

The

February 2013

BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



**Next Muster 1st February 7pm RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley
MC TBA - Please contact Dave Smith on 0438341256**

THIS DAY IN HISTORY

Friday, February 1, 2013

Australian History

1858 - The first balloon flight in Australia occurs.
1915 - Opal is first discovered in Coober Pedy, Australia

A Valentine

Barcroft Boake

The Bree was up; the floods were out
around the hut of Culgo Jim:
the hand of God had broke the drought
and filled the channels to the brim:
the outline of the hut loomed dim
among the shades of murmurous pine,
that eve of good Saint Valentine.

He watched, and to his sleepy gaze
the dying embers of the fire,
its yellow reds and pearly greys,
made pictures of his younger days.
Outside the waters mounted higher
beneath a half-moon's sickly shine,
that eve of good Saint Valentine.

There, in the great slab fire-place
the oak log, burnt away to coal,
showed him the semblance of a face
framed in a golden aureole:
eyes, the clear windows of a soul –
soul of a maid, who used to sign
herself, "Jim, dear, your Valentine."

Lips, whose pink curves were made to bear
Love's kisses, not to be the mock
of grave-worms ... Suddenly a whirr,
and twelve loud strokes upon the clock;
then at the door a gentle knock.
The collie dog began to whine
that morn of good Saint Valentine.

CALLING ALL WRITING POETS!!!!!!

FEBRUARY MUSTER COMPETITION

At the February muster, we will be having a short poem competition - the topic is 'Elections'. With government elections coming up, there is sure to be lots of grist for the mill!!! Poems are to have a max 16 lines with max 13 syllables per line, The only prize is something nominal (choccies, wine etc) for the first place, and a Certificate for the first 3. There is no entry fee - judging is on a "slam" basis with five judges selected at random from the audience - each judge give a mark out of 10, top and bottom are discarded - other 3 added, to make the score - there are "rules" for splitting ties

A Valentine (Cont)

He opened; by his heels the hound
sniffed at the night. 'Who comes, and why?
What? no one! Hush! Was that a sound?
Methought I heard a human cry.
Bah! 'Twas a curlew passing by
out where the lignum bushes twine,
this morn of good Saint Valentine.

'What ails the dog? Down, Stumpy, down!
No? Well, lead on, perchance a sheep
it is, poor brute, that fears to drown.
Heavens! How chill the waters creep!
Why, Stumpy, do you splash and leap?
'Tis but a foolish quest of thine,
this morn of good Saint Valentine.

"Nay, not so foolish as I thought ...
Hark! 'Mid those reeds a feeble scream!
Mother of God! A cradle – brought
down from some homestead up the stream!
A white-robed baby! Do I dream?
No, 'tis that dear dead love of mine
who sends me thus a Valentine!"

WANTED - MUSTER MC's

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

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

President's Preamble

With Christmas and the New Year behind us, the pace is quickening in Bush Poetry.

As I write this, three of our members are in Tamworth with nominations for the Australian Bush Laureate Awards. Terry Piggott is a finalist for the Book of the year, as is Frank Heffernan. Terry is also nominated for Published Poem of the year with "On the Western Shore". Brian Langley has been nominated for the Judith Hosier Heritage Award, for significant contribution to Australian bush poetry. We wish them well and hope to see at least one Golden Gumleaf heading west.

Wireless Hill on Australia Day promises to be an excellent showcase of bush poetry. Dave has lined up a talented group of poets to provide a quality program. This year we welcome David and Therese of "Country Campfire" to provide the music.

Plans are well in hand for Boyup Brook on 13th – 17th February. With a large contingent of WA poets plus Bob Magor and Peter Mace, we are looking forward to a great festival. If camping enquiries at "Northlands" are anything to go on, we are set for another record crowd.

Looking much further ahead, the date for the WA State Championships has been set for 8th – 10th November. Your committee is starting to put the program together, with the school, club, tavern and Lions Club all being involved as well as the Moondyne Joe festival committee. So mark your diaries now for what promises to be an excellent weekend.

Bill Gordon
President

The Man From Snowy River Bush Festival/
Victorian Bush Poetry Championships
with \$4,500 in prizes and trophies.
4 – 7th April 2013
Written competition, and performance sections for
Open, Intermediate and Novice.
Starts Thursday with afternoon concert – through to
Sunday, with non-competitive activities sprinkled
throughout the weekend.
Enjoy the thrills and sights of the Man from Snowy
River competition and festival.
Enquiries: Jan Lewis 02 60774332 Email:
info@bushfestival.com.au
Website: www.bushfestival.com.au
PO Box 144, Corryong. Vic. 3707

POET PROFILE

If you would like to feature in the Poet Profile section, please email me a short intro about yourself, along with a photo - or information regarding a poet you would like to see profiled.

THE OLD WOOD STOVE IN THE KITCHEN

I love that stove in the kitchen,
In those happy days of yore,
When the fire was burning brightly,
And my baby's roamed the floor.

I did not know the pressure,
That I feel in life today,
Though I was a good deal poorer,
I was happy then that way.

For I lived out in the back blocks,
With my husband on the land,
He worked for a north-west grazier,
And I was his helping hand.

I remember all the biscuits,
And the bread I used to bake,
When the kettle boiled so briskly,
For the smoko I would make.

We were warm on winter nights,
With its glowing coals of red,
As we sipped our mugs of Milo,
just before we went to bed.

I was never out of firewood,
For my man cut up a stack,
And kept the inside wood box full,
From the door right at its back.

I love that stove in the kitchen,
In those happy days of yore,
It was the centre of my life,
I did not ask for anything more.

Gertrude Skinner (the great old lady of Tamworth bush poetry)

AUSTRALIA DAY AT WIRELESS HILL

A reminder to everyone about Poetry in the Park at Wireless Hill - Saturday 26th January commencing at 1pm. Bring your chairs, some nibbles etc and enjoy an enjoyable afternoon sitting under the beautiful gum trees while being entertained by our wonderful poets!! Enquiries to Dave Smith/Terry Piggot - contacts on back.

HELP WANTED - URGENTLY!!

Help is urgently needed to set up the sound equipment, stage etc for Wireless Hill. Set up will be starting at 1030am - if you can spare some time to come along early and help, it would be very much appreciated.

Please remember, a number of our poets who usually assist with this are currently in Tamworth, so all hands are needed on deck!! Contact Dave Smith if you are able to help. Thanks.

March Muster Notice from MC Dot

Calling all Western Australian writers. For the month of March and at our muster you will be the featured poets.

I will need to know fairly soon who is going to be part of this night's entertainment so that I can organise a programme to show what our very talented Western Australian writers can do. I need writers to submit (up to 3) poems. If you can't be there on the night to present your own poetry I will find a suitable reader to perform your poem/s.

For all intending readers you will need to research and find your own poem/s for the night's entertainment. In the past I have researched to find over 30 poems and then distribute them to an appropriate reader. Now it's your turn to do the research!! It is also a chance for new readers to present and perhaps try out your performance skills on the stage and with a microphone.

For our readers you need to look for writers who may be long gone or are still with us. They need to have written in our acceptable style of rhythm and rhyme. This is also a chance to hear poets who we wouldn't normally hear. If they are totally unknown you will need to do a very short introduction. And of course they must be West Australian. For our West Aussie poets that we do hear at our musters now is the chance to do some of their less well known poetry.

Any queries about the suitability of your chosen poet please get in touch with Dot or Brian. Please let me know if you want to be part of the March Muster. Dots e mail is brumbrum@tpg.com.au or available on Mobile 0428 131 094

Dorothy Coade Hewett was an Australian feminist poet, novelist, librettist and playwright. Hewett was born in Perth and was brought up on a sheep and wheat farm near Wickepin in the Western Australian Wheatbelt. She was initially educated at home and through correspondence courses. From the age of 15 she attended Perth College, which was run by Anglican nuns. Hewett was an atheist, remaining so all her life.

Once I Rode with Clancy...

Dorothy Hewett

Once I rode with Clancy through the wet hills of Wickepin,
By Kunjin and Corrigin with moonlight on the roofs,
And the iron shone faint and ghostly on the lonely moonlit
siding
And the salt earth rang like crystal underneath our flying
hoofs.

Oh once I rode with Clancy when my white flesh was tender,

And my hair a golden cloud along the wind,
Among the hills of Wickepin, the dry salt plains of Corrigin,
Where all my Quaker forebears strove and sinned.

Their black hats went bobbing through the Kunjin churchyard,
With great rapacious noses, sombre-eyed,
Ringbarked gums and planted pine trees, built a raw church
In a clearing, made it consecrated ground because they died.

From this seed I spring—the dour and sardonic Quaker men,
The women with hooked noses, baking bread,
Breeding, hymning, sowing, fencing off the stony earth,
That salts their bones for thanksgiving when they're dead.

It's a country full of old men, with thumbscrews on their hunger,
Their crosses leaning sideways in the scrub.
My cousins spit to windward, great noses blue with moonlight,
Their shoulders propping up the Kunjin pub.

Oh once I rode with Clancy through the wet hills of Wickepin,
By Kunjin and Corrigin with moonlight on the roofs,
And the iron shone faint and ghostly on the lonely, moonlit siding
And the salt earth rang like crystal underneath our flying hoofs.

And the old men rose muttering and cursed us from the graveyard
When they saw our wild white hoofs go flashing by,
For I ride with landless Clancy and their prayers are at my back,
They can shout out strings of curses on the sky.

By Wickepin, by Corrigin, by Kunjin's flinty hills,
On wild white hoofs that kindle into flame,
The river is my mirror, the wattle tree our roof,
Adrift across our bed like golden rain.

Let the old men clack and mutter, let their dead eyes run with rain.
I hear the crack of doom across the scrub,
For though I ride with Clancy there is much of me remains,
In that moonlit dust outside the Kunjin pub.

My golden hair has faded, my tender flesh is dark,
My voice has learned a wet and windy sigh
And I lean above the creekbed, catch my breath upon a ghost,
With a great rapacious nose and sombre eye.

Dear Sir,

I am the secretary of the Carnarvon Artists Club based in Carnarvon. Our Club is for anyone interested in the arts in general but in the old days we used to hold a 'Poets Night' every two months or so which was very popular with our members. We are thinking about holding another Poets night event and maybe combine it with a country and western band and I wondered if any of your members travel to the country to recite yarns and poems and if so what would their charges and fees be?

Regards

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

Bob Magor left school at 15 years of age, then spent about 25 years working his sheep and cattle farm in South Australia. At the age of "about 40" he decided to follow his sons who announced they wanted to pursue a career "off the land". Bob began putting his rural experience to use by writing bush verse and poetry and has now written several well-known books.

The first of his works was released at the Tamworth Country Music festivals of the early 1990s, and he has gone from strength to strength since that time.

His books include Blasted Crows, Blood on the Board, Caravanning Bliss, Donkey Derby, and Snakes Alive and The FMG.

He is one of the guest poets at Boyup Brook in February.

Combis

Bob Magor

I drove last week on highway one
The sticky heat was not much fun,
Yet the thing I cursed was not the sun
...but a snail powered Combi.

I knew his foot was to the floor,
I cursed that driver more and more
As smoke poured from the engine door
...of that rattling beat-up Combi.

With rainbow flowers all around
And hippy incense bearing down
And bongos beating out the sound
... in that feral powered Combi.

Near fifty times I tried to pass
From side to side out on the grass.
I almost ran right up the ...back
... of that underpowered Combi.

When they're parked I do not mind
Or when they're lost and hard to find,
But I don't like to drive behind
... those dilapidated Combis.

I hope when Combi drivers die
They'll take those things up to the sky
And not one curse will I let fly
...when there's no more rotten Combis.

BOYUP BROOK COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL BUSH POETRY PROGRAM AND WRITTEN POETRY COMPETITION

The Boyup Brook Country Music Festival is on again on 13th - 17th February 2013, and we are again running a written bush poetry competition in conjunction with it. There are two categories – Open and Emerging (not having won a competition).

Contact Irene Conner on iconner21@wn.com.au or 0429652155 for entry forms and further details.

On the performance Bush Poetry calendar this year, the guest poets are Bob Magor and Peter Mace.

There are several events over the festival where poets can participate or sit and enjoy some wonderful poetry. These include:

Thursday morning Poets breakfast at the Tennis Club
Thursday – Bush verse writers workshop/poetry performers workshop

Friday 11am – Poets in the Tourist Park

Sunday am – WA's Biggest bush poets breakfast

Please contact Bill Gordon for further information on northlands@wn.com.au or 97651098

If you haven't been to the Boyup Brook Country Music Festival - you are missing out!!! Great atmosphere, and great weekend!!! WA's version of Tamworth!!!

Now, I know I printed this poem last April after Boyup Brook, but I am putting it in again just so you know the fun that can be had down there at the Festival!!! 😊

LAST YEAR ON OUR HOLIDAY

Last year on our holiday, at a town called Boyup Brook
To their Country Music Festival we went to have a look,
The singers and the buskers, the market stalls and all,
The people came from far and wide, all set to have a ball.

The bushfires down at Northcliffe where the marijuana grows,
Hid among the karri trees so that it never shows,
The woodsmoke from the forests as the doctor drifted in,
Brought with it a lethal brew, set the whole crowd in a spin.

The songbirds on the main stage, the mob were going wild
Cavorting on the dance floor like a hyperactive child
The band played tunes as ne'er before, they set a hectic pace,
The drummer was hypnotic; he'd gone right off his face.

The police had lost composure as they carried on too far,
Doing burnouts in the police car, and then dancing on the bar.

Next year at Country Music time, come rain or hail or snow,

I tell you one thing that's for sure, to Boyup Brook we'll go.

SWAP MEET Expressions of interest

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

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

Harry 'Breaker' Morant

Harry Harbord (Breaker) Morant (1864-1902), horseman, balladist and soldier, was born probably on 9 December 1864 at Bridgwater, Somerset, England. He arrived at Townsville, Queensland, on 1 April 1883. He later claimed to be the son of Admiral Sir George Digby Morant of Bideford, Devon, and to have entered the Royal Naval College.

On 13 March 1884, at Charters Towers, Edwin Henry Murrant, son of Edwin Murrant, and his wife Catherine, née O'Reilly, married Daisy May O'Dwyer. It is almost certain that he was Morant, then a groom at Fanning Downs station, and that she was Daisy Bates. After being acquitted of a charge of stealing pigs and a saddle, he separated from her and went to Winton, later overlanding cattle south.

Acquiring a reputation as horse-breaker, drover, steeplechaser, polo player, drinker and womanizer, from 1891 he contributed bush ballads to the Sydney *Bulletin* as 'the Breaker'.

During service in the Second Boer War, Morant allegedly participated in the summary execution of several Boer (Afrikaner) prisoners and the killing of a German missionary, Daniel Heese, who had been a witness to the shootings. His actions led to his controversial court-martial and execution for murder.

In the century since his death, Morant has become a folk hero to some in Australia. His story has been the subject of several books, a stage play, and a major Australian feature film.

West by North Again

Harry Morant

We've drunk our wine, we've kissed our girls, and funds are sinking low,
the horses must be thinking it's a fair thing now to go;
sling the swags on Condamine and strap the billies fast,
and stuff a bottle in the bags and let's be off at last.

What matter if the creeks are up – the cash, alas, runs down!
A very sure and certain sign we're long enough in town.
The ringer rides the boko, and you'd better take the

bay,

Quart Pot will do to carry me the stage we go today.

No grass this side the Border fence, and all the mulga's dead!

The horses for a day or two will have tospiel ahead;
Man never yet from Queensland brought a bullock or a hack
but lost condition on the God-abandoned Border track.

When once we're through the rabbit-proof – it's certain
since the rain –
there's whips o' grass and water, so, it's West by North
again!

There's feed on Tyson's country – we can "spell" the
mokes a week
where Billy Stevens last year trapped his brumbies on
Bough Creek.

The Paroo may be quickly crossed – the Eulo Com-
mon's bare;
and, anyhow, it isn't wise, old man to dally there.
Alack-a-day! Far wiser men than you and I succumb
to woman's wiles, and potency of Queensland wayside
rum.

Then over sand and Spinifex and on, o'er ridge and
plain!

The nags are fresh – besides, they know they're west-
ward-bound again.

The brand upon old Darkie's thigh is that upon the hide
of bullocks we must muster on the Diamantina side.

We'll light our campfires where we may, and yarn beside
their blaze;
the jingling hobble-chains shall make a music through
the days.

And while the tucker-bags are right, and we've a stick of
weed,
a swagman shall be welcome to a pipe-full and a feed.

So, fill your pipe and, ere we mount, we'll drink another
nip –
here's how the West by North again may prove a lucky
trip;
then back again – I trust you'll find your best girl's merry
face,
or, if she jilts you, may you get a better in her place.

**Muster MCs and Classics Readers are ur-
gently 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**

Further to the articles/comments from Brian Langley and Victor Dale in last months newsletter regarding Herbert Hoover, Maxine Richter has forwarded me this information from the Kalgoorlie Historical Society. Who knows the truth about his poem????? Brian and Victor presented very valid points from their research, but I guess we will never know!! I must say, having done some further research, I tend to agree with Brian and Victor.

Herbert C Hoover

FROM KALGOORIE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Herbert Hoover was born in a very humble three room one-story home, built of upright boards whitewashed inside and out, on the bank of the Wapsinonoc Creek, across the alley from his father Jesse Hoover's blacksmith shop. Both of his parents died when Herbert was a young child and he was sent to live with an Uncle where he went to work in his Uncle's Real Estate Business, here he met an Engineer who impressed upon him the importance of a college education. Leland Stanford Jr. University formally opened on October 1st 1891, and young Herbert, though lacking a high school diploma, passed entrance exams and entered the Department of Geology & Mining. He received his diploma in 1895 and met Lou Henry during his senior year at Stanford where she majored in Geology and graduated in 1898.

In October 1897, a British company, Berwick Moreing, was looking for consultants to head to Western Australia where the Gold Rush was under way. They needed a young man, as the job would be extremely strenuous - but not too young, as it required thorough experience; say a man of thirty-five. His tutor did not conceal Hoover's relative lack of experience, but indicated that he was not yet thirty-five, he was well within the truth by twelve years, in fact Hoover was just twenty three years old! Hoover bade farewell to Lou Henry with whom he had an "understanding", he bought himself his first dress suit, crossed the Mississippi for the first time, and headed for New York, for London, for Australia, for the world.

It was a long journey by way of France, Italy, Egypt, and India before arriving in Albany Western Australia where he had to spend two weeks in quarantine, small pox having been discovered on board the ship. Then after three hundred odd miles inland by a recently constructed single gauge railroad, he was at Coolgardie, one of the area's assigned to him. Kalgoorlie & Leonora was flat and desolate land, vast distances covered with low, bristly sage bush, where the mercury rarely dropped below 100 even at night, a land in which water was almost as valuable and more rare than gold for which thousands of men were hunting feverishly.

For the rest of his life the very sight of a camel made Hoover seasick. In installments of thirty or forty miles a day, he traveled with the nauseous caravans from one of his mines to another; or on the trail of rumours that sometimes made millionaires in London and New York and more often fizzled out in disappointments.

At the Gwalia Museum stands the headframe of Oregon that Hoover designed, the Mine Managers house, where he spent his 24th birthday in August 1898 in a partly finished house, (now restored) The Mine Managers Office, (now housing the photographic & small item collection) and the Assay building (now archives and office), lasting reminders of his contribution to Mining & Engineering.

Herbert Hoover was also a regular guest at the Kalgoorlie Palace Hotel in its early days and it was during this time he reportedly fell in love with a barmaid at the hotel before leaving to marry his college sweetheart Lou Henry. He also composed a poem to the barmaid, an excerpt of which hangs next to the famous mirror.

The elaborately carved mirror which stands in the foyer of the hotel was his parting gift to the Hotel where he spent much of his time when he was in Kalgoorlie.

Hoover became President of the USA in 1929, just before the stock market crash, unfortunately the depression descended on America as on many other Countries. His Presidency ended in 1933. Lou Henry Hoover died suddenly from a heart attack on 7th January 1944, while Herbert Hoover died 20th October 1964. 10 months after the Sons of Gwalia Mine closed at Christmas 1963.

The Swan River

Nancy Hobson

Oh, the wonder of the river when the night is dark and still
and the yellow lamps are mirrored from the road below the hill
and the waters black and gleaming and the stars are frosty bright,
oh, the wonder of the river in the silence of the night.

Oh, the wonder of the river when the dawn is misty cold
and the sunshine thro' the cloud banks lights the city spires with gold,
when the dawn wind blows lightly till the mist wreaths stir and sway,
oh, the wonder of the river at the dawning of the day.

Oh, the wonder of the river when the sun is sinking low
and the surface of the water bears an opalescent glow,
when the tops of trees stand out like lace on the western hill
and the black duck fly to rest in the lagoon beside the mill;
when white winged yachts glide homewards to their moorings one by one
oh, the wonder of the river at the setting of the sun

The Spinifex and the Sand

David Carnegie c1894

I will sing you a lay of W.A.
Of a wanderer, travelled and tanned
by the sun's fierce ray, through the livelong day
In the Spinifex and Sand.

At the day's first dawn, in earliest morn,
As a soldier obeys a command,
From his blanket he's torn, still weary and worn
By the Spinifex and Sand.

Unrested still, he must put on the billy,
And eat of the meat that is canned,
He must take his full fill, he must face willy-nilly
The Spinifex and the Sand.

Then he gets on the tracks and sights the arched backs
Of his camels of true South Aus. brand.
And with saddle and sack he must hasten to pack
For the Spinifex and Sand.

From the start until night, till he's sick of the sight.
There seem to dance hand in hand
A lady so bright, and a green-armoured knight,
The Spinifex and the Sand.

He turns to his mate with "It gets a bit late.
His mate, he just answers offhand -
"It's the same soon or late, we'll camp any rate
In the Spinifex and Sand."

As the night drags along, a weird-looking throng
Fills his dreams of a far-off land,
And a voice loud and strong chants the same ceaseless song
Of the SPINIFEX AND THE SAND.

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 late-comers into second half.
- ♦ If there are any problems with program or late-comers 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.

Found after Toodyay Moondyne Festival

After the cleanup from the November event - this drink bottle was found and I have been unable to locate the owner.

I have washed the bottle and cover and is here with me - could you please circulate amongst those who attended to see if the owner is a member of your club.

Appreciated - thanks. Rhonda Sullivan
08 9574 4112 or 0427 99 0014



While searching through the internet one day, I chanced upon this poem - you will all recognize the name of the poet!

Written by Arthur Leggatt in 10 minutes, at a writers & poets gathering, shortly after listening to some younger, much younger, people who had spoken extremely critically about the dropping of the atom bomb on Japan.

Some of you young folk sicken me
When you survey the past from here - today.
Ignoring history as it was,
The part us old blokes had to play.

Have you not heard of nurses
Hherded out into the water
Then machine-gunned for no reason
But indifferent, callous slaughter?

Have you all forgotton scenes
From The Railroads murderous toil?
The starving mob in Changi Gaol?
The dead on Ambon's soil?

Let me tell you who they were,
These ulcer-ridden shapes.
Kicked and tortured - bashed to death.
They were my teenage mates!

The chaps whom I played cricket with
Or swelled the football's cheers.
We sailed our yacht upon The Swan,
Laughed together. Drank our beers.

Have you forgotton Darwin town was bombed?
Broome and Wyndham wrecked?
New Guinea nearly over-run?
Forgotten who was next?

The Invader pounded at the door!
Reached out with yellow hand
To raze my city, rape my kin
And take my native land!

Now you cry for the vanquished
Shout "Shame" with great aplomb.
Condemn my generation
And its immoral atom bomb.

A wars a bloody awful thing
In which Man murders Man.
Yet, fifty years along Life's Track,
No one gives a damn!

But before you weep for the enemy
And mourn his tragic cost,
Sit down and quietly ask yourself,
"My God! What if we'd lost?"

BREAKING NEWS!!!!!!!!!!



I have just had a newsflash in via our super sleuth, Dave Smith!! The winners of the Bush Laureate Awards in Tamworth have just been announced.

Australian Bush Laureate Awards – 2013 winners

Winners in the 2013 Australian Bush Laureate awards were announced in Tamworth this afternoon (January 22).

Leading Australian bush poet **Carol Heuchan** (pictured, right) of Cooranbong, NSW, was the biggest winner taking out Album of the Year for her current work *Partners* which also won her the Single Recorded Performance of the Year Golden Gumleaf for the album's title track. *Partners* is a live recording of Carol and her poetry.

Book of the Year went to *Around The Campfire* by **Terry Piggott** (pictured) of Canningvale, WA. The well-produced work includes a dozen or more of Terry's photos as well as his highly regarded bush poetry.

Collected Verse Book of the Year was won by *Award Winning Bush Verse*, a compilation by Max & Jacqui Merckenschlager of Caloote, SA. The work, described as "a first anthology of award-winning bush poems and bush-themed stories" is published by **Melbourne Books**.

A big congratulations to Terry Piggott - who has won and placed in so many written competitions around Australia since he started entering competitions only a few years ago. He has shown he is one of the top written bush poets in Australia!!

Congratulations also to Frank Heffernan, who was selected as a finalist for the Book of the Year award, and to Brian Langley, who was nominated for the Judith Hosier award, which is given for outstanding contribution to the bush poetry movement.

It is great to see three West Australians leaving their mark on what is arguably one of the most prestigious competitions in Australia.

John Shaw Neilson was born in Penola, South Australia, in 1872, the eldest son of Scottish farmers. In 1881, the Neilson family moved to the Wimmera district of Victoria to take up a selection, but they struggled in the poor country and Neilsons father was forced to find work on others stations. Neilsons formal schooling was limited and he soon joined his father, who was also a poet, as an itinerant bush labourer. For most of his life, Neilson lived in marginal circumstances, working in various casual labouring jobs in rural Victoria and New South Wales.

Old Granny Sullivan

John Shaw Neilson

A pleasant shady place it is, a pleasant place and cool -
The township folk go up and down, the children pass to school.
Along the river lies my world, a dear sweet world to me:
I sit and learn - I cannot go; there is so much to see.

But Granny she has seen the world, and often by her side
I sit and listen while she speaks of youthful days of pride;
Old Granny's hands are clasped; she wears her favourite faded
shawl -
I ask her this, I ask her that: she says, 'I mind it all.'

The boys and girls that Granny knew, far o'er the seas are they,
But there's no love like the old love, and the old world far away;
Her talk is all of wakes and fairs - or how, when night would fall,
'Twas many a quare thing crept and came,' and Granny 'minds them all.'

A strange new land was this to her, and perilous, rude and wild
—
where loneliness and tears and care came to each mother's child:
the wilderness closed all around, grim as a prison wall;
but white folk then were stout of heart – Ah! Granny "minds it all".

The day she first met Sullivan - she tells it all to me –
How she was hardly twenty-one and he was twenty-three.
The courting days! the kissing days! - but bitter things befall
The bravest hearts that plan and dream. Old Granny 'minds it all.'

Her wedding-dress I know by heart; yes! every flounce and frill;
And the little home they lived in first, with the garden on the hill.
'Twas there her baby boy was born; and neighbours came to call,
But none had seen a boy like Jim - and Granny 'minds it all.'

They had their fights in those old days; but Sullivan was strong,
A smart quick man at anything; 'twas hard to put him wrong...
One day they brought him from the mine... (The big salt tears will fall)...
'Twas long ago, God rest his soul! Poor Granny 'minds it all.'

The first dark days of widowhood, the weary days and slow,
The grim, disheartening, uphill fight, then Granny lived to know.
'The childer,' ah! they grew and grew - sound, rosy-cheeked and tall:
'The childer' still they are to her. Old Granny 'minds them all.'

How well she loved her little brood! Oh, Granny's heart was brave!

She gave to them her love and faith - all that the good God have.

They change not with the changing years; as babies just the same
She feels for them, though some, alas! have brought her grief and shame:

The big world called them here and there,
and many a mile away:
They cannot come - she cannot go - the darkness haunts the day;
And I, no flesh and blood of hers, sit here
while shadows fall -
I sit and listen - Granny talks; for Granny
'minds them all.'

'Tis time to pause, for pause we must – we only have our day –
yes; by and by our dance will die, our fiddlers cease to play:
and we shall seek some quiet place where great grey shadows fall,
and sit and wait as Granny waits – we'll sit and "mind them all".

Muster Write up - By Lesley McAlpine

Bush Poets Evening 4/1/2013

Fortunately this evening has been a little cooler than the recent ones so it has been a good evening for us all to get out of the house and move about a bit.

I'd first of all like to thank those Poets and other attendees who have made the effort this evening to come and join in the pleasant evenings activities.

The proceedings were opened by Bill Gordon talking about the Boyup Brook weekend and the link to the Tamworth Week end.

Bill Gordon then gave us a couple of his one-minute poems, one about the Boyup Festival last year when the smoke from the bushfires at Northcliffe drifted over Boyup Brook, bringing with it a lethal brew from all the Marijuana that is grown in the forests. The effect it had on the crowd made it a festival not to be forgotten.

Bill then recited a poem written by Don Lloyd called "My Teddy Bear". With his father always away working, the only person the little boy had to talk to was his teddy bear. All his loneliness, fear of the dark, failure to get on with the other kids at school was shared with his teddy bear. His is destined to repeat the mistakes of his father as he has no other role model. Bill also reminded us that this could

Muster Write up (Continued)

be used as a cautionary tale for FIFO workers of today.

Next was Barry and Kerry with one of Kerry's own poem called Lotto Winner. This is about an elderly person who won lotto and then was pestered constantly by the family wanting cash. Enough! So off she went on a holiday and did all sorts round the place including buying a new car. This caused all sorts of problems including a terrible smell emanating from the car.....The rest you can imagine though Kerry and Barry gave a vivid description. Next they did "After Ewe" written by Peter Blyth. All about a farmer attempting to "rescue" a Ewe from the dam and how after stripping down to nothing he was sighted yelling unpleasant things while nude by the local stock rep.

Jack Matthews is next with Banjo Pattersons Mulga Bill. This is a classic tale about a man's pride in his "special gift" (an ability to ride anything) and his attempts at showing this gift on a new "ride" - a bicycle. A picture of terror and a watery end to the new ride.

Next is Caroline Cambridge who has given us her usual style of Poetry with one about the neighbours who are always asking for money and cigarettes. The next is about a Magician called Dynamo who has been on Tv. Lots of laughs and fun as usual. Thanks for your 28 poems you have written in 2012.

Robert Gunn followed up by David Berman, called Blue the Dog. It's the first Poem that Robert ever performed with the Bush Poets. Its all about the dog's life including watching tv with the boss and all his other very typical dog like behaviour. Yet the boss ignores the basic request to get outside. The missus comes home and the Boss is in trouble now

Lesley with "Granny" came next. A poem that I wrote back in 2001 about my Grandmother who had passed away and what she meant to me. I found it very emotionally difficult to recite but made it to the end.

Now for Keith Lethbridge with two items. First a little lesson on the lagerphone and how it is made and used. Always interesting to learn new things, then a tune on the Harmonica (hurdy gurdy as he calls it) and his sticks. Now the poetry "When Digger Caught the Wog" a tale of Digger at the Murchison Hotel. All was going well til he got the Wog causing him to lose the taste for grog. Doctors advise said not to climb the stairs so digger followed them to the letter however climbing the water spout to avoid stairs just didn't let him get better. Keith's next poem "Meekathara" was about a man heading up the Murchison to Meeka- bloody-thara with his leaky bloody tent. Wonderful to be able to enjoy the skills of "Cobber"

Now is Trish Joyce with her poem the "Hand of Fate", all about a delayed trip to east of Southern Cross. After 15 hours being delayed by a very nasty car crash and worrying about what might have been. This was all about a true event that occurred to Trish.

Maxine gave us a small reminder about our library and how all the titles are available on the website.

Rusty Christiansen (Our Founder) is our next poet with something different for him. He has been nominated as an Australian of the Year for 2013. And a letter from Adam Gilchrist announcing this. He then gave us all a little history about Henry Lawson. This was in the form of a report on an interview carried out by himself with Mr Lawson when he was 50 years old and suffering from his hard lifestyle. The interview covered Henry's early life and his introductions to poetry by his family. Deafness was a problem for him and his life was hard even when married to Beth and after when the marriage failed. Bush life was not comfortable for him and his life was hard but he did enjoy people in general and his time writing in competition with Banjo Patterson for the Bulletin at a penny a line. Not long after this interview Lawson Passed away 2/9/1922

Maxine then announced supper

Door ticket drawn for free entry into a Muster of your choice.
Congratulations Madeline

Brian Langley started the second half with some info about Wireless Hill on Australia Day 2013. Dot Langley also announced that our March Muster will be the West Australian Writers Muster. If you want your poem read please contact her so she can arrange a reader for you.

Nancy Coe performed the "Death of Halligan" by Alexander Forbes as our classic tonight. I believe that this is her

first time and a very passionate performance was given.

Brian Langley "The New Year" all about his New Years resolutions that yet again just don't seem to be kept no matter how good the intentions are or how often they get repeated.

He also did "There's fairies live at my house" all about the things that happen around his house, like the book that disappears or the hose that tangles, the things that are found in all the wrong places. It must be the fault of Fairies so He builds a Fairy trap but they pinch the flap so he gives up and goes to bed.

Kerry is next written by Anon about Mules. I'm just confused between behind and before legs. A really good tongue twister and I admire your skill at not getting as confused as I am now.

Next came a story about her 96 year old mother 30 years ago being very ill and not expected to survive. As she did not eat Kerry started to eat on her behalf. "Called Me Mother" Its about the weight that found its way to Kerry instead of her mother. And how her husband enjoys her new lumps and bumps but Kerry still blames her mother.

Keith Lethbridge is next with a gum leaf (it turned out to be a Rose leaf) collected from outside to give us a ditty (Amazing Grace). After this fantastic achievement he gave us his poem called "Too flamin old". It's shearing time. One of the old Murchison team aproaches Digger and then Cobber, to get them started. He has no luck at all. They both reckon they're too flamin' old. Jest when all seems lost. Mother McQ bobs up and gets everyone motivated. "Just get up and go and you'll never be too flamin' old". so off they go for another season of hard work and adventure.

Lesley with "Incentives", one of her own, written when frustrated at work by spending more and more time chasing the elusive incentives rather than giving customers great service. This was followed by "I love my Job". This one appears to be written by anon and praises all aspects of a persons employment including computers that don't work, paper piles that grow and work mates that jeer and sneer. The writer even claims to love the men in white coats who have come to take him away.

Barry Higgins is next with Christmas Cocktail by Syd Hopkinson all about a wonderful fund raising event to assist the needy kids. Rosie was a good sport in the bath tub of champagne but Jock, the yardman, didn't like just throwing it away but he couldn't understand how 12 magnums when in and 13 were sold..... Oops.

He followed this with Arthur Leggett's Summer Idyll about a grasshopper drowning in the pool and how it was saved only to be stomped upon with "vigour".

Caroline Sambridge followed with some more of her poems - "Barbie in outer space". Barbie wanted to go on a cruise to outer space but she ended up flying into outspace without oxygen. Then we have one called the "Tooth Fairy". The tooth fairy is very rich and not doing all the right things. Some think that she should burn.

Jerome came next with a story about a friend of his who has recently become a "Grey Nomad". After stopping one night the caravan rocks all over the place but she stays in doors. In the morning she was having her breakfast and a very itchy wombat came out of the bushes to scratch on the tyres of her caravan. Problem discovered.

Robert Gunn gave us a poem by Bob Hudson adapted by Melanie Hall called Big Words. Its another one of those confusing word usage poems that talks about a town called Morrow and how you need to get there by train. To get to morrow you should have gone yesterday cause the train to morrow left then and so it goes til I am so confused like the poet who was getting agro trying to understand and gave up to go back to the pub.

Rusty Christiansen gave us a poem by Bob Magor called "Blue and the sheep". Its about the dog Blue who was no longer used on the farm but sent to Grandma in town. It didn't suit Blue so he still roamed the town until he found a dead sheep down by the river. He took it home to the kennel but didn't quite make it. He only made it to the front of the church to rest a while then got as far as the aged home where all thought some one had died. The stench even upset poor Boozy Bill who claimed to give up the grog. After being chased by the local dogs he took refuge in the local Greek deli with his prize. But the locals copper ended up using his gun with Nick the greek to clear the mess. Finally Blue got some of the sheep back to Granny's only to have her with her influenza not smell it but to hug the smelly dog and be concerned for his safety if he were to go to town.

Bill closed the evening with mention again of Boyup brook and the fact that Bob Magor will be there, along with Peter Mace.

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

Bill Gordon	President	97651098	northlands@wn.com.au
Brian Langley	Vice President	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
	Webmaster		
	Publicity/promotions		
Irene Conner	Secretary	0429652155	iconner21@wn.com.au
	Newsletter Editor		
	State Rep ABPA		
Heather Denholm	Treasurer	9405 6307	h.e.denholm@gmail.com
Maxine Richter	Bullytin Distributor	9361 2365	maxine.richter@bigpond.com
Terry Piggott	Events Co-Ord	94588887	terrence.piggott@bigpond.com
Dave Smith	Events Co-Ord	0438341256	daveandelainesmith1@bigpond.com
Trish Joyce	Library	0419921026	
Nancy Coe	Muster Meet/greet	94725303	

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

Robert Gunn	Sound gear set up	0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Rhonda	Supper	0417099676	

Upcoming Events

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

- ◆ Friday 1st February 7pm - February Muster RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley. Poetry comp - "Elections"
- ◆ 13 - 17th February - Boyup Brook Country Music Festival - Written Bush Poetry Competition and Performance program. See Bill Gordon for details.
- ◆ Friday 1st March 7pm - March Muster. RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley. West Australian Writers - for country writers and non-performer writers.

Regular events

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets	To be Advised	

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
--	--	---

Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The Editor "Bully Tin" PO Box 584, Jurien Bay 6516 e-mail iconner21@wn.com.au	Address all other correspondence to The Secretary WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Box 364, Bentley WA 6982	Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn Box 364, Bentley. WA 6982
--	--	--