

# BULLY TALK



in Spinners

★ Next Muster - August 4th 2006, 7.30pm ★

Due to ongoing noise and furniture problems associated with the Commo Bowling Club, it was

## New Muster Venue

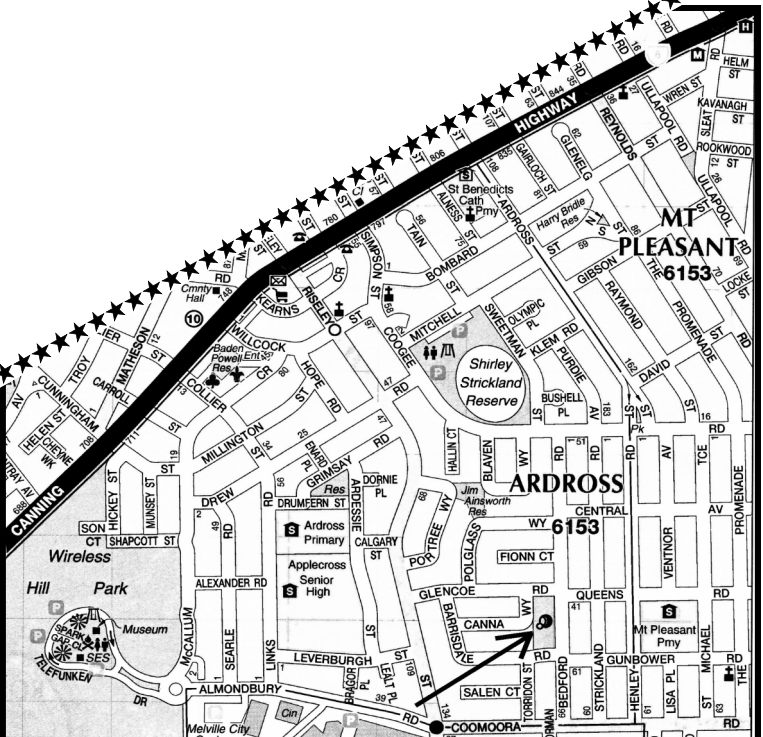
I penned this little ditty during the AGM while the discussion about financial report was underway

### Time to move

You couldn't hear the speakers  
For the noise from up the back.  
It seems to me, consideration's  
Something that they lack.

They talk and hoot and holler,  
In voices loud and rough.  
I think that many of us  
Have had about enough.

So perhaps it's time to have a change  
To find another place  
Where we can hear the people speak



Vehicle Access is either from **Glencoe Rd** (Off Risely St) or **Queens Rd** (Off Reynolds Rd) in Andross

Access to the building is from Canna Way or Bedford Rd. Parking is alongside the venue, off Canna Way. with additional parking in both Canna Way and Bedford Rd.

It is suggested that if you're not familiar with the venue, that you come a little early the first time so as to familiarise yourself.

# *Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"*



## W.A. BUSH POETS AND YARNSPINNERS ASSOCIATION **President's Report for year 2005/6**

This period of time marks the eleventh year of existence of our Association. From a desire to conserve our Aussie ethos via the written and spoken word we have seen it grow to a healthy and enjoyable entity, I say enjoyable because enjoyment is such a large part of what we are about. There is no pressure to compete or drive ourselves to perfection, be you a performing poet or one of our friends who just happen to come along to mix, mingle, listen and enjoy.

To make all of this happen, a committee is needed, we have been fortunate to have had an excellent one over the last few years, but like all good things they have an end. Secretary Jean has done her stint and is moving on to other activities, as is editor Kerry. These two important positions at time of writing, despite some lengthy warning time, show no sign of being filled. This will not be the end of our Bush Poetry world, just another inconvenience to overcome.

The remaining personnel, President of vice and a friend of many years Tom Conway, Treasurer June Bond, the reliable Edna Westall and Brian Langley, plus yours truly, form a base of experience for any willing worker to join with to complete the new team.

Monthly Musters - These regular events are the corner stone of our activities and although the persons change, the numbers are maintained to around 70-80 which shows that as our regular supporters have other commitments from time to time, their seat is occupied by others. Also, it is refreshing to have new faces at the microphone to mix with the regular performers who are happy to give the novices any help they can, particularly as it is expected that after a reasonable time has elapsed, they need to show that they are making an attempt to commit their work or selected poems to memory which is part of the discipline of performing Bush Poetry and spinning yams.

Comperes - This facet of our activities has been somewhat haphazard. Vice Pres. Tom has taken on the job of organizing it. As regulars will have noticed, there has been a variety of members doing this important job, not necessarily a performer. Should you feel that you would like to give it a go, just talk to Tom.

State Championships - This is one event where we encourage competition. They were conducted at Tumbulgum [ I always thought it was Tumble Gum ] Farm last October. It was great to see comparatively new performers ' having a go '. Brian Langley did a top job with organising and was rewarded by winning the written section with his moving poem 'Old Hector ' plus places in several of the other events. Our mate, ' Cobber' Keith Lethbridge almost scooped the pool.

Dick Warwick Visit - Through the good office of the US. embassy, we were able to bring this versatile Cowboy Poet / Entertainer to Perth in Feb/ March. It was a hectic 10 days when we went to five high schools as well as many other presentations of our contrasting styles while at the same time, establishing a rapport with the US. Consul General and her staff.

Schools - I would love to think we were having an impact in this area. That is an obvious place to encourage the young performers and writers to carry on, to build on the solid foundation created by our Association. Despite best efforts, up to now there has not been the slightest sign of ongoing interest. There are many facets and theories for this. Young people today are constantly bombarded by distractions of all manner and forms, with the writing and performing of Bush Poetry a long way down the list of their preferences of things to make and do. Teachers are not at fault, I have met some enthusiastic ones who would enjoy introducing our art form but their work load and complexity of teaching today makes it extremely difficult. Where to from here?

ABPA W.A. was the first state to form its own independent Assoc. At the time we were cajoled by the ABPA President to abandon it and our members join the national body. History shows that we made the correct decision, now each state has its own association, and, of the nearly 500 members of the ABPA. there are only 5 in WA, one being our Assoc. They put out a large bi-monthly magazine with Bush Poetry news from all states. The annual fee at time of writing is \$25. If we are unable to get an editor, this could be an option.

Venue - Our present venue has certainly filled a need and we have been in the *comfort zone* with it. Of late, several of our members have expressed some dissatisfaction with our current arrangement. With this in mind, I have had some initial, very preliminary discussions re an alternative venue. Should you have any ideas on this, feel free to speak to either Tom or myself , we seek your thoughts and suggestions.

Year 2005/06 has seen Bush Poetry spreading statewide, with ever increasing numbers attending. Boyup Brook is a case in point, 750 to their breakfast last year, this year, 1018 breakfasts were sold. Derby had their ninth Poet's Breakfast last weekend with a full house at the Botanical Gardens, lots of new faces and a mix of performers. Oh yes' Cobber was there. It is gratifying to know that what we started as an experiment eleven years ago has blossomed into an enjoyable relief from the doom and gloom of a world out there intent on harming itself and those in it.

Again, ' Thank You ' for your support throughout the year, it has had its moments. I sometimes think you may have had enough of me [ and I don't blame you so unless some brave hearted person puts up their hand for the job, it looks as though you are stuck with me for another year. Keep writin', recitin', and the Aussie tradition alive.

The Boss Cocky Rusty Christensen. July 2006

**From the AGM, Held July 7th 2006 at Como Bowling Club**

Due to the early evening start, Edna, ably assisted by several other members put on a delicious spread of finger food, following which the meeting got underway right on the appointed time.

After the usual formalities, The Boss Cocky gave his report (See page 2) followed by that of Treasurer June. This showed that we had a turnover during the past year of a bit over \$12,000 with an operating surplus this year of just over \$400.

Election of Committee— Again we had few willing volunteers, Those remaining from the previous committee were re-elected along with new committee member, Rosemary Sharland. At this point we still did not have any nominations for Secretary or for the Newsletter Editor.

We are also seeking someone to fill a publicity role — there were no volunteers.

Brian Langley offered to (temporarily??) fill the Editors shoes. After the meeting, Joyce Harris approached 'The Boss' offering her services as Secretary. She was welcomed with open arms.

Thanks were expressed to the retiring Committee members, Secretary Jean and Newsletter Editor Kerry for their valuable contributions to WABP&YS over the past several years.

3 points were raised during General discussion , they were

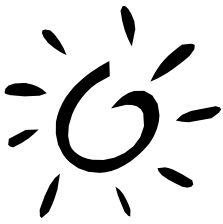
- Ways and Means of getting Bush Poetry to our younger generations. Little was resolved as it seems that the current Public School curriculum allows little flexibility. Private Schools possibly offered a better opportunity — We will continue to strive toward this aim. We have again applied for an education grant.
- Training of members for writing / performance. It was admitted that little had occurred in this regard during the past year. There has been some background discussion between people who have done this in the past but nothing had reached fruition. It is hoped that this year things might improve in this area.
- Muster Venue—considerable dissatisfaction was expressed by many regarding various aspects of the current venue. It was decided to urgently seek a new venue. The committee has already taken this on board and an alternative is being investigated.

We welcome our two new committee members, Rosemary and Joyce.

Committee member contact details are shown on page 8.

The meeting concluded in time to set up for our July Muster.

In this time of drought, with dire warnings of global warming, desertification and climate change, the poems featured in this month's edition look at these subjects as seen through the eyes of poets both now and in the past



### The Australian Drought

Oh Jeez it's dry  
and its no wonder why,  
We've had weeks and weeks  
without rain

I'm telling you mate, this farming's not great,  
And in truth, it's a hell of a pain.

Now it needn't be said, But old Farmer Ted,  
Predicted what this is about  
He said he'd a fear. as he cried in his Beer,  
That we're in for a Hell of a drought

The Sun's burning down the fields are all brown, The  
stocks gone searching for shade  
The Dams running low, the ground water's gone,  
Of Grass ? there's nary a blade.

Now there's Emu and 'Roo and damned Cockatoo,  
Parrots and Finches - the lot  
Looking for feed and taking no heed,  
Of nought but Guns and lead shot.

And we've got the great need to buy in some feed,  
And it's causing plenty of Pain  
Let's hope we hold out, in Spite of the Drought,  
Till there's rain, rain, and more rain.

That Creek bed's gone dry, no word of a lie,  
What can we do to get water  
Most of the stock's gone off to the works,  
I'm afraid there's not any quarter

But this is no prank and that Wank' from the Bank,  
Reminds us we are indebted  
To his great big concern which continues to earn, Mil-  
lions of Dollars unfettered.

But when we've lost hope and no one can cope, And  
we're going to be pushed off our Land  
We'll ask the dear "Guv'ment" to give us some help,  
But don't hold your Breath .... understand ??

Now we've struggled before, in days of Yore,  
And there's something to learn ev'ry season  
There's plenty of Woe, but we'll give it a go,  
The Challenge....Enough of a reason

We've Farmed all our life, in all sorts of Strife,  
And we've made it through thick and through thin  
But with help from our Mates - and some from Above,  
We'll stick it on out -- and we'll win....

© Bernie Kyle 2002

(Bernie's actually from the land of the All Blacks and Fush n Chups  
but we wont hold that against him)

### "Drought Breaker "

This poem was the winner of the 2004 – 05  
Tamworth "RagePage" poetry Competition

The poet is **Meg Hayes**, a year 7 student from  
Queensland

- As the farmer knelt down on the salty sand,
- He needed rain to save his land.
- The crops were wilting, the cattle all dead,
- He looked around, not a word was said.
- The ground was dry, where is the rain?
- What could stop this worthless pain?
- The farmer cursed in sheer despair,
- He did not have a drop to spare.
- A thundercloud covers the western sky,
- A bolt of lightning explodes near by.
- The farmer looks up and begins to pray,
- Hoping that the rain will come his way.
- Then drip-by-drip it starts to fall,
- The crystal water like a clear glass wall.
- The trees and flowers all in bloom,
- Then once again, gone is the gloom.
- The water fills the old parched creek,
- The rivers bulge as the waters peak.
- The mud squelches through the farmer's dry old  
■ hands,
- As he thanks the Lord for saving his land.

And while we're on about thanks, the manage-  
ment would like to take this opportunity to give  
a **BIG THANK YOU** to all the people who have  
helped us though the past year.

Many people, spend many hours doing an as-  
sortment of necessary jobs, usually without  
people being aware of the effort involved.

Particular thanks go to those who, each month  
arrive early at Musters and arrange chairs,  
equipment, supper and so on.

To the people who organise the various Coun-  
try Festivals — Thank you for helping to spread  
our message

Also to the willing band of helpers and officials  
at last year's State Championships, and at  
Wireless Hill and the Melville Amphitheatre

And finally, a **HUGE THANK YOU** also goes to  
all our poetry writers and performers, for without  
you, we would have no performances.



**Wm. H Ogilvy 1869 — 1963**

Born in Kelso Scotland, William moved to Australia at the age of 20. He spent only 12 years in Australia before retuning home. During this time, he lived in rural South Australia where he worked as a drover, breaker and musterer, at the same time writing poems about the outback. He published his most well known collection of verse in 1898.

**Drought**

My road is fenced with the bleached, white bones  
And strewn with the blind, white sand,  
Beside me a suffering, dumb world moans  
On the breast of a lonely land.

On the rim of the world the lightnings play,  
The heat-waves quiver and dance,  
And the breath of the wind is a sword to slay  
And the sunbeams each a lance.

I have withered the grass where my hot hoofs tread,  
I have whitened the sapless trees,  
I have driven the faint-heart rains ahead  
To hide in their soft green seas.

I bare bound the plains with an iron band,  
I have stricken the slow streams dumb!  
To the charge of my vanguards who shall stand?  
Who stay when my cohorts come?

The dust-storms follow and wrap me round;  
The hot winds ride as a guard;  
Before me the fret of the swamps is bound  
And the way of the wild-fowl barred.

I drop the whips on the loose-flanked steers;  
I burn their necks with the bow;  
And the green-hide rips and the iron sears  
Where the staggering, lean beasts go.

I lure the swagman out of the road,  
To the gleam of a phantom lake-,  
I have laid him down, I have taken his load.  
And he sleeps till the dead men wake.

My hurrying hoofs in the night go by,  
And the great flocks bleat their fear  
And follow the curve of the creeks burnt dry  
And the plains scorched brown and sere.

The worn men start from their sleepless rest  
With faces haggard and drawn ;  
They cursed the red Sun into the west  
And they curse him out of the dawn.

They have carried their outposts far, far out,  
But-blade of my sword for a sign !  
I am the Master, the dread King Drought,  
And the great West Land is mine!



**Jessie Litchfield  
(nee Phillips) 1883—1956**

Northern Territory pioneer & author, she was born in Sydney and 1908, moved to Darwin where she married. Her husband was a hard rock driller and she spent the next 20 years living in mining camps during which time she had 7 children. A passionate and prolific writer, she completed five books, as well as short stories, articles and verse. Back in Darwin, she became the editor of the NT Times and the Government Gazette. After WWII (during which she was evacuated from Darwin), she returned to set up a library and to become a prominent local historian and literary leader. In 1951 she unsuccessfully contested the NT Federal seat as an independent. In 1953 she was presented with the coronation medal for outstanding service to the Northern Territory and in 1955 became its first female justice of the peace.

This poem was published in the. *Jindyworobak Anthology*, Adelaide 1940



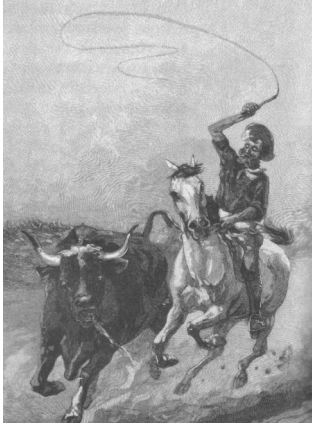
**IN THE DAY'S WORK**

We left the homestead at break of day,  
And into the desert we rode away.  
There was arid rock on either hand,  
Veiled with drifting, red-brown sand,  
And nothing the aching silence stirred,  
No insect's chirr nor song of bird,  
Just desolate, silent loneliness:  
The creak of leather, the ashy hiss  
Of loose sand falling to Gunnar's tread.  
Were all that moved, in that land of dread.  
All river-beds were parched and dry,  
Their hot rocks bare to the blazing sky;

And I'd dream at night of waterfalls,  
Dashing down their rocky walls;  
Of rivers flowing, deep and cool,  
And many a placid woodland pool,  
Where lilies bloomed at the water's brink,  
And shy bush-creatures stooped to drink.  
Then I'd wake, to heat, and sand, and thirst  
In that desolate land that God had cursed.

On the desert's rim one pool we found,  
Choked with beasts that had long lain drowned.  
My tracker dropped from his horse with a shout,  
Raked rotting hides and bones all out,  
Gulping the fetid ooze of the soak,  
While I sat and cursed, in a strangled croak.  
My throat was parched, as dry as hell,  
But I dared not drink from that reeking well.  
So we turned our faces south again,  
Where heat waves danced on the arid plain,  
On the hard brown earth, 'neath a brazen sky,  
Where wings of Death went drifting by.

Don't Forget our website, it's  
[www.wabushpoets.com](http://www.wabushpoets.com)



## July Muster

Hi this is Dot and I have offered to help out with the writing of the Muster Poets in Action. To follow in Kerry Lee's footsteps will be very difficult. But here goes.

Apologies also as I realised that I was meant to be writing as well as listening to the lyrical poetry so if there are any mistakes please forgive me

It is with sadness that we record the passing of Benjamin (Ben) White. Ben was a staunch supporter and performer at Poetry gatherings. He also entered championship events, and was always willing to get up and give it a go.

Rusty was our MC for the night, and after a particularly trying day with his Volvo breaking down and getting lifts back home and then getting to the AGM he needed time to get organised!! (in other words we started late!!) Although with the competition from the bar how our Poets managed to be heard above the noise is a credit to them.

Grace Williamson was our first presenter with Banjo Paterson's poem "LOST" about a mother's love for her lost son.

Next was Bill McAtee with one of Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge poems "Woongoondy Hall" (sorry if that's not the spelling). A very nostalgic look at an old community hall with sounds of the live music, the images of the dancers and the old dusty piano in the corner.

Brian Langley then read "An Australian Love Poem" which had just been passed to him by Lorelie. She didn't want to do it, as she felt it needed a man's touch. It was short and "blokey" with the reminder that "the football must not be interrupted".

He then performed his own work "Shipwreck" about the perils awaiting sailors on our coastline during a storm.

Next up was Rusty with "Caravanning Bliss" by Bob Magor, part 1 of the sagas of the geriatric gypsies as they hustle and bustle at the overnight stops as they head north for the winter.

John McBale at his second performance with us offered his environmental insights into the 'Stolenwealth' not Commonwealth of our aboriginal people and their loss of national pride in his poem "What is Commonwealth". This was followed with "Please not in the River" referring to the aboriginal belief that our Swan River is an energy source moving through the land and asking why we keep on misusing it.

Arthur Legget was next to the microphone, he thanked every one for their generosity at his book launch. His Poem "The Old Bush School" by John..... (there you go I was listening instead of writing) bought back memories for me as I was one of those kids going to school on the old draft horses back. Although if I remember the old horse used to be hard to find when needed and then he would wander off while not taking any notice of the 7 year old trying to convince him otherwise.

Leslie McAlpine thought she might have a go, with a piece by Anon "My Granny". She's been recently coached by Barry Higgins but decided that she'd rather not tread the boards. Barry having spent all this time helping her decided to do it anyway. We all seem to know this granny as they get on with their active life doing Yoga, cycling, computing, swimming, jogging and tearing around supporting the Dockers. He concluded with a couple of Syd Hopkins short poems, "Insects Vs The Dockers" (very topical as the Dockers were at that time on TV in the bar) and to finish, a poem about some ancestral apes trying out the stone fruit for size. You don't need to know how the pip was tried out for size Hmmm.

It was then time for Trish Joyce to give us another of her poems, "Women's Lib" with the rallying call for ladies to come and rejoice and no longer endure any more put downs.

John Hayes with his poem "Gone Fishing" would have us all believe that he was the best croc fighter ever after his tussle with the monster that tried to get him while he and Ann were fishing for Baramundi.

After the break where we polished off the remainder of the AGM supper, Wally Williamson was our "Reading from the Classics" volunteer. He chose the poem "Morgan" by Edward (Ted) Harrington. He gave us an insight into the life of the poet. The poem was about Dan Morgan the bushranger, a cold and callous killer who had the town folk terrified and was eventually betrayed.

Frank Harrison then gave an interesting introduction to a poem by Herbert Favenc "Song of Cape Leeuwin" from the book 'Voices of the Desert' that has short really easy poems to learn. The preamble was longer than the poem itself.

The wool classer from Albany, Peter Drayton joined us for one of his own "The League of Watery Gentlemen". Where the dead trees in the water invoked images of people long gone.



He concluded with "The Swagman's Rest" by Banjo Paterson which told the story of the mother lode which was found where the old swaggie was buried.

Grace's second poem was a return to her very first poem that she performed at a Muster. It was by Val Read from her book 'Whistling Foxes' and was "Granddad's Internment". When the old fella requested that his ashes be sent back to Scotland little did his rellies here realise that the folk back home would use the ashes for baking cakes and scones after opening the tin of Sunshine Milk that had the ashes in.

Brian again with his poem "Moondyne Joe" which he wrote for the Moondyne Festival as a tribute to WA's only bushranger. He was not nearly as famous as some others and his crimes were minor but he became famous as a difficult man to keep behind bars.

John Hayes then told us that he and Ben had both tried to learn, and then would perform together Banjo Paterson's "The Man from Ironbark". As time and illness prevented this from happening John performed this poem as a tribute to Ben.

Arthur Leggett returned with some more nostalgia of his own about the passing of the "Raffles Hotel" and then "My Old Hat" by an author now forgotten, about a very comfortable bush hat that had done everything and was now discarded by the road side.

Then Barry Higgins with Connie Herbert's "Bush Justice" showed us the folly of two J.P.'s passing judgment of each other.

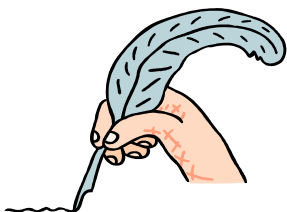
Sylvia Rowell joined us with her own poem about the "Night Flight to ...." (sorry listening instead of writing again). The perils of flying in the Kimberley when the plane just has to land but everywhere is fogged in and the Pilot makes a choice with a subsequent Board of Enquiry to follow.

Rusty finished the night with the second part of Bob Magor's caravanning poems, "Caravanning Exodus" all about the frustrations that are out there on the road as these wandering oldies doddle along holding up the truckies.

Note I always turn the map around so the road points the way we are going. Isn't that what you do?

...oooOOOooo...

## Readers Contributions



Not a lot of room left for these this month, what with AGM, President's Report and info about our new home. Hopefully, next month we can catch up a bit.

This is **YOUR NEWSLETTER** and we'd like to see more contributions **FROM YOU**

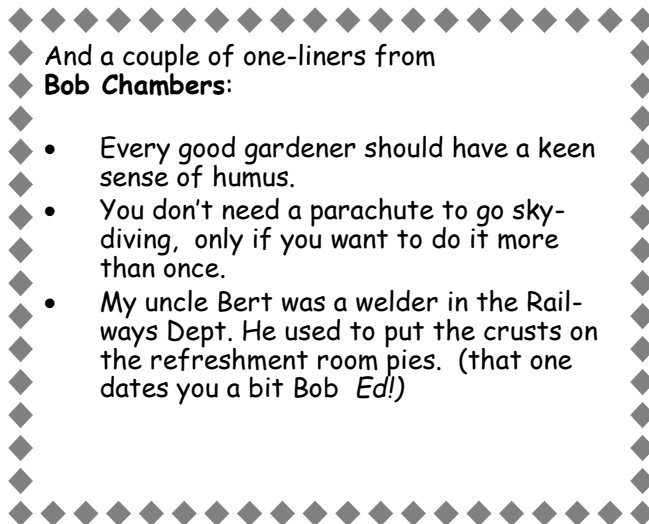
Anything which you think will be of interest to the general reader, poetry (preferably "Bush Poetry"), yarns, appropriate jokes, competition results, reports on poetry events, also comment for "Letters to the Editor" (which we reserve the right to publish or not)

Either give it to me (currently Brian L) at a monthly Muster or post it or e-mail it. Current postal address is

The Editor  
"Bully Tin"  
86 Hillview Tce,  
St. James 6102

All other correspondence should be addressed to

The Secretary  
WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners  
Unit 4, 37 Bawdan St  
Willagee, 6156



◆ And a couple of one-liners from  
◆ **Bob Chambers:**

- ◆ • Every good gardener should have a keen sense of humus.
- ◆ • You don't need a parachute to go sky-diving, only if you want to do it more than once.
- ◆ • My uncle Bert was a welder in the Railways Dept. He used to put the crusts on the refreshment room pies. (that one dates you a bit Bob Ed!)

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

Rusty Christensen	President	9364 4491	rustnjude@bigpond.com
Tom Conway	V. President	9339 2802	
Joyce Harris	Secretary	9331 1648	jayseh@hotmail.com
June Bond	Treasurer	9354 5804	jlbond@tpg.com.au
Edna Westall	Amenities	9339 3028	ewestall1@bigpond.com
Brian Langley	[Webmaster & [Bully Tin Editor (temp)	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
Rosemary Sharland	Committee	9271 2059	wrd@iinet.net.au

We still have a vacancy on our committee — we are particularly seeking someone with media or publicity skills - 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

Jul 23	Diggers Camp Winter Warmer	Campfire Comedy with Peter Capp	Rod Lee 9397 0409
Aug 4	WABP&YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club 7.30pm	
Aug 12	Ekka Bush Poetry Comp	Brisbane	Trish 07 3343 7392 trish.spencer@bigpond.com
Aug 20	The Gympie Muster	Gympie Qld.	Marco Giori 07 4661 4024 giori@in.com
Aug 24-29	Wildflower & Bush Poetry Writing & Performance Tour	Murchison	Keith Cannon 9387 7475
Aug 31	Gippsland Wattle BP Award (Written Verse Closing Date)	Morwell Vic.	SSAE Des Bennett, PO Box 446, Morwell 3840 bjdraper@netspace.net.au
Sep 1	WABP&YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club 7.30pm	
Sep 2-9	WA Poetry Week	Various Mixed PoetryEvents	www.thewordisout.net
Sep 2	Bush Poetry on Parade	Forrest Place Perth 2pm	Part of Poetry Week—see above
Sep 10-12	Waltzing Matilda Festival	Winton, Qld	SSAE c/- PO Winton, 4735
Oct 2	Euabalong Written & Performance Comp—Quilters Festival	Euabalong, NSW	J Ingram 02 6896 6604 yenbo@westserv.net.au
Oct 3	Written & Performance Comp	Hampton NSW	Michelle Duff 02 6359 3395
Oct 6	WABP&YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club 7.30pm	
Nov 3	WABP&YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club 7.30pm	
Dec 1	WABP&YS Monthly Muster	Mt Pleasant Bowling Club 7.30pm	
Dec 3-4	Written & Performance Comp	Young, NSW	Greg 02 6382 2506