

The

July 2017

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



Next Muster July 7th 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park

MC : Nancy Coe 9472 5303

The ABPA is running a 'Chook' raffle to raise much-needed funds.



Prize **\$400**.
Each raffle limited to 400 tickets.
Tickets **\$5** each.
Purchase by direct bank deposit or cheque with a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

That's a 1 in 400 chance of winning \$400!
The 'Limited Issue Chook Raffles' are being conducted legally, all by email, purchase by direct deposit into our bank account, or by cheque with SSAE. Paypal will not be accepted as every ticket has to be of equal value. We are too small to absorb the costs.

Each ticket: \$5.00.
Number of tickets per raffle: 400.
Gross amount raised per raffle - \$2,000.00 (usable net amount will be \$1,600.00 unless the prize is donated or partly donated).
Total prize each raffle - \$400.00. The Prize is to be assigned to the winner's preferred retailer and gaming rules apply.
Odds are 1 in 400, better than Lotto, so I hope that with your help and good sense each raffle will sell quickly.
We invite you to purchase tickets in this life-saving venture: life-saving for ABPA, and possibly for some lucky winner.
Here is how:

Please send the treasurer an **EMAIL** asking to purchase one or more tickets, give your name, address, phone number, the bank direct deposit receipt number, already done by 'pay anyone' on your internet banking, and **DEPOSIT** the single or multiple of \$5.00 into the ABPA bank account (please check your 'pay anyone' records for the correct account):
Bank A/c name: ABPA Inc.
BSB: 633000
A/c no: 154842108
Reference: 'tickets surname' (e.g. tickets Hutcheson). Nothing else, not enough space!
OR, post the treasurer a **CHEQUE** for the total amount in favour of The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. together with a SSAE (stamped self addressed envelope) to:
The ABPA Treasurer
Carol Hutcheson
48 Avoca Street
KINGAROY QLD 4610

The ticket (consecutively numbered if more than one) will be sent to you by email or in your SSAE.
Closing Date: 31st May 2017 or before. Drawn: 1st June

BUSH POETS BREAKFAST



DERBY 2017

**Admission only \$10.00 / head
THE LOT (Admission & cooked breakfast) \$25.00 / head**



There was movement at the cottage, for word had got around
The best of Aussie poets are coming to Derby town.
The tried and true performers all gather for the fray,
While the new-chums like to dream that they can steal the day.
We'll feed you and amuse you; be assured the time will fly.
So come on up to Derby town, the first Sunday in July.

Contacts: 0457 217 776 or 0417 918 862



**Sunday July 2nd 7am @
CWA Cottage, Clarendon Street**



Derby Bush Poets Breakfast

Contact Robyn 91911782 or 0417918862

Congratulations to Terry Piggott
Terry won the written competition at the
Dusty Swag Awards, Portarlinton Vic.
His winning poem was "Echoes from the
Past". See Page 5.

Congratulations to Brian and Dot Langley on their 55th Wedding Anniversary.

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 - July 2017



Winter is upon us, minus the rain which is desperately needed throughout southern Australia. And winter is time for the grey nomads to hit the road for warmer parts. Gunns and Shorlands have just got off the Gibb River road and are heading for Derby for the Bush Poets Brekky on July 2. We wish them a safe and enjoyable trip and a great time with the Derby poets. Maybe next year Meg and I will cross that one off the bucket list.

Terry and Virginia Bennetts are further afield. They were last seen enjoying a Guinness in Dublin. They will be back next month for a Band of Mates concert with Evan Platschenda and Ginger Cox in Mandurah on 8th July and again in Morley on 9th July. Then they too will be heading a little further north, all the way to Broome.

Meanwhile Christine is making the most of her wandering through the eastern side, and has just caught up with Greg North in Winton.

While everyone else is chasing the sun, I have recently returned from a trip back to my old stamping ground of Blayney, NSW. It is sixty years since the rugby club started so that was a reunion not to be missed, especially as I was a member of the victorious 1971 team. I had a marvellous time reliving old memories, catching up with mates, drinking beer of course, and telling lies. I recited Rupert McCall's poem "Why We Play the Game" which invokes the passion of any rugby player or follower. It was so well received I was asked to do it again at the ball the following night.

We have been invited to participate in "The Habits of Horses", an event for all things equine, at Mundaring on Sunday 20th August. Any poets who are interested please contact me asap as the application has to be in by 30th June. Unfortunately I can't make it as I have commitments in Toodyay that weekend. I am beginning to understand one problem with retirement – you never get a day off!

A commemorative gathering for friends of Caroline Sambridge will be held at the Harold Hawthorne Memorial Hall, Memorial Ave, Carlisle on Wednesday 28th June at 1pm. Details are on the website or contact Brian Langley.

Hope to see a good number of members at the AGM, which is just before the July muster on 7th July at 6.30. All positions are filled but we would welcome some new faces onto the committee.

Bill Gordon
President

Good afternoon Robyn & Kimberley libraries,

The Kununurra Agricultural Society's annual ag show is coming up on the 14th & 15th of July 2017.

We'd love to get some entries from poets, writers and wannabes for our poetry and prose classes in the Arts & Crafts section. This year's theme is Sustainable Tourism for Development, as we support the UN international year whenever we can.

The classes available for entry are:

1457 Yarn (500 words)

1458 Poem (100 words)

Entry forms and the full show schedule is available on our website www.kas.org.au/schedule.html

Kathryn Ryan

VALE CAROLINE

It is with a great degree of sadness that members and friends are advised that Caroline Sambridge died suddenly and unexpectedly early this week at the very young age of 51. Caroline has been a member of the WA Poets & Yarnspinners Assn. for the past nine years or so and we all remember her quirky short poems which she would recite at our monthly musters. She was also a member of the Perth Poetry Club, several Library Lovers groups, The Belmont Writers Group and the Katherine Suzanna Pritchard Writers Centre. Caroline has self published a book of her poetry entitled "Licorice Allsorts" She was also a contributor to publications by the KSPWG and the Belmont Writers Group

She will be sadly missed by the many lives she has enriched and the many hearts she has touched.

We send our heartfelt condolences to all of her family and friends.

From WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinner's website by Brian Langley



Great Poetry sites:

eMuse: Independent Bush Poets Newsletter. 1300 plus subscribers (on-line free!) Australia-Wide! Through his free distribution of this most informative, 20 page *eMuse*, (*An Independent Bush poetry newsletter*) Editor: Wally "The Bear" Finch. P. O. Box 68, Morayfield, 4506, Qld. Phone: (07) 54 955 110. E-Mail: wmbear1@bigpond.com

**Do you want to be part of the National Scene —
Then you might consider joining the Australian
Bush Poets Assn
www.abpa.org.au . Annual membership \$35/45
Stay up to date with events and competitions right
across Australia**

Avon Bushland

I'm sitting in the ranges
Where the Avon waters flow
And the flowering Golden Wattle,
Banksia, Gum and Jarrah grow.

All around me is the music
That the bush can only sing.
Sounds of Wattle Bird and Magpie,
Cockatoos upon the wing.

The splashing of the water,
As it rushes on its way
And the branches of the Gum trees,
When the breezes make them sway.

Gazing out across the valley,
There is beauty everywhere.
Different coloured bushland flowers,
Freshly scented bushland air.

The early morning sunshine,
Catches water as it sprays,
And a momentary rainbow,
Is reflected in its rays.

When I'm feeling tired or weary,
Rest is never far away,
With these memories locked inside me ,
I can be there any day.

I just close my eyes so gently,
And no one will ever know,

Dear Folks,
Just hoping someone will take over The Bully Tin, at least in the short term. It's very difficult doing it when you don't know where the next connection will be. Please let the chair know at the AGM.

Kind regards, Christine

PS A special thank you to the Winton and Longreach libraries.



POETIC LICENCE

This world is in a perilous state for no matter
how one tries
It's hard to separate the truth from its body-
guard of lies
And the media don't help much when journal-
istic standards
For sound commercial reasons have all had to
be abandoned
It's easier doing beat ups or pass infomercials
as news
Or plagiarise the internet without checking what
they use
And the information superhighway is easy to
hijack
So full of disinformation now it's more a twisted
track
So it's hard to know whose word to trust and
whose word we should doubt
Though there are some clear non-starters when
you stop and think it out
You always know when politicians are telling
porky pies
Cause whenever you see their lips move, you
know they're telling lies
They may dress them up as promises the ones
that are not core
Or plausibly deny them as they've so often done
before
They care little for the truth, cause it's easy to
dismember
And when the next election comes the public
won't remember
It seems an oxymoron but an honest politician
Means he's better than his fellows at deflecting
all suspicion
Is a zebra white with black stripes, or white
stripes on top of black
It depends on personal bias, which way they
twist the fact
One side will say the statistics prove a case is
black not grey
But those self same figures prove it's white the
other side will say
There are lies, damn lies and statistics the fa-
mous saying goes
Now there's algebra and integrals to keep us on
our toes
But once I saw a numeric proof that one could
equal two
So if we cannot trust to numbers then what are
we to do
Perhaps we should just toss a coin to decide
what's right or wrong
Though stat's say it's even money we'll regret it
later on
The world seems full of salesmen now, who in
order to get rich
Will bend the truth to breaking point they all
call it a sales pitch

So we don't look at our bargains till they real-
ly start to smell
They may say 'Caveat emptor' warn the buy-
er to beware
But it's hidden in the fine print so you'll hard-
ly know it's there
If you really want to stretch the truth then try
the internet
For sites that have not been fact checked are
what you will mostly get
Not forgetting social media it's always fertile
ground
For rumours and for half truths, and it's
where all those trolls are found
You can prevaricate at will, make the most
outrageous claim
Especially on those dating sites where every-
one's fair game
They may send you someone's photograph
but if you're not discrete
Instead of a new love interest it's a catfish
that you'll meet
There are spin doctors and journalists and
radio shock jocks
And diplomats and lawyers and some crimi-
nals in the docks
And hordes of conspiracy theorists who don't
rely on proof
All are renown for being economical with the
truth
Not to mention religious nutters and some-
times a bent cop
And even photos lie these days with the help
of Photoshop
There are half truths, fibs and whoppers all
surrounding us you cry
But be honest, who among us hasn't told the
odd white lie
Now take the case of doctors, they're a most
worthy group I know
But then is it strictly honest to prescribe a
placebo
There's false advertising like padded bras and
those athletic jocks
Who have enhanced their sex appeal with a
rolled up pair of socks
But I ask you is it always good after the truth
to yearn
We all like creative accountants to do our tax
return
But of all prevaricators there is just one group
I know
Who all hold a dinkum licence that allows
them to do so
It is called 'poetic licence' and the public can
all trust
That the only honest
liars are the poets just
like us



ECHOES FROM THE PAST

Where the bare hills rise to greet you and a few gums line the creeks,
there's a lonely hut abandoned here below the highest peaks.
Yet there's history embedded in its crumbling rough stone walls,
where the heat seems never ending and a cool change seldom calls.

You may camp here if you're passing and can view the starry sky,
for the roof has long since gone now and the water tanks are dry.
You can feel the past around you, though there's little left to see,
yet it hangs there in the silence of this home that used to be.

Sagging fence posts are still standing though the rest has disappeared
and the bush has taken over any land they may have cleared.
Dead and dying fruit trees rise among the scrub and withered weeds,
where a garden had been started once to supplement their needs.

There's an ancient creaking windmill here that moans as though in pain,
when an errant gust of wind arrives to stir its vanes again,
Though its pump is barely working and the troughs are rusted out,
there's a puddle sometime forming on the ground below the spout.

And a sad old looking farm plow that's corroded now with rust,
lays forgotten there among the weeds, half buried in the dust.
There's a sense of desolation as you stand and view this scene
and you think about the heartaches that you know there must have been.

When the nighttime shadows lengthen as the sun begins to sink
and the harshness seems to melt away as roo's come into drink.
Then a sense of peace descends here in the stillness that surrounds,
where the pioneers saw hope once in these barren stony grounds.

**Terry's winning poem for the written competition at the Dusty Swag Awards, Portarlington Vic.
Hoping for a CD Terry!**

So you think of how they struggled just to eke a living out
and their months of near starvation through those years of wretched drought.
Then they had to leave defeated by this land of harsh extremes,
as they followed in the footsteps of a thousand shattered dreams.

Like so many others then, no doubt their hearts were filled with hope,
when they left behind their urban lives determined they could cope.
But they found the land was worthless here for either stock or grain,
in a barren thirsty country that was crying out for rain.

You can only guess the hardships that they must have then endured,
as they cursed this wretched country where no doubt they had been lured.
For the dreams they must have cherished then were doomed to never last
and the few signs that remain here are like echoes from the past.



PADDY'S LOST HAT

He'd lost his hat, had Pat Mc Caw. The hot sun made his bald patch sore.
He'd gone to Mass and at the back he took a hat from off the rack
at back of church where hats were hung by those at church when bells were rung
to summon them as Mass begins, (or pardon seekers confessing sins.)

That hat he'd nicked the week before when leaving early by that door,
was placed upon that rack once more by a most remorseful Pat Mc Caw.

The priest saw Paddy place it there, where sinful men sat one each chair.
The week before he'd said "Repent! Your sins are gone, because it's Lent."

The priest said, "Pat, it's no big deal, but dear God said, 'Thou shalt not steal'.
The eighth command of ten I quoted, the terms of which you must have noted!"
"The seventh", Pat's voice, calm and sultry,
"Thou shalt not commit adultery."
Those words struck home. When I heard that, I remembered where I'd left *me* hat!"

Jem Shorland

June 2016

Muster Write-up 2nd June 2017 - Meg Gordon and Nancy Coe

MC was **Dave Smith** and he started the evening at 7.05pm with a tribute to **Rusty Christensen** from Cobber Lethbridge and also the news that another one of our members, **Caroline Sambridge** had passed away during the week.

Jack Matthews - "The Lodger" a yarn written by Cobber Lethbridge. The story of Uncle Frank and his desire to wed the beautiful young Blossom but felt he couldn't do her justice so he embarked on a plan to advertise for a lodger to keep her happy.

Dave then related his yarn about meeting Rusty in Derby before introducing the next poet.

Grace Williamson - WA Poet Val Read has won numerous awards with her poetry and Grace recited one of hers called "What Grandad Had to Say". This poem tells of Grandad reminiscing about the good old days and no one wanting to listen to him. The poem says if you don't listen and hear about the old days you will be sorry as all the stories will go with him when he goes to heaven and our heritage will be lost and we'll pay a dreadful cost.

Grace also paid tribute to Caroline Sambridge by reading some of her work.

Bill Gordon - "Why we play The Game" (Rupert McCall). Rugby players and ex-players have a passion for the 'game that is played in heaven' that is hard for anyone else to comprehend. What is more, the older they get, the better they were!

Lance Coles - Newcomer to our group, Lance brought us his own poem "The Ballad of Bushy Taylor". Bushy was happy being single, had no time for women, preferred to drink and was dishevelled until a woman took over as pub manager. Rosey caused abstinence in him but his thirst got the better of him so he shaved and spruced up, won Rosey's heart and they lived happily ever after.

Lorraine Broun - Lorraine has been busy writing and told us about her visit to China and the cultural differences between our countries. While she was away her fire was damaged and so there was a story to tell while she waited and froze until it was repaired.

Bev Shorland - In recognition of WA writers this month, Bev brought us our much loved Albany poet, Peg Vickers poem about "Grandpa and The Black Balaklava". Grandpa visited his bank one chilly day and forgot to pick up his balaklava. On his return he noticed someone else wearing it and simply pulled it off the person's head only to find a would be robber. On foiling this mission to rob the bank, Grandpa was duly rewarded.

Christine Bolt - "Mary Called Him Mister" (Henry Lawson) A classic story of two people who can't find a way to be together.

Nancy Coe - "The Fire at Ross's Farm" (Henry Lawson). When tragedy unites feuding families.

Supper

Jack Matthews - Another tale, "Sonya Snell", who unfortunately sat on a painted toilet seat and had to deal with the indignity of the consequences.

Grace Williamson - Another WA Poet, Evelyn Cull, was remembered with Grace's recitation of "The Old Bullock Bell". This is a lovely poem about an old bullock bell found almost buried in the ground and cracked by the bushfires. It was taken and hung in the eaves of the home where it gave comfort to the owner every time it rang.

Reading from the Classics - Meg Gordon - Henry Kendall had a somewhat sad life but his poetry lives on in the hearts of many. ".. we can distinguish clearly the nationalist, historical and literary criteria in judging the value of Kendall as a poet. Kendall was a man of his times and hence used the Victorian romantic diction then current. He was the first Australian to win recognition overseas. He was a true poet who should hold an hon-

Bill Gordon - "The Call of The Outback" (Terry Piggott). Terry's love of the bush is reflected in this beautiful poem in which solitude and quiet of the Goldfields stands in stark contrast to the noise and rush of the city.

Nancy Coe - "The Sprinting Shearer" Mac Cormack. Tales around the campfire.

Meg Gordon - Another poem by Peg Vickers - "The Survey". Many a farmer's wife has been bothered by those who ask "what sort of REAL work do you do"

Lance Coles - Another of his poems, "Bruiser The Vet". Sometimes a vet becomes a dentist!

Dave Smith - "A Bush Christening" (Banjo Paterson)

Bill Gordon - A Bill Kearns poem - "The Parkes Elvis Caper"

Jem's Gems

I do not know who wrote this poem..... but it certainly hits the nail on the head. Jem

Daftland

We live in a country called Daftland
The Australia we knew is no more
Where sensible people do ludicrous things
Or risk breaking some Daftland law.

In Daftland we've police dogs with muzzles
Less the villain has cause to complain
And to steal from a shop and say 'sorry'
Means you're free with no stain to your name.

You had better leave lights on in buildings
When you lock up and go home at night
Cause the burglars might hurt themselves entering
And there's no way you'll be in the right.

When speaking be wary in Daftland
As some terms that you've used all your life
Now have connotations unintended
And you'll end up in all sorts of strife.

We elect politicians in Daftland
To give us the laws of the land
Yet eight laws in ten now come from abroad
The whole thing has got out of hand.

The borders are open in Daftland
And of migrants there's no keeping track
Just a few of the thousands illegally here
Will ever be caught and sent back.

The exception to this is the hero
Who fought for this land in the war
He's old and he's sick, he might cost us a bit
So he's not welcome here any more.

When the history is written of Daftland
Historians may just recall
That the craziest people in Daftland

Dear Poets and friends

The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival is a huge personal commitment, and it is hard for all of us to keep the enthusiasm when it's fairly much the same year after year.

After coordinating it for 20 years, I've obviously thought a lot about this event, and talked it over with my partner Linton, and MFSR festival coordinator Jenny.

They are constantly urging me to 'find a trainee event manager' so that was another factor in my current thinking.

The attached proposed program and plan for the non-Championship years could be an easier event to organise by a stand in should the need arise.

The VBPMA committee have approved my plan. I need to contact ABPA.

Over the past couple of years the bush festival has enjoyed many more patrons, but this really doesn't transpose into more audience for the Bush Poetry – pretty much the same as festivals elsewhere (the ones that have survived that is) – Poets are dying off and we really don't have enough younger ones stepping up. Therefore we're mostly performing to each other, which is fabulous for poets' catchup, but falls short for attracting new audiences, or for audiences only wanting small doses of bush poetry with broader entertainment or experiences.

So the plan is.....**to not have the Victorian Championships in 2018 and to have them every other year.**there, I've said it.

Not only will there be no Championships, there will be no Written Competition, no Junior Competition, and only 3 Performance Competitions – **MFSR Recital** as usual,

and make a big deal of **Jack Riley Heritage**

Award for Poem Yarn or Song – details yet to be finalised and the **One Minute Poem.**

The **Anzac tribute concert** will be as usual and so will the **three Poets Breakfasts** and the finale at the **Colac Colac Caravan Park** (TBC).

We will include some workshops, a theme concert or two and feature *Trevor Best's Bonza Blokes Bush Band* with Linton and Maurie.

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2015—2016

Bill Gordon	President	97651098	0428651098	northlands@wn.com.au
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Jem Shorland	Treasurer	61430127	0487 764 897	shorland@iinet.net.au

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Maxine Richter	Bully Tin Distributor		0429339002	maxine.richter@bigpond.com
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Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:

Colin Tyler	Supper			
Rhonda Hinkley	Librarian		0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Nancy Coe	Muster Meet/greet	94725303		
Brian Langley	Webmaster	93613770	93613770	briandot@tpg.com.au
Robert Gunn	Sound gear set up		0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Christine Boulton	Bully Tin Editor	9364 8784		christineboulton7@bigpond.com

Regular Events

Bunbury Bush Poets will have their meeting at Rose Hotel cnr Wellington & Victoria Sts.
Bunbury

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets	First Monday of every second month	Alan Aitken 0400249243 Ian Farrell 0408212636
Geraldton Bush Poets	Second Tuesday of the month. Contacts: Roger & Jan Cracknell 0427 625 181, or Irene Conner 0429652155. 6pm at Recreation room, Belair caravan park, Geraldton. Bring and share snacks for tea.	

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

Don't forget our website www.wabushpoets.asn.au

Please contact the Webmaster, Brian Langley on 93613770 if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.

Country Poets -Is there anything poetic going on in your neck of the woods. If so, why not drop us a line and tell us about it

Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit our website www.wabushpoets.asn.au Go to the "Performance Poets" page	Members' Poetic Products	Val Read	books	
	Victoria Brown	CD	Caroline Sambridge	book
	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Peg Vickers	books & CD
	Rusty Christensen	CDs	"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, inc autobiography	Pete Stratford	Book, CDs
	Keith Lethbridge	books	Roger Cracknell	Book, CD
	Corin Linch	books	Bill Gordon	CD

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