

BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

☐ **Next Muster - September 3rd, 2010 7.30pm MC Dot Langley Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102.**

**September is
Springtime & Hay Fever
National Asthma Week
Bio Diversity Month
Spring Poetry Festival
Fathers Day
End of the Footy Season**

We have nearly all heard Cobber's stories about Mildew the cook— Was this his inspiration? Cobber first went to the Kimberleys in the early 1960s at which time the author of this poem, Tom Quilty was a well known identity in the area

The Drover's Cook Tom Quilty

The drover's cook weighed fifteen stone,
He had one bloodshot eye,
He had no laces on his boots,
No buttons on his fly.
His pants hung loosely round his hips,
Hitched by a piece of wire,
They concertinaed round his boots,
In a way that you'd admire.
He stuck the billy on to boil,
Then emptied out his pipe,
And with his greasy shirt sleeve,
He gave his nose a wipe.
With pipe in mouth he mixed a sod,
A drip hung from his chin,
And as he mixed the damper up,
The drip kept drippin' in.
I walked quietly over to him,
And said 'Toss that mixture out,
And in future when you're working,
Keep your pipe out of your mouth.'

He stood erect and eyed me
with such a dirty look,
And said in choice Australian,
'Get another --- blinking cook.'
'A cook,' I said, 'you call yourself,
You dirty slop-made lout,
You should be jailed for taking work
You cannot carry out.'
He then uncorked some language,
I felt a thrill of fear,
As he swung his hairy paws about,
And said 'Trot your frame out here'.
In outback brawls there are no rules,
Nor limits to the weight,
So I had to squib, or meet him,

ARE YOU FINANCIAL????

If not and you don't pay very soon
this will be your last BullyTin and you'll
have to pay full price at Musters.

With my meagre nine stone eight.
We both bounced into action.
And fell into a clinch,
I put a headlock on him,
But I could not make him flinch.
I then tried other tactics,
To force him to submit,
But the more I tried to force him,
The fiercer he would hit.
I felt I should have held my tongue,
I thought of home and Billie,
And on the road to sure defeat,
Made me sick, sore, and silly.

For hours we fought in deathly grips,
Swung upper-cuts and crosses,
We floundered and staggered in distress,
Like broken-winded horses.
Then gaspingly he muttered,
'I've fought all through the north,
You're the gamest thing I've ever struck,
Give me your hand, old sport'.
Well, I can't explain my feelings,
With joy I nearly cried,
As we staggered to a shade close by,
Where he sank down and died.

You talk about that Saltbush scrap,
Why! it was only play,
Compared to the gruelling battle
We fought that fatal day.
And now above his resting place,
Where the grass has grown to seed,
On stone, is carved this epitaph,
For travellers to read:
'Here lies the son of Donald Gunn,
None gamer ever stood,
He died in a dinkum battle,
With Jimmy Underwood'.

This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of the MLA for Victoria Park, , Ben Wyatt



Walking Different Tracks

National Poetry Week is about to be upon us—there are various events at many locations through the metro area in the week starting on the evening of Friday August 27th with events on all day Saturday, most of Sunday and in the City lunchtime and evening “readings” and other events. While we do not get directly involved (few of our members like other genre of verse) we should recognise that we are part of a much broader general scene; Full details of these and other WA Poets Inc events and happenings at all times can be found at www.wapoets.net.au

Another venue is the Monet Gallery 85 Gt Eastern Hwy Sth Guilford, they tell us they will have poems on display Fri 27th Aug—Sun 5th Sept, Readings 2—3.30pm Sun 5th, and an exhibition of “Poems in Painting” between Aug 28th and Sept 19th www.monetgallery.net.au
Check out your local library—most have posters advertising Poetry Week events

The Val Lishman Health Research Foundation has, for the past several years conducted a Bush Poetry and Yarn Spinning event in the Southwest, most recently at the historic property “Alverstone” near Brunswick Junction. This has proved to be not as profitable as thought and so they have discontinued this annual event. Instead they have become involved in a web based charity fundraising venture. So—if you want to support this very worthy cause, follow the instruction sent to us which are:

- 1 go to www.votemycharity.com.au
- 2 Follow the simple instructions
- 3 Sit back, feel good, no need to dress up, No auctions, No Raffle tickets, just vote on line.
- 4 Pass these instructions on to friends and family—each new voter adds \$ to the cause

IN BRIEF

BADGES

Remember—we have badges for sale— Selling well, but we still have quite a few. See Marjory at the entrance table at Muster or send the treasurer the \$5 plus \$1 P&P (or include a SSAE) - If paying with your membership by post, please indicate that a badge is required.

BIONIC EDNA —We’ve quite a few members with metal hips and knees, But as far as I know, our very first bionic eared member is imminent. As I write this, Edna is being fitted with her super hearing device which will be switched on in about a week - Hopefully she will then be able to come along to musters and actually hear the poetry. We all wish her a very successful implant and a quick and trouble free period of learning how to live with it

DECEMBER MUSTER will soon be here when once again we will be having our Annual Pies Port and Poetry along with our Giant Raffle, so now is the time to put aside anything which will be an appropriate prize for the raffle

WEBSITE— last financial year, several people indicated that they were interested in having their individual web page attached to the WA Bush poets page— If you are still interested, please start compiling the info that you want included. If you know how, you can create your own formatted page (in .html) in Word, Publisher or any web page editor, or I can do it for you—BUT I CAN’T IF I DON’T HAVE THE INFO. You will need to send it to me (BL) for uploading



A bit out of date now, but that’s politics— and who’s to say something similar wont happen tomorrow

Power Brokers

© John Hayes July 2010

There is nothing more surprising than an unprovoked attack You receive from trusted colleagues as a knifing in the back. It was approved by Caucus as a suitable solution, to summon our Prime Minister to his own execution. The coup de grace’ of Kevin assured Gillard’s elevation, to the office of Prime Minister and leader of the nation.

An election is now looming and it will be judgement day when the voters of Australia will have the final say. Tony can participate in the swim or on the bike But if he fails to win this race he may have to take a hike. It’s a must win for Julia to command the situation Or it may become her swan song as the leader of our nation.

There is much to be debated in their party strategy To offer sound solutions within their chosen policy For health and education and illegal immigration, Emission tax, mining tax, employment and inflation Don’t ignore Greens and Independents for when they make their play They may have the power balance and could hold the final sway.

Any Prime Minister should not be readily ejected By party power brokers when he has been elected And should remain in office until he is unseated by people of the nation and with respect be treated But who dictates the guidelines of every backstage scene? Who oils the gears and drive shafts of our political machines?

And as I finish compiling this newsletter -

Our nation is poised on a knife edge,
We wait to see which way ‘twill go
Will it tip to the left with the green vote
Or off to the right—we don’t know
We wait on the infinite wisdom
Of Oakshot and Windsor as well
And Wilkie and Brandt, and Crook also
But Katter and wisdom don’t gel

BL Aug 26th 2010

1st	1988	Golden Wattle Declared Australia's National Flower
2nd	1922	Henry Lawson dies
3rd	1901 1939	Australian Flag flown for the first time PM R Menzies announces that Australia is at war with Germany
4th	2006	Steve Irwin killed by a stingray
7th	1876 1936	CJ Dennis born last known thylacine dies
10th	1906	Australia's first drivers license issued (Adelaide)
12th	1854	Australia first steam train trip (Melbourne)
15th	1870	Construction starts on Overland Telegraph Line (Darwin—Adelaide)
16th	1956	Australia's first TV broadcast (TC9 Sydney)
17th	1892	First major gold find at Coolgardie announced—starts gold rush
28th	1973	First performance at the Sydney Opera House
30th	1854	First Cobb & Co Coach trip (Melbourne—Bendigo)

Letter to the Editor:

I know you have said on occasions, this is the members newsletter & we should contribute more.

I have endeavoured to once in a while & love to see myself in print. Each poet is unique in their way and style, their views and works should be read where possible. On saying that, reproducing a poem or works of any kind MUST be exactly as the original work was created.

I don't know how others feel, but maybe they are reluctant to forward their work because, when printed, are not the same as they were written.

I remember when I had my second book published, I enlisted an experienced editor to go through my work. Not a good idea. Too much was changed & rhythm was all out in some cases. Another example Paddy Magee by "The Breaker" printed in a recent Bully Tin— I attach a copy of the poem showing 3 differences. - Brian Gale , Margaret River

Thank you Brian, nice to hear from the bloke who first got Bush Poetry up and running in WA, down at Boyup Brook so many years ago. You raise an interesting point, and in part, answer it yourself. What were the actual original words? — Did the very first publisher alter them a bit? Perhaps a subsequent publisher? The poem in the Bully Tin was copy / pasted direct from a Classic verse website, along with the differences compared to the version you have. Another issue is that many poets (past and present) review their poems (perhaps, they find when performing them they use different words to those they originally wrote). Which then are "the correct words? I know that there are at least 3 printed versions of Henry Lawson's "The Shearers Dream" - Ed

And a further comment and poem from Brian

Life has taken a turn in some ways. With many people around us falling victim to the dreaded Cancer of some form, very few of us are untouched by it in some way. Cycling has always been a big part of my life and once again a dedicated group of us will be cycling from Princess Margaret Hospital to Augusta via many south west towns, With the support of local Lions and Rotary Clubs we aim to raise awareness and funds for "Kids with Cancer" As I still have quite a few of my poetry books available I am using these to give to people in return for a donation to this very worthy cause. Enclosed is a poem I put together on a recent cycle tour— Brian Gale Margaret River

The Last Mountain

They say that life is a gamble
And we are measured by the chances we take,
As we travel the highways and byways,
With the dreams and the plans that we make .

There are hills to be climbed throughout life,
And many are the streams that we cross,
While the journeys we planned turn out different,
And forever along the way they are lost.

Now this is the story of Sandy,
A drover who lived rough all his life,
Camping by streams and by mountains it seems,
Always dreaming of his family and wife.

As the years slipped by, Sandy went downhill,
And feeling a bit crook he would say
"Too much kangaroo or maybe the grog,
I'd better check it out one day."

So next time in town as he wandered around,
Thought the doctor might know what was wrong,
"It's cancer," he said, "in six months you'll be dead,
In hospital is where you belong."

Well that scared the hell out of Sandy,
Who'd fought many battles through the years,
But how can you fight a thing you can't see.
'Twas the first time he'd ever shed tears.

He gave it his best but it didn't work out,
His life was slowly slipping away,
The lure of the bush was calling once more,
And he headed for the mountains one day.

And that's where they found him one morning,
As the sun's rays were touching the sky,
The last mountain had been the hardest to climb,
But 'twas there that he wanted to die.

Now there's times things may not go so well,
And your fortune seems way out of sight,
Reflect for a moment as you climb each hill,
The last mountain is one hell of a fight.

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August Muster Wrap up , by Teresa Rose

It was great to see Dot up and about at our August Muster. Hopefully she will be in “full fettle” by the September Muster, when she will be our MC for the Traditional Night. We had a great ‘roll-up’ this month, with several new faces including members of the “Dianella Rangers Square Dance Club”. It was a terrific night of poetry and yarns, as well as entertainment from our special guest performers, Mike and Lesley. As August 1st is always celebrated as the horses’ birthday, many of the poems this night were chosen with this theme in mind.

Anne Hayes was our MC for the evening and she had to run a very ‘tight ship’ as the programme was very full. Resplendent in her ‘racing’ hat, she gave us little snippets about horsey things

Brian Langley began proceedings with one of his own “Not Just the Drovers Horse”. There are many poems and yarns about the various horses that are the ‘stuff’ of legends and history; However, there were far more ‘unsung heroes’ in our equine history. Battle-weary horses, left unmourned and forgotten, those that worked endlessly transporting people, materials and goods as the countryside was opened up and developed. Instead of forgetting them we should be hailing them for their part in making our country what it is.

Bill Gordon, was in town and gave us “Aunt Martha” by Frank Daniels, Aunt Martha was a very religious lady, Having bought a car sticker which urged motorists to honk if they loved Jesus, she drove off in a cloud of religious fervour. At traffic lights she did not notice them change to green. When car horns began honking loudly, she honked back to show that she too loved Jesus. Her friendly wave was answered by a very different gesture which, in her ignorance, she took to be friendly also and imitated. Just as someone approached her car, she saw that the light had changed and she took off. Further down the road she stopped, and still in blissful ignorance, she again waved the ‘good luck’ sign she had just learnt.

Grace Williamson was also back with us after her surgery.. “The Little Worn Out Pony” by Anon. Is a poem that she performed for us last year and, once again presented with the stirring emotion that she does so well. Told from a drover’s point of view, it relates the story of what happened one very stormy night when a mob of wild “pikers” took fright. They took off through the timber in a frenzy. Suddenly a small child appeared right in their path. The drover began to pray as he had never done before and, miraculously, a pony came from nowhere and rescued the child.

John Hayes then gave us “Second Class Wait Here” by Henry Lawson. Echoing the rhythm of the trains, Lawson writes of the class distinction that he felt so keenly. The second class have always been waiting from early times, and they still have to wait under a sneering sign at the railway station. People of the second class have to wait in all weathers under those signs and even the wind through the wires seem to echo the order to wait there. He finishes by saying that the final journey of life won’t be one where there are class compartments and signboards saying, “Second class wait here”.

Caroline Sambridge gave her own versions of some Nursery Rhymes and Fairy Tales. Mary, Mary, quite contrary became Mary the Hairy Lady who had dodgy hormones and became fed up with being the freak show attraction. She went into advertising and became a millionaire. AND she was no longer hairy! Then Snow White had a blood disease, When she had a blood transfusion, it led to her glowing in the dark.

Keith Lethbridge presented his own, “Mildew the Cook”. You didn’t mess with Mildew, and his vocabulary left a lot to be desired, as did his cooking. His ‘specialty was “Guts’ Ache Soup” and many unsavoury items found their way into it! But the workers had to be fed so it wasn’t wise to sack him, The cook’s offsider gave up because of the smell and Cockie’s daughter was asked to step in because she was an expert in kitchen health and safety. She lost the plot when saw Mildew and his ‘modus operandi’; threw the offending soup over the floor; kicked him out and totally trashed the kitchen. When Dad came in to see what was happening, he copped a bashing too for putting her in that predicament. So it was Mildew or nothing. Cobber’s advice? Let the bastards starve!

Kerry Bowe and Barry Higgins returned to the mike as our own dynamic duo. Presenting Syd Hopkinson’s, “Christmas in July”, which featured Rosie the Barmaid in a bath full of champagne. On the big night, Rosie bravely stepped into the bubbly (after downing many drinks for courage), all in the name of raising funds for the local needy kids. After the fun was all over, it was Jock the yardman’s job to dispose of the champagne when he unplugged the bath. Being a canny Scot, he thought he would raise some extra money for the cause by bottling the bubbly and selling. People commented on the unusual taste and kick in the drink, but the real puzzle was that although twelve bottles went *into* the bath, Jock was able to sell thirteen!

At this part of the evening, it was time for our guest performers, singer / songwriters **Lesley and Mike**. They write about local nautical historical events. “**Salt Cod**” told of the daily rations the mariners had to eat. Every day was the same except for Sundays, when smoked pork was served; not forgetting the daily dose of brandy. “**We’ll Never Know**” talked of the wreck of the Batavia in 1629; This song explored the story of the two young mutineers who were spared the gallows but put ashore near Kalbarri. The third song, “**Black Jack Anderson**”, tells of WA’s very own pirate, who was in fact, a black American sealer.

That concluded the first half of the programme and we enjoyed a ‘new-look’ supper. The new system seemed to work out ok; thank you Maxine and your helper for doing such a great job! That helper was in fact Jill’s sister who had come along to her first muster, and found herself being volunteered to help in the kitchen!

Bill Gordon was the first ‘cab off the rank’ with a poem by Bruce Simpson, “Brady’s Ghost”. A drover tells his fellow drinkers in the local pub about the night he was on watch at about 3am, there was a stillness over the mob as a phantom appeared atop a tall black steed. Brady’s Spirit! It flew like a bat out of hell and the mob followed its lead. The drover and the men eventually got them all back, but he knew the spectre was still out there. Suddenly he

heard a voice behind him; one that he knew. Turning around, he saw that the 'steed' was in fact one of their own horses, "Blue", and the 'spectre' was a naked jackaroo!

Irene Connor presented two poems for us. The first, "Morning Gallop" by Will Ogilvie, was her contribution to the horse theme of the evening. A morning ride on the horse Rosalind is an unforgettable experience. The colours of the grass and sky at dawn; the feel of the wind; all happen before the rest of the world awakens. Rosalind may not win be the fastest or steadiest of steeds, but riding around at daybreak on her back is of more value than any win.

Irene's second poem, "Devastation" was one of her own, and inspired by friends who had lost everything in the Black Saturday Bushfires. As a new morning reveals the grimness of the aftermath, the speaker sits alone in her despair on the blackened stump, staring at what is left. No birds or leaves, just silence and wisps of smoke; ash drifts down onto hand. The ash is all that's left of her property and her life. Somehow an inner strength surfaces and she stands to get on with doing whatever needs to be done to start again.

Dave Smith stepped up to the mike with, "Mrs Micky's Menu" by Zondrae King. Mrs Mary Micky meals involved more than the stated ingredients, ants in the tea (but that's OK, for the boiling water kills them). Cockroach legs in the cake and mouse droppings in the rice (they're OK too as they float and can be scooped out before they dissolve). When hubby pulls up in the ute, Mary is thrilled that he's brought a goat with him complete with maggots. — that was OK too for she would wash them off before putting it on the BBQ. So if you get invited in for tea at Mrs Micky's, you are in for some very special meals!

Kerry Bowe returned, to present her own poem, "Skinny Dipping". Growing up on a farm, she learnt all the usual skills needed in that life. Despite all her experience, she was caught unawares when a teenage friend led her 'astray'. Suggesting a 'strip and dip' the friend, who was more well-endowed, led the way into the water. Two boys appeared whilst they were both swimming, and sat down next to the girls' clothes. The only place in view to escape to, was a bathing shed. The friend covered her 'bits' as best she could and raced for the shed. Kerry covered her face and did likewise. The friend was horrified that Kerry had let the boys see everything but her head, but she replied that at least they wouldn't remember her face!

Keith Lethbridge then delivered his own 'campaign speech', "Cobber States His Case", which of course fell into the 'other' theme for the month of August! Having tried everything bar working, to make a living, he thought he'd give politics a go. Entering into the fray for the good of the country, he stands for the workers of WA. A true politician, he is a servant of the people. The opposition refer to him as, 'formidable', but he is keen to accept a challenge. Etc. Etc. Etc. Cobber had all the sayings off pat, but you had to hear his delivery to get the true spirit of what he was saying. Somehow, seeing it in print doesn't do justice to his delivery!!! His final statement? "Vote for Cobber. A thoroughbred Australian!"

John Hayes gave us his own poem, "The Ballidu Pub", inspired by the events he witnessed when sitting in that bar. He tells of the bartender who looked down his nose on the local youth, claiming to have been a title-holding fighter. When challenged by one of the locals, he took him on but soon found himself flat on the floor. So "Never look down your nose at the boys from the scrub!"

Caroline Sambridge was back to tell us what it would be like with Julia Gillard as PM. She hopes we would all get a better deal, including punching out Tony's lights! (Ouch!) She also hopes that Julia will take all of Kevin Rudd's good ideas.

Bill Gordon presented "How McDougall Topped the Score", by Thomas E. Spencer. When the Piper's Flat team were in an unwinnable situation their last minute final batter, McDougall came to the crease. McDougall had practiced at home and had taught his dog Pincher to fetch the ball, but to hold it until the key word. McDougall then tapped the ball, and sent Pincher to "Fetch". McDougall kept on running. Once the score reached the required fifty runs, he gasped out 'Drop it', and the dog obeyed, disappearing out of view. Down at the pub, both teams celebrated the win and how McDougall topped the score.

Grace Williamson then gave us a poem by Evelyn Cull: "The Old Bullock Bell". which the lady of the farm found buried in the sand after bushfire went through the property. It reminded her of the days when the bullocks were so important to the development of the land and yet their contribution was never celebrated. The lady felt that this bell had an air of magic about it, and she hung it at her home. When it rang in the breeze, it gave her a sense of comfort that the magic was living on.

Barry Higgins entered in to the political debate with a poem by Anonymous called "Pigs". It was crisis day in the Parliament and one member voiced concern about the state of the nation; it appeared doomed. The PM answered with confidence that the workers would end their strike, and we would be able to go forward. The bosses breathed relief and went out to give extra money to the poor in the dole queues and on the buses. All the people prospered and the devil became a saint. The unions exercised restraint, hands touched hands and pigs flew overhead!

(Continued on next page)

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Lesley and Mike returned to finish the evening with three more of their songs. "Wreck of the Georgette" tells the story of the bravery of Grace Bussell and Sam Isaacs as they rescued many of the people from the battered ship. "Andumeri's Run" celebrated the story of the rescue of two Germans on the coast near the Kimberleys. The final song, "The Emma", told of an unlucky ship and had us all joining in the rousing chorus to end what had been a great night of poetry, yarns and songs. Thank you Lesley and Mike for your great music, and to everyone for joining in so enthusiastically!

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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-

Sep 3	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	Traditional Night
Oct 1	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	
Oct 16	Bush Poets Brekky	Esperance Show Victoria 9076 6088	tvbrown@bigpond.com
Oct 29	Closing Date	\$1,000 Gippsland Bush Poets Written Comp	bjdraper@netspace.net.au
Nov 5	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	Theme—Animals
Nov 13	Bush Poets Brekky	Albany Show - Peter 9844 6606	poetblyth@oceanbroadband.net
Next Year			
Jan 26	Bush poetry Showcase	Wireless Hill, Ardross 1-5pm	
Feb 17—20 SEE YOU AT BOYUP BROOK - INCLUDES OPEN CATEGORIES OF STATE PERFORMANCE CHAMPIONSHIPS			

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.

Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed -	Don't forget our website www.wabushpoets.com
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**Country Poets -Is there anything poetic going on in your neck of the woods.
If so, why not drop us a line and tell us about it**

Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit our website www.wabushpoets.com Go to the "Performance Poets" page Members' Poetic Products	Victoria Brown CD Peter Blyth CDs, books Rusty Christensen CDs Brian Gale CD & books John Hayes CDs & books Tim Heffernan book Brian Langley books & laminated poems Arthur Leggett books, inc autobiography	Keith Lethbridge books Corin Linch books Val Read books Caroline Sambridge book Peg Vickers books "Terry & Jenny" Music CDs
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