



Next Muster 7th December 7pm RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley
MC Brian Langley 93613770

THIS DAY IN HISTORY
Sunday 2nd December

Australian Explorers

- 1823 - Oxley sights the entrance to the Brisbane River.
1911 - Douglas Mawson departs Hobart to commence his Antarctic exploration.

Australian History

- 1642 - Members of Tasman's crew become the first Europeans to set foot on Van Diemen's Land (later renamed Tasmania).
1970 - The numbat is officially listed as endangered.

The Orphan- Lex McLennan

Out on the bounds of Cranga, a fenceless world and wild,
one day two stockmen wandered where peaks and ridges piled,
and on a lonely mountain-side where loud the west wind whines
they found a black foal nuzzling a dead mare 'neath the pines.

Weird was the world to the 'orphan', the horseman tall and strange;
somehow they brought him downward, out of the Iron Range,
and brought a buggy to him while traces creamed with foam;
down through the purple foothills they brought the black foal home.

Pet of the old grey homestead, he grew to mammoth size,
and all of the ranges' wildfire lived in his wide, dark eyes;
and the man that first bestrode him knew – and his heart beat high –
that they had reared a treasure that money could not buy.

And patiently they trained him with all the horseman's art,
taught him to use the courage that welled from his great heart,
drive of his giant quarters, sweep of his mighty stride,
made him a mount as noble as ever wore a hide.

A hundred well-bred horses, gems of the cattle lands,
graze on the Cranga horse-runs, answer the Cranga hands,
and other hearts may falter and other flanks may bleed;
no rowel stabs the black horse who thunders to the lead.

Safe in the moonlit timber, true in the cold grey morns,
Lord of the fiercest piker to charge with lowered horns;
for boundless strength and courage, when gear is flaked with foam,
they bless the day on Cranga that brought The Orphan home.

PLEASE NOTE -
CHANGES TO MUSTER
FROM NOVEMBER!!!!!!

After discussion at the AGM and subsequent committee meeting, the following changes have been made to the musters:

All musters will be held at the RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley from the November muster onwards. This is for a six month trial period only at this stage. From November, musters will start at 7pm through until 9.30pm. (Currently, 7.30 - 10pm)

We ask that, if you have any concerns over these changes, please contact a committee member to discuss them. We will also be seeking your feedback on how you find the changes.

An Unpublished Fragment - A L Gordon

They say that poison-sprinkled flowers
are sweeter in perfume
than when, untouched by deadly dew,
they glowed in early bloom.

They say that men condemned to die
have quaffed the sweetened wine,
with higher relish than the juice
of the untampered vine.

They way that in the witches' song,
though rude and harsh it be,
there blends a wild mysterious strain
of weirdest melody.

And I believe the Devil's voice
sinks deeper in our ear,
than any whisper sent from Heaven,
however sweet and clear.

WANTED - MUSTER MC's

Dave Smith & Terry Piggott, our new Event Coordinators, are wanting members who would be willing to take on the role of MC for 1 Muster each. There are guidelines to work within, for those who are unsure as to what is required, and both Dave & Terry are available for help. Please see Dave or Terry

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

President's Preamble

Life has been fairly hectic since taking over as President in September, but I am pleased to report that the new committee is working well and everyone is settling into his or her respective roles. It is a new experience for most of us to be holding our meetings via Skype, and despite a few technical challenges, it is working well. This is not only for our country committee members, but the city folk are found all over the place, tuning in with their laptops.

We are now holding our monthly musters at the East Victoria Park RSL at 7pm. This was the preference of the majority of members at the September muster, and is for a trial period of six months, and will be reviewed at the March muster.

The next muster will be a special Christmas night starting with a drop of Christmas Cheer so be early for your share. Maxine and Rhonda are going all out with supper and assure me it will be a night not to be missed. But miss it I must, as I will be in Queensland for a wedding that weekend.

Speaking of Christmas, we have been invited to do a spot on FM radio 89.7 on 19th December 11.30 to 12.00. Heather has arranged for some poets to join her for that broadcast. For those of us out of range of Joondalup, we can tune in at www.897fm.com.au

Toodyay turned on the worst weather possible for attracting crowds to our Bush Poet's breakfast on Sunday 4th November. Instead of the streets being packed, as they are every weekend with commuters from Perth, the town was virtually deserted. We still managed to attract about 60 people who travelled from as far as Mandurah. They were treated to an excellent program put on by Christine Boulton, Grace Williamson, Rob Gunn, and John Hayes. Congratulations to them all, and especially John, who put it all together.

Toodyay host the annual Moondyne Joe Festival on the first weekend in May, and their committee is enthusiastic to host the W A Bush Poetry State Championships early in November. We are very impressed with the facilities the town has to offer. Businesses we visited are keen to be part of the action, so your committee has started planning towards holding the 2013 WABPYS State Championships in Toodyay.

I wish all members a safe and happy Christmas, and a bright and prosperous New Year. And, don't make any New Year resolutions that will be too hard to keep.

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.

The Verandah Will Ogilvie

Though far is that home that our memories environ
and dim is the picture it faintly recalls
of sun-dazzled roofing of galvanised iron
surmounting a straggle of weatherboard walls.
There is one feature left us beyond all forgetting,
a gift that the long years have never mislaid,
a pearl of remembrance, a gem in the setting –
its vineclad verandah of coolness and shade.

At eve we would lounge there, all chaffing and talking,
our tired limbs released and our minds set at ease,
and watch where the furtive dark shadows went stalk-
ing
like blackfellow ghosts through the dim pepper-trees;
And there with the white stars around us and o'er us
would hear from the lignum that edged the lagoon
the croak of the bullfrogs that lifted in chorus
their deep-throated chant to the rise of the moon.

Here spun we our stories of saddle and stirrup
to drift through the vine and be lost in the stars,
while countless cicadas with challenging chirrup
would deafen the dark in the bunch of belars.
And far down that road we so often passed over
we'd glimpse the red rose of a campfire that tells
the long day is done for some teamster or drover,
and hear in the ridges the clash of his bells.

But Time will not linger. What use of our hoarding
those fanciful treasures of sound and of sight,
for other men's rowels now ring on that boarding
and other men bow to those spells of the night?
Good-bye and farewell to that distant verandah,
its moonlight and magic and whispering trees,
and all that they mean to an old overlander

TUNE IN TO 89.7fm TO LISTEN TO BUSH POETRY

WABP&YS were asked to present some poetry on the Joondalup Community radio station leading up to Christmas. This will be recorded and go to air on 19th December at 11.30am - lasting for 30 mins. The particular show gets anywhere up to 1000 listeners on the line - not only in Australia, but also in UK, USA, Canada, etc.

If you would like to listen to the segment, but are either out of range, or busy, you can hear it live on the internet at www.897fm.com.au - you just follow the prompts on the website.

The station will also be making a copy for our association to take away.

We had a few people express an interest in taking part in the program. Unfortunately, time limits really only allow 3 poets, so it was decided to choose three that were able to actually attend at the studio, as this was preferred by the station.

The poets are Brian Langley, John Hayes and Heather Denholm. The poems will be Christmas related.

Tangmalangaloo

John O'Brien

The bishop sat in lordly state and purple cap sublime,
And galvanized the old bush church at Confirmation time.
And all the kids were mustered up from fifty miles around,
With Sunday clothes, and staring eyes, and ignorance profound.
Now was it fate, or was it grace, whereby they yarded too
An overgrown two-storey lad from Tangmalangaloo?

A hefty son of virgin soil, where nature has her fling,
And grows the trefoil three feet high and mats it in the spring;
Where mighty hills uplift their heads to pierce the welkin's rim,
And trees sprout up a hundred feet before they shoot a limb;
There everything is big and grand, and men are giants too -
But Christian Knowledge wilts, alas, at Tangmalangaloo.

The bishop summed the youngsters up, as bishops only can;
He cast a searching glance around, then fixed upon his man.
But glum and dumb and undismayed through every bout he sat;
He seemed to think that he was there, but wasn't sure of that.
The bishop gave a scornful look, as bishops sometimes do,
And glared right through the pagan in from Tangmalangaloo.

"Come, tell me, boy," his lordship said in crushing tones severe,
"Come, tell me why is Christmas Day the greatest of the year?
"How is it that around the world we celebrate that day
"And send a name upon a card to those who're far away?
"Why is it wandering ones return with smiles and greetings, too?"
A squall of knowledge hit the lad from Tangmalangaloo.

He gave a lurch which set a-shake the vases on the shelf,
He knocked the benches all askew, up-ending of himself.
And so, how pleased his lordship was, and how he smiled to say,
"That's good, my boy. Come, tell me now; and what is Christmas
Day?"
The ready answer bared a fact no bishop ever knew -
"It's the day before the races out at Tangmalangaloo.

This poem was performed by Dave Smith at the November muster.

A One Night Stand

© Zondrae King (Corrimal)

It stands there in the corner of the antique auction room
with a basin and a ewer almost lost amid the gloom.
A chamber pot was also placed with old and shaking hand.
and hidden in the jumble there is only one night stand.

The soldiers given orders – they must capture the outpost.
It was small but oh so vital and the one that mattered most.
So they took it, held it overnight, a triumph, It was grand.
Not an everlasting victory. It was still a one night stand.

Both teams were set to gather for the finals of the year
supporters were to come and watch. They came from far and near.
So they built a set of bleachers for the members of the band.
Took it down when they were finished. It was just a one night stand.

A stately home in England has a hallway with display
of a shiny suit of armour once worn in King Arthur's day.
It is mounted on a foot high plinth with sloping sides. It's grand.
But there's only one suit on it – it is just a one knight stand.

It is that time of the year again when people are busy preparing for Christmas. It is a time for giving, so I would ask that we all take the time this year to remember those who cannot afford to celebrate Christmas. In the current economic climate, it could well be any one of us one day!

Unseen by the Unseeing

Irene Conner

Christmas time is here again and chaos reigns supreme.
It's time for families to plan and time for kids to dream
of Santa with his sack of toys - to meet their wild desires,
and shops are overcrowded with impatient, grumpy buyers.

Christmas carols fill the air of malls so cheery bright,
and streets are lit by shop displays that shine throughout the night,
but christmas 'cheer' is lacking in the fight to organize
this special celebration where we drink and socialize.

Tempers fray, and credit cards are maxed to meet demand
of christmas gifts increasing costs - they do not understand
that riding in the slipstream of the fight for gifts and toys
a growing army languishes - unseeing of their joys.

For Christmas only shines its light on what they know they'll miss;
a place to lay their weary head; a loved one they can kiss;
the sense of joy and happiness that gives their heart a lift;
the feeling that they're valued as somebody gives a gift.

Wraith-like through the streets of light they drift on weary feet,
unseen by the unseeing as they dance the christmas beat
for all of life has shadows that the lucky ones don't see;
don't see that, at another time, that shadow could be "me"!

So, dance your path of joyfulness and live the life you live,
but don't forget the shadow side - remember how to give.
Let christmas cheer be spread around to truly give them light,
and feel the truth of christmas grow to join us all this night.

Dear Sir,

I am the secretary of the Carnarvon Artists Club based in Carnarvon. Our Club is for anyone interested in the arts in general but in the old days we used to hold a 'Poets Night' every two months or so which was very popular with our members.

We are thinking about holding another Poets night event and maybe combine it with a country and western band and I wondered if any of your members travel to the country to recite yarns and poems and if so what would their charges and fees be?

Regards

Jenny Walsh (jennywalsh@wn.com.au)
Secretary - Carnarvon Artists Club

The Slow-Combustion Stove

Philip R Rush

We've got a slow-combustion stove that serves us well enough,
but sometimes, when it's in the mood, it makes things pretty tough:

Oh! mostly it decides to work the way we want it to,
when heating up the water or a saucepan full of stew.

But, when we're in a hurry, the stove plays little tricks,
the fire, instead of flaring, smoulders on the driest sticks!
And if we want to cook a roast when visitors arrive,
it often doesn't start to heat till sometime after five!

It causes some frustration to the lady of the house,
and a smidgeon of concern to her devoted spouse.
And when a tribe of daughters come for an extended stay,
the water, heated by the stove, is lukewarm every day!

Although we clean it regularly, it sometimes likes to smoke,
and triggers off the fire alarm – just for a nasty joke!
Yet other days it's perfect, both clean and fiercely hot,
and that's the time it isn't needed by us all, as like as not!

We like our old combustion stove, for all its funny ways;
it keeps us warm and cosy on the coldest winter day.
And, when it causes trouble or refuses to behave,
we've always got the frypan and our little microwave!

*(Cheap to run, cosy, nostalgic; the slow-combustion stove,
still much used in rural areas, does have a certain charm.
Nonetheless, it can be a little temperamental, as this poem shows.)*

From Tales from Mosquito Gully and other Australian Poems – by Philip Rush

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.

Tamworth Poetry Reading Group BLACKENED BILLY VERSE COMPETITION

The Blackened Billy Verse Competition is regarded as one of the most prestigious BUSH POETRY competitions in Australia.

Writers of Bush verse are invited to compete.

First prize is \$600 plus the famous BLACKENED BILLY TROPHY.

Second prize is \$300 and third \$200.

Entries close November 30 and the winners will be announced at the Tamworth Country Music Festival in January 2013.

Write to Jan Morris PO Box 3001, West Tamworth NSW 2340 or email janmorris33@bigpond.com

URGENT - HELP WANTED

Will there be anyone from WA at the Tamworth Country Music Festival in January 2013 that could help out with the small jobs required to hold the Golden Dampier Awards? (Performance competition)

The ABPA are doing these awards this year, but as yet, do not have enough volunteers to do so. If they do not have enough by 31st October, the event will be cancelled.

Please let me know ASAP if you are available to help.

Thanks

Irene 0429652155

Fitzroy Campsite

Jack Sorensen

Lost light lingers on the Razor Back
While new men travel down an ancient track
That leads to water and the floodgum trees
And best stock campsite in the Kimberleys.

Stockmen slumber under stars that shine
On the Fitzroy River and the Condamine,
Tired night-horses at the break of day
And grey smoke rising to a sky dawn-grey.

Vague tracks straining over soil, stone, sand.
And a strange dog howling in the oldest land.
And an old-time story that the stones could tell
Of a Queensland river and a cattle bell.

Horsemen mounting and the mob's away
(Dark dust rises from the Fitzroy clay)
Lead on, river, to the marsh-girt sea,
There's a new sun rising over Kimberley.

**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**

CHRISTMAS MUSTER

Members are asked to bring a wrapped gift to the December Muster. The value will be left up to each member, but it is suggested that it is between \$5 and \$10. Please hand it wrapped to Dave or Terry as you arrive. This will be a special night with the traditional Christmas time supper, so come along and have a good evening of fun to end our year together.

SWAP MEET Expressions of interest

Members of the Bush Poets WA have been invited to provide some entertainment at the SwapMeets held in the Wanneroo Show Grounds each Sunday morning, so there is plenty of opportunity. We just need to choose a couple of dates, between around 9am and 10:30am.

It is a well run and not terribly noisy swapmeet so no one would need to yell to be heard, but a PA system would be a good idea. Please speak to or contact Heather or one of our event organisers, Dave or Terry.

KIDS KORNER

Christmas Dinner

Betty Olle

A little blue wren
one Christmas set out
to look for his dinner
You see.....

He hadn't the price
of a counter meal.
He was looking for something
for free!!

And all he could find
was a fat green grub –
his tastes are different
from you.... And me!

But, just as his beak
was about to crunch
on the fat green grub
on the tree,

He heard a small voice say,
"Happy Christmas to you!"
He replied, startled,
"Who, Me?"

The grub bobbed his head,
and said, "Yes, to you!"
The wren replied,
"Oh, I see!"

And he couldn't, of course,
eat the grub, after that...
Not for dinner! He kept it
for tea!

Christmas – the Modern Way!

Graham Dean

Well, I have just been thinking
that we live in modern days ...
the computer's taking over
in oh, so many ways!

And now, of course, it's Christmas!
You know there is no doubt.
You can get your heart's desire
without ever going out!

Now, just as I was walking
down the street the other night,
I really was amazed, you know,
to see this special sight.

I saw a flash up in the sky
as I looked overhead.
There was an old bloke flying past
dressed in a suit of red!

He was driving a Ferrari ...
a Christmas gift, I s'pose...
I didn't see a reindeer
with a bright and shiny nose!

And I sort of thought it funny
that there wasn't any noise!
He didn't seem to carry much
in the way of gifts and toys.

I heard him say as he went past,
"My friend, I'm passing through!
You can find me on the internet
as – Santa.com.au!"

Christmas Pud

Betty Olle

A fat and soggy Christmas Pud
Upon a plate did sit.
A cat came up and looked at it,
And thought he'd like a bit!

He sniffed it once! He sniffed it twice!
He didn't like the tang,
So he turned his nose up in the air,
And off the table sprang.

And just as well! For very soon
The Brandy Sauce was lit,
And, had he been there when it was,
He'd be burned up every bit!!

Poems from 'The Co-operative Book of Verse for Aussie
Children - edited by Carmel Randle

Poet Profile: Andree Hayward

Charles Wiltens Andree Hayward (1866) arrived in Western Australia in 1894. After spending several months in Cue, he began work as a reporter on the Geraldton Express. He wrote simply in the firm belief that the ordinary reader could gain pleasure and interest from the best literature.

Hayward wrote about Australian society and literature - not only in the GE, but also the Murchison Advocate, Kalgoorlie sun and the Sunday Times. In 1922, he moved to Sydney to fulfil a lifelong ambition to write for The Bulletin.

Most of Haywards own verse was written before 1898 under the pseudonym 'Viator' and published in a collection of his verse titled "Along the Road to Cue and Other Verses." (Available through Hesperian Press)

Along the Greenough Flats

I loathe the city's brazen lungs,
the crowded struggling street,
the endless hum of clattering tongues,
the din of bustling feet;
the football follower's frenzied joy,
the songs of amorous cats;
but no such things as these annoy
along the Greenough Flats.

The townsmen racks his restless brains
till fame or wealth arrives;
the digger plods through scorching plains
or gropes in darkened drives.
Dreams come to break the squatter's rest
of tick-infested "fats."
Give me the cocky's humble nest
along the Greenough Flats.

Peace ushers in the breathless morn,
and peace the sighing eves;
the springtime brings the waving corn,
the summer binds the sheaves.
Our niggard earth is spread for miles
with wealth of verdant mats,
and universal nature smiles
along the Greenough Flats.

No newsboy whoops his strident call,
no army bangs it's drums,
and, what perhaps is best of all,
no mining expert comes.
Folk from the world without are few,
with one exception - that's
when honeymooners bill and coo
along the Greenough Flats.

While cities wrapped in sleep remain
the cockies gird their loins;
they build their hopes on golden grain,
and not in golden coins.
With deep contentment in their hearts
(and wildflowers in their hats),
they plough their fields and drive their carts
along the Greenough Flats.

No agitators scream till hoarse
for richer people's blood;
few things disturb life's placid course,
save now and then a flood.
Oh, come where strife and bickering cease,
fate's blows and discord's pats,
to roam in blest bucolic peace
along the Greenough Flats.

The Heat Wave

When the earth was parched and the skies aflame
When the Old Year slept beyond praise or blame
In an evil moment the Heat Wave came

He came to harry and press and smite
To wither and stifle and scorch and blight
From the tropic North, to the wind-lashed Bight

His rule was bitter, his sway complete
through dusty desert or crowded street
Where the sea-birds call, or the jumbucks bleat

Man's puny work - Nature's fastness grim
The rugged bush or the garden trim
He spared not. Both were alike to him

The towered city, the sand waste lone
The strip of canvas, the hail of stone
He marked them all for his own, his own

He doubled the weight of the swagman's pack
He deepened the rut of the teamster's track
He rode, like Care, at the horseman's back

He came to hamper and check and foil
All human effort and human toil
Above or upon or beneath the soil

He emptied the marts where men buy or sell
Statesman and lawyer and priest as well
All bowed their heads to his potent spell

He blunted the point of the ganger's cries
For the sweat ran into that worthy's eyes
And his throat was choked with the dust and flies

Some dropped the pen and some dropped the pick
Some were dying, and more were sick
And sunstroke cases came fast and thick

Creation drooped in the fiery breeze
And the mercury climbed beneath roofs and trees
To a hundred and twenty five degrees!

But the publican sat in his shady bar
Where the jugs and the taps and the glasses are
And he rubbed his hands and he laughed "ha, ha"

He looked through the door at the blazing skies
He looked and he marked the thermo rise
With a deep content in his half-shut eyes

For he knew wherever the Heat Wave rolled
Page 6 On its scorching course through the land of gold
It would waft him custom - a hundredfold! (Cont)

The Heat Wave(Continued)

And for those in philosophic mood
The moral's easily understood
"T'is an ill wind bloweth nobody good"

Santa Claus in the Bush

A B Paterson

It chanced out back at the Christmas time,
when the wheat was ripe and tall,
a stranger rode to the farmer's gate –
a sturdy man and a small.

"Rin doon, rin doon, my little son Jack,
and bid the stranger stay;
and we'll hae a crack for Auld Lang Syne,
for the morn is Christmas Day."

"Nay noo, nay noo", said the dour guidwife,
"But ye should let him be;
He's maybe only a drover chap
frae the land o' the Darling Pea.

"Wi' a drover's tales, and a drover's thirst
to swiggle the hail nicht through;
or he's maybe a life assurance carle
to talk ye black and blue."

"Guidwife, he's never a drover chap,
for their swags are neat and thin'
and he's never a life assurance carle,
wi' the brick-dust burnt in his skin.

Guidwife, guidwife, be nae sae dour,
for the wheat stand ripe and tall,
and we shore a seven-pound fleece this year,
ewes and weaners and all.

There is grass tae spare, and the stock are fat.
Where they whiles are gaunt and thin,
and we owe a tithe to the travelling poor,
so we maun ask him in.

Ye can set him a chair tae the table side,
and gi' him a bite tae eat;
an omelette made of a new-laid egg,
or a tasty bit of meat."

"But the native cats have taen the fowls,
they havena left a leg;
and he'll get nae omelette at a'
till the emu lays an egg!"

"Rin doon, rin doon, my little son Jack,
to whaur the emus bide,
Ye shall find the auld hen on the nest,
while the auld cock sits beside.

But speak them fair, and speak them saft,
lest they kick ye a fearsome jolt.
Ye can gi' them a feed of thae half-inch nails
or a rusty carriage bolt."

So little son Jack ran blithely down
with the rusty nails in hand,

till he came where the emus fluffed and scratched
by their next in the open sand.

And there he has gathered the new-laid egg –
'twould feed the three men or four –
and the emus came for the half-inch nails
right up to the settler's door.

"A waste o' food," said the dour guidwife,
as she took the egg, with a frown,
"but he gets nae meat, unless ye rin
a paddy-melon down."

"Gang oot, gang oot, my little son Jack,
wi' your twa-three doggies sma';
gin ye come nae back wi' a paddy-melon,
then come nae back at a'".

So little son Jack he raced and he ran,
and he was bare o' the feet,
and soon he captured a paddy-melon,
was gorged with the stolen wheat.

"Sit doon, sit doon, my bonny wee man,
to the best that the hoose can do-
an omelette made of the emu egg
and a paddy-melon stew."

"Tis well, 'tis well," said the bonny wee man;
"I have eaten the wide world's meat,
and the food that is given with right good-will
is the sweetest food to eat.

But the night draws on to the Christmas Day
and I must rise and go,
for I have a mighty way to ride
to the land of the Esquimaux.

And it's there I must load my sledges up,
with the reindeers four-in-hand,
that go to the North, South, East, and West,
to every Christian land."

"Tae the Esquimaux," said the dour guidwife,
"Ye suit my husband well!
For when he gets up on his journey horse,
He's a bit of a liar himsel'."

Then out with a laugh went the bonny wee man
to his old horse grazing night,
and away like a meteor flash they went
far off to the northern sky.

.....

When the children woke on the Christmas morn
they chattered with might and main –
for a sword and gun had little son Jack,
and a braw new doll had Jane,
and a packet o' screws had the twa emus;
but the dour guidwife gat nane.

**Muster MCs and Classics Readers are al-
ways needed - See Terry Piggott or
Dave Smith
Contact details on last page.**

This poem is from Bob Magor's book - Snakes Alive. It was recited at the muster by Bill Gordon. Bob Magor is one of the feature poets at the Boyup Brook Country Music Festival in 2013.

SNAKES ALIVE

By Bob Magor

Now a brown snake's 'bout as deadly
As an Aussie snake can get,
And he'll chase you if it suits him,
So don't keep him as a pet.

And when summer makes him playful
Then he's best left well alone,
Which is easy if you've see him
And his presence there is known.

But while cruising on my Ag bike
In the fiery midday sun,
I was checking sheep and water
On my dried and southern run

When I slowed to cross a gully'
That turned out a big mistake,
For I crossed the favourite pathway
Of a seven-foot brown snake.

Well, I thought I heard a rustle
But saw him far too late,
And the snake passed through my back wheel
Like a poker through a grate.

With the wheel still slowly turning
He was picked up like a staff
Till he met up with the back forks
Which then folded him in half.

Now this bumpy revolution
Didn't do much good -
Through the spokes he saw my pants leg -
He would bite it if he could.

Through the wheel he did a U-turn
He would strike revenge and pain
But the forks loomed up to clout him
And he circled 'round again

Several times he passed back through the wheel
His body did disjoint
A patterned laced amongst the spokes
Like reptile needle point

The snake was now quite angry
As he bit around the seat
I was lucky that his snappy end
Had shortened by two feet

For each time he threaded through the wheel
His length contracted some;
By stroke of luck he couldn't reach
The outskirts of my bum!

The snake bit the seat and mudguard
And he bit the rim and tyre

My legs were on the handlebars:
I couldn't get them higher.

But the snake now had concussion
From each revolution's clout -
A sort of chiropractic nightmare
With his vertebrae all out.

Though just when I thought he'd mellowed
He came back to life again,
When his threshing tail twitched sideways
And caught up there in the chain.

Well that really make him savage
He'd a tear in his eye
As six inches of his rear end
On the sprocket passed him by.

The front wheel struck a pothole
From the bike I did propel
Which ejected me some distance
From this serpent ride from hell.

As I lay there shocked and bleeding
I reflected on the ride
Watched the back wheel bravely churning
As the bike lay on its side

And that snake was madly hissing
Still quite shirty from the fray,
Biting bits of bike at random -
It would need a tourniquet.

Till he bit the plastic fuel line
That protruded from the tank
And spilled out the liquid contents,
Smelling volatile and rank.

It all happened in and instant
With a spark, a blinding flash
And a cataclysmic fireball
Turned my paddock into ash.

Yes this Kawasaki cometh
rose volcanic fro the ground
With a half-cooked snake still biting
Every piece of bike he found

And the bushfire that resulted
Took us several days to quell
As it burnt out several neighbours
And a national park as well.

And police investigating
To the cause, they called me odd,
And dismissed my brown snake story
With their verdict - "Act of God"

Now I grin with some amusement
When a batch o greenies shine
That "all snakes should be protected
And to kill one is a crime."

It's quite obvious they're new chums -
Never been outside of town -
And they've never shared an Ag bike
With a very snaky brown.

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. Please ensure that you are aware of how much time you have to perform, and keep your poem and pre-ambles 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 people 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

THE PUB AT CRIPPLE CREEK – The last Shanty Inn Terry Piggott

It stands there still, what's left of it, amid the rubble stones and grit,
a last reminder of the past that soon will surely disappear.
And even at this distance now, I sense its ancient vibes somehow
and as I reach its sagging walls a presence seems to linger here.

There's eerie sound's of flapping tin and fleeting shadows lurk within
and seem to flit from room to room in what remains of this old pub.
The creaking sounds when stirred by breeze join with the sighs of windswept trees,
as though this place was filled with life; not overgrown with weeds and scrub.

And even though it's now a shell, this place must once have cast its spell
on weary men who'd toiled for months, for small returns on efforts made.
And if by chance they wandered in they'd find this place of booze and sin,
where potent homemade brews were sold and hard faced women plied their trade.

Here stories of the latest finds would raise men's hopes and inflame minds,
with whispers of large nuggets found by miners from a nearby show.
And hopes that had been all but dead would rise again as rumours spread,
convincing some who'd thought to leave, to stay and have another go.

But when at last the gold ran out the old inns future hung in doubt,

the fields were slowly dying now; the gold rush days were gone for good.
And soon the shops were closing down to leave behind a ghost like town,
this pub the only building left where once a dozen others stood.

When doors were closed that final day, they say folks came from miles away
to reminisce about the past and talk once more of fortunes found.
Excitement though had soon died down; the pub forgotten, like the town
and left abandoned from then on to slowly crumble to the ground.

Though ghosts of early mining men must surely pass by here again,
to catch up now with mates long gone and chat about the days of old.
When weary men had walked the track that led them past this old bush shack,
where cunning voices lured them in to fleece them of their hard won gold.

And as I bid farewell at last my thoughts are with the old pubs past,
imagining the noisy scenes of rowdy men and bull-ock teams.
The dusty tracks and heat and flies with sweating men and teamsters cries
and new arrivals full of hope, while others leave with shattered dreams.

This cavalcade from long before once drifted past the old pubs door,
but soon this window to the past will close for good and then be gone.
And all the secrets trapped within these sun baked bricks and rusting tin,
will sink into oblivion and lost forever, from then on.

100 Years from Gallipoli Poetry Project

For anyone interested in the ANZAC Day Centenary Poetry Project, please be aware that the project has had a name change. It is now called "100 years from Gallipoli" Poetry Project. The name change is to do with the protection of the 'ANZAC' name.
Full details and entry information are available from <http://www.ozzywriters.com/index.php/100-years-from-gallipoli> or by contacting the Co-ordinating Editor by phoning +61 (0)3 6362 4390, or emailing gallipoli-100@ozzywriters.com
Closing date is Remembrance Day, 11 November, 2013.

JUST A REMINDER TO ANYONE WILLING TO HAVE A GO AT BEING MC - PLEASE CONTACT DAVE SMITH OR TERRY PIGGOTT - Phone numbers are on back page of BullyTin

MUSTER WRITE UP - NOVEMBER

I was not able to attend the November muster, and unfortunately, I have not been able to obtain a full write up of the poems performed, so please excuse the lack of information in this month's write up. It is difficult to write about an event I didn't attend!!

It is also difficult on the night to get the gist of everything down on paper, and still enjoy the reciting - so thank you Heather for what you were able to get.

We do desperately need someone who is willing to do the write up each month - if there is anyone out there willing to do so, please contact a committee person. You just need to record the poems/poets, along with a short synopsis of each poem. Poets are requested to bring along either the poem or a synopsis of it to give to you for the write up.

The poets who performed were Dave Smith, Terry Piggott, Bill Gordon, Heather Denholm, Robert Gunn, Colleen O'Grady and Alan Aitken, but I am not sure I have all the correct details of who recited what!!

Bill Gordon did two Bob Magor poems - 'Who'll give the Bridge Away' - when asked by the preacher 'who'll give the bridge away?' the father, a mallee farmer, goes into lengthy description of all the costs associated with the wedding!! - and Snakes Alive, which tells the story of a 7ft brown snake that got caught in the spokes of an agricultural bike.

Towards the end of the first half, Dave Smith entertained the crowd with a short poem by Zondrae King "A One Night Stand" showing the different and humorous ways to use the line 'A one night stand'. He also did his interpretation of "Tumba Bloody Rumba".

Dave was first up again after supper with "The Diggers Daughter" by Louisa Lawson's - a quite tender love poem about Lil, the diggers daughter.

As it was near remembrance day, he also did his own Anzac Poem "My Dearest Bess - a poem about a soldier and his wife Bess - a soldier who didn't make it home from battle.

Heather Denholm then did a poem about the misleading language you discover when house hunting, followed by Robert Gunn doing a poem about The Fencers Yarn - a story of a boundary fencer from the outback that broke up a Fencing competition thinking the 2 men with swords were fighting.

Terry Piggott did two of his poems - The Pub at Cripple Creek - the poem that recently won the Open Written competition at Cervantes Arts Festival - and which reflects on an old derelict pub out on the goldfields, and the men who frequented it, and 'When you and I were Boys, Old Friend' - reflecting back on a special friendship.

Bill Gordon got up again to do his poem "The Super Stirrer" - the story of an errant boat that nearly demolished a town. He was celebrating the birth of his 6th granddaughter, so he also did the classic 'The Bush Christening.' Robert Gunn (?) recited the hilariously funny "Mr Whippy" by Marco Gliori - about a disturbing incident experienced by him at the hands of a disgruntled father!!

I have some information about the Ghost town of Big Bell, Modern Day Big Bell, Bishop Witt, and the picnic races - which (I am sure) were presented by Colleen O'Grady. Colleen uses her extensive childhood memories to write her very informative poems.

Nancy of the Overtime was recited by Alan Aitken (forgive me if I have this wrong!!)

I apologize if I have left anyone or any poems out - please feel free to contact me to add further details of your poem next month if you feel you would like more information given.

BREAKING NEWS!!!!

Those of you on the bullytin email list would have received a copy of a late email sent to Bill Gordon regarding a show Terry Bennett was promoting at Pacey's in Forrestdale as a fundraiser for the Salvation Army.

Maxine Richter went along with two friends from the village, and today reported what a success it was - a session of music, and poetry, and great company!! Keith Lethbridge very capably represented bush poetry in WA with some wonderful performances, and Brian Langley, although not physically at the event, was represented by his poem "Are you Catching any Mate?" which Terry Bennett has put to verse.

All in all - a wonderful time was had by all. Hopefully it will be repeated again next year, and we will be able to get the information to you all in time for more of us to attend.

CERVANTES ART FESTIVAL - Written Competition

A huge 'Thank you' to Cobber for stepping in at the last moment to judge this competition for me - a 'moment (or many!!) of disorganisation' left me in the position of suddenly realising I had no judge!! Despite a big workload, Keith took up the challenge, even after we found we had nearly twice as many entries as usual!! You did a wonderful job Keith, and it is very much appreciated!!

All poems were sent with no identifying details on them.

The results were as follows:

Junior Competition

Winner: A Miscellany of Blue – Hannah Nugent – Toowoomba. QLD

2nd Place – Camping – Elizabeth Lotfall, Tiwi. NT

3rd Place – My Country – William Matheson. Humula NSW

OPEN COMPETITION

1st Place – The Pub At Cripple Creek – Terry Piggott, Canning Vale. WA

2nd Place – A Bloke Called Basil – Terry Piggott, Canning Vale WA

3rd Place – When You and I Were Boys, Old Friend – Terry Piggott, Canning Vale WA

4th Place – The Wanderer – Terry Piggott, Canning Vale WA

Congratulations to all placegetters - especially Terry Piggott, who now has a new phrase named after him on the ABPA site - "doing a Terry!"

A big thank you to all who entered the competition - without you, we would not have a comp. We have entries from all over Australia, including some very well known poets, which sometimes can make it difficult for those starting out in entering competitions, but I would encourage everyone to keep entering. In the future, I would like to see a 'novice' section, as there is in Boyup Brook - for those who have not won a competition before - I am working on it!!

As you can see by the judges comments, there were some excellent poems amongst the entries, and any number that could win in another competition. From my own experience of looking through the poems, I know just how difficult it is to separate the poems - sometimes you have to nit pick to reach a decision.

JUDGES COMMENTS:

In the Adult section, obviously there are some gifted writers amongst the entrants. I feel inadequate to separate them, & sure that others would choose differently, but that's the nature of any type of art.

I took into consideration that the competition rules had set a limit of 40 lines, so those that went over were marked down a bit, even though they might have been otherwise very good.

I'd encourage writers to try various rhyming patterns (see "The Pub At Cripple Creek") because this can add interest and a good flow to the verse.

In general, I thought the standard was very high. There are obviously plenty of thoughtful and capable bush poets out there, which is great to realise. It was a real pleasure to read every entry. (Or maybe it was the bottle of wine I sipped from during the late night reading.) No, in the cold light of day, they still looked good, so congratulations to all those writers who took the trouble to enter the competition. You're all worth your weight in bungarra dags! (As they say.)

As you know, the main things I was looking for were good rhyme, consistent rhythm & an Australian theme.

When putting together the poem, it's not a bad idea for writers to think about the theme. What is the poem about? What story are they telling or what picture do they wish to paint? This can be emphasised through the poem & especially at the end. So the reader doesn't lose track of what the writer is talking about, or describing. Some of the poems tended to drift along from one subject to another. That might work, but often it's more enjoyable for the reader if the theme is very clear, or "punchy". In my opinion, many of the poems would benefit by being shorter but more focussed.

In the same way, I prefer to see the rhythm very consistent, like a dance. But not everyone agrees with this.

There are so many options in the construction, or rhythm of a poem, but most entries were "stock standard" AABB. As a tip for writers who like to enter competitions, if this is the case, a different rhyming pattern will obviously attract the judge's attention & give him or her the pleasure of variety. For example, why not use AABccB? The poem I chose as "first" had a good, not common, but consistent structure. As such, it immediately drew my attention & held my interest. Other poems might have been equally good in every other aspect, but the variety drew me to enjoy this poem.

I wasn't attracted to poems that were critical of alleged historical injustices, because in every case, they didn't allow any other possible side to the story. In my opinion, there are 6 sides to every story.

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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
Rhonda	Supper	0417099676	

Upcoming Events

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

- ◆ Friday 7th December 7pm - Christmas Muster. RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley. Bring a gift.
- ◆
- ◆ Friday 4th January 2013 7pm - January Muster. RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley.

Regular events

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
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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.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
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