

The

March 2015

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



Next Muster March 6th, 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park

MC Anne Hayes 93771238 mbl 0428542418

AUSTRALIA DAY

WA Bush Poet's & Yarnspinner's Gathering at Wireless Hill Australia Day 2015.

About 150 people gathered in plus 30 degree heat to hear some great Australian Poetry. 11 poets contributed with the usual high standard of entertainment for four hours.

Musical items from Peter "Stinger" Nettleton and Geoff Swain were much appreciated.

Rusty Christensen celebrated his birthday and showed that he still had a wonderful memory as did Arthur Leggett.



The theme continued the celebration of the 100 year ANZAC story with poems about our country, our flag, the diggers and families that were awaiting their return.

There was lots of humour also (Brian Langley's "Cancelling Mum's Phone" was particularly popular) as was Dave Smith's tall yarn about "Pinnocchio and further musical items from Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge on his mouth organ and Nancy Coe on piano accordion.

President Bill thanked everyone for coming especially the Mayor of Melville Shire who we are grateful to for sponsoring this event and Anne Hayes for acting as MC.

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 what a great festival it was. The Sunday morning Bush Poets Breakfast continues to attract the biggest audiences to be found anywhere. It was great to have old friends Melanie Hall and Susan Carcary with us again. Long John Best, who is as tall as the girls are short, proved very popular with the crowds all weekend. Members who were at the February muster were treated to some of John's poetry that night.

Only a short spell now until our friends David and Therese Higginson hold their "Downunder Country" Country Music Weekend in Bridgetown on 20 – 22 March.

Ron Evans will be running a Bush Poets Breakfast on the Sunday morning, and other poets will be filling spots throughout the weekend.

With Easter falling on the first weekend in April, and Good Friday being the 3rd, our April Muster will be deferred until the second Friday, 10th April.

A huge "Thank You" all poets and supporters who came down for the Boyup Brook Country Music Festival. Special thanks to those who came down early to help Meg and me get "Northlands" spick and span for the invasion. We surely must have the smartest abluitions of any shearing shed in the state!

Bill Gordon
President



John Best at the Sunday Bush Poet's Breakfast



Meg Gordon, Sue Hill, Carol Reffold, Rhonda Hinkley, Bev Shorland, Nancy Coe, Jan Lewis and Jem Shorland (thorn amongst the roses in the rear)

Country Music Festival Boyup Brook 12th-15th February 2015

Well, what can I say about the Bush Poet's Breakfast at the Country Music Festival in Boyup Brook. Some would say I might be a bit biased but comments from the audience would back my praise for Bill Gordon's effort in bringing a great show to the visitors, locals, members and travellers to the 30th Anniversary Festival. Accolades mainly centred around "best show yet".

This was in no small way due to the presence of Queensland trio John Best, Melanie Hall and Susan Carcary. They breed them funny in QLD! Susie and Mel were fresh from their trip to the Edinburgh Festival and once they warmed up in the WA heat, they were full of fun and laughter with their hilarious "Two Short Sheilas" skits. They hope to be touring throughout WA in 2016 so don't miss out on their unique entertainment

Long" John with his "Jim-nasium" skit at the Bowling Club Breakfast had everyone "standing up to see more". The poet's Brawl or Poet's Cup as it has been re-named, was again great fun. The winner this year was Irene Conner from Jurien Bay.

The workshops were well attended (25 participants) and again the comments from participants was very favourable "fantastic" "got a lot out of it" "I feel encouraged to start writing".



Melanie Hall and Susan Carcary in action at The Bowling Club

The Meet and Greet at Northlands was also a lot of fun as were the get togethers at can o'clock and the final night of port and prancing to the favourite tunes of the 60's. It was particularly pleasing to have Jan Lewis (Cooryong Festival) and Carol Reffold also from Victoria join us at Northlands for the Festival too. No one wanted the event to end and we are all looking forward to Festival 2016. Our leading acts have been booked so make it a date to be in Boyup Brook next February.

2015 Boyup Brook Country Music Festival – Written Competition

Established Poets

Winner "Eugene" Tom McIlveen, Port Macquarie NSW

VHC "Contemplation" Warren Cox, Brisbane Qld

HC "Pilbara" Brenda Joy, Charters Towers, Qld

"The Lodger" Keith Lethbridge, Armadale, WA

"The Old Woongondy Hall" Keith Lethbridge, Armadale, WA

Commended "Links" Brenda Joy, Charters Towers, Qld

"Old Riley's Billy Lids" Tom McIlveen, Port Macquarie NSW

"Australia's Loss" Val Read, Bicton, WA

Emerging Poets

Winner "The Doctor's Surgery" Freda Harvey, Parkes, NSW

Our Country

You know as well as I do.
There's a drought upon the land,
And the bushfires and the hardship
Always follow hand in hand...
But whatever be the problem
Whatever be the loss,
Australians stand together,
Beneath the Southern Cross.

From Gallipoli to Flanders
In the war to end all wars
The gallant digger laid down his life
To advance Australia's cause.
Then from Alamein to the Kokoda Track,
The aussies showed them who was boss
As they fought bravely and proudly
For the land 'neath the Southern Cross

From Korea on through to Vietnam
Our men answered the call
And dressed in jungle green
and famed slouch hat,
They once more give their all.
And the enemies of this great land
Found it impossible to toss.
The fighting man they called Australia.
For the land 'neath the Southern Cross.

From convict stock to present day,
We wear our name with pride
And hold in awe and reverence
The names of those who've died
The memory of those brave soldiers,
Who gave all they had to give.
In order to make Australia great,
In order that we might live.

Then it's with a feeling of elation,
As we watch our flag unfold
And there's pride in being Australian
As we cheer the green and gold.
And in times of deep adversity,
And tragic national loss.
Australians stand united,
Beneath the Southern Cross.

So we'll drink a toast to past and future
And be proud of who we are.
And realize our achievements,
In having come this far.
For in our hearts and in our minds
There is no room for failure.
And it's with pride and mateship,
We salute our flag Australia.

Roger Cracknell

Roger presented this poem at Wireless Hill on
Australia Day.

So I bolted out of there

I was minding my own business,
Just walking down the street
When a girl from my old school days
I happened there to meet.

I remember her from long ago,
She was plump and dull and short.
Now she's teaching folk dancing
Of a weird and wacky sort.

She really looks quite good now.
She's tall and fit and trim.
She suggested that I come along
And said I'd fit right in.

The place it seemed quite sleazy
But folk dancing should be easy.
The music it was loud
With a roudy cheering crowd.

The spotlight shining bright
On the girls twisting and cavorting
On poles up in the air.
Wearing costumes so brief
They were nearly bare.

Suddenly I realised that's not
Polish Dancing.
So I bolted out of there.

Bev Shorland

What's Brewing...?

It began with a mild interest
and more eagerness than skill
but by using scrounged materials
I built myself a still.

A cauldron and coiled copper tube
heat source and regulators
with dreams of sipping nectar
brewed up from old potatoes.

After following instructions
downloaded from the 'net
my first brew was soon bubbling
though producing nothing yet.

Quite ignorant about the science
or the forces of steam pressure
I'd screwed too tight the safety valve
and had no gauge to measure
just what was happening deep inside
until that fateful night
when a mighty boom came from my
shed
and woke our neighbours with a fright.
Then early the next morning
when the damage was surveyed
there strewn about my backyard
were bits of my shed arrayed.

As neighbours offered solace
they asked what had caused the blast
so I blamed a faulty gas bottle
until their interest had all passed.
Now the topic's seldom mentioned
though sometimes when I get pressed
enquirers just nod knowingly
when the real cause is confessed.
So if you've an urge to brew at home
take this little tip from me -
you can make yourself a tasty drink
with a nice hot cuppa tea!

© Pete. Stratford. 9.8.14

And then his wife walked in.

Erotic fantasies abound, when sleep is hard to
find

Past memories of rock stars are running
through my mind

Pulsating, gyrating, dreams of testosterone
uncouth

Who teased and made us wildly scream, the
heroes of our youth

Tonight I'm seeing Elvis with his gyrating pelvis
Johnnie Farnham and his Sadie, cleaning floors
with avid bliss

Rod Stewart from Small Faces, Maggie, Sailing
up a storm

Jimmy Barnes from Cold Chisel, rocking my
dreams to keep me warm.

Little girls become women, and reality sets in
I was enjoying a romantic interlude.... And
then his wife walked in

Rock stars in the music media, tease and drive
us wild

Then it's back to Earth and hubby, where they
want us meek and mild.

Christine Boulton.

UPCOMING MUSTERS

April—Dot Langley

**Please note Muster is on 10th
April due to Easter**

**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

WHERE POPPIES BLOOM

© 2014 Brenda Joy

If Mother Earth could speak this is what She might say from the soil of Flanders.

You arrived when I was mangled
by the lust of men entangled
in a battle for possession of my precious Flanders' soil.
Just a boy so young and willing,
unequipped to face the chilling
harsh reality of wartime 'Front' of agony and toil.

You would change my life forever
through your courage, skill, endeavour,
but I knew you in your night-times when your heart would over-flow.
Then you'd whisper wondrous stories
of Australian Outback glories
where the wallaby and kangaroo and wild bush creatures go.

And you'd dream of sibling sharing,
all the joys of home and caring,
till I'd see your mother crying as she bid her last farewell.
But you looked toward her, waving,
'Coo-eed' out in youthful craving,
while her tears portrayed the pain of loss that only love can tell.

How I'd feel your ache of yearning
as you longed to be returning
to the freedom of the country which had given you your birth,
while all I could give was trenches,
smoke and gas and vile stench,
far from beauty of belonging on the other side of Earth.

But I held you through the rages
of the battles and the stages,
through the ravages of winters and the years of guts and gore,
till I lost you. Devastated
by your death that left me fated
to be scarred with foul detritus of a futile, bloody war.

After combat it's ironic.
Tales of loss become iconic
when a slaughter ground of chaos grows to make a nation proud.
So your service is remembered
where your body was dismembered
and your honour is imbedded in a legendary shroud.

And they come and weep in mourning
when the light of day is dawning,
and the hymn of their condolence conjures visions of your plight.
But they cannot know the sorrow
I must feel as each tomorrow
I'm reminded of your torment through your tiny cross of white.

Now my fields of gold surround you
and my re-birth would astound you
when the gentle breeze of summer dances through the waves of corn,
but your tragic wartime story
blooms in blood-red poppy glory
that my dew-drop tears still moisten in the early mists of morn.

DREAMTIME DREAMING

He sees it now this mystic place,
the birthplace of his ancient race.
And views a time that's now long past,
before great changes moved so fast.

He dreams he's on a stony hill,
the day is bright and all is still.
And standing there upon that Tor,
he sees his land just like before.

No towns, no roads, no mines or mills,
just sunburnt land and rolling hills;
with snaking creeks so harsh when dry,
that drain the land when storms pass by.

There's ghostly gums and mulga trees,
that gently sway in gusts of breeze.
This ancient land unspoilt by man,
remains unchanged since time began.

Then looking out he views again,
the great salt lake and blue bush plain.
A sacred land and he can see,
the way the Dreamtime used to be.

His mind then drifts to tribal days
and lives again the old time ways.
His body soon is strong once more,
just like his forebears were before.

His spirit then was of this land,
from water holes to burning sand.
A proud young man of stealth and grace,
a leader of his noble race.

He hears the songs that used to be
and dreams about Corroboree.
Then comes the sound of stamping feet,
while Kylies click a rhythmic beat.

The vision then begins to fade,
away from where his mind had strayed.
Returning to reality,
from dreams of how things used to be.

Awake at last, he looks around
and sees once more a dusty town.
Remembers then the dreams he'd seen,
about a life that might have been.

© T.E. Piggott

Terry Piggott gained a Highly
Commended for this entry in the Golden Damper
Awards at Tamworth.

Poet's One Minute Cup

And the winner is.....

Feeling Sexy

© Irene Conner 18/02/15

I opened up the closet door to see what
clothes still fit;
I wouldn't say I've put on weight – well,
maybe, just a bit!
It seems so long since I've had time to really
primp and preen –
It makes me feel so special; makes me feel
just like a queen.

So first, I take a silken bra that fits me like a
glove,
A pair of silken panties – they're the type I
really love.
I pull them up and strike a pose – the mirror
shows it all.....
(But I pretend it does not show they're just a
little small!!)

I take a little strapless gown, and slide it
down my chest;
A pair of black stilettos – now I really look
my best.
I'm feeling really sexy; feeling trim and taut
and thin;
I'm loving being home alone..... But
then my wife walks in!!



February 2015 Muster Writeup - Meg Gordon and Nancy Coe

MC for the evening was **Lorelie Tarcoma** and started the entertainment at 7.05pm with a poem about Australia Day written by the Kleenheat company.

President Bill welcomed visitors especially John Best from Qld. who was here for the Boyup Brook Country Music Festival. He then presented his poem "Super Stirrer".

John Best gave us a very moving poem "The Ballad of Darkie Lee" (Keith Garvey) - a tribute to an Aboriginal soldier who fought gallantly in the war and met his fate at Flanders.

Caroline Sambridge - a story about a dog on a cruise with a wind problem.

Rob Gunn - just back from Tamworth told the story of "Mulligans Mob" - the night a set of quads was born.

Rusty Christensen - "The Bush Christening" (Banjo Patterson)

Lesley McAlpine - "The Circle of Life" (Terry Piggott). Mother cares for daughter, daughter cares for mother.

Dave Smith - "The Ghost of The Murderer's Hut" (Banjo Patterson)

Keith Lethbridge - a tune on the harmonica lead into "Play It Again". The trials of a government employee camping in the bush.

Supper (during which **Nancy Coe** delighted us with some tunes on piano accordion)

John Hayes - "Old Dick" His own poem about demons at Dicks. Alcohol fuelled stories about invading snakes.

Jem Shorland - "Kev's Farming" and "More Farts" His own poems.

John Best - "The Bush Trucker Man" John's own composition about a truckie who called into a shop thinking a "Brazillian" was a coffee and was quite taken aback by the close attention he received from the guy who ran the establishment.

Dave Smith - "Tangmalangmaloo" (John O'brien)

Keith Lethbridge - "Mum Learning to Drive"

Rusty Christensen - "Blue and The Sheep" (Bob Magor). When a working dog retires to town, city dwellers don't always appreciate his country ways.

John Hayes - A Rap - a lesson in poetry writing. "I'm Just a Poet".

Lesley McAlpine - "Stepping Stones" (Joan Strange). A tray of memories.

Christine Boulton - Own poem "Frank The Tree Hugger" Timber makes the world go round. Frank discovers the joy of timber's history through wood turning and collecting. He wants to save trees so they can be around for our children.

Jem Shorland - own poem "Baptism in Toodyay". One way to find the Lord.

Lorelie Tarcoma - "Clancy at the Overflow" (Anon). Would Banjo have written it this way today?

Bill Gordon wound the evening up with his poem "The French Driving Lesson". Driving on the right hand side of the road is very treacherous. He thanked Lorelie on a well organised programme.

RATHDOWNEY

EASTER SUNDAY 2015

Poets who have recordings of their performances (in front of an audience) can enter a competition to be held at Rathdowney this Easter Sunday. This is for entrants who cannot attend in person for whatever reason. Another section of the competition covers recordings done as video clips with graphics etc to enhance performance. Recordings can be done on dvd, flash drive or memory card.

Further details can be obtained by contacting Geraldine King.

geraldineking@virginbroadband.com.au

What's on around Australia.

For more information and entry forms go to Australian Bush Poetry Association website <http://www.abpa.org.au/events.html>

31st March Closing Date

for National Henry Lawson Society Award
Traditional verse and short story competition for open and junior.
www.henrylawsongulgong.org.au

6th April Closing Date

For Copper Croc Poetry Awards
Theodore Qld.

22nd May Closing Date

For Bush Lantern Award and ABPA Qld Championships
Written competition for bush verse. Awarded at the Bundy Bush Poet's
Muster 3-5 July in Bundaberg Qld

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

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Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:				
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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 & Jenny"	Music CDs
	John Hayes	CDs & books	Terry Piggott	Book
	Tim Heffernan	book	Frank Heffernan	Book
	Brian Langley	books, CD	Pete Stratford	Book
	Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography		
	Keith Lethbridge	books		

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