

The

April 2015

BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



Next Muster April 10th, 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park

MC Dot Langley ph 93613770

WA'S WELL KNOWN BUSH POET, BILL GORDON HAS BEEN RECORDED!



Bill with Terry Bennetts at the Tennis Club in Boyup Brook where the CD was launched

His CD "Wags and Dags" was officially launched at the Boyup Brook Country Music Festival in February.

It was recorded at Red Dog Recording Studios in Gnangara WA by another well known WA artist — musician and balladeer Terry Bennetts.

At age 9, Bill found a book of Banjo Patterson's poetry. It started a life long love of bush verse and now in his latter years he can devote more time to learning and performing material penned by great poets past and present. Being a farmer gives him lots of opportunities to experience bush culture, and this love of the bush is reflected in these poems, which are mostly humorous anecdotes about the characters found in rural and remote Australia.

The CD contains a collection of favourite traditional poems together with a selection of poems that he has written. Contact details: email: northlands@wn.com.au

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

President's Preamble -



Last year on Anzac Day Terry Bennetts launched his latest CD “Mateship” with a concert at his home in Gnangarra. This proved so popular that he is holding another concert this year, again with his Band of Mates, Evan Plaschenda and Ginger Cox and other country music artists and bush poets performing. Terry’s CD includes songs co-written with Keith Lethbridge and Brian Langley. So for an excellent evening’s entertainment head to 22 Moondyne Trail, Gnangarra.

Moondyne Festival at Toodyay is the following weekend. Sunday 3rd May (always the first Sunday in May) sees 7000 people invade Toodyay for a great day of fun and to witness a re-enactment of Moondyne Joe’s escapades. WA Bush Poets are combining with Terry Bennetts to perform in the beer garden behind the Freemason’s Hotel. We will use this opportunity to promote our Bush Poetry Festival coming up in November. Any poets who would like to recite at Moondyne Festival please contact me.

Just heard that Arthur Leggett is on the sick list and is not giving as much cheek as usual. Not serious but he is somewhat subdued may be down for a while. His daughter Sue is staying at Arthur’s home and can be contacted on 64673351. We all wish a full recovery and a return to our ranks for our 96 year old current Champion Yarnspinner.

It has been the recent practice to have a short poem challenge at the May Muster. This year the topic is “May I”. Poems are to be 16 lines (occasionally been known to have very long lines!). They are to be read at the muster. If you cannot attend the muster send your poem to the MC or someone who can read it for you.

Don’t forget the April muster will be held on the second Friday (April 10th) so as to avoid Good Friday. Meanwhile, keep on writin’ and recitin’ and enjoyin’ Bush Poetry.

Bill Gordon—President

Tasha a Gift of a Dog.

A puppy’s paw print, placed in concrete, nearly forty years ago,
I was dirty when she did it, but no more, how could I know?
Now, every time I see it, takes me back, to reminisce
‘Bout them two young girls, who lived here, ‘bout Old Tasha, I still miss.

She came; a gift, we did not want, a golden fluffy ball,
We had Samantha, six months old; no love to spare, at all,
Or so we thought, but as dogs do, they creep inside your heart,
And when our Kylie came along , it was much too late to part.

Two darling daughters and their mate, they were like them Musketeers,
They were all for one and one for all, we never held no fears,
A snake would maybe take them or perhaps they'd wind up drowned,
No, you'd never entertain the thought, while Tasha was around.

She was like some hairy shadow; she'd not let them out of sight,
She'd cry, when they went off to school, but the welcome them at night,
She'd be leaping, barking, grinning, and though some may think us daft,
We all swore, when they got back from camp, that big old dog, she laughed.

Oh! The years, fly by so swiftly, young girls grow, move out, and wed,
Too soon their kids were wiggling, giggling, snuggling in our bed,
Then I'd walk 'em up the drive way, to the spot where Tasha trod,
Tell 'em tales of two Princess's, and their dog who's gone to God.

Then I'd show 'em where she's buried, by the fence, in our back yard,
"Gramps how come she's here and up there too?" it all got very hard,
So I smartly changed the subject, and I herd them all inside,
And show 'em photos of their Mum's, from babyhood to bride.

And old Tasha kept appearing, and it soon became a game,
They'd flick quickly through the pictures, til they found her, shout her name,
They'd cry, "Tasha, Tasha, Tasha," like their Mothers used to call,
And I'd half expect Old Tasha, to come flashing down the hall,

Slipping, scratching at the polished floor, she'd let out her worried bark,
Yeah, wherever you look round our place, old Tasha's left her mark,
Three great mates, who grew together, sadly one grew old too fast,
Wasn't easy, telling young one's why such friendships cannot last,

I grow older, tears come quicker, hindsight wisdom's far too late
I shoulda told you that I loved you more, while you were here old mate,
There's a green patch in our paddock, that I talk to when I mow,
And a puppy's paw print, set in concrete, nearly forty years ago.

This is the story of an uninvited visitor to our Home who stayed for fourteen years.

She proved herself to be a wonderful warm and loyal companion. Honest and non-judgmental she was a great listener. We loved her then as we love her still.

Long John Best 2006

THE SUPER STIRRER

Farmers are a whingin' lot, always crying out for rain,
Then they say they get too much, sets them whingin' once again.
Last January was a case in point, feed gone and dams all dry,
You couldn't raise a drop of spit, no matter how you try.

The forecast said that we might have a chance of summer shower,
The thunder rolls, the lightning cracks, three inches in an hour.
Upon the bare and dusty soil the torrents rally forth,
Gathering heaps of debris into a sodden swath.

Around the dams the sheep have camped, their droppings piled knee deep,
You'd think they would have better sense, dirty habits they do keep,
All this sheep poo washes in the dam; it floats, then quickly sinks,
And before you know what's happened the water really stinks.

This causes toxic blue-green algae, a curse all farmers dread,
Any sheep that takes a sip is soon found toes up, dead.
He phoned the Ag department to find what he could do
To prevent his precious water turning to a poison brew.

Urgent action is required to aerate all the water,
The farmer had a bright idea and turned to tell his daughter,
If we back the boat into the dam the prop slowly can revolve,
Just like a big mix-master, this problem we will solve.

With boat loaded on the trailer to keep the angle right
The prop just in the water, the jockey wheel jammed tight.
He couldn't leave it on the ute, he had to feed his sheep;

He put the motor into gear, he was feeling rather smug,
The water swirled around the dam, just like a bath without a plug.
He paused a while to check it out, a truly great idea,
Then hurried off to feed the sheep, without the slightest fear.

The jersey house cow heard the noise, she must investigate,
The cause of all this racket, slowly she did ruminare.
She was quite inquisitive, as milkers mostly are,
She pushes all the limits, this time she went too far.

She sniffed the boat from end to end and then she sniffed the roller,
Found a patch of salty spray not washed off the controller,
She pushed the throttle forward as she licked up all the spray
And a hundred heaving horses quickly leapt into the fray.

The motor roared, the boat took off, still sitting on the trailer
Swerving wildly as it went, just like a drunken sailor.
The prop worked like a huge big fan, it pushed the boat on through,
Same as all those hover craft you see at Kakadu.

Half a mile of fencing didn't halt the wild advance,
Past where the farmer fed his sheep, he sat there in a trance,
The sheep took off in mad stampede, lost interest in the grain,
The dog refused to round them up, they'd gone right off their brain.

Across the hill and gully, the motor revving hard,
Round the hayshed round the tank then lined up the chicken yard
Feathers flew, chooks squawked and flapped, run right off their legs
And ever since they've only ever laid us scrambled eggs.

Ma and Pa on their verandah for a quiet cup of tea,
Watch the boat run headlong through their backyard lavatory,
Aunt Flo had only just gone in to answer nature's call,
She had no time to brace herself before the dunny's fall.

The force of this collision caused the boat to alter course,
Took off down the driveway racing past a bolting horse.
As it sideswiped the mailbox it took a sharp left turn,
Which had it heading into town, down the roadway it did burn.

The quietness was disrupted down behind the bottom pub,
Where Billy Brown the boozer was reclining in the scrub,
He rubbed his eyes and scratched his head, "What the heck is this
Bloody hell, I'm seeing things, I'll give the grog a miss."

Across the town at breakneck speed this errant boat was seen,
Neatly trimmed the hedges in front of the bowling green,
Then came to the attention of the local traffic cop,
Who was setting up a speed trap outside the bottle shop.

When finally the fuel ran out the motor it did die,
It never got a trifle hot, so fast the air rushed by.
But the trail of devastation from the dam right into town,
Had everybody thinking that this cocky was a clown.

The policeman wasn't sure what charges were in store,
He could think of half a dozen but was sure he'd find some more.
By the time the red-faced farmer finally caught up with his boat,
A crowd of eager spectators had gathered there to gloat.

They had heard the wild commotion from all parts of the town,
To find out what had caused it they all came rushing down.
There were plenty of suggestions what to do about the boat,
While an elderly inquirer asked him whether it would float.

The farmer learnt a lesson while mixing up the drink;
Too many times we rush right in, we do not stop to think,
He pondered long and hard, much wiser he is now,
If there's anything mechanical, he first locks up the cow.

When next you get a bright idea, just think the whole thing through,
Be alert to any consequences from what you're gonna do
But to aerate filthy water when your dam runs a banker
Have a designated driver and make sure you use your anchor.

Bill Gordon 27.2.2011

Here are some brief notes on the Performance Workshop given by Mel, Susie and John during the Country Music Festival in Boyup Brook compiled by Christine Boulton.

Practise your microphone technique.

Learn how the stands work and how to adjust them your selves. Watch where other performers stand to see how far back you need to be. If you want to use a hand held microphone, practise with a hairbrush or skipping rope (or whatever takes your fancy) and see how creative you can be as you integrate your microphone technique into your poem. Fake it `til you make it...harness your nerves and practise out loud. Don't fiddle with the lead.

Video: If possible watch yourself on video and see all of your personal habits so that you can leave them at home (fiddling with bra straps, picking your nose...) Time yourself...allow for laughs. **Hats on back of head.**

Logistics: Find out where the loo is. Where you can warm up and get yourselves ready before you go on. If possible go on the stage to check out what it feels like. Be aware of the lights, if they're bright stay there, it means the audience can see you. Prepare yourself as much as you can.

Slow down: do whatever you can to relax and make your voice ready. Slow down if you can, when you're nervous, you tend to speed up your delivery. It's OK to be nervous.

Research: If you don't know something ...ask . (How long is your bracket? Who are you after?....)Find ideas to give you confidence...eg.circle of excellence.

Memory: use movements/gestures to help anchor sticky patches and incorporate them into the sense of the poem(you can move more in humorous poems). Revisit poems you haven't said for a while. Use highlighters or block the poem into units to learn (try different strategies to find out what works for you). Use the same copy when you are learning. Say poems in different places and in challenging situations until you can say them through anything that might happen to you.

Talk to the audience as if they were your friends...**set your mood.** What can I get out of this poem for the audience? Keep your focus and never apologise.

In a competition...choose a poem where you can use light and shade, demonstrate a range of emotions and your vocal abilities. Something out of the ordinary helps. Name the poem and the author(poet). Learn the poem and its context, visualise the story.

Organisation...made sure you are organised. Learn your preamble (10points of your marks)and don't tell the story of the poem. Pick where to breathe, check your breath control and volume. Pace..vary but take your time. Ride the wave of laughter and don't swallow the ends of your lines. Check your pronunciation. Slow down your poem at the end so that the audience knows you have finished then step back from the microphone and take a bow when the audience claps.

Presence...claim the stage.

Practise.... Practise.... Practise....Wherever you can to whoever will listen.

Check out advice on ABPS website.

Thanks for an entertaining workshop full of useful hints,

Christine Boulton

What's on in WA

**Down Under Country Music Weekend
Bridgetown
20,21 & 22 March 2015
Agricultural Showgrounds, Peninsular Road**

**Bunbury Show
Hay Park
11th April 2015
Contact: aaitkin@live.com.au 0400249243
Limited spaces available for poets to participate**

MOONDYNE FESTIVAL

TOODYAY

Sunday 3rd May 2015

Poets are invited to participate

In the Beer Garden behind The Freemasons Hotel

Writers and Reciters

May Muster Challenge

Have a go at writing 16 lines of verse using the title

“MAY I”

To be presented at our Muster on 1st May

March 2015 Muster Writeup - Meg Gordon and Nancy Coe

MC for the evening was **Anne Hayes** who introduced President **Bill Gordon** to start the evening. He gave us "Remember The Waltzing" (Jim Haynes). The shattered dreams of a lady after the love of her life didn't return from Kokoda.

Anne gave a wrap up of events at Boyup Brook - everyone had a great time.

Grace Williamson recited "What Grandad Had To Say" (Val Read). The poem reminisces about all the memories and heritage of a Grandad's life but do we want to hear?

Frank Heffernen presented his latest poem "Carlos, the Killer Kangaroo". Born in captivity this out-law roo loved eating meat and set out on a life of terror and crime. The Government posted a big reward for him 'dead or alive', after he smashed the grill of the Premier's car; but Carlos managed to evade the law and eventually died of old age.

John Hayes performed "Second Class Wait Here" (Henry Lawson). 'Yes the second class were waiting in the days of serf and prince, And the second class are waiting, they've been waiting ever since.'

Caroline Sambridge - presented two of her poems "One Sausage No Bun" and "Jail in Bali".

Brian Langley - "Economic Refugees". Brian gives his sentiments and reasoning behind the poem. Last year, the then Minister for Immigration, Scott Morrison made some very scathing remarks about some "boat people". In sending them to India, he made the statement "They are simply economic refugees". This poem points out that almost all Europeans (including Scott Morrison's ancestors) who arrived before the 1970s were economic refugees who came to our shores by boat. He implores the minister to remember this and to treat such refugees with respect.

Lorraine Broun - Years ago Melbourne held The Great Billy Cart Grand Prix and Lorraine's daughter and her husband built a giant crocodile. They entered Tinkerbelle in the race where it lost to an esky! Her poem "The Great Billy Cart Grand Prix" or "Tinkerbelle's Christening".

Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge - entertained us musically on his mouth organ with The Queensland Drover. Then his poem "Cobber's Talking Dog". This loyal, faithful hound can not only talk, he also has great knowledge of music and composers. On this occasion, however he came up with the wrong answer, causing disappointment and disgrace to his master.

Christine Boulton - gave us "Where The Brumbies Come to Water" (Will Ogilvie).

Dave Smith - with Terry Piggott's poem "Once We Were Heroes".

Rob Gunn - with another poem by Terry Piggott "Would You Say Hello To Dad". The wish of a dying man's daughter.

Peter "Stinger" Nettleton - presented his own poem "The Ballad of The Bushies Club". A "tall yarn" will guarantee acceptance into this exclusive club.

Lesley McAlpine - with "The Legend Lives On" (Catherine Clarke). Remembering the days of Cobb and Co.

David Sears - After giving us a short rundown on the life of Henry Lawson he presented one of his classics "Reedy River".

After Supper **Nancy Coe** gave us another classic "Diverting History of John Gilbert" (Anon)

Bob Brackenbury - with very precise pronunciation of some very difficult names, Bob read one of Syd Hopkinson's poems "Under the Weather". No wonder ABC radio announcers get it wrong sometimes.

Christine Boulton - with "A Dog's Mistake" from Banjo Patterson's anthology "The Animals Noah Forgot". A dog is offered kindness and food then he buries a bone in a flower garden and finds himself back on the road.

Dave Smith - presented a poem by "Cobber" Lethbridge, "Paddy's Yarn". No doubt another true story about the life and times of Paddy in the bush!

Allan Aitkin - gave us "Truck In Trouble" (Bob Magor). Driver reporting in with problem of lefthand mirror being broken and late return probable. The problem was that the truck was lying on the mirror.

Grace Williamson - with "Jim's Whip" (Barcroft Boake). Poignant memories of a husband's stock whip.

Rob Gunn - has put another poem to music. This time it is "The Fence Off" (John Peel). There is fencing and there's fencing!

Lorraine Broun - her own poem "The Wild Dog". Lorraine has a small Maltese poodle named Charlie. It was quite a while before it was learned that he had a deformed hip. He walked every day with friends but often ended up being carried most of the way. He also had a mind of his own.

Peter "Stinger" Nettleton - with "Ownerless" (John O'Brien). A horse waits for his owner who will never return from the war to ride him again.

Frank Heffernan - "The Meaning of Life". His own poem about love and family – that's what really matters.

John Hayes - "Eureka". His own poem about a great find after an earthquake revealed its hiding place.

Brian Langley - "The Reason That I Am Here". Brian's poem describes how, having retired from the farm, he had little to occupy his mind. Having been to see the Naked Poets, he was inspired to enter a Bush Poetry competition. He wrote a poem and had it perfectly memorised but when it came his turn to go on stage he found that his mind became a total blank.

Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge - "The Six Mile War". As we commemorate the centenary of the ANZAC Gallipoli landing, spare a thought for some of the lesser battles fought a lot closer to home. This one, at the Six-mile pub, just out of Wyndham, was a memorable occasion for those involved. It's hard to say whether the meat-works men or the station hands won the battle, but we do know that Mother McQ came out without a scratch.

Bill Gordon - "In Flanders Fields" (John McCrae). Major John McCrae wrote this poem after conducting a burial service for his fallen mate who had been killed in Ypres on 2nd May 1915.

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

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Rhonda Hinkley	Librarian		0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Meg Gordon	Bully Tin Editor/Muster Writeups		0404075108	meggordon4@bigpond.com.au

Upcoming Events

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

Regular events

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets	First Monday of every second month	Alan Aitken 0400249243

Do YOU have any poetic events which need to go in this space? Or for that matter anywhere within this newsletter—it is YOUR newsletter, I would like to see more direct contributions from members and friends.

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

Don't forget our website

www.wabushpoets.asn.au or www.wabushpoets.com

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

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

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

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