

The

March 2019

BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

Next Muster Friday 1st March 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park

MC : Lorelie Tacoma 9365 2277 tlorelie@gmail.com

(Please give your synoses to Meg Gordon)

WHATEVER HAT , WHATEVER STAGE, GREG NORTH ENTHRALLED THE CROWDS IN BOYUP BROOK AT THE COUNTRY MUSIC AND POETRY FESTIVAL

FEB 2019



Getting "stuck" at Harvey Dicksons Country Music Centre



Even without power, Greg was able to entertain his audience at the Tourist Centre Park



"Fracking it" at the Bowling Club



"Astro Boy" at the Tennis Club

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KATE DOUST MLC

W.A. Bush Poets



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President's Preamble March 2019



Greetings

What a month it has been for WA Bush Poets. Starting with another successful showcase at Wireless Hill on what was a relatively mild Australia Day. Unfortunately, Meg and I were still in Tamworth, but I have had several complementary reports on the day. Sarah Broome enjoyed the opportunity to provide the music for the afternoon. She has been a regular performer at Nambung and at other events where bush poets are found.

Congratulations to Cobber and Terry Bennetts on winning the Tamworth Songwriters Award for their song "Station Minderoo", which hit Number One on the country music charts when performed by Dale Duncan. They were very unlucky (some say robbed) not to win a Gold Guitar for this song.

WA Bush Poets were exposed to a new audience on board the Crystal Swan the following two Thursdays. This was an outstanding success with near capacity audience both nights and to many people who had not been previously exposed to bush poetry. The World Fringe Festival in Perth is an iconic event in the entertainment industry and it was a privilege to be part of it. I have already had a discussion with the management regarding holding the event next year. The Fringe Festival website gave an outstanding review of the first night's performance.

Boyup Brook Country Music Festival was again an outstanding success for the bush poets. Greg North was extremely popular with his theatrical performances culminating with his rendition of "The Man from Snowy River" with twelve hats and twelve accents to match. Rob Gunn won the poet's brawl at the Bowling Club on Saturday morning. Peter O'Shaughnessey and Greg Joass were close behind. Everyone was in top form for Sunday morning, especially Chris Taylor and James Fitzpatrick. Nearly all the poets all camped at "Northlands" along with some of our musician friends. A great social atmosphere resulted, as it does every year. This is certainly one of the highlights of the year for WA Bush Poets. A huge "Thank You" to all the poets who contributed to making the weekend the absolute success it was.

Only a month after Boyup Brook and we have another feast of country music and bush poetry at Downunder Country Music weekend at Bridgetown. This event is put on by David and Therese Higginson, who featured a few years ago at Wireless Hill. Meg and I really look forward to sitting back, relaxing and just enjoying the weekend and letting others do the organising.

Bill Gordon—President

"Brawl" Winner
Rob Gunn



Finalists
Bottom left—Greg Joass
Bottom right—Peter
O'Shaughnessey



Cobber receiving his award from
President Bill Gordon on Sunday
morning at Boyup Brook

Terry Bennetts receiving the Song
Writers Award in Tamworth

Winner of The Boyup Brook Country Music Festival Written Competition

CATHERINE LEE

Ghosts of Men

The ghosts of men are meeting in the clearing by the creek—
come quietly and listen, and you're bound to hear them speak;
the yellow gleam of candle flame will lead us to the site,
it's glow an invitation shining gently in the night.
They talk about their voyage from across a boundless sea,
with dreams and fears combining in a promise to be free;
recalling safe arrival in this strange yet splendid place,
they shake their heads remembering the hope on every face.

They reminisce with fondness on those verdant shady lanes
they'd left so far behind—exchanged for vast and brutal plains;
their resolute survival in this harsh demanding land,
which challenged them at first in ways they couldn't understand.
They speak of exploration, learning slowly to adjust
to burning heat, odd creatures, constant flies and ochre dust.
For these were pioneers who bravely paved the way ahead—
and immigrants or convicts, in their footsteps now we tread.

They wonder how they battle through each endless vicious drought;
escaped the raging bush fires, leading frightened livestock out;
how raging water uncontrolled cascaded wild and black,
to flood with cruel destruction, sweeping all within its track.
They chat about construction—building settlements and towns;
discuss the Great Depression with despondent, solemn frowns,
and cursed the wars that decimated many of their kind—
but cheer for every victory and triumph left behind.

They marvel at the changes that the centuries have brought—
compare this evolution to the single goal they'd sought;
approve of our prosperity, amazed at how we've grown -
progressed on firm foundation from the mighty seeds they'd sown.
They hunger for their former lives beneath the Southern Cross -
return in spirit only, to converse and mourn their loss;
they crave to join us once again, and thirst for days gone by,
but settle for these spectral meetings under velvet sky.

The night rolls on, and distantly the south wind faintly sings,
whilst in the golden wattle there's a fluttering of wings.
The dawn is breaking—one by one each ancient pioneer
smiles wistfully and bows his head to slowly disappear.
Tomorrow they'll return to light their campfire once again—
hough long since dead, a part of them will evermore remain...
Stand proud, respected ghosts of men—all ye who landed first!
Drink deeply from your memories—drink deep and quench your thirst.



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ANZAC DAY

The Canning Districts RSL has applied for an 'Arts & Culture' grant to cover costs of (among other things) bush poetry at the clubrooms on Anzac Day 25/04/2019. The theme of course would be wartime reflections.

Any Poets interested in participating, please contact Peter Nettleton:
stinger@inet.net.au or 0407 770 053



FEMALE POETS STRUTTED THEIR STUFF AT BOYUP BROOK



Peg Vickers (Albany)



Bev Shorland (Perth)

One Minute Brawl

I CANNOT UNDERSTAND

Bev Shorland

I cannot understand
When he took my hand
My Heart Skipped a beat
I was feeling the heat
My face went quite red
Would he take me to bed
I soon found out
There was no doubt
He had things on his mind
I followed behind
He led me to the room
Then gave me a broom.
There was shock on my face
This here's a disgrace
There's mess everywhere
Please show me you care
Fulfill all my wishes
And go do the dishes



Charleigh Zelle (Mandurah)



Anne Hayes (Perth)



Capacity crowd enjoying entertainment at Boyup Brook Bowling Club during Festival

A Different Australia Day

Australia Day in Perth is usually celebrated when the temperature is in the mid to high 30s, This year there was an Australia day celebration in a much colder location.

Dot and Brian Langley, who were on a cruise along the coast of Norway, organised an Australia Day event aboard the MV Finnmarken, just a bit below the Arctic Circle with the outside temperature around minus 6 degrees and snow covering the decks. The event was opened by the ship's captain who told a story about the ship when it was a floating accommodation unit off WA's north west coast during the initial construction of the Gorgon Gasfield in 2010 - 2012. This was followed by poems, songs and stories presented by Brian, Dot and 5 other Aussies from among the 50 or so aboard the ship, almost all of whom formed a very good natured, noisy and appreciative audience who joined in singing our National Anthem as well as a number of other Aussie songs. A somewhat different Australia Day to what we are used to.



Article from Rob Asplin

I had the peculiar pleasure of visiting the Perth Poetry Club yesterday.

There was a wide variety of ages, style and content... some vulgarity designed to shock and successfully so !

Much was thoughtful, satisfying overall, but definitely not for the squeamish or prudish...I made some audio recordings of a couple of what I appreciated.

What interested me most was the venue (drinks and snacks available), close to Perth Central train station , no entry fee, put your name down on the clipboard as you enter if you wanted to do a walkup (3 mins)

The venue also hosts Fringe Festival and other events. I thought it a great place to cast our net for a wider audience and opportunity to demonstrate the beauty of ozzie bush poetry...a compere and sound system are already in place.

There are quite a few enthusiastic authors and publishing going on. I think assistance and guidance would be aplenty.

I've put my email down for their newsletter so will fwd them if you like in future.

I think a few bush poets with short poems would raise the standard and spread the word at

The Moon Café (the Back Room)

323 William St (cnr Newcastle St) perthpoetryclub.com.

NORTHBRIDGE , Every Saturday 2-4

Regards, Rob / Bob / "Sandalwood"



Paul Browning (Kalgoorlie)



Roger Cracknell (Geraldton)



Peter Blyth (Albany)

One Minute Brawl

It Happens over Time—Greg Joass

Some say Bush Poetry is an art
Which we all do for love
And we will get our just deserts
When we meet God above
But me, I think it more a craft
And we deserve reward
So I propose to instigate
The Bush Poet's Trade Award

We have to put in hours of work
To hone our verbal skills
Then work on our performances
With all its flips and frills
Then get up for a brekky gig
They're always way too early
It happens over time, should be
Time and a half on Saturdays
(And double time on Sundays!)

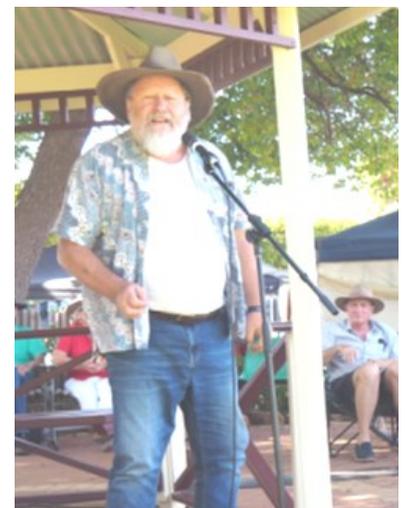


John Hayes (Perth)



Jem Shorland (Perth)

Alan Aitken (Bunbury)



'Stinger' Nettleton (Perth)

CONGRATULATIONS CHRIS TAYLOR FROM BUNBURY



NO MORE LETTERS HOME

"Hello Mum" the letter started, just like the ones she'd read before
And she reads them once or twice a day since her son went off to war.
She doesn't get them often now because they come from far away
Still, she sits on her verandah and waits the postman every day.

Hoping with her every prayer there'll be more letters home.

To his father he's a digger and the family pride and joy
But to her he's not a soldier, he's just her handsome grown up boy.
She'd pleaded with him not to go, "Please just stay and work the farm"
She knew that even with her prayers her boy might come to harm.

And then she knew there'd have to be no more letters home.

But no matter how she pleaded, she could never change his heart
And stood there watching through her tears to see her boy depart.
He had written lots of letters in those first few months away
But the time between grew more and more and he had less and less to say.

And she worried it would all too soon mean no more letters home.

This letter had come weeks ago but from where she did not know.
He rarely told her where he was or the places he might go.
But he asked after the family and the friends he left behind
And told her of the new found mates that he'd been blessed to find.

And she hoped that all these new found friends had sent their letters home.

He promised her as always that he was fit and doing fine
And that so far all the fighting was much further down the line.
She knew of course that wasn't true, as mothers always know
But she loved him for the little lie and simply let it go.

Still praying there would always be more letters coming home.

She glanced up from her letters when the knock came on the door
And looked out through the window as she walked across the floor.
Saw the military vehicle that was parked out on the street
Her mind began to scream, her heart began a stronger beat.

They had finally come to tell her there'd be no more letters home.

She paused a moment at the door as the tears began to rise
Then bravely called on all her strength and with her apron dried her eyes.
She thought about her husband and wished he could be here.
Just so he could hold her and help her face the fear.

Instead she'd have to tell him, why there'd be no more letters home.

She opened up that heavy door and stood there frozen into place
Saw the soldier standing there, his worn and weathered face.
He stood a little awkward on the crutch that helped him walk
But she recognised his smile as soon as he began to talk.

"Hello Mum, my war is over, so there'll be no more letters home".

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2018—2019

Bill Gordon	President	0428651098	northlands@wn.com.au
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Bob Brackenbury	6250 0861 0418918884	brack123@gmail.com

Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:

Tony Hill	Supper BT Mail out	0418929493
Rhonda Hinkley	Librarian	0417099676 gun.hink@hotmail.com
Shelley Johnson	Webmaster	0438339896 shelleyturk@gmail.com
Robert Gunn	Sound gear set up	0417099676 gun.hink@hotmail.com
Rodger Kohn	Bully Tin Mail Out	93320876 0419666168 rodgershirley@bigpond.com

Regular Events

WA Bush Poets	1st Friday of each month	Bentley Park Auditorium
Albany Bush Poetry group:	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets:	First Monday of every second month	Alan Aitken 0400249243 Ian Farrell 0408212636
Rose Hotel cnr Wellington & Victoria Sts Bunbury		
Geraldton Bush Poets:	Second Tuesday of the month. Contacts: Roger & Jan Cracknell 0427 625 181	
or Irene Conner 0429 652 155. 6pm at Recreation room, Belair caravan park, Geraldton. Bring and share snacks for tea.		
Kalgoorlie Bush Poetry Group:	Third Wednesday of the month. Contact Paul Browning 0416 171 809	
Kalgoorlie Country Club, 108 Egan St. Kalgoorlie 6.30pm		

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

Address correspondence for the “Bully Tin” to: Bully Tin Editor, PO Box 364, Bentley 6982 or meggordon4@bigpond.com.au

Address correspondence for the Secretary to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Box 364 Bentley 6982

Ccorrespondence re monetary payments for Treasurer to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Bos 364 Bentley 6982

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 website -Go to the “Performance Poets” page

Don’t forget our website www.wabushpoets.asn.au

Please contact the Webmaster, Shelley Johnson: shelleyturk@gmail.com if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.

Members’ Poetic Products

Victoria Brown	CD	Terry Piggott	Books	Arthur Leggett	Book
Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Frank Heffernan	Book	Keith Lethbridge	books
John Hayes	CDs books	Christine Boulton	Book, CD	Corin Linch	books
Tim Heffernan	book	Pete Stratford	Book, CDs	Val Read	books
Brian Langley	CD’s books	Roger Cracknell	Book, CD	Peg Vickers	books & CD
		Bill Gordon	CD	Terry Bennetts	Music CDs