

BULLY TIN



& Yarn Spinners

★ Next Muster - Apr 3rd, 2009 7.30pm MC Anne Hayes ★
Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

As you may recall, All entry receipts from the March Muster as well as other donations were for the Victorian Bushfire relief Appeal..

I am very pleased to inform all members that the door receipts were a little over \$400 with an additional \$220 being put in the bucket.

Thank you everyone.

The generosity of Australians to these tragic events has so far exceeded all expectations with the cash donations now totaling over \$ 250 Million and continuing to grow

There are many other ways you can continue to support the appeal, for further info, go to

http://www.ourcommunity.com.au/giving/giving_main.jsp

This is just one of many poems about the Victorian Bushfires which have been written over the past several weeks—It was presented at our last Muster.

SPIRIT OF A NATION, -

Mick Colliss, (The Poem Guy) 6PR Radio

I used to think I had it hard, thought life was pretty tough.
 If the plasma TV in my lounge was not quite big enough.
 If I pulled up at the beach and the surf was flat. I'd curse.
 If I pulled a warm beer from the fridge – could life get any worse?

But then you see the sorts of things we've seen these past few days.

The tragedy and horror from that soul destroying blaze.
 You see the consequences, the sadness and the pain.
 And the realization hits you – you have no right to complain.

Destruction so widespread you can't begin to count the cost
 The property, the livelihoods, the precious lives now lost.
 Communities and families, destroyed and torn apart.
 People forced to carry on with badly broken hearts.

But then we hear a story and our spirits are revived.
 Stories where, against all odds, a person has survived.
 And Sam the young Koala's captured our entire nation.
 A touch of joy amidst the carnage and the devastation.

And the way our nation's rallied makes me feel all warm inside.
 Its called 'being Australian' and it fills me full of pride.
 A defining characteristic that makes our nation great.
 When times are tough we work as one, and always help a mate.

But still the fires burn, the landscape's like a silhouette.
 This week is one that no one in our country will forget.
 I simply can't imagine what it is you've all gone through.
 But know our thoughts and prayers, are with every one of you.

April is

Resumption of 'real' time, Easter,
 School Holidays, Anzac Day

Once more we bring you a jumbo newsletter as we are still catching up with everything that's been going on over the past month or two and we like to give recognition to all that is happening around the WA Bush Poetry scene, no matter where it might be. I've also included some of the poems presented at last month's muster. (see letter to the editor—page 3 - perhaps we'll see if we can get the printer to let us have a regular Jumbo version at the same low cost

LEST WE FORGET

This



A Present from Home
 —(A cook book)
 The caption read -
 "What do they think we're
 on? a bloomin' picnic"
 (Drawing from
 The ANZAC Book 1916)

month, we observe Anzac Day, a far different aspect of our culture and heritage to what we celebrate on Australia Day, however both form an important part of what it means to be Australian. While we don't always agree with the necessity to be fighting a "shooting war" in far away places we commend those who put their lives on the line to serve what is seen by our Government to be our National Interests and know that as, in times past, they will continue to exhibit those great Australian attributes of devotion to duty, excellence at what they do and the mateship that flourishes in times of adversity and

conflict.

Looking out for your mate has been part of our culture throughout our history, it is what has made the ANZAC legend what it is, and what is still a huge part of our National Psyche, as evident by the help and support offered by everyday Australians to the victims of these devastating fires and floods

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



Walking Different Tracks

The Australian Society of Authors (ASA) is managing the Australia Councils Emerging Writers Grants in 2009. The ASA will assess applications and pay grants totalling \$175,000

The Emerging Writers and Illustrators' Initiative assists in the creation of new work by emerging Australian writers and picture book illustrators. Grants can be used for living allowances (including childcare) and/or to assist with travel and research costs associated with the preparation and writing of nominated projects. To get the full info—go to www.asaauthors.org and click on “More” under the heading of “Emerging Writers and Illustrators Initiative” (4th topic)

Letter to the Editor— After receiving and reading the March Bully Tin I feel that I must write concerning Grace's article regarding the Australia Day Poetry at Wireless Hill. To make a comment regarding a certain poem and its suitability for a family oriented occasion and not name the poem or performer leaves us all in the dark. Naturally I wonder if it was the poem of Marco Gliori's that I recited 'The Breast Feeding Heckler', if so I might say that on Australia Day I recited that particular poem three times to nearly 1000 people and until now have not had a negative remark. Most people were laughing as were 99.9% of the Wireless Hill crowd. Are the fun police returning and making laughing illegal? Or was it 'Rain From Nowhere' that upset someone?, a story of near suicide, an event which is very real in today's rural landscape and one which goes un-noticed by many city people. As a performer I watch the crowd very carefully and yes after this poem a mother did leave with her child, that was however Joshua and his mother and I was led to believe that he performed first because they had no intention of staying anyway. If we want to start splitting hairs take a look at Banjo's 'The Man From Snowy River' and especially the line **his hardy mountain pony he could scarcely raise a trot, he was blood from hip to shoulder from the spur** the Man is made out a hero yet has abused his pony terribly I'm sure if something like that happened today the RSPCA and animal libbers would have a field day. If it was neither of the poems that I recited that were alluded to please disregard this letter, however I will say that if poetry is to be screened or censored in anyway before a performance I shall not be accepting if I happen to be invited to perform.

Yours truly,
Corin Linch

Corin, it was indeed "The Breast Feeding Heckler" which Grace referred to in the previous Bully Tin. It would seem that for some women, this a subject "not to be debased by humour". Perhaps what was overlooked by those who thought it inappropriate is that it is a valid social comment on what would seem to be modern parenting practises of letting the child determine when it's ready to progress. How often do we see children still in nappies, sucking on dummies, carting a baby bottle around when they have reached an age that these should be long in the past.

Surely we recognise that in Australia virtually ALL subjects are, at times, grist for the humour mill, even death; that is, providing it is done in such a manner that is acceptable by the majority (which, judging by the audience reaction, this poem certainly was), does not put down INDIVIDUALS (Unlike a lot of American humour) and is not done

at an inappropriate time (no doubt there will be "Bushfire Humour" in times to come). We also must recognise that Aussie humour, including its poetry, has always had some degree of "bawdiness" - this is partly what makes us what we are. I know I, my wife and my (40 something) daughter enjoyed the humour of the poem. - Ed

Letter to the Editor

While browsing through Dot's Wrap up of the December Muster in our Bully tin, I've noted that there are some great-sounding poems mentioned that have been presented at our monthly musters, e.g. The Bloke I Used To Know, The Girl I Used To Know, Six White Quokkas, Christmas Cocktail, Breaking the Dry, Merino Wool, Big Time Blues, and Christmas Justice, and wonder why they are not published in our newsletter for members to again enjoy whether they have attended the muster or not.

In the Australia Day issue, you had a few short lines stating that you've only had 26 poems submitted since August 2006, so couldn't we have these poems published in centre pages? It would not only 'preserve' these poems in case the authors have not published their own books, and get them out into the public where they belong. (With the author's permission, of course.)

Western Australia has some great poets, but they have no 'showcase' at all for their work. And, isn't that what W.A. Bush Poets is all about?

Regards
Valerie. Read

Thanks, Val. An excellent idea and one which I hope to take up as from now with an expanded size Bully Tin. As we now get our printing subsidised by the Federal Member for Swan, Steve Irons, MP, we are not as restricted by printing costs as in the past. As the March Muster concentrated on poems that we do not normally see performed, this is an ideal opportunity to start by including some of them. Even though they are presented at a muster, and Dot does a great job in summarizing them, it is better to be able to review the poem in its entirety (space permitting). For authors, it is hoped that you have no objections to your poems being printed here. Even for those who have published, this is an opportunity for people who have not bought their book(s) to get an insight into their style, and maybe be tempted to purchase a book or two. As you say, we have some excellent poets, and others who, while still "emerging" write some very good verse and they all deserve to have examples of their work bought into the public eye.— Ed

SICK LIST

There are still some on the sick list, a couple having had a stint in hospital. To you all, we wish you a speedy and comfortable recovery and hope to see you back firing on all cylinders in the not too distant future.

THE DIGGER HAT Tip Kelaher 1940

I've seen some lids in days gone by
From Bris to Dunedoo;
Top hats that strive to reach the sky,
And cloth caps round the 'Loo;
The sombrero and the stockman
That shade from Queensland's suns,
The topi that is favourite
On many outback runs.

I have seen in busy roadways
All the fashions cities know -
The bowler and the pork-pie
With its crown so very low.
I have seen the swagman's relic,
The turban and the fez,
And all the hats that cut a style
From Sydney to Suez.

But there's a hat I'm wearing,
And I think it beats them all
From the Cape to San Fransisco,
From Melbourne to Whitehall;
For it's been in many countries
And in each it did its share,
From the mud and slush of Flanders
To Sainai's heat and glare.

So I'm proud to wear my rabbit's fur
Although she's creased and worn,
And not so slick as polished caps,
The Tommies heads adorn;
For it has an air of Aussie,
Of 'come and have a drink?'
The good old easy style that leads
To glory or 'the clink'.

It exudes the smell of gum leaves
From crown to sweaty band,
And often makes me homesick
In this Palestinian sand;
For it stands for right and manhood—
And who'd want more than that?
That's why, one day in '40,
I took the Digger hat.

Did you happen to guess what the black "blob" was on the front of last month's Bully Tin— It was in fact an example of the imperfections of technology, where default settings on a photocopier (which is really an incorrect name for the device, for the mono ones don't copy photos very well at all) create wrong "exposure", particularly where the original was in colour. If you were unable to make it out, from the associated comment then we'll have to enlighten you— It was (before the photocopier "blobbed it out" a shamrock. - We do try and ensure that the graphics in the Bully Tin reproduce well, but sometimes that Irish fellow Murphy with his stupid law takes over.

Bits & Pieces

Muster Mess???

A complaint was received by the Bentley Park Management from an unnamed (to us) source alleging that we left the place in a mess after the February Muster.

While it is assumed that this is being done to create mischief, in that there is a small element who did not want us there, it is a timely reminder to all attendees to ensure that they pick up everything they have discarded through the evening and make sure that any thing they see out of order is either corrected or reported to a committee member at the time. . Our use of the wonderful facilities is dependent on us maintaining good will with the Management

Here's some further information regarding particular aspects of writing Bush Verse. The author is our highly acclaimed poet, Valerie Read - *Thank you Val - Ed*

A SIMPLE EXPLANATION OF PUNCTUATION AND RHYTHM.

Upon going through the poetry in anthologies and bush poetry newsletters, it's very clear that some poets do not fully comprehend the use of punctuation, and there is often a semi-colon where a comma should be.

A very simple explanation is:

A semi colon is used when two groups of words in the one line make sense as separate sentences. A comma is used when e.g. 'and' joins the two groups of words.

The hills were blue and hazy; pine trees grew upon their slopes.

The hills were blue and hazy, **and** trees grew upon their slopes.
The hills were blue and hazy, **but** no trees grew on their slopes.

A full stop is used when the sentence comes to an obvious end, and a longer pause is needed than a comma or a semi-colon.

Poets often use dashes in place of semi-colons or commas, and as long as it's not done too often throughout the poem, I think that's acceptable.

No matter the style a poet uses he/she must know how to work out rhythm. In balladry, which is a common form of bush poetry, **iambic** is the most common. (a weak (x) beat followed by a strong (/)one)

The **trochee** is a strong beat followed by a weak one. (/ x)

The **dactyl** is a strong beat followed by two weak beats. (/ x x)

The **anapaest** is two weak beats followed by a strong one. (x x /)

'The' is usually always a weak beat, so it is helpful for the beginner to go through the lines of his poetry and mark an x above 'the' which is a great help. It is helpful to get a pair of drum sticks or chop sticks and read through the poem noting the stronger words in the lines, e.g.

x / x / x / x / (iambic)
the BANTam ROOster CROWED and CROWED.

Poetry can often be made more descriptive if 'the' is replaced by a descriptive one-syllable word when it can be.

Writers please note that you should aim to have consistency throughout your poem in the structure of each verse, the patterns formed by the light and heavy beats is equally as important as is the usual means of depicting rhythm, ie counting syllables. - Ed

What's on in the Bush?

BOYUP BROOK COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL – BUSH POETS REPORT

"The best yet" was the comment I kept hearing after the Bush Poets Breakfast on Sunday morning. A crowd of 1500 heard some of the best of WA poets, including our current champion Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge.

The current Australian champion, Greg North, from Linden, in the Blue Mountains of NSW, had the audience enthralled with his unforgettable version of "The Man From Snowy River". Greg has a unique talent, and he recited in a dozen different accents, each accompanied by an appropriate hat.

Jim Haynes was back again, with the misadventures of his mate "Dipso Dan". Jim also conducted two workshops for poets, one on writing, and one on performing. Over twenty people attended each workshop, and gained a great deal from Jim's extensive experience as a poet, performer, and lecturer at the Country Music College.

Jurien Bay poet Irene Conner writes with compassion and sensitivity, and although new to reciting, she presented her poems in a very capable manner. Irene is undoubtedly "the voice of social conscience" among WA Bush Poets.

WABP&YS President Brian Langley as the "City Poet" resplendent in his Aussie Day outfit, was a contrast to the RM's and Akubras of the "Bush" poets.

Peg Vickers from Albany was also making her first appearance at Boyup Brook. Peg delighted the audience with her poems about Grandad and his misadventures on and off the farm.

Wayne Pantall and Catherine McLernan were more first timers at the festival.

This year we included a written competition, with a section for Emerging Poets (who had not previously won a written competition) and Open section.

Open Winner:

"Sunset Rider", David Campbell, Beaumaris, Victoria.
Highly Commended:

"The Old Bush Poet", Val Read, Bicton, WA.

"The Day of the Horse", Doug Berry, Ravenshoe, Qld.
Commended:

"Wheellie Bin of Dreams", Doug Berry, Ravenshoe, Qld.
"Modern Day Matador", Doug Berry, Ravenshoe, Qld.

Emerging Poets Winner:

"The Halcyon Days", Terry Piggot, Canning Vale, WA.
Highly Commended:

"How Quickly They're Forgotten" Pamela Fox Beaudesert Qld
Commended:

"Out on the Western Shaw", Terry Piggot, Canning Vale WA.

Congratulations to all the above poets. It was very pleasing to get 26 entries, as it was a late decision to hold the competition. Irene and Brian, who had coordinated and judged, read the winning poems on the day.

WABP&YS President Brian paid tribute to the men behind the biggest bush Poets Breakfast in WA. Brian Gale started 18 years ago with a crowd of 30, in the garden at Harvey Dickson's Country Music Centre. Ron

Evans took over a few years ago, when Brian was overseas. Lately, Bill Gordon has been responsible for managing the event.

Apart from the Sunday morning, Bush Poets were featured in the park on Friday and at the Boyup Brook Club on Saturday morning. These were open mike sessions and some availed themselves of the opportunity to have a go.

A big "thank you" to all the poets who performed over the weekend, to Jim Haynes for the workshops, and to Irene and Brian for the written competition.

Thank you also to our Sponsors, McIntosh & Son, Katanning and Stawool Brokers. Their support makes it possible for the organizers to bring Poets such as Greg North across from the east coast.

The Boyup Brook Country music Festival is the premier country music event in WA, and the Bush Poets are recognized as an important part of the festival.

Bill Gordon

Outback Country Music Festival—Forestdale Poets Brekky March 8th

Three members of the WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners, Corin Linch, Irene Conner and Wayne Pantall entertained an appreciative crowd of around 300 for almost two hours. Only had one bloke come up for the open mike he read one of his late mates poems

Bush Poetry in its many forms is alive and well especially amongst those who are converted, just got to get the rest interested.

Waddi Festival Poets Brekky, Mar 1st

The Waddi Festival unfortunately did not attract as big an audience as was hoped. Unfortunately a change of ownership at a critical time meant that little advertising was done and many people thought that it would not be held. It also conflicted with the Nannup festival. 3 members of the WABP & YS performed at the Sunday Morning Poets Brekky to a small but appreciative audience. Catherine McLernan from Geraldton, Irene Conner from Jurien and Brian Langley (currently from Guilderton) presented a well rounded mixture of serious and humorous Bush Verse. The evening before saw both Catherine and Brian join Irish Singer Patrick at the microphone. This was Brian's public singing debut as he and Patrick gave their rendition of Eric Bogle's "And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda. (Don't think he'll be asked to do it again, but you never know, by that time many of the audience had had a wine or three and it might have sounded alright) Catherine, with her long flowing red hair, fine soprano voice and theatrical background provided a far better compliment to Patrick as they gave us many of the traditional Irish songs that we all know so well.

And now for some more of the poems presented at the March Muster.

This poem from **Terry Piggott** was the winning entry in the Boyup Brook Competition (Emerging Poets Section) - It was typical of the subjects which dominated the competition, Dying and Reminiscing—perhaps it is an indication of the age of most of the entrants.

The Halcyon Days

The old chap was quietly dreaming of fishing days long past,
of when the streams ran pure and clean and creeks flowed
deep and fast.

Where trout were fat and fighting fit as wild trout always are,
and those that dwelt in forest streams the sweetest fish by far.

With Karri forest still pristine; (clear felling yet to come),
he now recalls the big fish pool down by the old Red Gum.
And sees the creek come tumbling down to kiss the pool below,
and there he watched his speckled friends those many years ago.

His daydreams grow more vivid as the hours drift slowly by;
he dreams he walks the streams again with trusty rod and fly.
And soon his dream has come alive with summer in the air;
the heady smell of eucalypt now wafts from everywhere.

Cicada's sing their noisy song with summer on the way,
the forests now seem full of life, out on this balmy day.
The birds are singing in the trees while insects buzz about,
and it was good to be alive to seek the wily trout.

He hears the forest whisper as the wind now stirs the trees,
and high up in the canopy the constant hum of bees.
The gentle trickling of the brook is music to his ears,
as in his dreams he lives again those happy carefree years.

She looks down fondly at him, as tears glisten in her eye,
recalling him in younger days when he was fit and spry.
when he had been her hero; to protect her come what may,
until old age diminished him to what he is today.

Awakened from his day dreams by his daughter gentle touch,
a tender kiss upon his cheek; a look that tells him much.
He tells her not to worry, things are not as they may seem,
although he can no longer walk, he still knows how to dream.

More Bits and Pieces:

New Recruit

After many months of appealing to the membership for someone to volunteer for secretarial duties, we finally have a maybe (the maybe depends to some extent on work commitments) but we hope that we can have his services at least some of the time. As he is a relative newcomer to both Bush Poetry and Australia, it will take him a while to become acclimatised, however, like his poetry, I'm sure that he will very soon get the hang of what is needed. Welcome **Graham Hedley** to the madhouse (not really) that is the committee of the WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners Assn—We hope that you are able to continue to come along to meetings and feel sure that your contributions to our decision making will be most welcome.

In order to ease Graham gently into his new role, we will not load all of the secretarial duties on him but start him off gently just recording the minutes of our Committee Meetings. - So, members, please bear in mind Graham's inexperience with our Assn and don't immediately load with questions which will take a while yet before he can answer them. Once again, **Irene Conner** has written a very touching

poem. Irene is not afraid to tackle difficult and sensitive subjects, treating them with respect and understanding. Here is her "Bushfire Poem"

Why? (Re Black Saturday - Victoria 7/2/09)
© Irene Conner 10/02/09

Can you tell us why they're dying
and the rest of us are crying
as the raging flames of hell light up the sky?
Will we ever find a reason
for this tragic summer season?
Can you hear a shattered nation asking 'Why?'

There can be no consolation
as we view the desolation
for we know we'll never understand their pain.
But we see their strength and courage
as they drift throughout the wreckage
of the peaceful lives they'll never know again.

Can they live within their sorrow?
What is left of their tomorrow?
Will there come a time when they'll no longer cry?
Let our loving thoughts surround them,
wrap a nation's arms around them
as we hear these shattered people asking 'Why?'

Here is another Bushfire Poem, this one was sent
~~in by a member who had it sent to him.~~ Unfortunately,
the author is only identified by the initials
ND

Black is all I see

Where green and gold once cloaked the land
Where eucalypt and pine did stand
Where man did live and lay his hand
Now black is all I see

Where horses grazed and cattle drank
Where grasses lined the river bank
Where stood a house and water tank
Now black is all I see

There was a town with store and hall
Which proudly stood 'neath ridges tall
Now nothing moves or lives at all
And black is all I see

There stood a home and there another
Where lived a daughter, father, mother
A sister, cousin, niece or brother
Now black is all I see

Our nation grieves and holds them tight
Throughout the darkness of the night
Till daybreak brings an ashy light
And black is all I see

"Poor fella, my country"
N.D. 11 FEB 2009

David Sears is a long time member of the WABP&YS. While we used to see him on a regular basis, giving us the classics and other shearing poems—he has been working away from the city for some considerable time. During this time, it would appear that he has developed a new skill, this time as a writer. Here is his poem

The Optimistic Cocky

Out there in the wheatbelt ,there's a town they named Cadoux
The people there are friendly ,they smile and welcome you.
A Primary school ,a general Store ,and a dried up sporting ground
A railway line with siding ,and a few houses scattered round.
The town once had an earthquake ,that shook the place to bits
They're resilient these people ,there soles are tanned with grit.
The pride of this here little town ,is a place they call the Bin
It's a popular spot at harvest time ,when the cockies grain comes in .

Now sometime after harvest ,the cockie makes a plan
Wheat's four hundred bucks a tonne ,I'll plant every bit I can.
Now each cockie has a wife ,she stays at home and cooks
She tends the kids ,cleans up the house ,and keeps the family books.
The forecast it's looking promising, we'll buy that seaside house
That worldly cruise ,replace the car, the cockie tells his spouse.
Some brand new gear ,you a dress ,and the kids a better education
Yes ,this year is it ,we'll sack the banks ,and have a great vacation.

The winter rains have opened well ,his harvest hopes are high
A head to scratch ,a time to think ,he gazes round the sky.
I'll write to Mr Keven Rudd ,I'm sure he knows the reason
About this bloody climate change ,makes things grow out of season .
Now harvest is upon us, CBH have manned their bins
I guess I'll get my reaper out ,and see what I bring in .
But those sheilas in that sampling shed ,my grain is full of grass
Said," Take it home old fellow ,and shove it up your ,err auger"

The harvest seasons come and gone ,we'll have to reconcile
Some Xmas cheer , a well earnt beer, and sit and think a while .
We'll educate the kids at home, pitch a tent down by the beach
We'll keep the car ,I'll repair my gear ,but that vacations out of reach.
We'll have to reinstate the banks ,but we'll buy that St Vinnies dress
We'll row across to Rotto ,and enjoy that well earnt rest.
So to all you friendly people ,who enjoy a Xmas beer
Look after yourself ,drive safely ,might see you round next year.

David Sears . Truck driver Cadoux

This little ditty is from one of our newest members, he is also our oldest member—He will be 94 a few days before the April Muster.

RUBBISH

The things that we dispose of, on our great Rubbish Day;
You could set up a village, of the things we throw away.
It's a thorough education, just to glance about the street
And note the items left outside, that some find obsolete.
There's chairs and sofas, Hi-Fis, pots; T.Vs, clothing, shoes;
Books and buckets, hats and socks; sometimes the
headline news.

I've seen a kennel without dog; party goods, a ladder
A baby's pram, a bassinet; a deflated swimming bladder
What's our council going to do? It's anybody's guess.
Thank goodness someone's got the task, of clearing up
this mess.

Colin Thomas 20/2/09

Peg Vickers from Albany was at her very first Muster and presented us with four of her delightful verses, here's two of them.

FOR THE LOVE OF BASIL

Grandpa sat beneath a tree
Dozing in his chair
As his neighbour talked to Grandma
Not knowing he was there.
Then he heard the neighbour tell her
"I have a gift for you
For I know that you love basil
As all the ladies do"

"Oh thank you, thank you very much
It's kind of you said she
For to have my own sweet basil
Means all the world to me."
As Grandpa listened, all agog
Yet quiet as a mouse,
He wondered if this Basil bloke
Was hanging round the house.

And who was Basil anyway?
Some fancy ladies man
Seducing all the women folk
With some audacious plan.
Well Grandpa could have asked her,
Heard what she had to say
But Grandpa was a funny bloke
He didn't work that way.

But when he asked down at the pub
And all around the town
The only Basil he could find
Was poor old Basil Brown.
And he dies seven years ago
It never could be him
The chance of finding Basil now
Was looking pretty slim.

Grandpa mooched around the house
His nerves now in a frazzle
Until at last he sternly said
"I've heard that you love Basil!"
"And—what's wrong with loving basil
Sweet basil is superb
I don't think I could manage
Without my special herb."

Then Grandpa cried to all his mates
"As far as I can tell -
She not only loves this Basil
But some bloke called Herb as well!!!"

GRANDPA'S DREAM

One night as Grandpa lay in bed
He thought of what he'd missed
The wild oats he'd never sowed
The girls he'd never kissed.

The crazy games he'd never played
So much that might have been
The misspent youth he'd never had
The sights he'd never seen



Grandpa thought "Now I'm alone
There's much I'd like to try—
Wild things that I must do
Before I get to die."

"Tomorrow I will pack my bags
And then be on my way
I'll head up to the city lights
Make whoopee every day."

But as he thought his sinful thoughts
Filled with expectation
His heart beat quite erratically
In wild anticipation.

He couldn't even get to sleep
Till twenty past eleven
And when he woke he found he'd died
And gone straight up to heaven.

"Welcome sir," Saint Peter said,
"You're on a lucky streak -
You never would have made it
If you'd lived another week!" .



And here is another from Colin Thomas

ANOTHER THANK YOU

Colin Thomas 24/1/2009

I would like to thank the people who help me out each day.
They're really very helpful, are the folk from D V A

I go in with a problem, "It's no trouble", they all say
Then press a button here and there and watch their
computer play

I'd never understand it all, It's well beyond my ken,
They seem to know what's going on, by using fingers ten!

So thank you all for everything , you've done throughout
the years
For helping us old soldiers out and allaying all our fears.

Victoria Brown from Esperance writes mainly humorous verses about the farming life and bringing up children. Here's her story about a day at the Gymkhana.

THE JOLLY GOOD SPORTS

We're the parents of the children who to Pony Club are true
And we stand by the objectives and the aims set,
through and through.

We're not in it for the trophies or the glory of the win
If we miss out on a ribbon, we can take it on the chin
We're for participation and enjoyment of our sport
And we don't encourage members who're competitively fraught.
We've learnt to call "Well Done!" and "Jolly Good!" when
we come last,

To shout "Hooray!" to those that win as they go flying past.

So imagine the excited buzz, when just last Sunday week
We took our children and their mounts to a club gymkhana treat.
I had my little William on his Thelwell pony, Tom,
And the other Mums and Dads had brought their tiny tots along.

There was Sheila with her daughter Kate, a sweetie-pie aged five,
And sporty Sal had brought her John upon his pony Clive
Kylie had her Georgia on a darling little horse,
As we gathered for a lead rein race - a bunch of real good sports.

"I'm nervous, Mum," a small voice cried as we lined
up at the start

"It's just for fun," came the reply. "What's important's
taking part."

So why then did this mother pop some joggers on her feet
And cast her heavy boots aside as she got ready to compete?
"On your marks" the starter cried, "Ready! Steady!.....Go!"
And we took off like jack rabbits with our little ones in tow.
"Hang on!" I screamed with gusto, to a rather startled Will
For like Banjo's Geebung Polo Club, I was in there for the kill.

As I dragged the pony down the track I caught Kylie in my eye
Running like a madman with her daughter in full cry
"Run faster, Mum.....run faster! Or we won't win the race!"
She was hell bent on the trophy; you could see it on her face.
Kate was screaming "Slow down, Mum." Her eyes were
full of fear

As she clung on to her saddle, but her plea fell on deaf ears.
John and Sal were in the lead, the joggers did the trick
They reached the water bucket first; Sal yanked John off
real quick

You had to get an apple then, from a bucket full of water
And Kylie didn't hang around, she tore her little daughter
Clean off her nag and shouted out "Quick, bite that apple, love"
Then with one clean, swift, and expert move, she gave
her head a shove

And immersed her conk completely 'til she forced the apple down
And spiked it with her pearly whites, and jolly nearly drowned.
I tried the same technique with Will, although his face turned blue
And he swallowed so much water that he looked as if he'd spew.

Bubbles rose up from the depths of young Kate's water pail
While her mother hollered "Bite it Kate!" But all to no avail.
And John didn't take his helmet off, so no matter how he tried
He couldn't spear his apple - his head wouldn't fit inside.
You should have seen his mother as she ripped it off his scone
And realised that any chance of winning this was gone.
Will looked like a suckling pig, with wide and bulging eyes
As neck and neck with Kylie, we raced to claim first prize

As we tore towards the finish flags, I gave one final burst
And pulled the pony round real fast to see who had come first
'Twas Kylie! Damn! I turned to see why Will had made no sound
And there he was flat on his back, face up, upon the ground.
I'd spun the pony round so fast when finishing the race
That Will had been ejected as he'd gained his second place
I picked him up, removed the apple, and said "Well that was fun!"
Just jump back on your pony, and we'll do another, son!"

He didn't seem excited at the prospect of another
Lead rein race accompanied by a half demented mother
And neither did the other two who'd clearly had enough
Of all the frenzied action of this character building stuff
And as Georgia clutched her trophy and smiled a toothless grin
We remembered that it doesn't matter if you lose or win
We're for participation and enjoyment of our sport
And we don't encourage members who're competitively fraught!

March Muster 2009 - by Dot

First an apology to Hadley Provis who did the Readings from the classics last month. I gave the title as Bygone Jack and the Troopers it was actually Bogong Jack and the Trooper. Sorry about the slip, it's just fingers going too fast and the brain always struggling to catch up!!

This was our Writers night and what a fantastic job each and every one of them did. We heard poetry from our increasing group of writers and what a talent there is out there, we can but hope that we will get to see and hear from all of them on a more regular basis. To the poets who presented their own poems a great big WELL DONE for a tremendous job. To those who sent in their poems for others to interpret and read another big THANK YOU for giving us the chance to hear your poetry. For some of our writers their presentation was a case of first night nerves but once they got into the swing of things they were eager to share with us. To our fabulous presenters what can one say? Some of them were given very short notice for their presentation and they did it superbly. Some of the poetry we heard is published on other pages in this newsletter. You, the reader will then have a chance to once again revisit some of this nights fantastic entertainment. Who said reading was not OK? Each of our readers presented the poems with flair, perception and panache!

With **Lou Holme** our MC for the night (with his boots starting to fall too pieces as he left home, sticky tape wasn't doing a great job of holding them together, he was stuck with them as they slowly disintegrated under him!!!) and with Brian Langley's help in compiling the poems so that we had a balanced program we started with

Terry Piggott's "The Halcyon Days", the winner of the Boyup Brook writers festival. This was presented by **Brian Langley**. See the full poem on page 7...Note Terry was very interested to hear someone else 'do' his poem as the accents and interpretation was different to how he had perhaps seen some of the lines. This is a good idea for other poets to hear other people do their poems. This could give you a whole new slant on your writings.

Victoria Brown lives in Esperance and writes mainly humorous poetry about the farming life. Her poem "The Jolly Good Sports" was presented by **Dot Langley**. See the full poem on Page 9

Catherine McLernon hails from Geraldton where she is very active in the theatrical and community radio scene. Her poem "White Crosses" was presented by **Grace Williamson**. When ever she stopped at a specific set of traffic lights she saw a white cross bearing an inscription and a date. This sign of a tragedy and the significance of a young life lost made her reflect on her feelings if anything should happen to her daughter. How she would miss her greetings and promise of a wedding and no little gifts to brighten up her week. So yes she would put a cross beside the road to show the world not to take your kids for granted because there would be a gap that could not be filled by anyone. So put the crosses on the roads to remind everyone to obey the driving codes and not become a victim of the carnage on our roads..

John Miller has been a member for about 2 years and unfortunately is unable to come regularly to our Musters. His poem, "Mid Life Crisis" was presented by **Hadley Provis**. Standing in front of the mirror first thing in the morning is not a good place to be when surveying the wrinkles on ones face. With the stomach pulled in and the side on pose he realises that everything is not looking very impressive. Is he heading for a mid life crisis? Yearning for a sports car and a blonde, or should he resign from his job? Taking another look he finds that he already has happiness gained from a lifetime of experience and all he need do is exercise and give up fatty food to reduce the blemishes that his 50 years have accrued.

Irene Conner is from Jurien and writes mainly serious poetry which often looks at very sensitive issues which she handles with much understanding and compassion. As she was in the city, she presented her own poem "Why?" See the full poem on Page 7

Colin Thomas is a very new member and in his very senior years. **Graham Hedley** presented his two poems, "Rubbish" and "Another Thank You". See the full versions of these two poems on Pages 8 & 9...

Peg Vickers lives in Albany and has been a member for many years. She performs at a number of country festivals but this was her very first Muster in Perth. She performed her two poems "The Football Match" and "For the Love of Basil". "Basil" is presented in full on page 8

Peter Knowles is a new member and this is the first time we have heard from him. He presented "The Bushranger." This young man, swaying on a horse, relieved the squatters of their wealth and gave it to the poor. He held up the coaches and you would hear hoofs in the night and a bag of gold would be left on the doorstep. A trap was set but it was sprung too soon and he escaped but they pursued him through the hills as one by one his comrades deserted him and left him wounded to carry on alone. They found him dead with the reins dragging on the ground.

Chris Saddler is from Wongan Hills. We occasionally see her at the Musters. **Lorelie Tacoma** presented her poem "Where to From Here?" When she was very young her Dad took her to the country where their lives would be changed. She found that this land was imbedded in her soul. They bought some land that they tackled and with the workload they found that times did get tough and rewards were few. When her Father died fortunately there was money from the insurance so that she could carry one. Now that time has passed she remembers her Dad as they were soul mates and if not for him she would never have owned some land.

Jem Shorland is new to us and we look forward to him coming regularly. He presented his poem "The Country Member". As his life is ebbing fast he looks back on his career as a politician. With his good education he felt that he would do well at 'feathering his nest'. His perks came swiftly as he threw his ethics away and was rewarded with some gifts. He walked the right walks and followed the party line just as long as it benefited him. With money stashed in Swiss bank accounts and a very generous pension fund he sees the fight for others to gain pre-selection. They off course will only be copies of him?

Another newish member, **Teresa Rose** has recently shown us some other of her talents, with a guitar. She presented her poem, "A Serious Love Poem", as she endured the long flight and the tedious river trip and then down a long and winding track until her goal was in sight. Cadbury's Chocolate Factory. Room after room of chocolate. Roses, Turkish Delight all being churned out of this huge machine. Then to the shop. What to choose and a promise to go again. Again she went but the factory had changed, now the 'tour' was via a video and no chance to inhale the lovely fumes. But she will stay faithful to her passion but the choices of what to have and what to send home will always be the same.

After a lovely supper we had readings from the Classics. **Ann Hayes** presented Banjo Patterson's "The Surveyor". The story of Banjo's travels

and his ability to tell a story of the people he met are legendary. In "The Surveyor" it is the bush man's wife who is telling the story of her husband's search for the track around the big red hill. His travels, as he searched to find the best way. After many trials, the way was found to where she lives today. Later came the railway and a fancy engineer with all his trappings. The way he found was the same as her husband had found all those years ago. As the cattle trains go roaring down the grade she wonders if he can hear them as he is buried by the railway line.

John Hayes is a founding member of the WA Bush Poets, and has been a writer and performer for 10 years. **Rita Paul** presented John's "Nomad". The story of the blue kelpie that is owned by the forest ranger Bernadette. Always on the go as he protects his domain, when they go into town he takes her in tow to the ice cream parlour. Sometimes when in camp she wishes that he could cook but she needs to understand that although he is her dog, she is his pet!

Catherine McLernons' second poem "The Long Farwell" was presented by **Dot Langley**. This poem could be sub titled The Procrastinator as it tells of this bloke who does to leave but always finds something to say and keep him there for a while longer. After talking of all things important he finally starts to round up the kids and get the car started. As they finally start to leave he stills finds things to talk about but at the gentle insistence of his wife they finally turn for home.

Corin Linch lives in Jurien, appearing at many regional festivals with a very broad repertoire of his own and other's poems. His poem, "Innocence Stolen" was presented by **Brian Langley**. This poem deals in the first person with a subject that is usually safely tucked away behind closed doors. He tells of his innocence stolen at the age of ten by someone less than human who wanted him to be quiet as he covered in shame. Now fifty years later he is trying to come to grips with why his dreams are haunted and in these adult years he had seen his life as very bleak. But there is another who shares his pain, his wife, who was suffering too. He is going to beat these demons and put the past where it belongs as with his wife they will stand together as this battle will be ongoing and the ones who stole his innocence will be defeated in the end. A very powerful poem with a very strong sense of conquering and winning in the battle with these childhood terrors.

Val Read is one of our most awarded written poets. Her poem "Why I'm Australian" was presented by **Grace Williamson**. It is in response to the Jim Haynes poem "How Australian Are You?" printed recently in the Bully Tin. It lists all the things that she reckons makes up a true blue dinky di Australian. From eating quondong pies and dancing a corroboree, to cooking in the camp oven and drinking beer. Her family is a motley bunch and they have a tattered family tree that doesn't seem to have anyone of note on it. Her Father still dreams of the War and there are medals to tell those stories. She is rough around the edges and loves a dirty joke.

With his second poem **Peter Knowles** presented his "The Boxing Tent." The story of the spruiker offering great odds if anyone could have 4 wins in 4 bouts. With no takers until a youngster came to fight him the spruiker knew that even though the kid was young and fit, experience would win. But there came a whisper that if he would let the youngster win there would be a suitable reward. What could he do but let the kid win and give him some respect in the sight of his family.

In **Peg Vickers'** second appearance she performed two more of her "Grandpa" series of poems, "Grandpa's Dream" & "Grandpa and the Tourists". "Dream" you can read for yourself on pages 8 & 9. The poems she presented are from her booklet "Grandpa's Farm", obtainable from Peg.

Owen Keene who only became a member on the night was another brand new presenter. With his initial nerves conquered he told of his visits to many a town where he has drunk with the best and the worse and isn't it great to gather with friends and share a drink and to play as the sun sinks. From there to here he has just had a ball.

With her second performance **Irene Conner** told us of another difficult issue that was treated with great sensitivity and feeling. With her "Children Living Underground" she told of the young lives, lost through careless driving, of teens now banished from life forever. Even having licenses, they did they not understand how to drive with safety and to see the inherent dangers of power in their charge. These children should be our future, a future filled with pride and motivation fulfilling their hopes and dreams. We will try and find the answers before too many others fall.

David Sears is a long performer of the classics and has finally decided to write one of his own. **John Hayes** presented his "The Optimistic Cocky". Out in the wheatbelt there are towns very like this one. You can read the entire poem on page 8

Although we have previously heard a couple of her poems, and she has presented the "Classics"., With her very first public presentation of her own work, **Chris Preece** gave us her "Journey". This journey was taken for old times sake as she visited all the secluded nooks and crannies along the coast. With caves and limestone outcrops adorning the beaches. The tranquil blue skies and then travel towards the paddocks soft and green and with some many places to see it has been lovely sharing it with her friends.

Local radio personality, **Mick Colliss'** poem "Spirit of a Nation" about the Victorian bushfires was then presented by **Lorelie Tacoma**. See the full poem on Page 1

With his second poem **Jem Shorland** presented us with "Kevin's Heaven". Kev' thought that he could live off the land in a charming existence with nature at hand. His first crop was sown by pushing in each seed with his thumb and so when it came to harvest it he picked each grain at a time. He forgot to contour his land and his topsoil ended up in his neighbour's paddocks. As he didn't ask for help so disasters kept following him, from rust in the wheat to loosing it all to flood. Then fire struck along with locusts, cockatoos and ants. Finally Kev gives in and becomes a government advisor to the Minister for the Department of Lands.

As we still had a bit of time, With little notice **Teresa Rose** presented **Victoria Brown's** "The Appendage". This was a story that the Elders man swore was true. He was reminded of it when he spotted a chicken left out to defrost. It seems there was this lady who sported a beaut black eye. She told her friends how her husband had arrived home late the worse for wear and collapsed on the couch. His son also under the weather arriving shortly after, thought that he would play a joke on his father and from the fridge took a chicken neck and to give his dad a scare carefully unzipped his poor fathers fly, tucked in the neck and tastefully arranged it on his victims thigh. When she awoke and found no husband sleeping next to her the wife tore down stairs and seeing her husbands member made her knees buckle, but what caused her to faint and bang her eye was seeing the cat crouched and chewing hungrily on his appendage!.

Continued in next page

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

☆☆ Upcoming Events ☆☆

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

April	3	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	Guest Artist—Greg Hastings
April	17	Closing Date	Urban Country Music Festival, Written BP Comp. Caboolture, Qld.	
			E-mail President Brian L for entry form or details www.urbancountry.com.au	
April	19-21	Heritage Festival	Northampton	
May	1	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park - Short Poetry Competition	
May	3	Poets in the Park	McDougall Park (Sth Perth)- 2—5pm	(Another poet or two needed)
June	5	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park -	
July	3	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park - AGM	
August	7	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium Bentley Park -	
Oct	18	Festival of Yarns	Bunbury District (details later)	
Nov	15	Poets in the Park	Pioneer Park Gosnells 2-5pm (tentative)	

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

(From Page 11) **Caroline Sambridge** is a regular performer and she had a thanks to 96 FM. In her poem "Antarctica". When she won a trip to fly over Antarctica on News Year Eve it was a tremendous treat as they flew over the ice while drinking champagne.

Lou Holme then gave us his "The Board Meeting". At the MCG, the board of directors were discussing that watching the game of cricket is no longer fun. We need to get some grunt back into the team. We need someone who can wreck a batsman with just the right chosen words. We need someone who is a master of the sledge!!

As part of his closing talk, President **Brian Langley** reminded us that we were tonight giving all of the proceeds to the Bushfire Appeal. He concluded the night with "Black is All I See" by **N.D.** See the full poem on Page 7...

Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed - Please Contact Vice Pres—Grace	Don't forget our website www.wabushpoets.com
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**Country Poets -Is there anything poetic going on in your neck of the woods.
If so, why not drop us a line and tell us about it**

Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit our website www.wabushpoets.com Go to the "Performance Poets" page	Members' Poetic Products Victoria Brown CD Peter Blyth CDs, books Rusty Christensen CDs Brian Gale CD & books John Hayes CDs & books Tim Heffernan book Brian Langley books & laminated poems	Rod & Kerry Lee CDs Arthur Leggett books, inc autobiography Keith Lethbridge books Corin Linch books Val Read books Caroline Sambridge book Peg Vickers books
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Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The Editor "Bully Tin" 86 Hillview Tce, St. James 6102 e-mail briandot@tpg.com.au	As we still don't have a secretary, Address all other correspondence to either the President (address as for the Editor) or the Vice Pres. WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 13 Getting St, Lathlain, 6100 e-mail gracewil@bigpond.com	Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners 3 - 10 Gibson St, Mt Pleasant 6153
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