

# BULLY TIN



☐ **Next Muster - Feb 4th, 2011 7.30pm MC Anne Hayes  
Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102.**

**February is  
Back to School Valentines Day (14th)  
Bushfire and Cyclone seasons,  
Chinese New Year (3rd)  
Perth Int. Arts Festival  
And in NZ it's Waitangi Day (6th)**

**Feb 3 is the beginning of the Chinese New Year**, and this year is "The Year of the Rabbit"  
Both Chinese people and Rabbits have played important, but vastly different roles in Rural Australia. The disastrous results of those first 24 rabbits bought to Australia by Thomas Austin in 1859 are well documented. Not so well known is the role played by Chinese people, many of whom came seeking their fortune with the various gold rushes, but who stayed on, despite racial vilification to establish businesses. In the cities, many Chinese became established as market gardeners, supplying the cities with fresh vegetables, while in country towns, particularly in the north, almost all of the shops were owned and operated by Chinese people. When I first went to Wyndham in 1963, Chinese people operated over half of the businesses in town.

In searching for material for this Bullytin I happened to come upon a poem that combines both Chinese and Rabbits

**MY OTHER CHINEE COOK  
James Brunton Stephens (The Australasian 1873)**

Yes, I got another Johnny; but he was to Number One  
As a Satyr to Hyperion, as a rushlight to a sun;  
He was lazy, he was cheeky, he was dirty he was sly,  
But he had a single virtue, and its name was rabbit pie.

Now those who say the bush is dull are not so far astray,  
For the neutral tints of station life are anything but gay;  
But, with all its uneventfulness, I solemnly deny  
That the bush is unendurable along with rabbit pie.

We had fixed one day to sack him, and agreed to moot the point  
When my lad should bring our usual regale of cindered joint,  
But instead of cindered joint we saw and smelt, my wife and I,  
Such a lovely, such a beautiful, oh! such a rabbit pie!

There was quite a new expression on his lemon-coloured face,  
And the unexpected odour won him temporary grace,  
For we tacitly postponed the sacking-point till by-and-by,  
And we tacitly said nothing save the one word, "rabbit pie!"

I had learned that pleasant mystery should simply be endured,

And forebore to ask of Johnny where the rabbits were procured!  
I had learned from Number One to stand aloof from how and why,  
And I threw myself upon the simple fact of rabbit pie.

And when the pie was opened, what a picture did we see!  
They lay in beauty side by side, they filled our home with glee!  
How excellent, how succulent, back, neck, and leg, and thigh!  
What a noble gift is manhood! What a trust is rabbit pie!

For a week the thing continued, rabbit pie from day to day;  
Though where he got the rabbits John would ne'er vouchsafe to say;  
But we never seemed to tire of them, and daily would descry  
Subtle shades of new delight in each successive rabbit pie.

Sunday came; by rabbit reckoning, the seventh day of the week;  
We had dined, we sat in silence, both our hearts (?) too full to speak,  
When in walks Cousin George, and, with a sniff, says he, "Oh my!  
What a savoury suggestion! What a smell of rabbit pie!"

"Oh, why so late, George?" says my wife, "the rabbit pie is gone;  
But you *must* have one for tea, though. Ring my bell, my dear, for John."  
So I rang the bell for John, to whom my wife did signify,  
"Let us have an early tea, John, and another rabbit pie."

But John seemed taken quite aback, and shook his funny head,  
And uttered words I comprehended no more than the dead;  
"Go, do as you are bid," I cried, "we wait for no reply;  
Go! let us have tea early, and another rabbit pie!"

Oh, that I had stopped his answer! But it came out with a run:  
"Last-a week-a plenty puppy; this-a week-a puppy done!"  
Just them my wife, my love, my life, the apple of mine eye,  
was seized with what seemed mal-de-mer -- "sick transit" rabbit pie!

And George! By George, he laughed, and then he howled like any bear!  
The while my wife contorted like a mad "convulsionnaire";  
And I -- I rushed on Johnny, and I smote him hip and thigh,  
And I never saw him more, nor tasted more of rabbit pie.

And the childless mothers met me, as I kicked him from the door,  
With loud maternal wailings and anathemas galore;  
I must part with pretty Tiny, I must part with little Fly,  
For I'm sure they know the story of the so-called "rabbit pie".

**THE FUTURE OF the WABP&YS  
Assn ?  
WILL APATHY SEE ITS DEMISE?  
DO YOU CARE?  
TIME IS RUNNING OUT**

**This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of  
the office of Steve Irons, Federal Member for the seat of Swan**





## Walking Different Tracks

Last Month I indicated that Australia now has a "peak Poetry Body", well a WA rep has been appointed and is getting together with the various poetic organisations,

The new WA Director for Australian Poetry, Katrina Bercov is based in Perth and is hoping to meet all WA poets

Katrina is holding a "get to know you" on **Wed Feb 2, 6—8pm** at the Bodhi Tree Bookstore Café, 418 Oxford St Mt Hawthorn.

I know there is not much notice but if anyone is interested give Katrina a ring on 042 532 7454 or e-mail her at

katrina73@iinet.net.au .

She would love to consult with all poets with a view to developing collaborative ideas to increase opportunities for poets in WA. Cont page 4

### IN BRIEF

#### Congratulations



To **Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge** for having his Bronze Swagman award winning poem "Gallipoli" selected as a nominee for the Individual Poem in this year's Bush Poet Laurite Awards. I'm told that this is a double edged award, in that if the poem is successful, then all publishing and performance rights for a 3 year period go to the organisers of the award. I hope that any financial benefit from the award more than compensate for the loss of ownership

To **Arthur Leggett** for having a perpetual literary Award named after him—The Mt Lawley High School (I hope I've got this right—I was unable to contact Arthur to confirm it) now has an annual "Arthur Leggett Literature Award". This is in recognition of many years of association with the school mentoring students in the English Dept.

#### Recovered!

At our January Muster, one of our presenters collapsed to the floor as he was making his way up to the microphone. It was with a growing awareness that this wasn't part of his performance and indeed he was not well and needed assistance. Our thanks to the people who came to his aid and kept their cool and managed to get Graham up and on his feet again. After quite a few of us continuing to tell him to "eat and drink and to do as he was told" he managed to come back later in the evening to give us his presentation. This collapse is something that has happened a few times to Graham and the medical people are not able to tell him what could be the matter. I know that all of us wish him well and that this occurrence does not happen again.

#### Muster Suppers

After a lovely supper and we sincerely thank the people who provided the yummy things to eat. This will be an ongoing thing and if 2 or 3 people can volunteer each month to bring a plate it would help us tremendously with the supper. If we spread this around amongst the blokes as well as the ladies it should not be too burdensome. Reimbursement costs can be claimed from the treasurer if you so wish it.



### Australia Day 2011

I'm writing this with less than a week to go before Australia Day—so I've no idea just how it will go, but I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of those people who make events such as this possible. Once again, we have a great line up of talented poets and performers. We have restricted the numbers just a bit compared to last year in order that most performers will appear both before and after the interval.

The 'talent coordinator', John Hayes has got the event timed down almost to the minute, This should be fine provided that performers stay within their allocated time slots and don't spend unnecessary time with extended introductions.

So in anticipation of this, once again being a top class event, I would like to thank not only the workers, but the performers and the people in the background for presenting our Assn to a (hopefully) very appreciative audience. .

This year we have been fortunate in receiving funding from both The City of Melville and 'Healthway' and we thank them for their generous support. We are more than happy to promote our event under Healthway's mental health slogan "**Act, Belong, Commit.**"

### MARCH MUSTER

This is "Festival of Writers" - Last month we asked for non performing writers to submit their poems to the MC, Dot Langley, and for volunteers to read submitted poems.—Seems that the Apathy bug has been doing the rounds and infecting both our writers and prospective readers for so far she has 1 poem (from a non member) and 2 prospective readers.

This Assn can only function if members do their bit and contribute to the running of musters. It is not just a place for a few performers to practice their skills, writers form a very important part of Bush Poetry, for it is they that keep the 'people's history' as the ages go by. It is from their pens ( or keyboards) that in years to come we can look back at attitudes and events that have shaped our history over the years. While much of our poetry and story telling might seem frivolous, embedded in it are the language, social mores, and concerns of our time.

So—Dot is looking for poems and 'readers'. Poems, particularly from Country members and those who rarely if ever present their work at musters, But she also would like to hear from our regular presenters with a view to maybe including either or both their first significant poem and their favourite. She will not be at home from the 28th, so after that either e-mail her [brumbrum@tpg.com.au](mailto:brumbrum@tpg.com.au) or ring the mobile (evenings is best ) 0428 131 094 prior to that, home number 9361 3770 is OK

**Poets From the Past** Over the past few years since I have been editing this Bullytin, I have featured many poets, both current WABP members and quite a few "Poets from the Past"

There are many that I have not included in this column for various reasons, not the least being that I have mainly tried to feature West Australians. Unfortunately, finding information about the known ones has, at times, proved quite difficult and extremely time consuming. So having pretty well exhausted my electronic sources, I am (for the remaining few months of my tenure) going to change tack a bit and feature odd "poetic" jottings from WA newspapers and periodicals of a past era. Such jottings and the inclusion of several poems was the norm for almost all papers prior to WWI So here we go with the first of such "**Jottings from the Past**" from the "Western Mail", Feb 24, 1938— As WWII approached, patriotism again was very much in the news as were the reminiscence of the 'Diggers' of WWI— The Western had a regular column, "A Diggers Diary" edited by 'Non Com' Here's an excerpt

"Dear "Non-com," I was passing along a trench in the vicinity of what was once a farm on the Somme in 17. From a dugout a voice was carolling. The tune was "My little Grey Home in the West," but the words were:

In my little dugout in the trench,  
Where rainstorms continually drench,  
There's a dead cow close by  
With her hocks to the sky.  
And she sends forth a terrible stench.  
We have biscuits and bully to chew;  
It's years since we last tasted stew;  
But, with shells lobbing there,  
Why, no place can compare  
With my little dugout in the trench."

In October of the same year, 'Non Com' was also presenting a column "The Dolly Pot", reminiscing about the early days of the "Golden West" Here is an extract

"In a more serious mood there is that pioneer prospector E. R. (Bob) Longman, a devout disciple of Omar, and author, in that poem, "Meditation," of some lines that are true of all of us who chase the weight.

In the ledger of time I have written  
A tale that will never be told,  
In history my name won't be mentioned.  
Nor inscribed in letters of gold.  
Not that it really matters,  
For nothing will ever last,  
All men in the end are equal,  
Whatever has been their past:"

#### ANOTHER ORIGIN OF "POMMY" ?

From "The Melbourne Argus March 20th 1945

Sir: The word "Pommy" originated from a phrase of "Dryblower" Murphy's, of the Sunday Times, Perth\* "Dryblower" was writing in defence of the English immigrants, who, he said, were being exploited and brought out to WA "to be sucked as dry as a pomegranate." Immigrants to WA were known for some years after that as pomegranates," and the word was later abbreviated to "pommy," and as such spread all over Australia. T.  
A. DAWSON

Last Month's "Classic Poem" author, **Dame Mary Gilmore** was born Mary Jane Cameron 1865 in NSW. Her fathers itinerant existence allowed Mary only a spasmodic formal education, However she did study to be a teacher. She taught in the mining towns and it was there that she developed her growing passion for socialism and began writing poetry. As her views became more radical she found other outlets for her writing. She wrote a regular column for the communist Party's newspaper although she never became a member herself. She was a member of the ill fated "New Australia" venture in Paraguay, and was a close friend of Henry Lawson In her later years she published regularly and her reminiscences of colonial Australia led to much of the mythologising of that period. In 1937 she was 'knighted' for her contribution to literature. Her image appears on the Australian \$10 note along with an illustration inspired by her poem No Foe Shall Gather Our Harvest and with in the microprint on the note there appears the text of the poem itself. She died in 1962 aged 97 and was given a State Funeral, the first literary person to have this honour since Henry Lawson in 1922.



**Different Tracks!** Cont from previous page.

WA Poets Inc have just announced their program for the 2011 WA Poetry Festival including "National Poetry Week" Commencing on Friday August 26th, there are many events through the following 9 days to when the Festival finishes on Sunday Sept 4th. - The festival incorporates our "Traditional Night" along with a proposed Bush Poets Brekky in Kings Park

You can find out all about it at [www.wapoets.net.au](http://www.wapoets.net.au)

#### STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS OPEN PERFORMANCE ENTRIES CLOSING VERY SOON - ACT NOW

**As you get this BullyTin, a reminder that the deadline for entry into the 2011 WA State Championships— Open Performance Events (also the Boyup Brook Written Comp) is about to close.**

**Entries close on Jan 31st - If you intend competing and have not yet sent your form—PLEASE DO IT BY E-MAIL and send money later . You can download entry form from our website**

**E-mail form to Irene [iconner21@wn.com.au](mailto:iconner21@wn.com.au)**

#### BOYUP BROOK— Competition Times

- ♦ **Thursday Feb 17th 8am Tennis Club Yarn Spinning**
- ♦ **Friday Feb 18th 11am Tourist Park Contemporary**
- ♦ **Saturday Feb 19th 8am Bowling Club Poets Bash**
- ♦ **Saturday Feb 19th 1pm St Mary's School Hall Championship categories , Own Serious, Own Humerous, Traditional**

With the disastrous floods all around Australia, and various enquiries into their cause under way, perhaps we should be looking to mythology rather than science for the reason behind it—I found this aboriginal legend which may well be the answer, not only to the causes of the floods, but to the droughts which preceded them.

Unfortunately, as is often the case when people put poetry either to print or on the internet, no author was given.

### Tiddalick - The Frog Who Caused a Flood

In the time of dreaming  
Before the earth was old  
Myths were in the making  
Legends yet untold

Here began a story  
Of one huge enormous frog  
Solemn in his glory  
He drank from every bog

Tiddalick the great one  
Had to quench his mighty thirst  
He drank from all the waterholes  
So much he nearly burst

He drained the lake and river  
The stream and billabong  
Soon there was no water left  
It was very wrong

Others now grew thirsty  
There was no sign of rain  
Hot sun scorched the arid earth  
No water did remain

Tiddalick's swollen stomach  
Was squelchy round and wide  
He was so big he couldn't move  
The water was inside

Animals assembled  
Men gathered with them too  
They had to end this great distress  
And work out what to do

Boomerangs were useless  
Spears bounced off his side  
Getting angry didn't help

Even though they tried

The kookaburra had a plan  
We need to make him laugh  
To hold his side and open wide  
We need to show some gaffe

If only we can do that  
The water will pour out  
We all must work together  
To end this mighty drought

C'mon laugh you big fat frog  
You're like a bursting pot  
If only you could see yourself  
Squelching as you squat

Tiddalick moved his mournful head  
He had a doleful face  
He didn't see the humour  
Of smiles there were no trace

The kangaroo and platypus  
Wombat and emu  
All tried their best to make him laugh  
But Tiddalick stayed blue

Some danced and some told stories  
Others somersaulted  
Tiddalick grew tired and bored  
And slept when antics halted

The last to try was Norang the Eel  
He was their final hope  
He turned himself into a hoop  
And wriggled like a rope

The rope stood upright on the sand  
Then it began to spin

It went round like a whirlwind  
Tiddalick began to grin

Then out slopped some water  
Before it reached the sand  
Man and beast began to drink  
It worked like they had planned

But Norang went on spinning  
Till he was scarcely seen  
Tiddalick began to chuckle  
It really made a scene

As his belly rumbled  
The frog rocked to and fro  
With his hands upon his sides  
A stream began to flow

Tiddalick's mouth was open wide  
With water gushing out  
A surging tidal river  
Spewed like a water spout

It swept away the animals  
And covered all the sand  
A shining lake of water  
Had spread over the land

Now Tiddalick has shrunken  
He's just a little frog  
Who sometimes hides in desert sands  
Or sits upon a log

#### (Mainly) Aussie — February History

1st	1709	The 'Real' Robinson Crusoe rescued by Wm Dampier.
	1858	Australia's first hot air balloon flight—Melbourne
2nd	1895	SA Women given voting rights—first in the world
6th	1989	It rains small fish near Ipswich Qld
7th	2009	Victorian Bushfires start, eventually killing 173
10th	1964	HMAS Voyager collides with HMAS Melbourne killing 82
12th	1851	First significant gold found in Australia (Bathurst NSW)
14th	1966	Decimal Currency introduced in Australia
16th	1983	Ash Wednesday Bushfires, Vic & SA 47 die
17th	1864	AB (Banjo) Paterson born
20th	1913	Canberra's construction officially starts
24th	1984	Australia's first successful heart transplant
26th	1606	First recorded European to set foot on Australia"

#### APOLOGY AND COMMENT

Last month I included in the Bullytin a PG rated poem "Poetry" by Helen Sanders.

I make no apologies for including the poem for it reflects the views of many of our members regarding non rhyming poetry, albeit in slightly coarser language than some would prefer.

While I did indicate who had passed the poem on to me, it seems that the lady who did wishes to totally disassociate herself from it.

Jeanette Rodda wishes it to be known that, due to its language, the poem is NOT one she would wish to have associated with her name. She was just a very reluctant messenger and passed it on to me only as a favour to the author.

*Sorry Jeanette if including your name alongside the poem caused you any distress.— Ed*

*Comment on the last line of the poem—a 'piss weak bloody sonnet' Author Helen, please note that sonnets, like Bush Poetry have a VERY strict rhyme and rhythm structure and are even more difficult to write. Perhaps it's the 'emotive' topics of most sonnets which causes your concern*

## January 2011 Muster Wrap-up by Dot

Our MC for the night was **Lesley McAlpine** making her debut in this role and whilst a tad bit nervous she did extremely well. She told me that she had a few stories if the proceedings got a bit slack but these stories were not needed so with a full program there was not much room for any surprises.

**Brian Langley** started off our evenings entertainment with his New Years Resolutions. The food's 'bin et', the rellies have been and now its time for some promises about his health and maybe some exercise. The list he creates goes on and on but then he realises that it's the same as last years. At our December muster, Brian was to have been our "Classics Reader", but it didn't happen due to an overfull program. So he presented it tonight. His poem, "Christmas Camp" by Edwin Dryblower Murphy is a reminiscence about his time on the goldfield where "On Christmas Eve, we picked the site, On Christmas Day 'twas build, And ringing rose on Christmas Night, The dolly's golden lilt", that was long ago, but where are all his mates now?

**Ron Ingham** has been learning some new poems and this is one of them. "The Ballad of the Bushmens's Club" (Paradise Lost) by Graham Jenkin. This club was very exclusive and you had to pass a test if you wanted to join. It involved a series of tasks, the final one being the telling of original lies. And so his story began, He told of digging the Great Artesian Basin when just 12 years old, He went on reminiscing until they yelled no more you're in. His tears of joy turned to shock when one of the members tells him that his stories were not even good lies. He was shocked as he realised that the Panel had discovered that all of his yarns were true!!

**Colin Thomas** asked in his poem " 'Oo were you with mate?" He felt that he had met this bloke somewhere, his face seemed to be familiar. Where had you served my friend? Was it you wearing a tin hat when I saw you? Wasn't it cold on Christmas day after Tobruks hard sun. He just knew he had seen him somewhere. As he left he asked " 'Oo were you really with mate?"

**Graham Armstrong** is a newie and with his own poetry now published in his first book he shared some of them with us. The first one tells of Christmas Eve with his family as they sit around for a chat at the table laden with all kinds of food. As they gather around the tree the party is in full swing and with a piano to sing along with. But soon its time to go. In his second "Once a Year Zoo Tennis - Boys will be Boys". The mill town team was playing at the zoo and the kids were off to see the animals. But, boys will be boys and a bit a fence climbing found them in the new Rhino enclosure. After a quick getaway, they now obey the signs. His third "They're Different" has a group travelling together, but each with his own agenda which will not allow time for a pub crawl, cos, they're different you see.

**Frank Heffernan** then took the floor with "Integrated Adjective" written by John O'Grady is a send up on how some Australians talk. (Author of "they're a weird mob). The poem tells of the "Intersejing News, at Tumba-bloody-Rumba, shootin' kanga-bloody-roos". His second, one of several written recently was "Financial Drought" he wrote in October about the plight of so many farmers facing the worst drought in living memory at a time of rising costs, low prices and lack of understanding and support from governments, Free trade, bureaucracy, floating dollar, GST, transport and labour costs add to farmer's woes. So how much more can a famer take? "Til he walks away and shuts the gate"

Next, with some stories and yarns to start him off, **Barry Higgins** then performed Blue the Shearer's "Local Government". A tongue in cheek look at the history of local government, from the time of the tribal elders meeting to the councils of today with all their multitude of staff, all seemingly trying to re-invent the wheel.

At this point we had Graham's collapse mentioned elsewhere and whilst he recovered **John Hayes** stepped in with "Lanterns on the Wall" by Richard Magoffin. The soft glow of the lanterns on the wall give him visions of men yarning and women darning. A light shinning on the table gives the illusion of people dancing the Charleston. The fancy dusty lanterns are still on the wall but where are the people?

**Grace Williamson** was next with "Pepper Tree" by Evelyn Cull The story of the old lady, returned to what was once her home in what is now a goldfields ghost town finds that all that remains is the pepper tree. Her thoughts go back to when she and her man hunted for gold. She had yearned for a garden but with water so scarce she planted a tree and sheltered it from the hot winds that blew. It thrived and it grew with her love and her care and somehow the place didn't seem quite so bare. Her heart filled with pleasure as she saw the tree that was to her more precious than gold.

**Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge** had his 'Irish Pipe Wand' or the poor man's didgeridoo with him. A couple of bits of plastic water with a joiner and mouthpiece. Keith's Mother McQ often gets a mention in his poetry and this was one of her escapades. The local footy team were in the grand final, but were short a player so Mother McQ was co-opted to fill the back pocket. With a minute to go, one of the opposition insults Mother McQ's cooking. This brings out the demon in her as she grabs the ball and kicks the winning goal.

Next was "Too Flamin' Old, a reminder that when everyone around you is complaining of being 'too flaming old' to enjoy themselves, forget the pain and problems, cos you're never 'too flaming old' to do what you want to do.

Dot Note - Whilst living up north back in the 60s, we often were entertained at various functions at the 6 Mile Pub, by "King Wally" with his amazing prowess on a piece of old water pipe as his didgeridoo. After a lovely supper, it was time for our regular "Readings from the Classics". This month it was **Teresa Rose** who had chosen "Wild Horses" by Dame Mary Gilmore. The poem tells of the dark mountain that shake to the thunder of the wild horses as they circle and turn although no man has laid a halter on them or a hand upon a head. The reader is taken straight away into the life of these wild horses as they whirl through the gullies outstretched and running. Try and follow them over the top and into the thick timber where never a foot shall blunder as you clamber over the rocks. As you follow them wonder if they will die out with the thunder and soon the mountain will forget the wild horse. (See also "poets from the past"- page 3)

Our musical interlude returned with **Keith Lethbridge** on the mouth organ and sticks. This led into his own Wungondi Hall where memories made him sit down at the old piano and play a tune. As the dust swirls he can see the old time dancers swaying to the music and he is taken back to those wonderful times. Unfortunately he has to leave and as he does he bows to the ghosts still dancing in the hall. His second verse, (I didn't catch it's name) painted a word picture of being on a broken down horse walking along a flowered road alongside a dry water course watching the galahs against a turquoise sky. He then gave us "Show Day" where the young lasses are all lined up for the judging of the "Miss Bulla Bulla" crown. When Mother Mc Q makes her entrance mayhem erupts as the contestants fall off the stage or collapse in tears. When there is no one left standing it is Mother Mc Q who is crowned.

**Frank Heffernan** wrote "Refugees" about our ongoing dilemma with the boat people illegally entering Australia and claiming asylum status. "should we turn back their boats on the high seas?" how many people can our country sustain? When already our cities are feeling the strain. Could this be history repeating itself as many of our forebears were once refugees? He then gave us another of his, "The Desert's of WA". This is about the vast areas of our state once regarded as useless and not fit for man to live. It is a most desolate place for a man to be on a waterless track to eternity. But suddenly man has discovered the worth of the rich base metals beneath the earth.

After recovering from his collapse **Graham Hedley** presented his "I love an English Country". Loosely based on Dorothea Mackellar's well know poem "My Country" He compares our burned and arid plains with his spring green country with its summery skies, (and there never is a sprinkler ban) He loves an autumnal country where green turns into gold. His country is a historied and storied land and that is where his homing thoughts will fly.

**John Hayes** spent his young days on the land where Jack Mc Cartney or "Corkscrew Jack" (the name of his poem) was a Water Diviner who would work for "a bob a day and a bottle of plonk" He knew where the water lay beneath the earth and with just a piece of wire and forked stick he would walk across the paddocks and identify where the rock was and where they could drill for water. He never made a mistake and even today there still stands the reminders of his work in the old mills turning in the wind.

**Graham Armstrong** returned with his "Spring Morning" - you know that spring is here with the cold clear air, cold red ears and tanks that are frozen. With socks on your hands, you grab the handlebars or your bike to keep the cold out. With the fires quickly lit and the smoke hanging suspended in the morning light the frost disappears as the sun rises.

In his second one (sorry I didn't get any title) the old man stood by the old machine and looked at the new combine with its airconditioned cab. Life on the farm is different now.

**Colin Thomas** then presented a very short poem which he dedicated to all the ladies present. By Wm. Shakespeare. Somewhere in his garden he had planted there new flowers. The roses are red and the violets are blue and there are flowers of every hue, but the sweetest one he has planted is the one I've sown for you!!

This was followed by the dynamic duo **Barry Higgins** and **Kerry Moriconi (Bowe)** combining their talents yet again to give us another one of Syd Hopkinsons "Letter from the Editor". Like politics and fashion poetry changes over time and nowadays for it to sell it must no longer rhyme. Don't get the feeling you're being put upon but its my job to tell you rhyme is not on. We hope you will understand, signed... the editor. Well Syd's reply was short and sweet with some words that if they rhymed I couldn't say them in this newsletter!!! Poor old Banjo would fairly raise a quiver to take up pen and write this type of ballad would tear his soul to bits. For you to cancel rhyming is thuggery and skullduggery. We LOVE out rhyming poetry so you can go to .....(blazes)!!!

*By the way congratulations to Syd and his wife celebrating 60 years of married bliss/harmony and perhaps some disharmony as well??*

In "Unlikely Bedmates" the duo teamed up to tell of the three travelers. An Indian, A Jew and a Politician. There is only room for two, one of you must sleep in the barn. The Jew went off to the barn but was soon back as there was a pig in there. The Indian said he would go but he too was soon back as there was a cow. The politician went then and all was quiet until there was a knocking on the door and there stood a pig and a Jersey cow.

Ron Ingham returned with another new poem, "The Burnt Norton" By Graham Gentry. John Trelawney was a jackeroo who reckoned he needed a motor bike to cut down on the time that he had to take to ride fences. He sent away for the bike and as long as it was good he didn't mind the price. When the monthly mail came there sitting on top was a twin six hundred cc "Norton Dominator, the hottest on the road. Well, he started it up and with a roar he takes off in a cloud of dust. He thundered down the homestead track and straight through the gate, he roared along the mail track and widened it by a chain. He thrashed it over the ranges and he tore across the plain. Wherever he rode the countryside for miles around was in shock. He left a trail of wreckage and he flattened shearing sheds while you can still see the crater where he struck his fatal cow. He hit the cow and then exploded with a loud atomic bang that was heard across the land. Poor Jack was blown to blazes and the Norton was burnt as well. Cont next page

Cont from previous page -

The final presentation for the evening was **Arthur Leggett**. Arthur hadn't come prepared to do a poem but was prevailed upon and so he performed Sir Walter Scott's well known classic My Native Land. - We all I think know at least part of this poem "Breathes there the man, with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land!

He closed the evening with a salute to the old Raffles Pub (where our association started back when) in which two

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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-

Feb 4 WABP&YS Muster Auditorium, Bentley Park Theme—“Valentine”

**Feb 17—20 SEE YOU AT BOYUP BROOK - INCLUDES OPEN CATEGORIES OF STATE PERFORMANCE CHAMPIONSHIPS See December Bully Tin Page 4 or website**

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 soon	
April 1	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	Inc Short Poetry Comp Topic TBA
April 9-10	Bunbury Horse and Country Music Show (Inc Bush Poetry)	Adrian <a href="mailto:aregan2@bigpond.com">aregan2@bigpond.com</a> 9791 9701	
May 6	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	
May 8	Poets in the Park	Kalamunda Stirk Park	2pm (part of Kalamunda Autumn Festival)

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.**

old men reminisce about events in the past, but lament that things will never be the same “Now they’ve pulled the Raffles down”

**Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed - See John Hayes**

**Don't forget our website  
[www.wabushpoets.com](http://www.wabushpoets.com)**

**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>	Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography	
	Graham Armstrong	Book (NEW ENTRY)		
	Victoria Brown	CD	Keith Lethbridge	books
	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Corin Linch	books
	Rusty Christensen	CDs	Val Read	books
	Brian Gale	CD & books	Caroline Sambridge	book
	John Hayes	CDs & books	Peg Vickers	books & CD
	Tim Heffernan	book		
	Brian Langley	books, CD	“Terry & Jenny”	Music CDs

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