

# BULLY TIN



□ **Next Muster - March 4th, 2011 7.30pm MC Dot Langley Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102.**

**March is  
Autumn St. Patrick's Day  
World Meteorological Day**

**THE FUTURE OF the WABP&YS  
Assn ?**

**STILL - NO ONE SEEMS INTERESTED  
ENOUGH IN KEEPING IT GOING TO  
DEVOTE TIME AND EFFORT**

**DO YOU CARE?**

**TIME IS RAPIDLY RUNNING OUT**



As this is the Months both of St Patrick (and thus by implication, all things Irish) and the March Muster is WA writers, the front cover poem combines these events.

This poem was written by Jack Sorensen, one of WA's 'famous' Bush poets of a past era, albeit, like most other WA Poets all but forgotten today. Jack, (1907—49) carried (almost alone) the "Bush Poetry" banner during the between wars era when it, like so much other art was dominated by less traditional styles.

**St. Patrick Came to Toodyay**  
Jack Sorensen

St. Patrick came to Toodyay - the Australian Irish swear;  
For the locals boast a footprint very like the one in Clare.  
The Saint's success in Ireland made him feel an urgency  
To try his growing powers on the heathen Yamagee.

I fancy that the message sticks were stretching it too far  
When they said he came to Toodyay in an Irish jaunting car!  
But there he set his forthright foot (believe it, friends, or not I)  
For they built the Church at Irish town above the hallowed spot.

He said: "There's snakes around these parts and they will have to go!"  
But much to his astonishment the Yamagees said "No!"  
"If you can drive the serpent out, you'll hunt goanna too

And once you get your hand in it's "Good-bye Kangaroo!"

St. Patrick was a holy man, but didn't lack abuse  
Of any minor person who behaved the least abstruse.  
He said: "I've come from Ireland! I've got everything it takes  
To cause the instant exodus of all obnoxious snakes!"

With that he raised his staff and cried! "Be off ye varmint! Go !"  
But the old man of the Yamagees emphatically said "No!"  
And positive in negative receded in the shade  
As St. Patrick heaped ten curses on the oldest land God made.

He moved a puzzled pinnacle from off the Darling Range,  
And the High Priest viewed the landscape and approved the rapid change.  
But the snakes were so affected that to Kimberley they flew,  
All but the twin exception of a very stubborn two;

Who spoke as spake their sire when he caused all human woe,  
And blandly told St. Patrick that they didn't mean to go.  
And the twin opinions nourished (with the old man's wit behind)  
And the t'other held the other to a rigid frame of mind.

St. Patrick hurled malevolence until his voice was hoarse,  
And the Avon River panicked and retreated to its source.  
And what with faith and magic he performed in such a style  
As to minimise his efforts on the little Emerald Isle.

He drew his mystic powers from a region unexplained,  
But risking all that might befall the stubborn two remained,  
And the old man sat in silence and the view he took was dim  
Of the wholesale dispensation of the magic that was HIM.

Then, encouraged by the principle of strong minority,  
He held a secret conference with his immortal He.  
He cast an extra special spell in favour of the twain,  
And St. Patrick and the Continent were drenched in summer rain.

It rained for twenty days and nights (or thirty, reckoned some)  
'Til with hearty parting curses Good St. Patrick swam for home  
So the snakes remained in Toodyay when the waters drained away.  
But the curses of St. Patrick lie upon the land today.

There are sixty-seven cellars (if you don't believe me, ask! )  
Each has thirty-seven barrels with ten devils to the cask.  
This old world is growing wiser, and, as wonders never cease,  
Very soon we may be sampling the Thousand Years of Peace-

Then, if life gets monotonous (as well enough it may),  
You'll find a fight in 'Toodyay if you're travelling that way  
St. Patrick came to Toodyay, the Australian Irish vow.  
You can see his ample footprint underneath the Church floor now!

**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

A month back, John and Anne Hayes and myself went along to the "Bohdi Tree" Bookshop café to meet the new WA Director of Poetry Australia, Katrina Berkov. With another thirty or so poets in attendance (only a few of whom I know), it was an informative evening in which Katrina and the Australian Director, Paul, outlined the structure and roles of Poetry Australia. As the WA position is currently only part time (and unfunded) it is unlikely that the WA poetic scene will see any dramatic changes in the short term, however Katrina seems to be a pocket dynamo with the drive to get things done.

The main focus at this time would seem to be coordinating

efforts for funding. Being a "Top Level" face when approaching Governments and other bodies and possibly Auspicing poets in their aims for recognition and financing.

At the meeting, many suggestions and ideas were put forward for determining which direction Poetry Australia should focus on and which pitfalls to avoid.

Provided our Association is to continue in its present form I see only opportunities in being part of an overall body representing all facets of Australian Poetry, even though I am well aware that many of us have difficulty in understanding some of the other forms of the literary art, but then again, we also have difficulties in understanding some styles of music as well as the pictures that some consider 'art'.

## N BRIEF



No one has told me anything for this column this month, or if they did it was at a time I was running around setting up or pulling down at the last muster and it's totally slipped my mind. Best way to inform me of what's happening is by e-mail, but even then I sometimes forget things, ah well, they say that you memory starts to fail from about age 21 and I'm a bit past that

## APRIL MUSTER

As indicated in past Bully Tins, April is to be another short poetry competition, This is open to all members and friends. In the past we have seen a great variety of ways of expressing thoughts about the given topic, some humorous, some serious and a few just a bit quirky.

Except for the topic, the rules for this competition are essentially the same as for previous ones.

- ♦ Max 16 lines
- ♦ Max 13 syllables per line
- ♦ Max 2 poems per poet
- ♦ Entry - FREE

Judging is by audience members selected by ballot - 5 judges, top and bottom scored discarded (except in a tie)

There will be a Small Prize for 1st, plus certificates for the top 3

And now to the topic— did you guess, as the April Muster will be on April 1st, it's obvious - the topic—**April Fool" or anything similar.**

So writers, put on your thinking caps, get out your keyboards (or even pen and paper) and get to work writing a poem or two. Country poets or people not able to make the muster, You're not left out - Send your entry to Pres. Brian and we'll get someone suitable to read it. Ideally the judging is on the poem, not the presentation, although that does play some part in the results, but we do try and get accomplished and expressive readers to present the work of people who are not able to be there or who don't feel up to presenting their own

## Australia Day 2011



Once again a great show, enjoyed by an appreciative audience of over 400. The weather was very kind to us with the thermometer hovering around 30 degrees and just a light wind to keep us all fairly cool. The day started for some of us around 9 in the morning, gear organized, then at about 10.30 starting to set up for the day. My thanks to larger than normal group of helpers who came early and helped me with the setting up.

In particular Vice Pres. Ralph Bradstreet (who, it seemed hadn't been to bed the night before), stalwarts Gordon Thomas, Ron Ingham and Terry Piggott and newcomers to the setting up "panic" Bill Gordon and Graham Hedley. The ladies too came early to set up our information and products rent, Edna Westall, Maxine Richter and Dot Langley. With Teresa Rose and partner Glen arriving with the stage at 11am we were able to comfortably get set up, even with our additional PA gear, without the last minute stresses of previous years

All performers came with plenty of time to prepare themselves for their appearances. This year's MC, Bill Gordon did a great job and was able to stick almost exactly to the timetable that this year's "artistic coordinator" John Hayes had organised and so we finished exactly on 5pm allowing the 'pack up' crew to get everything stowed away early. And a special thanks here to Neil McLennan and John Turnbull who always stay and help at the end.

Supporting Artists, Terry and Jenny (with grandkids for one song) gave us some great music both before the poetic event and at interval.

In terms of poetry, we had a well rounded mixture of Traditional and contemporary poems, by a total of 14 poets, namely Rusty Christensen, Irene Conner, Bill Gordon, John Hayes, Barry Higgins, Ron Ingham, Brian Langley, Arthur Leggett, Keith Lethbridge, Corin Linch, Peg Vickers, Grace Williamson and newcomers to Wireless Hill, Kerry Bowe and Teresa Rose. Thank you to all the performers. And a Huge Thank You to our audience and to everyone who made the day a great success.....

**STOP PRESS— We are without a Secretary - Due to personal reasons, Graham has resigned his position as of NOW and will not be available next year so this is another position we need to fill with someone new— Do you see yourself in this important position in our organisation? WE NEED YOU ! It would be ideal if someone willing to take on this role would volunteer NOW rather than wait until July**

**Poets From the Past** I've done him before, but as the March Muster is WA writers night I think it's time he got mentioned again. Also being away from Perth and my internet connection as I compose this epistle, I am unable to do my research, however I already have this information. I refer to the prospector / poet / singer / composer / journalist / editor / entrepreneur / political hopeful, who for many years was one of the most influential journalists in our state, and probably would still, some 70 years after his death, rank in the top 5 of all times.



I refer to **Edwin Greenslade Murphy** who came to WA from his home state of Victoria in late 1893 as a 26 year old and then like many of his time walked the 350 miles from Perth to the goldfields, pushing all he owned on a wheelbarrow. The trip typically took about 30 days and after leaving Merredin, fresh water was very scarce so it was necessary not only to carry food but considerable amounts of water.

Arriving in the goldfields, He initially found work dry blowing— this is a technique where dry crushed ore is set to drop in a strong wind, the lighter rock will be blown away while the heavier gold falls to a dish underneath. Over time many machines were developed with the same principle. They were termed Dryblowers, and it is from these that Murphy took his 'non-de-plume'. From his very early goldfields days until his death in 1939 he wrote countless columns, stories, poems and some songs under the name "Dryblower". His influence was such that he could make or break a politician. His criticism of the C.Y. O'Conner / John Forrest goldfields pipeline is considered to be one of the factors that led to O'Conner committing suicide. It was not the principle of taking water from Perth to the goldfields that Murphy criticised, but the fact that the project cost was something that (at the time) he (along with many others of all political persuasions) considered the State could not bear.

Shortly after arriving on the goldfields, he took up a journalist position, initially with the "Coolgardie Miner" and later the Kalgoorlie "Sun" but continued his prospecting at which he was successful. He went to England seeking finances to develop his mining venture, he was not successful and returned to the goldfields. About 1900, Murphy returned to Perth where he took up a position with the "Sunday Times" and over time became their main feature writer and later the editor. There was hardly an edition went by without at least one poem by Dryblower, often making socio-political comment about current events. He was known as a jovial gentleman but with the propensity to have a very vitriolic pen. During WWI, Murphy wrote several patriotic poems and songs, in several cases praising the virtues of "Uncle Sam" as a friend of Australia. There are several records of instances which would appear to be attempts by people his pen had maligned to have him arrested on an assortment of charges or at the very least publicly embarrassed, but it would seem that all were unsuccessful and his influence remained strong right up to the time of his death from cancer in 1939.

(Mainly) Aussie — March History

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1st 1975 Colour television begins in Australia</p> <p>3rd 1837 The city of Melbourne is named</p> <p>1942 Japanese bomb Broome and Wyndham</p> <p>1854 Australia's first telegraph line is opened. It ran from Melbourne to Williamstown</p> <p>4th 1899 Cyclone Mahina hits north Queensland, killing over 400.— Australia's worst natural disaster in terms of deaths</p> <p>5th 1803 Australias first newspaper printed (Sydney)</p> <p>9th 1870 Granny Smith, (Maria Ann Smith) who gave her name to the Granny Smith apple, dies. This apple variety, developed by Maria around 1865 is the only variety from that era still available.</p> <p>12th 1913 Canberra is named the capital city of Australia before it is even built</p> <p>15th 1840 Strzelecki climbs and names Mt Kosciuszko</p> <p>17th 1910 The first flight of a powered aircraft in Australia is made by Frederick Custance, near Adelaide</p> <p>18th 1910 Harry Houdini makes first RECORDED powered flight in Australia</p> | <p>19th 1932 The Sydney Harbour Bridge is officially opened, amidst unexpected controversy</p> <p>22nd 1897 Edmund Barton heads a conference to discuss the proposed constitution for the Commonwealth of Australia</p> <p>25th 1957 European Common market formed</p> <p>26th 1984 Australia introduces the \$100 note</p> |
|---|---|

Grandma's Blues  
© Sandy Parkinson Hilton WA

There was an old woman  
who slept in the buff  
She woke up one morning,  
and boy she felt rough  
She staggered downstairs  
while still in the nude  
And her wrinkled old skin  
by her family was viewed.  
Young Joseph said "Grandma  
Put on some nice clothes,  
Or at least go and take  
A hot iron to those.

## A Bit of forgotten WA history

Did you know that WA had an aircraft pioneer? In fact it is a strong possibility that had things worked out a bit different, we wouldn't celebrate the Wright Bros. as being the first to fly, but possibly Andrew Barr of Doodlakine. In 1902 Andrew Barr had apparently made a model aircraft that flew. This was well before the Wright Bros flight. The people of WA were obviously impressed with his model machine as they paid for a trip for him to go to England to raise finances for his full scale version. Andrew was apparently not a very good business man as he was accompanied by a "manager" (Mr Brimage) to "pilot" him around London. It would seem from Dryblowers poem that "Brim" concentrated on the 'good life' in London rather than raising finances, the result being that the venture failed and Mr. Barr returned to Doodlakine, a very disillusioned man. Meanwhile the Wright Bros. took to the air .... And the rest is history  
See poem

(aside— The Wright Bros were not the first to manufacture a heavier than air machine that flew, however they were the first to fly one, a chap called Langley (no relation) had a machine he called an 'aerodrome' which had attempted flight but his pilot crashed it. After rebuilding it to the original specifications, it was successful flown. But too late for fame.)

## It Just Aint Cricket

© Frances French Ascot WA

The day was hot, the flies were up and buzzin' round the bat,  
Around his eyes and in his ears and even on his hat.  
The Pommie batsmen swatted them, we watched the exercise  
To concentrate or miss the ball while flies did victimise.

Between each ball, he tried in vain to reduce their population, The crowd by now were well aware of his ticklish situation;  
We also knew those Aussie flies, who were all loyal and true  
Would find their way right up his nose to get a better view.

He swatted here, he swatted there, he tried to move away.  
"We know you're there" they buzzed at him, "so come back  
here and play"

He tried in vain to play the game, he grown up with and loved,  
He wanted not to snick the ball and see it keeper-gloved.

With no relief at either end (they followed him wherever)  
The poor demented batsman seemed by now to lack endeavour.  
"They've got a secret weapon here," complained he to the umpire  
They're trying me most sorely now to hit a bloody skyer."

The umpire smiled with sympathy and said that he would look,  
To see if it was covered in the Rules of Cricket book.  
The spectators were laughing now at the batsman's great gyrations;  
They loved this new dimension to the battle of the nations.

All the Poms' supporters who were watching in dismay  
Were stoic when they hurled at him advice on how to play,  
"Don't let the bastards grind yer down and try to play yer shot  
Squash the little buggers dead if yer must forever swat."

But then in answer to their yells, the Aussie crowd got vocal;  
They screamed, "Those flies are on our side and every one is local.  
They're green and gold and real true blue, on tactics they are wise,  
So shut yer gobs or rue the day, and keep hands of our flies."

## ANDREW BARR OF DOODLAKINE

*Edwin Greenslade (Dryblower) Murphy*

"We said ta-ta," as someone wrote,  
"To Andrew Barr, of Doodlekine,"  
We also watched him board the boat  
That bore him o'er the rolling brine.  
He comforted each pallid wreck,  
Who moaned and groaned in mal-de-mer;  
He showed in chalk along the deck  
How he'd propel them through the air;  
He laughed to scorn the albatross  
Which whirled and swooped for scupper scraps;  
Of Boreas bold he'd be the boss,  
And scowled when someone said "Perhaps."

But now, alas - a punctured crank  
Is back across the tropic line,  
And all the world is dark and dank  
To Andrew Barr, of Doodlekine.  
We sent him 'Ome across the sea,  
And told this woolly-whiskered wight  
Where he could raise the L.S.D.  
(Or rather, where perhaps he might).  
We gave him letters short and long  
To Cohen-Bull of London Rich;  
We also sent a spruiker strong  
To show him which at 'Ome was which.

Big Brimage went to pilot him  
Among the London fog and smoke,  
And Brim. was pledged to sling a jim  
Whenever Barr went stoney-broke.  
Brim. now has got a bat-winged car,  
Which Cohen and his crowd decline,  
And W.A. has Andrew Barr,  
Poor busted Barr, of Doodlekine.  
He sought the crystal air to swim  
Amid a maze of whirling wings,  
And dreamed of times when he and Brim  
Would flip a dook with 'aughty Kings.

The only Kings who saw his face,  
Alas, were in the steerage pack,  
And Brim's in London on the "ace",  
Of Andrew Barr a trifle "jack"  
And Doodlekine which hoped to rise  
Into a throbbing, thriving town,  
Now imprecates poor Andrew's eyes  
While cursing Brimage up and down.  
And there the scrub-encumbered land,  
The poddy calf, the squealing swine,  
Are waiting for the 'ornery 'and  
Of Andrew Barr of Doodlekine,  
Poor busted Barr of Doodlekine.



## February 2011 Muster Wrap-up by Dot

After some housekeeping in which Brian Langley thanked all the people involved in the Australia Day Concert, it was mentioned by long time attendees that this one was the best ever. As this comment seems to be occurring each year, I can only say that YES it is getting better and better each year. There is one person who deserves being vigorously thanked for his role in pushing for excellence of the show case event. Brian is (and how I know it) dedicated to bringing bush poetry to all and everyone. With this Australia Day event all his dreams come to fruition as he commands and delegates and musters his troops to get first of all the messages out there to the various radio stations and other publicity printed and distributed.

Then on the day have the people to do the physical work. Without these people all climbing ladders and spreading out cables, along with putting up the shelters, tables and getting the sound system up and running with Brian's noted expertise in sorting out what and who should go where, the whole concert would not be as successful. We had our first airing of the updated sound system, at one point we had two guitars and four microphones all hitched up and doing what they do to get the music and singing out there for all to hear. To our sound man, Ralph Bradstreet, who worked tirelessly all afternoon getting the levels just right. When you have a very light voice followed by a good carrying voice you are always pushing and fiddling with the buttons just getting the balances right without any whistling and other rude noises. Wasn't it lovely to have the children up there singing with their grandparents, Jenny and Terry for our National anthem? A very BIG thankyou to all the workers who helped with the before and the packing up after and to us ladies on the tables selling the poets books and drinks along with information about our association. As always to the poets who gave all of us such pleasure with their performances A REALLY BIG THANKYOU. We had two ladies (Kerry Bowe (Moriconi) and Teresa Rose) make their debut at the event and even though they were a little bit jittery they performed extremely well and we hope to see them as a permanent part of our performers list.

**Anne Hayes** was our MC for the night and **Teresa Rose** started the evenings entertainment with one of her own. As the theme was love and all that that can mean she told us of "Fraughted Desire". There was this young stud parading around in his blue and green, dressed to impress and calling out 'look at me'. He danced and dazzled and with his voice almost gone and after his finest performance not one of the girls would have him. A proud peacock no more. (Note I didn't know that after the mating season the peacocks shed their beautiful tail feathers, so not only losing out in the love department but losing his pride and joy.)

**Wally Williamson** had something different for us with the lovely song from Evita "On a night of a thousand eyes" "where the music of loves guitars play for everyone". Then with a change of costume he changed himself into an old man and with much passion did Banjo Patterson's "A Bunch of Roses", with roses red and white the old man's memories come back. The "queen of maids" his lovely wife made him the happiest of men. But it is over her grave that the old man sits with the vision and memories of their life being coloured by a bunch of red and white roses.

A welcome to a new presenter **Elsie Harris** with a love story about her and husband Eric's first meeting. With a poem from Henry Baker (sorry I didn't get the title) this story of a lad with not much hair on top. He parted his hair to cover the balding spot and tried rubbing Brylcream on but to no avail. All this rubbing increased his muscle but not the amount of hair. Daisy, next door was out in the garden shelling peas while she dreamed about her hero, Yul Bryner, when this hat flew over their fence. As she handed back the hat she realised that her hero had come at last.

With a almost complete turn a round **John Hayes** presented three short poems from a South African Writer Cameron Semmens. The first, "Love is the New Black". It is more enduring than jeans and it can fit all sizes and all classes and wherever love is it will look good on you. The second, "Fiscal Fever", tells of the end of the financial year which brings on a snuffle of greed. With holidays and 'bling' with the credit depleted, it is hard to overcome 'afluenza'. In the third, "Blessedness", he has lost his sense of home when he moved house and also when he changed from a married to a single person. He had been forced to flee from a storm and took refuge in his past, but each day if you push through the lethargy and the apathy you will be well on the road to beating it.

Next was the duo of **Barry Higgins** and **Kerry Bowe** (Moriconi) presenting some Syd Hopkins ditties. First was on the first love of Eve and Adam. With Eve trying on different fig leaves to cover up her 'bits' Adam was hoping for an early autumn when the leaves would fall. The second, "Driving Comfort", told of a blonde who had missed her bus and was given a lift by a golfing bloke. She was puzzled by two golfing tee's on the floor and asked what they were for. Well, he replied I place my balls on them when I'm driving. I will leave it with you as the 'blonde' struggles with interpreting this!!! In the third, "Encore", the teacher thought it was a funny name so why did your parents call you this? Because I was the not second child; I wasn't even on the program.

Henry Lawson is a favourite of **Grace Williamsons'** and in his "Sez' You" he tells that when life is against you, don't be downhearted, hold your head up high. Don't get mad because there is nothing that you can do. Don't fret about tomorrow and ponder calmly on your days because there doesn't seem to be any escape and it can't go on forever.

**Graham Armstrong** had one of his own, even though he is a bit early for autumn time. The Lucky Country where autumn is coming with its clear blue skies and it is time to reflect on different ways to enjoy life. There are couples strolling while they know that there will be stormy times to come and all the comings and goings as people go around enjoying the days, where there are terrible things happening on TV we are safe from this strife as long as we guard our way of life.

**Rosa Cilento** then presented one of Syd Hopkins' where he shows his romantic and softer side. In his "Magic in the Murchison", you seek out all the beauty spots, but oft times this beauty can be found in places not expected. Just wander through the Murchison when the flowers are in bloom where the barren ground explodes with colour after the rains come down and there is a never ending fairy land across the countryside.

**Lesley McAlpine** has been helping daughter get ready for the next new arrival and was slightly shocked but not too amazed to see that her daughter had 20 pairs of thongs but that her husband had only 8 pairs. We all know Lesley's love of shoes but I don't think that she is at all ready to tell us just how many pairs she has? Hmmmmm. This prompted her to present Blue the Shearers' "The Thong" this bit of foot wearing apparel is as Aussie as the meat pies and is our icon along with all the others. A most useful and versatile item of apparel is the thong. With our new National Anthem the refrain will ask God to save our gracious thong you will hear this one sung with passions and verve.

**Dave Smith** presented us with "The Diggers Daughter" and it wasn't until he finished he revealed that it had been written by Louisa Lawson. (Henry's mother) This daughter was a ready helper to her father as she helped him in his search for gold. She worked all day and studied late and as she worked the windless she stole my heart. When she said she would marry me I was the proudest man with my mate for life. (Louisa wrote some amazing poetry but is it because of her affiliation with feminist and socialist movements much of her work was suppressed.)

Thank you to the people who contributed to our lovely supper. This co operative way of helping out with something nice to eat has certainly lifted a tremendous burden off our Utilities people who in the past were providing everything. It has also allowed them to come out into the audience to listen to the second part of the evening.

Our classics reader **Kerry Bowe** had a very topical poem written by John O'Brien "Said Hanrahan " When the people gathered out side the church often the state of the crops were discussed. The drought was causing some concerns and off course being the pessimist he was said that they all would be ruin'd. Everyone around him agreed and as the days passed and the rain did eventually come and floods were imminent, Hanrahan again was concerned about the state of everything and again they would all be ruin'd. Then after the rain the grass grew in abundance and this would all then dry out and bushfires would cover the land and of course Hanrahan was concerned that this would ruin them yet again.

With two new poems **Carolyn Sambridge** told us of the "B B Q Tree" where everyone is welcome and you can have a feed for free. There are prawns, chops and sausages and lumps of steak and even some chocolate cake. With her second "Foot Odour Blues" evidently Cinderella had lost her golden slipper. Prince Charming had found it on board the Fremantle Clipper but when he smelt it he told her that he could not marry her until she put odour eaters in them. Cinderella cried and then pigged out on Kentucky Fried.

With Bob Magor's "Tickle Belly Hill" **Barry Higgins** told of the place where lovers could go for some quiet and a bit of .....well I will leave it up to your imagination. Anyway the locals all knew about this place and some romances had turned into marriage. But the concerns of the wildlife conservation people was that these little bits of rubber that littered the place and could cause animals to choke on them. With mounting pressure the council closed down the place where so much activity had occurred.

**Grace Williamson** was next with Thomas E Spencer's "Song of the Sundowner", a lovely word picture of the solicitude of the life of a swagman.

Bob Magor seemed to be the poet of the night as **Dave Smith** had another one of his, "Fathers Black Sheep". My father had an armchair ride when I was young and stupid.... (see note at bottom)

Then with her guitar and Henry Lawson's, "Do They Think That I do Not Know?" and with apologies to Slim Dusty, for the tune **Teresa Rose** performed this love poem. Love came in those long ago days and you answered yes with trembling lips, but you were buried when I was away and left a message there for me, you can not know of how a heart can bleed as she lives in the marriage that might have been. This writer knows of the darkest depths in the brightest of nights where there are strong things that could break a strong heart.

Again there is that popular writer Bob Magor with **John Hayes** this time with "The Day I Shot the Telly" (see note at the bottom).

**Rosa Cilenza** has had some surgery on her eyes and she wrote a poem in thanks to her Specialist for her cataract operation with his clever hands and she is now able to see much better now.

Next was **Graham Armstrong** with another one of his "A Special Woman in Your Life" which tells of the one woman that he hopes to meet so he can share life's journey. She could well be your rock and be someone to lean on so love and be true for she may only come along once in your life.

At our last muster **Graham Hedley** had collapsed and didn't get to do his poem, so hoping that everything would be all right tonight he told us of the "Boxing Day Test" (the **only** cricket match between the poms and Aus for the those of you who don't follow) Using Gilbert and Sullivans music and words to suit this game with an almost reverence to the 'holy' game. Using the refrain "Said I to myself, said I" where failures don't get to the top of the tree with the game played at the "G"

**Barry Higgins** then presented a few of Syd Hopkinsons slightly naughty ones (its after 9 pm so its OK) and with all these storms around these seemed to be appropriate. "Cock-eyed Bob" tells the story of a wound that happened after a bar room fight. Robert needed some eye surgery and as they could only find some left over skin from a recent circumcision, he is now known as, you guessed it Cock eyed Bob!! In the bad cyclonic weather care is taken to get everything battened down but no one cares about the chickens in the wind. You see if they face the wind the sand gets in their eyes, but if they face the other way well, the eggs get pushed back in!!

**John Hayes** was next reminiscing about the "Good Old Days" He took us back to when he was a lad and sitting in the shanty snug from the wind, they would sit around the fire while the stories about times past were told by his stepfather. He remembered the new towns and the days of never time to res, the clothes you wore were thin. The years of the great depression and men fought for a noble war while far away loved ones prayed. Down a winding track the yarns would take them back to those younger days.

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

Brian Langley	President	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
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Teresa Rose	Committee	9402 3912	tarose5@bigpond.com
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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-

Mar 4	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	“Festival of Writers”
Mar 18	Melville Movies	We have a gig preceding the evening movie— 1 or 2 poets needed please	
April 1	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	Inc Short Poetry Comp Topic <b>April Fool</b>
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)
Mid May?	Motor Heritage show	Geraldton Catherine	catherines.singing@gmail.com.au 9964 2935

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**

(from prev. page) To finish off the evening Brian Langley did one of his shorter ones Dreaming which tells of the fantasies of an old man. His second “40 years” was one he adapted from one he wrote on our anniversary. These words still apply today as they did back when we wed. Love you and thank you for these years of togetherness.

A Note from Dot Please performing and presenting poets I need to have a copy of your poems. I often can track down some of the particular poets BUT there are some of them (usually the ones still alive) that you can't get anything about their poetry, without either paying for their book or CD. May be the association could buy a set of these reference books for me to use??? I do not want to be sitting up the back continually writing for the whole evening. So help me out by giving me a copy of YOUR poem. I do have Banjo and Lawson and others of that ilk and if I have a copy I can take my time later on after the muster to find the essence of your presentation and then I can sit back and enjoy your performance. On another tack I have not sat back and been able to listen and be entertained with all the performances for the last 51/2 years . Do I have a taker to do “MY JOB”.

**STOP PRESS**  
**2011 WA Champion Bush Poet — Peter Blyth**  
**Details next month**

**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		
	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

Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The Editor “Bully Tin” 86 Hillview Tce, St. James 6102 e-mail <a href="mailto:briandot@tpg.com.au">briandot@tpg.com.au</a>	Address all other correspondence to The Secretary. WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners <b>THIS POSITION IS VACANT</b>	Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn 2 - 75 Ferguson St Midland 6056
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