

BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - December 5th, 2008 7.30pm ★

Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

MC for December, Trish Yensch

**December is
Xmas Functions (Silly Season)
Father Christmas
Start of Summer, Cyclones &
Bushfire seasons**

There is nothing more frightening to the man on the land than a bush fire.

Bushfire

Flickering flames of frenzied fury
Fanned by a freshening breeze.
Terrible tortuous tongues of fire
Hunggrily lick at the trees.

With a roaring rush, the raging inferno
Famishes forest and farm,
'Til the land is blackened, barren and bare
And the world once wild is calm.

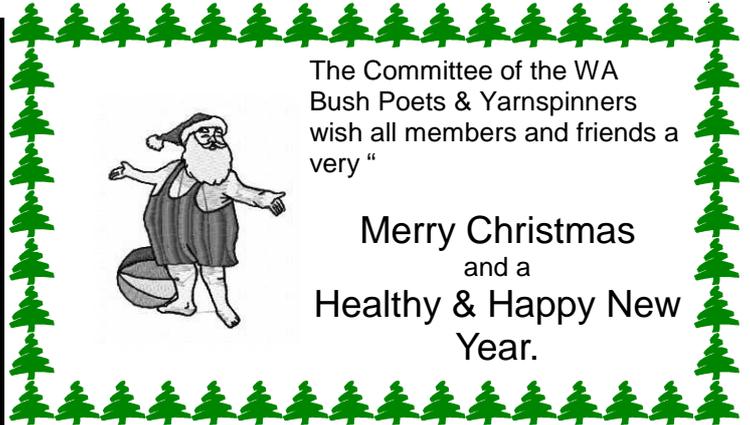
And the stillness settles on silent soil
Which once was the place of trees,
While the animals dead, or long since gone
Are merely memories.

But the green grass grows as time goes by,
And sinewy saplings soar;
For Nature nourishes new grown trees
'Til the bush is there once more.

(c) Oliver Thomas (Qld)
June 27, 2007 from "If it Rhymes, It's Poetry"

The Silly Season

The Silly Season's here again, my calendar's full up
With invitations by the score to sit and sip and sup
There's days that I'll have clashes, have to split myself in two
I'm not sure how I'll manage it, I don't know what to do
I wish that I were Superman, with supersonic speed
That is the super-power for me, It is the one I need
To keep my friends all happy, as well as cousin Dee
My classmates at aerobics and the local P & C
And all the other groups I'm in as well as folk at work
All obligations must be met, I'm not a one to shirk
But as I race from here to there, and back the other way
I ask myself will all this stress, turn golden locks to grey
And me into a crying mess, tears pouring down my cheeks -
Why do we have to cram it all, into just a few short weeks -
B.L. Nov 2008



The Committee of the WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners wish all members and friends a very "

Merry Christmas
and a
Healthy & Happy New
Year.

And for a woman's view of riding through the Aussie bush in summer time, here is:

Dusty Trails

I love the smell of Summer, all the essence that it brings,
And the magic that it oozes as the season first begins,
I love the whispers in the trees and all the birds in song,
They always seem to pick a tune my heart can drift upon.

Now more than just the Summer, what I love are dusty trails,
That wind throughout the bushland, with a charm that never fails,
I love to gallop onwards with my faithful equine friend,
And follow them with fervour, 'til I reach the daylights end.

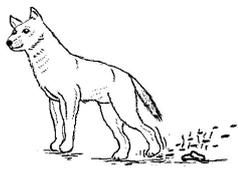
I love to jump the fallen logs and puddles on the way,
And watch the copper glow his coat reflects beneath a ray,
I love to watch his mane flow as we race along the track,
And even more I love to feel the sun beating my back.

I love the sound of wind squalls and of hoof beats on the ground,
And watching as the heavens ask the clouds to come around,
I love the way my friend snorts as the pollens fill his nose,
And the way he listens to me as I quote from famous prose.

That rush of pure adrenalin throughout your every vein,
It's what I long to live for, as we ride through Summer rain,
And trotting over hills just as the sun begins to set,
I swear there is no grand a sight of beauty I have met.

Eventually like all good things, time comes to say goodbye,
I grab the reins reluctantly, he bellows out a sigh,
We make our way for home and watch the sunset as it sails,
And dream about the next time we can ride those dusty trails.

© Simone 'Vagabond' Byrne June, 1996.



Scratchings

G'day again members and friends.

Having arrived at the end of the year, it is time to have a look at what has happened over the past 12 months. Before that, however, I would like to comment on the fact that the past 2 months

have probably been the busiest time for our association and its members since the National Bush Poetry Championships were held here in 2004. While not all events were organised by the WABP or its members, our poetic people played significant roles in all of them. October and November have seen the Jurien markets BP Brekky, Val Lishman Festival of Yarns, Have a Go Day, Pingrup Community BP Show, The Albany Show (2 events), Poets in the Park as well as 2 regular Musters at which the audience numbers are increasing. Who said that Bush Poetry was not a popular form of entertainment.

With all that and some horrendous paperwork applying for grants, getting function approvals, bank account transfers, and planning future events, I again must refer back to last month where I complained about apathy. I know everyone leads busy lives, but if you belong to an organisation, then surely you have an obligation to **actively** further its aims and objectives by participating and volunteering your services at every opportunity and not just sit and wait for "someone" to contact you. "Someone" is overworked and has other things to do than chase you up to respond to requests for volunteers. So to the few who do respond without having to be reminded, THANK YOU, your efforts are greatly appreciated.

So - back to the year, membership remains fairly stable, some drop off the list, some new ones join. Attendance at Musters has been generally increasing, the rise made up largely of Bentley Park Residents. This has fortunately countered a reduction in attendance by what I might term "old members" - Is it that the new venue is too far away? No Booze on sale? I'd like to know. We've now been in our new venue for six months and have settled in, and, if the Village people's attendance is anything to go on, have become part of the Bentley Park community. I know there has been some opposition to our use of the facility by a small minority who would seek to remain insular, but we are supported by management and an increasing number of residents, many of whom are joining our Association, some becoming regular performers.

We have continued to present a range of musters with the theme varying month by month. Over the year we have had Guest performers, Traditional night, Festival of Writers, short poetry competitions, Visiting Country performing members, Experienced performer nights as well as continuing to encourage and promote new and emerging writers and performers, with vastly varying poetic and performance styles. I would like to see a few more performers who specialise in doing other peoples work, both traditional and contemporary. Some of those who previously specialised in this area are quite noticeable by their absence. So, If you are not a writer, but think you'd like to tread the boards, please consider "having a go" While our aim is to have most of our presenters do their poems without the need to read, the current management recognises that this is a skill which must be developed **over time**, and we also recognise that for some this could be a very long time indeed. In the meanwhile we will endeavour to provide a balanced mix of available experienced performers as well as those in the early stages of their poetic journey.

I, along with my wife Dot, and the committee of the WABP&YS Assn wish you, and those you love, a Happy Festive Season, and hope that the year to come is all that you would like it to be.

Regards to all Brian Langley, President.

What's on in the Bush?

Boyup Brook Coutry Music Festival, Bush Poetry & Ute Muster Planning is nearing completion. Some initial flyers will be available at the December muster. The festival will be held on 12th-15th Feb. Bush Poets will feature several times throughout the four days.— See the article on page 7

Due to a disappointing response, the possible Jim Haynes writing and performance workshops in Perth on the week before the Boyup Brook Festival WILL NOT HAPPEN. It is unfortunate that many performers and writers do not recognise the need to constantly hone their skills. The opportunity to have an expert give us guidance is one that does not come all that often. The lack of response also influences the possibility of future similar opportunities being taken up. Arrangements are still being made for workshops to be held at Boyup Brook, we will hopefully have some details for you next month.



Bush Poets Return to Pingrup The Old CBH Building in the main street of Pingrup featured Bush poetry by Brian Langley, Peter Blyth, Victoria Brown and Wayne Pantall to a packed audience including a number from nearby towns.

Brian Langley the President of the Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners Association came along with his colourful clothing and witty verse. We could all relate to so many of Brian's Poems that many of the audience could not stop laughing and there were requests & repeated calls for more poems.

The audience was kept in stiches by the verses tall and true from Peter Blyth when he told us of his escapades in hospital and the need to have a "pee". We laughed at his humorous reminiscences of farming life. Peter has a special gift at telling a good yarn and of course they are all true??

Victoria Brown kept us enthralled with the "Local Elders Man" poem which has been aired on the ABC afternoon program. Victoria was a joy to listen to as her stories included her long suffering husband Tom and her children.

Wayne Pantall told us of the trials and tribulations of Battling Bruno and the Noodleup Cup. His delivery and style had



★ **Poets Profile** - Of all our members, there are very few whose occupation has
 ★ changed little since the days of the Classics writers. One who fits this mold is Jurien
 ★ member **Corin Linch**. This is his story:



★ In 1971 at the age of nineteen I went to work on Moola Bulla station up near Halls
 ★ Creek where I stayed until 1985, (except for an overseas stint and twelve months
 ★ horse-breaking in New South Wales.) At Moola Bulla I was head-stockman of the
 ★ Mount Amhurst camp (an out-station) and head-stockman of the Moola Bulla camp
 ★ for nearly ten years. In 1985 my wife Debbie, daughter Dani, son Ryan and I moved
 ★ to Parron Place Badgingarra where I took over the management. Parron was a fat-
 ★ tening property for Moola Bulla steers, I stayed here until it was sold in late 1997. My
 ★ wife and I purchased a 50 acre property near Jurien Bay so I had somewhere to run
 ★ my, what was becoming extensive horse plant. I now travel North most years for the
 ★ mustering season where I work in the west Pilbara as a contract musterer. My po-
 ★ etry reflects many of my bush experiences, some serious and some funny. In 2007 I
 ★ was asked to perform at Boyup Brook. As a result of that performance, I now find that
 ★ I am performing at numerous events throughout the state, where I perform not only my poetry but poems by P.J.
 ★ Quilty, his father, TomQuilty and traditional poems by my favourite poet Will Ogilvie along with many others.



Short Poetry Competition

There was a short poetry competition at the last muster (November). Being as 2008 is the Centenary of the founding of the scouting movement by Lord Frank Baden-Powell, the topic for the competition was "Scouts and Scouting". As well as the subject, there were also restrictions on the number of lines and the length of each line.

Unfortunately, many of our writers were not available and so there were only a relatively small number of entries. Judging was very tight with the initial score being equal for 1st and second with third just 1 point behind. First recount saw a tie still for the first two, It was only after a second recount (taking into account all 5 judges scores that one emerged the winner

On this page are the 3 place getters:

- 1st Place Scouting Around by Syd Hopkinson
- 2nd Scouts Frank Heffernan
- 3rd Knots Brian Langley

Scouting Around Syd Hopkinson 2008
 (Presented on the night by Barry Higgins)

When I was a little boy, my conduct was so bad
 I caused a lot of grief, for my mother and my dad
 School did me a heap of good, at footie I excelled
 But when it came to school-work, I nearly got expelled.

Leaving school put me on track, of this there is no doubt
 Mum and Dad were thrilled to bits when I become a scout
 Fame and fortune followed. My future was to blossom
 When I met a Girl Guide, a passionate little possum.

Our courtship was delightful, and how could I refuse
 When she invited me, on a "Leap Year" ocean cruise
 Where, can you believe it, late one night on bended knee
 She told me that she loved me, and SHE proposed to me

For those who join the Boy Scouts, seeking comfort and romance
 Don't expect to follow me, for you have Buckley's Chance
 I could not be happier, my life I'd never swap
 Wed to Little Possum, and Boss of her Dad's Grog Shop

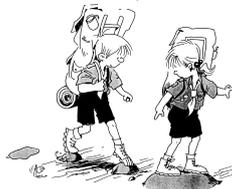
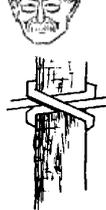
Scouts Frank Heffernan 2008
 (Presented on the night by Graham Hedley)

A hundred years of scouting
 And, so what's it all about?
 Would the world be different
 If there wasn't one boy scout?

There are ten good laws of scouting,
 Just apart from having fun.
 But to make a better citizen,
 Would be to sum them up in one.

Courageous, friendly, helpful,
 For a good scout is a must.
 Considerate, and respectful,---
 But the number one is trust!

Australia is a better place,
 Of that there is no doubting.
 Praise the name of Baden-Powell,
 Who brought to Oz, Boy Scouting.



Knots Brian Langley 2008
 (presented by himself)

When I was a lad I joined the scouts
 And learnt of knots and rope
 And other skills that through my days
 Would help, with life to cope

Those scouting skills that I learned well
 (I recall that there were lots)
 The one that's most important is
 "Remember all your nots"

Like NOT to drive a car when drunk
 And NOT to be a yob
 And NOT to be aggressive and,
 NOT ever be a slob

And NOT to be uncaring
 And NOT to give up hope
 These nots are the important ones
 For life – not just for rope

Here is Val Read's very moving poem which has quite deservedly given her what is probably the most prestigious Bush Poetry Written award in Australia, the 2008 Bronze Swagman Award

BROLGA DREAMING.

An urban Aboriginal who's never seen the bush;
I grew up in the city with its endless strive and push.
I do not know my heritage, or of my totem lore;
my parents can't remember tribal stories any more.
Yet, in my soul are yearnings that will never be denied;
my heart is ever haunted by a Dreamtime locked inside.
At night I dream of places where in life I've never been,
and dance the ancient dances that before I've never seen.

I sit and watch our children playing in a city street
with traffic fumes around them, and hot tar beneath their feet.
There's hopelessness within me. There is something I must do;
the Spirits never tell me, so I haven't got a clue.
Some how, some way, it urges, all these children must go home;
back to the womb that bore them; places where the ancients roam.
Back to the Broлга Dreaming, and the secret, sacred caves;
back to their tribal totems, and the elders' lonely graves.

I've done the white man's dreaming, and I've tried to live his ways,
but mateship's not extended, and I'm rarely given praise.
My home's supplied by welfare, who don't care it's falling down;
I drive a clapped-out Falcon on my forays into town.
I've tried to rise above it, black despair and grim defeat;
the overwhelming sadness in my people when we meet
in parklands near our ghetto, where we talk and laugh and play;
forgetting for an instant that we live the white man's way.

I've tried the drugs and liquor, but no comfort can be found;
lost in that dark oblivion that has no sight or sound.
It never stopped the chanting that was thrumming in my brain;
the drone of ancient music that is causing so much pain.
White folk don't understand it, plagued by strange, compelling dreams
that take me to a strange land; rugged hills and tortured streams.
Back to my Broлга Dreaming; distant land so far away;
back to the tribal dancing where ancestors stamp and sway.

I ask my old grandfather if he'll tell me what he knows,
but he cannot remember in his alcoholic doze.
My parents will not tell me of their childhoods dark and grim
when taken from their gunyahs, authorised by white man's whim.
They drink to drown their sorrows, and to dull the ancient song
that calls them to their homeland; to the place where they belong.
I'll find no peace in cities, nor in any place I'll roam;
for ancients of my Dreaming, all my life, will call me home.

V.P. READ. © 8/7/1008.

Val's also been busy on the local scene and has taken out several awards in the Mandurah Scribblers Open Poetry awards, namely 1st, 3rd, and 3 highly commendeds. The only other WABP&YS member who's name appears in the prize list is Brian Langley who has one highly Commended and 2 commendeds (out of 3 entries submitted). Only one other WA poet (Rondo Bernardo) appeared in the top 14 (of around 900 entries). Congratulations to all.



Australia Day 2009

Once again we are intending to present our annual Showcase event. As in the past, it will be held at Wireless Hill, and this year it is hoped that we can have a very wide range of poets both from the city and also from the country. We have applied for 3 grants to cover the costs involved in both advertising (far more than in the past) and bringing some country poets to Perth. At this time we have received confirmation of 2 of the grants, but the one specifically to cover country poet's transport will not be confirmed or rejected until early December. If our application is approved and all those country poets asked (selection was done on a ballot) do come to Perth, we will have a very full program. This will mean that for some poets, they may have less time allocated than they may like. This is a penalty that is paid for having a broad base of talent. The committee consider that this cross section of artistic styles is what a showcase is all about rather than having a small number of feature poets. With the timing constraints, poets are asked to consider having several poems of different lengths in their repertoire, so that they are able to fit their poem into the available space at the time (Poets will have a program before the event). Poets are also asked to be ready to go on stage immediately the previous performer has finished.

In order to fit the entire program in, the event will commence with a musical interlude at 1pm. with the poetic component getting underway **before 1.30.** and going through until around 5.30pm. If any of the artists have particular timing availability restraints, please contact Grace 9361 4265 ASAP.

It is likely that there will be more audience than in the past couple of years, so it is suggested that you go early if you want to get the best spot. We know that some groups will be having a BBQ lunch at the park.

In a departure from previous years, we have had to modify the name of the event. One of the sponsors requirements was that the event be named **"Make Time to Talk" 14th Annual Bush Poetry Showcase.**

The event is also being promoted as a smoke free, sunsafe event.

The "Make Time to Talk" message is one of the health issue messages promoted through the WA Health Dept. and it was chosen from several options. It is certainly the most applicable to our event.

So, even though there is a while to go yet, it's time to start planning your 2009 Australia Day activities.

Have A Go Day

WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners were represented among the 191 Displays, Activities, Info Booths and Food Concessions that assembled together on October 29th at Burswood Park for WA Senior's Week, "Have A Go Day"

We set up our display and info booth at our allocated spot, almost alongside the Swan Shell, at which we were performing for 3, 20 minute slots throughout the morning.

There was a lot of interest among the audience, both for our regular Musters and for "Poets in the Park".

Along with President Brian, VP Grace and Ron Ingham gave a well rounded variety of poetry, both Traditional and Contemporary.

The Booth was manned (or laded) by Dot, Edna and Treasurer, Judith who is rapidly learning who is who among our Association.

This was the first time that our new banner had been on display, and its brightness certainly drew people to us.

A Big THANKS to those committee and other members who volunteered to promote our Association.

"Poets in the Park" - Wrap up

Sunday, November 16th was a warm cloudy day, just right for an open air event in the magnificent grounds of Neil McDougall Parke in Manning (or South Como or McDougall Park anyway, Postcode 6152, whatever you call the place).

Some months ago, part of this park was re-named "Poetry Park" and a number of interpretive signs were constructed along the main pathway, depicting words from some of the WA Premier's annual award winning poets (None of it rhyming). To the best of my knowledge we were the first actual poetry event to occur there since its grand opening (which saw about 300 people emerge from the woodwork (was it the free drinks that bought them along?))

A number of picnicing groups were surprised to find themselves caught up in the preparation for the afternoons events, but later joined the audience for a great afternoon of poetry which was mainly contemporary. Five WA Bush Poets performers did the honours, producing a variety of styles.

Led by President Brian (with his alter ego "The City Poet" doing the actual performing), John Hayes, Barry Higgins, Grace Williamson and Wayne Pantall held the very appreciative audience of somewhere around 150 in awe at their abilities from the start at 2pm until they handed over for an "open mic" session a bit after 4pm. 5 people from the audience than got up for a couple of poems each, some of them were WABP&YS members who have not yet reached the "showcase" standard. Thanks to Caroline, Marjory, Graham, Norm and Rosa for their contributions to what was a very successful afternoon.

If you missed it, then it's back **on again next May 2nd**. The event is part sponsored by the City of South Perth, who's grant paid for some high quality advertising which certainly appears to have paid off.

Some hints for performers:

Last month I suggested to Val Read and other award winning poets and performers that they might like to consider submitting articles to this newsletter giving information and hints which may help those endeavouring to follow in their footsteps.

Well, having had no response to that request, (Did I really expect any?) I suppose it's up to me start the ball rolling and hope that others will follow.

Choice of poems

- ◆ Have a selection of different length poems in your repertoire—There are occasions where there is a time restriction and if you are versatile enough, this could be "your time"
- ◆ Have a selection of humorous and serious (most audiences prefer humour but also recognise that life (and poetry) has its serious side.
- ◆ Know your audience and tailor your poems to it. If your audience is nursing home patients, serious poems about death and dying are not particularly appropriate, nor are poems with sexual undertones or coarse language when the audience includes fundamentalists or children.
- ◆ Make sure you are not infringing copyright in your choice of poems.
- ◆ Make sure you announce the name and author of each poem.

Your Presentation:

- ◆ Speak slower than normal and speak clearly, practice good enunciation and diction
- ◆ Direct your speech to people at the back of the room, changing your focus from one side to the other.
- ◆ Use pauses for effect.
- ◆ Develop good breathing and voice projection techniques—talk from the diaphragm
- ◆ Where appropriate—have your "cheat sheet" available—we all have lapses, - a quick glance and away again is much better than stumbling around repeatedly going over the same bit you've lost.
- ◆ Avoid "talking in voices" unless you do them well, keep accents light.
- ◆ Avoid distracting mannerisms - perhaps consider viewing a video of yourself
- ◆ Use gestures appropriately, don't overdo them

Using Microphones

- ◆ Use a microphone effectively—you can change your 'volume' by changing the distance
- ◆ Know the different types of microphone (solo - cardioid - omnidirectional). and how to use them appropriately
- ◆ Don't tap the microphones
- ◆ Consider using a lapel or headset microphone
- ◆ Beware feedback—particularly when using cordless microphones (don't get too close to loudspeakers)

Here is a Press Release from the **Boyup Brook Country Music Festival** organisers:

PO Box 103 BOYUP BROOK WA 6244 Ph: (08) 9765 1657 Fax: (08) 9765 1011 Email: hotcountry@countrymusicwa.com.au

Dear Friends of Country Music

Here we are with 23 years of Country Music Festivals under our belts and ready to welcome you to our 24th Festival, (which has developed into the largest Country Music festival in Western Australia) and is to be held on the 12th, 13th, 14th & 15th February, in the shady parkland venue on the banks of the beautiful Blackwood River. Things are shaping up extremely well for the Boyup Brook Country Music Festival & the Boyup Ute & Truck Muster. We're in the final stages of fine tuning all aspects. Whether you have visited us before or are new to the country music experience, we look forward to meeting you and introducing you to our guests.

The huge task of co-ordinating the West Australian Country Music Awards and Festival plus the Ute & Truck Muster and the Bush Poets in Boyup Brook is a daunting project when you consider that everyone volunteers their time to help this magnificent event grow. From the Festival kick off through to the final chords and stomps on Sunday afternoon, you can expect to hear some of the best country artists in Australia, performing live in this beautiful and friendly corner of Western Australia.

For the early bird campers we will kick start on **Wednesday** night at the Boyup Brook Caravan Park for a welcome evening of light hearted entertainment with Terry & Jenny Bennetts (Award Winning Songwriter) & Graham Rodger from the east coast. Regardless of where you are staying you are welcome to bring your chair and have a great evening meeting up with old friends and making new acquaintances. **Thursday** evening entertainment will be held at the Music Park with a variety of entertainment - including "Laura Downing" and "Working Class Country" a showcase provided by Jim Haynes, Paul Costa and Travis Sinclair. **Friday** will start with a Jim Haynes Variety Showcase at the Harvey Dickson Country Music Centre and then follow on at the Tourist Bureau with a free "Patsy Cline tribute Showcase" with Debbie Beckett (proudly supported by Lotterywest), Bush Poetry plus much more. You just need to bring along a fold up chair, a hat and a good sense of humour. The Friday night concert gets under way at approximately 5.00pm and continues till late and will include performances by West Australian Award finalists and the "Wolverines".

Saturday morning will bring you to the Free Lotterywest Street Carnival in the town centre of Boyup Brook where there will be entertainment galore in a carnival type atmosphere with street theatre, dance, children's activities, markets, bands, buskers and heaps more. The line up of artists for the weekend is HUGE; National Artists include Steve Forde, Shea Fisher, Laura Downing, Jetty Road, Travis Sinclair, Rose Carleo, Wolverines plus top West Australian artists like Debbie Beckett, Chad Woods, Terry & Jenny, Cyclone Jason & the Stirling Rangers and many, many more.

Up bright and early on Sunday morning for Western Australia's biggest Bush Poets Breakfast with some of the finest Bush Poets in the country, followed by a top line up of artists until close.

One very affordable ticket can admit you to a world of music and entertainment for an evening, a day, or a whole weekend. Boyup Brook Telecentre for Tickets and Camping 97651169 For further details please go to our web site www.countrymusicwa.com.au or phone 97651657 Email: countrymusicwa@westnet.com.au

From "A Bush Christmas" C.J. Dennis 1931

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.

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.

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."

How's y'r Scottish? For 'tis a Scottish Bush Poem

Santa Claus in the Bush

It chanced out back at the Christmas time,
When the wheat was ripe and tall,
A stranger rode to the farmer's gate --
A sturdy man and a small.
"Rin doon, rin doon, my little son Jack,
And bid the stranger stay;
And we'll hae a crack for Auld Lang Syne,
For the morn is Christmas Day."

"Nay noo, nay noo," said the dour guidwife,
"But ye should let him be;
He's maybe only a drover chap
Frae the land o' the Darling Pea.

"Wi' a drover's tales, and a drover's thirst
To swiggle the hail nicht through;
Or he's maybe a life assurance carle
To talk ye black and blue,"

"Guidwife, he's never a drover chap,
For their swags are neat and thin;
And he's never a life assurance carle,
Wi' the brick-dust burnt in his skin.

"Guidwife, guidwife, be nae sae dour,
For the wheat stands ripe and tall,
And we shore a seven-pound fleece this year,
Ewes and weaners and all.

"There is grass tae spare, and the stock are fat.
Where they whiles are gaunt and thin,
And we owe a tithe to the travelling poor,
So we maun ask him in.

"Ye can set him a chair tae the table side,
And gi' him a bite tae eat;
An omelette made of a new-laid egg,
Or a tasty bit of meat."

"But the native cats have taen the fowls,
They havena left a leg;
And he'll get nae omelette at a'
Till the emu lays an egg!"

"Rin doon, rin doon, my little son Jack,
To whaur the emus bide,
Ye shall find the auld hen on the nest,
While the auld cock sits beside.

"But speak them fair, and speak them saft,
Lest they kick ye a fearsome jolt.
Ye can gi' them a feed of thae half-inch nails
Or a rusty carriage bolt."

So little son Jack ran blithely down
With the rusty nails in hand,
Till he came where the emus fluffed and scratched
By their nest in the open sand.

And there he has gathered the new-laid egg --
'Twould feed three men or four --
And the emus came for the half-inch nails
Right up to the settler's door.

"A waste o' food," said the dour guidwife,
As she took the egg, with a frown,
"But he gets nae meat, unless ye rin
A paddy-melon* down."

"Gang oot, gang oot, my little son Jack,
Wi' your twa-three doggies sma';
Gin ye come nae back wi' a paddy-melon,
Then come nae back at a'."

So little son Jack he raced and he ran,
And he was bare o' the feet,
And soon he captured a paddy-melon,
Was gorged with the stolen wheat.

"Sit doon, sit doon, my bonny wee man,
To the best that the hoose can do --
An omelette made of the emu egg
And a paddy-melon stew."

"'Tis well, 'tis well," said the bonny wee man;
"I have eaten the wide world's meat,
And the food that is given with right good-will
Is the sweetest food to eat.

"But the night draws on to the Christmas Day
And I must rise and go,
For I have a mighty way to ride
To the land of the Esquimaux.

"And it's there I must load my sledges up,
With the reindeers four-in-hand,
That go to the North, South, East, and West,
To every Christian land."

"Tae the Esquimaux," said the dour guidwife,
"Ye suit my husband well!"
For when he gets up on his journey horse
He's a bit of a liar himsel'."

Then out with a laugh went the bonny wee man
To his old horse grazing nigh,
And away like a meteor flash they went
Far off to the Northern sky.

When the children woke on the Christmas morn
They chattered with might and main --
For a sword and gun had little son Jack,
And a braw new doll had Jane,
And a packet o' screws had the twa emus;
But the dour guidwife gat nane.

Now here's a poem that doesn't follow the rules that we
have assumed for a *guid* Bush Poem

The language is not Australian (or is it?) All verses are
NOT equal length, and if you examine the structure
carefully, you will find that some verses differ from oth-
ers in their "feet" (and syllable count)

So—other than being a Christmas poem, why is it here?

Perhaps because its author is far better known than this
poem, and at the time was at the peak of his poetic ca-
reer. The poem was written in 1906, by none other
than A. B Banjo Paterson.

It just goes to show that even the masters depart from
our "rules" from time to time

* Paddy melon is a small wallaby like animal—a bit bigger than a quokka

Having a bit of spare space, I thought I'd have a rummage around and see what I could find among submitted poems by locals.

Since taking over the newsletter in August 06, printed submitted poems have come from 26 members, 3 non members and four juniors. Val Read tops the list with 6 poems

THE CONTRACTOR.

The contractor spoke at the quarters that night,
"This job must be finished and really done right,
I know the work's hot and the going is hard
So we'll have a few rums and then finish this yard.

Come on me boys, there's work to be done,
We can finish this job by the rise of the sun.
If you blokes can't hack it, or can't stand the pace
I'll finish the dip, and also the race!"

The big bloke heads off towards the work site.
Then starts up the welder and gets the amps right.
Inspired by their leader, and fired by his zeal
His workers made sure they had finished their meal.

Then deciding to help in the work yet to come
They assisted the Boss by drinking his rum.
Then, early next morning, all smit with remorse
They head off for the job, still seedy of course.

The welder was working, and getting quite hot
But, sad to relate, the operator was not!
Now where is the Leader? Is the job finished yet?
But sometime before sunrise their boss must have set!

For there in his Hilux, with his faithful old dog,
Their illustrious leader lay out like a log.
Then his diligent staff, to see the job right,
Inspected the work that was done in the night.

"He's a big bloke," says Dennis. "Don't get him upset,
And he has the cheque book, we mustn't forget.
Let's get on with the job, we've got nothing to lose,
Just hope he forgets we drank all his booze."

So they disced off the dags to make room for the cattle.
(One could do a hip on the excess of metal.)
They wore out some discs and had mobs of fun
But before the day ended the job had been done.

Which just goes to show what a leader can do
To urge on his team and see a job through.
With men who are loyal, and proud of their trade,
(They'll keep quiet about this, until after they're paid!)

Johnny Mac



Turning Fifty

© Irene Conner 10/03/08

They tell me that the big "Five-oh" is such a special day.
A time for drinks and partying, or so my friends all say!!
"Your life begins at fifty – from now on you'll have a ball"
But who forgot to tell them all the facts as I recall.

My few grey hairs will multiply 'til soon I'm white as snow,
in just the twinkling of an eye, I'll lose my youthful glow!!
That niggle in the hip and back will soon become pronounced,
the dimming of my memory will creep up unannounced.

Those heavy loads I carry now with reckless lack of care
will soon be burdens that I'll need to ask someone to share.
My eyesight that's been waning for the last eight years or so
will suddenly degenerate – that's how it goes, you know.

The weight will creep across my hips as energies decrease,
my joints will all start aching as they crumble piece by piece,
'til soon I'll be awaiting joint replacements by the score
when pain decrees that I will walk with liveliness no more.

For I recall, when just a kid, that fifty seemed so old,
the twilight of your life was just beginning to unfold,
and life was then a downhill track we all would walk one day.
How strange it is that I am not perceiving that today.

It doesn't feel as though I've reached the summit of my life,
that I may soon be heading for a busy surgeon's knife.
It doesn't feel as though I'm on my way to getting old;
I feel as though a whole new life is ready to unfold.

I'm feeling pretty comfy in my slowly ageing skin;
no unresolved emotions are still raging there within.
My sense of worth does not depend upon another's' view,
I worry not how others see the things that I may do.

I've raised my kids as best I can – I'm proud of them today.
I've no regrets on judgements made within my yesterday.
I carry all the signs of wear as trophies of my life;
as symbols of the strength that always carries me through strife.

So yes, I'm up to partying, lets dance the night away
for age should never influence a person's need to play.
And age can bring contentment if your attitude is right,
so party on, let's move along – I've sixties in my sight!!

Highland Husband

"My husband plays the bagpipes" that brings some strange remarks
From people who don't realize, bagpipe playing is an art
It's not for the weak and puny, you need to be quite strong
To blow them up and keep them going, as you march along
I like the sound of bagpipes, The music has that lilt
And I think my husbands sexy, In his swinging, Scottish kilt.

Catherine McLernon May 2004



November Muster 2008 - by Dot

Because he didn't have enough poets to fill all the spaces, **Hadley Provis** our MC for the night called on the poets present to step up to the microphone and perhaps 'do' some extra presentations that they hadn't practiced or prepared for. A VERY BIG THANK YOU to the poets who gave us some of their extra works. Hadley also filled in the gaps with some stories and funnies.

Brian Langley was the first with a suitable poem of his own, "Melbourne Cup". The scene is set with the race goers all dressed up with silly hats. The stupid grins tell us that they are the winners. The jockeys and the horses tear down the straight and I would bet a week later, that no one could tell you who the winner is but they all can tell you that it could run. But really, it's just an excuse to take some time off work.

Caroline Sambridge had one of her new ones. "Jesus the Man." A take on the old story but with a modern twist. With Jesus doing a Magic Show presentation of the story that we all know with the feeding of the multitude. A good parody of this well know story.

C J Dennis has a friend in **Norm Eaton**. Norms presentation of Ginger Mick in an "Introduction to Ginger Mick" with Bill his mate introducing him. This cobbler, Ginger Mick has a wicked sort of face, and his name everywhere from the Court House to the Army. His education was forced upon him but he could do figuring very well so he got a job penciling for a Bookie. With his hulking frame and language flowing freely he was a sight to see, but inside he is a big softhearted kinda boy. With a bit of help from his cheat sheet Norm performed most of the poem with his usual panache. A very long poem done extremely well

One of our 'new' performers who now perhaps we could consider one of our usual presenters **Marjory Cobb** did a very short poem "The Pioneers" by Frank Hudson. She started but a short while into the poem lost it and asked if she could come back a while later and do it again. The audience was very understanding and when she came back she went through the poem without a hitch. This poem tells of old world people whose youth is spent and their backs are bent. With snow in their hair, they had stood in this wide strange land where the axes rang and the newfound home under the eucalyptus tree. But now there is only swift trains and planes fly where the wild birds flew and our youth is spent.

Bob Chambers remembers Neil McDougall Park (where we were going to hold our Poetry in the Park showcase), as a swampland where the Bull frogs were roaring. He told us the time, long ago when Lt Herrison came up the river exploring and visited the swamp which has become the park. He then had some of his stories about farmers and their wives, along with a scene in the pub, followed by a maternity hospital not being needed by an expectant mother, and finished with a story about the Queen and WWII.

With a new poem **Graham Hedley**, has now got his rhythm and rhyme working together. It's great to see that poets can translate from another genre. , "The Eagle" told of that football teams desperate try to not become the wooden spooners. With anxious fans and with theories on how to play the final series all coming to nothing, the chances of even another win are fast fading.

With his own "The Reason That I'm Here", **Brian Langley** told of his first attendance at a State Championships for Bush Poetry, with time on his hands he thought he would write about his life on the farm and his kids because he had seen an advert for the Naked Poets Show so he went along and thoroughly enjoyed the nights entertainment. So he put pen to paper and wrote a competition piece. And now he is standing herebut....it seems the first line has deserted him!!!

Then Hadley propositioned Rosa with a plea to meet him, as his affection was true so could she please wait here while he ducks home so see if his wife is still watching T.V.

Norm Eaton returned with Treacle Tales, told of the awful mess he got into when trying to put treacle on his toast. A knife is needed to spread the treacle but when the phone rang there is treacle everywhere. He wonders why he didn't have vegemite instead.

With one of Syd Hopkinson's, "Mounting Pleasure", **Barry Higgins** told of the dilemma of the owners of two chimpanzees who when they died wanted to have them stuffed so they could be always with them. The taxidermist made a mistake when he heard they wanted them mounted (you can fill in the scene can't you???), as they would have preferred them to be holding hands.

After a lovely supper: Thank you once again Edna and your helpers. **If anyone can help out in the kitchen after supper so that Edna and her crew can join us back in the hall much sooner, it would be much appreciated.**

With our Readings from the Classics **Kerry Bowe** gave us "The Old Bush School" by PJ Hartigan (or as he is better known in poetic circles, John O'Brien

A long poem done extremely well. The memories of the old bush school with its seediness of use from the people he can still see now. His Mother determined that her children would get an education come what may, with the other children from the district around trudging many miles on foot or horse back to get to the school. Hard is the

knowledge installed from the old bush school.

The Short Poetry Written Competition was then on, with poems presented by: **Loralie Tacoma, Brian Langley, Graham Hedley, Dot Langley, Barry Higgins, Hadley Provis** all reading for our poets who had sent in their work. Thank you very much to the readers who with very little practice did a brilliant job. **Leon Newton** was reluctant to deliver his poem. He should not have been embarrassed as he did a fantastic job. Maybe we will see Leon up again as this was his very first written poem and his very first time in front of an audience. Well Done. Most of the poems seem to have an underlying theme about girls that just goes to show where these Scouts wanted to succeed in rather than knots and doing good works. Hmmmmm See further comments and the winning poems on page 4

With her tray of stones **Grace Williamson** prepared to tell us the story by Joan Strange "Stepping Stones". When she had to move to the nursing home the room is too small to hold her stones. These stones are for each of her memories and there is a story about each one and where and when she gathered them. They are also her story of her life and help her to remember the good times along with the sad. Her little grandson spoke up for her as he had also been told the stories that each stone had to tell and with his passionate and indignant outburst the silence in the room as with care the stones are gently replaced on the tray.

Barry Higgins had a few stories that scouts with their good deeds that can be done when bribed with cake or... (well I will leave it up to your imagination!!) There is also a gathering of wives who do extra curricular activities to save some money. This I will also leave up to your own unique imagination!!!! He followed with a poem by Jeff Bebb "The Rain Gauge Man", he told of the man who read his rain gauge exactly at 6 every morning through rain or snow. He had been taught to be consistent and in doing so had gained a reputation but unfortunately today he has let every one down. It seems that his lady, seeking a little bit of an extra cuddle had distracted him. So he's hoping that he will be forgiven, he hadn't read it until 7.

Caroline Sambridge had written a poem for her best friends wedding. So for Eric and Louise on your wedding day she wishes you happiness and love for each other. With a golden ring she hopes that you will have a happy life.

With another CJ Dennis **Norm Eaton** read "Ginger Mick and the Duck and the Fowl". You had best be careful how you talk about a skirt (girl) as there are plenty who will knock you down. But when you talk about Ginger Micks girl you better watch out. Ginger had a good day at the races and takes Rosie down for an Asian dinner with some foreign food. When another bloke insults Rosie, the fighting begins until food and bodies are going everywhere. The coppers arrest the toff and Ginger Mick with Rosie find they've managed to come away with a Duckling and a Chook hidden in their clothes, but what's a hungry bloke meant to do??

With his "DIYer" **Brian Langley** presented his version of how good he is fixing up things around the house. It seems though that there are some jobs he leaves for the wife. Dot didn't seem too impressed by his DIYing, or leaving certain domestic jobs for her. Yes I got up and told him exactly what he could do as I now was going to get a housekeeper and guess who is going to pay, so I will have more time to sew or go out with friends, if he doesn't mend his ways and learn to cook or clean. Brian followed this with what was to have been his submission for "Living Histories". Unfortunately he had missed this year's deadline, so will have to wait until next year to submit it. Titled "My 1950s", It is a combination of Brian's teenage years mixed in with Australian history of the time. If you recall, the fifties were times of Atomic tests, Royal Visit, Melbourne Olympics, coming of TV, Billy Graham, The Korean War and Rock & Roll. With all that going on, going to high school, starting work and falling in love becomes the stuff of poetry.

Barry Higgins again filled in some time with a couple of Syd Hopkinson's the first being "Love Your Dentist", with a lady fearing the filling and the drilling being bad enough but the pulling of a tooth is the worst. When she needed a tooth pulled said that having a baby would be better. The Dentist was busy so she had to make up her mind as he couldn't do both as he would have to change the chair. Titled "Ouch!", it tells of a bloke going off to the loo. He is gone for such a long time that people go looking for him. He is caught in a dreadful way as each time he goes to stand his knackers are grabbed tight. You stupid idiot he is told you are sitting on the mop bucket and you've got your foot on the pedal.

To finish off the night **Gwen Johnson** read us a short poem about a "Thoroughly Modern Granny", This modern version of a Granny doesn't wear spectacles she wears contact instead, she also paints her toes. She takes day-trips to different places and goes to the pub. She rides a horse and wears jogging clothes and if that's what's growing old is all about well I hope that it will come soon so I can be just like her.

A really BIG THANK YOU to the poets who filled in and made this night a great one due to your extra contributions. We don't mind if you have to read, it is still just as enjoyable to listen to the different mixes that people come up with.

Dot Note A fine is a tax for doing wrong. Tax is a fine for doing well!!!

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

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Noreen Boyd	Library	9472 1384	
There is room for YOU here			

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

Nov	30	Closing date	Blackened Billy Verse Comp (Tamworth)	janmorris@northnet.com.au PO Box 3001 West Tamworth NSW 2340
Dec	5	WABP&YS Muster	Bentley Park Auditorium	Pies, Port & Poetry—Giant Xmas Raffle
Jan	2	WABP&YS Muster	Bentley Park Auditorium	“Normal” muster - Bring a friend theme—Summer, Holidays etc
Jan	26	Bush Poetry Showcase	Wireless Hill, Ardross—commences 1pm	with Musician “Stinger” & MC, Peter Harries
Feb	7	WABP&YS Muster	Bentley Park Auditorium—Experienced Performers	
Feb	12-15	Boyup Brook	Country Music festival, Bush Poetry & Ute Musater (See inside this Bully Tin)	
Mar	7	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	“Festival of Writers
May	2	McDougall Park (Sth Perth)	Poets in the Park - 2pm	

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

Going to Tamworth in January 09? If so, the Tamworth Country Energy Bush Poetry Competition has heats on Tues 20th, Thurs 22nd, Fri 23rd FINALS Sat 24th, all at “Blazes Auditorium” Entry Forms available NOW SSAE Jan Morris, PO Box 3001, West Tamworth 2340 and if you just want to become involved as a “walkup poet” at various events , then you must register at St Edwards, Tamworth on January 19th and 21st - further info Ed Parmenter (02) 6652 3716

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.

Muster MCs are still needed - Please Contact Vice Pres—Grace

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
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Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The Editor “Bully Tin” 86 Hillview Tce, St. James 6102 e-mail briandot@tpg.com.au	As we still don’t have a secretary, Address all other correspondence to either the President (address as for the Editor) or the Vice Pres. WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 13 Getting St, Lathlain, 6100 e-mail gracewil@bigpond.com	Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners 3 - 10 Gibson St, Mt Pleasant 6153
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