

Next Muster Friday 8th January 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park

MC - Anne Hayes 93771238



HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR MEMBERS

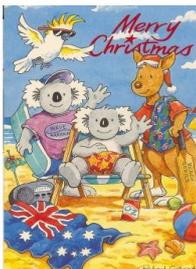
MY CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU

I would give you a Holden for Christmas
 But really you'd have to agree
 You are such an impossible driver
 You'd likely run into a tree.
 And to burden my conscience thus so
 Would be more than a little funny
 So instead of a Holden for Christmas
 Perhaps I will give you some money.

But money's so cold and impersonal
 Hardly a gift from the heart
 Whereas choosing a suitable present
 Is surely a masterly art.
 Not knowing your literary preference
 Quite rules out buying a book
 And if I would buy you a fruit cake
 You'd think I believe you can't cook.

With a gift of some modern cosmetics
 Your beauty is thrown into question
 And I'd be the last person on earth
 To be hinting at such a suggestion.
 If I gave you a bottle of whiskey
 You'd get drunk and charged with assault
 Then confuse some poor magistrate
 Insisting it's all my fault.

If I gave you an exercise bike
 That might just simply imply you are fat-
 So I'll write you a poem for Christmas
 I'll bet no one else thought of that.



From a collection of
 works by the Bush Poets
 of Albany

WHAT I'D LIKE FOR CHRISTMAS

I'd like some new dentures for Christmas
 That don't rattle round when I talk
 And something to stop me from shaking
 So spaghetti don't fall off my fork.

I'd like some new glasses for Christmas
 They tell me I'm legally blind
 And a voucher to visit the doctor
 To be getting my hips re-aligned.

My hearing aid needs a new battery,
 My pacemaker needs one as well
 While my nose needs a small operation
 It doesn't seem able to smell.

And my memory needs to be treated
 So I must have a tablet for that,
 The last ones I got from the doctor
 Somehow got fed to the cat.

When I dress myself in the morning
 I don't know how much of me's showing
 My legs have developed a wobble -
 I'm never sure where they are going.

My insides have lost their incentive
 To be doing the things that they ought
 The last time I went to a party
 I somehow got taken to court.

But I generally feel quite
 youthful
 And happy that I can survive-
 And I've still got my own
 driver's licence
 Which means I'm still able
 to drive.

Peg Vickers



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**This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of
 KATE DOUST MLC
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President's Preamble



Congratulations and Best Wishes to Terry Bennetts and Virginia Hansen on their recent marriage. Terry is a talented musician who has had a long association with WA Bush Poets. Brian and Cobber have written songs with him, and several of our poets have had the pleasure of reciting at his shows. Meg and I are looking forward to catching up with them in Tamworth. Australia Day sees Bush Poetry make a welcome reappearance after the holiday season. We have our Showcase Event at Wireless Hill. Poets are in high demand at other Australia Day events across the land as we evoke national pride in what Australia has grown to after such humble beginnings.

Not long then until Boyup Brook Country Music Festival. Bush Poetry is a major component of the program and always attracts the biggest audience for a poetry event anywhere. Well known poets Jack Drake and Bill Kearns will head up a great line-up of poets. Full details will be in the next Bullytin.

Meg and I wish you all the best for a safe and happy Christmas and New Year.

Bill Gordon—President

THE LAST FRONTIER

I camp beside a shady tree, the billy on, a mug of tea
And look around here thinking just how lucky I must be.
To live out in this wilderness and know what freedom
means,
Far from the noisy city and the chatter of machines.

Yet most prefer the urban life, a steady job — a home —
a wife;
While my heart lies out here, away from towns, their
noise and strife.
I love the arid inland with its hint of mystery,
an ancient land as old as time and steeped in history.

The first Australians breathed this air; a sacred place
they trod with care,
Their footprints maybe now long gone, but other signs
are there.
Their Gnamma Holes are still here now to catch the rain
once more
and tribal art adorning caves, tell of their life before.

Those people had known freedom too, throughout this
land that they once knew,
until their lifestyle was destroyed, as winds of change
swept through.
Yet as the light is fading and I gaze out from this hill,
I sense their spirits still dwell here; I guess they always
will.

I think then of the pioneer, a hardy bloke who knew no
fear
and roamed into this then unknown, with just a star to
steer.
But there's a tinge of sadness knowing now what hap-
pened here;
the coming of the white man saw a culture disappear.

These days it's nomads just like me who wander here far
from the sea
and though it's harsh and rugged, it's a special place to
be.
I look out from my vantage point across the quartz strewn
ground
and I can see such beauty as I slowly look around.

Nearby are hills then distant peaks with ghostly gums
and bone dry creeks;
out here you'll find the solitude, the bushman always
seeks.
And there's a hint of timelessness that seems to touch
this place,
where years of tribal history have barely left a trace.

For years I've camped beneath the stars, away from
towns and crowded bars,
Escaping from that madness and the endless noise of
cars.
Yet still I keep on moving out to try and stay ahead,
of miners and the drillers as their new endeavours
spread.

I know progress is here to stay and nothing can stand in
its way;
the dollar has the loudest voice, no matter what they say.
I sense these days I'm seeing here Australia's last fron-
tier
and wonder if in time to come, will this all disappear.

I look around this magic land of spinifex and deep red
sand,
with weathered hills surrounding me wherever I may
stand.
And if by chance you venture here, this place is sure to
please;
A harsh yet fragile land, of ghostly gums and mulga
trees.

Terry Piggott

SANTA'S HARLEY

Old Santa had a problem,
He couldn't move his sleigh,
His reindeer were on strike mate,
Demanding extra pay.
He went and hired a Harley,
An ancient looking wreck,
He said "Perhaps I'll buy it.
If I don't break my neck".

He loaded up with presents
And took off down the track
'HELL'S ANGELS' on his jacket
And 'GOD SQUAD' on his sack.
The kids thought it was magic;
He reckoned it was great,
Until he chucked a wheelie
And landed on his ...date.

A paramedic checked him
And reckoned he was fine,
The cops came in a booze bus
And he blew point O-nine.
The cop said "Is this your bike?"
And Santa said, "It's not."
The copper said, "I thought so,
This bloody bike is hot."

"It's got no registration
The back tyre's got no tread
Next time you ride a Harley
Just use your bloody head,
You haven't got a licence,
You silly looking man,
I don't have any option
You're heading for the can."

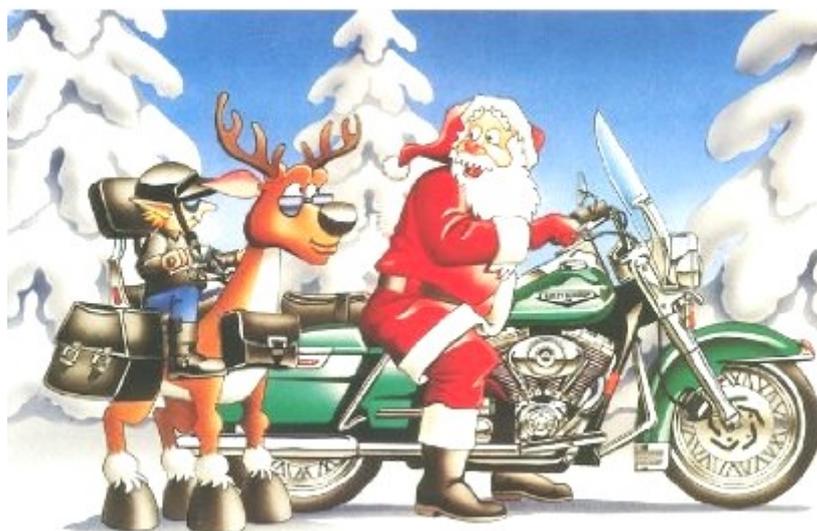
They handcuffed poor old Santa
And tossed him in the jail,
His lawyer sent for Rodolph
To organise his bail.
But when old Rudolph got there,
He said "No bloody way;
Unless we get our pay rise,
Then this is where you'll stay."

"The cost of hay's gone haywire;
They've upped the bloody rent,
Our claim's just gone from fifteen
To twenty five per cent."
Old Santa weighed his options
And then he gave a curse,
They'd hit him where it hurt most
Right in the bloody purse.

He knew they had him bugged;
Their tactics couldn't fail,
The kids would get no presents
While he was locked in jail.
So though old Santa grumbled
And made a lot of noise,
The reindeer got their pay rise
The kids got all their toys.

Now Santa's fairly cash strapped,
Since wages took a hike
So don't be disappointed
If you don't get your bike.
But if you'd like a Harley
Be good and go to sleep,
There's one behind the cop shop
That's going very cheap.

Peter Blyth



CHRISTMAS CARDS

I have a list of folk I know, all written in a book,
And every year at Christmas time I open it and look.
For each name stands for someone whose path
touched mine and then,
Left such a sense of friendship that I want that touch
again.

And though it may seem trite of me to make this sol-
emn claim,
I really feel there's part of me in each remembered
name.
So never think my Christmas cards are just a mere
routine,
With names upon a little list, forgotten in between.

See, when I send a Christmas card, and it's ad-
dressed to you,
It's because you're on a list of folk that I'm indebted to,
For every year, when Christmas comes, I realize
anew,
The biggest gift that life can give....is knowing folk like
you.

Anon

Christmas Eve in The Farmhouse

Oh, it's Christmas Eve in the farmhouse,
The husband's still out on the land.
The creator of "Harvest with Christmas"
Needs a clip with the back of my hand.

I've got presents and food to the eyeballs,
And nothing is wrapped or prepared.
I think I'll end up in a nuthouse,
For this Christmas is driving me mad.

I've no help from my husband, the farmer,
As to what to give Ethel or Jim,
He's so bloody busy with harvest
It could be Boxing Bank Friday to him!

So I've sent cards to his friends and relations,
Including Aunt Dolly who died.....
Well I didn't know she had not long to go,
What a faux pas to make at Yuletide!

The two-way incessantly calls me
From preparing and stuffing the bird,
I must ring for a truck, then take lunch out,
Christmas peace on the farm?- How absurd!

The husband's possessed with a demon,
And there's just forty hectares to go,
For we've GOT to be finished by Christmas,
He can't wait for that very last blow.

Now the bushfire set's feeling lonely!
For it's just crackled loudly to life,
So I'm relaying messages wildly,
Oh, the joys of a harvesting wife!

By now the phone's covered with flour,
The two-way has stuck to my palm,
The mince pies have burnt in the oven,
And set off the damn smoke alarm!

I've been out and chopped wood for the aga,
And removed the pet roo's pooh and grot,
I could do with a helper from Santa
For I've strained every muscle I've got!

No Christmas good will for the meat ants,
Whose nests I have poisoned I fear,
The horrible blighters are terrible biters
With a penchant for turkey and beer.

Yet inspite of the stress and the frenzy,
I've almost got everything done,
The lawn's mown and the garden's been
watered,
Chooks fed, and the dogs have been run.

The stockings are hung by the chimney
And the children gaze up at the tree,
Then Dad arrives in from the paddock,
Harvest's over! We're shouting with glee!

So we sit and relax on the verandah
With a mince pie and icy cold beer,
Yes, it's Christmas Eve in the farmhouse,
A wonderful time of the year!

© Victoria Brown



Christmas Day

When times are dead and days are done
and dead dull years are passing fast,
Oh! I am not the only one
who's glad when Christmas day is past.
All hopelessly the people strive
to imitate the old time cheer
of cooler climes and warmer lives
and richer views than we have here.

The women rise at six o'clock
to cook a dinner, weird and strange
you hear them at the chopping block
you hear them at the kitchen range.
And all is rattle, clatter, bang!
and all is sweat and heat and steam
but why pursue the festive theme?

The dinner's past (it was a dream)
and dad brings forth the Bottled Ale.

Henry Lawson

TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, Sewing Style.

Twas the night before Christmas, and all through
the house
My children were sleeping, and so was my spouse.
The handmade stockings were hung by the
chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

But I was not all snug in my bed
I had visions of just a few more sewn gifts in my
head.
A purse for my neighbour, a skirt for my sister
A headband for my niece and a shirt for my mister.

I sat in the dark stitching merrily along,
Sipping some gin er.. and humming a Christmas
song.
When out of my machine arose such a clatter
I took my foot off the pedal to see what was the
matter.

The bobbin was wound with no threads astray
The needle was new, the tension okay.
There was not a stray pin to be found
But still the machine was making a sound.

“Oh dear,” I thought as I searched desperately,
“I must find the problem to get these gifts under the
tree!”
I searched and searched, finding nothing amiss
About to cry, I heard a soft, “Tsk, tsk”.

And what to my wondering eyes did appear?
But Santa himself and on the lawn eight reindeer.
He had a knowing twinkle in his eye,
“There, there,” he said, “There’s no need to cry.”
“My dear,” he said, “Whatever’s the matter?”
“Oh Santa,” I said, “I can’t find the source of this
clatter!”
“The presents won’t be finished—you’re already
here!
I really need to start sooner next year!”

And the wise old elf patted my arm
Saying, “There’s no need for alarm.
This would have happened no matter when you
started
It’s the result of being very big hearted.
“The gifts you handmake are not just for December,
You share your crafts all year, remember?
Your loved ones know they are loved a heap
Now please call it good enough and go to sleep.”

I nodded at Santa and the wisdom he said
Turned off the machine and headed for
bed.

But when I awoke in the morning, what did
I see?

All the unfinished gifts had appeared
under the tree.

And in a box addressed to me,
Inside this note did I see.
“My elves, your projects they have
completed
For they did not want you to feel defeated.

But I hope you recall and I hope you know
That all year every stitch that you sew
Clothes and comforts for your family and
friends
With the labour of love that it sends.

Sewing is not just for Christmas, as well
you know
Sharing your talents is what makes love
grow.
So Merry Christmas to all, and a happy
new year
Of sewing and crafting and spreading
good cheer.”
Love Santa.

Anon



Christmas Muster 4th December 2015 – Meg Gordon

MC for the evening was Alan Aitken. He presented “Tumbabloodyrumba” (John O’Grady). The favourite Aussie adjective.

Caroline Sambridge with a story about Christmas – a kiss under the misletoe.

John Hayes - “Cracking Hardy”. When times are hard it pays to be innovative and cutting fence posts is a way to pay the bills.

Terry Piggott - “The Ugly City Street”. One punch killers, drug barons, brawling drunks, hospitals becoming battle zones, policemen bringing bad news; they all turn a quiet daytime street into an ugly night time death trap.

“Cobber” Lethbridge – A musical moment opened his segment (A Walk in the Black Forrest on the mouth organ) and then “Promoted to Glory”. Old 'Gunner' fossicked for gold throughout the Murchison. He held some weird philosophies and preferred drinking to working. Fortunately, he couldn't afford to drink as much as he would have liked.

Dave Smith – An unusual Christmas recipe! The main ingredient being a bottle of brandy.

Grace Williamson - “Oh! It's Christmas Eve in the Farmhouse” (Victoria Brown). In this poem the author tells how busy she is with all the chores to be done with Christmas looming and her husband so busy getting the harvest finished in time for Christmas Day.

Brian Langley - “Queensland”. Brian describes how he had seen the adverts saying “one day, Queensland's beautiful and perfect the next” and he decided that this was the place to visit. All was not perfect however, he couldn't swim in the ocean due to box jellyfish, fishing was plagued by crocodiles and the forest was full of mozzies and flying foxes that pooped on him. Everywhere he went there were signs telling him what he could and couldn't do. Having had his holiday, he's now back at home, glad he went, but disappointed for he had missed the beautiful day as well as the perfect one that followed.

Bill Gordon – Reported that Christine Boulton is still enjoying travelling and sent Christmas wishes from Nariel NSW. Also that Terry Bennetts and Virginia Hansen are to be married on 12th December. He then presented “Tangmalangmaloo” (John O’Grady). Christmas Day is important because it is the day before the races at Tamgmalangmaloo.

After supper of Port and Pies gifts were selected from the Christmas Box. President Bill also presented State Championships cheques to winners.

Rusty Christensen - “The Man from Snowy River” (Banjo Patterson). Rusty still doing it well.

“Cobber” (playing the spoons) joined **Rusty** to sing 'Chatanooga Shoe Shine Boy'.

Lorraine Broun - “The Irish Beauty” (about an accident while feeding horses). “The Dream” (about show ponies). “Brrrm, Brrrm” (about learning to drive fast).

Anne Hayes - “Services Rendered” (Peter Blyth)

Dot Langley - “Twas The Night Before Christmas, sewing style”. (Anon) Dot put her own stamp on this one.

Lyn Marciano—"Christmas Cards" (Anon). There is a good reason why we go through this ritual every year.

John Hayes—"Corkscrew Jack" (Jack McCarthy). Jack was a clever and canny water diviner.

Brian Langley—"The Tale of Arthur's Ute". A story of "comeuppance". The Tale of a young hoon, Arthur Carpenter, who having lost his driver's licence for hooning, decides to drive on the beach. Unfortunately for him, he gets his ute so bogged he needs a tractor to pull it out. The tractor being more than equal to the task, pulls his ute in two. Now Arthur can only get about hitchhiking. While he won't talk about his ute, he tells you that he's now known as "Arfa Car".

"Cobber" Lethbridge—"Show Day". It's a fact that Mother McQ is no oil painting, but she enters the beauty contest at the show. She reckons the money would come in handy. One of the other contestants thinks it's a joke, but Mother McQ is deadly serious. A fight breaks out and the winner is....Mother McQ.

Terry Piggott—"The Last Frontier". This was Terry's winning poem in the WA State Championships Written Competition.

Bill Gordon— After wishing everyone a Happy Christmas he presented his poem—"The French Driving Lesson". The stresses of driving on the right hand side of the road.

Well done **Alan Aitken** as MC this evening.

Anne Hayes will MC January Muster.

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



Details for membership renewals and new members:

Direct transfer to NAB
bsb 086455 a/c 824284595—WA Bush Poets

If paying by direct transfer please notify treasurer by phone or email:

Alan Aitken 0400249243 or aaitken@live.com.au

**Fees—Single \$15
Family \$20**
Please add \$3 for posting of 'Bully Tin' if not on emailing list.

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Nancy Coe	Muster Meet/greet	94725303		

Upcoming Events

Please let the editor know if you are aware of any event which might be of interest to the general membership
 Monday 11th January 7pm—Rose Hotel Cnr Wellington & Victoria Sts, Bunbury
 Friday 8th January Muster 7pm—Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley

Regular events

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

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

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

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.asn.au or www.wabushpoets.com
 Please contact the Webmaster, Brian Langley on 93613770 if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.

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

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

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