

The

December 2015

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



Next Muster Friday 6th December 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park

MC—Alan Aitken 0400249243 or aaitken@live.com.au

**WA BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS ASSOC.
STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS 2015
TOODYAY WA.**



COBBER SCOOPS THE POOL

Keith Lethbridge is our new WA State Champion. He was first in every event he entered so is a worthy champion.

Close on his heels was Peter Blyth and John Hayes was placed third in the Overall Competition.

**This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of
KATE DOUST MLC
and posted with the generous assistance of Ben Wyatt, MLA - Member for Victoria Park.**

President's Preamble - Dec 2015



This is the third year for the Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival, which was again a successful event, with good support from the Shire and from Toodyay Festivals Inc. Several visitors from the hills district came up for the event. Poets from Geraldton to Albany gathered for a social and poetic weekend. Open competition events were well supported, but we would have liked to see some junior entries and more in the novice categories.

Congratulations to Cobber on his clean sweep in the State Championships plus the Yarnspinning. Congratulations also to Terry on winning both the serious and humorous sections of the written competition.

Thank you to all who helped over the weekend, Especially to Rod and Kerry Lee and Jeff Swain for judging the performance competition and Brenda Joy for the written section. Thanks also to John Hayes and Terry Piggott for the very informative workshop they conducted on the Friday afternoon.

The Memorial Hall has been booked for next year so mark your diaries for 5th – 7th November, 2016. Meg and I are looking forward to working with friends who live in Toodyay to attract more local support for the festival. We are also hoping to continue our presence at the Moondyne Festival in May on a more suitable stage.

Thank you to our members who recited and who manned our stall at "Have a Go Day" at Burswood. Considerable interest was shown in our association and it is a great chance to promote WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinnners Assn to the wider Perth community.

This month being our Christmas Muster, we will again celebrate with "Port, Pies & Poetry" on Friday 4th December. Remember to bring a present to put in the raffle, something to the value of \$5 - \$10.

Meg and I would like to take this opportunity to wish all our members a Safe and Blessed Christmas and a Happy New Year. And don't forget to Slow Down and Enjoy the Ride.

Bill Gordon



Left to right: John Hayes, Peter Blyth, Cobber Lethbridge, Bill Gordon

TOODYAY WELCOMES WA BUSH POET'S & YARNSPINNERS.

A small but appreciative crowd enjoyed a weekend of poetry and fun at Toodyay recently.

Poets arrived on Thursday night and spent time together before the annual State Championships began. Competitors came from as far north as Geraldton and as far south as Albany.

The beautiful historic Memorial Hall was transformed into a colourful venue for the weekend's entertainment. A very informative workshop was held on Friday afternoon in the CWA Hall, conducted by John Hayes and Terry Piggott. About 30 members then proceeded to the Bowling Club for an evening meal.

Saturday morning was started with walk ups and then the Novice events got under way. This year's Roadwise Challenge had the slogan "Slow Down and Enjoy the Ride". There were some quality entries and all contributions will go to the WA Govt. Roadwise Council for use in their advertising program. This campaign is funded by the fines we pay when we fail to stop at red lights or being caught by speed cameras.

After lunch came the Classic Reader event and more interest has been shown in this part of the program this year with 5 participants.

Yarnspinning was next and there were some tall but true tales told that amused the crowd. Modern (Contemporary) always full of surprises, finished off the day.

The evening entertainment started with ballroom dancing led by members Dave and Elaine Smith from Collie. The Bush Dance started soon after with Les Helfgott and his Southern Bush Band.

During a break in the music and dancing, the winners of the State Championships Written Competition were announced and Roger Cracknell read the winning entry.

Sunday morning kicked off with the Bush Poet's Breakfast with the local Lions Club ably supplying us with a great meal.

The Traditional competition, our most popular event, was then held followed by the Original Serious.

After lunch came Original Humorous and then the Poet's Brawl when a line is given to participants and they have to produce an entertaining poem to be performed in one minute.

The day came to a close when President Bill and Andrew McCann (President of Toodyay Festivals Committee) presented the awards to the winners of the Performance Championships.

The weather was perfect over the weekend and the hospitality shown to the visitors by the local Toodyay folk was much appreciated. The WA Bush Poet's & Yarnspinnners Association is very confident that this event will grow in the years to come.

AND THE WINNERS ARE:

Novice Original —1st Rob Gunn, 2nd June Eastwood

Novice Other— 1st Rob Gunn

Roadwise Competition—1st Meg Gordon (reading a Bill Gordon poem), 2nd Bill Gordon, 3rd Victoria Brown (her poem was read by Cliff Simpson)

Classic Reader—1st Meg Gordon, 2nd Nancy Coe, 3rd Elaine Smith

Yarnspinning—1st Cobber Lethbridge, 2nd Peter Blyth, 3rd John Hayes

Modern—1st Cobber Lethbridge, 2nd Peter Blyth, John Hayes

Traditional—1st Cobber Lethbridge, 2nd Peter Nettleton, 3rd John Hayes

Original Serious—1st Cobber Lethbridge, 2nd Peter Blyth, 3rd Brian Langley

Original Humorous—1st Cobber Lethbridge, 2nd Peter Blyth, 3rd Brian Langley

King of the Colorbond Castle

Yes, I'm King of my colorbond castle
with its window and very strong door.
Where it sits at the back of my garden,
who could want for anything more?

In the morning I can read my newspaper
regardless of weather or light.
Laid flat on my rickety table,
its pages turned with delight.

There's an old jug to boil up some water
to make coffee with a three in one pack.
That gives you white coffee, two sugars
in a tin that's dented and black.

And if I should want to be sociable,
I can turn on the trusty CB,
and talk to some other old codgers
who lurk in their sheds, just like me.

I've the wireless for cricket and footy,
some blokes even have a TV.
But I like to listen and fix things,
it's simple but really suits me.

And if I should fancy a durry,
I'll reach for the rusty old tin,
pull out an old fag-end and light it
enjoying the smoke like a sin.

There's truly a world-wide collection
of old blokes in sheds it would seem.
And sometimes they talk to each other
but rarely in groups like a team.

For old blokes seem not to be lonely
or seeking some soul-mate for life.
For they've worked pretty hard for a living
and usually have a good wife.

They seem to have reached a position
of perspective, balance and such,
where they don't expect anything better
and really don't care very much.

Oh! They'll talk of your ears 'bout their grandkids,
you can hear the great pride in their voice.
But really they're happy to potter
in their sheds when they have the choice.

Inventing and fixing and mending
anything that catches their eye.
A bloke must have a big shed mate,
the alternative is only to die.

And when we go to their gravesides
to say our final farewells,
we know that they died fairly happy
and we lose a small piece of ourselves.

For we know as we sit there a'tinkering
in our shed at the base of the yard,
that our turn will soon come round the corner
and it really won't be very hard.

For the only regret we shall go with
as we leave for the land of the dead,
is what'll happen to all my things now
and my beautiful colorbond shed?

Tony (Will) Green

We Shut The Door On City Life

We shut the door on city life and threw away the key
deciding that the Avon Valley was the place to be.
Pastures green, canola fields, the land threaded gold and
green,
a sloping block, our own livestock, to build our Aussie
scene.

And so we worked the virgin land and times could be
quite hard,
our Aussie dream grew slowly from our hands now rough
and scarred.
Our livestock grew and seedlings too, despite the hard
terrain.
We learned to love a dark black cloud, the thrill of pouring
rain.

Delight in walking our own bush where wildflowers
abound,
and listen to the birds singing a chorus of bush sound,
only broken by the raucous calls of the carnabys,
as they arrive in groups and scream, perched high in
wandoo trees.

The orchard blossoms with the promise of organic fruit,
and everywhere the daisies bloom a yellow spring salute.
We watch the sheep walk peacefully to graze upon the
land
and feed my pony fresh juicy oats from an upturned hand.

No city lights to dim the glory twinkling way up high,
as the stars shine much brighter in the blackest raven
sky.
We thank our lucky stars for our own slice of gold and
green
and freeing us from the constraints of city life routine.

Carolyn Carvalho

ABPA WA WRITTEN CHAMPIONSHIPS 2015

OPEN SERIOUS

1st	Terry Piggott	The Last Frontier
H.C.	...Shelley Hansen Qld.....	Song of the Seasons
H.C.	...David Campbell.....	A Last Goodbye
COM.	...Terry Piggott WA.....	Along the Canning Track
COM.	...Tom McIlveen NSW.....	Bobby's Return
COM.	...Tom McIlveen NSW.....	We were Soldiers

OPEN HUMOROUS

1st	Terry Piggott WA	Droving Grasshoppers
H.C.	Peter Blyth WA.....	Basil's Irish Stew

OVERALL WA CHAMPION POET -- TERRY PIGGOTT

NOVICE CATEGORY

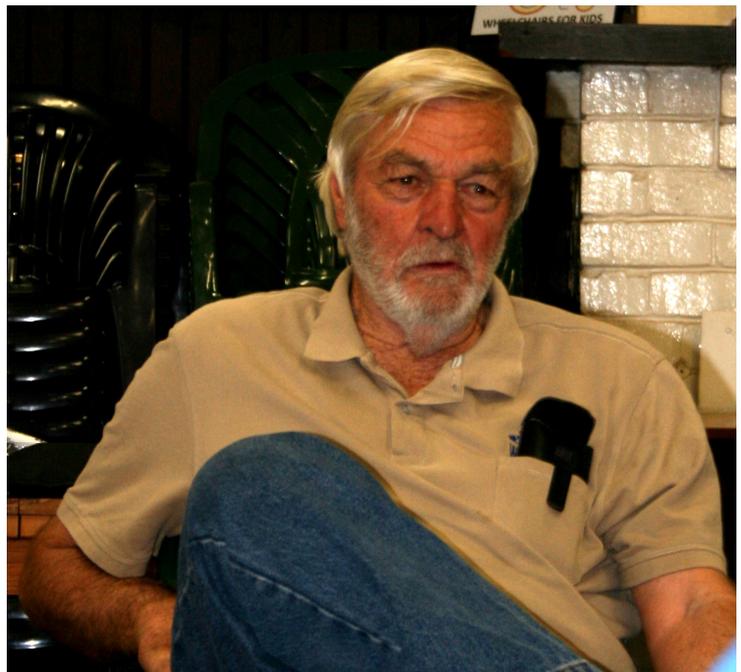
1st	...Tony Green WA.....	King of the Colourbond Castle
H.C.	...John Dooley Qld.....	No Job for a Shearer
COM.	...John Dooley Qld.....	The Drover, his Mare and the Dingo
COM.	...Carolyn Carvalho WA.....	Jack and Blue

Local Avon Valley Resident

1st	...Carolyn Carvalho WA.....	We Shut the Door on City Life
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WRITER'S WORKSHOP TOODYAY 2015

Terry Piggott (pictured right) was the winner of the WA State Championship Written Competition so he was very qualified to pass on his knowledge at the Writer's Workshop during the State Championships event held at Toodyay.



Terry combined with John Hayes to bring us a very informative writer's workshop on the Friday afternoon. Many of us struggle to get the rhyme and rhythm right in our poems, and their focus on this aspect on writing and on different rhyming patterns was particularly helpful. Writing for competition requires strict adherence to this, and to maintaining the established pattern throughout the poem. Several Toodyay district residents as well as a good number of WA Bush Poets took advantage of the opportunity to learn from these two accomplished writers.

Budget Priced

2011 Grand Final Day,
The W.A.F.C
Hoodwinked lots of people
Including my mates and me.

For a private box was organised
At seventy bucks a head,
And this is what you get for that,
Our organiser said.

A burger with chips and a budget,
And service from the staff.
So if you want a beer or wine,
Put up the flag and then ask.

Pay as you go at a premium price,
The norm for this venture its true
So if you don't like it, don't bloody come,
We don't want you causing a blue.

So the bride and I go by train to the game,
That's what they want you to do,
The atmosphere's great, the banter was beaut,
And I tried to upset a few.

We arrive at the ground and find gate 15,
And trunch up the stairs to the noise,
The ressie is on, the demons and tigers
The future of footy, the boys.

The climbing is over, we're greeted by friends,
There is sixteen of us.
How are you going? Not bloody bad,
There's smiles, and some make a fuss.

Hey Toe! what's the go, got the budget there cob,
Mash is trying to sort something out.
He's dealing with dills who keep passing the buck,
I think the budget's in doubt.

That's bloody nice at six bucks a throw,
Somebody's making a kill,
But you learn from mistakes, we've been blatantly fleeced,
Rob somebody else and they will.

There's tension and agro from patrons nearby
Their plight is exactly the same.
There banging their heads on brick walls, might as well
The staff are not taking the blame.

Next year no doubt, the Grand Final we'll go
Skip dodgy deals and big tickets
A player list from the net, all my mates they will get
And we'll sit down the front, and kick pickets.

Rob Gunn 26-Sep-11

The Drover's Mate

Through a sea of rippling grasses
The old stockman set his course
With the waters of the claypan
The potent drawing force.

The sun shone boldly down
From an unpolluted sky
Pale waters mirroring back
The fluffy clouds on high.

By sunlit dappled waters
He slowly rode along
The gentle sway of gum leaves
Whispering Nature's song.

As he eased the dog before him
On a saddle worn with age
His thoughts went drifting back
Through every hard earned stage.

How they'd mustered in the wet
And suffered through the dry
His dog right there beside him
No day he didn't try

Here they'd flushed a mangey dingo
All holed up in a log
But its killing days were over
When he met the drover's dog.

And there they'd sat and watched
As circling free on high
The myriad flock of water birds
Etched black against the sky.

They'd seen the sleek red bullocks
Swagger down to drink their fill
And return with easy gait
To their camp upon the hill.

He halted by a stately gum
At the camp they'd made their own
And there dismounted slowly
With creak of aging bone.

No sweeter place to rest
When their long day was done
As gently lapping waters
Turned pink with setting sun.

With wistful sigh and hint of tear
He lifted down the lifeless form
The droving days all over
For the best mate ever born.

And there in Nature's Paradise
In earth so rich and deep
His faithful friend of 16 years
Had earned eternal sleep.

June Eastwood



ROAD RAGE

You see him on the freeway and in the streets around the town,
In and out among the traffic and he always wears a frown,
He's forever in a hurry with never time to spare,
For other drivers on the road he really doesn't care.

If someone ever cuts him off he goes right off his face,
Gesticulating wildly as he charges through at pace,
Making obscene gestures with his finger in the air,
The road is there for him alone and he's not gonna share.

He'll ride their rear end bumper to test their very nerve,
Out around and cut in front with one wild manic swerve,
Then hit his brakes with vigour and slow down to a crawl,
Intent on causing mayhem to road users one and all.

When I see such drivers I ask how long they will survive,
Suggest perhaps if they slow down they might enjoy the drive,
I never let them get to me, I smile and give a wave,
And drive off quite sedately, leaving them to rant and rave.

1st Place in Roadwise Competition



Scrutineers at Toodyay—Dave Smith, Elaine Smith, Shirley Kohn.

Muster Wrap Up by **Nancy Coe** 5th November 2015

Rodger Kohn was MC and gave a summary of very successful weekend at Toodyay. Have A Go Day will be on Wed. 1th Nov. All welcome.

Lorraine Broun started the evening with two of her own poems, "The Beginning of The End". An amusing tale of a Scottish builder and the odd mishap.

"Scrivener Road Reflections" about the red-tailed black cockatoos, being researched in Jarrahdale by a young friend studying Environmental Science.

Grace Williamson was next with "The Little Worn Out Pony" (Anon). This poem tells of a brave little pony that saved a child from a herd of 1000 head of cattle bearing down on him, and how the men battled to steer them in a different direction.

Dot Langley presented one of Peg Vicker's poems, "Give and Take" about the poker machines at casinos and the insidious influence they have over a lot of lives.

Brian Langley with his own poem "The Melbourne Cup". Very topical as there was a lady jockey who won this year's event. We may not remember the horse but we will certainly remember the jockey and be once again thankful for some time off work!

Caroline Samdbridge with her own poem about "Limited Addition" about a chocolate lamington.

Nancy Coe presented her Toodyay workshop poem "A Glass of Red".

Alan Aitken - "The Bushman's Farewell" (Terry Piggott). From Terry's book 'Around The Campfire' which won Book of The Year in Tamworth 2013.

Rob Gunn — Also spoke about Toodyay, congratulating Cobber Lethbridge as he is now our new WA State Champion Performer. He then gave us one of Cobber's poems, "Never Forget", about our soldiers away overseas in war time, while their wives waited longingly at home.

Terry Piggott then presented his latest poem, "The Long Dusty Road", about a swaggy on the road.

Keith Lethbridge entertained musically with "Shrimp Boats" and then gave one of his winning performances of "An Old Master" (CJ Dennis). Dad McGee lived in a bush humpy next to the road and proved he was still the old master of the bullock dray days.

Rodger Kohn — Presented his Classic Reader entry at Toodyay, "Sonia Snell" Written by an English soldier in the Middle East during WW2.

After Supper **Lorraine Broun** wrote about what happened to her when she took her dog for a walk. "The Key To It All" - it doesn't pay to leave home without a key. Another of her poems, "The Silence of Misery" was penned after Lorraine had attended a Mental Health First Aid Program and it was revealed how mental health can "come upon you with stealth".

Grace Williamson — gave us "The Corrugated Iron Tank" (James Hackston). This poem describes the pitfalls of having a rain water tank for your water supply, and the agony of waiting for good rains.



Dot Langley - "And The Poppies Dance" (Heather Knight). This poem tells of the family loss of a son who went to France and didn't survive the hell that was Flanders Fields. When the chaos and mayhem was over the poppies bloomed. This image of the red poppies blooming all over the battle grounds has become a symbol of hope that war would not come again. Dot also presented "Rememberance Day" by Don Crawford, a timely reminder of 11th day of 11th month.

Brian Langley — "Speed Cameras". Far too often we hear people complaining that they have been caught speeding. Brian is immune to such comments and has just one thing to say to the whiners—avoiding paying speed fines is simple, don't speed! "The Modern Bogie Man" (Dryblower Murphy). Written in 1902 it relates to the conviction of Rev. Arthur Cutts for the charge of indecent assault on a child at Geraldton.

Nancy Coe— gave us another of her Toodyay poems, "My Best Friends" and also entertained with a musical rendition of "I Wonder Why" from the movie "Singing in the Rain".

Alan Aitken—"My Country" (Dorothea MacKellar). The author wrote this poem while she was living in England and obviously was missing her home country.

Rob Gunn — spun a yarn about some American birdwatchers, who saw some cockatoos and were asked whether they saw the Cockathrees! Rob also did his musical version of "The Man From Snowy River" (Banjo)

Terry Piggott — with another new verse "The Old Dance Hall", about bush dances in the farming communities.

Rodger Kohn — Reminded us once again of events coming up, Have A Go Day, Australia Day at Wireless Hill and Boyup Brook in February. He then called on Cobber to finish up the evening.

Cobber Lethbridge — Another poem from Toodyay, "A Political Rally".



DON'T FORGET THAT IT IS *PORT, PIES AND POETRY* FOR OUR 4th of DECEMBER MUSTER. PLEASE BRING A GIFT (ABOUT \$10) FOR THE CHRISTMAS BOX



Details for membership renewals and new members:

Direct transfer to NAB
bsb 086455 a/c 824284595—WA Bush Poets

If paying by direct transfer please notify treasurer by phone or email:

Alan Aitken 0400249243 or
aaiken@live.com.au

Fees—Single \$15
Family \$20

Page 9 Please add \$3 for posting of 'Bully Tin' if not on emailing list.

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Colin Tyler	Supper			
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Robert Gunn	Sound gear set up		0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Nancy Coe	Muster Meet/greet	94725303		

Upcoming Events

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

Friday 6th December Muster 7pm—Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley

Regular events

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets	First Monday of every second month	Alan Aitken 0400249243

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.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

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	Corin Linch	books	
	Victoria Brown	CD	Val Read	books
	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Caroline Sambridge	book
	Rusty Christensen	CDs	Peg Vickers	books & CD
	Brian Gale	CD & books	Terry Bennetts	Music CDs
	John Hayes	CDs & books	Terry Piggott	Book
	Tim Heffernan	book	Frank Heffernan	Book
	Brian Langley	books, CD	Christine Boulton	Book, CD
	Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography	Peter Stratford	CD
	Keith Lethbridge	books	Roger Cracknell	Book, CD
		Bill Gordon	CD	

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