



.....

□ Next Muster May 6th, 2011 7.30pm MC June Bond Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

May is
Mothers Day
Int. Labour Day
Autumn
Volunteers Week,
Grey Nomad migration season
starts

THE FUTURE OF the WABP&YS Assn ?
ON COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION ?
3 MONTHS and THEN WHAT?

From **Today is Mothers' Day**
 (E.G. Dryblower Murphy)
 Published, Sunday Times 80 years ago,
Mothers' Day 1931



To-day turns the hands of Time, to cosy cradle days,
 To nursery tale and romping rhyme, and youthhood's merry maze.
 To-day swings the years aside, the joyous months and sad,
 Bringing from world-tracks wild and wide, heart greetings good and glad.
 Success has come, success has gone; she may abide above.
 Yet through the dark replendent shore the lanterns of her love
 The tender touch that once we knew, the scold that's half-caress,
 Forgiveness free for yours and you, the No that's half a Yes.
 So if within your soul of souls in penitence you pray.
 No matter where you chance to be. Remember, O remember ye!
 To-day is Mothers* Day.

The Mother in the palace grand, the hovel and the hall,
 In every country, every strand, shall know the common call.
 Wherever burns the sacred flame to light the human scroll,
 There shall she hear her whispered name, within her sheltered soul.
 Wherever babes have grown to men, wee daughters into wives.
 Shall she receive by voice and pen the homage of their lives.
 The ends of earth may hold them fast, between them swing the seas,
 But they their messages shall cast upon the bearing breeze.
 By road, by rail, by ethered air. by ships that split the spray,
 Where unforgetting children dwell, a myriad messages shall tell -
 To-day is Mothers' Day.

Do you recall your baby steps she guided as you grew.
 Your wilful peeves, your joyous peeps, the troubles that you knew?
 Do you recall the sleepless nights, she spent beside your cot,
 The sharer of your dreams at night, the lightener of your lot?
 Do you recall the fevered bed on which you turned and tost.
 Fighting the Shadow grim and dread, the fight you nearly lost?
 The convalescence and the care, she showered all for you
 That you again should drink God's air and see His heavens blue?
 All these, all these again must rise, and by you stand and stay;
 All these must be remembered yet, lest you forget, lest you forget
 To-day is Mothers' Day.

Don't have the winning Short Poetry Entry at the moment, but here's the 2nd place getter

April

April was a Scottish lass,
 of beauty quite unique;
 Hair of gold and eyes of blue,
 but when you heard her speak
 You guessed that as a palm tree,
 she would be short a frond;
 April was, in all respects,
 quite def'nit'y a blonde.

Her 'puter screen was covered,
 in white correction blobs.
 Centrelink had sent her off,
 to forty seven jobs
 And all of them had sacked her,
 before she'd made a start;
 They said she was unsuited,
 put horse behind the cart.

But April wasn't stupid;
 she knew that she could spell;
 Knew that B E L L E
 was not how you spelt bell.
 M A C D U F F,
 she knew it spelt McDuff;
 She could spell all Scottish clans,
 she knew them off the cuff.

But one was an exception, there's
 some who called her fool;
 April could not understand,
 she knew the clan name rule
 That M A C was special,
 she knew the rule just fine,
 M A C H I N E
 should be pronounced McHine.

B.L

This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of Steve Irons, Federal Member for the seat of Swan



Walking Different Tracks

For the Techno-Savvy among us—

AUSTRALIAN POETRY HAS LAUNCHED AN IPHONE APPLICATION

The application is a **one stop shop for Australian poetry** and will be updated every few months.

Upload it to your phone now for easy access to Australia's leading poets, poetry organisations, publishers of poetry, literary festivals and writers centres. Find out about competitions, prizes and venues to read in a city near you. Purchase it here: http://sutromedia.com/apps/Australian_Poetry

Fremantle Press Seeks Performance Poets

Fremantle Press invites poets to submit a collection of their work for publication in *Fremantle Poets 3: Performance Poets*. Up to ten outstanding performance poets will be chosen for the survey on the basis of their manuscripts and a recorded performance piece. Submissions close 1 June. For guidelines and more information about Fremantle Poetry Month,

<http://listmail.bam.com.au/t/r/l/jyiyild/cfjrkr/e/>

N BRIEF

MOVED

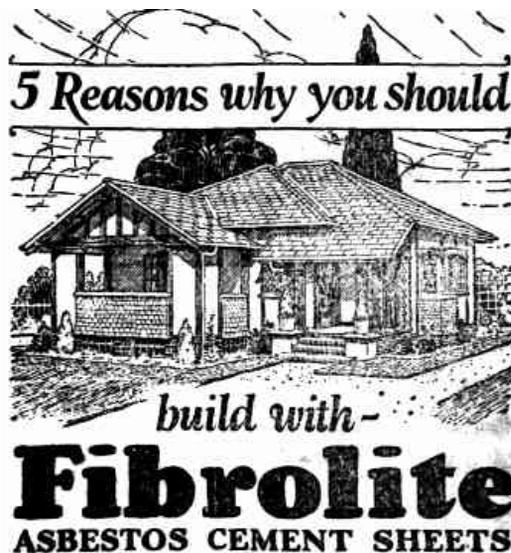


Our Assn founder and president of many years, **Rusty Christensen**, along with his wife Judy have recently moved into a retirement village, just down the same road a bit in Melville from where Rusty spent his childhood. Talk about the "Circle of Life" Rusty and Judy spent the last several weeks of their time at their previous home trying to do what many of us attempt but rarely successfully succeed in doing—DOWNSIZING. Part of this process was finding a new home for a considerable number of books of Bush Poetry and Aussie Short Stories. Thanks to Rusty, they now reside in our library, available for members to borrow. Please contact the librarian, Jill Miller.

APRIL SHORT POETRY COMPETITION

Not a lot of entries this time— Why??? Is the idea getting stale?

All 3 places went to regular entrants, **Syd Hopkinson**, appearing IN PERSON for the first time in yonks took out both 1st and 3rd. His first Place, "April Fool" was read by Kerry Bowe and his 3rd place "Blonde" by Leslie McAlpine. Yours truly, **Brian Langley** again was the 'bridesmaid' (he has yet to win one of these comps but has been 2nd on numerous occasions) with a bit of a different slant on the topic "April Fool" with his poem "April" (see Page 1)



Oh, how times have changed. This ad was from the Sunday Times of 80 years ago

And from the ALBANY Local paper comes



RESULTS— BOYUP BROOK WRITTEN COMP

Open:

First	Legacy of a Bushfire	Brenda Joy (Qld)
HC	The Old Mine	Terry Piggott (WA)
	Nullarbor Dreaming	Brenda Joy (Qld)
Com	The Black Pearl	Val Read (WA)
	Christmas Gift	Terry Piggott (WA)
	Old Man Dreaming	Val Read (WA)

Novice:

First	And the Poppies Dance	Heather Knight (Vic)
HC	The Last Post	Heather Knight (Vic)



Mi-

chael

Blake—"Outback Paddy" who will be entertaining us at the **July muster** hear him at www.outbackpaddy.com BRING A FRIEND

May 1st being International Labour Day Here's a poem I found that seems to fit the occasion.

Somebody said it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing and he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
At least no one has ever done it";
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing and he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.



(Mainly) Aussie May—History This Month

- | | | |
|------|------|--|
| 1st | 1891 | First Mayday march—Barcaldine |
| 2nd | 1829 | City of Fremantle Founded |
| 5th | 1894 | The term "fair dinkum" first appears in print |
| 8th | 1945 | VE Day. WWII ends in Europe |
| 9th | 1901 | First Australian Parliament opened by the Duke of Cornwall (Later King George V) |
| | 1927 | Federal Parliament moves from Melbourne to Canberra |
| | 1988 | New Parliament House opened by Queen Elizabeth II |
| | 2006 | In Tas. 2 miners trapped for 14 days are freed. |
| 13th | 1887 | Australia's "First Fleet" sets out from Portsmouth |
| | 1984 | \$1 banknote replaced with a coin |
| 15th | 1928 | Fore runner of the RFDS established at Cloncurry Qld |
| 18th | 1854 | First Australian (Horse drawn) railway in South Australia |
| 19th | 1861 | Dame Nellie Melba is born |
| | 1915 | John Simpson Kirkpatrick (Simpson of Gallipoli fame) dies |
| 22nd | 1851 | First Gold discovery in Australia |
| 27th | 1967 | Referendum give full citizenship rights to aboriginals |
| 31st | 1942 | Japanese midget submarines enter Sydney Harbour |

JULY MUSTER (July 1st) will be preceded by our **A. G.M commencing at 6.30pm** All members are asked to attend if at all possible.

ALL CURRENT EXECUTIVE and COMMITTEE POSITIONS will become vacant prior to (hopefully) a new Management committee being elected. All members are eligible to nominate and vote.

Membership fees are due at this time also, however as this is being reviewed, please hold off paying until we know details.

The Bush Poets of Geraldton had their first Bush Poets Brekky at the Geraldton Grower's Markets on Saturday 12th March.

After the successful Bush Poets Breakfast which was part of the Big Sky Writer's Festival in 2010 we had been asked by the Grower's Markets committee if we would like to do poetry as a regular event. We had been thinking about the need for a regular performing venue so this invitation seemed ideal. We settled on the second Saturday of every month as that way we would miss most of the public holiday long weekends and have less interruptions. quite a few shoppers stopped to enjoy the poetry and avail themselves of breakfast at the same time.

We were small in number but large in enthusiasm with poetry performers Catherine McLernon, Roger Cracknell and Tony Turner [The Man Under The Hat]. The weather stayed true to form for the Midwest - sunny and warm and the appreciation from our audience was the same. The Grower's Market committee were very pleased and we have twigged the setup a little to improve the presentation at our next performance on Saturday 9th April.

As we continue and the event becomes better known we expect to attract more secret poets out of the bushes and increase the appreciation of bush poetry as an expression of our Aussie culture and way of life.

If anyone is in Geraldton on the 2nd Saturday of any month we would love to see you. Any queries to Catherine McLernon on 0409 200 153.

Wrap-up of April Muster - by Dot

Our MC for the night was Jill Millar and as we had the short poetry competition with 9 entries it was decided to 'do' all of these first and get them out of the way. The topic for the competition was April Fool. (This day is celebrated all around the world with the main theme to make up pranks to 'fool' whoever. This day is also referred to as All Fools day.

We had contributions from Frank Heffernan, Colin Thomas, Irene Connor, Robert Gunn, Pat Sundstrom, with 2 from Brian Langley and 2 from Syd Hopkinson. Thank you to each of them for a very entertaining look at "foolish poetry". To our readers a big thank you. The winners and place getters are published somewhere else in this newsletter.

Our first presenter for our night's entertainment was **Dave Smith** with an Anzac Poem And the Poppies Dance written by Heather Knight, a young lady who lives in country Victoria. This poem was awarded First Place at the Boyup Brook festival in the emerging poets section. It tells the story of a young man who left his home and family to answer the call to arms and went to the war in France, despite his family's prayers and his sweetheart's pleas he went off to war and like so many others lost his life on a Flanders' field. ".....The sons that sleep in the soil of France, a cold wind blows and the poppies dance".

This was followed by Banjo Paterson's "An Answer to Various Bards" presented by **John Hayes**. Banjo tells the other poets to stop painting pictures of gloom. With their stories of death and sorrowful descriptions of the hardship of 'out the back', with their dismal graves and the stories of the tough life the bushmen have to suffer. Forget it and concentrate on the good things that life can have to offer. This poem is one of the latter ones in the series known as "The Bush Controversy" which we have presented on Traditional Night in the past.

With **Rita Paul** saying the verses Jill held up a lovely book illustrating the same. Dorothea McKellars' "My Country" is a very stirring poem that needs to be delivered with passion.

Marjory Cobb then had a Mothers Day poem by Mary del Ryan(?) "Somebody's Mother." Old and grey and bent with her hair wet with snow she stood amongst the throng of school children. No one offered her a hand until a boy offered his hand and guided her along the way. She was someone's Mother so he hoped that someone will offer to his mother a helping hand if she needed it.

With two young children in the audience **Brian Langley** entertained them with two of his short children's poems, "The Ocean is Made with Blue Lemonade" and "Damsel Fish", then he did his "Fishing with the Grandkid". He is going fishing with her and he carries all the gear. When it comes to putting the worm on and casting out her line he seems to be forever at the grandkids beck and call. At last she catches a fish, a truly lovely one, each fishers persons delight. Going back home with her little hand in his, he is again carrying all the gear. She tells her mum that she caught four fish and Granddad, well he caught none!!!!

Robert Gunn offered to fill in before supper with Keith Lethbridge's "Anzacs". Digger is trying to find a way to not be sent to war. He was feeling the pinch in Vietnam just on dried egg and spam. He was cracking up fast as he searched for pen and paper until he was seen talking to his gun. As he was behaving most erratic word got around and his Sergeant sent him off the quack. With his papers all signed he saluted his gun and said that he had finally found the right paper!!

After a lovely supper and a big thank you to the people who bought cakes and other yummy things it is much appreciated.

With our Readings from the Classics **Dave Smith** presented "Easter Rain on the Bogan" by Emily Mary Barton (1817 -1909) (She is Banjo's grandmother) Long months, in fact it is years of dreary dust with no blade of grass to be seen. But listen, its raining or is it a dream as some drops fall on my hair. Drips and ripples from the roof and gurgles across the land. With a rumble over head then down it comes across the earth, rushing down the creek and the drought is over. Thank God, it's raining.

Hopefully we will get some good rains ourselves this year.

Carolyn Sambridge had two short poems "Radio Lollipop" with the kids dancing until they dropped. The kids in the hospital will be very happy and they wont get bored. In her second "Hooded Robber" the girl with bright red hood was very naughty and she was rarely good so she got a gun and robbed the Commonwealth Bank. Made her escape in an army tank and then went on a crazy shopping spree. She went to visit her grandmother who had disappeared. When she came back she had been on a holiday to Japan.

Robert Gunn accompanied himself with the guitar and sang Eric Bogle's "And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda" He had the words for the audience to join in the chorus. A treat with this lovely protest song with its message of futility of war with the lives lost and the consequences of the injured.

When helping her mother clean out some draws **Lesley McAlpine** found this poem written by Sgt. S Clark Royal Australian Artillery (don't know whether it's a bloke or a lady) called "The Australian Women's Land Army". The daughters of Australia came from their homes of peace and comfort to help out with on the farms. They went to the bush with its many hardships and there they did a man's sized work as they had never done before. They were also fighting for victory and suntanned, strong and healthy they were still feminine and dear. They were the mothers of tomorrow and as they steered the plough their brothers manned the guns. These unsung heroines answered the call that they were needed just as much as men with guns.

Two days after the dreadful floods in the Eastern parts **Colin Thomas** wrote this poem. "We Cannot Feel" tells of the aftermath of the floods where the relentless rain has washed away what they have strived to hard to buy. With cars, animals and trees washed away with the muddy boiling water as it reaches higher and higher as people seek a refuge. There is no power, no heat no people, no roads or cars as all around the slush and silt is a wash with a smell you can't get rid of. It would seem that whilst our Eastern States people are getting all that rain we here in the west can only hope.

Rosa Cilenza had one of Val Read's, "Loosing Teeth". To Amy from the Tooth Fairy a story for a child. Someone tells the story of how the elves and gnomes are working very hard, painting the flowers and polishing the stars. They keep the clouds all bright and shiny and wake the sun and polish him too. The birds learn each note that the fairies teach them. As they teach all the animals to bark and moo. Some keep awake to gather up all the teeth to make pathways in the forest. They pay a silver coin for each while sweet dreams are for every boy and girl.

A big welcome to **Syd Hopkinson** and his wife Lyle and their friends Howard, Bev and Dot and we couldn't let him get away without doing one of his own poems. "The Illiterate Stockman". This guy applied for a job driving the dunny cart out from Cue but because he couldn't read or write and couldn't sign his name he didn't get the job. So he came down to Perth and when he went into a shop a shop girl fearing for him with his bulging wallet called a Policeman. He took the stockman to a bank and they counted out his money and when asked how he had accumulated such a pile and where would he have been without his wealth. He simply replied he would be driving the dunny cart out of Cue.

Dave Smith had a Anzac poem He was sitting at the table and all of a sudden he had the urge to get up and write this down. In his "My Dearest Bess" he tells of the letters he receives from his wife telling of her life and his children living on the farm away from harm. He hates where he is, the awful smell, the mud and the stench and the ceaseless sound of cannon fire. A shout goes up Go Go and he is off into the noise but keeping down low hears a whistling sound that fills his head... ..My dearest Elizabeth it is with regret.....

Barry Higgins was next with Connie Herbert's, "Bush Justice" which tells of the two people involved in a fight. When they were arrested it was discovered that they were the town's only two JP's How will we manage this in court the next day. Its Ok we will simple try each other. The next day the first JP fined his fellow JP \$10 they changed places and that one was fined \$100 How come well it seems there is a lesson the be learnt with all this fighting. As one JP went for the other there erupted another fight. Both JPs are now without a job.

Welcome **Shirley Freitag** (Shirl came second in the Boyup Brook Poetry Bash and decided to join our group). As she travels up from Mandurah we may not see her as often as she would like. She told us of the motor home that she bought. When she told her son her wish list included a wine rack, tool box, shower, secure vase to hold some flowers, cabinet for books, stove and oven, table big for sewing, extra draws, tellie and VCR and golf bag with its buggy and a small bed (because she is not very tall). Can you trim down that list please. Second son installed some of the electrical stuff, and for 6 months nothing much was done. Then she packed everything and rolled off. She had not gone very far when she had her first blow out. But she has made lots of friends but she is still 3,000 miles from home!

Rosa Cilenza was in a reflective mood as she finished the evening with three of her short ponderings. In her next life she is going to be a bear. Because you get to sleep for 6 months and you need not eat while you are sleeping. While you are sleeping you have small cubs that grow while you are sleeping and your mate expects you to have a lazy life. In the second Being a Senior where the wife suggested that he join the local club. He signed up for the parachute club. Because he didn't have his glasses he hadn't seen that he had joined the Shooter's club. Getting married was her third one. When passing a chemist shop they noticed that he stocked heat medications, medicine for circulation, arthritis creams, vitamins, sleeping pills and heart burn medication. As they were getting married shortly could we use you for our Bridal Registry??

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

Brian Langley	President	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
Ralph Bradstreet	V. President	0408 099 146	ralph@bradstreet.org
VACANT	Secretary		
Shan-Rose Brown	Treasurer	0427 080 574	shan-rose@bigpond.com
John Hayes	Committee	9377 1238	hayseed1@optusnet.com.au
Maxine Richter	Committee	9361 2365	maxine.richter@bigpond.com
Marjory Cobb	Committee	6250 0459	marjory@bentleyparkestate.com.au
Teresa Rose	Committee	9402 3912	tarose5@bigpond.com
Jill Miller	Library	9472 3553	jill1947@yahoo.com.au

Upcoming Events

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

May 6	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	7.30pm	Theme—Relationships
May 8	Poets in the Park	Kalamunda	Stirk Park 2pm	
May 15	Geraldton Heritage Week—	Bush Poetry Bush Poets Brekky		Catherine 0409 200 153.
June 3	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	7.30pm	No Specific Theme
July 1	AGM WABP&YS	Auditorium, Bentley Park	6.30pm	
July 1	WABP&YS Muster	Auditorium, Bentley Park	7.30pm	Guest “Outback Paddy”

Regular events - Albany Bush Poetry group 4th Tuesday of each month Peter 9844 6606
 Geraldton Growers market Poetry gig 2nd Saturday Catherine 0409 200 153.

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.

Country Poets

Coming to the City? - City lights are fine, but 1st Fridays could see **you** shine at our Muster. If you are coming to the big smoke on a muster night why not come along and be part of our get together.

Give us a bit of notice and you might even find yourself being star act (but only if you want to be). This applies also to Bush Poets from other places and those past member poets whose lives have now gone in different directions.

Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed - See John Hayes

**Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.com**

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	Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography	
	Graham Armstrong	Book		
	Victoria Brown	CD	Keith Lethbridge	books
	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Corin Linch	books
	Rusty Christensen	CDs	Val Read	books
	Brian Gale	CD & books	Caroline Sambridge	book
	John Hayes	CDs & books	Peg Vickers	books & CD
	Tim Heffernan	book		
	Brian Langley	books, CD	“Terry & Jenny”	Music CDs

Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to:
 The Editor “Bully Tin”
 86 Hillview Tce, St. James 6102
 e-mail briandot@tpg.com.au

Address all other correspondence to The Secretary.
 WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners
 THIS POSITION IS VACANT

Address Monetary payments to:
 The Treasurer
 WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn
 2 - 75 Ferguson St
 Midland 6056