

The

August 2016

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



Next Muster August 5th ,7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park

MC : Frank Heffernan 9881 6652 Muffenburg@westnet.com.au

Inaugural Donnybrook Poets & Picnic Day

Expressions of interest sought for poets wishing to perform at the Inaugural Donnybrook Poets & Picnic Day to be held on Sunday 9th October 2016 at a private property just outside of Donnybrook.

Please contact Alan Aitken on 0400249243 if you are interest-



Phil Gray is our guest musician for August

Please welcome Phil, his wife Yvonne and son Josh to our August Muster

Phil Gray has family roots in the Eastern Goldfields of WA. His Mother was born on the Kurrawang Woodline in 1927 where her father was yard foreman, and later moved to Lakewood until the closure of the woodlines. One of Phil's earliest recollections is that of his Uncle Bill - a Goldfield's Bushman/Forester - having him sit on the front fence in Dugan Street, Kalgoorlie waiting and watching out for the Wild Colonial Boy("Of course you'll see him - he comes past here every day at half past four. Just keep looking, you'll see him".) What chance did a kid have after that?

Growing up in the suburbs of Perth, Phil learnt a few guitar chords in the 70's, spent many Tuesday and Sunday nights at the legendary Stables Folk Club in Malcolm Street, and was hooked on acoustic folk music from then on. The late 70's was a stellar time for 'Australian Stuff' in the West.

From the beginning of the 80's until the end of the 90's Phil 'went bush' and lived in the Great Southern, South Eastern and Goldfields Regions of WA. Fertile ground for the imagination - full of life, characters, stories and music. Here he formed such legendary ensembles as the 'Young River Scrub Turkey Two-Up Band' and similar 'notable' collectives with fellow musical desperates. During this time he kept in touch with Bob via cassette tape - and many a long distance practice session was held via the semi-reliable Sanyo.

After returning to the big smoke towards the end of the 90's, Loaded Dog was formed, and the rest has been the best time of his life! The weekly get-togethers, the great comradeship, Al's Margaret River training fluid and above allthe music.

Phil Gray and Bob Rummery worked together over many years from the early 1990's presenting Western Australian goldfields material in Kalgoorlie and Boulder and other goldfields venues and at Western Australian music festivals. From The Official Loaded Dog Website.

We are thrilled to have Phil as our guest musician for August.

SHORE LINES 2016

Bunbury Writing for Performance Festival (Not for just Bush Poetry)

Bunbury's own writing for performance competition and festival is now open to entrants of all ages from across Australia! Entries are open until **Wednesday 31 August 2016** and will be judged by an expert panel from Edith Cowen University.

There is an impressive range of prizes on offer including cash for Open, Primary and Secondary winners and runners up, plus an opportunity for the winner of the Open category to receive professional writing consultations with ECU's published authors.

Writing and performing workshops will be available to all entrants.

Visit <http://bit.ly/shoreline2016> to find out more or to download the entry form.

The performance festival will be held on Sunday 30 October 2016 at Edith Cowan University's Spring Fair, and will feature a selection of brand new works performed by community members, with the support of Stark Raven Theatre.

This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of KATE DOUST MLC

and posted with the generous assistance of Ben Wyatt, MLA - Member for Victoria Park.

President's Preamble - August 2016



Greetings from Lightning Ridge where we are catching up with very good friends Susan Carcary and Melanie Hall, who are well known to many of our members having been regular guests at Boyup Brook. At long last we have met Melanie's parents, Frank and Carol Fayers. Frank grew up in Western Queensland, and has been writing poetry since before Mel was born! They are all very talented poets and it is a great thrill to be part of their daily comedy show at the Opal Caravan Park. Susie and Mel have bought an amazing house just out of Lightning Ridge and are setting up their own venue to do their shows. Anyone who is travelling northern NSW should make this a "must do" to visit the ridge. The district has not lost any of its character but has become a major tourist destination. The mullock heaps and old machinery are still here, but so is the lure of the beautiful and mysterious black opal. At the recent AGM the same members were re-elected to the committee as last year, but with some changes in portfolios. Thank you for the confidence you place in us, and thanks to Rodger and Jem for taking on the roles of secretary and treasurer. A lot falls on them as they have to fill the gaps while the president has the wanderlust (not that that is likely to change for a while).

There has been some confusion as to the date of the November muster. As Toodyay this year is on the 4th – 6th November i.e. includes the first Friday, the muster at Bentley Park will be on the second Friday, 11th Nov.

Entry forms and other information for Toodyay should be on the website shortly. As we have not had great support from the locals at the Bowling club on the Friday night, this year we will be at the Jenacubbine Tavern, about 20 minutes out of town. A bus will be running from the caravan park for those who do not want to drive. Seats will be limited so contact me if you are interested.

Roadwise are again sponsoring our Toodyay Festival and have given us the topic "Distracted Drivers are Dangerous". They use our poems in their road safety promotions, so we would like as many writers as possible to submit a poem for the Roadwise challenge. Remember, it has to be 16 lines and on the theme of distracted drivers. If you are not able to get to Toodyay to present your poem we will get someone to read it for you.

Back to Queensland this week for time with Meg's family and more of our poetry friends. Until next month, Catchya

Bill Gordon, President

Thanks and congratulations to all of our new committee. We couldn't function without you and our willing helpers. Ed.

.....
Hi Members,

Rhonda and I are now back from Derby and what a wonderful time we had. Peter and Jill Blyth were with us along with Ron Evans who was the MC. Eleven locals performed and it was a terrific morning although they said numbers were down this year. I will bring the program to next muster, if anyone is interested in reading it. It was their nineteenth annual breakfast.

Jill and Peter both caught the dog's disease and Peter struggled through with a gravelly voice.

After leaving Derby we Station hopped, caught fish and performed at Pardoo. Then we went to a fortieth birthday at the Whim Creek Hotel and did a small gig there for Rhonda's nephew. Management approached me and invited me to return. I was chuffed to know all the forty year olds appreciated what I did. Bush poetry is not dead.

Then on the way home our last station stay was Kirkalocka Station. Rhonda told Geoff Pilkington that I did a bit of poetry and he said, "My father –in –law is a poet." Then he told us that it was Syd Hopkinson. {Eat your heart out Barry} Then Ann, Syd's daughter gave me one of Syd's books. Memories, Mainly Murchison. I told Ann that I have always wanted to meet Syd, who stopped coming to our musters as I started. Probably a few others have too.

I now have Syd's address and phone number and hope to contact him shortly. I believe he is going back to the Station for the wild flowers. They will be early this year and will be magnificent. They have had plenty of rain.

See you at the next muster.

Rob Gunn.

RIDING IN THE MOUNTAINS

If you're ever up at Mansfield and the mountains beckon you,
Pay a visit to McCormacks, with their trail riding crew,
For a close look at the ranges and to get the grandest view,
Of the mountains.

Some like to bump and bounce on the winding four-wheel track,
Drive up to the summit then o'er to the mustering shack,
But to really feel the country get up on a horse's back,
In the mountains.

Those hardy mountain horses are muscular and strong,
With stamina that's needed to last the whole day long,
The tracks are steep and stony, no place to get it wrong,
Up the mountains.

We humbly pay a visit to this rugged country grand,
To be a part, however small, of this majestic land,
No man can tame this country, or even make a stand,
Against the mountains.

Up through the mountain ash, the kurrajongs and stringybark,
Those mighty trees forever on the landscape make their mark,
The stunted twisted snow gums, their ghostly trunks stand stark,
On the mountains.

Then we slowly make our way down to McCormack's camp,
Where for a hundred years and more the stockmen left their stamp,
And the crystal clear King River felt the cattle's easy tramp,
Through the mountains.

Australia has her heritage, forged o'er two hundred years,
The settlers and the drovers, who overcame their fears,
Those old high country cattlemen, their women without peers,
In the mountains.

The country's made immortal in movie, poem and song,
The man from Snowy River with his hard and fearless throng,
It stirs the Aussie blood in us as we ride the ridges long,
Over the mountains.

We've all seen the movie of the daring mountain ride,
The wild rush up through the gorges, dash down the other side,
To ride those very hills ourselves fills our hearts with pride,
For the mountains.

The snowy mountains reign supreme over all who come and go,
Can be so unpredictable, in summer sun or snow,
To have been and felt her heartbeat leaves me with a special glow,
From the mountains.

I have seen the rugged beauty from the mighty mountain track,
The courage and proud history around each mustering shack
I pray that time will give to me the chance to journey back
To the mountains.

Another chance to ride again the mighty mountainside,
With Deb and Bruce McCormack, great hostess and top guide
Another chance to feel and share their quiet Aussie pride
Of their Mountains

Bill Gordon 25.8.2011

28th June 2016
G'day Christine



Attached is a poem I submitted in the Perisher Peak Music Festival and came third. **(Congratulations from us all ED)**

My first effort in a written comp. Meg said I had to send it to you. I wrote it after doing a horseback ride with McCormacks at Merrijig (near Mansfield).

Will send a photo if I can find one suitable.

We are in Bundaberg. Qld championships this weekend.

Catchya

Bill



G'day Christine

Could you please put the following in the Bully Tin.

Committee and Members

Please be aware that I AM NOT CLAIRVOYANT

I can only keep the WA Bush Poets Website up to date, (particularly events) if YOU TELL ME as soon as you know about something which members and other people may need to know. (and also keep me informed of any changes) With about 10 people looking at our website each day, this is about 300 hits per month, not a huge amount, I agree, but far more than the number of Bully Tins that are posted out.

Brian Langley "Webmaster"

Thanks Brian, you do a great job, ED.

Clancy@theoverflow

I had written him a text
Which I'd sent, hoping the next
Time he came in mobile coverage
He'd have time to say hello.
But I'd heard he'd lost his iPhone,
So I emailed him from my smart phone,
Just addressed, on spec, as follows:
clancy@theoverflow
And the answer redirected
Wasn't quite what I'd expected
And it wasn't from the shearing mate
Who'd answered once before.
His ISP provider wrote it
And verbatim I will quote it:
'This account has been suspended:
You won't hear from him no more.'
In my wild erratic fancy
Visions come to me of Clancy:
Out of reach of mobile coverage
Where the Western rivers flow.
Instead of tapping on the small screen,
He'd be camping by the tall green
River gums, a pleasure
That the town folk never know.
Well, the bush has friends to meet him
But the rest of us can't greet him:
Out there, the Telstra network
Doesn't give you any bars.
He can't blog the vision splendid
Of the sunlit plains extended
Or tweet the wondrous glory
Of the everlasting stars.
While I'm sitting at my keyboard,
Too stressed out to be on call
As I answer all the emails
By the deadlines they contain.
While my screen fills with promotions
For 'Viagra' and strange potions
And announcements of the million-dollar
Prizes I can claim.
But the looming deadlines haunt me
And their harassing senders taunt me
That they need response this evening
For tomorrow is too late!
But their texts, too quickly ended,
Often can't be comprehended
For their writers have no time to think
They have no time to wait.
And I sometimes rather fancy
That I'd like to trade with Clancy:
Just set up an email bouncer
Saying 'Sorry, had to go.'
While he faced an inbox jamming
Up with deadlines and with spamming
As he signed off every message:
clancy@theoverflow.

with apologies to A.B. ("Banjo") Paterson

Thanks to Rob Asplin for sending in this
popular parody

***One's destination is never a
place, but a new way of seeing
things. Henry Miller***

Federal Election 2016 aka The Taming of the Shrew

Diarrhoea or dysentery was the choice between you
and Bill,
I don't think either of you, your promises could or
would fulfil.
Aussies don't like arrogance Malcolm it's about time
you learned,
Calling a double dissolution election sure got your fin-
gers burned.

An eight week campaign, are you kidding, that was
really way too much,
Dear oh dear Prime Minister it just shows how far
you're outta touch.
And that stupid bloody senate ballot paper, nearly
three foot long,
I bet that was the cause of a few senators getting
their swan song.

I think you may need the budgie smuggler back on
the front bench,
Cos I'm sure you won't be able to handle either Inde-
pendent wench.
Bob Katter, Pauline, and Jacquie may do what Chipp
tried years ago,
That's keep you bastards honest and make you eat a
bit of Crow.

Pauline you said wasn't welcome but Malcolm the vot-
ers put her there,
And I'll have a bit of six to four that Jacqui Lambie
gets in your hair.
Bob wants to keep Aussie farms and stations com-
pletely Australian owned,
And any Hallal dinners; well I think they may need to
be postponed

In the past week or so you can almost see Shortens
head get bigger,
Labor has you in their sights Malcolm, and their fin-
gers on the trigger.
That smug grin you've been wearing as you strut
around the place,
When Parliament reconvenes just maybe wiped from
your face.

Get your priorities right look after service veterans
and the elderly first,
Primary producers who feed us but whose farms may-
be dying of thirst.
I guess looking back P M you will consider the election
a failure,
But take note, we are not happy at all; we the people
of Australia.

© Corin Linch 8/07/2016

<https://youtu.be/MNKTKrpvuQ8> Check out
Corin's utube clip

Shearing the Pet Lamb

Now it was just a small flock
that I was there to shear
when asked if I shored pet lambs
if one was brought in there.
Well, pet lambs were no novelty
I'd shorn some every year
they all had names or collars
even ribbons they would wear.

What they failed to mention
was that "Pansy" was no lamb
but maybe six years old
and still fed each day by hand.
Still bottle fed with milk
every morning and each night
it was so hugely overweight
an inflated awesome sight.

As I began to shear the wool off
to clear the belly first
which was so big and tight
I feared that it may burst.
Very soon there was much panting
great frantic gasps for breath
I had to let the sheep stand up
lest it, or I, would suffer death!



We both were running short on breath
when that last bit of wool fell free
and I wondered who had struggled most
that great fat beast – or me.
Then looking smooth and white
it stood with heaving sides
like an albino Shetland pony
after one too many rides.

The boss had been expecting this
and had gathered others 'round
to see if I could handle Pansy
or if she'd throw me to the ground.
But when that shearing day had ended
fat Pansy was just another one
though bigger than most others
while the boss had enjoyed some fun.

Pete. Stratford. 20.9.15

Taking Leave of My Census

They'll be running around with papers later on this year,
so we can have a census, just to prove we're really here,
then Big Brother will have all the facts, and some porkies too,
'cos he asked about our private lives, and what we think and do.
How many rooms we dwell in, do we share them with another,
have we a spouse and fifteen kids, or still live at home with
mother?
Do we have a flat screen TV, Bluetooth, or even Broadband,
is our home a small apartment, or rural, with much more land?
Are our children at a private school, do we own a cat or dog,
do we have a flushing toilet, or still just a backyard bog?
Am I Ph.D in Literature, or just a rough bush poet?
Every private detail, *someone* wants to know it!
They ask so many questions that make my brain go numb;
do we carry private health care, have I tattoos on my bum?
There's nothing they won't ask about, it's mass privacy invasion.
They ask for ethnic origins; am I Negroid or Caucasian?
Did my Daddy marry Mummy, or am I the milkman's child?
Their never ending questions are enough to drive you wild!
The umpteen tonnes of paperwork bureaucrats will then sort
through
will take about five years, at the pace that their lot do,
and then, when that's all over with, if we've survived the mental
strain,
they'll have another census, and start the whole show once
again!

Pete. Stratford. 1.8.11
(revised 18.7.16)

Dear Christine,

Would you consider think this one to be suitable
for our Bully Tin?

Jem

Not too sure but happy Bev's got it under control
ED!

The Alphabet Wife

After being married for forty-four years, a wife
asked her husband to

describe her. He looked at her for a while, then
said:

"You're an alphabet wife... A , B, C, D, E, F, G, H,
I, J, K."

She asks: "What the hell does that mean?"

He said: " Adorable, Beautiful, Cute, Delightful,
Elegant, Foxy, Gorgeous and Hot".

She smiled happily and said: "Oh, that's so lovely,
but what about I, J, K?"

He said: "I'm Just Kidding!"

Jem said the swelling in his eye is
going down and the doctor is fairly
optimistic about him walking
again fairly soon.



The Bill and Malcolm Show

Roll up! Roll up!, and cast your vote and let our leaders know
Which road ahead's the one to take, which way that we must go
Should we go left or to the right,
Which leader holds a shining light
Which way will make our future bright
In the Bill and Malcolm Show

We've seen it now for several weeks on every TV show
We've listened to the argument on which way we should go
Each says he stands for such and such
But really doesn't tell us much
Just how the other's out of touch
In the Bill and Malcolm Show

But I am just a bit confused, there's things I'd like to know
What names are on my voting slip, when to the poll I go
I've not been told, I've no idea
Whose names upon that slip appear
There's just two names ring loud and clear
For it's the Bill and Malcolm Show

No names adorn the light posts as along the streets I go
There's nothing in my letter box tells me what I should know
Who'd represent ME in this race
I'd like to see one face to face
The whole show's just a big disgrace
Is this Bill and Malcolm Show

But surely there are others. Just who **are** they? I don't know
I think I've heard of some bloke Nick who lives where folk eat crow
I've also heard of people green
But no green locals have I seen
For information's very lean
In the Bill and Malcolm Show

I must admit that once I saw, on some boring TV show
Some extras in this two man race explaining quid pro quo
About the gifts that we would get
If all but them we did forget
And chose their man in this duet
In this Bill and Malcolm Show

But Hip Hooray, the end is nigh, tomorrow night we'll know
Whose lies have been believed the most in this the final show
Will it be Mal who's got the pace
Or will William be the Ace
Or Horror, Shock - an equal race
In the Bill and Malcolm Show

© Brian Langley, 1/7/2016 On the eve of a National Election, The players, Bill Shorten leader of the Opposition, Malcolm Turnbull, incumbent Prime Minister

REMEMBER MATE

Remember now those days of gold,
the frosty nights, the bitter cold;
a roaring fire to beat the chill;
the old bush camp near Tin Dog hill.
Bright stars that shone in clear night skies;
the chilling howls of wild dog cries
and how we yarned each night till late,
the billy on -- remember mate?



Detecting then was something new
and we were there among the few
who dared to risk then all we had,
ignoring friends who thought us mad.
But luck was soon to play its part
with nuggets found right from the start;
excitedly we'd check each weight
around the fire -- remember mate?

The south east wind blew cold in June
and blew each day till well past noon,
though dreams of wealth out there back then
would warm the hearts of us young men.
We'd follow every ancient track
that wound through hills somewhere outback
and looked for signs to indicate
that gold was near -- remember mate?

Some warmth at last and hearts would sing,
beneath clear skies each goldfields spring;
the country seemed to come alive
and all around once more would thrive.
We'd move our camp from place to place
all through those miles of endless space;
we loved it there, and life was great
long, long ago -- remember mate?

But once the summer had returned
each gram of gold had to be earned,
for with it came the dust and flies
that zeroed in on red rimmed eyes.
Relief was found as heat would soar
with bucket baths at Bluey's Bore
and with the moon we'd concentrate
on work at night -- remember mate?

With heat haze rising all around
mirages flooded sun baked ground,
where hills seemed islands now set free
to drift upon an inland sea.
Dust devils weaved liked drunken men
at first one-way then back again
and searing heat would not abate,
till late at night -- remember mate?

Though life was hard you'd have to say,
I doubt we'd change a single day,
for once that country casts its spell
it captures hearts as we know well.
And though those days are now long past,
some memories will always last
of days of gold; of luck and fate -
and life out bush -- remember mate?



© T.E. Piggott

Congratulations to Terry Piggott for his wonderful poem that won the serious section of the Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush a few weeks ago. ED.

Down the River.

by Henry Lawson

I've done with joys an' misery,
An' why should I repine?
There's no one knows the past but me
An' that ol' dog o' mine.
We camp an' walk an' camp an' walk,
An' find it fairly good;
He can do anything but talk,
An' he wouldn't if he could.

We sits an' thinks beside the fire,
With all the stars a-shine,
An' no one knows our thoughts but me
An' that there dog o' mine.
We has our Johnny-cake an' "scrag,"
An' finds 'em fairly good;
He can do anything but talk,
An' he wouldn't if he could.

He gets a 'possum now an' then,
I cooks it on the fire;
He has his water, me my tea—
What more could we desire?
He gets a rabbit when he likes,
We finds it pretty good;
He can do anything but talk,
An' he wouldn't if he could.

I has me smoke, he has his rest,
When sunset's gettin' dim;
An' if I do get drunk at times,
It's all the same to him.
So long's he's got me swag to mind,
He thinks that times is good;
He can do anything but talk,
An' he wouldn't if he could.

He gets his tucker from the cook,
For cook is good to him,
An' when I sobers up a bit,
He goes an' has a swim.
He likes the rivers where I fish,
An' all the world is good;
He can do anything but talk,
An' he wouldn't if he could.



Co-ordinator required for Toodyay written entries.

Hi Christine



With regard to the entries for last year's Toodyay competition, you may recall that I was responsible for collecting and sorting all of the Written entries, and the Applications for the Performance entries. It was quite a job, but really one that anyone with a modicum of organisational skills could do (i.e. it's not rocket science).

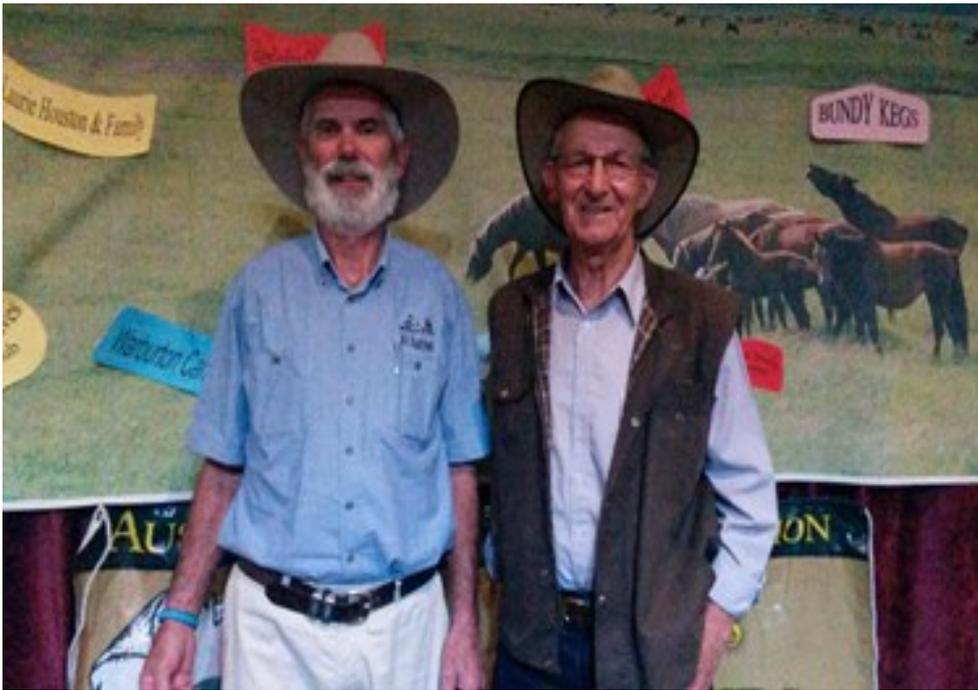
However this year Shirley and I will be off on a trip and won't be getting back until mid October, so that puts me out of the running to take the job on this year. We will soon need to get cracking on making available the Entry Forms, which can be the same as the ones we had last year (Bill and I had ironed out the problems associated with the ones used in 2014, so last years were fine). But regarding the job of appointing someone to do the collecting etc., we need to get the word out very soon, bearing in mind that there are only 4 full months until the actual event, and the entries need to be fully sorted out a few weeks before that, for event organisational purposes, (especially the written ones, which I had to send to the poet lady in Queensland to do the judging).

I am therefore asking if you could put something prominent in the next Bully Tin, asking for a volunteer to take on the collection / sorting job for this year. I will be happy to give any guidance to that person as required, but will be away while all the action actually happens.

I intend raising this whole subject at the next Committee meeting (Friday 5th August) so we can gear up in good time.

Cheers
Rodger

WA BUSH POETS WELL REPRESENTED AT BUNDABERG BUSH POETS FESTIVAL



Bill Gordon and Jim Riches on stage at the Bundy Bush Poet Festival

WA Bush poets Bill Gordon (Boyup Brook) and Jim Riches (Albany) and their wives Meg and Maureen enjoyed a great weekend at the Bundaberg Bush Poets Festival recently. Jim created a lot of audience attention when he recited one of his sister's (Peg Vickers) poems "And That's Not All".

Sandy and John Lees have been conducting this festival for 19 years and its popularity shows the professional and friendly way in which they and their capable helpers make it happen each year.

Friendships were renewed as poets from NSW and Victoria travelled north as well to get a bit of sunshine. Some stayed in the same caravan village and we were treated to a spectacular display as the nearby cane fields were burnt in preparation for harvest which was just getting into top gear. We also visited the Distillery where some of the local sugar goes into the famous Bundy Rum.

Thirty three poets in the adult sections and twelve juniors gave performances that entertained and delighted the audiences. It is to be hoped that the juniors will continue on and be the next poets that will keep Bush Poetry alive. Most were encouraged by their mothers, so mums—hats off to you and keep up the good work.

Jack Drake, Glenny Palmer and Noel Stallard were the judges for the Open sections and they put on an excel-lent concert on the Saturday night for a full house of locals and sponsors.

The Duo section saw some amazing costumes and hilarious drama. It could be a consideration for the WA Championships!

The Novice and Junior sections were judged by Cay Ellam, Trish Anderson and Shelley Hansen, who is a writer of note and came second to WA's Terry Piggott in the written competition.

CONGRATULATIONS TERRY PIGGOTT on his win in the Bundy Bush Lantern Written Award for his entry "One Man's Prison", a beautiful poem which resonates with most of us as we age.

Meg Gordon

WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Association State Championships 2016

Conducted under the auspices of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.
FRIDAY 4th NOVEMBER – SUNDAY 6th NOVEMBER 2016
TOODYAY, WESTERN AUSTRALIA
Entries Close 7th October 2016

WRITTEN COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Categories– Please tick categories entered:

1. **Open Serious** }
2. **Open Humorous** } The WA Written Champion Poet will be judged across these 2 categories
3. **Novice** Only for poets who have never won a Bush Poetry Written Competition
4. **Junior** 5 – 12 years old
5. **Junior** 13 ---17 years old
6. **Local** - The best poem by a resident of the Avon Valley

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

Title/s of Poem/s

Category Entered

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

Entry Fees: Adults \$5 per poem; Juniors Free; (no refunds if disqualified). (Plus \$5 for judges comments if required). Payment can be made by:

Cheque or Money Order: made out to “WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners Ass'n”, and posted to:

WABPYS State Championship Entry
c/--Irene Conner
PO Box 584
Jurien Bay 6516. or

Direct Bank Transfer: BSB 633--000 Ac/ 1569 896 59; Name WA Bush Poets; Ref (your name), then 2016 SCP; and then email treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au informing of Direct Bank Transfer.

Declaration

1.I agree to the conditions on the reverse side of this application form:

Signature: _____ Date: _____ Guardian (if Junior) _____

Conditions of Entry Written Competition Toodyay, 2016

1. Entry fee per poem: Adults: \$5.00; Juniors: Free; No refunds if disqualified. If a detailed commentary from the judge is required, please add an extra \$5 per poem.
2. Maximum 4 entries per person
3. Entries must be the original work of the entrant
4. Entries must have very good rhyme and rhythm and be an original story with an Australian theme
5. A poem which has previously won any written competition cannot be entered
6. Poem, which in the opinion of the judge contain offensive material, will be disqualified
7. Poems must be typed (or electronically printed) on white A4 size paper, with black printing in a plain font, size 10-12
8. Two copies of each poem must be provided
9. The entrant's name or any identifying information MUST NOT appear on the poem/s – ONLY on this entry form
10. The poem's name must appear on the top of the page. If more than one page, the poem's name must appear at the top of each page, and pages must be numbered and stapled
11. The competition is conducted in accordance with ABPA guideline recommendations (refer to www.abpa.org.au/competitions)
12. Judging will be by a judge approved by the ABPA
13. The judge's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into
14. Entries may be displayed at the WA State Championships at Toodyay (Friday 4th November – Sunday 6th November 2016 and may be published in the WA Bush Poets monthly newsletter “The Bully Tin” and I hereby give my permission for such display and/or publication

(Note: to assist in facilitating such publication, entrants are requested to email their poem/s to Irene Conner at the following address: iconner21@wn.com.au)

Prizes

Monetary prizes will be awarded for the best poem in each of the 6 categories

Each winner as well as those judged 'Highly Commended' or 'Commended' will receive a Certificate.

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Great Poetry site:

eMuse: Independent Bush Poets Newsletter. 1300 plus subscribers (on-line free!) Australia-Wide! Through his free distribution of this most informative, 20 page *eMuse*, (*An Independent Bush poetry newsletter*) Editor: Wally “The Bear” Finch. P. O. Box 68, Morayfield, 4506, Qld. Phone: (07) 54 955 110. E-Mail: wmbear1@bigpond.com

WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Association

WA State Championships 2016

Conducted under the auspices of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

FRIDAY 4th November - SUNDAY 6th NOVEMBER 2016

Entries Close 7th October 2016

PERFORMANCE COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

Categories - Please tick categories entered:

<input type="checkbox"/>	Junior Original Saturday AM	<input type="checkbox"/>	Novice Classic Reader Saturday PM	<input type="checkbox"/>	Traditional (Other Poet) Sunday AM
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<input type="checkbox"/>	Junior (Other Poet) Saturday AM	<input type="checkbox"/>	Yarn Spinning Saturday PM	<input type="checkbox"/>	Original Serious Sunday AM
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<input type="checkbox"/>	Novice Original Saturday AM	<input type="checkbox"/>	Modern (Other Poet) Saturday PM	<input type="checkbox"/>	Original Humorous Sunday PM
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<input type="checkbox"/>	Novice (Other Poet) Saturday AM				
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For "Traditional" and "Modern" classifications, to avoid repetition of poems, entrants are requested to indicate their First and Second choice of poems below. These will be decided by the WABP&YS Committee on a "first in" basis.

Traditional (1stchoice) _____ (2ndchoice) _____

Modern (1st choice) _____ (2nd choice) _____

Entry Fees: Adults \$5.00 per event; Juniors Free. Payment by:

Cheque or Money Order: made out to "WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Ass'n", and posted to:

WABPYS State Championship Entry

c/--Irene Conner

PO Box 584 Jurien Bay, WA,6156

or

Direct Bank Transfer: BSB 633---000 Ac/ 1569 896 59; Name WA Bush Poets; Ref (your name), then 2016 SCP ; and then email: treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au informing of Direct Bank Transfer.

Declaration

Notes for July Muster 2016 by Dot Langley (Thanks Dot, Ed)

Hello everyone, its nice to be asked to 'do' the notes for this Muster so with a four (?) year absence here are my scribblings about the poets and presenters for this our AGM Muster.

Rob Asplin was our MC for the night and as it is his first time to be up behind the mike he did a very good job of keeping everyone in line. Unfortunately with the meeting beforehand there was some chaos as we shuffled people and chairs around and with a disappointing number of people we still had a good evening of a mixture of performers and readers.

Brian Langley was the first poet up. He had a couple of poems one he had written just that morning (in the wee small hours) and of course it was about the election and his interpretation of the "Bill and Malcolm Show". We have had no leaflets or people knocking on our door! All we know is that the Bill or Malcolm show is loud and clear but of our local candidates we have heard nothing not even a 'vote for me' leaflet. His second "Our National Food" With all the different foods that people around the world eat none seems to like or know about our national food and where it comes from. Vegemite. We are not to tell anyone of the secret of the vegemite tree and how the sap is caught and bottled. We must spin them a yarn and say that it comes from the left-overs from our beer that we drink.

Dave Smith had a vegemite yarn to add when going through Customs in Canada he was asked for anything to declare. Nothing he replied. But you must have. No, no nothing. But you are Australian? So where is your jar of vegemite? Oh #@\$% dear Dave muttered. With Banjo's Mulga Bill's Bicycle Dave entertained us with the antics of Bill whilst he tried to ride his brand new bicycle and after creating havoc everywhere he finally ended in the creek

Jack Matthews likes Bill Kearns poetry (as do we all as we laugh thru the almost believable chaos that Bill creates with his very funny poems.) The Meat Raffle (?) With meat packets for the raffle prizes the competition is keen. But this night there were two identical books of raffle tickets being sold. When the first numbers were called the winners took off to claim the best meat packs. The President lost he head and started calling out the next numbers until the whole hall of geriatrics were fighting over the meat. There were sausages and mince flying everywhere and the frozen chooks were being used as weapons. People were using their walking sticks and walking frames to get to the meat trays as the raffle descended into a riot.

Lorraine Broun's poem was inspired from Eoin Cameron's) book "The Voice of the Great South" (Eoin passed away earlier in the week. He will be sadly missed with his laid back approach and his attitude to authority) With her Terrible Mishap when the News Announcer was handed a late news item the story became more and more convoluted with a shooter killing a goat which rolled down the hill and fell on him. The first ambulance hit a cow and with second Ambulance called ran over him as he lay on the ground. The news team by this time were laughing and the news reader couldn't stop dissolving into mirth. On crossing to the weather hoping for a break to get control of himself it was discovered that confusion ranged here as well with the pointer pointing a nothing. With everyone now laughing and no one being able to continue with the news report as the 'on floor' cameras not being manned the controller showed some still pictures of flowers in Kings Park and so the news ended.

Jem Shorland also has a wry look at politics with his A Political Life as the politicians life is ebbing fast and how is this happening to him who only wanted to serve his electorate. He's not been a fool as he threw his ethics away. Over time he takes full advantage of the perks and accumulates Swiss bank accounts. But you see now that he is dying "hundreds are trying to gain pre selection because they are also into the system as they strive to replace me with me"

Dot Langley with Gran's Quilt by Carol Reffold tells of the quilt made with love in every stitch for her Granddaughter. As she was driving a Garage Sale sign catches her eye and there for only Two dollars is the quilt. The granddaughter doesn't want it anymore even though it is an heirloom. So the quilt will go to a new home where it will be appreciated for the work and the love that went into its making.

Events to watch and attend:

September 10/11	York Festival
October 21/22/23	Nambung Country Music Festival
November 4/5/6 2017	Toodyay, WABP&Y State Championships
January 26	Wireless Hill. WABP&Y extend invitations to specified participants.
February 19/20/21	Boyup Brook Country Music Festival.

From Jem Shorland

Readings from the Classics was presented by Bev Shorland and she chose one from Banjo that I hadn't heard before. "With the Cattle" Banjo tells of the long and dusty travels that this mob of cattle who are starving and in very poor condition are slowly being pushed to where there is good grass and water. With the mountains in sight the cattle smell the grass on the wind and they start to move a little quicker now. The cattle settle down with good pasture and water, until the wind again tells them that it's time to head back home and with the cattle now fat and in good condition they are also keen to head for home. The plains are deep in shadow as the welcome for the cattle who are home at last.

After supper

Christine Boulton has a new poem about the Black Dog of depression and a cure for it. In "Running the Dog" she tells of James' life with the black dog hanging around as he goes through the loss of his wife. But he went to the Pound and there was another perhaps love of his life. He walked her every day but when asked 'what's her name?' he replied just Dog, He didn't want to get too attached but he realises that 'Dog' won't do so with a special smile he calls her Pal and she keeps the black dog away so he can love again.

John Hayes did CJ Denis "Violets" Yer see, she wants a paino (peeaner) we can't afford such fancy stuff so I'se picking her some violets to distract her
The "Kid" comes home with this here black eye and I sez you need to have this here lesson on how it's done. So down on me knees I'se get to show him how to jab, but he slips one in and knocks me front teeth out. Now Doreen objects to these here lessons and to stop her from getting upset like I hands her me bunch of violets. (Sorry at my very poor attempt to copy CJ Dot)

Terry Piggott's own poem "Old Blokes Used to be" the characters are gone, the worlds moved on and the old blokes I used to see are slowly going. I used to sit and have a cuppa and talk with my mates. The love of the old outback way where the old blokes had a difficult life. They were hard as nails, but full of fun as they taught and passed on their secrets.
I suppose we will be considered those old people as we reach the "oldies" age but our knowledge and secrets are not passed on as the youngsters are too busy to stop and listen!
A poem about the goldfields when there were still a number of old chaps scattered throughout the fields, and how they slowly disappeared until at last they were all gone, and with them went a lot of history and knowledge It's not the same these days for me out where the old blokes used to be.

Nancy Coe had one of Peg Vickers poems, Bush cuisine. The food for the evening on a Wednesday was always left to cook while the blokes went into town to the pub. They had a brand new Pressure Cooker filled up and put on the fire with a rock on top to stop the steam from escaping. It went off like an Atom Bomb as it exploded with the lid shooting up in the sky. It was 10 minutes before it came down. The cabbage adorned the trees, the gravy and the meat covered the surrounding bush. See what happens when you stop the steam from escaping.
I know I have had Pea Soup covering the kitchen! (Dot)
Nancy's second "I called him Bill" by Bill Batchelor, was a story of Bill when he was getting married. To celebrate the occasion his mates got the BBQ going but the tempers were high and the fists were thrown and blood noses everywhere. Finally a good hose down cooled the tempers down. The next Morning though they went into down and now the Whiskey was being drunk. The memories are still very strong of those drunken days!

Barry Higgins was our last poet for the night and with Betsy Chaff's poem the "Unlikely Bed Mates" when three people were looking for a bed for the night. There was Indian, a Politician and a Jew. At the farmhouse there was only room for two and one could sleep in the barn. The Jew volunteered to go to the barn but soon there was a loud knocking. He couldn't sleep there as there was a pig, which, is unclean to him. The Indian then went off to the barn but was soon back as there was a cow and that is sacred to him. The Politician said he would go. Soon there came the loudest knocking of them all. As a pig and a jersey cow stood there as they just could not share the barn with the Politician.

Congratulations to Barry on his organization of the Pickering Brook evening. We had a fabulous night and the audience was wonderful.

