

# The

September 2014

# BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



**Next Muster :** Traditional night.5th September, 7pm, Plantation Drive, Bentley Park

**MC:** Peter Nettleton [stinger@iinet.net.au](mailto:stinger@iinet.net.au) 0407 770 053

## TOODYAY BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL - 2014

Organised by: Toodyay Festivals Inc.

In conjunction with the W.A. Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc.

Program of Events ALL EVENTS FREE



The Management Committee reserve the right to alter this program without notice if required

Friday 24<sup>th</sup> October 2014

1pm -5pm Workshop Writing and Performing Bush Poetry and Judging Performance Competitions Brenda Joy and members of WABPYS. CWA Hall Stirling Tce, Toodyay

Commencing 6pm Dinner with the Poets **At the Bowling Club** (need to book dinner)  
performances by Brenda Joy & Members of the WABP, Walk-up Opportunities  
From 6pm - at the Club registering for the Poet's Brawl (limited to 20 entrants)



Moondyne  
Joe

Saturday 25<sup>th</sup> October 2014 Memorial Hall Stirling Tce, Toodyay

Morning - commencing 9am 4 State Championship Events, i.e.

Junior Original, Junior Other

Novice Original, Novice Other

there may be some walk-up opportunities

10.30 - 11.00am - Registration of "Roadwise" poetry competition entries

Lunchtime (approx 11.30am) Presentation of entries in the "Road Safety" short poem competition

12.50pm Official Opening (Andrew McCann President Toodyay Festivals Inc

& Bill Gordon, President WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc

1.00pm 3 State Championship events, ie

Novice Classics Reader, Yarnspinning, Contemporary #

Evening 7.30pm Family Bush Dance with Les Helfgott & Southern Cross Bush Band  
B.Y.O Drinks and Nibbles

Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> October 2014 Memorial Hall Stirling Tce, Toodyay

7.30 am Bush Poets Breakfast catered by Toodyay Lions Club

Walk up poets and members of WABPYS

8.30 am Brenda Joy and other judges recite

9.30 am 2 State Championship events, Traditional #, Original Humorous #

1.00pm Final State Championship Event, Original Serious #

2.30 pm Poet's Brawl

From 3pm Announcement of Winners of the State Championship Written category

Reading of some winning poems

Announcement of 2013 WA Bush Poetry Champion (combined events #)

Presentation of Awards

Close (around 4.30pm)

This is the big event of our bush poetry year. Most of us book into the main caravan park in town but there are plenty of hotels. Make sure you book early...See you there. ED.

Throughout Saturday and Sunday, the Memorial Hall foyer will have information, Competition Scores, Job Rosters, Poetrees with leaves by local poets and members of WABP&YS, Poetic products for sale, Meet the poets (when available) Raffles etc

other info [www.wabushpoets.asn.au](http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au)

This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of  
**KATE DOUST MLC**  
and posted with the generous assistance of Ben Wyatt, MLA - Member for Victoria Park.

## President's Preamble -



Presidents Preamble, September 2014

I have long believed that if you are going to make a stuff-up, make it a good one so that everyone notices. I managed to do this on the performance entry form for Toodyay. The definition of a "Traditional" poem was taken from the 2013 entry form. That does have something to do with copyright, but nothing to do with the subject. The ABPA define a traditional poem as "Australian Bush Poetry written before and including 1950."

The ABPA have done a lot of work to standardize the running of State and National Championships. As a matter of principle, I support them in this endeavor. As a result there are several changes in the championships this year, to adhere to the guidelines they have set out. It is worth noting that WA is the only state to have its own Bush Poets Association. Poets in other states are members of the ABPA, with local groups as offshoots of that body. The ABPA supports us financially and physically in the conducting of our State Championships.

Congratulations to Val Reid on being awarded Highly Commended for two of her poems in the 2014 Bronze Swagman Award, widely recognized as the premier competition for writers of Bush Poetry. Val also came third in The Land (NSW) newspaper written poetry award. Terry Piggott claimed a highly commended in that event, and third in the Broken Ski Award (Mt Perisher, NSW) for his poem "The Bushman and the Warrigal".

I will not be at the September muster, as I will be in Sydney for my 50 years school reunion. Time flies when you're having fun! September is our month for Traditional poetry, and poets and members alike are encouraged to dress appropriately for the occasion.

Some people dream of success, while others wake up and work hard at it.

Bill Gordon

### **Toodyay PoeTrees**

"Poetree" - Trees (real or artificial) with leaves (all or some) consisting of printed poems

It is hoped that local poets, both adults and Juniors will contribute poems for display in the foyer of the Memorial Hall for the Festival.

Poems should be electronically printed on "leaves" (A4 or A5) Poems should fit on 1 page and include the author's name (and age if under 16) . Submitted poems must have good rhyme and rhythm -

Blank and Free verse poems will not be accepted.

Poems for the PoeTrees should be delivered to the Memorial Hall on Friday, around 10am. Alternatively, they can be submitted to the Toodyay or Northam library prior to the Festival.

Leaves can be picked up (if required) late Sunday afternoon

Dear Grace,

This is my son's poem I was telling you about. Hogan's is a lake on Mt Monger Station, about 50K east of Kal (goorlie). I have been to Hogan's for a BBQ at night to watch the sunset. I also know the people in the poem. Kinder is a German child. Chopper is the dog and Hallar (Afghan) is a mad driver. Yours, Jill Godwin.

### **BBQ at Hogan's** by Peter Godwin

We're going down to Hogan's for a BBQ  
A snag, a chop, and a bottle or two  
A few mates, a station hand, and a top and ringer too  
With an esky in the back and a carton or two  
The BBQ plate and a few things will do.

Heading down the road with the dust in our eyes  
Went past a kangaroo and the kinder waved goodbye  
Through the strainer post just a minute or two  
We'll be at Hogan's for a BBQ.

There's Jason and Deb and the odd backpacker or two  
Paul and Hayley and the kinder, they will do  
There's light in the distance and a bit of noise too  
Blimy it's Hallar and the boom box, whoo hoo!

The ground's a shake'n, the fire is crank'n  
And the Sheriff's having a red or two  
The barby is cook'n  
And the girls are good look'n.

With the sun going down  
The lake in front  
The red sand hills behind.  
It makes the salt lake look just devine,  
The stars up above those little white flashes  
Compare that with the beautiful red ashes.

What a wonderful night had by all  
Shit, the Sherriff's hit the floor  
And Hallar's going off like never before.  
Chopper grabbed the last snag on the floor  
What a f...n great night had by all.



### **Condamine Bells**

Jack Sorensen 1939

first published Sydney Bulletin November 1939

By a forge near a hut on the Condamine River,  
A blacksmith laboured at his ancient trade;  
With his hammer swinging and his anvil ringing  
He fashioned bells from a crosscut blade.

And while he toiled by the Condamine River  
He sang a song for a job well done,  
And the song and the clamour of his busy hammer  
Merged and mingled in a tempered tone.

And his bells rang clear from the Condamine River  
To the Gulf, to the Leeuwin, over soil and sand;  
Desert eagles winging heard his stock bells ringing  
As a first voice singing in a songless land.

The smith is lost to the Condamine River,  
Gone is the humpy where he used to dwell,  
But the song and the clamour of his busy hammer  
Ring on through the land in the Condamine bell.

### **Mrs. Bucket's Budgie**

Mrs Bucket had a budgie...  
I beg your pardon...a budgerigar  
the finest bird in all the land  
best pedigreed by far.  
She kept it in a gilded cage  
with quality fittings well appointed  
for such a well bred bird as hers-  
why, it should have been anointed.

She'd named it "Montebello"  
her feathered aristocracy  
and would place it on display  
when invited guests came there for  
tea.

Such a fine bird should be the sire  
of elite members of its race  
so Mrs Bucket advertised  
in the Cage Bird Chronicle she placed;

"If breeding quality budgerigars  
is the goal that you desire  
my pedigreed grand cock bird  
should be your choice of sire.  
Your hen bird must be well bred too  
no commoners, you know,  
Montebello is a high class stud  
not some feathered gigolo!"

She organised a tea party where  
birds were brought to be acquainted  
all in their gilded cages  
not one was just gold painted.  
When tea and gossip were all done  
the ladies went to check their pets  
and Mrs Bucket was so shocked  
her face blushed red as it could get.

Her Montebello, still caged alone,  
pedigree ring around one leg  
gazed proudly at the cage floor  
where she had laid an egg!

© Pete. Stratford. 24.7.14

### **Winter Weather**

Winter weather's thrown a tantrum  
Old Sol is in a sulk  
Gale winds has roof tops rattling  
overhead dark storm clouds skulk  
strong trees are bent and trembling  
succumbing to each gust.

Swollen waterways are muddied  
and flow like liquid rust.  
In the lee of any shelter  
loose objects swirl and tumble  
lightning flashes blinding white  
then thunder booms and rumbles.  
Taking refuge from this tumult  
of Nature's awesome power  
we creatures huddle patiently  
throughout each dismal hour.

Maybe dreaming of warm sunshine  
on balmy summer days  
when beneath some leafy canopy  
in idyllic bliss we laze.

© Pete. Stratford. 31.7.14



### **UPCOMING MUSTERS:**

#### **October**

MC :Nancy Coe 9472 5303  
Reader from the classics: Catherine MacAllan

#### **November**

MC : Terry Piggott [terrence.piggott@bigpond.com](mailto:terrence.piggott@bigpond.com)  
9458 8887  
Reader from the classics: Lorelie Tacoma

#### **December**

MC :Grace Williamson [grace.wil@bigpond.com](mailto:grace.wil@bigpond.com)

9361 4265

Reader from the classics: Lyn Marciano

If you are interested in being a compere or a reader  
from the classics,for next year ,please let me know. I  
will be taking names at the September muster. Ed.

### **REMEMBER**

A perfect day as I recall among the Karri grand and  
tall,  
a stolen kiss, our first I think; for we were still so  
young back then.  
Just you and I among the trees, the call of birds,  
the buzz of bees,  
your golden hair and clear blue eyes I see it all now  
once again.

We stand before a mighty tree where once our  
names here used to be,  
but sixty years have passed on by and little now  
can still be seen.  
Remember as we passed this way I scratched them  
on this tree that day,  
we laughed about that at the time; how smitten  
then I must have been.

And even after all these years I still can see your  
laughter tears,  
when I had said there's no escape, you'll have to  
marry me one day.  
Though little did we realise there that sixty years of  
life we'd share,  
for we were still then in our teens; adulthood had  
seemed far away.

You squeeze my hand and smile and say it's time  
that we were on our way.  
You fret about me far too much, there's still life in  
this old bloke yet.  
Unsteadily we wander back along that old familiar  
track,  
both lost in memories once more about a time we  
shan't forget.

© T.E. Piggott

Conducted under the auspices of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc

# Performance Competition Entry Form

**25 – 26 October 2014,  
Toodyay, Western Australia**

**Entries Close Friday 26<sup>th</sup> September 2014**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_

| Categories (Mixed men and Women)    |  | Please tick categories entered    |                                 |
|-------------------------------------|--|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Junior Original (Sat AM)            | Novice Classics Reader (Sat PM) see Notes 9 and 10 | Traditional # (Sunday) see note 9 | (Other persons Poem) see note 9 |
| Junior (other poets work) (Sat AM)  | Yarn Spinning (Sat PM)                             | Original Humorous # (Sunday)      |                                 |
| Novice Original (Sat AM)            | Modern # (Other poets work – (Sat PM) see note 9   | Original Serious # (Sunday)       |                                 |
| Novice (Other Poet's work) (Sat AM) |  |                                   |                                 |

To avoid the repetition of poems in this competition, entrants are asked to nominate the choice of poems they would like to perform in the Modern and Traditional Sections (decided on a 'first in' basis).

Modern (1<sup>st</sup> choice) \_\_\_\_\_ (2<sup>nd</sup> choice) \_\_\_\_\_

Traditional (1<sup>st</sup> choice) \_\_\_\_\_ (2<sup>nd</sup> choice) \_\_\_\_\_

Entry Fees \$5 per event Juniors (17 and under) Free – Age

(Please include self addressed stamped envelope if receipt is required)

**Entry Fee Enclosed: \$ \_\_\_\_\_ or Paid by Direct Transfer**

**Payment by Money order or Cheque** made out to "WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Assn. **or Direct Bank Transfer** BSB 086455 A/c # 824284595 Name WA Bush Poets Reference your name then 2014 SCP **Please e-mail [treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au](mailto:treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au) informing of payment**

Post Entries to: **WABPYS State Championship Entry  
c/o Rodger Kohn  
16 Alderbury St  
Floreat WA 6014**

### Conditions of Entry

Judging will be by a panel of judges approved by the ABPA.

Each contestant will have a **maximum of 8 minutes** (Junior 5 minutes) for their performance (including preamble)

Going overtime will result in a considerable penalty. There will be a 1 minute and a 30 sec warning.

Monetary Prizes 1<sup>st</sup> – 3<sup>rd</sup> and certificates will be awarded for all categories provided there are sufficient entries. (min 5 for all places, 4 1<sup>st</sup> and second only, 3 1<sup>st</sup> only . less than 3, no comp)

The competition is open to Bush Poets who are members of WABP&YS or ABPA.

The Rank Order Tally System as detailed in the ABPA performance competition guidelines will determine the winner. See [www.abpa.org.au/competitions](http://www.abpa.org.au/competitions) page10.

Marks are deducted for any verbal assistance or reference to anything written (except Note 10)

"Original" poems must be the original work of the performer

Novice – a person who has never won a Bush Poetry performance competition

Traditional (Classic) – Author must have died before 1955 or for "Anon" must have been first published before 1955, Modern after 1955

Novice Classics Reader - poem must satisfy Traditional (Note 9) Entrants can read their poem

**Previous winning poems in a WA State Championship cannot be used by the same performer**

A person may enter any or all eligible categories

All competitors MUST be available to be on a roster of MCs, scrutineer, timekeeper etc

The WABP&YS Committee reserve the right to accept late entries

See "Other Notes" below for additional information

N.B. Declarations 1. I have obtained copyright permission to perform the above poems and declare that the onus for a breach of copyright is not the responsibility of the competition organisers

2. The poems entered in the Original Categories are entirely my own work.

### **General Competition Judging Criteria**

**For all categories**, except Yarn Spinning, the judges are looking for **consistent very good rhyme and rhythm** with an Australian theme, although this can be quite broad, particularly for humorous style poetry. Writing or selecting poems that do not have this will result in considerable penalties.

**For all categories**, in addition to the material itself, you are judged on your introduction, your presentation (including your expressions and gestures), your stage techniques, use of any props and on the clarity of your voice, and your use of a microphone where this is provided.

You will be penalised if, at any time during your performance, you refer to any written material or you receive prompting from other people, you will also be penalised for using offensive language

**For Yarn Spinning**, you are judged on having an original Australian storyline with good progression and a fitting finale. Your story can be factual, autobiographical or otherwise; or it can be totally fictitious. It can be serious or humorous. You are also judged on your stagecraft as well as your ability to stretch the bounds of credibility where this is appropriate.

When performing **other people's poetry** (Traditional or Contemporary) the judges are looking for suitability of your choice of poem for the category and for your interpretation of the poem itself. During the introduction, due recognition **MUST** be given to the poem's author, or if this is not known, to its source. You should make all reasonable attempts to seek permission from living authors

For **original poetry** (including written) you are also judged on the structure and content of your poem. Does it have a suitable beginning, logical progression and a fitting finale? Does it hold the listener's (or reader's) attention throughout? Is it too long and becomes boring? Are there any unnecessary repetitions or procrastinations? Does it contain irrelevant parts included just to complete the rhyme? Where a **"reading"** category is included, Judges are looking for the suitability of the chosen poem for your voice, appearance etc. You must also include a suitable preamble, ensuring that you list the author, you may include why you chose this particular poem. You are also judged on your interpretation of the poem and for the suitability of any emotion and expression you use in the reading. Also your ability to "scan" rather than read line by line. This category is for poets who read, rather than recite poetry.

There are typically 3 judges whose individual Rank Order Placements will be averaged to decide the winners (see (5) above) Their decision is final.

**Timing** - Except for special short poem categories, each participant typically has a maximum of between six and eight minutes for their performance, including any preamble. Performances going over-time are penalised. Very short poems do not adequately demonstrate the performer's or writer's skill and will likely receive low marks.

N.B. This competition is conducted in accord with ABPA Guideline recommendations.

## **Poets Brawl for Toodyay Festival 2014**



It is intended to hold a "Poets Brawl" on the Sunday afternoon.

This involves each competitor drawing a phrase from a hat and paying a \$5 entry fee. Each competitor must then write a poem (with good rhyme and rhythm) which must include the drawn phrase (it can go anywhere in the body of the poem) and be no longer than 1 minute.

You can read your poem you do not have to remember it

Judging will be on Audience appeal. Winner takes all.

Phrases will be available at the Bowling Club from 6pm Friday, 9am – 5pm Saturday. See ..... - however **the competition is limited to 20 entries**, so you must get in early in order to participate.

**Written competition entry forms are available from the WA Bush Poetr's and Yarnspinnners Website. I have emailed a copy to those of you on our email list.**

## DOOLEY'S BANKER

© Donald Crane

### Winner, 2014 'Oracles of the Bush' Themed Section, Tenterfield NSW.

Preamble: As all cattlemen know, life on the land can be very tough; floods, fires, years of drought, falling cattle prices, etc. On top of all that we must contend with another problem...the local Bank Manager.

Mick Dooley was a toiler who was never one to shirk,  
While ever light was on the land, while ever there was work.  
In cattle yards, or growing crops, in seasons un-forgiving,  
This was the only life he knew...how Dooley made his living.  
But times were tough, the season dry, the droughty wind kept blowing,  
His bank account was shrinking fast, his overdraft kept growing.  
Till came the day, with debt so large, and interest rates exploding,  
His fate seemed sealed, his future grim, and all the signs foreboding.  
The banker claimed his 'pound of flesh'; doomed, Dooley fought to win,  
But the bailiff came and turfed him out – and let the banker in.

And so it was, a gloating man, the banker made his entry,  
And found himself on Dooley's farm amongst the landed gentry.  
With point to prove and pride at stake he made a flying start,  
Bedecked in R.M. boots and pants – at least he looked the part.  
He set out on a buying spree this man of verve and vision,  
To prove that moving Dooley out had been a wise decision.  
'Twas Ag-Fest where he bought some wire, a chain saw and self-feeders,  
Then hastened to a cattle sale to buy a mob of breeders.  
He wandered 'round from pen to pen, perplexed, unsure, confused,  
Until he spied a likely mob – the locals seemed amused.

The auctioneer had 'been around' – he nudged the clerk and then,  
"Three hundred bucks, and thank you Sir, a handy little pen.  
Three hundred bucks to start this lot," the bids flew thick and fast,  
From post and gate and tree and air – the banker's bid was last.  
"Five hundred dollars now I'm bid," another nudge and wink,  
And he knocked them to the banker man before he'd time to blink.

The banker to his mates next day proffered a hundred reasons,  
Why cows he bought the day before were not beef cows, but Friesians!!  
But in the end he was convinced his lack of rural knowledge,  
Was balanced by what Dooley lacked – at least he'd been to college.

With pad and pen he worked for hours, he burned the midnight oil,  
To estimate the 'bottom line', to calculate his spoil.  
From sale of culls, two hundred calves, 'twas fairly safe to bet,  
The first year's 'take' – he paused to smirk, one hundred thousand-net.  
But counting chickens ere they're hatched is a folly that we rue,  
The banker was to find that out before the year was through.  
For as time passed, twelve months in fact, no single calf was sighted.  
The 'bottom line' was shrinking fast, the banker was affrighted.  
The Vet was called, his verdict grim, the banker left dismayed,  
The reason that no calves were born – the bloody cows were speyed!

And meanwhile on the farming land – a state of sheer disaster,  
A hailstorm wiped the wheat crop first, a locust plague came after.  
The pigs and birds and mice and midge and every known pest,  
Consumed the oats and sorghum crop, the roos cleaned up the rest!  
In future years there's worse to come, of that there is no doubt,  
The banker's yet to fact the curse of flood and fire and drought.  
And as he climbed the learning curve there came a realisation,  
The bank was where he felt at home – and not this bloody station.  
In retrospect, he did concede, 'twould have been wiser, surely,  
To stay behind the teller's desk – and leave the farm to Dooley.

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

## **THANK YOU**

A special thank you to the award winning poets from the ABPA website who have allowed us to publish their wonderful poetry. We can all read and learn from reading this well crafted poems.  
ED.

## **THE BUSHMAN AND THE WARRIGAL**

His campfire casts a golden glow below the craggy peak,  
highlighting the serenity that night at Cripple Creek.  
Long shadows seemed to dance in time as flames  
would rise and fall;  
the silence only broken by a Mopokes haunting call.

He thinks about a sweetheart, whom he hopes will be his wife,  
but knows he'll have to change his ways when starting married life.  
Despite his love of outback life there always is a cost;  
the time away from loved ones, will be precious moments lost.

His thoughts are interrupted as a ghostly shape appears,  
it's creeping through the shadows now as stealthily it nears.  
It pauses in the darkness just beyond the campfire's light;  
a silent stalking animal stood watching him that night.

At first a feeling of unease; was danger lurking near?  
just what was out there watching; was there anything to fear?  
And then as though it sensed his thoughts it crept out into view;  
a dingo stood there staring as he sipped his mug of brew.

It crouched there for an hour or so with eyes fixed on his chair  
and not a sound was heard by him as long as it stayed there.  
He turned away to stoke the fire and put the billy on,  
but when he looked back out again the dingo had now gone.

Two days passed by and not a sign; no doubt it's far away,  
yet still he hoped it would return and visit him one day.  
An eerie sense of being watched caused him to look around  
and standing just behind him there, a dingo stood its ground.

Ferocious eyes stared into his and caused a moments fright,  
again that feeling of unease he'd felt on that first night.  
But soon he sensed it was no threat, just curious again,  
a youngish dog just starting out; no fear as yet of men.

The random visits from then on enhanced his lonely days,  
affection quickly blossomed once he learnt its timid ways.  
He whispered softly to it and this seemed to help somehow,  
those yellow eyes though wary, were more trusting of him now.

And as the weeks passed slowly by the friendship seemed to grow,  
although there still were boundaries where neither dared to go.  
He knew it was imperative his mate stay wild and free,  
a dingo's life is under threat wherever it might be.

He never fed his new found friend if it should happen by,  
survival chances better served if it stayed wild and shy.  
For dingoes were a target and are often shot on sight,  
viewed as an enemy of man; such is the wild dogs plight.

By then he'd named it Rusty which had seemed a fitting name,  
but never tried to change its ways; no wish to make it tame.  
For work would soon be finished here out on his small gold show,  
a few more days at most he guessed and then he'd have to go.

Remoteness and the rough terrain could help this dingo thrive,  
few ever venture to this spot; with luck it might survive.  
For soon the summer would be here to drive away the strays;  
with many months for Rusty then to learn a wild dogs ways.

He dawdled on a few more days although his work was done,  
the last of those just marking time with little gold now won.  
He'd seen no sign of Rusty as the final days ticked by,  
it looked like he would have to leave without a last goodbye.

Reluctantly he tidied up and then began to pack and right on cue as though he knew young Rusty had come back.  
A feeling that he'd lost a friend was playing on his mind,  
as he began to drive away and leave his mate behind.

The young dog followed for awhile, then stopped and watched him go,  
as down the hill he slowly drove towards the mill below.  
A sense of sadness touched him as he paused out on the track;  
saw Rusty was still watching him, but knew he'd not be back.

### **Terry Piggott**

Terry Piggott came third in The Broken Ski award for written poetry at the The Perisher Peak Festival, Perisher, NSW. It also got a second last year in the Copper Croc Comp. (true story).

## WHERE LIFE HAS LED

© Brenda Joy

Winner, Kingaroy Literary Awards, Kingaroy, Qld. 2014

My son has chosen city life — he's left the bush for dead.  
He's got himself a classy wife, two youngsters they have bred.  
They live amongst the urban fog, enclosed against the din  
of traffic, neighbour, barking dog — the constant social spin.

He left behind his childhood dreams of working on the land.  
He's full of money-making schemes I don't quite understand,  
for money can't buy happiness. I think, the more you get  
the more you spend just to impress the upward-climbing set.

He always was the smartest lad at his one-teacher school;  
to see him prosper made us glad. We knew he was no fool.  
But then he made erratic friends at University  
and got enmeshed in modern trends and strange philosophy.

He turned from Nature's drapery that cloaked him from his birth.  
It's now degrees on paper *he* considers have more worth.  
His work takes place in mental realms — technology and such,  
where competition overwhelms and mates don't count for much.

His high ideals have watered down, commercialism's won,  
whilst whims of advertising drown the instincts of *his* son.  
They live cocooned in comfort zone, his children and his wife,  
where progress and congestion drone out links to rural life.

Yet, as a boy out on the farm, he knew the country ways;  
importance of the storm or calm, the patterns of the days,  
the cycles that the seasons brought, the nature of the crop —  
environmental reasons taught him when to start or stop.

Perhaps the harshness of it all was why he turned away,  
and heaven knows, I can recall the traumas of the day —  
the storms, bushfires, floods the drought, the locust plague, the  
flies,  
the winds that dried the women out and lined their laughing eyes.

They bred the fair sex hardy there. My wife was of the best;  
I've never had more pain to bear than when she lay to rest.  
The house without her was a shell, not meant for just a bloke.  
My boy then helped me pack and sell and took me to 'The Smoke'.

He treated me with all respect and gave me loving care  
but I'm afraid he could detect I wasn't happy there,  
for we had grown so far apart my only child and I  
and though it fairly broke my heart, I had to say goodbye.

His dreams lie in a future "*When...*" my future is 'the Now'.  
I'm far too old to start again — don't need to anyhow.  
I've gone and got myself a tent and Ute that goes off-road  
and I have nothing to lament — the country's my abode.

I'm not a stranger to the track, in years when times were tough  
I'd put my swag upon my back and try to earn enough  
to keep the little farm above the rigours of the run —  
did anything I could for love of wife and baby son.

I followed sheep or cattle herd, picked fruit or sheared or drove.  
A cocky will not be deterred. The threads of life I wove.  
So I've returned to simple ways that I have known before  
to spend the winter of my days in harmony once more.

(Reduced from *As Tracks May Lead* published in  
the Bronze Swagman Book of Verse, 2011)

Brenda will one of our judges for the Toodyay Competitions, 2014.

## **Best before.**

I was looking through the larder, to see what  
might be there  
When some of those old 'Use-by' dates really gave  
me quite a scare.  
The Vegemite said: 'use me all by April 93'  
As I spread it on, I thought that twenty years  
won't bother me!

The 'Marty sauce was just as old, and starting to  
go green  
But stick some on a piece of steak, and it makes  
the flavor keen.  
In the bottom of the crisper, and apple tree had  
grown  
And the grape vine growing up the walls, it must  
have been self sown.

The great big bag of rice I had, the mice had made  
their home  
So when they went to have a poo, there wasn't far  
to roam.  
The bread I found had turned to stone, the veges  
all to mush  
To throw away good food like that, there really is  
no rush.

The Marmalade had seen its' day near seven years  
ago  
And a slice of mouldy fruit cake from some wed-  
ding years ago.  
So, I have a constitution like an old cast iron pot  
But the doctors haven't figured out yet the diseas-  
es that I've got.

So, when next I go to Woollies, or perhaps I'll go  
to Coles  
I'll look out for those Weevil moths, or Blowflies on  
the rolls.  
I'll take great care to choose the stuff with twenty  
years to go  
So when I eat the stuff in thirty years, there's no-  
one else to know.

**Ed Mahon. 9 July 14.**

## **Toodyay Roadwise Bush Poetry Competition**

Write a (maximum) 16 line "Bush Poem" re-  
lating to a Road Safety issue to be announced  
shortly (This term or a derivative of it must  
appear in the body of the poem). There is NO  
ENTRY FEE. There will be a prize for first and  
certificates for 1st, 2nd and 3rd - You must  
be present to read or perform your poem,  
commencing around 11.30am Saturday, 25th  
October at the Toodyay Memorial Hall -  
You must register your entry before the  
start of the event.

## Unspoken Words

© David Campbell

### **Winner: 2014 Boyup Brook Country Music Festival Written Competition**

I drift through empty days, then fall through endless nights,  
and try to find the ways to put it all to rights.  
But time, though healing's friend, can never be undone,  
and, though one wound might mend, another finds the sun.

For I have come to see, as months go slipping by,  
just what you meant to me...I learn the reason why  
your absence is an ache that echoes in my heart;  
the moment that I wake it tears my world apart.

The house still holds you near, and right across our land  
I sense that you are here and reach to take your hand.  
I hear your step, your voice, but there's just empty space;  
for seconds I rejoice...a stranger has your face.

Illusion mocks my dreams and undermines my trust,  
for nothing's as it seems when hope is turned to dust.  
I wander by the creek, and walk the homestead track,  
but all appears so bleak, and there's no going back.

The irony burns deep, for now the words are born,  
and I can only weep at truth's belated dawn.  
Why do we leave too late those things we need to say?  
For when we hesitate there is a price to pay.

Friends tiptoe round your name, so gentle in their grief,  
as if, by shielding blame, they might give some relief.  
Compassion is a blade that cuts both deep and clean,  
when guilt that's slow to fade provokes what might have been.

The firestorm came so fast it caught us by surprise...  
we thought it might go past, and did not realise  
until it was too late what hell on earth might mean,  
when tragedy so great is nothing but obscene.

I fought the smoke and flame with other volunteers,  
and when that wind-shift came you should have heard  
our cheers.  
But then our vision cleared to show us what we'd lost;  
our town had disappeared, and with an awful cost.

I found, on my return, a searing, private hell...  
a lesson I still learn, a story I must tell.  
For nothing can compare, no matter what we say,  
to those with whom we share our lives from day to day.

Each moment is like gold, so precious, rich and rare;  
it's something we should hold, to cherish and to care.  
Our days are all too swift, and each one that we live  
'I love you' is a gift that we should freely give.

## **THE LEMON TREE**

© Ron Stevens

### **Winner, 2014 Bush Poetry Festival – Written Competition, Dunedoo NSW.**

You ask me are there moments I recall as dear,  
if lights shine from my childhood, cardinal and clear?  
Remembrance treads unlikely roads when prodded so,  
by-passing petty paths to glory years ago  
downgraded, seen today as circles in the sand.  
My backtrack journey shows no milestones bold or grand,  
no fancy footsteps down an oak-lined boulevard.  
I halt beside the lemon tree in Granny's yard.

I'm young again, yet it has always shown its years  
with dignity, respected both for fruit and spears.  
My granny can be prickly too when all we kids  
are fighting over marbles – duds and didn'ts, duds  
and knuckles down square tight – the wrongs and rights for play  
and life developed here each nineteen-thirties day.  
With doors and gate unlocked, nobody needs stand guard  
on treasures round the lemon tree in Granny's yard.

A scooter, rusty bike and skew-whiff billycart  
are shared; and battered gloves to learn the noble art.  
The ring's defined by markings scraped in barren dirt  
and protocol dictates no little suffers hurt.  
With washing hung, our Granny's staring off somewhere  
and wipes her eye as though a phantom's stirred the air;  
perhaps reminding her our Dad, her son, once sparred  
beside a sapling lemon tree in Granny's yard.

The older kids recall his death and Mum's as well  
soon after, but for me the world began with smell  
of chooks, wild choko vines, a kelpie we'd named Dope  
and Granny's pet galah that screeches 'Here's the Pope!'  
Indeed the priest appears, though Granny cannot find  
the time to chat but 'Yes, we're coping well, and mind  
you take these lemons!' Hearts are soft, though times are hard  
and bitter-sweet the lemon tree in Granny's yard.

You might be mystified by how I have replied.  
No scholars mentored me, nor sages ever vied  
to guide me from the wilderness of troubled youth.  
If I have safely crossed dark bridges, valued truth  
and decency, it's due to her, a lady long  
since buried, who had wiped my nose and crooned  
a song  
of County Clare that still can charm this humble bard  
and fly me to the lemon tree in Granny's yard.



### **2014 Glen Phillips Poetry Prize**

Peter Cowan Writers Centre is pleased to announce our next competition for 2014, the Glen Phillips Poetry Prize. The competition is in recognition of Professor Glen Phillips, a life member at PCWC, our Edith Cowan University Liaison, and a longstanding supporter of our centre. Glen's poetry has been widely published in anthologies, journals and newspapers throughout Australia and internationally.  
Line Limit: Maximum of 50 lines of poetry per entry.

Theme: Open

Age: Open

Eligibility: Entrants must be currently residing in Australia

Prizes: 1<sup>st</sup> place \$400 2<sup>nd</sup> place \$200 3<sup>rd</sup> place \$100

\$100 Judge's Encouragement Award for Youth

Four Highly Commended certificates

Four Commended certificates

Entry Fee: \$10.00 for one entry

\$25 for three entries

\$40.00 for five entries

Closing Date: 3<sup>rd</sup> October 2014

**Tel: (08) 9301 2282**

**Email: cowan05@bigpond.com**

**Website: www.pcwc.org.au**

## Muster Write-up for August 2014 by Meg Gordon

**MC for the evening was Rob Gunn and he welcomed visitors at 7pm.**

First poet for the evening was **Bill Gordon** – With Australia winning so many medals at the Commonwealth Games in Glasgow, Bill recited Rupert McCall's poem "Green and Gold Malaria". A visit to the doctor revealed that symptoms such as a choking in the throat or a shedding of a tear are caused by an incurable condition called "good old Aussie Pride".

**Grace Williamson** - "Brumby's Run" (Banjo Patterson). This poem tells of the place beyond the Western Plains and with not a survey mark defining the bounds of mountain tracks of range and rocks where the brumby horses run. A wild unhandled lot they are and the 'gully-rakers' with eager eyes scour the land until they see the wild mob which rushes through the trees and the men give chase, waving their red shirts and cracking their stockwhips. If they are caught old brumby asks no price or fee and the caught horses are yarded. The others gallop on and vanish far away!

**Allan Rogerson** – A guest artist for the evening recited "Duck and Fowl" (CJ Dennis from his book 'Moods of Ginger Mick').

**John Hayes** - "Beneath the Faded Word" (Pete Thomas). This is a beautiful poem written by my friend's father. He posted it on Anzac Day this year however it was written some years back. A stunningly presented personal history of a war that affected so many.

**Caroline Sandbridge** – "Jesus Rocks". Her own composition about Jesus in a rock and roll band. "Perth Airport Here We Come" - About her day trip to the airport.

**Frank Heffernan** - "Rescue on the Beach" His own composition about 'Superman' on the beach.

**John "Bingo" Brigatti** – another guest poet. He recited "Saltbush Bill" (Banjo Patterson) which is about the ever present encounters between drovers and squatters.



**Peter Nettleton** - "*The Ballad of the Bushman's Club*" by Graeme Jenkins is a tall story of superhuman proportions with a twist in the tale, about a candidate for the most exclusive club in Australia. After running the gauntlet of initiation rituals, our hero falls at the final hurdle - being just too good at everything except faking the CV!

**Christine Boulton** - "My Country" (Dorothea Mackellar). One of the poems better known by Australians. Written by Dorothea at the age of twenty-two years while she was living in England, and missing her home country, Australia.

**John Mason** - Another guest poet recited a popular poem of Banjo Patterson's "Mulga Bill's Bicycle".

**Brian Langley** - "A Financial Folk Song" .Brian has used a traditional folk song to relate a dialogue between our Prime Minister and his Treasurer. "Are You Catching Any Mate?" This poem is one that balladeer, Terry Bennetts has put to music and which appears on his latest CD "Mateship". It is Brian's comment on the fact that whenever and wherever he is fishing, he seems to be always plagued by someone who asks the question "are you catching any mate?" He'd much prefer you to bring along a can of beer to share.

**Dave Smith** - "A Drover's Dream" (Mick Doolan 1895). A tale of the great entertainment being provided by a group of bush mates being rudely interrupted by The Boss yelling to the sleeping drover, "Where are all the sheep".

**Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge** – First item was "Danny Boy" on the harmonica. Then "Wongoondy Hall". Cobber pulls up for a comfort stop at the old Wondgoondy Hall, on the Mingenew-Mullewa Road. His interest stirred, he goes inside and finds a broken down piano. Striking up a rough tune, he suddenly finds himself part of a ghostly orchestra, with ghosts dancing along. When Cobber stops playing, the scene reverts to a dusty old hall. He can't get the ghosts back, but feels proud to have played his part.

**Rob Gunn** - "Lamingtons" (Dame Edna Everidge). A request to please a royal guest became an Australian icon.

After supper A Reading from the Classics was presented by **Rhonda Hinkley**. The poem I have chosen is "The White Magnolia Tree" (Helen Deutsch). I became fond of it from Primary School days in the wheat belt. Helen Deutsch was born in New York City on 21/3/1906 and passed on 15/3/1992 from natural causes. She was a screenwriter, songwriter and journalist. Shortly after graduating from Barnard College, Helen was asked to write something to recite on radio. Hence "The White Magnolia Tree". This she penned overnight in 1957. It is the story of the planting of a tree by a couple of newlyweds and the subsequent years as the tree grew their lives changed and developed also.

President Bill gave a report on his recent visit to Toodyay. **The date for the State Championships has now been changed to 24<sup>th</sup> 25<sup>th</sup> and 26<sup>th</sup> October.**

**John Hayes** - "Doing What Comes Naturally". John's story of a visit to the zoo and realising the opportunities that were available in poo! but it also comes with hazards.

**Terry Piggott** - "A Blaze upon a Tree". A beautiful picture is painted of the story that was perhaps behind the inscription on a tombstone of a four year old boy.

**Grace Williamson** - "The Death of Ben Hall" (Will Ogilvie). Ben Hall is hiding in the Weddin Mountains", an escapee bush ranger with a thousand pounds on his head. From his hiding place in the scrub, he peers like a hawk from his eyrie rocks at the troopers riding beneath. His feet are blistered and his clothes tattered as he hides in the woods like a beast forlorn. Every night he crosses the Gunning Plain to a friend's house to get food. But his friend has read of the big reward and his soul had stirred with greed. After telling Ben it is safe to hide on the Gunning Plain he saddles his horse and rides to the town and betrays Ben to the sergeant and trooper telling them where they can find Ben. Ben is lying down next to his fire when the sergeant roars "in the name of the Queen Ben Hall". Ben jumps from his bed with his hands raised high and is then shot dead. The traitor is paid his pay but no one wants to know him at the bar on his way home.

**Alan Rogerson** - "Hopeful Hawkins" (CJ Dennis) Hawkins wasn't in the swim at Dingo Flat. That is to say he was considered rather dumb. He was mad on mining round the town, so the locals thought they would have a spot of fun by selling him a duffer. So they painted a few quartz rocks with gold paint but did not tell him the precise location of the rich reef so he pegged claims all about the town. Very soon he turned up with some wonderful samples then called an expert in who stated it would yield four ounces to the tom. They had put him on a pile without knowing. Hawkins said he did not have the means to develop the mine. So he offered to sell it to the locals for five hundred quid. The vendor has not been seen since. The mine was salted; it's a duffer, the expert was a chum. Hawkins wasn't reckoned much at all in Dingo Flat, we had a notion his headpiece was amiss, but it must be stated he was underrated.

**Peter Nettleton** - *The Ballad of Freddy the Fleecer and Bale-fillin' Ben* is another tall tale with a hefty helping of magic realism thrown in. Two highly skilled shearers are inveigled into a contest which not only exhausts the resources of their audience, but ends up with them crossing the astral plains to the great shearing shed in the sky. It's my *Man from Snowy River* moment."

**Jack Matthews** - "The Drovers Night Horse" (Bill Kearns). Saying goodbye to an old mate.

**Frank Heffernan** - "The Runaway Train" (Grahame Watt). What could have been a disaster became a blessing instead.

**Christine Boulton** - "Entrapment" or "The Terrifying Tale of Trevor's Tortured Testicles" by last year's Toodyay judge, Bill Kearns, The title says it all... that treacherous plastic stacker chair!

**John "Ding" Brigatti** - "Saltbush Bill's Second Fight". (Banjo Patterson) Stingy Smith meets the traveller tramp who was a fighter. Stingy sets him up for a fight with Saltbush Bill.

**Brian Langley** - "Down Under". Brian's poem deplores the term "Down Under" and its implication of lower status. He believes that in reality, our maps are shown rotated through 180 degrees, thus south and hence Australia should rightfully be at the top of the map. This error was imposed back in colonial times, but it is now time that this fact were recognised so that we can take our rightful place above those people that have for centuries been using this derogatory term.

**Keith Lethbridge** - "The Wombat". Daughters are a great delight, but when they reach a certain age, a father has to pay close attention to the calibre of boyfriends that hang around. This particular bloke is known as The Wombat, because he eats roots and leaves (or something). Cobber's got the shot gun ready and old Fido's off the chain!

**Arthur Leggett** - "The Traveller's Temptation". In his own poem, chatting up a beauty in the tavern reveals a real cad.

A very entertaining evening. Well done Rob.

### **Ed's note:**

Lots of great feedback about Rob's organisation of September's muster. Great to see lots of new faces (mainly invited by Rob). Rob had worked out some saucy introductions but also gave us snippets about the lives of the poets in his introductions. The work he had put into creating a very special night was evident. **Thank you Rob.**



Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2014= 2015

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**Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:**

|                   |                         |            |  |                               |
|-------------------|-------------------------|------------|--|-------------------------------|
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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](mailto:treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au)**

**Upcoming Events**

**Next Muster :Traditional night, 5th September, 7pm, Plantation Drive, Bentley Park**

**Regular events**

**Albany Bush Poetry group**  
Bunbury Bush Poets

**4th Tuesday of each month**  
To be confirmed

**Peter 9844 6606**  
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](http://www.abpa.org.au) or**

**Don't forget our website**

**[www.wabushpoets.asn.au](http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au) or [www.wabushpoets.com](http://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<br>Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit our website <a href="http://www.wabushpoets.com">www.wabushpoets.com</a><br>Go to the "Performance Poets" page | <b>Members' Poetic Products</b> | 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,<br>inc autobiography | Pete Stratford     | CD         |
|  | Keith Lethbridge                | books                       | Roger Cracknell    | CDs, Book  |

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|--|--|--|
| Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to:<br>The "Bully Tin" Editor<br>Box 364,<br>Bentley WA 6982<br>e-mail <a href="mailto:christineboulton7@bigpond.com">christineboulton7@bigpond.com</a> | Address all other correspondence to<br>The Secretary<br>WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners<br>Box 364,<br>Bentley WA 6982 | Address Monetary payments to:<br>The Treasurer<br>WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn<br>Box 364, Bentley. WA 6982 |
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