

Next Muster April 4th 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park

MC: Lorelie Tacoma 9365 2277 tlorelie@gmail.com

RESULTS OF THE BOYUP BROOK WRITTEN COMPETITION
OPEN CATEGORY

First Place ... Unspoken Words – David Campbell, Beaumaris. Vic

Very Highly Commended ... A Soldier Brave – Brenda Joy, Charters Towers. Qld

Highly Commended ... Jimmy – Tom McIlveen, Port Macquarie. NSW

Highly Commended ... Baldy – Michael Lloyd, Bayonet Head, Albany. WA

Highly Commended ... Where Life Has Led – Brenda Joy, Charters Towers. Qld

Commended ... Secrets Of the Desert – Brenda Joy, Charters Towers. Qld

Winner – Emerging Poet

Baldy – Michael Lloyd, Bayonet Head. WA

Winner – WA Poet

Baldy – Michael Lloyd, Bayonet Head. WA



JUDGES REPORT Boyup Brook 2014

Entry numbers were down a little this year but this didn't affect the quality of many of those received.

There was little to choose between the poems selected for awards, indeed another judge may well have placed them differently. There were also several poems that just missed out but would be worthy of an award in most competitions.

The winning poem tells of heartache and sadness at the loss of a loved one during the bushfires and the longing that follows seem to be never ending – a very fine piece of writing.

The poem that was the runner up told of the sadness of seeing a soldier's coffin returning home from Afghanistan and thinking of his mother, as the observer herself has a son serving there and tells of the constant anxiety she feels for his safety – a very well written and touching poem

The other award winning poems were based on a number of different subjects including one humorous one about a hair transplant.

Many thanks to all who took the time to put in their entries, and congratulations to those who won the awards.

To those who entered but didn't win an award, please keep entering the competitions as what doesn't win in one competition may well win in another.

Thank you, Irene Connor

THE POET

His pace seemed somewhat slower as he walked out there once more;

his face a little paler than it used to be before.

All knew that he'd been crook; about as bad as it can get, but beat it as we knew he would - he'd things to do here yet.

He wore an old Akubra with what seems an air of grace and furrows trace life's passage on his weather beaten face. He steps onto the makeshift stage to do what poets do; recite a bit of Paterson, then spin a yarn or two.

The audience were hushed by now and nerves kicked in right then, he hoped he wouldn't stuff it up and have to start again. The first few lines rolled smoothly out and soon he's in the groove, the crowd are right behind him and there's nothing he need prove.

He'd waited long to see this day and join his mates once more, the road back had been bumpy with large potholes there galore.

But all that's now behind him and it's good to be alive and breathing country air again, out where the poets thrive.

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President's Preamble -

President's Preamble. April 2014

I am coming down off another great event, this time the Downunder Country Weekend at Bridgetown. Hosted by David and Therese Higginson, it features a great line-up of traditional country music artists, including Terry Bennetts, Kate Hindle and many other local and interstate musicians. At 82 years of age, Des Morgan is still a brilliant singer and entertainer, and was the star of the show.

Ron Evans ran the bush poets breakfast on Sunday morning, ably assisted by Peter Blyth, Peg Vickers, Jim Riches Cobber Lethbridge and Barry Higgins. Other spots were provided in the weekend program for "The Gunn Poet" (Rob Gunn), Vic Haeusler and myself to entertain the very responsive crowd of about 500 happy campers.

Poets please note the section on upcoming musters. I failed to do so last month, and on arriving was informed that March is W A Poets month. Therefore I had to dispense with the poems I was planning to do, and quickly find some to fit the criteria. Can all muster poets please prepare a short synopsis of their poems, ready to go to print in The Bully Tin. This will save the person doing the write up many hours wading through reams of poems as they prepare the monthly muster report.

In May we are having a writers challenge (no prizes) for a short poem (max 16 lines) with the topic being "May Migration". Set to it and see what you can come up with. Any country writers who will not be at the muster can email their poem to me (as MC for the night) and someone will read it for you.

Moondyne Festival at Toodyay is coming up on 4th May. I have been asked to do a few poetry spots in the museum that day. It would be great to see other members there. We have a very good working relationship with the Toodyay Festivals committee, and have already started planning for the 2014 Bush Poetry weekend in November.

Keep an ear on the bush telegraph for Terry Bennetts CD launch scheduled for Anzac Day. Final details are not yet available, but we will email members when plans are finalized. Terry will be our guest musician at the May muster and have his new CD with him.

Meg and I are about to take three weeks R & R in Tasmania and so will miss the April muster, but catch up in May.

Bill Gordon

" **It Must Have Been The Dog** by Terry Piggott

I stepped across the old dog who was stretched out like a tzar.
and joined the other sinners who were lined up at the bar.

A night out on the booze had stirred my gastric juices up,
my stomach was in turmoil and it threatened to erupt.

I knew I must get some relief so snuck a quiet one out,
retreating quickly out of range before it spread about.

And people were soon retching from that awful, awful smell,
it stripped the paint right of the walls that lethal fart from hell.

Dire threats were being made there if the culprit could be found,
a scapegoat was now needed so I quickly looked around.

I remembered then the hound that was sleeping on the floor;
it must have been the dog I said - and kicked it out the door.

Terry Piggott's entry in the 2014 Poets' Brawl at **Boyup Brook.**

21st February, 2014

Dear Christine,

Bev and I have just enjoyed the best five days of my life! We both had a fabulous time. We are planning 2015 around Boyup Brook! The major problem is now that Bev spends far too much writing poetry! I keep telling her, "I'm the poet in the family", but she just keeps on hogging the computer. Those rotten buggers, Marco and Wusser, at the poetry workshops encouraged her by saying she had talent. It is all Bill Gordon's fault for being such a great host, as well as telling us both about the workshops. What a great place to have a great time!

Bev and I lacked peace of mind
Down south we went to look.
We searched and searched, but failed to find
That lucky boy up Brook.
We heard he had been round about
At last year's poet's brawl.
We missed him then but both found out
This year we had a ball!

See you on the 7th!

And the bullock team was a definite highlight!

Warmest regards (Bev has to fly back to Victoria - I will join her a bit later),

Jem (Shorland)

THE PENNY WHISTLE POLKA

I thought I'd set about it in a most methodic way

'Cos the Irish Penny Whistle I was sure I'd learn to play.
So I bought a penny whistle, key of D, if I recall
And all I had to pay was fifteen Dollars that was all.

Fifteen Dollars for a Penny ! My God, inflation has gone mad !
For I clearly can remember when a Shilling's all you had.
And with that you paid your bus fare, had an ice-cream, bought
your lunch.
But the Decimal equivalent, ten cents, won't get you near as
much.

Now, the lesson sheet that came with it was only half a page,
And I quickly mastered breathing, but where's the second
stage ?
Instead of musical notation there's this little line of dots.
Some were black, and some were white, and some were inky
blots.

So I screeched and squawked and whistled, 'til my friend, I'm
telling you,
By the time I'd learned the first tune, all my finger tips were
blue.
Well, an hour a day, or sometimes two, for six months I persist-
ed,
But, by then my finger tips were torn, my lips were rough and
blistered.

The 'Irish Washerwoman' was the tune I loved the best.
But six-eight time was really hard, it really was a test.
So I tried the tunes in four-four, nine, and twelve and seven-
teen,
But the harder that I tried, the more confusion reigned supreme.

Well then, I thought, I know the trick, I'll try a tune in 'C'.
But it wasn't really possible, the whistle was in 'D'.
So I ordered up a new one, and the shop girl said to me:
'A month or two is all it takes to get here, just you wait and
see !'

Well, I waited for a month or so, and then became excited,
This really is too long, I thought, its wrong, and should be right-
ed.
So, I rang my girl in Melbourne, and I told her of my plight,
She said 'Don't you worry Dad, I'll surely see you right'.

So, now I have four whistles, there's two each in C and D,
And I'm learning very slowly that you have to count to three,
Or four, or six, or twelve, or whatever it might be.
Perhaps Bagpipes or Accordion's the instrument for me.

You wouldn't think a little whistle could be as hard to play as
that,
You only use six fingers, but there's all those sharps and flats !
Concentration is a problem, it really is a must,
'Cos if you lose your way, you'll find you're playing specks of
dust.

But a cheeky little Butcher Bird has brought me to my knees,
He laughs and sings and flutters up and down among the trees.
He sings the tunes far better now than I will ever do,
I wish I was a Butcher Bird, then I could whistle too !

Ed Mahon 1998



Buying New Clothes

Though I'm not fashion conscious
and favour comfort more than style,
my family said; "You're scruffy
and have been for a while.
You need to buy some new clothes,
not those from the Op shop,
get something smart and stylish
then discard that tatty lot.

Well, I guess my gear was rather old
and starting to down grade
with buttons off, some marks and stains
and in places badly frayed.
My trousers thinning at the knees,
though I wasn't bothered much,
but maybe didn't look the best
with the seam split at the crutch.

So with the very best intentions
I went to a menswear store
to browse the aisles of garments
like I'd never worn before.

A coloured shirt with fancy collar,
complete with silken tie,
tailored jacket in the latest trend,
and new trousers I would try.

Well, the assistant I had helping me
was different from my mates.
He had a rather high pitched voice
and some unusual traits.
He enquired about my "inner leg"
which did upset my nerves,
with visions of that blond chap
in "Are You Being Served?"

I held my breath and didn't flinch
as he tucked his tape up high
and seemed to take a long time there
which made me worry why.
This caused him consternation
'cos I'm not a standard shape
and pants that fit my length of leg
leave the zipper wide agape.

To get a pair that reached around
the part my lunch gets stored
had legs so long they passed my feet
and went along the floor!

Not one to balk at challenges
my aide asked, quite demure,
"Perhaps we can have them altered
to make the leg length right for Sir?"
I know it was unkind of me
but he blushed when he was told;
"No, I'll take them as they are thanks,
and get the extra bits half-soled!"

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18.11.11

A FARMER'S REPLY.

A letter in the paper nearly broke my heart in two,
'twas written in the city and the writer could be you.
We farmers fully realize the way you're thinking there,
begudging us the 'handouts' when we suffer drought's despair.
The question in the letter: "Will they give the money back
when farmlands start to prosper and there's money in their sack?
Our hospitals need money and our schools are in a plight,
those grants they give to farmers sure would set the system right.

"Yet it's given to the farmers who cry poverty each year,
and it's hard-working battlers who are hit the hardest here.
I'm tired of paying taxes to assist the farmers' plight,
because they'll keep on whinging for our help to make it right.
Why don't they give us handouts when they haven't had a drought,
or devastating dust storms, or vast floods to wash them out?
When wheat grows high and ripens and their stock grows sleek and fat,
they send their kids to college and they rent an up-town flat."

The tears were flowing freely as I read the lines again,
for I cannot remember when I last saw precious rain
when dams were full of water and the cattle ate their fill
of sweet and tender grasses that spread over plain and hill.
The drought's been six long years now and it hasn't eased so far,
our kids don't go to college; we don't own a fancy car.
We've lost our pure-bred cattle and we don't know how we'll cope,
we're only hanging on now by a slender thread of hope.

An invitation's offered to the one who wrote those words
to come up here and stay a while and see the starving herds,
to see those bony cattle that are eating rock and sand,
the awful desolation of the tortured, barren land.
To see our topsoil rising on a hot and howling gale,
the starving mobs of emus lined along the house-yard rail,
the brumbies in the creek beds dying out there on the grade
and kangaroos in thousands in each tiny patch of shade.

They'll smell the putrid odour that is drifting round our spread
and hear the crows rejoicing as they feast upon the dead.
I'd tell him how we've struggled hard to make it on our own,
that drought has made us beggars when we're pleading for a loan.
We stand to lose our stations when we cannot pay the bill,
the bank gives us extensions and then moves in for the kill.
I'd take him to our neighbour who's been broken by this drought.
His family have left him; wife and children have moved out.

The farm's been in his family since eighteen-ninety-two,
he's given every drop of blood; there's no more he can do.
Last week they held the auction and I could not check the tears,
they sold off all his assets – treasured mem'ries through the years.
And when I saw him standing with his head and shoulders bowed,
I had to walk away from him and mingle with the crowd.
I could not bear his sorrow and I could not bear the rage
when thinking of that letter written on 'The Daily's' page.

The writer blames the farmers for this never-ending hell,
but he's a city-slicker who could never do as well.
He does not battle seasons that don't follow Nature's plan;
the endless droughts for years on end that break the strongest man.
Is he a hobby farmer with a small plot in the hills where water flows through paddocks and the jacaranda spills
its lovely purple blessing over grasses lush and sweet,
his haven from the office and the noisy city street?

Does he go there on weekends and survey his rural scene
where hills and rolling grasslands are a symphony in green."
And does he read the paper in an air-conditioned place
where he sits and writes a letter that's an absolute disgrace?
Believe me, many farmers won't survive without the grant;
their stock is decimated and they haven't seed to plant.
With years of debt behind us there's no way to get ahead
and it adds to our heartache when his cruel words are read.

V.P. READ. ©

Also COMMENDED – GIPPSLAND WATTLE BUSH POETRY AWARD. 2007

Not Just The Drover's Horse

By Brian Langley

Winner of The Golden Damper
Award, 2014

You may sing of the drover's companion
That carried him far, far from home.
For months at a time they would travel,
Together the country they'd roam.
As they moved all the sheep and the cattle
To places the grasses grow sweet;
Then moving them down to the saleyards,
All fat so there'll be lots of meat.

You may tell of the sure footed pony
As he raced down the mountains at speed;
As one with the stockman who rode him;
Together, the man and his steed.
As they followed the wild bush horses
Through scrub where no horses should go.
Crashing their way through the mulga,
Where the Snowy and Jindabyne flow.

You may write of the thoroughbred racer,
As he surges away from the gate
Then settles to run the full distance,
With a burst at full speed down the straight.
To take on the favourite and beat him;
To win by a very short nose.
It's races like that that are legends,
That are set down in poems and prose.

But for all of the telling of stories
Of the horses the jockeys ride hard,
And those of the drovers out droving
And the stock horses down at the yard.
There's many whose roles are forgotten
With hardly a mention at all,
They too are the ones we should sing of,
They too helped our country stand tall.

There's others whose deeds **are** remembered
But their riders got most accolades;
The special breed known as the waler
That carried the light horse brigades
Into battle in far distant places;
Left to rot in the fields where they fell.
For them, no retirement to pasture,
Just a long one-way trip into hell.

And the horses that moved goods and people
'Tween the coast and the towns far away;
Pulling the coaches and wagons
Day after day after day.
Cross endless wide plains, dry and dusty,
Up mountain tracks, rocky and steep,
Through mud two foot deep on the flood plains,
Cross rivers where waters run deep

.Then think of the thousands of farmers
Who started from scratch on this land;
With just one or two horses to help him,
Pulling stumps from the clay and the sand.
And the river flats, fertile and loamy
When they're seeded right after the flood;
Think of the poor farmers horses,
Dragging ploughs through the paddocks of mud.

And the horses out deep in the forest
Hauling the logs to the mills;
Cleats on their shoes to stop slipping
As they struggle to climb up the hills.
And those on the pumps and the windlass
Of the mines that go deep in the ground;
Forever they trudge in small circles
Around and around and around.

And those in the cities, forgotten;
That delivered the milk and the bread.
No rest for these horses, no pastures
Just work, til the day they dropped dead.
And then there's the ones we don't think of
With a task that was done out of sight;
Pulling their cart loads of sewage,
Through cities and towns in the night.

So when you read stories of horses;
The famous, the fast, the adored;
Think too, of the ones, long forgotten,
The ones that the books have ignored.
For they, like the thousands of people
With names not remembered at all;
They too are the one's we should sing of
They too helped our country stand tall.

(c) Brian Langley 11/3/2006



BUSH POETS' CAMPFIRE

Easter Saturday, 19th April

Family event featuring Guilderton Bush Poet, Brian
Langley

Walk ups welcome, MC Peter Fry

Entry by gold coin donation

Damper, billy tea, water & cordial included in the cost
of entry

Guilderton Country Club

Wedge Street, Guilderton

A Kimberley Character

By Rusty Christensen, 2003

We met him up in Derby
At a Poet's Breakfast show,
The Late Ron Evans, Cobber
And Boss Cocky, all the go.

He said his name was Brendan
And had come in from afar,
From a place called Fitzroy Crossing,
Serving liquor at the bar.

One glance would quickly tell you
That he'd had a hectic life,
Knocking round some rough old spots
And never dodging strife.

With a face of many battles,
Scarred, tanned and showing wear
His piercing, darting blue eyes
Were searching everywhere.

Hid long blonde locks, craggy face
And drooping fair moustache
Had seen it all along the track
In a life that could not last.

From livin' rough and talkin'tough
A comic for the mob,
But lately up near Darwin town
Wrestling reptiles was his job.

Yes, Bren had worked on a crocodile farm
Where he earned a reputation
And the name of *Croc* had stuck to him
In the north part of our nation.

He had another nom de plume
"The Bastard from the Bush"
With respect to Henry Lawson
He'd fit in with the push.

He smoked, he drank, he liked a bet,
He liked the ladies too,
The one he had in Derby
Was a Victorian lady, true blue.

She camped with him at the C.W.A.
Where Ron and I did bunk,
They talked all night and made some noise,
Croc claimed he wasn't drunk.

But early Sunday morning
On my way down to the pool,
I met the Croc and he looked real rough,
A drinker from way back, he couldn't fool.

Then later at the gardens
Midst palms and exotic trees,
Where the citizens of Derby,
Over three hundred they did please.

With verse and song and real good food
Their breakfast was a blast,
With M.C.Dags, a song from Fred,
The programme had Croc last.

Some locals opened up the show,
Cheryl, Geoff and Phil,
The Late Ron Evans, Cobber and Boss Cocky
Were next up on the bill.

Joss and Beryl had a go,
The three from Perth again,
Then Dags announced the final act,
'Twas croc, I must explain.

They thought they'd saved the best for last,
Old Croc was primed to go,
He strode toward the microphone
And gave us quite a show.

He'd knocked around in mining camps
And places with no tone
His stuff would make a wharfie wince,
Poor Cobber gave a groan.

He covered all the body parts
And how they function too
Old Croc just let it all hang out
To him it wasn't new.

His choice of words and turn of phrase
Would make a barmaid blush,
He gave it to us as it is
'Twas greeted with a hush.

He was no fool, he'd been to school
With a tertiary education
What was his past? We'd never know,
Life's path, his own determination.

But like Henry Lawson's "Sweeny"
When the track is growing dim,
Does-"what he might have been and wasn't",
Come along and trouble him?



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MURPHY AND THE PYTHON.

I was thinking today
Of my much younger days,
And the larks we got up to in school.
And I thought of the time
When a good mate of mine
Nearly copped it from playing the fool.

This mate of great fame,
Patrick Murphy by name,
Was raised up in Ireland's green spread
But the rest of the crew
In bush towns we grew,
On good country food we'd been fed.

There was a Victorian crew
And Queenslanders too,
And a dirty great mob from New South.
But one thing we found
As he wandered around:
Pat tended to have a big mouth.

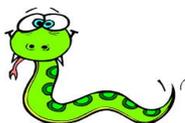
When he was at school
He was learning the fool
He turned out much later to be.
He broke all the rules
Of the old boarding school
With no thought of what he might be.

We'd been studying hard
And we'd gone the whole yard,
And the holidays soon within reach.
So lazing away
On a warm summer's day,
There was little more life had to teach.

One warm summer's day
We were lazing away
On the riverside's sandiest beach.
Round the cliffs on each side
The eagles would glide
And the air smelled as sweet as a peach.
As the languorous day
Like the creek, flowed away,
And most of us lay about snoring.
Used to the fast city life,
Full of bustle and strife,
Murphy found that this lifestyle was boring.

He went for a stroll
On this sandy atoll
Not ready for Nature's surprise.
"Snake" yelled in fright,
His face deathly white,
And the fear staring out of his eyes.

For there in the creek,
And it made his knees weak,
A monstrous old Rock Python basked
Near fifteen feet long,
Both mighty and strong,
We measured him later, when asked.



So, the bushy- raised crew
All ran over, too,
And each grabbed a piece of the snake
While the city- bred crew
Didn't know what to do,
But wanted a piece of the stake.

When safe out of reach,
Murphy glanced up the beach,
What he saw was this dirty great log.
So he quickly ran up
And lifted it up,
And down the beach started to jog.

But the snake was no fool
He kept all his cool
Twenty four juvenile hands did not feel.
Until Murphy came back
And gave him a whack
With the log, just as hard as old steel.

The blow that he struck,
It was really just luck,
For it buried the snake in the sand.
It did little harm,
Just dented his charm,
While we quickly removed all our hands.

So back to the lazing
And meaningless gazing,
And loving the calm of the day.
We thought that we'd make
Twelve belts of the snake,
A most fitting end to the day.

But Patrick was twitchy,
And curious and itchy,
So the reptile he went off to visit.
Then called back to me,
We were good mates you see,
"Mate, it isn't still living, now, is it ? "

Well, I had a long yawn
Gave a look quite forlorn,
And with feigned lack of interest said:
"You gave such a whack,
Must've broken its back,
So of course the poor bloody thing's
dead."

Half an hour on
He comes mincing along
With the snake draped up over both
shoulders.
When he wiggled its head,
Convinced it was dead,
The reptilian eyes start to smoulder.

The snake raised his head,
Realised he's not dead,
And looked Murphy full square in the
eyes.
And Murphy, he thought
That a snake of this sort
Was rather too large for it's size.

He's heard all the jokes
Of Drop Bears and Mopokes
And Hoop Snakes and Hobyars,
of course.
But he never did think
That he'd be in the drink,
With a snake, that's as big as a
horse.

Pat threw that snake fair
Fifty feet in the air,
And by the time it had plum-
meted down,
He'd swum over the creek,
And scared stiff and weak,
Had run two and a half miles
into town.

Well, we captured the snake,
Back to school we would take,
Safely stored in an old biscuit
tin.
In great fear and pain
Murphy'd jumped on the train,
And never came back there
again.

At a much later date
I heard of his fate:
Murphy had been made a
priest.
But I remember the day
When he ran away
In fear, from a harmless old
beast.
Ed Mahon. 10 June 2011

COMPETITIONS

APRIL 2014

**3-6th April, VICTORIAN BUSH
POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS at the
Man From Snowy River Bush Festi-
val**

Closing date for Junior Written and
Performance section: Friday 14th
March, 2014

Contact: Jan Lewis, Poetry Event Man-
ager, MFSR Bush Festival, PO Box 144,
Corryong Victoria 3707
Email Jan: info@vbpma.com.au

Best Original Poem (maximum 32 lines) and
Best Original Limerick.

Entry forms can be downloaded from the
website [http://stonethecrows.com.au/
gReyVees.html](http://stonethecrows.com.au/gReyVees.html) . You can email these to
info@stonethecrows.com.au or post to
Stone the Crows Festival, Box 1450, Wagga
Wagga 2650. CLOSING DATE IS APRIL 14
for receipt of entries from off site entrants to
give us time for our judges to do their bit

**MAY 2014 23rd May 2014, Closing
date for Bush Lantern Award for
written bush verse, Bundy Bush
Poetry Muster 4-6 July**

JULY 2014

**4-6 July - 19th Bundy Bush Poetry
Muster incorporating Queensland
State Performance Championships**
Across the Waves Sports Club, 1 Miller
Street Bundaberg. Sandy Lees 07 4151
4631leesjds@yahoo.com.au

COMMITMENT - THE RECRUITING SERGEANT.

"Commitment" cried the Sergeant
"Is what I require from youse,
If youse have got enough of it,
You'll never bloody lose!"

He told the tales of long ago
Of wars and battles fine.
The Khyber Pass, Thermopylae,
Long Tan in later times.

The few who stood against the crowd
Refusing to back down.
The men who make us mighty proud,
They're wearing glory's crown.

"I'll show yez wot I mean," sez he
And sends the Corporal out.
"Bring the beast in" says the Sergeant
"When you hear me shout."

The zipper on his camo strides
He gave a mighty heave,
And buttons popped, and cotton tore
The sight you won't believe.

At last in all his glory,
The Sergeant calmly stood.
A pair of flimsy Speedos
Protecting his manhood.

"Commitment" roared the Sergeant,
And he gave a ghastly smile,
And Corporal Jones came dragging in
A six foot crocodile.

"Commitment" roared the Sergeant,
And dropped his under-dacks,

The Corporal took a big stick out,
And gave the croc a whack!

The Sergeant stood there smiling
With his manhood hanging out,
The crocodile had spotted lunch
Of that there was no doubt.

The crocodile, he ran and jumped
And with nary any pause
The Sergeants' mighty manhood
Lay within his massive jaws.

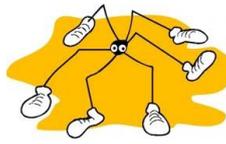
He munched and masticated, then,
Between those steaming thighs
When suddenly the Sergeant up
And poked him in the eyes.

The croc was not expecting this
And dropped his tasty lunch
The Sergeant helped him on his way
With one almighty punch.

"Commitment" roared the Sergeant
As he wiped his todger dry,
And which of youse fine pansies
Would like to have a try?

The silence, then, was deafening,
Our eyes were all downcast,
The Sergeant in his glory
With his flagpole at half-mast.

Then, from the back a weedy voice
Said "I'd like to have a try,
But first you've got to promise
Not to poke me in the eye"



Requiem For A Daddy Longlegs

We'd shared a bathroom here for weeks, my leggy
friend and I,
She used to up near the roof; then made her home
nearby.
This move was fraught with danger; hardly worth the
risk's she took?
I just assumed she reckoned she would like a closer
look.

She'd be there in the morning as I washed myself each
day,
her many eyes would focus as I stripped my clothes
away.
You would have thought she'd run away while scream-
ing out in fright,
the mirror doesn't lie my friends; it's not a pretty sight.

Yet daily she would somehow dodge those scolding
drops of death,
and though I always tried my best; I often held my
breath.
But little did I know and nor did Cher (that was her
name!);
that she was being stalked and surely I must share the
blame.

I still remember thinking, when I noticed that she'd
gone;
"she's fed up looking at me and decided to move on".
Then looking closely at the spot down where she used
to be,
the signs of wicked murder were on view for all to see.

The remnants of two skinny legs, were clues there I
could tell;
the killer was a ripper and a cannibal as well.
With fierce determination and an unforgiving heart,
I set about to track it down but wondered where to
start

I slowly peeped behind the door and saw an evil face;
the killer stared right back at me - I'd found its hiding
place.
It waved two hairy legs at me, no doubt to say hello
and anger melted out of me; I couldn't land the blow.

A Huntsman has great beauty as I'm sure you'll all
agree;
you must abide with nature; it's the way things have to
be.
I left her there to roam the house which seemed a fit-
ting end;
I'm glad I spared her life, for Henrietta's now a friend.

© T.E. Piggott

How M'Dougal Topped the Score.

by Thomas A. Spencer

From book: *How McDougall Topped The Score*

A peaceful spot is Piper's Flat. The folk that live around,
They keep themselves by keeping sheep and turning up the ground.

But the climate is erratic, and the consequences are
The struggle with the elements is everlasting war.
We plough, and sow, and harrow—then sit down and pray for rain;

And then we all get flooded out and have to start again.
But the folk are now rejoicing as they ne'er rejoiced before,
For we've played Molongo cricket, and M'Dougal topped the score!

Molongo had a head on it, and challenged us to play
A single-innings match for lunch—the losing team to pay.
We were not great guns at cricket, but we couldn't well say No,

So we all began to practise, and we let the reaping go.
We scoured the Flat for ten miles round to muster up our men,

But when the list was totalled we could only number ten.
Then up spoke big Tim Brady, he was always slow to speak,
And he said—"What price M'Dougal, who lives down at Cooper's Creek?"

So we sent for old M'Dougal, and he stated in reply
That "he'd never played at cricket, but he'd half a mind to try.
He couldn't come to practice—he was getting in his hay,
But he guessed he'd show the beggars from Molongo how to play."

Now, M'Dougal was a Scotchman, and a canny one at that,
So he started in to practise with a paling for a bat.
He got Mrs. Mac. to bowl him, but she couldn't run at all,
So he trained his sheep dog, Pincher, how to scout and fetch the ball.

Now, Pincher was no puppy; he was old, and worn, and grey;
But he understood M'Dougal, and—accustomed to obey —
When M'Dougal cried out "Fetch it!" he would fetch it in a trice;

But until the word was "Drop it!" he would grip it like a vice.
And each succeeding night they played until the light grew dim;

Sometimes M'Dougal struck the ball—sometimes the ball struck *him!*

Each time he struck, the ball would plough a furrow in the ground,
And when he missed, the impetus would turn him three times round.

The fatal day at length arrived—the day that was to see
Molongo bite the dust, or Piper's Flat knocked up a tree!
Molongo's captain won the toss, and sent his men to bat,
And they gave some leather-hunting to the men of Piper's Flat.

When the ball sped where M'Dougal stood, firm planted in his track,
He shut his eyes, and turned him round, and stopped it—with his *back!*

The highest score was twenty-two, the total sixty-six,
When Brady sent a yorker down that scattered Johnson's sticks.

Then Piper's Flat went in to bat, for glory and renown,
But, like the grass before the scythe, our wickets tumbled down.

"Nine wickets down for seventeen, with fifty more to win!"
Our captain heaved a heavy sigh—and sent M'Dougal in.
"Ten pounds to one you lose it!" cried a barracker from town;
But M'Dougal said "I'll tak' it, mon!" and planked the money down.

Then he girded up his moleskins in a self-reliant style,
Threw off his hat and boots, and faced the bowler with a smile.

He held the bat the wrong side out, and Johnson with a grin,
Stepped lightly to the bowling crease, and sent a "wobbler" in;
M'Dougal spooned it softly back, and Johnson waited there,
But M'Dougal, cryin. "*Fetch it!*" started running like a hare.

Molongo shouted "Victory! He's out as sure as eggs."
When Pincher started through the crowd, and ran through Johnson's legs.

He seized the ball like lightning; then he ran behind a log,
And M'Dougal kept on running, while Molongo chased the dog.

They chased him up, they chased him down, they chased him round, and then

He darted through a slip-rail as the scorer shouted "Ten!"
M'Dougal puffed; Molongo swore; excitement was intense;

As the scorer marked down "Twenty," Pincher cleared a barbed-wire fence.

"Let us head him!" shrieked Molongo. "Brain the mongrel with a bat!"

"Run it out! Good old M'Dougal!" yelled the men of Piper's Flat.

And M'Dougal kept on jogging, and then Pincher doubled back,

And the scorer counted "Forty" as they raced across the track.

M'Dougal's legs were going fast, Molongo's breath was gone—

But still Molongo chased the dog—M'Dougal struggled on.
When the scorer shouted "Fifty!" then they knew the chase could cease;

And M'Dougal gasped out "Drop it!" as *he* dropped within his crease.

Then Pincher dropped the ball, and, as instinctively he knew

Discretion was the wiser plan, he disappeared from view.
And as Molongo's beaten men exhausted lay around.

We raised M'Dougal shoulder-high, and bore him from the ground.

We bore him to M'Ginniss's, where lunch was ready laid,
And filled him up with whisky-punch, for which Molongo paid.

We drank his health in bumpers, and we cheered him three times three,

And when Molongo got its breath, Molongo joined the spree.

And the critics say they never saw a cricket match like that,

When M'Dougal broke the record in the game at Piper's Flat.

And the folk are jubilating as they never did before;

For we played Molongo cricket—and *M'Dougal topped the score.*

As recited by Bill Gordon at our February muster.



UPCOMING MUSTERS:

Are you interested in reading from the classics?

April 4th MC Lorelie Tacoma

9365 2277 tlorelie@ymail.com

Classics Reader : Is this you?

May 2nd MC Bill Gordon 0428 651098

northlands@wn.com.au

Classics Reader: Meg Gordon

Short poetry competition: Topic - May Migration

March 2014 Writeup - Meg Gordon and Nancy Coe

Dot Langley as MC started proceedings at 7pm. She informed the meeting that Tamworth was great despite the heat. Acknowledgement was given to Bill's presence and the successes of Val Read and Terry Piggott and Brian Langley in winning awards.

Keith Lethbridge and Terry Bennets were also successful in a writer's award at Boyup Brook.

As the evening was to feature Western Australian poets, **Bill Gordon** presented his own rendition of "The Super Stirrer" - A good idea but what chaos!!!

Nancy Coe presented a very personal tribute to her cousin Kathleen who was tragically killed in a quad bike accident in 2013 - "Our beacon, Our Kathleen".

Brian Langley gave us the contribution that won him The Golden Damper award in Tamworth - "Not Just the Drover's Horse". We are all aware that drovers' horses played a very important part of the history of Australia. So we should remember the other horses - the coach horses, the log haulers, the horses that drove pumps, pulled ploughs, delivered milk and produce, even of course, those that pulled the "dunny" cart. Well done Brian! An invitation to perform at Sam Smythe's event in Tamworth (which meant participating in a written competition for Australia Day) gave Brian the opportunity to present "A Load of Old Croc". The story really was a load of old croc.

Lesley McAlpine's daughter **Katrina Ward** thanked those who had donated to funds that were raised for the Cancer Foundation in a fun run (60kms around McCallum Park then Kings Park). A total of over \$40,000 was gifted for the event overall.

Grace Williamson presented "Senses" by Bill Stacy. This is a poem telling of the author's journey through life and his memories of the things he has seen, smelled, heard and touched. He felt the warmth of a woman's love, heard the jackass laughing, had seen the sun rising and smelt the golden wattle. Her second poem "Keys" by Joan Strange was a humorous look at where those keys have gone. Be it house or car keys, it always seems hard to remember where we have left them, especially when we are running late!

Rob Gunn gave us a rundown on Boyup Brook saying that the workshops were the best he had attended. Non writers were encouraged to try writing Limericks and there were some surprising results. He then presented Keith Lethbridge's poem "The Scrap of Paper". The story about a digger who engineered a release from duty by feigning insanity.

Dot Langley put us in election mode once again by giving us "To Be an MLA" (Dry Blower Murphy). The musings of a homeless man envisioning himself as an MLA.

Jack Matthews gave us a lengthy history of the life and death of Tom Quilty. At the age of 93, after an eventful life lived in a wide cross section of the Australian Outback and Top End and being awarded an OBE in 1973 for his long service to the cattle industry, he died in Capel in November 1979. He is resting in peace in Ireland, the place of his birth but he was a true blue Australian. Jack then presented "The Drover's Cook" from Tom Quilty's book of poems that was published for the benefit of the Flying Doctor Service. This is a story of a fight between a fly weight station owner and a slovenly heavy weight cook.

Ray Doyle has put together another collection of reflective verses on life -

"Fate" - a piece on the contemporary social dilemma of the 'One Punch Assault'.

"On Being Calm" - one person's take on life's little frustrations at getting old.

"Synchronized Failure" - A reflection on a lost opportunity on the dance floor.

"Good Men" - a poem to self motivate. As a way of cultivating good thoughts and become a better person, one must find 6 good words to every harsh one.

After supper **Bill Gordon** gave us another Dry Blower Murphy poem "Holus Bolus" - how not to administer a pill to a camel. His own composition for a poet's brawl "Last Year on our Holiday" - the year Boyup Brook experienced a smoke haze from the fires down south that blanketed the Country Music Festival. His first ever poet's brawl composition was "The Circus Trainer" - don't try to train a flea!

Dot Langley had been informed by email that **Frank and Mary Heffernan** had just celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Frank sent Dot his poem "Road Safety" - what he would do if he was in charge of the road safety campaign.

Brian Langley had some historical information on The Axeman (Alfred Wallace) and then presented two of his poems - "Squaring Ten-by-Fives". Out in the bush, cutting and squaring large timbers can be a well paid and satisfying job. But there are drawbacks and hazards - equipment breaks and all manner of creepy crawlies that bite, sting and get in your mouth, nose and ears and even on your food. "The Camp Fire Pest" is also about a timber cutting team. You have little choice in leisure time companions. The camp fire pest insists on talking about work. You can pretend to be deaf, but to no avail. You are limited in your reaction should you risk getting the sack.

Grace Williamson informed us of the price of progress with a poem by Val Read - "Our Heritage Home". The anguish as a family fight to keep their heritage home from council's redevelopment for a new housing estate.

Rob Gunn presented Terry Piggott's poem "Would You Say Hello to Dad". A daughter's plea on behalf of her dying dad to one of his old mates, who had come back to visit.

Dot Langley read a couple of poems by Bob Philpot, who is a world renowned rare parrot breeder. "The Big Fella" is about the fate of a giant tree that sadly had to come down in a structured rather than destructive manner. "Now the Problems Solved"- they say that if you have trouble remembering something, try to link it to an item that comes to mind.

Jack Matthews gave us a short history of Jack Sorensen. He was a man of many trades in the bush. He was also a master of rhyme and rhythm but it was not to the liking of the poetic poshocracy. Hence he was dubbed a 'bush' poet and this term stuck and became what true bush poetry is today. "Southbound Plane" is about the much needed means of communication for those who lived and worked in the outback.

Ray Doyle with a few more short delights - "Creation". A whimsical look at the Natural Order. God had a few bits left over after creation, hence the slug but he upgraded himself to a snail because he carried his house with him. "A Poet Am I". Looking at poetry as an added dimension to therapy for challenges such as stuttering and depression. "Block". Something that sadly happens to us all. We get frustrating mental blocks when it comes to new ideas for writings.

Jem Shorland, a WA State Championship Novice winner, gave us his poem "A Modern Labor General" which was a parody on one of the songs in Gilbert and Sullivan's musical HMAS Pinafore. It highlighted some of the excesses of our politicians. Singing at double speed tested one's concentration but was a delight to listen to and ensured that Jem won't stay a novice for long!

Dot Langley wound up the meeting at 9.40pm. President Bill Gordon thanked everyone for coming and announced that Lorelie Tarcoma would be MC next month.

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
Stay up to date with events and competitions
right across Australia

Most entry forms are available on this site,
even if you aren't a member

I missed Boyup Brook, but took part in a poets breakfast at the Nannup Music festival, which was celebrating it's 25th anniversary, on the March long weekend. It's the first time I have performed in the festival, though I used to be a regular at the folk clubs which were a precursor to the festival. It was probably the best poets breakfast I have seen, so I jotted down a few lines about it (see attachment).

Greg Joass

Nannup poet's breakfast 2014

There was movement down at Nannup as the music festival celebrated it's quarter century Lots of tried and noted poets from Balladonia up to Broome had gathered for this anniversary There was Peter Capp as MC, from the Clarence over East, he made his name on the West Australian strand

As a poet or yarn spinner there's few who can compare, just don't mention 'Hey Jude' when his Uke is close to hand

(You had to be there!)

And Ted Egan from the Territory came down to lend a hand, no better wordsmith ever took the stage With a poem, yarn or song a workshop or sing along, like a vintage port he just improves with age. Then came Bill whose name was Allan, a quick recovery from Pete, and followed up by Mick without his sticks

Then Helen spoke of the etiquette of knowing Robinson, and how good manners could get you in a fix And in between each act here came Peter back again, on one occasion warning of the danger When half way down a cliff, hanging on by finger tips, of accepting cups of tea and milk from strangers

Bernard Carney as requested, read a saga of the past, full of tripe and packed with loads of offal puns He had them groaning in the aisles as he recited loud and long, about the tripe mine disaster of 1891 And one there was a hippy in his vibrant orange clothes, with purple clogs to counterpoint the theme When I saw the colours clash, I thought he'd best lay off his stash or take fewer magic mushrooms with his beans

Before the applause had stopped back came Peter once again, this time he's attempting to explain How a person can win fame by arranging to have their name permanently associated with a drain We had half of Dingo's Breakfast, which was better than it sounds, John and Roger are performers of some fame

They said "It's not real good" though in actual fact it was, the content very soon belied the name Then Roger was requested for a poem from the past, one he hadn't tried reciting for a while So he gave a stagecraft lesson and showed everybody how to forget your lines, but do it with some style

There were plenty more performers, and like a honeymoon duvet they managed to keep bouncing right along

With lots of wit and humour and some philosophy as well and a poem set to music, like a song I felt quite like a stripling in this august company and thank heavens that I got to go on first So I gave it my best shot and I gave it all I've got and I suppose it could have gone off worse For Pete was complimentary as I walked off from the stage, or in my haste at least I took it as such He said he liked my Kiwi accent, which would have been OK, but sadly I'd been trying to sound Dutch

Greg Joass

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Colin Tyler	Tea and biscuits		
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Membership fees may be paid by direct debit:

Bank Transfer to NAB BSB 086455 A/C#824284595

Name.....WA Bush Poets.

Please email notification of payment to: treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au

Upcoming Events

WA Bush Poet's and Yarn Spinners' Muster at Bentley Park. MC Lorelie Tacoma 9365 2277 April, 4th Folkworld Fairbridge Festival 25th-27th April, Poet's breakfast Saturday and Sunday run by DINGO'S BREAKFAST Bush Poet's campfire at Guilderton Country Club on Easter Saturday, contact Brian Langley 9361 3770

Regular events

WA Bush Poet's and Yarn Spinners' Muster first Friday of every month

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets	To be confirmed	Alan Aitken

If you would like to be part of a forum—post your poetry, see what other contemporary bush poets are writing, keep up to date with poetry events throughout Australia—visit www.abpa.org.au or www.bushverse.com

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.asn.au or www.wabushpoets.com
 Please contact the Webmaster, Brian Langley on 93613770 if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.

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	Corin Linch	books	
	Victoria Brown	CD	Val Read	books
	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Caroline Sambridge	book
	Rusty Christensen	CDs	Peg Vickers	books & CD
	Brian Gale	CD & books	"Terry & Jenny"	Music CDs
	John Hayes	CDs & books	Terry Piggott	Book
	Tim Heffernan	book	Frank Heffernan	Book
	Brian Langley	books, CD	Christine Boulton	Book, CD
	Arthur Leggett	books,	Pete Stratford	CD
		inc autobiography	Roger Cracknell	CDs, Book
	Keith Lethbridge	books		

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