



Next Muster 1st February 7pm RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley
MC Dot Langley 0428131094

THIS DAY IN HISTORY
Sunday March 3rd, 2013

Born on this day

1847 - Inventor of the telephone, Alexander Graham Bell, is born

Australian Explorers

1818 - Hamilton Hume and James Meehan set out to find an overland route from Sydney to Jervis Bay.

Australian History

1837 - The city of Melbourne, Australia, is named.

1854 - Australia's first telegraph line is opened.

1942 - Japanese bomb the quiet coastal towns of Broome and Wyndham, in Australia's northwest.

Grandpa's Farm
Peg Vickers

The work-safe man came up the road –
he should have had protection.
He'd come to check on Grandpa's farm
and make a full inspection.
Said he, "The stories I have heard
are hard to comprehend.
The things that workers tell to me
would stand your hair on end."

"They say your work-place practices
were never in the book.
So let me hear your side of things
before I take a look."
Grandpa said, "I've things to do
but since you must enquire,
my farmhand just blew up the ute
and set the hay on fire."

"A cockeyed bob came through last night
and tore the chook pen down
and twenty chooks and one galah
were blown right into town.
The cow fell down, and strained her milk,
we rubbed her with some balm
and now we've got a barmy cow
what bellows round the farm."

"The bull got in the shearing shed
so everything's been wrecked –
It's just the kind of normal day
a farmer might expect."
The work-safe man got in his car
and said, "I'll get along.
It's just as well I didn't come

**March Muster Notice from MC
Dot**

Calling all Western Australian writers. For the month of March and at our muster you will be the featured poets.

I will need to know fairly soon who is going to be part of this night's entertainment so that I can organise a programme to show what our very talented Western Australian writers can do. I need writers to submit (up to 3) poems. If you can't be there on the night to present your own poetry I will find a suitable reader to perform your poem/s.

For all intending readers you will need to research and find your own poem/s for the night's entertainment. In the past I have researched to find over 30 poems and then distribute them to an appropriate reader. Now it's your turn to do the research!! It is also a chance for new readers to present and perhaps try out your performance skills on the stage and with a microphone. For our readers you need to look for writers who may be long gone or are still with us. They need to have written in our acceptable style of rhythm and rhyme. This is also a chance to hear poets who we wouldn't normally hear. If they are totally unknown you will need to do a very short introduction. And of course they must be West Australian. For our West Aussie poets that we do hear at our musters now is the chance to do some of their less well known poetry.

Any queries about the suitability of your chosen poet please get in touch with Dot or Brian. Please let me know if you want to be part of the March Muster.

Dots e mail is brumbrum@tpg.com.au or available on Mobile 0428 131 094

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

Boyup Brook has come and gone and once again, the bush poets were a very popular part of the program. Thank you to all the poets who supported this event. Thank you also to the committee members who are not performing poets. Despite the benefits of Skype, it was good for us all to be able to have a committee meeting face to face.

Congratulations to Terry Piggott on winning the Book of the year at the ABLA awards in Tamworth. I have only just got a copy of the book, and must say I am totally captivated by the poetry, the photographs, and the presentation of the book. It is a worthy winner. Congratulations to Brian Langley on his second place in the Golden Damper Original Category. This is a highly regarded event, and is the premier competition at Tamworth. Congratulations also to Frank Heffernan for his nomination for the Book of the Year, and to Terry Piggott for his two nominations for Poem of the Year.

Brian Langley was also nominated for the Judith Hosier award - for service to Bush Poetry.

Closer to home, at Boyup Brook two of our members, Terry Bennets and Keith Lethbridge (Cobber) won the WA Senior Songwriter of the Year with "Little Irish Mother".

It has been necessary to change the date of the State championships due to a clash with Albany Show. For several years Peter Blyth has been conducting a very successful Bush Poet's Breakfast in Albany and we are keen to support that event.

So the State Championships will now be held on the first weekend in November. As this will cover three days, the November muster will be held on the second Friday.

Heather Denholm has been unable to continue as treasurer. Thank you Heather for your efforts, and we welcome your continued input to the committee. Judith Jowett has been elected onto the committee, and has taken over the position of treasurer.

Thought for the month: Life is like a battery. You have a positive and a negative.

Put a wire across them and you have a short circuit. But, put a light bulb across and you get a beautiful glow that lights up everything around you.

Bill Gordon

President

POET PROFILE

If you would like to feature in the Poet Profile section, please email me a short intro about yourself, along with a photo -or information regarding a poet you would like to see profiled.



Three slightly 'twisted' poets - Peter Mace, Bill Gordon and Bob Magor!

Boyup Brook Country Music Club 2013 Festival Bush Poets Report

Bob Magor is one of the most widely recognized poets in Australia today, and many poets recite his poems. Bob hails from Myponga, in South Australia, and his poems cover many hilarious incidents from his experiences as a shearer, dairy farmer, and sheep and cattle breeder. It was a real pleasure to welcome Bob to Boyup Brook, along with Peter Mace. Peter is the current Australian bush Poetry Champion, and when he is home, can be found on the central coast of NSW. Bob and Peter headed the lineup, which included fourteen local poets who all performed extremely well. New poets are really showing the benefits of reciting alongside experienced professional poets, who have been a feature of the program for the past six years.

Bush poets performed at three free concerts around town, leading up to the big Bush Poets Breakfast on Sunday morning. While the audience was less than we have had in recent years, we can still claim the title of the biggest in Australia, and with nothing like it overseas.....

Bob and Peter performed at the breakfast show at Harvey Dickson's Country Music Centre on Friday morning, before visiting the local schools for workshops with the pupils. These proved popular with staff and students alike.

Workshops were again well received. They allow the opportunity to learn from the visiting poets. With twenty at each workshop this year, we had more chance to have discussion and interaction with Bob and Peter.

It is only through the support of our sponsors that we are able to bring poets such as Bob and Peter to our festival. A big thank you to Boyup Brook Farm Supplies, Blackwood Valley Beef, Primaries Wool, Boyup Brook Co-op, CSBP, Elders, Dyson Jones, and Professionals Real estate for their assistance this year.

Bill Gordon
Bush Poetry Coordinator
Boyup Brook Country Music Club

And it would appear that Bill led a few of the poets astray after the festival was over!!!

SIPPING PORT WITH BILL

© T.E.Piggott

The festival was over and the crowds had moved away, as eerie silence settled where once music used to play. The barbeque had ended; all performers left the scene, but memories still lingered of how great the week had been.

The crack of old Bill's stockwhip here, still echoes in my mind,
while stirring poems and Aussie yarns are not too far behind.
Although a mere onlooker there, I'd sensed the poets thrill,
performing to the large crowd, looking down from on the hill

And those of us who still remained went back with Meg and Bill,
to share a drink or two and chat; as poets always will.
Bill's eyes were fairly sparking; there was mischief in his smile;
about to kick his heels up now and party for awhile.

Now I'd been warned that Bill, enjoyed a sip of port or two
and if I valued sanity, I really should shoot through.
The happy buzz of voices seemed to match the mood alright,
and soon the strains of music filtered through the balmy night.

Then through the swaying dancers, Bill came dodging folk and lights,
a bottle of port in one hand and he had me in his sights.
And glasses were soon filled up with the nectar of the grape
and after that first fatal sip, you know there's no escape.

Meanwhile the party's in full swing and Meg is dancing up a storm,
Old Buddy's blaring from within and dancers start to swarm.
Somehow I find I'm with them - Bill's got his camera out;
He's gathering up intelligence, for future use no doubt.

Soon Irene has joined in the fun to prove she is a sport,
spurred on no doubt by others and a healthy dose of port.
And all the time Bill's camera is filming all this fun,
he reckons he'll be set for years before this night is done.

That wicked look behind his grin sends shivers down my spine,
I couldn't help but wonder had I somehow crossed the line.
My thoughts are interrupted as a body hits the dirt,
but quickly bounces to its feet apparently unhurt.

We sit around there chatting and the hours just seem to fly,
the bottle must be leaking; it appears to be bone dry.
It's time to hit the sack - of alcohol I've had my fill,
no doubt there'll be a price to pay, for sipping port with Bill.

Boyup Brook Country Music Festival, Western Australia A review from a Bush Poet's point of view.

You may ask what a die-hard folkie is doing at a Country Music Festival but I ask you "Why not?" With the lines of what is acceptable at a Folk Festival (now Music Festival) blurring, Country Music has much for the discerning folkie.

My Thursday morning started listening to "The Fossils" an accordion band from Albany, playing a very similar repertoire to what is heard at the Nariel dances. It was with interest that I found that they sessioned on every afternoon at their camp site and had their own following that rated these *come all ye's* very highly.

What followed for me were four intense mornings of high class, non-stop reciting. Co-ordinated by Boyup Brook's Bill Gordon, who has taken on a mission to enhance the standard of Bush Poetry in WA. Each year two poets from the East are invited to Boyup Brook. The poets give workshops and perform, giving WA a chance to listen to what is happening in the Eastern states. This year the guest poets were Bob Magor and Peter Mace and we were delighted with their contrasting styles of delivery. It was also a treat for us all to hear Bob Magor as so many people here seem to recite his verses.

So, Thursday morning was a two hour performance by members of the WA Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners and there was representation from the country and the bush. Peter Blyth, Jim Riches and Peg Vickers from Albany, Roger Cracknell and Catherine McLernon (Radio MAMA) from Geraldton, Irene Conner from Jurien Bay, Alan Aitken from Australind, Dave Smith from Collie, Bill Gordon from Boyup Brook and from Perth: John Hayes, Robert Gunn, Christine Boulton and Dot and Brian Langley. Brian was recently nominated for the Judith Hosier award, which is given for outstanding contribution to the bush poetry movement. He also came second in the Golden Damper in Tamworth this year. Terry Piggott (a prospector) also attended but did not recite; however, he did bring copies of his book, [Around the Campfire](#) that won book of the year in Tamworth, 2013.

After the performance at the Tennis Club there was a writing workshop followed by a performers workshop. Friday there was a two hour performance in the centre of town. Saturday was a performance followed by a slam (won by Roger Cracknell and Peter Blyth) at the Bowling Club and Sunday saw a three hour performance to around two thousand people in the music park. Bush poetry has a great following at the festival and the large audiences came early to secure good

(Continued Page 5)

Boyup Brook Country Music Festival 2013 Written Competition Results

Emerging Poet Category:

Winner: Charlie – Warren Cox, Bellbowie. Qld
Highly Commended: The One that Got Away – Warren Cox
Commended: Irish – Maureen Clifford, Ipswich, Qld
Desert Interlude – Maureen Clifford
Australian Son – Vic Jeffries, Baulkham Hills, NSW

Open Category:

Winner: That's How it Is – Brenda Joy, Charters Towers. QLD
Highly Commended: Closure – Brenda Joy
The End of an Era – Terry Piggott, Canning Vale WA
Reflections of the Kimberley – Brenda Joy
The Last Farewell – Terry Piggott
Commended: Beneath the Slouch Hat Brim – Allan Goode, Nerang, QLD
Saving Grace – Allan Goode
Dragonflies – Zondrae King, East Corrmal, NSW

Congratulations to the winners, and to all who entered the competition - there were a number of poems that could have won the competition, but only one could.

Winning Poems

Charlie

© Warren Cox

My recall says mid fifties, give or take a year or two, when Charlie came down from the bush without a blood clue 'bout where he'd go to find a job, or some place he could stay, but fearless, oozing confidence, he travelled night and day.

He found himself on Redcliffe's shore, way down there by the foam, where crews of fervent fishermen had made the bay their home. He met a few while drinking at the local R.S.L. and listened in with wonder to the stories that they'd tell.

Of tackle testing Cobia, of Amberjacks and Macks, of ratchet screaming tuskfish and of getting slammed by Jacks. "That's nothing. Let me tell ya." All the bar heard Charlie shout. "Bet no one here can match my skill if game to take me out.

I've fished the western riverlands and friends I tell no lie, From waterholes to billabongs, I fished the buggers dry."

Now Redcliffe boys were quite well known for stretching truth a bit, about the size of what they'd caught and how the big ones hit.

But Charlie's tiresome bragging was much more than they could take. With knowing winks they all agreed he'd made a big mistake. They said "Why don't you come with us. We're going out tonight. It's blowing pretty hard but not to worry ... you'll be right.

Here! Get a few more in you mate. Don't want you feeling queer. When swells are up you just can't beat a belly full of beer." They headed out towards the cape. The wind was on the rise. The troughs were deep. The crests were tossing foam up to the skies.

The Redcliffe boys were laughing, knocking back their beers and rums and calling out "Hey Charlie! Don't you think that this is fun." But not a word did Charlie speak, nor even make a fuss. So keen to find the toilet door and ride that porc'lain bus.

When finally they turned the boat and made their way to land, he somehow found the strength enough to shake each bait stained hand. He said "Wish I could stay awhile, but just to let you know, I'm leaving in the morning guys. I've got a-ways to go."

My memory's still mid fifties, allow a year or two, when Charlie headed homewards to Galah and Cockatoo. To sandy outback rivers and to stringy bark and gum, to grassy plains and cloudless skies, the land from whence he'd come.

And somewhere in that wind swept west where inland rivers run where roly-pollys dance in dust beneath an orange sun where kangaroo and emu roam and wedge tailed eagles fly who knows you might see Charlie, Still fishing those rivers dry.

Muster MCs and Classics Readers are urgently needed - See Terry Piggott or Dave Smith (Contacts on back page)

Do you want to be part of the National Scene — Then you might consider joining the Australian Bush Poets Assn
www.abpa.org.au . Annual membership \$30
Stay up to date with events and competitions right across Australia

That's How It Is ...

© Brenda Joy

Throughout the seasons we have shared we've known both joys and pains,
the kiss of sun through dreams we dared, the tearful touch of rains.
We joined together man and wife in passion born of youth
and mellowed through each phase of life to find a deeper truth.
The marriages that can endure the tests and rise above
vicissitudes become secure. That's how it is with love.

When we combined we found the space that we would call our home,
a wild, remote, enticing place on which to write our tome.
And just as partnerships will grow through nurturing and care,
our land brought love. Through seeds we'd sow, our hopes were planted there.
Its needs enmeshed us in its grip, we came to understand.
It bonded our relationship. That's how it is with land.

We planted memories and dreams within its fickle soil.
We reaped the produce of extremes, the harvests born of toil,
the barrenness of empty years when it was seized by drought,
yet through response of smiles or tears there wasn't any doubt.
This patch of earth we called our own through times of peace or strife
became our refuge, safety zone. That's how it is with life.

But land and life are borrowed gifts that we can come to lose
and fortune takes dramatic shifts when companies can choose
to confiscate a person's dreams and drill below the earth
in mining exploration schemes. That's all our home was worth.
They tore the gases from its heart, get rich, commercial plan,
so 'Progress' played its cruel part. That's how it is with Man.

We felt the shock of disbelief but found we had no say.
We wore the anguish born of grief but had to walk away.
Against authority and might, in anger and despair,
we were too powerless to fight and so we had to bear
the pain of governmental crime in our declining stage
as winter stalked our earthly time. That's how it is with age.

Our land, just like our still-born child, will always be a part
of who we are, for love is filed forever in the heart.
As aching bodies weather through inevitable tears,
I'm grateful Darling I have you to share my latter years.
We've grown together, man and wife and we will rise above
this further trial of earthly life. That's how it is with love.

Vale Johnny Mac

We are saddened to hear that another Bush Poet has penned his last verse and told his last story. We refer to the passing last September of John McMicking, (Johnny Mac) a member of the WA Bush Poets for several years. In the last couple of years John has had failing health and was in a nursing home. John spend most of his working life in the Kimberlies as a stock Inspector and was a prolific story teller and wrote many a bush poem. He was also a keen keeper of our poetic history, in particular, the poetry of Jack Sorenson. (Much of which he provided to be available on our website) John, with the help of his friend Katy Vickers was compiling a book outlining his life and recollections but unfortunately he did not live to see it in print. His book, "Johnny Mac's Kimberly" is now available from participating booksellers and also on line from Hesperian Press www.hesperianpress.com

Boyup Brook Country Music Festival, Western Australia A review from a Bush Poet's point of view (Cont)

seats and stayed for the entire performances. The audience was discerning and enjoyed the serious poems along with the comic.

Of course we did watch some of the music, Carter and Carter and Stoney Joe were my favourites but there was Kasey and Bill Chambers, Adam Harvey, Amber Lawrence and a whole range of great artists. I was disappointed with Bob Corbett, he was fantastic at Harvey Dickson's but he and his band repeated their entire performance in the afternoon, on the Music Park stage. A great feature of this festival's outdoor venue was the seamless change overs from one band to the next. One band set up while the other played. A great strategy.

So I've tried to keep this brief. If you like Bush Poetry and Country/Folk Music come to the Boyup Brook Country Music Festival next February. The people are friendly and everyone talks to you, so you feel welcome. See you there next year.
Christine Boulton

Australia Day at Dawesville

Adrian Egan and Norm Flynn from the newly formed Bunbury Bush Poets presented some poetry at the Port Bouvard Recreation & Sporting Club on Australia Day. The session was based around Henry Lawson and his take on mateship, hardship and humour. The poetic interactions between Henry and Banjo Paterson were highlighted. Local members present also added their inputs, and one recorded the modern classic tale about the dangers of plastic stackable chairs!!

The WAPB&YS were contacted to recommend someone to perform at the breakfast, and a big thank you to Adrian and Norm for stepping in at short notice. Hopefully this will now become an annual event.

At the February muster, we held a short poem competition with the theme 'Elections'. This was won by Syd Hopkinson, with the poem being recited by Barry Higgins - judged by volunteer audience members.

Election Deflection

Syd Hopkinson

Nothing ever beats a holiday, West Aussies love 'em lots,
even though last Christmas break was far too blood hot.

A fresh New Year, we deserve, but sadly that won't be,
our Governments next big venture will bring much misery.

A scary scheme West Aussies won't greet with affection;
we're locked in very shortly to a hot election.
Our well paid politicians won't use the peaceful style,
they'll go for the jugular, with tactics crude and vile.

Sledging their opponents, they'll go in boots and all,
personal and poisonous - another election brawl!
But fear not West Aussies, relief is at the gate,
through a 'ten pound pommy' who's arrived in our fair state.

Don't know much about him, he's been seen around the town,
and there is some scuttlebutt, cops want to track him down.

They need more information, on his explosive plan,
'cos they've been told for certain, he's from the Guy Fawkes Clan!

'But I Remember How....'

Glenny Palmer

My eyes are misty now,
from tears or age it matters not,
for I remember how
they sparkled once, my little tot.

My hands are shaky now,
from fear or fault, they seldom rest,
but I remember how
they held you to my tender breast.

My fingers tremble now,
twisting in arthritic shocks,
but I remember how
they idly stroked your golden locks.

My heart is hollow now,
it echoes with your infant glee,
but I remember how
you cherished well, the gift of me.

My world is different now,
a mother's quest has no esteem,
yet I remember how
you loved me, in my youthful dream.

The Curlew Song

© Henry Kendall

The viewless blast flies moaning past,
away to the forest trees,
where giant pines and leafless vines
bend 'neath the wandering breeze!
From ferny streams, unearthly screams
are heard in the midnight blue;
as afar they roam to the shepherd's home,
the shrieks of the wild Curlew!

The mists are curled o'er a dark-faced world,
and the shadows sleep around,
where the clear lagoon reflects the moon
in her hazy glory crowned;
while dingoes howl, and wake the growl
of the watchdog brave and true;
whose loud, rough bark shoots up in the dark,
with the song of the lone Curlew!
whose loud, rough bark
shoots up in the dark,
with the song of the lone Curlew!

Near hereby banks the dark green ranks
of the rushes stoop to drink;
and the ripples chime, in a measured time,
on the smooth and mossy brink,
as wind-breaths sigh, and pass, and die,
to start from the swamps anew,
and join again o'er ridge and plain
with the wails of the sad Curlew!
and join again
o'er ridge and plain
with the wails of the sad Curlew!

The clouds are thrown around the cone
of the mountain bare and high,
(whose craggy peak uprears to the cheek -
to the face of the sombre sky)
when down beneath the foggy wreath,
full many a gully through,
they rend the air, like cries of despair,
the screams of the wild Curlew!
They rend the air,
like cries of despair,
the screams of the wild Curlew!

The viewless blast flies moaning past,
away to the forest trees;
where giant pines and leafless vines
bend 'neath the wandering breeze!
From ferny streams, unearthly screams
are heard in the midnight blue;
as afar they roam to the shepherd's home,
the shrieks of the wild Curlew!
As afar they roam
to the shepherd's home,

Submissions for the Bully Tin

Just a quick reminder to everyone that this is *your* newsletter. Please feel free to submit your poems for inclusion, keeping in mind the need for size constraints.

The Man From Snow River Bush Festival/ Victorian Bush Poetry Championships

with \$4,500 in prizes and trophies.

4 – 7th April 2013

Written competition, and performance sections for
Open, Intermediate and Novice.

Starts Thursday with afternoon concert – through to
Sunday, with non-competitive activities sprinkled
throughout the weekend.

Enjoy the thrills and sights of the Man from Snowy
River competition and festival.

Enquiries: Jan Lewis 02 60774332 Email:

info@bushfestival.com.au

Website: www.bushfestival.com.au

PO Box 144, Corryong. Vic. 3707

Musters - Alarms and Late start

If you were wondering why we've had some difficulties
getting our last two musters underway on time, then
here's the reason

It's not to do with any of your committee, it is that the RSL
management, on their written instructions on how to im-
mobilise the security system gave us the WRONG NUM-
BER to enter into the system - So, despite many at-
tempts to do as the instructions said, it was
never going to work - Consequently, the intrusion alarm
was activated on both occasions and we had to wait until
the security company contacted the RSL and their person
arrived to over-ride the alarm and switch it off.

So, apologies from the committee and we hope that the
problem is resolved and we have now been given a num-
ber that works. Brian Langley

Waratah and Wattle

Henry Lawson 1905

Though poor and in trouble I wander alone,
With a rebel cockade in my hat;
Though friends may desert me, and kindred disown,
My country will never do that!
You may sing of the Shamrock, the Thistle, and Rose,
Or the three in a bunch if you will;
But I know of a country that gathered all those,
And I love the great land where the Waratah grows,
And the Wattle bough blooms on the hill.

Australia! Australia! so fair to behold
While the blue sky is arching above;
The stranger should never have need to be told,
That the Wattle-bloom means that her heart is of gold,
And the Waratah red blood of love.

Australia! Australia! most beautiful name,
Most kindly and bountiful land;
I would die every death that might save her from shame,
If a black cloud should rise on the strand;
But whatever the quarrel, whoever her foes,
Let them come! Let them come when they will!
Though the struggle be grim, 'tis Australia that knows,
That her children shall fight while the Waratah grows,
And the Wattle blooms out on the hill.

PLEASE NOTE.....

A reminder to all those who perform at our musters...

Please remember to bring a short synopsis of your
poem so we can include a description of the poem in
our muster write up. This is to be given to the person
writing up the muster notes.

Also, the musters are run on a strict timetable. The
time limit is 6 minutes - please keep your poem and
pre-amble within that time. If you do not keep to your
time limit, you may need to be taken off the rest of
the program for that night.

It is a difficult job for our MC's to do, trying to co-
ordinate poets and time tables, and if we expect peo-
ple to continue volunteering for this role, we need to
do everything we can to make it easier for them.

Your co-operation on this matter is appreciated

GUIDELINES FOR MUSTERS

- ◆ Collect performance names / pre event noti-
fications - determine if "reading", if so allocate 4
only until all other poets are catered for, then if
slots available put other "readings" in. Do not
"wait to see" if 'someone' is coming - get first
half organized with available people - slot late-
comers into second half.
- ◆ If there are any problems with program or late-
comers confer with events coordinators.
- ◆ Arrange performance Schedule - allow 6 min-
utes per performance unless otherwise
pre-arranged with poet.
- ◆ Try and give a range of performers - split tradi-
tional/contemporary, men / women,
new / experienced etc if you can.
- ◆ Do not announce the performers poem let
them introduce it themselves.

One for the kids - from 'Verse for Aussie Children'

Old Ways

Carmel Randle

I've never seen a swaggie, though I know just what
they are,
for now, the modern Swaggie drives a beat-uprusty
car,
and travels shorter distances, where towns are close
together,
and Pubs abound - there's folk around - and always
kinder weather!

Our modern Swaggies do not like to camp beneath
the stars -
they'd rather sleep in buildings, even sometimes in
their cars!

For times have changed forever since the ghost of
'Banjo's' days,
but still live on in memory - those Old Australian
Ways.

Brian Langley took out second place in the Original category of the Golden Damper Performance Awards in Tamworth this year. Congratulations, and well-deserved - with his beautiful poem below.

Old Hector

© Brian Langley

He'd be sitting on the footpath as I walked by each day.
His skin that once was shiny black, it seemed a mottled grey.
Beneath the Poinciana tree, the sunlight's dappled shade,
hid disfigurations that the sun and time had made.

A pair of faded, once black shorts, was all Old Hector wore;
with reading glasses on his head, though I don't know what for.
I never saw him read a book, I'm told he knew not how,
but he knew well, the book of life; on that I'd take a vow.

For I'd been told that in his day, he'd been a man of worth,
known for his special skills, from Wyndham down to Perth.
For he could read the signs he saw, like footprints in the sand;
he could always find fresh water in this dusty arid land.

He'd track the flight of finches: he'd watch the eagles soar.
He'd see the trees along the creek from fifteen miles or more:
and food, he'd find, enough for all, when there was none to see.
A kangaroo, deep in the shade, beneath a stunted tree.

The old explorers knew him well, his skills they'd often use.
A young man then, his name unsung, he didn't make the news;
for he was black, and if at all, his presence got a note;
"Accompanied by a black tracker" was all the papers wrote.

But had he not been with them, the chances are today,
the history that we learned at school, might read a different way.
For the names that fill the journals, of travels far and wide,
could be, like Burke and Wills are known. Just known for how they died.

The tribal scars that on his chest, he'd once displayed with pride,
some people now, within the town, insisted that he hide.
But Hector took no notice; he owned no shirt and tie,
he sat bare-chested on the path, as people walked on by.

Some hurry past as they walk by, as if he wasn't there.
a few cross to the other side, and some, they stop and stare.
But one or two, including me, we'd nod and say "G'day!"
He'd raise a hand, (he rarely spoke) and we'd go on our way.

And he would sit with tired eyes, beneath his silver hair,
a swarm of flies around his face, he didn't seem to care.

He'd gaze up at the mountain-side, a smile upon his lips.
Perhaps he was remembering, those past exploring trips.

I don't know much about him, there's very few that do.
I'm told he had a family once, but they died from the flu.
I'd heard he used to help police, to find folks who were lost;
that he could ride a wild horse, and rarely he'd get tossed.

But who can know what is the truth, it's all too long ago.
He's sat upon the footpath here, for twenty years or so.
How old is he? I've no idea, perhaps he's eighty five.
The folks who knew him in his youth, there's few of them alive.

The district nurse looks after him, makes sure that he is fed.
He's got a room around the back, it's where he has his bed.
There's some who say, he shouldn't be, allowed to sit and stare,
the footpath is no place for him, that he should be in care.

But I believe that where he sits, is where he wants to be;
in the dappled shade beneath the Poinciana tree.
I know, one day, he wont be there. His life will pass away.
But I'll still see Old Hector there, and I'll still say, "G'day!"

Old Botany Bay

Dame Mary Gilmore

"I'm old
Botany Bay;
stiff in the joints,
little to say.

I am he
who paved the way,
that you might walk
at your easeto-day;

I was the conscript
sent to hell
to make in the desert
the living well;

I bore the heat,
I blazed the track –
furrowed and bloody
upon my back.

I split the rock;
I felled the tree:
the nations was –
because of me!

Old Botany Bay
taking the sun
from day to day ...
shame on the mouth
that would deny
the knotted hands
that set us high!

One For The Road

© Peter Blyth

He was 'one of the boys' at the local hotel,
with a great reputation for boozing,
but his browbeaten wife copped the brunt of it all,
with his bad moods and constant abusing.

He'd come home late from work with a skin full of grog,
and some wrong that he thought needed righting,
and his tea would be cold or dried out on the stove,
so they usually ended up fighting.

When the weekend came round, he would just disappear,
without telling her where he was going,
if she asked where he'd been he might tell her a lie,
but she really had no way of knowing.

It was on a weekend; he'd been hanging one on,
and had knocked off a bottle of whisky,
now his mates tried to tell him he shouldn't drive home,
but gave up when he got a bit frisky.

Well he sang as he drove, for he had no idea
of the horrible fate now encroaching,
for a big semi trailer stacked three high with pigs,
on a very sharp bend, was approaching.

First he veered to the left, then he veered to the right,
but somehow ended up in the middle;
just before they collided, he said to himself,
"I might have to pull up for a piddle."

Well the truck overturned and the pigs were thrown out,
some were killed; others quite badly beaten;
A few saw him laid out on the bitumen road,
and his mortal remains were soon eaten.

When the coppers arrived, they were slightly bemused,
but quite happy to find one survivor;
though the car was a write-off, they had to report
there was simply no trace of the driver.

Now a small wooden cross marks the spot where he died
and his wife sits at home sadly thinking,
how she still doesn't know where he man is tonight,
but at least the sod isn't out drinking.

The Dreamer

Dorothea Mackellar

Over the crest of the Hill of Sleep,
over the plain where the mists lie deep,
into a country of wondrous things,
enter we dreaming, and know we're kings.

Murmur or roar as it may, the stream
laughs to the youngster who dreams his dream.
Leave him alone till his fool's heart breaks;
dreams all are real till the dreamer wakes!

Walking Different Tracks

City of Rockingham: 2013 Castaways Poetry Prize now open!
\$400 in prizes. Submissions open until March 13, 2013.

For details, visit the Castaways Web Gallery at <http://www.rockingham.wa.gov.au/Leisure-and-recreation/Art-and-craft/Castaways/Castaways-Gallery-Original.aspx> for the images, then, at the top of the page, go to 'Leisure and Recreation' - Culture & Arts - Castaways for full details of the competition.

All entries must be inspired by, drawn upon, or using the theme of, images in the Castaways Webb Gallery.

Maximum of three poems - each no longer than 24 lines.

Emailed entries accepted only, to castaways@rockingham.wa.gov.au.

POETRY MUSTER NOTES FOR FEBRUARY 2013 WRITTEN BY LESLEY MC ALPINE AND DOT LANGLEY

Hello everyone it is a while since I wrote up the muster even though this is a joint effort by Lesley and myself.

The night was late in getting under way due to the RSL President giving Maxine the wrong code number for the security system so away the system went with all its bells and whistle blowing, when she attempted to use the numbers she had been given. When he arrived with the correct numbers it took some time to shut up the bells and sirens.

It seems that the RSL is determined to hold every little bit control tight in their little hand rather than let us be able to enjoy OUR night without interference from them.

It was a night filled with apologies as Dave Smith was unable to do the MC's role and Robert Gunn was asked to step in at the last minute. This he did with admirable success.

- It is becoming exceedingly difficult to get other members to step up and "do" the MC's role so please could you consider this all important position.
 - It gives you a chance to share with all of us your love of our style of poetry, as well as spread the duties around.
 - You don't have to be a performer or even a poet. It is easy to do a listing of the performers and presenters if you follow a pattern that is then repeated in the second half.
- You only need to introduce the poets as

most of them will do their own introductions and preamble. There is always someone to help you and if you ask some of the other presenters they will always give you a hand. SOooooo are you willing to step up and give it a go. How about sharing it with someone else as a way to halve the work???

Enough said let us get on with the nights entertainment. The first half was written by Lesley.

Trish Joyce was our first presenter with Jeremy's Wedding Day, he suggested that he get married in a pair of boxer shorts with thongs and fishing gear all ready to go off on the cruise ship. When all the excitement had ceased he reminded everyone that it was April's Fool Day! The second one was Putting her Straight. Commenting on how a friend was damping down the washing for ironing. He always thought Mum washed their clothes! In a Grave Situation, photos of a cemetery was actually a Halloween Party.

Christine Boul had also been asked, nicely(!) so with William Ogilby's Where the Brumbies Come to Water she told of the resting place where a man and his dog along with the horses came to the place where there was water. With all those left behind the memories are still bright with their stories.

With a Second Place in the Golden Dampier performance Award in Tamworth still hot in his hand **Brian Langley** was congratulated by everyone for his performance. With over 2,800 events listed over the week of entertainment the Bush Poetry events are just one of many places to go to. Western Australia was well represented with Terry Piggott winning the Golden Gum leaf Book Laureate Award for his book, along with a couple of Blackened Billy Highly Commended writing awards. Frank Heffernan was also a finalist in the Book Laureate award. Dot Langley was asked to be a presenter in the "Poettes" an afternoon's entertainment only featuring the lady poets. The West Australian were well represented also with Jeff Swain doing some performances at a walk up event and Mary Heffernan presenting one of Frank's poems also at a walk up for her very first "behind the microphone".

Brians poem The Little House was in tribute to that small 'wee' place that we all need at some time and its various names that are given for this "Little House" in other nations, with nearly every possible name listed and the strangest being "The Happy House" in Vietnam.

With her call to 'Buy Australian', Caroline Sambridge implores us to keep Australian jobs by buying Australian and keep us all working. Next came another one Fat People Have More Life!! Where she extols the virtues of being fat and more relaxed and why not enjoy the food you are eating!!

With one of Keith Lethbridges The Lodger **Barry Higgins** tells about Frank telling everyone that he is going to get married. His mates are concerned that he maybe past 'it' and suggests that he get a lodger to help out with his sweet young bride. An announcement was put into the newspapers and the choice was made. Then the announcement comes that Blossom is expecting so now that has happened will the lodger be showed the door? No cause she's pregnant too!!

Following on **Keith Lethbridge** had one that I hadn't heard before "There's nothing wrong with that": The modern "two stroke ringer" considers himself to be a bush aristocrat. In his mind, there's nothing he can't do. His overbearing nature resulted him in being knocked out by Cobber, and the magistrate decided 'that there was nothing wrong with that'!!

The next poet was asked why she did this poem now and not for the competition. For **Heather Denholm's**, "September the 14th" she got carried away with the subject matter and the poem is too long. This is about the federal election and all the build up for it. She could be making the tea instead of watching the ads on TV Aus-sies will vote the way they want regardless of what is said. So no matter what is said a politician will win!!

Another poet also had trouble with the length of her poem. **Teresa Rose's**, Here we go again, is a working piece not yet polished and finished. Dave gave her a week to get organised and write a poem for the competition but she got carried away and wrote about these "thick bricks" and the politics that we want to hear not what they decide we need. She suggested we make paper planes from their campaign letters. It will be interesting to hear the final draft of this one.

Frank Heffernan told us about the other events at Tamworth, like Line Dancing and the Rodeo as well as the poetry that he and Mary heard while in Tamworth. In his Spring Rain, the farmers cries regarding the preparations he makes for a good crop and how much it relies on the good spring rain which quite often doesn't come. How the world relies on these crops to avoid starvation.

With a reminder about the people who go missing each year and the affect that this has on their families **Grace Williamson** thought of Banjo Patterson's poem "Lost". It is about the young lad who had gone riding and he doesn't return when he is expected. His mother and Father worry but all in vain as he has fallen from his horse and has now gone to join the wild horses. The Mother never gives up until she has found his place of rest. She has finally found her son and so her life is over too.

With one of Peg Vickers poems Promises Promises, Nancy Coe tells of the politicians and their promises that they tell to try and get elected. He promises all sorts of things but never the things that we would find good like tickets to the football or wigs for the hairless. Off course he is not doing it for the money he just wants your vote.

During the second half the writing moved over to me (Dot) as Lesley was getting quite tired.

First we had the COMPETITION Write a short poem about the coming elections.

Our Deepest thanks to **Frank Heffernan, Brian Langley, Heather Denholm, Grace Williamson, Mary Heffernan, Caroling Sambridge and Barry Higgins** for sharing with us their or someone else's poem.

These writers bagged them, questioned their promises, asked about their promises and what they were going to give to us. And just how much was it going to cost us. The writers were not impressed with the rhetoric given out by our politicians. When all of this has been said, they are really only after one thing. Please Vote For ME!!! After all there can only be one winner and it was Barry Higgins with a poem by Syd Hopkinson.

Coming in on a equal Second Place were Mary Heffernan and Brian Langley.

Congratulations to all who entered.

The final totals were not that much different between the top and the bottom showing that short poem writing is very much on the agendas of most of our WA writers.

Valentines Day is soon and Frank Heffernan's Valentines Day has a bit of a warning in it. As February the 14th became the day to buy Roses or perfume or chocolates and these could lead to almost anything.... including a Wedding.

The mouth organ is **Keith Lethbridges** signature instrument and with one of Joy Mc Kern's The Indian Pacific he can get an amazing range of notes from it. With "Old Mate" he tells once again, that in the bush a good mate is worth his weight in bungarra dags (or gold, depending on the current price). Cobber runs through memories of old times with a good mate – working on the roads, sharing resources, backing each other in fights and occasionally falling foul of the law. He might be ready to roll his swag in the next world, but doesn't want to be rushed. He's waiting for his old mate.

With Dorothy Hewitt's The sailor Comes Home from the sea **Christine Boulton** tells of her love that has come home. He has bought treasures home from Broome and Derby. Her love has come home from the North of North West and we will sleep in our bed together tonight,.

With a new poem **Brian Langley** tells of My Throat that is as dry as a desert dog's hide and he desperately needs a drink. His throat when he awoke was a fiery tube and he struggled to take a breathe. Believing he was close to death he told his wife that there is something that they both need to learn. And that is turn off the air conditioner before they go to bed!

Henry Lawson is **Grace Williamson's** favorite poet and in his The Bushfire he tells of the brave volunteers that are always there to fight fire and save lives and property. When Pat Murphy's place is on fire the bushmen, Harry the horse breaker, the police trooper and the town drunk all race to help but unfortunately the house had gone and they are in time to save the family.

Jack Matthews presented a poem by Jack Drake, who we had met in Tamworth and Brian had done a couple of gigs with him, so this poem was very real to us. The Visitors from Hell tells of those city slickers who arrive without warning and stay for quite a while. They had bought their Rottweiler pup with them but obedience training he had not got, as he chased the cat and the chooks. The farmer let old Bluey off the chain and he grabbed this pup by his n.....ts and the pup gave an awful howl as he took off down the paddock and sat in the creek. The farmer hopes that that castrated pup and his owner will never come to stay again.

With his second, Matilda, by Bill Kearns (another Tamworth poet that we met and Brian performed with) Jack presented this poem with the question, what is it that stirs your spirit when you hear Matilda played. If you leave our shores and overseas you roam you only have to hear the song to take you back home again. You can hear it played everywhere, just let that sprit of Matilda touch you deep inside and let it stir up your aussie pride.

Robert Gunn presented David Birman How I electrocuted my Wife. Sorry there were no words and I couldn't remember any of the poem to write it up.

With his second The Scrap of Paper by Keith Lethbridge he presented this poem about Digger was feeling that the world wasn't taking any notice of him. He was cracking up fast and his behavior was becoming erratic as he developed this caper of searching for a piece of paper. Digger was losing the plot and he became a pitiful figure of fun as word spread around of how he was conversing with his gun. The Sergeant was tough but he had seen enough and sent him off to the Doc who said this man is gone so give him a discharge. Now digger was not completely down cast as he saluted his gun and said he had found the right piece of paper at last!!

PLEASE NOTE The writing of this round up as it is presented each Muster, is extremely difficult, and takes an enormous amount of concentration for the writer who has to listen carefully and scribble quickly to keep up with the lines and pick out of hundreds of phrases to somehow sum up the poems in just a few short lines.

SO it is up to the presenters to give the writer either a copy of the poem/s OR a synopsis of the poem/s you are presenting on the night. This applies to ALL poems even if they are "well known" or taken out of the performers own book, it should not be up to the writer to have to look up the poem and read it a couple of times to try and get the essence of the work, before writing up what is really only a bried overview of the poem..

In future there will be NO write up of poems without the written words to go with it. It is up to each and every performer and presenter to have this ready to give to the writer as soon as they finish their spot.

NO WORDS NO WRITE UP.

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2010—2011

Bill Gordon	President	97651098	northlands@wn.com.au
Brian Langley	Vice President	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
	Webmaster		
	Publicity/promotions		
Irene Conner	Secretary	0429652155	iconner21@wn.com.au
	Newsletter Editor		
	State Rep ABPA		
Judith Jowett	Treasurer		
Heather Denholm	Committee	9405 6307	h.e.denholm@gmail.com
Maxine Richter	Bullytin Distributor	9361 2365	maxine.richter@bigpond.com
Terry Piggott	Events Co-Ord	94588887	terrence.piggott@bigpond.com
Dave Smith	Events Co-Ord	0438341256	daveandelainesmith1@bigpond.com
Trish Joyce	Library	0419921026	
Nancy Coe	Muster Meet/greet	94725303	

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

Robert Gunn Sound gear set up 0417099676 gun.hink@hotmail.com

Upcoming Events

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

- ◆ Friday 1st March 7pm - March Muster. RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley. West Australian Writers - for country writers and non-performer writers.
- ◆ Friday 5th April 7pm - April Muster. RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley.

Regular events

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets	1st April 2013 6pm. Dome Coffee Shop, Marlson	Adrian 97919701

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

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.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

<p>Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list</p> <p>Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit our website www.wabushpoets.com</p> <p>Go to the "Performance Poets" page</p>	<p>Members' Poetic Products</p> <table border="0"> <tr><td>Graham Armstrong</td><td>Book</td></tr> <tr><td>Victoria Brown</td><td>CD</td></tr> <tr><td>Peter Blyth</td><td>CDs, books</td></tr> <tr><td>Rusty Christensen</td><td>CDs</td></tr> <tr><td>Brian Gale</td><td>CD & books</td></tr> <tr><td>John Hayes</td><td>CDs & books</td></tr> <tr><td>Tim Heffernan</td><td>book</td></tr> <tr><td>Brian Langley</td><td>books, CD</td></tr> <tr><td>Arthur Leggett</td><td>books, inc autobiography</td></tr> </table>	Graham Armstrong	Book	Victoria Brown	CD	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Rusty Christensen	CDs	Brian Gale	CD & books	John Hayes	CDs & books	Tim Heffernan	book	Brian Langley	books, CD	Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography	<table border="0"> <tr><td>Keith Lethbridge</td><td>books</td></tr> <tr><td>Corin Linch</td><td>books</td></tr> <tr><td>Val Read</td><td>books</td></tr> <tr><td>Caroline Sambridge</td><td>book</td></tr> <tr><td>Peg Vickers</td><td>books & CD</td></tr> <tr><td>"Terry & Jenny"</td><td>Music CDs</td></tr> <tr><td>Terry Piggott</td><td>Book</td></tr> <tr><td>Frank Heffernan</td><td>Book</td></tr> </table>	Keith Lethbridge	books	Corin Linch	books	Val Read	books	Caroline Sambridge	book	Peg Vickers	books & CD	"Terry & Jenny"	Music CDs	Terry Piggott	Book	Frank Heffernan	Book
Graham Armstrong	Book																																			
Victoria Brown	CD																																			
Peter Blyth	CDs, books																																			
Rusty Christensen	CDs																																			
Brian Gale	CD & books																																			
John Hayes	CDs & books																																			
Tim Heffernan	book																																			
Brian Langley	books, CD																																			
Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography																																			
Keith Lethbridge	books																																			
Corin Linch	books																																			
Val Read	books																																			
Caroline Sambridge	book																																			
Peg Vickers	books & CD																																			
"Terry & Jenny"	Music CDs																																			
Terry Piggott	Book																																			
Frank Heffernan	Book																																			

<p>Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to:</p> <p>The Editor "Bully Tin" PO Box 584, Jurien Bay 6516 e-mail iconner21@wn.com.au</p>	<p>Address all other correspondence to</p> <p>The Secretary WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Box 364, Bentley WA 6982</p>	<p>Address Monetary payments to:</p> <p>The Treasurer WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn Box 364, Bentley. WA 6982</p>
--	---	---