



Next Muster 5th April 7pm RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley
MC Terry Piggott 94588887

THIS DAY IN HISTORY
Wednesday April 3rd

Born on this day Born on this day

1924 - American singer and actress Doris Day is born.

Australian History Australian History

1961 - Leadbeater's Possum is rediscovered after it was believed to have become extinct.

World History World History

1860 - The first successful Pony Express runs.

1974 - The largest tornado outbreak on record, known as the Super Outbreak, occurs in North America.

2004 - Islamic terrorists believed to be responsible for the Madrid explosions a month earlier commit suicide before they can be arrested.

Coo-ee

©AndrewHull, 2007

I can hear the distant bugle and the drummers steady beat
As it echo's through the valley to the sound of marching feet
So its one more kiss for Mary and the son I'll never see
For the foreign fields are calling me, Coo-ee

They were twenty six who set out and they called them
'Hitchens Own'
And for every mile they've walked, one in number they have grown
And they seem so damn determined as they gather every-day
For they've heard about the slaughter on the beach at Suvla Bay

They are marching from Gilgandra to the Quay at Sydney-side
They are marching for the Hundreds at Gallipoli who died
They are marching with the faith of what this land will one day be
And their marching feet are calling me, Coo-ee

They have gathered in the streets to watch the volunteers file through
And the men have said their farewells and have joined up with the crew
As they set their mind to walking the three hundred mile track
Each and every one expecting that they won't be coming back

So its goodbye to the little block I broke my back to clear
The first fruit of the orchard will be hanging there next year

It's the promise of that future that I go to guarantee
For my countrymen are calling me, Coo-ee

I can hear a distant echo through the roar of falling shell

It is calling me to rise up from the crater where I fell

I can see the face of Mary, I can smell an apple tree

As my country calls me home again, Coo-ee

The Final March

© Heather Knight

Mackenzie knew the dangers of the march that went to war,
he joined his mates in Oruzgan, a tour he'd done before.
Mackenzie's going home now and his mates salute farewell,
he's going home to Susie and his darling Christabel.

Mackenzie has come home now, carried shoulder high by mates,
who march with thoughtful steps, towards the sorrow that awaits.
They proudly stand beside him, never leaving him alone,
their arms reversed, their heads are bowed and faces set in stone.

Mackenzie's on his final march, the bagpipes wailing loud,
his casket draped with slouch hat and the flag that he did proud;
and as the bugle sounds, Mackenzie marches into lore
while on this day a nation mourns and counts the cost of war.

Lest We Forget

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.

SPIRIT OF AUSTRALIA

Corin Linch

It went droving with Clancy out there on the Overflow.
Out in the desert with Lasseter where white men seldom go.
It opened up the Kimberley with Quilty, Durack and the rest
The Spirit belonged to all and shone through with the best.
It's carried its swag in Queensland, its waltzed Matilda all over
It's been a fencer and a shearer; he's also been a drover.
It was there with Paddy Hannon when he discovered gold.
It was born 200 years ago, but isn't very old.
It's the Spirit of Australia what makes this country great.
It's in every town and city, in every Territory and State.

On the 25th of April they march on Anzac Day.
Remembering their comrades that fell along the way.
The Spirit stormed Gallipoli as Anzac's faced the Turk,
Many died, but the Spirit lives and grows from Albany to Burke.
On the fields of Flanders out in the dead man zone,
The Spirit did shine through even when it was alone.
Up there in New Guinea on the killer Kokoda Track
They fought the Japanese with some never coming back.
At Changi and on the Burma railway the Spirit withstood the test,
Suffering hardship and weakened it would not be laid to rest.

She was there as well, the back bone of this land
Facing drought and floods and fighting for her man.
Raising a family the hard way, no luxuries, no electric light.
Battling hard to make ends meet but never giving up the fight.
Together they can conquer anything standing side by side.
They represent this country chests puffed out with pride.
They've got the Spirit of Australia, what makes this country great,
You'll find it growing in every town and city, Territory and State
From the frozen Antarctic wasteland to the heat of Alice Springs,
The Spirit of Australia grows, and from the heart begins.
So come all young Australians don't let this Spirit die
Let's build the greatest country in the world, under a southern sky

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.

THEY WANT TO CHANGE OUR FLAG

Anonymous

They want to change our flag he said, with sad and misty eyes
the flag I fought so proudly for as I saw my coppers die
We bore that flag to battle as we marched to make a stand
to stem the tide of terror and keep freedom for our land.

Why would they want to change our flag of red and white and blue
a flag that means so many things to blokes like me and you?
It's part of our great heritage, a link with ages past
and I feel both proud and humble, as it flutters from the mast.

That flag was borne so proudly by the famous desert rats
it was with us in the jungle as we fought the stubborn Japs
It bears the blood of Anzacs, who all loved it to a man
and travelled to Korea and the hell of Vietnam.

"Who are these folk?" the old chap said, "Why aren't they satisfied?
Why don't they love the Aussie flag, why don't they feel some pride?
They cannot be Australian, they can't be Aussies sons
they must be folk from somewhere else, who speak in foreign tongues."

"Who won the war?" he softly said "Did our boys all die in vain?"
And he looked at me bewildered while his face was lined with pain.
Then I watched that frail old Digger as he shuffled on his way
and my voice filled with emotion as I bade to him "Good day".

So I loathe the knockers of our flag, their motives I despise.
Our present flag's the only one I'll ever recognise.

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-up rusty 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.

On 25th April, we celebrate ANZAC Day. ANZAC Day is more than a commemoration of the day ANZAC troops landed on the beach at Gallipoli in 1915, it is a day of remembrance for all Australians who served and died in all wars, conflicts and peacekeeping operations.

25th April is also 'Pay it Forward' day. Based on a concept from a Catherine Ryan Hyde novel, Pay It Forward Day urges people around the world to commit random acts of kindness. It is a day to do good deeds, and instruct the recipient of your good deed to 'pay it forward', and return the good deed to another person.

The fact that these two celebrations occur on the same day is, to me, very relevant. Those who served and died in our wars committed the highest act of kindness a human can do - they gave their lives for others. Now it is our turn to 'pay forward' what they did for us by looking to see where we can do a good deed for another person. It is great to see this 'craze' becoming such a big thing in our world today - there are a good number of sites/pages on the internet promoting the ethos of 'paying it forward!'

Perhaps some of you may like to let us know when you have had the opportunity to 'pay it forward' or been the recipient of a random act of kindness?

Well before I had heard of the concept, I was driving back to Jurien Bay late at night, and come across two young guys on the side of the road, who had run out of fuel about 15kms north of Cataby - in the biggest bomb of a car I have ever seen!! I offered to drive back and get them some fuel, and, while I was talking to one fellow, the other was rummaging around in his wallet and car. He came up to me with a handful (a very small handful!!) of small change, saying that was all they had until the next day when his money went in the bank. Simply, I went back, purchased a 10L jerry can and filled it with fuel, and returned to give it to them, telling them to return the favour to someone else next time they came across someone in need of help! I like to think that they did in fact do that, but who knows? I don't believe it really matters, because 'what goes around, comes around!' We can all do with a bit of kindness in our days!

From Beneath a Drooping Brim Janet Wells

The sun shines on a drooping brim
which casts its shade beneath,
upon the stockman's head within
and shadows of his grief.

Stained with dust and diesel oil,
all tattered, now, the crown
where salty tide-lines whitely soil
the hat he won't set down.

And when he speaks he tilts his head
to dodge the drooping brim,
this stockman who once ably led
the Meda cattle in.

Is it just me, or is everyone else tired of hearing about the political goings on lately???

Who Am I? Keith Lethbridge

Those politicians from the East
campaign throughout the land.
They thrive on kissing babies' heads,
and shaking people's hand.
One such illustrious gentleman,
whose name I shall not quote,
in penguin suit and mobile 'phone
bestrode the local nursing home
to cadge an extra vote.

Old Grandpa looked him up and down,
and twigged that he was new,
but why this bloke was hanging round,
he didn't have a clue.
"You're running late," old Grandpa said,
"We've missed the dinner call.
You've got no time to stand and star,
just follow me, I'll get you there,
It's only down the hall."

"They tell you off for being late,
but I don't give a damn!"
The politician stood his ground:
"Do you know who I am?"
"Don't worry son," old Grandpa said,
"There's always someone worse,
but if you don't know who you are,
perhaps before you stray too far,
You'd better ask the nurse!"

Twilight Louisa Lawson

Though labour may claim and cover
the best of our waking hours,
whatever we owe another
we feel that the dusk is ours.

'Tis then that the hard views taken
of things in the day-glare seen,
will soften, and tint, and waken,
and tone 'neath a twilight screen

While the night-bird softly tenders
sweet trebles in monotone,
and the king of day surrenders
to the queen of night his throne -

when the earth and the sky are lovers,
and present and past are wed,
and the satisfied soul discovers
how surely God hath led.

And then as the heart confesses
the sins of a seltish way,
the spirit of pardon blesses
and closes the gates of day.

A big congratulations to Nancy Coe, who wrote her first ever poem down at Boyup Brook - inspired by a great weekend of friendship and poetry!! We hope to see many more from her now that the 'ice has been broken!'

Nancy presented this poem at the March muster. It is wonderful to see new poets come along and have the confidence to present their work in front of the crowds. Well done Nancy! And to anyone who would like to give it a go, come along and try, with the confidence that your audience will appreciate all that you do!

The Boyup Brook Festival 2013

By Nancy Coe

At 3 A.M. I'm off my bed
to pack and stack and glean,
And pour myself into my
station wagon, new and clean.
To head off south to Boyup Brook,
to their weekend festival
Where all the Bush Poets congregate
to back up the music fill.

Took off down Albany Highway,
the freedom felt so great,
To be able to move in my own set of wheels
after three years of being prostrate.
The highway was quite busy till
we reached the Williams town
I stopped and had some tucker there,
then carried on further down.

At Arthur River, I digressed
to a quiet country road heading west,
The bends and twists were running free,
over the hills and ridges you see
'Twas like a boat upon a stream,
the lovely trees gave shade to me
I did enjoy this part of the drive,
It made me feel really alive.

At Harvey Dickson's I arrived to hear,
the last of the music loud and clear
And realise what a lovely morn
everyone else had had since dawn.
As all were leaving, I did my best
to follow through and finish my quest.
To Boyup Brook for lunch I'd be,
to find the Bush Poets Camp you see.

I passed around the skirts of town
and heard some music coming down
Then 5 K out of town I found
the Bush Poets lovely camping ground.
With showers and toilet, trees supplied,
(I really felt that I'd come alive)
And camping ground of grass, no hay;
it really was a lovely day.

After such an early start,
I really felt quite tired at heart
So there purloined the biggest tree and took
a rest before company.

Awoke to find they had all returned
so joined "Poets at Rest" at last, well earned
We had our own sing-along that night
under the stars so big and bright.

Up early the next morning went
the Poets on their breakfast bent
Not knowing the layout of the town,
I soon got lost so hung around
On the "Music Strip" to listen to
the Country and Western "how-de-do"
It was a rather grand affair,
with people here and people there.

With stalls and extras all around
that lovely little country town.
I did enjoy the morning fair,
though it was hot, 'twas lovely there.
With friends to see and people meet,
and things to do and go and eat
I stayed until I had to go
to the Bush Poets Meeting Oh!

It was a very successful day,
business flowed in a lovely way
What else could happen? With everyone
so happy with our lovely run.
We finished up and joined the patter
Of feet to town that night to scatter,
And sure enough, 'twas all enjoyed
"tea in town with the accolades."

And so the last day came around
Small rain overnight and a cloudy dawn
But up with the sun and away we go
To the Bush Poets Breakfast down below
And at last I myself have joined the queue
And am happy at last to be "One of the Crew"
Of the Bush Poets and their great weekend,
So sorry that it must come to an end.

Next day I leave with a good friend of mine
Travelling in tandem, taking our time.
To return to our homes in Bentley Park,
We really have been out on quite a lark.
Five hundred and seventy five kilometres I have been
I really feel happy in my freedom again.
To have proved I could do it is really great
Roll on Corrigin and open the gate.

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**

Red Dog

Bob Magor

The Pilbara land is a heat swept terrain
and it takes a stout heart to survive.
To carve out a niche in the heat fiend's domain,
where mantle "respect" must be earned to attain –
that not breeding nor wealth can contrive.

This landscape long melted by rocks mirrored blast
where Dame Nature tries hard to evince,
that man on his lonesome is deigned not to last –
there came one among them who thrived and surpassed –
namely Pilbara's own vagabond prince.

A kelpie by breed and just "Red Dog" by name,
nomad hobo of road and of street.
A free orphaned spirit adopted by fame,
with traits of a swagman in red canine frame –
he was human with two extra feet.

His range was the towns of the mighty iron ore
where he hitch-hiked, conveyed forth with pride.
Horizon long trains to where Tom Price pits roar,
on Hamersley buses 'round Dampier's shore
or in private cars hailed for a ride.

Adopted by all but with freedom endowed
lordly dined on the best kitchen fare.
He ruled his realm regally, brazen and proud,
in supermarkets' coolness where dogs weren't allowed
he found rest from the sun's midday glare.

He symbolised freedom from lifestyles long past
when material quest didn't clog.
Epitomised essence of pioneer caste
exploring far reaches of Pilbara vast –
the intrepid sundowner Red Dog.

But the Pilbara wanderer met his demise
by the hand of ill luck or design.
A bait left for others of similar guise
released him to wander the Pilbara skies
where his legend continues to shine.

If you notice red hues in the Pilbara sky
as its orb melts with sea to be one.
Don't be fooled, it's not dayglow traversing on high,
it's Red Dog's free spirit, still passing on by,
as it hitch-hikes a ride with the sun.

Pests

Philip Rush

I work in the garden preparing the soil,
it takes many hours of back-breaking toil.
I plant it all carefully, with row upon row;
the seedlings appear, and I watch them all grow.
I water the garden if we haven't had rain,
and savour the thought of fresh vegies again.
But then comes the grub, the slug, and the snail,
and ruin my vegies each time without fail!

Wise Woman of the Wongi

John Hayes

When the galaxy was born so too our night and
day
and the myriad of stars was called the Milky Way
Planets roamed the universe while orbiting the
sun
that shed light upon the earth as life on earth be-
gun
Moon would rule the seven seas and bid the tide
to flow
and Sun would be the light of life for all on Earth
below.

When Wollawa of Wongi was a child of bygone
years
She watched her mother closely and listened with
both ears
As the stories were unfolded, on the shore and
desert sand
How the ancient primates wandered through
Gondwanaland

It is Wollawa of Wongi who takes children by the
hand
And tells them of the Dreamtime since Gond-
wanaland
She says listen to the country, the laughing of the
streams
And hear the wind that's singing the song of de-
sert dreams.

It is etched on rocks of ages that people must
abide
By the basic rules of nature wherever they reside
Her law is universal to mankind of every creed
So nature may be bountiful for each one's daily
need

Wollawa of Wongi says that from the very start
You should sleep upon the good earth to feel its
beating heart
Breathe the air of mountains drink sweet morning
dew
and feel the oceans rhythm as it embraces you.

When flowers shed their petals and trees their
wilted leaves
When winter clouds are looming above the stormy
seas
All Earth will shed its sorrow and replenish life
again
as the heralding of thunder applauds the falling
rain.

Wise woman of the Wongi in the hours of twilight
time
Speak words of nature's wonders in rhythm with
the clime
And while the stars go wheeling through their eter-
nal day
May your spirit dwell in Dreamtime beyond the
Milky Way

Lights Along the Mile

Alfred T Chandler

The night descends in glory, and adown the purple west
the young moon, like a crescent skiff, upon some fairy quest,
has dropped below the opal lights that linger low and far
to havens that are beacons by the Pilot's evening star;
and slowly, softly from above the darkness is unfurled
a wondrous curtain loosened on the windows of the world.
Then suddenly, like magic, where smoke-stacks fumed the while,
ten thousand lights flash out aflame along the Golden Mile.

And thro' the dusky gauze that falls upon the looming mines
dim spires and spars of poppet-heads in faintly broken lines
grow clearer to the vision, till the shadow picture seems
the argosies from half the world i' the misty Port o' Dreams;
and lo! where golden Day had reigned in radiant robes of blue,
a god of joy and hope, who thrilled the sons of toil and rue,
now comes the Queen of Starland forth to scatter with a smile
her diamonds that flash and blaze along the Golden Mile.

And all the night a thousand stamps in ceaseless rhythmic roar
are beating out the tragic gold from endless streams of ore,
these harnessed giants of the will that so are trained and taught
to answer to the sentient touch and catch the thrill of thought,
from nerve to nerve that quivers thro' the animated steel,
and makes it live and makes it move and strength emotions feel,
till in their voices music comes insistent all the while
reverberating massive chants along the Golden Mile.

And down below, a thousand feet, a thousand miners tear
the golden ore, the glistening ore that holds such joy and care;
Ah! down below, another world, with hopes, desires, and dreams, -
such playthings as the tyrant Fate in fickle will be-seems.
Ah! down below, where panting drills are eating thro' the rock,
where life and death are lurking in the fire's convulsive shock,
where many a sturdy hero delves within the lode's

long aisle

to win him love, the gold of love, along the Golden Mile.

Now speeding westward flies the train into the wondrous night,
the engine pulsing as a man who strives with strenuous might;
it's great heart seems to throb and throb, its breath comes fierce and warm
to vitalize the force that sleeps along its sinuous form;
so dreaming back from Somerville, a sad thought fills the air,
and starts a poignant fancy o'er the wondrous city where
from Lamington to Ivanhoe there's many a tear and smile
beneath the myriad lights that gleam along the Golden Mile.

How bright they glitter down the street o'er camp, and mill, and mine,
the reflex of that mystic stream that flows from dark to shine -
the brother of that vital spark that wakes from mystery,
and grows to life and will and power and human entity;
the confluent currents of the mind that holds us all in fief,
and gives to some the thrill of joy, to some the pang of grief -
Ah! many noble deeds are done and many that are vile
where love is lost and love is won, along the Golden Mile.

So midnight chimes across the gloom, as we are speeding west;
and sirens screech the respite sweet that ends in sleep and rest;
the cool breeze meets the tired brow and whispers gentler tales
that seem to murmur with the metre sung by wheels and rails.
The night has grown in glory and from out the purple dome
ten thousand stars are gleaming to show the wanderer home;
while fainter fades the glimmer, like a city on an isle,
till swallowed in the darkness are the lights along the Mile.

Emus

Karen Emmott

Why do emus run so fast?
They speed by at such a rate!
Are they trying to be early,
or are they running late?

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.

Grandpa's Bath

Peg Vickers

In Grandpa's day when life was tough,
he never was a spender
and bathrooms in their modern form
were not on his agenda.
And when the need was manifest
to have a bath – or more
a tub was placed beside the stove
upon the kitchen floor.

Then like a cauldron on the stove,
a big pot boiled away
and water for the old tin tub
would heat without delay.
But at the time this tale unfolds
there'd been an awful drought,
when Grandpa checked the water tank
he said, "We're almost out."

That night he came into the house
in such an awful state,
he knew he'd have to take a bath
before it got too late.
He drained the water out the tank,
he used up every drop
then got the biggest saucepan out
and filled it to the top.

Tomorrow he would cart a tank
and fill it from the bore
but now he couldn't waste a drop –
there wasn't any more.
Now Grandma had to go off to
a meeting on her own
leaving Grandpa by himself
to manage all alone.

She'd made a pot of rabbit soup;
something for his tea
but Grandpa had his glasses off
so he could hardly see.
He got himself the soap and brush
to have a proper scrub,
then took the water off the stove
and poured it in the tub.

It didn't make it very full
as far as he could tell
so Grandpa took the pot of soup
and poured it in as well.
For Grandpa had his glasses off
so when he held the pot
he thought it was just water there
all boiling nice and hot.

Behold this naked gentleman
a picture to be seen –
with half a tub of soapy soup
trying to get clean.
Half a tub of soapy soup
all ruined in a minute
with chopped up carrots, swedes and peas
and bits of onion in it.

Some men has walked upon the moon
and some have looped the loop
but Grandpa is the only one
to bathe in rabbit soup.

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 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

GUIDELINES FOR MUSTERS

- ◆ Collect performance names / pre event notifications - 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 latecomers into second half.
- ◆ If there are any problems with program or latecomers confer with events coordinators.
- ◆ Arrange performance Schedule - allow 6 minutes per performance unless otherwise pre-arranged with poet.
- ◆ Try and give a range of performers - split traditional/ contemporary, men / women, new / experienced etc if you can.
- ◆ Do not announce the performers poem let them introduce it themselves.

Here's one for the kids!

The Land of Make Believe

Carmel Randle

I'm a knight upon his big white horse,
a spaceman in his ship,
a stockman chasing cattle, with
a flashing, cracking whip!

I'm out there fighting forest fires!
I fly like Superman!
if any other man can do it,
I am sure I can!

I can climb the highest mountain peak -
plans tumble round my head
when I'm in the Land of Make Believe
and tucked up safe in bed.

Ownerless

John Shaw Neilson

He comes when the gullies are wrapped in the gloaming
And limelights are trained on the tops of the gums,
To stand at the sliprails, awaiting the homing
Of one who marched off to the beat of the drums.

So handsome he looked in the putties and khaki,
Light-hearted he went like a youngster to play;
But why comes he never to speak to his Darkie,
Around at the rails at the close of the day?

And why have the neighbours foregathered so gently,
Their horses a-doze at the fence in a row?
And what are they talkin' of, softly, intently?
And why are the women-folk lingering so?

One hand, soft and small, that so often caressed him,
Was trembling just now as it fondled his head;
But what was that trickling warm drop that distressed him?
And what were those heart-broken words that she said?

Ne'er brighter the paddocks that bushmen remember
The green and the gold and the pink have displayed,
When Spring weaves a wreath for the brows of Septem-
ber,
Enrobed like a queen, and a-blush like a maid.

The gums are a-shoot and the wattles a-cluster,
The cattle are roaming the ranges astray;
But why are they late with the hunt and the muster?
And why is the black horse unsaddled to-day?

Hard by at the station the training commences,
In circles they're schooling the hacks for the shows;
The high-mettled hunters are sent at the fences,
And satins and dapples the brushes disclose.

Sound-winded and fit and quite ready is Darkie,
Impatient to strip for the sprint and the flight;
But what can he keeping the rider in khaki?
And why does the silence hang heavy to-night?

Ah, surely he'll come, when the waiting is ended,
To fly the stiff fences and take him in hand,
Blue-ribboned once more, and three-quarters extended,
Hard-held for the cheers from the fence and the stand.

Still there can the cross-beam the saddle hangs idle.
The cobweb around the loose stirrup is spun;
The rust's on the spurs, and the dust on the bridle,
And gathering mould on the badges he won.

We'll take the old horse to the paddocks tomorrow,
Where grasses are waving breast-high on the plain;
And there with the clean-skins we'll turn him in sorrow
And muster him never, ah, never, again.

The bush bird will sing when the shadows are creeping
A sweet plaintive note, soft and clear as a bell's -
Oh, would it might ring where the bush boy is sleeping,
And colour his dreams by the far Dardanelles.

Website and Library

Members are advised that the Library is now up and running, The Librarian, Trish Joyce (ph 9458 3056 0419 921 026) now has the books. She will be taking a selection along to musters for members to borrow. A full list of available titles is available from Trish, or by visiting our website. Should you require a particular book, please give Trish a ring so that she can have it available for you at the next muster. Books are lent for a period of 1 month (muster - muster)

There are still some books that have not been returned from considerable time ago - if you have any still sitting around home, can you please drop it to Trish at the next muster you attend.

Our website (either www.wabushpoets.asn.au or www.wabushpoets.com) has recently been updated with a complete list of all State Championship Award Winners dating all the way back to 1996 - Simply navigate to "Competitions", then to the Championship Results page.

ANZAC

Lex McLennan

Revere the dead! Forget them not, whose story
was writ in blood far o'er the western waves!
Who, in the highest hour of all their glory
won fame and found those far-off foreign graves.

Unbrokenly they sleep beneath the heather
dead are the hopes they dreamed of in their day!
But we will still remember them together,
who go no more along life's ordered way.

Memory's fire will be a glowing ember
as long as they will sleep beside the sea;
for though the years are long we will remember
the brave who fell on far Gallipoli!

The brave who fell before the world had wondered
or dreamed of heights to which their fame would rise;
who fought and fell while still the red guns thun-
dered,
while lights of Hell still spiralled to the skies.

In the long distant years brown cheeks will glisten
at the mere mention of the magic name;
and the children now unborn will sit and listen,
spellbound with wonder at their lustrous fame.

On steel-lined cliffs they met red death with laugh-
ter!
now looking backward through a mist of tears
we know that in the days that will come after
their storming charge will echo down the years.

It is unfortunate that from time to time, important information about members gets missed from being included in the Bully Tin. I refer specifically to deaths and major illnesses and hospitalisation. I would ask ALL members to please let the Editor know, should YOU be aware of any member who has either died or who is having a rough time health-wise. This not only keeps the membership informed about fellow members but may help to save the very upsetting situation when someone is asked, "How is?" when that person has passed away. And so it is that a year ago, a member passed away and it was not noted here. so we now include

In Memorium - Jenny Bennetts (1953 - 2012)

It is now a year (on April 8th) since member Jenny Bennetts passed away.

Jenny, who's death was the result of melanoma had been a member for several years. She and her husband Terry were far more well known as Australian Baladeers and Songwriters than as Bush poets, but as these two arts are closely related, the WA Bush Poets members could always relate to their music. Having won the Boyup brook songwriting awards for two years Terry and Jenny, first came into prominence as performers at the 2002 Boyup Brook festival, where they were an instant success. In the next few years they went on to become Golden Guitar finalists at Tamworth along with many other accolades. Jenny was not just an "accessory" to her husband but was, in her own right an award winning songwriter and singer and is remembered for her beautiful voice and for some wonderful song lyrics - She is sadly missed by all the Country Music and Bush poetry community but her memory remains with us in the songs that she and Terry recorded.

You can read all about Jenny's life by going to the Memorial webpage www.terryandjenny.com.au/bio/jenny-bennetts/

Alec's Gone with Samples

Andre Hayward

Our Alec's gone to work the strings
with Bull, the speculator;
our Alec's gone with mines and things
across the far Equator.

He's left his mates to stand at bay
with perils round them looming.
There's hell to pay in W.A.
since Alec went a-booming.

The blindly groping Forrest crowd
in sore dejection limps on,
(There's none to barrack for them loud
'gainst Illingworth and Simpson).

Oh, who will give cold shoulder now
to every civic snarler?
Perth tongues are growing bolder now
since Alec left his "parlour".

The country's in commotion now,
Gods tremble in their temples,
for far across the ocean now
our Alec's gone with samples.

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.

Montreal International Poetry Prize

Get your poems ready! The not-for-profit Montreal International Poetry Prize is offering \$20,000 for one original, unpublished poem of no longer than 40 lines written in any English dialect. Competition open from January 15 to May 15, 2013. Online entries only. Entry fees vary. Please see www.montrealprize.com for details.

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WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.

Bush Lantern Award 2013
Written Competition for Bush Verse

Entries close 31st May 2013.
For further information/conditions of entry and entry forms, contact:
Sandy Lees ~ (07) 4151 4631 : leesjdsl@yahoo.com.au
Edna Harvey ~ (07) 41597198 : edna_harvey@hotmail.com
Jayson Russell ~ (07) 41550778 : blanata@bigpond.net.au

March Muster Write up

What a disappointing roll up for the night's entertainment. Perhaps it was the hot weather but the numbers of our members who are not coming is a worry.

With this muster designated as a tribute to our West Australian Poets I was disappointed to not hear from our country poets sending me some of their poetry except for John Putland from Darkin who sent me four of his recent poems and it was with pleasure that I presented three of his on the night. He and Dawn would like to be more active in coming to our musters and going to Boyup Brook but as he says "they are getting ancient and decrepit".

I took with me our copies of poetry books from our own writers and some of their poetry was chosen on the night by people who I coerced into 'doing a spot of reading', my grateful thanks go to them.

With best wishes going out to Dave Smith and Lesley McAlpine who were on the sick list we all hope that they are feeling better and we look forward to seeing them at our next muster. Helen O'Grady tells me she was moving house (what better time to move than during that hot weather!!) and to any one else not feeling well and doing things a bit tough at this time we send our huggggs.

At about our fifth presenter I realised that there was no one doing the write up so I hastily scribbled out who did what and with the notes that some of the poets did for me I will try and do part of a write up but I won't be doing a full write up as time didn't allow me to do both jobs.

First up was **Jack Matthews** with one of Henry Lawsons' the Black Tracker. Hang on I hear you mutter he wasn't a West Aussie BUT he did visit our western shores twice and he did write about us in Albany when he first came and he had a number of poems published in the Albany Advertiser. His second visit was not at all successful as he was seeking material for his poems and stories from among those who had come to the West looking for gold.

Nancy Coe had borrowed some books from us and she choose to do one of John Budisalik's Shearing at Coburn showing in verse an illusion from the past – or perhaps the tale of an era that no longer exists.

Christine Boulton choose to present one of Terry Piggott's, I lost the title sorry but it is about the old sick miner and his daughter that a good friend visits and they reminisce about times past.

Trish Joyce had two of her poems involving her children or grandchildren who are always good for a story or two. The first Loving Daughter is about Kevin who is accident prone, and in the second, Don't be Stupid, as a little lad he was learning how to dress himself. Doing up his buttons and managing his buckles although laces were a problem. One day he had managed to do up his laces on his shoes by himself, but I asked him why are your shoes on the wrong feet? No they are not, they are the only feet I've got.

Robert Gunn with one of Mick Collis the Ultimate Test tells of a lad taken by his Dad to watch a game at the SCG who then wanted to play for Australia too. But fate took another turn and it is his hat that is made of metal and he is not wearing shorts and it is on another field but this field is marked out for war. And it is on his eve of his national debut that the waiting it about to cease as he faces the long uphill fight.

Terry Piggott presented one of his own Sorry but I thought that the title of the poem was The End of an Era... BUT when I look up my book I can't find it under that title

Brian Langley had a long one that because of its length and the saga of the story is one that he would never learn. As it was about our fishing trip that we went on mainly myself out doing the others. The men hadn't been all that keen to see a woman coming out deep sea fishing and when I caught the biggest and the most fish one of them couldn't keep his nasty comments to himself. So Brian turned it into a saga of how I went about catching and landing all these fish as a way of showing that the ladies can also go fishing and keep up or even outdo the men. Anyway I had a great day and Brian was very proud of me as of course he had taught me all he knew about fishing!!!

Rob Asplin picked up one of Peg Vickers books and presented The Price of Fame which is about wanting to be famous but what could she do? Then she had this inspiration that she would get all the quotations that were written on 'T' shirts. So she followed people around writing down their words that were printed on their T shirts until one bloke went past too fast for her to read what it was on his shirt. She followed him until he went into the loo and she waited for him to come out. But she was arrested and charged with stalking and having the evidence of her appalling written words. She will be famous as the headlines in tomorrow's Daily News

Dot Langley presented one of John Putlands When you are Getting on a bit which tells of the problems when you go to do anything that needs you to be fit and you realise that now that you are getting on a bit it is going to be difficult. Or when you need a vacation that you would rather stay home and the worst thing is that people need a lot of matches to light the candles on your cake!!

Keith Lethbridge 'Cobber' has a problem and its to do with his daughters boyfriends and in The Wombat he tell us that his daughters are a great delight, but when they reach a certain age, a father has to pay close attention to the calibre of boy friends that hang around. This particular bloke is known as the 'The Wombat' because he eats roots and leaves (or something) Cobber's got the shot gun ready and old Fido's off the chain!

We had a lovely "longish" supper, provided by Rhonda, as people seemed to be socializing more than usual. This was good as I didn't have enough presenters to really fill up the list for the night's entertainment.

After supper it was **Jack Matthews** who started us off with another one of Henry Lawsons, The Ballad of the Drover. The drover is heading for home and he is keen to get there as there is someone his thoughts turn to.

The storm clouds gather and the thunder peels and the thirsty pasture soaks up the splashing rain. The creeks

and gullies flood as the river runs a banker but the drover pushes on through the swollen river but as the lightning lights up the sky it is to see only the pack horse and dog safely back on the bank. The dog goes back into the water to try and save his master but the dog fights with failing strength until he is gripped by wilder waters, he fails. Across the plains a packhorse struggles to take the tidings home.

Brian Langley performed his Dryblowers poem What of the Pioneers? When the work has all been done and the pipeline between Perth and the Goldfields was completed there was celebrations that only the wealthy and well to do were invited to attend. The men who went ahead to prepare and build the pipeline were not invited to be part of these celebrations so what of these men who toiled and worked were they not to be thanked and applauded?

Kerry Bowe with her poem Taleisha My Grand Daughter tackled a very difficult subject. This tells of a grand-mother's longing to know how her little granddaughter is, because she has only seen her once, and since then there has been no contact. The void is filled with other peoples children who although very close and loving don't ever replace the thoughts of that other grand daughter. With the help of **Barry Higgins** the duo went onto tell the story of Dennis a child delinquent in Carnarvon who terrorized Carnarvon. No one can do anything with him. When a cyclone brings damage to the whole area a figure is seen struggling in the water. When being dragged out it turned out to be Dennis but his biggest problem had been trying to get himself out of the bag.

For his second performance **Barry** did one of Jeff Bebb's The Rain Gauge Man where this weather man was always on time to do his weather reports. Until one morning when his wife asked for a little cuddle and a kiss the weather wasn't done until later that morning so he is asking for forgiveness

With her second **Christine Boulton** had another one of Terry Piggotts When You Were by my Side. Remember when we started off along that dusty track when the outback was a place of dreams, when we searched the likely gullies and along the winding streams. We have been through some scorching summers and we have watched the desert bloom and the flocks of brilliant birds came to feast upon the seeds. But there came a time when it was just too hard for you and I knew your strength was fading and when that final day had come where you bid a sad farewell to your beloved outback.

For the very FIRST time Nancy Coe has written her own poem inspired by her trip to Boyup Brook.

So to a standing ovation Nancy shared with us her poem.

NOTE The standing ovation is something that Tamworth and other performing groups "do" and I think that we should also carry on with this tradition when someone new or for the first time does 'whatever' we should all stand and applaud them for their FIRST effort.

Robert Gunn found the following poem written by Anon originally in the Woman's Weekly but has since found it to be accredited to Dixie Solly. In Sinbad at the Show he has come down to the Show and with his wallet crammed with dough whilst he had never driven a car and owned only horses he thought that he would buy a tractor. The salesman knew he had got a good one here so he grabbed him and threw him into the seat while he talked about stroke and bore. When Sinbad touched the starter button he took off but the salesman didn't know that Sinbad couldn't drive.

After a whole lot of things happening to him as he drove that tractor through the tents and crowd where he stam-peded the cattle he ended up at a stripper's tent. When her 'G' string flew off and into the fan the tractor ground to a halt. Now Sinbad has caught the midnight train and he is back with his horse drawn team but with a contented smile upon his face and a 'G' string round his hat

With his Once we Were Hero's Terry Piggott gave us another one of his poems that just tug at the heart and it was a real tear jerker.

Dot read John Putland's Mothers Cornish Pasties. These pasties were the secret for him growing extra big and strong so when he asked his littler mate to come round for tea he as there quick as could be. They quickly had quite a few pasties with gravy too but he was told that the dog (whose bits and pieces) were on show for all to see that he go them because the dog only licked the plate.

Keith Lethbridge (Cobber) gave us a lovely rendition of Shrimp Boats on the mouth organ that went to show the instruments versatility. Then with Old Grandpa, when young Henry visits his grandpa in the nursing home, he finds out that things aren't necessarily how they appear. With his second Mildew's Romance, nobody ever claimed that Mildew was a great lover, but on this occasion he's fallen for the Big Boss Cocky's daughter. She has some serious doubts about old Mildew, but he shows a great willingness to compromise. This story has a moral. Don't judge a cook by his lover

To help fill in some time I picked up a book by Crosscut Wilson and presented When Wallie Takes to Soda. It was reported in a Boulder newspaper that Wallie had been seen drinking soda. This article led to this poem. It is a cert that if Wallie has taken to soda then there is something very wrong. You see the rumor was started by the braceman who had got it from the platman who had got it from the..... Now most of his mates are convinced that there is something going wrong. With all of their frightened faces convinced that something was going to go wrong they formed a deputation to tell Wallie that he had to start drinking grog or all sorts of things would happen

Terry Piggott finished off the night with another one of his that I don't have a copy of but it was a sad one, Old Mates.

Congratulation to Terry for his poetry tonight as it just showed what a huge variety of work he has written. And by the later two he is still writing brilliantly.

We had a night of tears, and some lovely words along with some laughs that showed just what OUR writing poets can do. Our poets have a much broader repertoire along with a huge range of topics than the Eastern States poets do!!!

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

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Brian Langley	Vice President	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
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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

Upcoming Events

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

- ◆ Friday 5th April 7pm - March Muster. RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley.
- ◆ Friday 3rd May 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 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

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 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
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