

The

November 2014

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



& Yarnspinners Assn.

Next Muster : 7th November, 7pm, Plantation Drive, Bentley Park

MC :Dave Smith 0438341256 daveandelainesmith1@bigpond.com

Winners and runners up for the Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival - 2014

Organised by: Toodyay Festivals Inc.
In conjunction with the W.A. Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc.



Junior Original: Alex Heffernan

Junior Other: Alex Heffernan

Novice Original:

1. Christine Boulton
2. June Eastwood
3. Greg Joass

Novice Other:

1. Christine Boulton
2. Robert Gunn
3. Alex Heffernan

Local poet's award: June Eastwood

"Roadwise" poetry competition (16 lines)

1. Brian Langley
2. Irene Connor
3. Bill Gordon



Novice Classics Reader

1. Anne Hayes
2. Nancy Coe
3. Jem Shorland

Written Serious

- 1 Terry Piggott
- 2 Will Moody NSW
- 3 Will Moody NSW

Written Humorous

- 1 Peg Vickers
- 2 Peter Blyth
- 3 Carol Heuchan

Poet's Brawl

Roger Cracknell



Yarnspinning State Champion

1. Arthur Leggett
2. Peter Blyth
3. John Hayes

State Championship events

Contemporary

1. Brian Langley
2. Arthur Leggett
3. Christine Boulton

Traditional

1. Christine Boulton
2. Arthur Leggett
3. Roger Cracknell

Original Humorous

1. Peter Blyth
2. Rhonda Tallnash
3. Christine Boulton

Original Serious

1. Peter Blyth
2. Brian Langley
3. Roger Cracknell

WA Bush Poetry Champion

Christine Boulton

Runner Up: Brian Langley

Third: Peter Blyth



Brenda , Hal, Meg (in the tucker bag), Bill as the swagman and Dave as the tree.

Photo: Greg Joass, Toodyay , 2014

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.



After all the buildup, Toodyay has come and gone. Our Bush Poetry Festival is well and truly established on the calendar now, and Toodyay can rightly claim to be the "Home of Bush Poetry in WA".

It was a real pleasure to have the ABPA president and secretary, Hal Pritchard and his wife Brenda Joy, with us for the weekend. Both are extremely supportive of all we are doing in the west. They were a great help to us in the running of the State Championships. The new judging guidelines recommended by the ABPA worked very well and they are to be commended for their efforts in standardizing and simplifying the management of these events.

Brenda's workshop was well attended and was exceptionally interesting for poets and supporters alike. Brenda's tips for writing and performing, both in competition and in general entertainment, were well received. As a judge Brenda gave encouragement to all competitors and was eager to help individuals improve their poetic skills. Thank you, Hal and Brenda, for coming across and for all your support and assistance. The east-west divide might exist in politics, but it certainly does not in Bush Poetry.

There was an excellent standard of poetry throughout the competition, and also at the walk-ups each day. The Bush Dance could have been better attended, but Les Helfgott and the Southern Cross Bush Band were a big hit with all who were there.

Christine Boulton rose from the ranks of the novices to win the title Champion WA Bush Poet. Brian Langley was runner-up with Peter Blyth third.

It was easy to imagine Arthur Leggett sitting at the campfire as he gave his winning yarn in the Yarnspinning.

Two of our favorite local writers, Terry Piggott and Peg Vickers won the serious and humorous sections of the Written Competition from a field containing the best writers in Australia.

Congratulations to Christine, and to all the winners. Congratulations also to all the competitors. The friendly manner in which the events were contested made it a pleasure to take part.

I am thankful I found myself involved in the WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners Assn., and that Meg and I have made such genuine friends through that involvement. The willingness of everyone to volunteer for any task made the organizing of the event so much easier. My personal thanks go to all who attended and who assisted in any way in making the weekend the huge success it was.

Bill Gordon
President

It made Him very jumpy

The time has come, it's getting late
He was heading for his first blind date
He had dreams of visions to behold
But what was to come is yet to told.

It made him very jumpy as he
knocked on the door
And was he really ready for the
sight that he saw
In the doorway was standing a vi-
sion supreme
Surely he had found the next
beauty queen

A vision in lace with such long
golden hair
Transfixed on spot he could do
nought but stare
You lovely young thing I'll go with
no other
You're out of luck mate 'cos your
blind dates with my brother.

Dave Smith

I was getting low on romance
My heart had cause to ache
So I hit the worldwide internet
And got myself a sheik
He was cashed up to his eyeballs
With Mercedes, jet and yacht
He was handsome, kind and virile
Oh man he had the lot.
Now I lived out on a station
With an airstrip by the way
He'd fly in with his private jet
And marry me next day.
I could hear the jet arriving
But as it circled low
Kangaroos were on the airstrip
And they refused point blank to go.
Then that dopey looking pilot
Who must have been quite wet
Crash landed on the airstrip
And blew up that private jet.
So my dreams went down the plug
hole
Oh what a way to lose
All because of some daft pilot
And those bloody kangaroos.

**Peg Vickers
Poet's Brawl Toodyay 2014**



UPCOMING MUSTERS:

December

MC :Grace Williamson 9361 4265

grace.wil@bigpond.com

Reader from the classics: Lyn Marciano

January

John Hayes 9377 1238 0428 542 418
hayseed1@optusnet.com.au

Reader from the classics:

February

Lorelei Tacoma 9365 2277
tlorelie@ymail.com

Reader from the classics:
Is this you?

Kangaroo Valley Festival Terry strikes again.

In the Open Adult Bush Verse section Terry won Second Place with- When It's Time To Say Goodbye and third place with- The Last Of The Old Australians. Terry also won a highly commended with A Blaze Upon A Tree. Once again our sincere congratulations and best wishes for a speedy recovery. We missed you at Toodyay.

Drink it with your Breakfast

Poet's Brawl Toodyay 2014



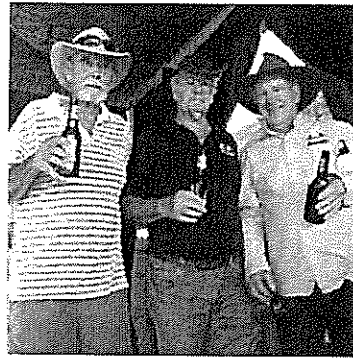
In a country of deserts and of wide sweeping plains
Ravaged by drought and of wild flooding rains;
If you don't have good water you're heading for
strife,
For fresh water we know is the essence of life.

When our lakes and our rivers so often run dry,
It's from dams and our tanks that we have to rely.
When the underground water is salt as the sea,
Raindrops from heaven are precious and free.

A farmer will reap, and a farmer will sow,
But unless there is rain, then nothing will grow.
We all need the rain, of that there's no doubt,
It's the liquid of life that we can't do without.

Drink it with your breakfast, for it's pure and divine,
A cup of rain water is sweeter than wine;
But I mix mine with coffee, and make a strong
brew;
It's good for my soul, and it tastes better too!

Frank Heffernan



A Weekend at White Wells

Photo above: Rodger, Dave and Rob

Well Folks we are back from our week end representing the WAPBA & Yarn spinners at the "Blues in the Bush" on the Bush Heritage Charles Darwin Reserve

Rodger and Jan Cracknell, Rob Gunn and Rhonda Hinkley, Irene Conner, myself and Elaine.

The Cracknells, Gunn/Hinks and Smiths arrived on Friday and circled up the wagons into a nice little camp and were promptly told we were in the wrong place but with lots of pleading and a fair bit of bull we got to stay where we were, Irene arrived on Sat morning in her trusty ol' ute complete with swag and tucker bag in the back only to find a nice coating of red dust'

Forgot to tie down the tonneau cover hey.

So to the poetry (which is why we were here) after waiting 45mins for them to get the sound system working we were on stage Rodger regaled us a couple of his own and some Lawson, Robert with Turbulence, To Morrow and some with his guitar, Irene brought us Children Living Underground, Women of the West and a couple more of her own, myself not to let Rodger get away with Lawson I produced a couple of my favourite Paterson's and Mrs Mickey's Menus, in all I think we did the WAPBA proud, a great time was had by all.

And we have been invited back next year,

Cheers Mates, Dave Smith.

Oh PS we got to see Rodger on the TV performing last year.

Photo below: Elaine, Rhonda, Irene and Jan



ZUCCHINIS

I have a nice relaxing place
A little house, with a bit of space
There's room to live and room to grow
Some fruit trees and a lawn to mow
And out the back a vegie patch
It sounds ideal, but there's a catch
What is it you would like to hear?
A problem that crops up each year

While other folk grow flowers or weeds
I plant a few zucchini seeds
Next thing I've got a monster crop
Which grows and grows and will not stop
Till there's zucchinis everywhere
It's no wonder that I tear my hair
Like something from a horror show
They spring up everywhere I go

I always find them in my path
And in cupboards, closets, and the bath
You'll think it strange, but "Ridgie didgie"
I think they're breeding in the fridge
If you think that's bad, there's worse to tell
They get in all my food as well

Like Zucchini salad and of course
Zucchini in au gratin sauce

Zucchini slice, zucchini flan
And stuffed zucchini in a pan

Zucchini pie, zucchini cake
Zucchinis in the oven baked

Zucchini soup, zucchini stew
Zucchini quiche and omelet too

Zucchini roast zucchini hash
Zucchini with potato mash

Zucchini chutney in a jar
Zucchini pickles near and far

Zucchinis chopped, zucchinis diced
Zucchinis minced, zucchinis sliced

Zucchini loaf, zucchini bread
Zucchinis till I'm seeing red

And looking green, and feeling blue
I'll look like one before I'm through

So if you are a friend of mine
Come round and visit any time
There's one thing to remember though
You have to take some when you go!

Greg Joass

Ed's note:

Maxine and I met Greg and his family at the Nanga Music Festival where we were lucky to hear Greg recite this great poem. What a wonderful weekend!

NB Greg also took out third place in the novice section this year. Well done, Greg.



DRINK DRIVING – ITS' NEVER OK

I met this chap the other day,
And this is what he had to say.
'Don't drink and drive, to stay alive'.
"For sure, you must be joking?
Its' what we do, we have a few,
Then get those back wheels smoking!"

Yes, sadly, its' a fact of life,
We lose a friend, a child, a wife?
And all because one extra drink,
Takes us fast beyond the brink
Of driving safely, heading home.
So sad I've had to write this poem.

Robin Russell (WABP&Y) 9/14

Drink Driving, It's never OK

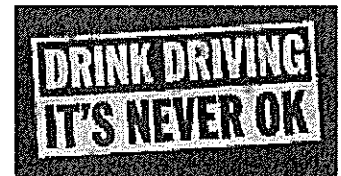
To drink while you're driving is never OK;
Too many good friends, have I lost in that way.
Well we all need our brain cells, alert to survive.
The hazards unknown, on the roads when we drive,

Imagine this scene if you'll take a quick pause;
A two car collision, but you were the cause.
Your best mate is killed, and you're over point five.
But had you been sober, she would still be alive.

You wait for some news, from a hospital ward;
While they harvest the organs of one you adored.
There's a cold empty house to greet you tomorrow,
With the shame and the pain, the grief and the sorrow.

If you saw the future, I doubt you would choose,
The life of your mate, for a bottle of booze?
It's a terrible lesson, that you're grasping today;
But to drink when you're driving, it's never OK!

Frank Heffernan



Dear Members,
This is a great newsletter with many competitions and events advertised.
Wally's e-muse newsletter - Subscribing to the newsletter is free.
Wally's email to get on his emailing list is ddropbears@bigpond.com
They gave us a great plug in this month's emuse.
Thanks Wally.

Where Dingoes Howl

Our torchlight seemed to be absorbed
into rough hewn rocky walls
as here and there bush timber stood
preventing death from loose rock falls
though long years of slow decaying
had robbed these logs of strength
so we were loath to linger here
to plumb this mines full length.
Seen half buried in floor debris
a worn pick with splintered handle,
while protruding from the wall
a rusty tin held a stub of candle.

With laboured breath and aching back
who had slaved so bravely here?
Soaked in sweat while choked with dust
what anguish did they bear
when each barrow yielded nothing
apart from more useless dirt,
with no glint of shining nugget,
while more blisters burst and hurt?
They laboured on to no avail,
down here no wealth for toil,
hard effort only earned more grief
from this tough gold barren soil.

It was only as we trudged away
and left this worthless mine
did we see the rows of rock
laid out neatly in straight line.
Then closer to and we could tell
that these stones still marked the spot
where someone who had perished
lay beneath this arid plot.
No timber cross bore witness
to whom, or when, or how
their mortal bones now rested
where desert winds now softly sigh.

Without a friend to ease his pain
did he die out here alone,
no calming hand for comfort
or to hear his final groans?
Was his body reverently interred
or lay desiccated, bleached,
before another mortal soul
this nowhere place had reached
and now only mourned each daybreak
when, with each coming dawn,
dingoes howl to greet the day
with their songs sad and forlorn.

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Lost Dreams

Henry was a lively lad called by many a
crazy hoon
And when he got his licence his dad said "Way too soon".
But Henry saved and settled and bought the Holden of his
dreams,
And if you parked near him at night you'd hear some am-
orous screams

And Henry's squeeze became too plump and Henry chose
to wed
He loved his angel Janice, found a full time steady job
The baby came, he was a Dad, and pleased and proud as
punch
His parents, excited grandparents, took them out to lunch

Now Henry had changed his ways but still kept his Holden
dream
With a car seat in the back and the stickers on the screen.
After the celebration he took care when driving home
He didn't see young Len, wanting to drag and flash his
chrome

In hindsight we all know that drinking and driving never is
OK
And Henry and his family paid, losing their lives that day
Len has three deaths that haunt him, with the horrors
that he saw
But for Henry and his family it closed their lives for ever-
more.

By Christine Boulton

DRINK DRIVING, ITS' NEVER OK!

Picked up at seven, she'd be home by eleven.
He gave her a lovely bouquet.
Dined at the Club, more drinks at the Pub.
Drink driving, its' never OK!

Not thinking her way through her actions that day
proved she was a bit of a Charley.
Now drunk with her friend, both at a loose end,
late home on the back of a Harley.

A seat on a pillion. A ride in a million!
The thrill was an instant reward.
Twelve-fifty cc, her next date to be
post mortem, the Perth City Morgue.

But now as it ends, some hundreds of friends
have gathered to bid her farewell
Through those pearly gates, to keep her new dates.
She's already visited hell.

Jem Shorland (WABP&Y)

9/14

Poetry at Jurien Bay with Corin Linch

Corin performed some Bush Poetry at the Lions Club
convention in Jurien Bay last Friday night. We hear it
was very well received. Congratulations Corin.

THE BAPTISM

Those to be baptised today were ready for their swim.
The Baptist Church in Toodyay was full up to the brim.
They'd put on shrink proof clothing for their walk north up the street.
Their neck to knees ensured no shocks for those they chanced to meet.

The Pastor proudly led the way up to the Avon River.
His faithful flock behind him wanting him to them deliver
The Holy Spirit they'd receive when totally immersed -
Just reward for their devotions on a road they'd long traversed.

They walked into the river till the water reached their waist,
Anxiously waiting for the moment they'd embraced.
A time to leave behind them all thoughts of enmity
While embracing and communing with the Holy Trinity.

A passer-by was standing by the river, on the sand,
An Irishman all dressed in green, a bottle in his hand.
The Pastor sensed the time was right to welcome him aboard,
To take him by the hand, and lead him gently to the Lord.

He walked up from the river and so as not to him alarm.
He asked him what his name was as he took him by the arm.
"Patrick", said the Irishman in bewildered consternation
Not knowing of the Pastor's plans to save him from damnation.

The Pastor placed his arm around poor Patrick's spinal cord
And said to Patrick straight out, "Now Pat, have you found the Lord?
"No?" replied the Irishman, not knowing of his blunder,
As the Pastor used his other hand to push poor Patrick under.

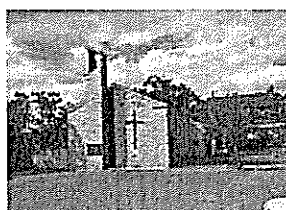
He holds him down for several seconds, then of his own accord,
He lifts him from the water, saying, "Now, have you found the Lord?"
"No", replied the Irishman. His head was put back under.
For twenty seconds this time and he then began to wonder

If he'd ever have the chance to see the Emerald Isle once more.
The Pastor pulled him coughing from the waters just before
He filled his lungs with water. He felt put to the sword.
Again he heard those awful words, "Now, have you found the Lord?"

He coughed and spluttered once again, and, "No", he said again.
The Pastor held him down once more. This time he felt the pain.
Full forty seconds underwater now he held his breath.
He knew his time had come at last, he knew he now faced death.

His wastrel life was passing by, right before his eyes,
Before the Pastor pulled him out, the question, no surprise,
"Have you found the Lord now, Pat?" his voice filled with charin.
Patrick replied, "You sure this is the place where he fell in?"

Jem Shorland 09/2014



Hi Christine,

Firstly, congratulations to you becoming our new State Champion in a year when there were so many wonderful poems recited. Mary and I would also like to say a huge thankyou to Bill Gordon and his dedicated band of helpers for putting together such a well run event. My only disappointment of the whole weekend is that so few people around Toodyay realise what a great show they are missing! It was a real privilege to share a love of verse with so many like minded folk.

Kind regards

Frank and Mary Heffernan

Dear Friends and Members,

What a fantastic time we all had at Toodyay. I would also like to sincerely thank everyone for their generous congratulations. During the festival everyone was most appreciative of our volunteers and the way that, if there was a job to be done, people stepped up and filled the breach. Well done to John and Rodger for the initial organisation. We also welcomed Rhonda Tallnash, from Victoria, who brought with her husband and some wonderful children's books. Our guest judges worked tirelessly and what a joy to have Brenda and Hal from Queensland as part of our team. There is definitely a home with us here should they like to move, although I doubt the ABPA would let them come. The judges worked tirelessly. Thank you to Jeff Bebb, Kel Watkins, Geoff Swain and Brenda Joy. There were also some ring in judges from Kalgoorlie, as well as Perth, to judge The Poet's Brawl. Anne Hayes did a fabulous job keeping the comperes organised and they did splendidly with some very interesting jokes. Geoff, Rhonda, Anne, Rob, Roger, Barry, Dot and I'm sure there were others. Maxine and Nancy organising the front of house, Bev taking around the tea, Irene and Meg typing and compiling, Hal scrutineering along with Meg and others, Dave for his woodwork on the trophies, Rodger taking photos... Then there were the people on the sound desk, Leslie, Bob, Roger, Dot, Brian, Rob...and I'm sure there were, again, others. Bob for bringing up the trailer and all the country people and members who assisted in the set up and reorganisation of the hall, The Lions Club and the P & C of the School for feeding us and the town for making us welcome. Once again this event cemented friendships and proved that the WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners are a friendly, warm, kind, talented, welcoming group to be a part of. Congratulations to everyone on a job well done but to most of all, our president, Bill. Kind regards, Christine (Editor, Bully Tin) PS I was overwhelmed, then overjoyed and now I'm in ecstasy. Thanks again.

Terry's winning poem for the Toodyay written competition.
"Farewell My Love" is also included in the Bronze Swagman Anthology this year.
CongratulateGons, Terry.

FAREWELL MY LOVE

She watches waves build up once more then sees them crash and rush to shore,
while out across the restless sea a blood red glow still tints the sky.
This lonely beach again the scene to dream of things that might have been,
her pilgrimage continues still, though sixty years have now passed by.

She rests beside a nearby dune her white hair silver in the moon,
this woman now despite her age has come to bid farewell once more.
Yet even after all these years, on days like this there's always tears;
a special time to be alone and relive days from long before.

Within her heart she sees him still, this man she loved and always will,
his dark good looks and smiling eyes, as clear as though he's here today.
She sees once more his handsome face; remembers still their last embrace,
then comes that sense of loneliness that never seems to fade away.

Their wedding day she can't forget, despite her loss there's no regret,
as fear of war was cast aside to celebrate their special day.
That time though brief had brought such joy – oh how she'd loved her sailor boy
and for a time great happiness; but there would be a price to pay.

Too soon the war was close at hand - invasion fears had gripped the land,
so forces were dispatched in haste to meet a fast advancing foe.
Great battles raged on land and sea throughout a world that once was free
and worries for his safety grew as time approached for him to go.

She'd waved farewell from on the quay and watched him sail away to sea,
not knowing then this was goodbye. But soon the rumors filtered through
of sounds of battle near this bay, just out from where she sits today
and then at last it was announced; his ship was lost with all its crew.

The telegram confirmed the worst; its message not believed at first
and like so many others then she lived in hope he had survived.
She prayed for months he may be found out on some island safe and sound,
but not a word was ever heard that might have seen her hopes revived.

There's those who say his ship's out there - beneath these waves he rests somewhere
and so she visits here each year to keep a promise she has made.
She comes regardless of the cost to mourn a love forever lost
and she can sense she's close to him, but soon that feeling starts to fade.

The tears are running down her cheek the way they'd threatened to all week,
there's no attempt to brush them off; her guard is down, she's lost in grief.
Her tortured mind imagines then a sinking ship and drowning men
and even after all this time there's still a sense of disbelief.

These memories she can't forget, despite the years they linger yet,
those special times although long past still hold a place within her heart.
A sense of loss is always there; it's hers alone, she cannot share,
her private and her social life must always be kept well apart.

Now wistfully she looks to sea; the moment's past, her spirits free,
then painfully she stands once more beneath the moon that's shining bright.
She knows her wait is not in vain for soon they'll surely meet again
and wearily she hobbles off along the beach and out of sight.

© T.E. Piggott

Muster Writeup for October 2014 - Meg Gordon

MC **Nancy Coe** opened the evening at 7.05pm welcoming members and visitors.

Bill Gordon was first up and wished Maxine a happy birthday before presenting Murray Hartin's poem "Turbulence".

Jem Shorland - gave us two of his own compositions "Political Life" and "Kevin in Heaven"

Ann Hayes - "Little Jack" (CJ Dennis)

Allan Aitken - "The Nissan Patrol" (Keith Lethbridge) Tells what happens when a wheel removes itself from a moving vehicle.

Desiree Peta - "The Orange Tree" (John Shaw Neilson) A young girl discovers the nature of love and life during the change of the seasons.

Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge - Gave us 'Along the Navahoe Trail' on the harmonica before presenting us with his own poem "The Flying Dogma". Cobber feels quite at home anywhere in the bush, but gets a bit jumpy in a plane, especially when he's told to take over the controls. This experience in 1989, still haunts him and almost put him off the grog. The pilot was an old preacher from Meekatharra, known far and wide as 'The Flying Dogma'.

Linda Bick - A visitor from Victoria, who had ridden across The Nullabor on a motor bike, wrote a poem "Amongst the Eucalypts" while living in Spain, perhaps in a nostalgic moment after seeing and smelling this native tree.

Rodger Kohn - "Sonia Snell" (Cyril Fletcher). Written in 1941. A humorous poem about a young lady who goes to 'spend a penny' not knowing that the seat has been recently painted and finds herself attached to it. Various people try to come to her aid and finally she is taken to hospital, where the medical staff, particularly the males, make appropriate comments. (There is no mention of a successful conclusion to Sonia's dilemma).

Lesley McAlpine - "The Legend of Bimi". Stella P Bell invites us to join her in the tale of Bimi, a young desert dwelling nomad from Australia. She describes how she discovered the tales from whom and where. There are hints at the beauty and the harshness as well as Bimi's troubles and joys. It is, after all, an invitation to continue and follow the story in full by reading her 50 page poem about Bimi the Warrior.

Barry Higgins - "The Lodger" (Keith Lethbridge) When love comes to an elderly lodger the assistance of a third person is needed to keep his new wife satisfied.

John Hayes - "Old Mulligan's Shack" (Greg Scott). The author is a previous winner in 'The Golden Damper' award. This poem was the winner in 'The Woman's Weekly' St Valentines Day love poem competition. Old Mulligan's shack was well off the track and his darling wife was expecting their first child. Mulligan sent for his sister a fortnight before as she was experienced in midwifery. When the baby came his wife said I don't think I've quite finished. By the flickering hurricane light a second son was born, followed by two daughters! That's when Old Mulligan blew out the lamp and cried - 'I've got four on the floor and I don't want any more and it must be the light that attracts them!'

After Supper **Colleen O'Grady** gave us her Reading from The Classics. "My Country" (Isobel Marion Dorothea Mackellar) This poem was originally titled 'Core of My Heart' and was written by a 19yr old girl visiting overseas who was homesick for Australia where she was born on 1st July 1885. She lived at 'Dunara', her family home at Point Piper in Sydney. Her father was a popular doctor who studied at Glasgow University and was indefatigable in his work for the mentally ill and also juvenile delinquency. Her mother was the daughter of wealthy Sydney financier Sir Thomas Buckland whose claim to fame was purchasing a bomber for the RAAF in 1940. She was the only daughter in this privileged family and spent many holidays on family properties near Gunnedah NSW, where she became proficient in horsemanship and became an ardent animal lover.

A very observant and determined individual, she taught herself to read at age four, she could be gentle but also sharp tongued and outspoken when the occasion demanded it. Being fluent in French, German, Spanish and Italian she enjoyed trips overseas and was also gifted at painting and fencing. But top of them all came her writing that reflected how she lived her life, what she observed around her. Dorothea revelled in country life and all its charms, fears, disasters, the beauties that were her passion. At one stage on the family property near Patterson NSW, she witnessed drought and the end of it as the bare, dry, arid landscape became covered in a mist of green that seemed to thicken into succulent grasses as one watched. No doubt the basis of her most famous poem, first published in London 1904. Most of her work was written in the first 30 years of the 20th Century. She also wrote a couple of novels. Dorothea never professed to be a poet, she just wrote from the heart. As the years passed she suffered continual ill health from 1930 onwards to finally passing away as the result of a fall when trying to watch the birds and insects in the trees outside her bedroom window, despite doctor's orders not to get out of bed. She died 14th February 1968 at her home Cintra on Darling Point Road, Sydney.

Barry Higgins - "The Illiterate Stockman" (Syd Hopkinson). The tragedy of not being able to read signs of danger.

Before **Nancy** introduced the next poet she gave us her poem "Sheep of the North West" which was written during her trip to that area.

Rusty Christensen - "The Man from Ironbark" (Banjo Patterson). A spirited recitation of an old favourite.

Lorraine Broun - "Enema" This is Lorraine's own poem and was written about her first experience as an 18yr old nurse at administering an enema to a middle aged woman. She knew just what to do but was not prepared for the disaster that followed. She used lots of tape next time! Her second poem "Ring of Confidence" dealt with another medical situation. Mental illness had touched a family member and a medication mix up resulted in some hilarious effects and firmly imprinted on his mind that a close examination of labels is important!

Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge - "Kimberley Saddle Tramp". The Kimberley saddle tramp was a young stockman struggling under the dual burdens of a wild woman and a taste for grog. 'He strummed a guitar that was battered and rusty. Beside the old kerosene lamp, And he sang like a tortured asthmatic Slim Dusty, That Kimberley Saddle Tramp'.

Desiree Petra - "Relativity" (Elizabeth Riddell)

John Hayes - "The Good Old Days". Written in 1955, John relates the trials of clearing land for farming east of Ballidu. Huddled around winter fires, John's dad told stories of 'the good old days' but an 18yr old doesn't fully listen or appreciate that this is history and should be recorded.

Linda Bick - "Ode to Indonesia". Written in 2006, another poem about Linda's travels, this time she describes some of the islands she went through in Indonesia.

President **Bill Gordon** gave an update on Toodyay State Championships and thanked Nancy for her job as MC for the evening before presenting "Brady's Ghost" (Bruce Simpson), a poem about a drover's dream.

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Page 9



Brenda , Meg (in the tucker bag), Bill as the swagman and Dave as the tree.
Photo: Greg Joass, Toodyay , 2014

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2014= 2015

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Upcoming Events

Next Muster :7th November ,7pm, Plantation Drive, Bentley Park

MC :Dave Smith 0438341256 daveandelainesmith1@bigpond.com

Regular events

Albany Bush Poetry group
Bunbury Bush Poets

4th Tuesday of each month
To be confirmed

Peter 9844 6606
Alan Aitken

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

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.asn.au or 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**

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