

# BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - December 4th, 2009 7.30pm MC Grace Williamson★  
**Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,**

**December is  
 Silly Season—Christmas  
 Kids on Holidays  
 Official start of Cyclone and Bushfire  
 seasons  
 Int. Disabled People's Day (Dec 3rd)  
 Int. Volunteers Day (5th)**

Looking back on past Decembers, we find such interesting things as :

- 1696 Wm De Vlaming lands on and names Rottneest Is
- 1817 Governor Lachlan Macquarie suggests that our country be named Australia
- 1854 Eureka Stockade
- 1889 "Clancy" published in "The Bulletin"
- 1905 The world's first feature length film "The Kelly Gang" premieres in Melbourne
- 1915 ANZAC troops evacuated from Gallipoli
- 1930 Perth linked to E/S by phone
- 1935 Cane Toads introduced into Qld
- 1967 PM Harold Hold disappears
- 1974 Cyclone Tracy devastates Darwin
- 1977 World Series Cricket launched

And the last excerpts from Henry Kendall's "Austral Months", and we somehow got from this to "Clancy" in a few short years

### December

The month whose face is holiness! She brings  
 With her the glory of majestic things.  
 What words of light, what high resplendent phrase  
 Have I for all the lustre of her days?  
 She comes, and carries in her shining sphere  
 August traditions of the world's great year;  
 The noble tale which lifts the human race  
 Has made a morning of her sacred face.  
 Now in the emerald home of flower and wing  
 Clear summer streams their sweet hosannas sing;  
 The winds are full of anthems, and a lute  
 Speaks in the listening hills when night is mute  
 And through dim tracks where talks the royal tree  
 There floats a grand hymn from the mighty sea;  
 And where the grey, grave, pondering mountains stand  
 High music lives – the place is holy land!



The Committee of the WA Bush Poets & Yarn-spinners Assn. wish all members and friends a very



Merry Christmas  
 and a  
 Healthy & Happy  
 New Year.

How much do we REALLY know about this Santa Claus bloke?

### Up On the Desktop, Click, Click, Click!

I'm going to Google Santa Claus.  
 I'm going to Google him because  
 He does a lot of kinky stuff that common sense forbids.  
 The hat, the sleigh, the biker beard  
 All strike me as a little weird.  
 I want to check him out before I let him near the kids.

I'm going to Google Santa Claus.  
 His gay apparel gives me pause.  
 I'll find out what he smokes and if he used to be a dame.  
 I want to know what kind of guy  
 Goes mushing reindeer through the sky.  
 I want to know what Vixen did to earn that kind of name!

And so I'll Google old Saint Nick  
 And find out just what makes him tick.  
 I'll search his background thoroughly and learn his every vice.  
 Old Santa's in the hot seat now.  
 He's had it coming anyhow.  
 It's time we knew for certain if he's naughty or he's nice!

© Scott Emmons

**MUSTER ACCESS DIFFICULTIES** Members and friends attending December Muster—Please Note that due to reconstruction work taking place at Bentley Park, Plantation Dve will be Temporarily Closed on the day of our muster—

This is proving to be a problem for everyone, residents included.  
 Alternative Access is either from Hayman Rd—Aide Cr—Talbot Rd or if you are willing to sneak thru the bus access lane from Jarrah Rd—Aide Cr—Talbot Rd Talbot road brings you out alongside the Auditorium

**Please leave home that wee bit earlier so you can find your way - there's a map on our website**

**This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of the Federal Member for Swan, Steve Irons M.P.**





## Walking Different Tracks

**On the general poetic scene— Missed this one earlier** **TOM COLLINS POETRY PRIZE** is an annual competition inaugurated in 1975 and sponsored by J. Furphy & Sons (Engineers) in memory of Australian author Joseph Furphy (1843 - 1912). Closing Date: 15 December (entries must be postmarked by this date to be eligible)

- Number of lines: Maximum 60 lines per poem.
- \$2,00 total prize money      Entry Fee: \$10.00 per poem \$15 for two, and \$20 for three (3 is max)
- Entries must be accompanied by the Entry Form from the website— [www.fawwa..org.au](http://www.fawwa..org.au)

**Contemporary Poetry Workshop** with Janet Jackson—Dec 6th, 2-5pm Mt Lawley \$30 see details at <http://www.proximitypoetry.com/flyer-expand.html>

### HELP NEED FOR AUSTRALIA DAY

Someone with a flat top ute or a trailer is needed to pick up and return staging for Australia Day

Pick up from West Perth on the afternoon of Monday 25th, take to Wireless Hill on 26th, return it to West Perth on Wed 27th.

There will be a payment for this service if you are able to do it—more details—Contact President Brian.

### NEW BOOKS

Book launches seem to be the thing at the moment. Last month we saw **Corin Lynch's** new book, "Innocence Stolen and all the rubbish it causes", the title poem of which is featured on page.4

This month, Albany Poet, **Peg Vickers** has got her latest booklet from the printer and launched it at the recent Albany Show. "The Football Match and other verses" is a mixture of Peg's delightfully humorous verses, combined with a couple of far more serious topics. A poem from Peg's new book is in the next column.

By the way, Peg will be joining several other country poets for our Bush Poetry Showcase on Australia day at Wireless Hill.

If you are looking for a Chrissie present for cousin Charlie or Charlene over in distant places, you could do far worse than look to our various members and their poetic products. Contact details can be got from any Committee member

A number of our members are having health issues—aren't we always. Several are having orthopedic treatment, mostly knees. We wish all of you a speedy recovery and convalescence.

### Have you all had your swine flu injections?

Now pigs (or swine), they get the flu  
Just like people often do.  
But lately, when folk get the sneezes  
Perhaps, they think— porcine diseases

But if a pig should cough and wheeze  
Does it think "Oops—Hu-man disease"  
And being quite concerned and wary  
Go racing to a veteran-ary

*A quickie from B.L*

### Am I to Blame

Me car got stole the other day, I drive it quite a lot  
Though it's nothing all that special, it's the only one I've got  
But when I filled out all the forms, and tried to make a claim  
They told me *I'm* the one at fault, it's *me* wot is to blame.

I hadn't took the proper care, as well a person might  
So if me property gets stole, perhaps it serves me right  
It's almost like abetting them wot plays the thieving game  
And I shouldn't go round whinging and *I'm* the one to blame.

Me house got robbed last Saturday, although I'd locked the door  
That's not a real obstacle, for them wot breaks the law  
I didn't get much sympathy, just told "It is a shame  
Your locks are quite inadequate, it's you who are to blame."

Now I've worked hard for what I've got, to buy it or to make it  
Why should some thieving rat-bag think, he has the right to take it  
And why should some crime expert think, he has the right to claim  
It's not the thieving rat-bags fault, but *me* wot is to blame!!!

© Peg Vickers

### ~~And it's time to sing along, the well known Aussie Carol,~~ **Deck the Sheds**

Deck the sheds with bits of wattle, fa la la la la, la la la la  
Whack some gum leaves in a bottle, fa la la la la, la la la la  
All the shops are open Sundies, fa la la la la la la la la  
Buy your Dad some sox and undies, fa la la la la la la la la

Deck the sheds with bits of gumtree, fa la la la la la la la la  
Hang some deco's off the plum tree, fa la la la la la la la la  
Plant some kisses on the missus, fa la la la la la la la la  
Have a ripper Aussie Christmas, fa la la la la la la la la

Say g'day to friends and rellies, fa la la la la la la la la  
Wave them off with bulging bellies, fa la la la la la la la la  
Kids and babies youngies oldies, fa la la la la la la la la  
May your fridge be full of coldies, fa la la la la la la la la

Chop the wood and stoke the barbie, fa la la la la la la la la  
Ring the folks in Abu Dhabi, fa la la la la la la la la  
Pop the stuffing in the turkey, fa la la la la la la la la  
Little Mary's feeling ercky, fa la la la la la la la la

Rally rally round the table, fa la la la la la la la la  
Fill your belly while your able, fa la la la la la la la la  
Joyce and Joany, Dave and Daryl, fa la la la la la la la la  
Sing an Aussie Christmas Carol, fa la la la la la la la la

Departing from his usual topics, Jurien member, Corin Linch has been making waves worldwide as a result of presenting his poem "Innocence Stolen" over the ABC's website. Tackling, from a victim's point of view, the very difficult subject of childhood sexual abuse, Corin has put into words what many others have felt but were unable to express — Well Done Corin

### INNOCENCE STOLEN

I'm told that I'm a survivor, if so I survived in my own way,  
You know I've been to Hell, but I hope to arrive back any day,  
I had my naiveté torn away before I reached the age of ten,  
By someone less than human not fit to walk with men.

He warned me to be silent or else I would die,  
Was that the day a young child, lost the ability to cry?  
The threat was real; my child's mind imagined death,  
As in silence I cowered, trying to catch my breath.

But my innocence was stolen, by more than one man,  
Now nearly half a century later I think it's time I took a stand,  
Because for all that time I've lived with shame and disgust,  
Built a wall around me because I felt there was no one I could trust.

Raised by my mother I looked for a father figure in my world,  
Never realizing the degradation that was about to be unfurled,  
I thought these men were leaders as my childhood was trampled in the dirt,  
I came to believe their behavior normal, but in my heart of heart's I hurt.

My dreams at night were haunted I knew not what they meant,  
I would wake in fear and sweating, my body tired and spent,  
As an adult I have often thought the future was very bleak,  
I often doubted I had the strength to survive another week.

Now I'm told I am a victim; I struggle to believe that this is true,  
But if I am a victim then my wife became a victim too,  
Withstanding temper and mood swings, she tried to break down my wall,  
A thankless task, she suffered rejection as I headed for a fall.  
If people got too close to me I'd turn away and close a door,

Wanting too be near to me always bought my anger to the fore,  
Despair was eating me like a cancer, from the inside out,  
Even my own skills and abilities I began to doubt.

I have struggled through my days trying not to show my pain,  
I would refuse to reveal my thoughts as I put up the wall again,  
But now I'm beginning to learn that I don't need to feel any shame,  
There's no reason for me to hang my head; I was not the one to blame.

So it seems the time has come for me to exorcise the demon,  
Yes, now has come the time to give my life a new meanin',  
For to give in now would mean that the scumbags had won,  
It's time to push away the thunder clouds, time to see the sun.

To ride out like Saint George when he went to face the Dragon,  
Tear down my wall and place the bricks upon a wagon,  
For sake of wife and family I must face the world anew,  
Although I won't forget lost innocence and a child that never grew.

I must beat the demons that haunt me; I know the past is gone,  
Spew out all the sordid thoughts, that I had buried for so long,  
Let the woman who loves me near, let her breach my wall,  
So we can stand together, and muffle the Devil's call.

And yes the battle will be ongoing; the war is far from won,  
But there is light at the end of the tunnel, I think I can see the sun,  
And the ones who stole my innocence will be defeated in the end,  
And I thank God for the people who I can truly call my friends.

And if you read or hear this verse spare not a thought for me,  
But think of lost innocence and a child that will never be,  
Protect and love your children the most valuable asset on this earth,  
So they may reach their full potential and realize their true worth,

And if you once were a victim may you grow forever stronger,  
Face and beat your demons and you will be a victim no longer,  
Look towards the future and see the rainbow in the sky,  
And fellas's know and remember its okay for a man to cry.

© Corin Linch 13/5/08

### From "A Bush Christmas"

The sun burns hotly thro' the gums  
As down the road old Rogan comes --  
The hatter from the lonely hut  
Beside the track to Woollybutt.  
He likes to spend his Christmas with us here.  
He says a man gets sort of strange  
Living alone without a change,  
Gets sort of settled in his way;  
And so he comes each Christmas day  
To share a bite of tucker and a beer.

Dad and the boys have nought to do,  
Except a stray odd job or two.  
Along the fence or in the yard,  
"It ain't a day for workin' hard."  
Says Dad. "One day a year don't matter much."  
And then dishevelled, hot and red,  
Mum, thro' the doorway puts her head  
And says, "This Christmas cooking, My!  
The sun's near fit for cooking by."  
Upon her word she never did see such.

"Your fault," says Dad, "you know it is.  
Plum puddin'! on a day like this,  
And roasted turkeys! Spare me days,  
I can't get over women's ways.  
In climates such as this the thing's all wrong.

A bit of cold corned beef an' bread  
Would do us very well instead."  
Then Rogan said, "You're right; it's hot.  
It makes a feller drink a lot."  
And Dad gets up and says, "Well, come along."

The dinner's served -- full bite and sup.  
"Come on," says Mum, "Now all sit up."  
The meal takes on a festive air;  
And even father eats his share  
And passes up his plate to have some more.  
He laughs and says it's Christmas time,  
"That's cookin', Mum. The stuffin's prime."  
But Rogan pauses once to praise,  
Then eats as tho' he'd starved for days.  
And pitches turkey bones outside the door.

.....  
Then, with his black pipe well alight,  
Old Rogan brings the kids delight  
By telling o'er again his yarns  
Of Christmas tide 'mid English barns  
When he was, long ago, a farmer's boy.  
His old eyes glisten as he sees  
Half glimpses of old memories,  
Of whitened fields and winter snows,  
And yuletide logs and mistletoes,  
And all that half-forgotten, hallowed joy.

The children listen, mouths agape,  
And see a land with no escape  
For biting cold and snow and frost --  
A land to all earth's brightness lost,  
A strange and freakish Christmas land to them.  
But Rogan, with his dim old eyes  
Grown far away and strangely wise  
Talks on; and pauses but to ask  
"Ain't there a drop more in that cask?"  
And father nods; but Mother says "Ahem!"

The sun slants redly thro' the gums  
As quietly the evening comes,  
And Rogan gets his old grey mare,  
That matches well his own grey hair,  
And rides away into the setting sun.  
"Ah, well," says Dad. "I got to say  
I never spent a lazier day.  
We ought to get that top fence wired."  
"My!" sighs poor Mum. "But I am tired!  
An' all that washing up still to be done."

CJ Dennis 1931



Victor Dale, Dot Langley, Bill Gordon, Victoria Brown, Brian Langley at Esperance

### Esperance Show, Inaugural Bush Poets Brekky Wrap-up

The Esperance and Districts Agricultural Society held its inaugural Bush Poets' Breakfast at the annual show on Saturday October 17th and it was so well received and attended that the Ag Society committee have said, "It'll be on again next

Instrumental to the success of the morning were the poets that performed; Brian Langley, Bill Gordon, Vic Dale and Victoria Brown. The audience were entertained with a mixture of traditional poems including Paterson and Lawson, through to contemporary original works from the performers themselves as well as the works of well known Naked Poet Marco Gliori.

Bill Gordon, back from Gympie, performed his one minute competition piece where all competitors at Gympie had to write a poem with the line "It flew right up me nostril". A great laugh was had by all and after two hours of poetic performances the crowd were still calling for more.

Dot Langley was a wonderful addition to the morning, enjoying a performance with Brian which the audience loved, and then starting off the 'walk ups' with such ease that locals got up afterwards and shared their work too.

The atmosphere in the tent was fabulous and thanks must go to Brian and Dot for bringing the beautiful WA Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners back drop painting down to decorate the tent, as well as other bits and pieces and for greeting everyone as they arrived (while the organiser ran around like a headless chook!)

Probably should add to the wrap up that, due to a bad back Peter Blyth was unable to perform at the poets' breakfast and we wish him a speedy recovery (or something to that effect).

Here's to a bigger and better event next year.

Victoria Brown

## God I Hate Christmas

God I hate Christmas with all it's good cheer  
I hear people laughin' but I shed a tear

Folks they just love ya' one day of the year  
The rest of the time they just don't come near

They send you a card full of love and best wishes  
Then in the New Year they run off with ya' misses

They're stuffin' their gobs as fast as they can  
To hell with those starving, in Afghanistan

Then Santa Claus comes with a full sack  
A new doll for Betty a bike for our Jack

'Eat, drink and be merry tomorrow we die'  
Forget about Jesus 'let sleeping dogs lie'

You think I'm a cynic a miserable bastard  
But come Christmas day, I just wanta get plastered.

© Elaine Hamlet

### Christmas in Australia

While the vast majority of Christmas Poems and songs that we know are written by people living in the northern hemisphere, there are a significant number of Aussie ones that we should be paying far more attention to.

I located a website devoted to "Christmas in Australia"

<http://tww.id.au/c/dry.html> It lists, and links to a whole lot of others with such diverse titles as :

Christmas where the gum trees grow  
Deck the sheds with bits of wattle  
The Three Drovers  
The Melbourne Carol  
The Australian Jingle Bells  
Australians Let us Barbeque  
Six White Boomers  
Carol of the Birds  
The Silver Stars Are In The Sky and

### Australian Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
A kookaburra in a gum tree  
On the second day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Two cockatoos, and a kookaburra in a gum tree

Three parakeets.....  
Four great galahs.....  
Five opals black.....  
Six 'roos a-jumping.....  
Seven emus running.....  
Eight koalas clinging.....  
Nine wombats waddling.....  
Ten dingoes dashing.....  
Eleven snakes a-sliding.....  
Twelve goannas going.....

On the twelfth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Twelve goanna goin, Eleven snakes a-sliding,  
Ten dingoes dashing, Nine wombats waddling,  
Eight koalas clinging, Seven emus running,  
Six 'roos a-jumping, Five opals black,  
Four great galahs, Three parakeets,  
Two cockatoos, And a kookaburra up a gum tree.

## November 2009 Wrap—up - by Dot

We were a little bit late as the Judges for the competition were gathered together and the criteria for the judging were explained to them. Once they were settled Brian Langley explained the basic rules for the competitors. With the judges were scattered throughout the room the competitors were expected to perform to the whole room. With other poets filling in between the competitors the program got a little bit out of line but with some hurried conversations with the MC these little hiccups were quickly solved.

Our MC for the night was **Lorelie Tacoma** who did an admirable job of filling in the gaps with her stories about the perils of moving house, while the judges were hurriedly adding up their scores before the next performer hit the stage. I hope that I have the details of each competitor as well as the normal presenters and if I have missed one or got it wrong blame the nerves as I had put myself up for the “readings” category.

**Chris Preece** was our first competitor, performing her own “The Journey”. The story of the journey is that a friend and her travel along past all of the secluded nooks and crannies that are found, adorned with flowers in our bushland. . With the soft and tranquil blue skies and the sheep and cattle grouping together at the close of this lovely day she painted a very descriptive word picture.

With his first appearance, both as a presenter and a competitor, **Warwick Connor** did an Other Peoples Poetry. “The Man From Iron Bark” by Banjo Paterson. With this familiar story of the bloke coming to the city and going to a barber to get his whiskers shaved. The barber, playing a joke on the bushman runs the hot razor back across the bushie’s throat—We all know the next “Murder, Bloody Murder” cried the man from Ironbark - the end result of course being that there are now a lot of men growing whiskers in Iron Bark.

The next competitor with one of her own was **Caroline Sambridge** with “No Peas Please We are British”. At school she was given peas for every meal, so she flicked them across the table and mashed them with a fork and she doesn’t want them any more.

Up from the country **Frank Heffernan** did one of his own as a competitor, “Farmer Growin’ Wheat”. This is about the huge gamble farmers take each year to produce a wheat crop. With no control over the weather, ever-increasing costs and fluctuating prices for the grain farmers find that they have worked all year just to clear the overdraft. But we will be grateful for the grain that we sell so that he can get another overdraft to repeat it all again.

Our next competitor (in the “Novice Others” category), **Grace Williamson** preformed “Women of the West” by George Essex Evans. These women left their comfortable homes and pleasures of the city and for love faced the wilderness. As they journeyed over everlasting sameness and never ending plains to face the outback. Their longings and their desires are forever silenced as their sacrifice and they have faced and fought the wilderness where no one salutes them but without them our nation would have not grown had they not been the hearts that made the nation were these women of the west.

Another newish competitor **Michael Trevor** with one of his own originals, a topical “Melbourne Cup” which tells of the punters everywhere stopping to cheer. The bets are in and the bookies are wearing a grin as the cries go out and the whole nation listens to see if their horse wins.

Traveling down from Jurien **Irene Conner** performed her own original poem “The Old Timer” which is story woven around the folk that live in nursing homes and the stories that they could tell if only someone would listen to them. The poem tells of an old stockman with his memories and seeing the old riding boots and the stock whip hanging does these items bring to life the memories of the past.

For a break in competitors **Barry Higgins** gave us one of Syd Hopkins’ “A Letter from the Publisher” which tells of the requirements that whilst he is a great poet now there is no longer any need to rhyme and a new style is to be adopted. In a letter back to the publisher he tells with not rhyming lines that any poetry that doesn’t rhyme will give him a dose of the .....shivers!!

Now it was **my turn** at the Mic’ so with Barry Humphris Browns’, “Scotty’s Wild Stuff Stew” I read for competition this classic. This poem has a whole lot of dreadful things that were added to the pot to make a ‘stoo’ for a jackeroo that had annoyed the cook, Scotty. The jackeroo declared the stoo to be the best he had ever tasted until they showed him the list of what had gone into the makings of that famous stoo then he fell rather ill and as a consequence has never had wild stuff stew again.

I dashed away to get changed out of my rousabout outfit. We then had a lovely supper as usual provided by Edna and her hard working ladies manning the teapots and kettles. Wonder why there don’t appear to be any men helping out with the supper?? Come on ‘youse’ “blokes” we could always use an extra pair of hands.

After supper, it was **Grace Williamson** in another competition category, Readings from the Classics. She recited Barcroft Boake’s “Jim’s Whip”. This whip hangs now on the wall. It was owned by Jim who stood straight and tall and he would make the whip ring through the hills. While waiting for him to come home and through the dark she knew when his horse came home without him that she would find him dead. But still she hears the cracking of his whip to let her know that he is with her still.

**Brian Langley**, not a competitor, then gave us his “Melbourne Cup” poem. First Tuesday in November when all round Oz everybody waits to hear the race that stops a nation. But when the race is over can you tell me which horse it was that won. Its just an excuse to have some time off work.

In Readings from the Classics competition **Chris Preece** presented “The Australian Sunrise” by James Lister Cuth-

bertson. The beautiful time in the morning as the sun comes up. With the awakening of the bush with the early bird calls as the sun slowly lights up the tree tops. The wind softly stirs the flowers and the mist stirs on the water at the dawning of the day.— There are indeed some wonderfully descriptive poems among our classics.

**Barry Higgins** returned with a tale of the “Donkey and the Traveller”. The bar was collecting money to see if anyone could make the donkey laugh. The traveler took on the bet and went out to the donkey where he concentrated and whispered in his ear. The donkey laughed and he collected the winnings. Time went by and again the traveler came along now the bet was to make the donkey cry. The traveler took up this bet and went outside to where the donkey was. The donkey was soon crying. How do you do it he as asked. Well the first time I told him that a certain part of my anatomy was bigger than his and this time I showed him!!

We welcome another new performer, **Julie Gibney**, with three of her own short original poems. The first tells what the desert was like before the flooding of Lake Eyre. With the sunburnt and windswept land the water brings life to the gibber plains and the river gums spread wide the branches. The second “The Listener” had her thinking that it would be very quite out in the bush. But this was not so as the birds were whistling and calling and the winds of the outback have their own sound. Her third “The Dreaming Serpent” has it sleeping beneath the desert and it sometimes stirs leaving the trees and the ground much dryer.

**Colin Thomas**, our oldest member had two of his poems to read out. In the first “Overheard” he tells of overhearing that people were talking about him getting old. He knows that he is drooling and sometimes gets a bit wet. But it is not him that they are talking about, is it? The second was based on one of Aesops Fables The Myth of the Clock and Stork. With the plaque hanging on the wall showing all the animals gathered around and not one wanting to kill or eat each other. The family all gather around to hear the story and the moral behind it.

A visitor from Albury (parts to the east of us!!), **Kerry Ritchie**, wanted to do a poem for her brother. “The Hat” by Holly Ross tells of the battered old hat with the brim all torn and tattered that is a welcome shield from the sun overhead. This grubby old hat had served as a basket for eggs and it is good for swatting flies too!! In her second “When I’m Packing” has her easy going husband having a confrontation with her as women seem to need far more clothes than a man. With all the toiletries and hats, bags, shoes the space that she is allotted is not enough. His packing is so easy with only the minimum of clothing. Why can not she apply some self restraint?

With his own “Test Tube Babies” **Frank Heffernan** poses the question will men become redundant? With a light hearted look at the development of artificial life from Dolly the sheep to babies in test tubes. But when the evidence is put to the test there are some things that nature does best!

Another new member **Alan Raphael** presented “Driver on the Run” by Bruce Bryant. Using his experiences in outback Queensland as he journeyed around the cattle properties with the postman. The driver arrives early to load up the goods and away he goes from here to there with the heat and flies he services the locals. He is as important as the cattle as he gets his supplies to the far-flung stations because the cattlemen could starve.

With one of the longer poems by Henry Lawson **John Hayes’** performance of “Faces in the Street” has the never ending tramp of people passing by. With their drawn and dirty faces they tell of the struggles of everyday life. But these faces are all forgotten in the hurly burly of the city.

With a selection from her favourite book **Shan-Rose Brown’s** reading from “Campfires and Flickers” told us about the Cook who liked to cook food that was very hot. His name became Chilli as he liked to put too much into his stew to disguise the taste of everything he cooked. When asked what was it he said it was just a Stew. The stockmen got their own back when they put hair remover cream into his shampoo and all his hair fell out.

To finish off the night **Brian Langley** did his “Shipwreck” poem as it seemed appropriate with the sinking of a refugee boat. He had a small stutter (which I’m not surprised at as he has been up and down getting all the levels right for all the other performers so that when he is called upon he now has to change tactics and think like a performer not a technician). The story tells of the ship being driven onto our very unfriendly shores during a storm at sea. All is lost as the ship hits a reef and the single survivor somehow get ashore. But to what has he come? This barren and unfriendly shore. Is it his fate - to die here all alone.



Remember, back in October, I’d managed to lose the photo of Maxine Richter, all dressed up for Traditional night,

Well, lost is now found—those blasted fairies had slid it under my computer -

So here she is  
“Miss Traditional Night 2009”

## Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2009—2010

Brian Langley	President	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
Grace Williamson	V. President	9361 4265	grace.wil@bigpond.com
Graham Hedley	Secretary	9306 8514	grahamhedley@westnet.com.au
Judith Jowett	Treasurer	9364 1699	
Edna Westall	Amenities	9339 3028	ewestall@tpg.com.au
John Hayes	Committee	9377 1238	hayseed1@optusnet.com.au
Maxine Richter	Committee	9361 2365	maxine.richter@bigpond.com
Marjory Cobb	Committee	6250 0459	marjory@bentleyparkestate.com.au

### ☆☆ Upcoming Events ☆☆

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

Nov	28	Jacaranda Festival	Ardross Village, We will have our gazebo there, giving out WABP&YS info
Dec	4	WABP&YS Xmas Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park - <b>Port Pies &amp; Poetry</b> Free Supper—Monster Raffle
<b>Jan</b>	<b>8</b>	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park - <b>NOTE DATE CHANGE</b>
<b>Jan</b>	<b>26</b>	<b>Bush Poetry Showcase</b>	<b>Wireless Hill, Ardross Commencing 1pm</b>
Feb	5	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park Heat 2 of Novice Performance Comp (if required)
Feb	18-21	Country Music Festival	Boyup Brook— See November Bully Tin
Mar	5	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park - tentative—Festival of Writers????
April	9	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium— <b>changed date due to 1st Friday being Easter Friday</b>

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

**Are you looking for Bush Poetry books or CDs**—there is a website selling a range of these, along with other “self published” music etc you can also sell through them, Go to [www.tradandnow.com](http://www.tradandnow.com) It’s an Australian group, based in Woy Woy, NSW

Do you want to be part of the National Scene — Then you might consider joining the Australian Bush Poets Assn [www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au) Annual membership \$30 Stay up to date with events and competitions right across Australia

<b>Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed - Please Contact Vice Pres—Grace</b>	<b>Don't forget our website <a href="http://www.wabushpoets.com">www.wabushpoets.com</a></b>
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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 <a href="http://www.wabushpoets.com">www.wabushpoets.com</a> Go to the “Performance Poets” page	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
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**Members' Poetic Products**

Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The Editor “Bully Tin” 86 Hillview Tce, St. James 6102 e-mail <a href="mailto:briandot@tpg.com.au">briandot@tpg.com.au</a>	Address all other correspondence to The Secretary. WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 39 Eradu Ramble, Hocking, 6065 e-mail <a href="mailto:grahamhedley@westnet.com.au">grahamhedley@westnet.com.au</a>	Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners 3 - 10 Gibson St, Mt Pleasant 6153
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