

BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - September 5th, 2008 7.30pm ★
Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

MC for September, John Hayes

**September is
 Traditional Night
 Start of Spring - Fathers Day—
 Poetry Week Paralympics**

I went looking for an Australian Fathers Day poem but was unable to find one. (there must be some there somewhere) So I had to compromise and pick on a poet from elsewhere (USA to be precise)
 But I suppose it's OK, Fathers are universal

Fathers are Wonderful People

Fathers are wonderful people, too little understood,
 And we do not sing their praises as often as we should...

For, somehow, Father seems to be the man who pays the bills,
 While Mother binds up little hurts and nurses all our ills...

And Father struggles daily to live up to "HIS IMAGE"
 As protector and provider and "hero or the scrimmage"...

And perhaps that is the reason we sometimes get the notion,
 That Fathers are not subject to the thing we call emotion,

But if you look inside Dad's heart, where no one else can see
 You'll find he's sentimental and as "soft" as he can be...

But he's so busy every day in the gruelling race of life,
 He leaves the sentimental stuff to his partner and his wife...

But Fathers are just WONDERFUL in a million different ways,
 And they merit loving compliments and accolade of praise,

For the only reason Dad aspires to fortune and success
 Is to make the family proud of him, and to bring them happiness...

A fathers role is well defined, he's a
 guardian and a guide,
 Someone that we can count on; To
 be always on our side

-Helen Steiner Rice



September Traditional Night Muster. will feature only poems from times past.

The first half of the evening "Impressions of Australia" is all organised and the "readers" are practicing their inflections and pauses.

The second half of the Traditional night will consist of members and friends performing their favourite poems from those poets of 100 years or so ago. It would be appreciated if those performers who specialise in the older poems could make a special effort to attend and participate.

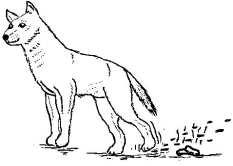
We would like it to be a successful night and would ask everyone to get into the atmosphere of the occasion by dressing in something more in keeping with the clothes of that time rather than in modern gear.



And make it a special evening for a friend, bring along someone who has not been before.

Lost members

Have you seen any "Lost" members around the Bentley area? It seems that there are a few who still haven't found their way to our new venue. I was speaking to one the other day who'd got lost and she referred to a roundabout — None next to Bentley Park, Closest One is at Lawson / Marquis / Hayman—she must have read the map wrong - There a map on the website. Please be aware that Plantation St is "Inside" the Bentley Park precinct which has an ornamental fence around much of it. Plantation Drive is the main access into the precinct. It goes into the complex via a gateway. It runs off Jarrah Rd, about 60 metres from the Hillview Tce traffic lights. The Auditorium is on the ground floor of the 5 story building, on the left near the end of Plantation Drive, about 150m from the gate



Scratchings

G'day once again members and friends.

Well, here we are, once more at "Traditional Night" where we celebrate the work of the many Australian Rhyming Poets of past eras who left us with such a rich literary heritage. While

only a few names roll easily off the tongue when asked to name some, a glance through any anthology of "Bush Poetry" will recall names and poems that are embedded in our memories. Not only that, but we find a whole world of other poetry that few of us are aware of. Poems that touch on all aspects of life (and death), poems that stir the soul and the imagination, poems that make us laugh, poems that make us sad and poems that cause us to ponder on what makes us Australian. Poems that are indeed "Traditional".

On November 16th, we are planning a "Poetry in the Park" in the new South Perth "Poetry Park". This is one of their established parks, Neil McDougal Park that has had poetic interpretive signs installed, along with plaques commemorating the past winners of the WA Premiers Award for Poetry.

In my first daylight visit to the park to sort out just where we would be holding the event, I was extremely dismayed to find that not one of the interpretive signs mentioned either "Bush Poetry", or, even more disturbing, those Western Australian poets of an earlier time that forged our poetic heritage. I have written to the City of South Perth, expressing my disappointment in their very narrow views on poetry. While I recognise that the poetic world is much bigger than the genre we all love, I do feel that our style of poetry holds an important place in our history as well as having had a very important part to play in contemporary Australian Culture. It should not have been left out. I do hope that the South Perth Council will see fit in the very near future to rectifying this serious omission.

To the best of my knowledge, we will be the first actual poets to use the park for any form of poetic presentation. I would urge any members who have any influence in the City of South Perth to lobby councilors and other decision making people to correct this omission and present a far more balanced presentation than currently exists.

Changing tack, I am very pleased that we now have some members who come along quite early at musters to help with the setting up. I refer in particular to Ron Ingham and Gordon Thomas who set out the chairs and tables and help with the PA system and to Caroline Sambridge who helps Edna set the cups and saucers for supper. A BIG thank you to them and also the people who stay behind after the musters to help pack up.

I am looking for a couple of "understudys" for the PA system and for the Bully Tin. Dot and I are hoping to go away for a short while next year and it is likely that we will miss at least one muster. Currently we don't seem to have anyone who can fill in for us while we are away.

Regards to all Brian Langley, President.

What's on in the Bush?

Remember Bush Poetry Event at **Boyup Brook** on November 2nd to coincide with the Kenny Rogers concert - No other details yet. - Bill Gordon 0428651098 or 97651098 (evenings only).



The Festival of Yarns— A Bush Poetry and Yarnspinning Festival and Competition organised by the Val Lishman Health Research Foundation will be held on **Sunday, October 5th at "Alverstoke" Heritage Farm, Clifton Road Brunswick, 11am.– 3.30pm** To assist parents, the children's competitions will be finished and awarded by 1.00 PM so they can go if necessary



Program: The amateur competition has adult and schoolkid sections, both with competitions for original work and for recitation of an existing work. There are professional judges and modest prizes. To keep the show moving competitors are limited to one piece per entry, but there will be time aplenty at the end for open performance. The Lee Family (Digger's Camp) will fill five 20 min slots with songs, yarns and performances. There will be an auction and a raffle as well as side prizes on the day.

Entry forms: Can be printed off from www.vlffoundation.com.au. (navigate to "Events" - "Festival of Yarns") Or from 2008 FESTIVAL OF YARNS, PO Box 6031, South Bunbury, WA 6230 **Please submit entries by September 25th so a program can be printed.**

Sale of tickets: \$15 per adult person (children free). Available at www.mysouthwest.com.au Also at Chamber of Commerce, Aspenz, and Teede Realty in Bunbury. Tickets will be pre-sold, and limited to 100. There may be no tickets for entry on the day. Competitors are free, and child competitors score one free adult as well.

Bring rugs or chairs, sit on the grass and bring a picnic Cover available if it rains. There will be a bar (no BYO), a Rotary BBQ, a coffee and hopefully a cheese stall available.

Getting There— . Clifton Rd. can be accessed from the SW highway, turnoff on the North side of Brunswick Junction, or from Old Coast Road just near Paris Rd to Australind. (The Road Sign says to Brunswick Junction), there is Free Parking on site.

Queries can be answered by contacting Graham on 0418932798



Walking Different Tracks

Heard from member, Peter Capp a couple of weeks ago. At that time Cappy was taking a break from the real world and was spending some "quiet time" on Gillie Air.

Those of you who spend holidays in resorts, hotels, cruise ships and the like have probably never heard of the place. It is one of 3 small islands off the coast of Lombok (the big island to the right of Bali). Gillie Air's main claims to fame are that there is no mains electricity, no motor vehicles, no resorts, just some restaurants, bars, simple accommodation, coral reefs and beaches. The only industries are tourism and gathering seaweed to make agar jelly. Perhaps we'll get to hear a poem about it.

August 29—September 7 is "Poetry Week" in WA— WAPI have organised quite a few event during that time. For those who have internet access, you can find out what's happening by going to www.maureensexton.com.au/Pages/waspringpoetryfestival2008.html It doesn't look like there will be any "Poet Trees" or "readings" in the Mall this Spring Festival. They, like us, are having difficulties in getting people to do the work.

Have YOU got something suitable for this column? If so, why not share it here with other members.

We are STILL looking for a competent Secretary and 2 committee people — Without these position filled, our activities are restricted in that some management people are doing multiple jobs which could be better done if spread around, There are some things we would like to do to improve public awareness of our style of poetry, but without enough management people, these have to get put on the "not enough time" stack of the people we have.

Are you an active member?

Are you an active member, the kind that would be missed? Or are you just content to see your name on the list? Do you attend the meetings, to mingle with the flock? Or do you sit around at home, to criticize and knock? Do you take an active part, to help the work along? Or are you one who's satisfied, to only just belong? Do you work with the committees, get right in and mix? Or leave the work to just a few and talk about the "cliques?" So think it over members, do you know right from wrong! Are you an active member or do you just belong?

Anon

Christmas Raffle

At our December Muster, we will be holding our annual multiple prize raffle and are looking for donations of suitable prizes. Members with poetic products - how about donating one for a good cause. But - There are **no restrictions** on the type of goods so anything suitable YOU may have will be most welcome. Please bring donations to a muster. Edna will be co-ordinating it but we will have a box near the entrance table for you to put them in.

Name Tags

It would be appreciated if **All** members could wear their name tags to all musters and other functions.

This helps break the ice when talking to people, helps people to get to know other member's names and helps the door staff at musters determine who gets the reduced entry fee.

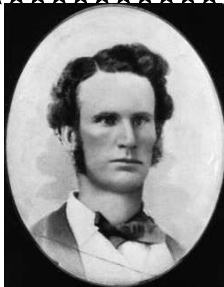


Membership Fees - are now very much **overdue** . If they're not paid by the end of the September Muster night, **you will be dropped off the mailing list.**

Melville Times Some members have bought to our attention the fact that the Melville Times still has Mt Pleasant as being our Muster Venue (other papers have it right) . We are aware of it, they have been told (several times) about the change and we have even been to their office twice. It is hoped that this month they can print the correct information.

★ **Upcoming Musters** ★
★ **September Muster**—is our regular **"Traditional Night"** in which all of the presented poetry comes from past times. The first half will be a "mini-play", **"Impressions of Australia"** featuring 18 poems, each by a different poet but having a common theme. President. Brian will be coordinating the 1st half's performance. . The second half will be the normal "open mic" for performers wishing to do "the classics". **MC is John Hayes**— You can contact John on 9377 1238 e-mail hayseed4@optusnet.com.au
★ Please let him know you are intending to perform
★ **October Muster**—This is tagged as "Guest Artist". Following several requests from members, raconteur extraordinaire **Peter Harries** will be our guest so that we can hear the continuing story of his very interesting life and career. The rest of the evening will be a normal "open mic" - no restrictions on topic **MC is Tom Conway, Tel 9339 2802** . We wont need a Classics "Reader"
★ **November Muster** will include another short poetry competition. The rules and topic will be published with the October muster giving everyone about a month to prepare a suitable poem. Country members—we would like to also get some poems from you. They will be read by competent readers. Other than the competition, November will be a "Normal" muster with open mic'. - We need an MC
★ **December** will be Port and Poetry, along with a Xmas Raffle— more in later Bully Tins

Poet's Profile - Poet from the Past



Being Traditional month, this month we will feature a poet from the past and what better tale to tell that the person who is considered by many to be “The Father of Australian Bush Poetry” the rather tragic **Adam Lindsay Gordon**. (1833—1870)

The son of a retired Bengal Cavalry captain, Adam was born in the Azores, moving to England with his parents at a very young age. He was not particularly robust and received a classical education befitting a gentleman but lacked direction and spend much of his time riding horses at which he became highly skilled, including racing and steeplechasing. He also developed considerable skills as a poet of the English romantic style, popular at that time.

Hoping to instil some direction in his life and remove him from bad company, his father sent him to South Australia where he arrived in November 1853.

He immediately joined the S.A. Mounted Police, hoping for a commission, but was told that all must first serve as a trooper. He spent two years as a trooper in the Mt. Gambier region during which time he improved his horsemanship.

Resigning from the Police Force, he took up a career breaking horses and riding in steeplechases, excelling at both. He continued with his poetry, gradually over the years changing in style. He eventually developed a style of rollicking ballad, mainly about horses and their riders, far different to his earlier work, and it is these relatively few poems for which he is mainly remembered, and which were a big influence on the poetry of Paterson, Lawson, Ogilvie and others who came later.

In 1857, his father died followed just 2 years later by his mother. He was left a legacy of £7,000 a very large sum at that time. In 1862, he married Margaret Park, herself a very competent horsewoman. Over the next several years, he invested in property, for a short time was a member of the South Australian Parliament and continued his steeplechasing and poetic endeavours. Neither his health or his business acumen were very strong and at times he sunk both into debt and deep melancholy.

In 1866, he arrived in Bunbury with 5000 sheep, intending to extend his farming interests into WA, within a few months his flock had all but disappeared and he returned to South Australia, most of what was left of his former money having gone with his sheep. His only child, Annie was born in May 1867 shortly before he published two books of poetry, neither of which were poetically or financially successful. In Jan, 1868 he bought into a livery stable at Ballarat in Victoria, that too was unsuccessful. He joined the Ballarat Troop of Light Horse with the rank of Sergent but had a serious fall further deteriorating his health. In April of that year his daughter died and in September, his wife left him. Despite these setbacks, publicly, he had grown in stature as both his horsemanship and his poetic endeavours were receiving accolades.

In 1869, having returned to South Australia, his wife rejoined him. This was about the time he was told that he was to inherit the family estate in Scotland. Early in 1870, he had another bad fall while riding, In June, came the news that there was to be no inheritance. On the 23rd of that month, his most recent book of poetry “Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes” was published and his friend Henry Kendell showed him an enthusiastic review that he had written. This was not enough however to lift him from his melancholia for on the following morning he loaded his rifle, walked the short distance to Brighton beach and shot himself.

Being Traditional Month, I thought I'd include a little quiz - no prizes except the satisfaction of knowing some answers. Below are two columns. One with the names of Poets, the other with the name they wrote under—your task— try and match them together. (answers page 8)

1 The Banjo	a Charles Souter
2 Jim Grahame	b E.G. Murphy
3 Creeve Roe	c J.L. Cuthbertson
4 Dryblower	d Harry Morant
5 Den	e G.M. Smith
6 Dr. Nil	f G.H. Gibson
7 Steele Grey	g C.J. Dennis
8 John O'Brien	h Victor Daley
9 Surcingle	i W.T. Goodge
10 The Breaker	j Barcroft Boake
11 C	k P.J. Hartigan
12 The Colonel	l J.W. Gordon
13 Ironbark	m A.B. Paterson

The Weather Prophet

“Ow can it rain?’, the old man said, ‘with things the way they are?
 You’ve got to learn off ant and bee, and jackass and galah;
 And no man never saw it rain, for fifty years at least,
 Not when the blessed parakeets are flyin’ to the east!’

The weeks went by, the squatter wrote to tell his bank the news,
 ‘It’s still as dry as dust,’ he said, ‘I’m feedin’ all the ewes;
 The overdraft would sink a ship, but make your mind at rest,
 It’s alright now, the parakeets are flyin’ to the west.’

Banjo Paterson

WEST

Have you ever been droving out west, where the flies are a terrible pest
 The mosquitoes by night, by the Jesus they bite
 I reckon you’ll know that you’re earning your dough
 If you ever go droving out west

Anon

Many of the occupations of past times have all but disappeared into history, but live on in our poetic heritage. Here is one about the predecessors of tile makers and those that make Colourbond and Zincalume.

I wonder if, in times to come we'll ever get to hear a poem about them?

(Thank you Frank and Mary Heffernan for finding this lovely poem)

Song of the Shingle Splitters

In dark wild woods where the lone owl broods,
And the dingo's nightly yell.
Where the curlews cry goes floating by
We splitters of shingles dwell.

And all day through from the time of the dew,
To the hour when the mokpokes call,
Our mallets ring where wood birds sing
Sweet hymns by the waterfall.

The dwellers in town can lay upon down,
And own their palace and park.
We envy him not his prosperous lot
Though we slumber on sheets of bark.

Our food is rough but we have enough,
And our drink is better than wine.
For cool creeks flow wherever we go
Shut in from the hot sunshine.

In the Sabbath times we hear no chimes,
No sound of the Sunday bells.
But heaven smiles on the forest isles
And God in the woodland dwells.

Oh a fresh clean life unsmitten by strife,-
Where troubles but seldom roam.
We work along with a merry song,
That's the shingle splitters home.

Henry Kendall 1875 West Gosford NSW

Back a month or two, President Brian showed us a book of Australian poetry that he recently bought.

For those who missed it or weren't there, it is "**The Book of Australian Rhymed Verse**" an anthology collected by Jim Haynes.

As far as I know it is only available from "The ABC Shop"

It is a great book, containing poetry from the earliest days to modern times, in all around 1000 poems, a number of them never published before. Its not a cheapie,, costing around \$50, but well worth the money.

Back before Federation there was considerable rivalry (not always friendly) between the colonies. Didn't change much after Federation either. Here's what some t'othersiders thought of us. Apparently whoever wrote it wasn't prepared to put their name to it.

Ode to Westralia

Land of forests, fleas and flies, blighted hopes and blighted eyes.
Art thou hell in earth's disguise, Westralia?

Art thou some volcanic blast big volcanoes spurned, outcast?
Art thou unfinished, made the last, Westralia?

Was thou once the chosen land where Adam broke God's one command
and he, in wrath, changed thee to sand, Westralia?

Land of politicians silly, home of wind and willy-willy.
Land of blanket, tent and billy—Westralia!

Home to brokers, bummers clerks, nests of sharpers, mining sharks.
Dried up lakes and desert parks— Westralia!

Land of humpies, brothels, inns, old bag huts and empty tins.
Land of blackest, grievous sins—Westralia!

And it wasn't only interstate rivalry, many people from distant places fail to see our great countries assets, looking only at the superficial. Here's what one un-named Yank soldier had to say about Australia some time during WWII

Somewhere in Australia

I am somewhere in Australia where the sun is like a curse,
And each long day is followed by another, slightly worse,
Where the red brick dust blows thicker, than shifting desert sand
And we all dream and wish for, a greener, fairer land.

I am somewhere in Australia where a woman's never seen
Where the sky is never cloudy and the grass is never green,
Where the dingo's nightly howling, robs a man of blessed sleep
Where there's never any whisky and the beer is never cheap.

I am somewhere in Australia, where the mail is always late,
And a Christmas card in April is considered up to date,
Where the southern stars are diamonds in a balmy tropic night,
But it's all a waste of beauty, 'cause there's not a girl in sight.

I am somewhere in Australia where the ants and lizards play,
And a thousand fresh mosquitoes replace every one you slay,
So take me back to dear old "Frisco, where I ever more will dwell,
Far from this god-forsaken, southern substitute for hell

Without wishing to become **BORING** - here's another plea
We are looking for people prepared to "Have a Go" at MCing or "Reading the Classics". If you are thinking "maybe" then I'm sure we could give you a part of the MCing for an evening. - perhaps start you off with just a few introductions. - Interested—Please leave your name with Vice Pres. Grace

August Muster Wrap-up - by Dot

June Bond was our MC with the main topic for tonight's Muster being the Horse's Birthday or anything to do with transport. This was a "two hankie" night as the stories came out. The remembrances of our childhoods gave us some lovely memories of the part that horses had paid in each of our lives.

Welcome back to the performance stand **Kerry Bowe**. What an interesting life she had in her childhood; no mechanical trucks and bull dozers to do the hard work, horses were essential. With these horses the family cleared the land and worked the cattle. They were also used to help a young girl learn to ride. With her story about Doll the Draught Horse she told of the horse that could pull anything from a tree to a sulky and it was there, on her broad back, that Kerry leaned to ride.

Ron Ingham was next with Banjo's "The Last Parade" (which included the last two stanzas that had been seen as too politically incorrect to be published) which told of the old campaigners lining up for their last parade. These horses had done their country proud as they carried their men into battle time and time again. As they walked across blazing plains and froze on the wind swept mountains they carried their riders through. But they ask 'Have we not served you fairly, will you take us back to our native land?? But this was not to be. The last two stanzas are very sad as the fate of these faithful horses were to be slaughtered and their bones left to rot in the shifting sands.

I believe that there was a lot of criticism by the men about the fate of their horses that was also hushed up and it is only recently that the horses and their sacrifice have been acknowledged.

Barry Higgins had to lift our spirits with some humour so with one of Syd Hopkinson's poems about a Donkey (they are part of the equine family aren't they) appropriately called Whopper the Donkey he told us of the new bloke in the outback pub asked in to put a \$1 in the jar to see if you can make the donkey laugh. After walking around the Donkey he whispered in his ear and the Donkey rolled back with a big laugh. He won his bet and drove off. The next time he called in the rules had changed and it was a bet to see who could make the Donkey cry. So after a brief encounter they Donkey as shedding giant tears. How do you do it? Well the first time I told the Donkey that mine was bigger than his. The second time all I had to do was show him!!

Rusty Christensen then did one of the all time favorites, Banjo's "In the Droving Days". The sight of this old stock horse brought back memories of his droving days as he crossed the miles of the saltbush plain where the air is so dry and clear and bright. In the dawn of the days the breeze stirred the trees and brought a fragrance so rare. As his hand again held the reigns and he felt the easy swing and the easy stride of the horse he used to ride and when he kept the watch in the cold and the damp the horse would be away to gather in the mob as they tried to make a run for it.

These old memories had him raising a finger and the auctioneer knocked down the old grey horse to him to spend his days wandering because he could take him back to the droving days.

Caoline Sambridge was next with one of her own "Go Go GI Joe" about a trip on the bus with GI Joe to come to the rescue when everything gets out of place. Another of her quirky little ditties about everyday things being just a bit different.

Next to come to the mic' was **Frank Harrison** (in his bee keepers hat) with another of Banjo's, "Old Pardon, the Son of Re-prieve". Congratulations Frank, for with only a few stumbles and some help from your sheet but 25 verses is a mammoth job. There was this horse bred where they breed them well, and could it run! When they tried to run him in the Presidents Cup he was knobbled and all looked grim because they were facing disqualification if he didn't run. But the betting was good and the towns' folk said he couldn't do it. The horses took off and Old Pardon was running last. Then he took off and he passed all the fancy runners and he held on to win.

With a change of tempo, **Trish Joyce** gave us a song, the Robertson/Albert classic "The Bridle Hanging on the Wall". Again, we were brought to tears as she sang of the empty stall, with the horse- shoe nailed upon the door. Riding down the trail their faithful friend has gone where all good ponies go.

We then broke for a lovely supper, albeit, a little earlier than usual —Thank you to Edna and your ladies.

Gwen Johnson was our Classics reader with a poem that we rarely hear. It was from CJ Dennis's "The Glugs of Gosh", If you are interested in this superb set of poetry (13 poems make up the entire set) go to <http://www.middlemiss.org/lit/authors/denniscj/glugs/glugs.html> for the whole set.

Gwen read Chapter 11 The Ogs, who had a dilemma in that there wasn't a stone to be found to do any building with. After hearing that down in the country of Podge a plot was being hatched to start a war. With large stones being flung at the foe with exceeding force the townsfolk gathered pillows and cushions to soften the blows. The war started on Friday at half past four and at the conclusion there were plenty of rocks strewn all over the place so whom does this war profit, my people or Podge? *This is a book, written as if it were a children's book, but it is, in reality, an in depth look at many social issues.*

Next up was **Grace Williamson** who told us a story of her childhood growing up with horses. There was the Baker, the Ice Man, the Milk Man, and the Bottle-O all of whom used draft horses. Her grandfather would meet them with a horse and dray when they visited him on the farm. An ex milk horse taught them to ride without a saddle and they could walk under his belly

and he didn't move. When he turned for home he would take them under the trees where a stray branch would knock them off, just to remind them of who was boss!! Her Brother, who spent little time in school would ride all day rounding up the wild horses and catch them and sell them after turning them into riding horses.

Brian Langley who used to introduce himself with the comments that he doesn't write stories about horses, wrote "Not Just the Drovers Horse" as a tribute to the other horses, the ones who don't make the news. The ones that did the farm work, moved all the goods and people, hauled the logs to the mills, pump out the mines and died in wars— no retirement to pasture for these horses, 'Think too of the ones long forgotten, the ones not remembered at all.'

Welcome to a new presenter **Marjory Cobb**, a resident of Bentley Park. With her first appearance she gave us "Ballad of the Drover" she thought was Anon but someone in the audience thought might be by Henry Lawson. (*It is definitely one of Henry's. Isn't the Internet wonderful??*). This was a poem she learnt in school, 70 years ago for an end of year presentation, what a memory!! The poem must have made a deep impression on her and led her to a love of poetry?

Young Harry Dale has been away for a long time and with his hobble-chains and camp-ware jingling by his knee he travels towards the homestead. Storm clouds fill the skies as he hurries to reach the river before the flood rises. Harry needs to get the horses across and with his faithful dog beside them he struggles in the waters. But the next flash of thunder shows the dog pulling himself up the bank but of Harry there is not a glimpse. The dog goes back to where his master sank and as he searches vainly he too fails and sinks. As a weary packhorse struggles to bravely take the sad tidings home the clanging of the chains and tin-ware are all sounding eerily.

Kerry Bowe returned with her new one written for tonight "The Boomer and the Creek" (*she indicated that she had been persuaded (by me) to write and perform again after a long absence*). This is a story of survival, as they set out in the early morning to catch a kangaroo to feed the dogs and a half grown pup. The dogs took off and dodging in and out of the trees as the dawn was disturbed they raced through the bush and the biggest boomer they had ever seen held onto one of the dogs. Her father shot him four times and clubbed him but that 'roo was still standing. With more bullets he was finally pulled down. Because it was too big to move him by themselves they got the draught horse to carry it home.

Next came **Barry Higgins** once more with some of those little ditties that he is famous for. "The Coach Horse" that had a burst of wind and the Duchess riding in the Coach apologised, but the Padre said he thought it was the horse!

With Syd's version of "Bob the Battler and the Middle East Truck Driver". The truck driver had arrived in the Pilbara and went to the local clothing store to buy some undies. The packets held 7 pairs, one for each day of the week. This was not enough. . Why? Well in the Middle East there are 12 pairs in the pack, January, Februaryyou get the rest ...

For her second appearance, **Grace Williamson** gave us Banjo's "Brumby's Run" about the place where the wild horses run. Fences do not define this place and the horses come to the flats to feed. A traveler may hear the hoof beats and catch a glimpse of brown and black in the dim shadows as they pass. But eager eyes try to follow where the wild mob hides and as the sound of stock whips on the breeze they vanish away, but once more to ride the range to try and yard this mob again.

Rusty Christensen had some more stories about horse races. With Blue the Shearer's "The Flatulent Horse" there is no more gross a thing than to stand at the rear of a flatulent horse who expresses his dismay at the best bits that have been cut away as he lets fly to any one who comes near his tail.

He followed this with Banjo's "How the Favourite Beat Us", (*written in a similar style to Adam Lindsay Gordon's How We Beat the Favourite*) which told of a scam to try and not win the race. He had told the jockey to only go hard if he lifted his hand. Unable to bet on his horse, he bet everything against it. With the race underway and his horse holding back, a great big mosquito came buzzing around and without a thought he tried to brush it away. The jockey seeing this took the horse to the front and won. So now the owner is but a broke boozier. The best thing to do when dealing with horses is to keep your hands hidden.

It was certainly a "Banjo Night" with the last horse poem being "The Man From Snowy River", presented by **Ron Ingham**. Of course, we all remember that "the word that passed around that the colt from Old Regret had got away "and joined the wild bush horses. We thrill at the excitement of the chase, the poem is so graphic you can almost hear the thunder of the horses hooves as they race for the mountains. You can see in your mind, "that terrible descent" as The Man from Snowy River follows the wild horses. Is it any wonder that "the man from Snowy River is a household name today".

With the final poem tonight **Brian Langley** had horsepower of a different kind with his own "The Tale of Arthur's Ute". Arthur was a tear a way with his brand new ute hooning through the town where the police finally caught him. The magistrate took his license away, but the beach was out of reach of the law and petrol heads just have to drive. After practising making donuts on a flat rock, he hadn't noticed that the tide was in a bit and on his way back to town, sank the ute into the sand. After a long walk back, he and some mates went back with a 4 wheel drive and shovels, but to no avail, the ute was dug in more. He went back into town for a tractor and back they went and tied the chain up through the engine block and pulled. All a once there came a tearing sound as Arthur's pride and joy, (the front half at least) came out of the bog. So should you be traveling down Tassies western shore and come across a guy looking for a lift, he may just tell you his name. he was christened Arthur Carpenter but he's known as "Arfa Car".

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2008—2009

Brian Langley	President	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
Grace Williamson	V. President	9361 4265	gracewil@bigpond.com
Vacant	Secretary	Consider putting YOURSELF here	
Judith Jowett	Treasurer	9364 1699	
Edna Westall	Amenities	9339 3028	ewestall1@bigpond.com)
Trish Joyce	Committee	9493 1995	
Noreen Boyd	Library	9472 1384	

Quiz Answers	
1	m
2	l
3	h
4	b
5	g
6	a
7	e
8	k
9	j
10	d
11	c
12	i
13	f

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

☆☆ Upcoming Events ☆☆

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

Aug	31	Closing Date—Mandurah Scribblers Poetry & Short Story Comp	www.southwest.com.au/~dunkann/
Sept	1	Blackened Billy Verse Competition Opens for Entries	janmorris@northnet.com.au
Sept	2	Closing Date—Koorda Show Bush Poetry Written Comp	e-mail Pres. Brian for entry forms
Sep	5	WABP&YS Muster	Bentley Park Auditorium - Traditional Night—Bring a friend
Sep	22	Closing Date	Vic State Champs Written Comp The Sec. 113 Clark St Benalla 3672 colmandy@people.net.au
Oct	1	Tamworth Bush Poetry Comp	Entry forms available SSAE Jan Morris PO Box 3001 West Tamworth NSW 2340
Oct	3	WABP&YS Muster	Bentley Park Auditorium - Guest Artist—Peter Harries
Oct	5	Festival of Yarns	Alverstoke Heritage Farm See Page 2 for details
Oct	15	Closing Date	Walla Walla Wagon Wheel Written Comp Erica 02 6040 5337 den53@austarnet.com.au
Oct	29	Have a Go Day	Burswood Park, Perth A couple of poets needed
Nov	1	Pingrup RFDS Community BP BBQ	Old Pingrup Silo 5pm
Nov	2	Boyup Brook Poets Brekky	details to be confirmed - Bill Gordon (see page 2)
Nov	7	WABP&YS Muster	Bentley Park Auditorium - Short Poetry Comp
Nov	16	Poets in The Park	South Perth "Poetry Park" Brian Langley 9361 3770 briandot@tpg.com.au

Regular events - Albany Bush Poetry group 4th Tuesday of each month Peter 9844 6606

Country Poets

Coming to the City? - City lights are fine, but 1st Fridays could see you shine at our Muster. If you are coming to the big smoke on a muster night why not come along and be part of our get together. Give us a bit of notice and you might even find yourself being star act (but only if you want to be). This applies also to Bush Poets from other places and those past member poets whose lives have now gone in different directions.

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.com

Do you want to be part of the National Scene — Then you might consider joining the Australian Bush Poets Assn
www.abpa.org.au Annual membership \$30 payable to Treasurer Margaret
coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au (02) 6652 3716

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	Rod & Kerry Lee CDs Arthur Leggett books, inc autobiography Keith Lethbridge books Corin Linch books Val Read books Caroline Sambridge book Peg Vickers books
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The Editor "Bully Tin" 86 Hillview Tce, St. James 6102	As we currently don't have a secretary, Address all other correspondence to either the President (address as for the Editor) or the Vice President: WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 13 Getting St, Lathlain, 6100	Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners 3 - 10 Gibson St, Mt Pleasant 6153
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------