee	Editor	9397 0409
June Bond	Treasurer /Schools Co-ord.	9354 5804
Edna Westall	Committee	9339 3028
Brian Langley	Committee	9361 3770

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

### Events Calendar

- June 2 **WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- June 5 Pinjarra Festival Bush Poet's Breakfast. Open mike opportunity. Rod Lee 9397 0409
- June 16-18 Pincher Creek Gathering entries close 15th March 2006 Fax: 1-403-627-5440
- July 7 **WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- July 23 Diggers Camp Winter Warmer *Comedy round the campfire with Peter Capp* 9397 0409
- Aug 4 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- Aug 12 Brisbane. Ekka Bush Poetry Competition. Trish Anderson 07 3343 7392 trish.spencer@bigpond.com
- Aug 20 The Gympie Muster Bush Poets Marco Gliori 07 4661 4024 gliori@in.com
- Aug 24-29 Wildflower & Bush Poetry Writer & Performance Tour Murchison Keith Cannon 9387 7475
- Sept 1 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- Sept 10-12 Winton Q Waltzing Matilda Festival SSAE PO Box Winton Q 4735
- Oct 2 Euabalong NSW Written & Performance Comp Quilters Festival  
J Ingram 02 6896 6604 yenbo@westserv.net.au
- Oct 3 Hampton NSW Written & Performance Comp M Duff 02 6359 3395
- Oct 2 Euabalong NSW Written & performance comp Quilters Festival Julie 02 6896 6604
- Oct 3 Hampton NSW Written & performance comp Ph. Michelle Duff 02 6359 3395
- Oct 6 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- Nov 3 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- Dec 1 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- Dec 3-4 Young NSW Written & Performance Comp Greg 02 6382 2506