

BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - April 13th 2007, 7.30pm ★
Mt Pleasant Bowling Club, Bedford Rd, Ardross

April is:

Autumn, Easter, Anzac Day

The term 'ANZAC' originated in December 1914 (about the time of the departure of the "Anzacs" from Albany). The term was a telegraphic address created by the new commander of Australian and New Zealand troops in Egypt, Lt General Sir William Birdwood. He was also responsible for naming the landing site at Gallipoli, 'Anzac Cove'.

The following poem was written in 1915 by the well known British author and poet, Edgar Wallace (1875—1932) and was published in 'The ANZAC Book' (see page 3) at the express wish of its editors

ANZACS

*The children unborn shall acclaim
 The standard the Anzacs unfurled,
 When they made Australasia's fame
 The wonder and pride of the world*

Some of you got a V.C.
 Some 'the Gallipoli trot'
 Some had a grave by the sea
 And all of you got it damned hot
 And I see you go limping through town
 In the faded old hospital blue
 And driving around - lying down
 And Lord! But I wish I was you.

I envy you beggars I meet
 From the dirty old hats on your head
 To the rusty old boots on your feet -
 I envy you, living or dead.
 A knighthood is fine in its way
 A peerage gives splendour and fame
 But I'd rather have tacked any day
 That word to the end of my name.

I'd count it the greatest reward
 That ever a man could attain;
 I'd sooner be 'Anzac' than 'Lord'
 I'd rather be 'Anzac' than 'thane'
 Here's a bar to the medal you'll wear
 There's a word that will glitter and glow
 And an honour a king cannot share
 When you're back in the cities you know

Back a hundred years or so, a significant portion of the poetry which found its way into print was of a 'political' nature. Hardly an event went past without there being at least one poem about it. Henry Lawson was one of the more popular and prolific of these political poets, but there were many others. Sadly, in these current times, very little poetry sees its way into our nations press; but that isn't to say that there are not poems being written about our political scene. This parody on "Clancy" has recently come my way; unfortunately the name of the author has not.

Howard of the Overflow

I had written him a letter, which I had for want of better
 Knowledge, sent to where I met him at the wheat board years ago.
 He was chairman when I knew him, so I sent the letter to him.
 Just on spec. to make the point that 'Howard doesn't know'.

And an e-mail came directed, not entirely unexpected.
 (And I think the same was written in some Middle Eastern bar)
 'Twas his CEO who wrote it, and verbatim I will quote it.
 "Trevor Flugge's gone to Baghdad, and we don't know where he are.

"But when he left Australia, he was going to meet with Alia,"
 A trucking mob in Jordan who were going to grease the wheels.
 For ten percent commission, they could swing Saddam's permission
 To get our wheat accepted in the mother of all deals.

But I guarantee, Prime Minister; that there's nothing at all sinister;
 The chaps at D-FAT told us that the sum looked quite OK
 When you're selling wheat in billions, what's a quick 300 millions.
 If it keeps the nation's happy, it's a tiny price to pay.

Sitting here at Kirribilli, I've been thinking willy-nilly
 That it's somehow reminiscent of the children overboard.
 But I can handle Rudd and Beazley, as I always do quite easily
 By endlessly protesting that there's nothing untoward.

I'll tell Bush next time I meet him, at the Whitehouse when I greet him
 That I'm sure he'll understand about the Wheat Board's quid pro quo
 He'll forgive this minor error, in the global war on terror
 When I look him in the eye and tell him 'Howard didn't know'.

Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"



My, how time flies. By the time you receive this, Easter will be upon us. Annual events seem to creep up on us at a great rate. So what's after Easter? There's Mothers Day then maybe a birthday or anniversary, but then what? Maybe its like the shops having Easter eggs on the shelves a week or so after Xmas to be talking about our AGM, which we hold in July, but if we don't start thinking about it now, it will be on us before we know.

I probably sound like a cracked record at this time of the year and you probably don't want to hear my plaintiff pleas for members to think seriously about taking office to keep the wheels of Bush Poetry turning. We could all sit back and let "them" do it and no doubt "they" will get it done. Them and They being the few willing workhorses who keep the show on the road month after month. Even though it is not an arduous task and I am sure the members of the committee enjoy their involvement at that level. To use the equine analogy further we don't want to work the willing ones too hard.

We, and I use the collective 'we' have been well served by our committees over the years and their efforts have been appreciated by all members. We have been fortunate that as one leaves, for whatever reason, their place is usually filled by another enthusiast. Soon, Treasurer June will be leaving for places beyond the horizon. I know she has advertised this fact in the hope that someone will step forward to take her place, but, at the time of writing this, sh has not had any takers. Anyone with even basic bookkeeping skills (including managing the family budget) could do the job. She is genuinely concerned as there are only two more musters to show her successor the job.

At the risk of harping on a dreary subject, ALL positions are theoretically vacant in July, so if you think you can help, feel free to have a no obligations yarn with any of the committee members who are aware of the need to give our organisation a bit of a paint job with a few new faces at the table and that goes for every position, including mine.

Great to see some new faces at the microphone at our last muster. That is the first step to becoming a writer or performer of Australia Rhyming Verse aka Bush Poetry. It can be a most enervating experience, but it shows the performer is 'having a go'. The next step is just as daunting when you stand up and recite your work after the hours of practice needed to commit the poem to memory, plus the proper use of microphone, diction, pausation, and all the other attributes that go to make a good presenter. It aint easy.

The Boss Cocky Rusty C.

Waddi Music Festival Wrap up by WABP&YS member **Corin Lynch** of Jurien Bay

On Saturday the 3rd of March I did two half hour stints of poetry to small but appreciative audiences in my second stint I had a young girl from Jurien Gemma Morecombe age 13 years read two of Irene Connors poems. On Sunday the 4th I was extremely lucky that Leigh Matthews came up and gave me a hand (thank you very much Leigh.) The Poets Breakfast was advertised as from 9-11am and as you can imagine I would have battled on my own, however with Leigh's help we managed to entertain a small but enthusiastic crowd for nearly two hours. The venue was a great one and I think has great potential for bush poetry. The owner Martin Gillespie (channel seven's Retrochef) is very supportive and is keen to have the poetry as a regular event.

Oh yes the music side of things was also a great success headlined by The Mucky Duck Bush Band and anyone one who thought of coming and didn't certainly missed out on a great event. Congratulations to Martin for coming up with the concept and a big thankyou for allowing some good Aussie bush poetry to be involved.

Thank you Corin, It's great to see more and more country events including Bush poetry in their programs. It's also great to see that one of the younger folk was also involved.

Poets participating in other country events — the Bully Tin is always keen to give wrap ups, irrespective of who are the organisers or who takes part. We would also like to hear about any forthcoming events.

State Championships Change of Date— There's been a change of plans—due to several issues it has become impossible to organise anything for June, consequently, the committees thinking at this stage is to hold the Sate Champs on the long weekend in late September / Early October (at the start of the Royal Show). So you've got more time to get organised, Hopefully this new date will allow poets from the country to combine the Royal Show with the poetry competition. We are still looking at venues in the City of Melville. Please pass this information on to any writers and performers you know who are not members of the WABP&YS, Championship entries are open to ALL Bush Poets, irrespective of any affiliations.



Walking Different Tracks

Rusty's shoebox of unwanted books at our last muster has prompted Sylvia Rowell to ask all members if they have any old Reader's Digests that they no longer want. Sylvia collects these and distributes them through 'Hospital Friends' groups. Readers Digest is a very popular magazine and is always in high demand.

Are you interested in the broader poetic scene? If so you might like to become a member of WA Poets Inc. By becoming a member (it's free) and having an e-mail account, you are kept up to date with various events, competitions, workshops and other literary goings on in and around Perth and across the state. To become a member, simply e-mail an application giving your name, address, phone No and e-mail address to Helen Hagermann at hagemann_helen@hotmail.com

Remember, The 2007 Perth Poetry Festival will be held between Oct 13—21. WABP will have a dedicated evening spot, but that doesn't stop members (or any other poets) doing your thing at the various events. Contact Brian Langley a bit closer to the event (or Join WAPI and get your own newsletter)

SPIRIT OF AUSTRALIA

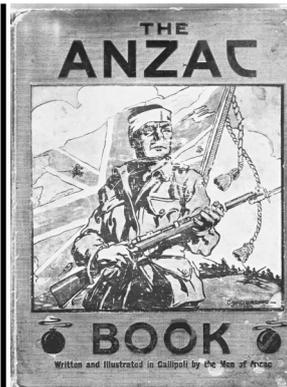
It went droving with Clancy out there on the Overflow.
Out in the desert with Lasseter where white men seldom go.
It opened up the Kimberley with Quilty, Durack and the rest
The Spirit belonged to all and shone through with the best.
It's carried its swag in Queensland, its waltzed Matilda all over
It's been a fencer and a shearer; he's also been a drover.
It was there with Paddy Hannon when he discovered gold.
It was born 200 years ago, but isn't very old.
It's the Spirit of Australia what makes this country great.
It's in every town and city, in every Territory and State.

On the 25th of April they march on Anzac Day.
To remember comrades that fell along the way.
The Spirit stormed Gallipoli as Anzac's faced the Turk,
Many died, but the Spirit lives and grows from Albany to Burke.
On the fields of Flanders out in the dead man zone,
The Spirit did shine through even when it was alone.
Up there in New Guinea on the killer Kokoda Track
They fought the Japanese with some never coming back.
At Changi and on the Burma railway the Spirit withstood the test,
Suffering hardship and weakened it would not be laid to rest.

She was there as well, the back bone of this land
Facing drought and floods and fighting for her man.
Raising a family the hard way, no luxuries, no electric light.
Battling hard to make ends meet but never giving up the fight.
Together they can conquer anything standing side by side.
They represent this country chests puffed out with pride.
They've got the Spirit of Australia, what makes this country great,
You'll find it growing in every town and city, Territory and State
From the frozen Antarctic wasteland to the heat of Alice Springs,
The Spirit of Australia grows, and from the heart begins.
So come all young Australians don't let this Spirit die
Let's build the greatest country in the world, under a southern sky

© Corin Linch 11/11/94-25/12/96.

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.com



Book Cover and many other drawings by Pt. D. Barker, 5th Australian Field Ambulance

The ANZAC BOOK

170 pages, quattrò size, hardcover was the first "real" book ever published under front-line conditions. It was put together by a small staff of ANZAC personnel from contributions submitted by the men of ANZAC between Nov 15th and Dec 8th 1915. It was intended as a New Year book to give the troops something to read over the long winter months ahead, but these plans were interrupted during the final editing stages by the withdrawal from the Gallipoli peninsula on Dec 19th. The book was finished some time later on board a British Naval ship in the Aegean Sea.

The book was originally the brainchild of Major S. Butler of the ANZAC Staff who, with a small editorial group headed by CEW Bean were based in a dug-out above Anzac Cove. They braved gale force winds, torrential rain and even snow as they set out to collect stories, poems, drawings and photographs for inclusion: In the end, they had so much material that only about 1/4 was used.

The Aegean Wind

The winter winds of Lemnos,
They blow exceeding fast
There's nothing quite so stiff on earth,
As that persistent blast
It ducks around the corners,
Through all the hills it shoots
It blows the milk from out your tea,
The laces from your boots



Is this the soft Aegean wind, that Byron wrote about
That whirls around the ridges and turns you inside out
Or is it some invention, which Providence has made
To give a breezy welcome, to the Third Brigade
H.B.K

An ANZAC ABC

A was the *Anguish* that spread o'er my face
 When I saw the remarkable look of this place.
 B's '*Beachy Bill*¹' who fired at my ship.
 Punctured the funnel and gave me the pip.
 C was the '*Crump*' that went with a screech
 As I jumped from a lighter and fell on the beach.
 D was the *Daring* I failed to display
 When fragments of shrapnel came flying my way.
 E was the *Earth* that I found in my hair
 As I woke in the morning and crawled from my lair.
 F were the *Fleas* and also the *Flies*
 Who feed on a fellow wherever he lies.
 G were the *Gripes*² that griped me within
 The result of commodities packed in a tin.
 H was the *Hole* that a howitzer made;
 It would take me an hour to fill with a spade.
 I was the *Idiot* who stuck up my head
 before I was taught to take cover instead.
 J was the *Jam* with our rations and rum—
 We found it was almost invariably 'Plum'.
 K was the *Knowledge* I quickly aquired
 Of hiding whenever the enemy fired.
 L was the *Louse* that lurked in my vest
 Reconnoitered my person and tickled my chest.
 M was the *Monitor*³, firing at night
 Which kept me awake when 'above' didn't bite.
 N was the '*Night stunt*' with trembling heart
 Expecting each moment, the Maxims³ would start.
 O is the 'O.O.'⁴, lets give him a cheer -
 It isn't his fault that nothing come here.
 P are the *Piers* - see them shiver and shake
 Whenever a launch makes a wash with her wake.
 Q stands for *Quick*, to the tunnel we dash
 When a horrible missile explodes with a crash.
 R are the *Rumours* we hear every day
 That the Turkish morale has quite faded away.
 S is the gilded *Staff Officers* - who
 Censors my letters and tears them in two.
 T is the *Taube*⁵ that drones in the sky
 (Thank goodness I haven't been ordered to fly.)
 U is the *Underground sap*⁶ we expand
 There's a twopenny tube to the Narrows in hand
 V is for *Victory*. How we shall sing
 Rule, Oh Britannia, and God Save the King!
 W the *Wire* we put round our works -
 We generally find that it's pinched by the Turks
 X the '*X-periments*' made with a bomb -
 A neat little cross on a nice little tomb.
 Y in the world have I ever been placed
 In a trench of cold water right up to my waist?
 Z is the mule corps, recruited from *Zion*
 Bearers of water and rations of iron
 "Ubique" 21st Indian Mtn Battery

1. A large mortar, lobbing shells into ANZAC cove,
2. Dysentery or other digestive system ailments
3. Various weaponry
4. Ordnance Officer
5. "Pigeon" nickname for a German aircraft
6. Digging tunnels to undermine enemy fortifications

You can find the entire ANZAC BOOK at
www.firstaif.info/anzac-book

The Never Ending Chase

While seated one day in my dug-out
 Weary and ill at ease
 I saw a gunner carefully
 Scanning his sunburnt knees

I asked him why he was searching
 And what he was looking for
 But his only reply was a long drawn out sigh
 As he quietly killed one more

AM Park, drawing by C Leysmon-Whyte



A few members (or their partners) are currently having some medical dramas.
 We wish you all a speedy and full recovery and a comfortable convalescence



And for something different, it being Autumn, I looked around for a suitable poem—not the typical sort of theme for a bush poem, but I persevered and finally found one in a book called "WA Ink", published back in 1991. While the majority of the poetry in the book is free verse, there were a few contributors who are well known to us. So, from an earlier time comes *Autumntime* by none other than **Arthur Leggett**.

Autumntime

They tell me "Now it's Autumntime"
 As if I didn't know
 The heat of Summer's long since gone
 And Spring? Where did it go?

I recollect the joys of Spring
 Lifes growth stirring - new -
 The blossoming of Youthful Dreams
 When all things said were true

Summers heat once held its sway.
 Then all was "Effort" and "Persist"
 As I reached out beyond The Edge
 Seeking substance in The Mist

But now its Autumn, Summer's Torch
 I strive to hold up high,
 Knowing time's hands rest upon my years
 I glide - but cannot fly!

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

Poets from the Past In 1859, the Gawler Institute in South Australia held a competition to celebrate the town's second birthday. The competition was for a poem or song celebrating Australia and offered a prize of ten guineas, a very significant sum. The competition attracted 96 entries and the winning entry was a poem, modified to become a song, which was considered by the judges to be of such high standard that the prize was doubled, ten guineas being awarded each to the poet and the composer. The five verse song became one of the most well known Australian Classical Songs and many years later was a strong contender for the choice of National Anthem. Almost every child in Australia up until quite recent times learnt it (or at least the first verse) which goes:

There is a land where summer skies
 Are gleaming with a thousand dyes
 Blending in witching harmonies, in harmonies
 And grassy knoll and forest height
 Are flushing in the rosy light
 Australia, Australia, Australia.

The **Song of Australia** was written by **Caroline Carleton**.

Caroline (nee Baynes) was born in England about 1820, she married surgeon Charles Carleton at an early age. In 1839, Caroline and Charles arrived in South



Australia aboard the *Prince Regent*, their two children having died on the voyage. Living initially in Adelaide where they had (at least) two more children, they later moved to Kapunda where William died in 1861.

Caroline took on a teaching position but later, ill health caused her to move to Wallaroo where her daughter was teaching. She died

there in 1874. While she apparently wrote a considerable number of poems, few have survived. Her other most notable literary work was a commemorative about John McDouall Stuart's successful crossing of Australia in 1862 .

The music for Song of Australia was written by Carl Linger (1810-1862), a German immigrant who is also remembered for composing a considerable amount of Church music.

Caroline's "Song of Australia" is not to be confused with a poem of the same name by Henry Lawson.



★ **Poet's Profile** - I did have someone else lined up to provide a profile, but it's not arrived so for this month I've had to resort to using one I have in reserve, namely my own.

★ I suppose that I somehow carry poetic genes for one of my ancestors, Leigh Hunt who was a contemporary and companion of Shelley and Byron and was himself a poet of middling fame. He was however better known for having libelled (lampooned) the Prince Regent, resulting in two years in gaol. I was unaware of this until recently and so my own poetic endeavours waited for this to be revealed. I had, back in a past life, dabbled with a bit of cynical work related poetry and a bit of family stuff. But once having found out about this ancestor and having looked up his poetry and decided that it was a load of rubbish, I decided that I could do better. This was in 1999 and I wrote a sonnet, which turned out not too bad at all. So - I was away, more poems followed, mostly with consistent rhyme and rhythm but covering a broad range of topics and styles. I did little with these first efforts, just tucking them away in a folder. In April 2004, an article in the local community paper invited poets to take part in the WA Bush Poetry Championships. What was this Bush Poetry stuff? So I rang the number and was told of the forthcoming competition (in a weeks time). Good! Says I, I have a poem or two I can read. Shock Horror on the other end of the phone. "You cant read, you've got to recite without any paper." Well, that was almost end of my poetic ambitions. But I had previously partially committed one poem to memory , so a bit of hurried practice and off I went to Fremantle to take part. "You're third in line", says the organiser. "Good", I replied, "I'll be able to see what to do". So first event was Novice, Own - that was me. First name called, nobody there, second name, same thing, then its me—up first . Help!!!! So I did my poem. I actually managed to get all the way through it with just a few small stumbles. Having breathed a great sigh of relief, I hung around, watching, listening and learning from the experts. I was very impressed and found that a lot of what I had written could be considered to fit this Bush Poetry genre. So I joined the organisation and the rest is history. I shortly found myself on the committee (I am not a passenger in any organisation I decide to join) and involved in helping with the 2004 National Championships here in Perth. Being in the company of the Nation's Best also gave me something to strive toward. Almost 3 years later, I'm still learning how to strive, although I have had a few successes along the way. My poetry involves few billabongs or dead horses but mainly reflects my recreational interests and my largely urban lifestyle.



★ On a personal note, I am married to the lovely Dot (whom many of you know), we have 4 girls, 10 grandkids, and, at last count, four great grandkids. I am middle of the road politically and a small g Greenie. I'm racially very tolerant, (but I take umbrage at anti-social behaviour or extremism in any form). I was born in the south west of WA more years ago than I care to remember and spent most of my working life with the PMG/ Telecom.

Brian Langley



March Muster Wrap-up - by Dot

What a lovely nights entertainment, having a delightful mix of old and new poetry as well as some new faces behind the microphone. It seems to me that it takes enormous courage to stand up there in front of an audience and clutch hold of that dreaded microphone and share with us your passion for poetry. I know the audience gets great pleasure from all the poets, who, after all are volunteering their services, irrespective of whether they make us laugh, cry or be thrilled with the images that their poetry describes.

Jean Ritchie was our MC for the night and Rusty introduced us to his "Shoe Box". It is the beginning of a resource Library for any member to borrow from. We are looking for donations of poetry paraphernalia that members are asked to contribute to. It can be books, tapes, CD's. Grace Williamson is the keeper of the shoe box for now.

With St Patrick's Day coming up **Rusty** started with John O'Brien's 'Said Hanrahan', the old blokes dire predictions that 'we'll all be rooned' due to the season being so bad and the crops so dry. And when it rained, more 'roon' . While the stockmen squatted on their heels and chewed a piece of bark and the crops came up bringing with it the threat of fire, well "we'll all be rooned".

When **John Baldock** presented his readings from the classics in January he did a piece from CJ Dennis's Sentimental Bloke "Er names Doreen". He did, at that time intend to continue with another Dennis Classic but time prevented it. He picked it up tonight and gave us this second 'Reading', this time from 'A Song In Their Hearts' from 'Digger Smith' which told of the soldiers sitting in their dugouts imagining they could hear a chorus of Blue Mountain birds and the Magpies trilling with the sunshine of the country pouring out of their throats, but reality was quite different.

Kerry Lee's love of horses was evident as she gave us Veronica Weake's 'The Horsebreaker'. The Chestnut mare just would not be broken and with a heart full of hate smashed the breaker against the fence. As he reaches for his gun the station owners little girl stood with the chestnut mare and called out to the "horsie pretty horsie". With an acceptance that this horse would not be broken the breaker watched her galloping away until she was out of sight.

In this time of severe drought **John Hayes** own Ernie's Pipe Dream grew from a series of water problems throughout SA, Victoria and NSW We don't appreciate our water even when its been purified and nullified and the trees and lakes disappear. Some of the drinking water looks just like a cup of coffee and there is even talk of towing an iceberg. With contaminated water throughout the East Coast wouldn't it be great if the Pollies had listened and bought the water down from the Ord to serve all of Australia.

A new member at her first time with us **Caroline Sandwich** shared with us her dislike of peas because the dinner ladies delighted in serving them for every meal.

Brian Langley confessed that he doesn't mind getting dinner ready. This was news to me. He has discovered a secret at the supermarket for when wandering down the aisles he has discovered a huge choice of 'Pre-Cooked Dinners'. So coking is now simply getting a dinner from the freezer and pressing the Reheat button on the Microwave.

With her own 'Just be Careful', **Trish Joyce** told of the widow, who, after selling the family home and moving into a retirement village decided to get married again at the young age of 83. Her family thought this was great but were adamant that there was not to be an increase in the numbers of children!

Rod Lee had a medical problem, the testing of which prompted him to write this tale about how Mullocky Mick got crook and his Doc told him to check his fluid output over a 24 hour period. Going home, Mick was distracted by his drinking mates, the end result of which was he, with the help of his mates managed to fill a keg. The next day Mick tried to get the keg up the stairs to the Doc's but the effort was too much and Mick fell over dead. At his wake not a drop of beer was drunk as they drank only wine or whiskey.

Bob Chambers followed with one of his Fishing Yarns. He told of the licensed fisher men on the Swan River wondering how their working hours could be reduced. It seems that they hired themselves a consultancy group to draw up a plan. Then a public relations firm was needed. Then with a business expert giving advice. The money being paid out to these experts meant that they had to work harder than before.

Grace Williamson then presented "In Defense of the Bush" by Banjo Paterson. This was Paterson's reply to Lawson's 'Up the Country' which had been published a short while previously. The poem rebukes Lawson's grim view of the bush and points out that the country is vastly different after a good rain. It describes the music of the bush with the silver chiming of the Bellbirds, and concludes with a message for Lawson...' The bush will never suit you, and you'll never suit the bush'.

Beth Scott then presented us with her 'Full House' in which she has problems with people leaving their unwanted pets on her doorstep. As she cannot turn them away she is finding that the food and the visits to the vet is just costing too much. So with a heartfelt plea she asks "please don't leave your excess dogs and cats on MY doorstep".

David Sears had a difficult and tough job to do with a poem performed at the memorial for a shearing mate. Jack Sorenson's 'The Call of the North' is a suitable epitaph. With the western wind blowing and the shearing teams going to wherever the

starting whistles blow and where “The friction wheels are spinning as the long brown road calls to me”

After Interval **Christine Boulton** was the volunteer for our regular feature, Reading from the Classics. She chose Duke Tritton’s ‘Goose Neck Spurs’. This writer was totally new to us and she described his very interesting life in which he had done just about everything after leaving school at 13. It was because of his Folk Singing career that Christine knew of him and then learned of his poetry writing. The story tells of the drover, tired of damper and needing a change of scene, who comes to town and finds the barmaid very much to his liking. Passing her his work cheque, three days later he was rudely awakened by an angry husband. Coming to his senses, he realised that he had lost everything, except of course his Goose neck spurs.

Harry Carter told us how he is banished to the spare room to write his poetry. His poem ‘Black Gold’ tells of his search for the elusive pot of gold. Needing a cuppa, he stopped at a café where a lass sat down beside him. Being a shy lad he is astounded when she takes off her sweater and invites him to come along with her. This leaves him excited but a little confounded. It seems her name is Eve and you guessed it, his name is Adam. Temptation is seems is alive and well.

Katherine Mc Leron had been a performing member some time back and she made a very welcome return tonight. Her own ‘Dance with Me’ tells the story of time passing on and memories of when we were young and slender. Her second ‘An Answer to Sarah’ was about Red Poppies for Remembrance versus White flowers for peace. The red poppy is the logical choice, representing those who sacrificed their lives, their blood staining the ground in order that peace might prevail..

John Hayes is still rewriting some of own works and gave us one of these, ‘Good Old Days’. This is the story of his family sitting around the fire in the humpy after the days work was done. With the hardships and the depression and the stories that were told as the years roll back and he walked the tracks and climbed the hills of his childhood, only to find the past is done and is now history.

The Will Ogilvie’s poem that **Rod Lee** did (sorry didn’t get the title) invoked imagery of the old Grey horse trotting along in harness. He had been a show yard winner but now was left to dream in his solitude. The next one by Donny Lloyd (sorry, again I didn’t get the title) was about childhood memories of places where we played. ‘With the river running deep and wide and a mountain on the other side. With a dragon hiding in a cave and its breathe the mist that hung low’. When, as an adult he returns to find the wide river just a muddy creek and the mountain just a little rise on the other side, he knows that you can’t go back to that playground from long ago.

Rod’s ‘Bloody Woman’ comment was not allowed to slip past. So **Kerry Lee** told us about that man barking out instructions night and day for digging the posthole. So she hit him with the shovel and found a use for him - standing him in a posthole, he’s the best post yet. Her second one ‘The Night Bird’ tells the story of two women one white one black, who share their lives together through the years. While their lives have taken different tracks the calling of the night bird summonses one to the afterlife. At the final call, the two grey heads were taken as you couldn’t tell them apart.

David Sears returned with ‘Bush Justice’ by Bob Magor which tells of the Avon lady ding donging her self a nude when she went out to sell her wares. The JP is in a quandary, his fishing mate William Gates is charged with indecent exposure and should he be jailed would mean an end to the JP’s fishing, for Bill owns the boat. With much deliberation after hearing Bill’s story about his 19 children the Judge declared that Bill was off the hook because he was in his working clothes.

Rusty Christianson closed the evening with an old favourite, another Irish poem by Banjo, ‘A Bush Christening’. We are all familiar with the story of the visiting preacher, unable to remember the name of the 10 year old boy he was christening, threw a bottle of McGinnis whiskey at him. McGinnis McGhee became a JP and was loath to explain his unusual name.

(NOTE TO POETS PLEASE PLEASE remember to give all the details of the poet and the name of the particular poem that you are presenting. I am just not quick enough on my feet to chase around the room catching up on the important details). Also when you fill in the performance slips some of you put down “Don’t Know Yet” I have yet to hear that poem nor do I know that Author. To help make my job easier as I have to listen for the important information during your introduction, then quickly keep up writing the summary that I use for this wrap up, have a quick drink, go for a walk, socialise, find another pen or pencil when they let me down..... Get the idea?

Thanks everyone.) Dot

Remember to buy only genuine Aussie Easter Bilby Eggs
Protect the environment—do not aid rabbit propagation

Dotnote for Easter	<i>The Times We Live In</i>
Can't eat Beef...	Mad cow Disease
Can't eat chicken...	Bird flue
Can't eat eggs...	Salmonella
Can't eat pork...	Fears that bird flu will infect piggies
Can't eat fish...	Heavy metal in the water
Can't eat F & V...	insecticides and herbicides
Mmmmmmmmm	
I BELIEVE THAT LEAVES CHOCOLATE!!!!	

Why not BRING A FRIEND
to our next Muster

HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS?
Please tell us ASAP if you have changed your
address so that we can make sure your
BULLY TIN gets to you on time

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2006—2007

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Tom Conway	V. President	9339 2802	
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Think about becoming a committee person , all positions are up for grabs in July
AND we are looking for a new **Treasurer** NOW — interested? Contact any committee member

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

☆☆ **Upcoming Events** ☆☆

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

April 6	NO MUSTER DUE TO EASTER		Muster to be on Fri 13th
April 12—15	Oracles of the Bush—Bush Poetry, Music & Art	Tenterfield NSW	Ph 02 6736 2900 www.oraclesofthebush.com
Apr 13	WAPB & YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club	(DELAYED 1 WEEK DUE TO EASTER)
April 30	Bronze Swagman Award (Written) Closing Date	Winton, Qld	Entry Form SSAE Bronze Swagman Award PO Box 120 Winton Qld 4735
May 4	WAPB & YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club	
June 2	WAPB & YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club	
June 9	2007 Leonard Teale Awards	Gulgong NSW Written entries closed	SSAE Henry Lawson Soc. of NSW Literary Awards PO Box 235 Gulgong 2852 henrylawsongulgong@yahoo.com.au
July 6	WABP & YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club	Preceded by AGM
July 13 - 15	Bundaberg Muster 2007 & Bush Lantern Written Award	Performance Entries Close June 23 Written Entries Close June 1	SSAE Bundaberg Poets Soc. PO Box 4281 Bundaberg Sth 4670 lees@interworx.com.au 07 4151 4631
Sep 29-30	WA Bush Poetry Championships	Melville Area	Long Weekend - Tentative at this time
Sep 26—30	Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Festival & Bronze Swagman Award	Winton, Qld Written Entries Close Mar 30	SSAE— PO Box 120, Winton Qld 4735 07 4657 1296, 07 4567 1541

Anthology Papermaker, Lesley, is back from overseas and so we should soon be thinking about getting the anthology underway, BUT, we are STILL looking for a few short poems from members to fill its pages
Come on writers—lets have some submissions into Secretary Joyce ASAP. What can you loose—the cost of a postage stamp is all— what can you gain—Your name and poem in print forever.

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	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	inc autobiography
	Rusty Christensen	CDs	Keith Lethbridge books
Members' Poetic Products	John Hayes	CDs & books	Corin Linch (new) books
	Tim Heffernan	book	Val Read books
	Brian Langley	book & laminated poems	
	Rod & Kerry Lee	CDs	
	Arthur Leggett	books,	
Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The Editor "Bully Tin" 86 Hillview Tce, St. James 6102	Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners 165A Rostrata Ave Willeton 6155		Address all other correspondence to The Secretary WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Unit 4 - 37 Bawdan St, Willagee, 6156