The BULLY TIN

January 2015

W.A. Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn.

Next Muster : February 6th , 7pm, Plantation Drive, Bentley Park

MC : Lorelei Tacoma 9365 2277 tlorelie@ymail.com

Put this event in your calendar. We usually camp at Bill's place and have a very friendly time.(Northlands Farmstay contact Bill to book) "Two Short Sheilas" will be the highlight for 2015 as they perform their oh so tall tales as they reach for the stars with swag of bush comedy. "Two Short Sheilas" are Melanie Hall and Susan Carcary and are both multi-award winning entertainers

John Best who is laid back and laconic and was a latecomer to Bush Poetry, performing other's work early. With a number of achievements under his belt, he was successful at winning a trip to the US courtesy of Qantas Waltzing Matilda competition at Winton.

Performances will include Boyup Brook Citizen Lodge, Tennis Club showcase, Centre Stage in town, Harvey Dickson's Country Music Centre Variety Showcase, Boyup Brook Club, Walk Up Bush Poetry – open mic, Bush Poetry workshops and not forgetting the huge Bush Poets Breakfast on Sunday morning.

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 -

January 2015

What a great crowd at the December Muster! The port, pies and poetry made for a most enjoyable night and it was good to catch several members who have been absent for a while. With so many poets having other commitments in the New Year, it was decided that we would not have a January muster. Instead, we will save ourselves for Wireless Hill on Australia Day. We have a great program, with Peter Nettleton as MC, and Clem and Colleen providing the music. Please see a separate notice elsewhere in this Bullytin. This is a great opportunity to introduce friends and family to bush poetry, so whistle them up and bring them along for a great afternoon of Australian culture.

We often lament the fact that the years are catching up with us, and we do not want to get old. I am yet to be convinced that the alternative is better.
One of my greatest joys is watching grandchildren grow and develop. My little grandson pulling his Grampy's beard while he bounces on my knee. My ten year old granddaughter growing into a young lady.
Recently Meg and I had the pleasure of watching our five year old perform in the Perth Ballet School concert. With 350 dancers taking part it was a huge production. It was a new experience for me to witness such a spectacle. The costumes were spectacular, the choreography sensational, and the whole cast from the smallest kindy kid to the next generation of professional ballet dancers enjoyed their moment in the limelight. This grandfather has booked his ticket already for next year!

Now I'm into harvest, Christmas, then it's off to Tamworth, home for Boyup Brook in February, Campfire Country in Bridgetown in March and into it for another year.
Meanwhile count your blessings, sing like noone is listening, and enjoy each day like there is no tomorrow.

Bill Gordon
President

Swings and Roundabouts by Andrew Hull

The rain faded suddenly, exactly as it came,
Clouds which defeated suns retreated just the same.
Leaving pools like shining jewels betraying lows and highs
Fading into shifting sands while staring at the skies

Some welcomed watered lawns and cupboards free from dust
Others only ever saw the damaged crops and rust
But she hung out another load
While he spread gravel on the road
And when their boots were neatly stowed
They sat and shared a crust

It's only those who know the dry that know the joy rain brings
For what's lost on the roundabouts is picked up on the swings.

Summer curled into the autumn as the days grew short
And evenings early hours now had little to report
The golden noise of bird and bee became a silent chill
While coolest greens and shadows turned to crimson on the hill

Many cursed the coming cold and railed against the night
Others revelled in the chance to pull the shutters tight
She took preserves from the store
He split timber – and cut more
And on the rug that warmed the floor
They shared the fire's light

Autumns can take nothing that won't come back in the Springs
For what's lost on the roundabouts is picked up on the swings

When they only had each other, that was what they trusted
And children came like summer rain so lives were readjusted
What theyd saved and plans theyd made were quickly swept aside
And forgotten in a single puff of true parental pride

The house that was too big became the house that was too small
And they held on on and let it shrink and grow around them all
And when it came an empty nest
They took the chance to take a rest
And thought each other truly blessed
To live within those walls

For only those who've been so close can know how parting stings
And whats lost on the roundabouts is picked up on the swings

While their lives are simple, they are never left in need
And if they smile, it's not because they have not disagreed
She had youthful dreams that faded into aging skin
While he wore settlers clothes over traveller within

So many that they know have chased their dreams and travelled far
So many searched so hard they don't know who or where they are
They have held on to the claim
They'll live together – die the same
And they can neither praise nor blame
The people that they are

They both took care to share their life, with all it takes and brings
And what's lost on the roundabouts is picked up on the swings.

Described by Australian Geographic as a 'modern day Lawson' Andrew Hull is most widely recognised for his poetry which typically takes the form of rhyming verse with a uniquely Australian flavour. http://hullyjoe.com/andrew-hull/poetry/-

Suggested by Rusty Christensen

Coal Trains

The coal cars are glowing with the flashing crossing lights
Their cymbal wheels are carried on the cool air of the night
They are rolling through the village to the tolling of the bell,
The instruments of industry declaring all is well

There are echoes in the moonlight and shadows in the day
Which briefly indicate the train that snakes along its way
Taking fossils to the future, sending diamonds to the sky
With a reassuring rattle as it tummy rumbles by.

Andrew Hull

Ed's note:
Macca read Swings and Roundabouts the other morning.

Check out Andrew's website, he's very special

Here is some information about The Man From Snowy River Festival from

Jan Lewis
Move mountains, make peace and sing the song we came to sing.
* **Voluntary Event Manager of Poetry & Music at Man from Snowy River Bush Festival**

AUSTRALIAN Bush Poetry Championships at 2015 Festival Thursday 9th to Sunday 12th April

www.bushfestival.com.au
www.facebook.com/pages/The-Man-From-Snowy-River-Bush-Festival
www.facebook.com/groups/vicpoets/

Do any of you have any grand children or friends with young writers. Here is a fantastic opportunity.

OPPORTUNITY FOR YOUNG WRITERS

Free XpresSion is a high quality, well presented, printed magazine which publishes Australian and International stories, all types of poems and articles. It also includes ideas and writing tips, competition listings, publication opportunities and other facets of interest to writers.
The Editor, Peter Pike, does a wonderful job complementing submissions with appropriate graphics and photographs including full colour cover and centre page presentations. More information regarding the magazine can be found on the website www.freexpression.com.au
In 2015, I will be co-ordinating and organising the *Young Xpressions* pages of this bi-monthly publication. My role is to seek out talented young writers and to present their work as a means of sharing and encouragement.
As poets, writers, teachers, parents, grandparents, neighbours, etc. etc. if you know of any child or children up to the age of 16 (at the time the work was written), whose writing could be considered for publication, please either pass my contact on to their family or pass their details on to me so that I may get in touch with them.
This is a wonderful opportunity for deserving young writers to see their stories, poems and even graphics in print and helps to fulfil the aim of us all – to nurture a love of writing and creativity in the generations who will take over from us.

Thanking
you in anticipation,
Brenda Joy
Host Editor
Young Xpressions

Contact details email halenda@live.com.au
Postal PO Box 1727, CHARTERS TOWERS, Qld. 4820
Telephone 04 3812 1074

The ABPA Australian Bush Poetry Championships main info –
Festival date 9 - 12th of April 2015
Adult Entries close on Friday 13th Feb Juniors close on 20th March
Performance Entries are accepted in date order & capped at 20 per section. **No late entries accepted.**
Accommodation: 0260762277 (Poets Campsite $80 whole festival for vans/tents $40 small tents).
Weekend Passes 4 day festival pass costs $90 or $80 Commonwealth concession. Volunteers $40.

ENQUIRIES: Jan Lewis 02 60774332 info@ABPA.com.au **Festival Office:** (02) 6076 1992
FESTIVAL E-MAIL: info@bushfestival.com.au WEBSITE: www.bushfestival.com.au

The Old Australian Ways

The London lights are far abeam
Behind a bank of cloud,
Along the shore the gaslights gleam,
The gale is piping loud;
And down the Channel, groping blind,
We drive her through the haze
Towards the land we left behind --
The good old land of `never mind',
And old Australian ways.

The narrow ways of English folk
Are not for such as we;
They bear the long-accustomed yoke
Of staid conservancy:
But all our roads are new and strange,
And through our blood there runs
The vagabonding love of change
That drove us westward of the range
And westward of the suns.

The city folk go to and fro
Behind a prison's bars,
They never feel the breezes blow
And never see the stars;
They never hear in blossomed trees
The music low and sweet
Of wild birds making melodies,
Nor catch the little laughing breeze
That whispers in the wheat.

Our fathers came of roving stock
That could not fixed abide:
And we have followed field and flock
Since e'er we learnt to ride;
By miner's camp and shearing shed,
In land of heat and drought,
We followed where our fortunes led,
With fortune always on ahead
And always further out.

The wind is in the barley-grass,
The wattles are in bloom;
The breezes greet us as they pass
With honey-sweet perfume;
The parakeets go screaming by
With flash of golden wing,
And from the swamp the wild-ducks cry
Their long-drawn note of revelry,
Rejoicing at the Spring.

So throw the weary pen aside
And let the papers rest,
For we must saddle up and ride
Towards the blue hill's breast;
And we must travel far and fast
Across their rugged maze,
To find the Spring of Youth at last,
And call back from the buried past
The old Australian ways.

When Clancy took the drover's track
In years of long ago,
He drifted to the outer back
Beyond the Overflow;
By rolling plain and rocky shelf,
With stockwhip in his hand,
He reached at last, oh lucky elf,
The Town of Come-and-help-yourself
In Rough-and-ready Land.

And if it be that you would know
The tracks he used to ride,
Then you must saddle up and go
Beyond the Queensland side --
Beyond the reach of rule or law,
To ride the long day through,
In Nature's homestead -- filled with awe
You then might see what Clancy saw
And know what Clancy knew.

Banjo Paterson
Suggested by Rusty Christensen

***Come in Spinner* by John Hayes**

The two up school was a battered old shed
beyond the confines of the town
The seating within were planks on a tin
on which the punters sat down.
No windows or doors thereon attached
and red dust rose from the floor
Though I declare the day I was there
it was packed like never before.

The crowd I observed were worthy of note
as they chatted and mingled together
Each one a gambler the people of hope
gathered like birds of a feather
They were classes apart in their attire
their speech was a vocal discord
But hip to shoulder in this atmosphere
distinction of class was ignored.

The Ringer held up the pennies and kip
a challenge I could not ignore
I handed my last twenty dollars to him
and I knew that I needed to score
The twenty was set then "Spinner come in'
with odds of double or bust
Our hopes for a moment hung in the air
then our future dropped down in the dust.

Jubilation drowned out cries of dismay
when both coins landed face up.
Then I was in for another spin
to double up my double up
Twice more I doubled my double up
then the Ringer gave me a grin
then I doubled my double-double ups
twice, with left and right handed spin.

I was running hot I was after the lot
the crowd fell silent once more
then I trebled the double –double ups
that had been doubly- doubled before
It broke the school, man it was cool
as I raked up the bread it was fun
But I need someone to count it for me
and tell me how much I had won

We're All Australians Now

Australia takes her pen in hand,
To write a line to you,
To let you fellows understand,
How proud we are of you.

From shearing shed and cattle run,
From Broome to Hobsons Bay,
Each native-born Australian son,
Stands straighter up today.

The man who used to "hump his drum",
On far-out Queensland runs,
Is fighting side by side with some
Tasmanian farmer's sons.

The fisher-boys dropped sail and oar
To grimly stand the test,
Along that storm-swept Turkish shore,
With miners from the west.

The old state jealousies of yore
Are dead as Pharaoh's sow,
We're not State children any more
We're all Australians now!

Our six-starred flag that used to fly,
Half-shyly to the breeze,
Unknown where older nations ply
Their trade on foreign seas,

Flies out to meet the morning blue
With Vict'ry at the prow;
For that's the flag the Sydney flew,
The wide seas know it now!

The mettle that a race can show
Is proved with shot and steel,
And now we know what nations know
And feel what nations feel.

The honoured graves beneath the crest
Of Gaba Tepe hill,
May hold our bravest and our best,
But we have brave men still.

With all our petty quarrels done,
Dissensions overthrown,
We have, through what you boys have done,
A history of our own.

Our old world diff'rences are dead,
Like weeds beneath the plough,
For English, Scotch, and Irish-bred,
They're all Australians now!

So now we'll toast the Third Brigade,
That led Australia's van,
For never shall their glory fade
In minds Australian.

Fight on, fight on, unflinchingly,
Till right and justice reign.
Fight on, fight on, till Victory
Shall send you home again.

And with Australia's flag shall fly
A spray of wattle bough,
To symbolise our unity,
We're all Australians now.

AB "Banjo" Paterson

Suggested by Rusty Christensen

What's on around Australia.

For more information and entry forms go to the Australian Bush Poetry Association website http://www.abpa.org.au/events.html

APRIL 2015

9th - 12th April - Australian Bush Poetry Championships at The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival, Corryong Victoria.

MARCH 2015

5 - 8 March - Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival, Dunedoo NSW.

FEBRUARY 2015

21st February - Milton Show Society Bush Poetry Adult Performance Competition, Milton NSW

JANUARY 2015

20th, 22nd, 23rd January - Golden Damper Performance Award for Bush Poetry during Tamworth Country Music Festival, Tamworth NSW.

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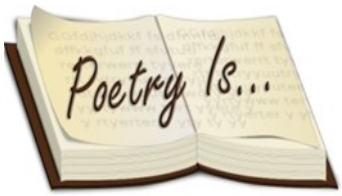
UPCOMING MUSTERS:

Please let us know if you wish to be an MC or reader from the classics in 2015. Brian usually compiles this list . We will be asking at the February muster for volunteers.

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



Feel like a quiet read in January?

We have lots of wonderful poetry books in our library. Rhonda is doing an excellent job of being our librarian and the books are available at every muster. We have books from contemporary local poets as well as ones from the classics.

Muster Write-up for 5th December 2014 – Meg Gordon, Nancy Coe.

MC **Grace Williamson** opened proceedings at 7.05pm.

President **Bill Gordon** welcomed members and visitors to our Port, Pies and Poetry Christmas evening. He then presented "Saltbush Bill and The Patriarchs" (Banjo Patterson)

Anne Hayes gave us her winning entry in the Readings from The Classics Section at the WA State Championships in October. "The First Surveyor" (Banjo Patterson)

Dave Smith recited another Banjo Patterson poem "Ghosts at The Murderer's Hut". His horse having gone lame, the stockman camped in the hut where the murder was committed only to be frightened witless by an old goat who they bought to the homestead where he could live out the rest of his days.

Christine Boult – Our State Champion recited Banjo Paterson's "Our Flag" followed by John McCrae's poem, "In Flanders Fields". The poem was originally called "We Shall Not Sleep." During the early days of the Second Battle of Ypres a young Canadian artillery officer, Lieutenant Alexis Helmer, was killed on 2nd May, 1915 in the gun positions near Ypres. An exploding German artillery shell landed near him. He was serving in the same Canadian artillery unit as a friend of his, the Canadian military doctor and artillery commander **Major John McCrae.** As the brigade doctor, John McCrae was asked to conduct the burial service for Alexis because the chaplain had been called away somewhere else on duty that evening. It is believed that later that evening, after the burial, John began the draft for his now famous poem "In Flanders Fields".
(http://www.greatwar.co.uk/poems/john-mccrae-in-flanders-fields.htm)

Terry Piggot was welcomed back and he presented his own poem "A Bloke called Basil". This was the story of the importance of mates in the bush.

Lesley McAlpine – Christmas Story (Anon). A lonely soldier at Christmas keeping vigil while Santa does his rounds.

Brian Langley – The winner of the Roadwise competition with his entry "Six Words". A father laments the loss of his eight year old son as a result of his drink driving.

Lorraine Broun - "Aunt Nance". The life of a beloved aunt. Was she eccentric or not?

Rob Gunn – Rob brought back the art of yarnspinning with his composition -"Family Tree".

Dave Sears - "A Visit From St. Nicholas" (Clement Clarke Moore) Better known as the modern and much loved "The Night Before Christmas"

Peter Nettleton - "Kangaroo Shooter's Dream" His own composition. More like a nightmare!

Rusty Christensen - Another yarn about a shopping trip to Boans when a young boy would not get off a rocking horse. He also presented "Along My Merry Christmas Time" (Henry Lawson)

At Supper Time we enjoyed a variety of ports, meat and mince pies.

The Reading from the Classics was given by **Lyn Marciano.** "Old Granny Sullivan" (John Shaw Neilson). The author was born in Penola, SA on 22nd February 1872, the eldest son of Scottish parents. When he was 9 the family moved to take up a selection in Wimmera, Victoria. He left school at 14 after perhaps 2 years of interrupted schooling. His early years were spent labouring with his father until, in 1928 he was employed in Melbourne by the Victorian Country Roads Board. When he was 21 he and his father, also a poet, won 1st prize in their respective divisions in the Australian Natives Assoc. poetry competition. He had poetry published in the local newspapers and The Bulletin. His first book was published in 1919 and during his lifetime he had 197 poems published. He died on 12th May 1942. Both Judith Wright and James McAuley acknowledged his influence on

Brian and Dot Langley encouraged everyone to participate in their "Aussie Jingle Bells" singalong.

Allan Aitken - "The Glass on The Bar" (Henry Lawson) About a group of bushmen who return from a trip to the north after the loss of one their mates.

Rob Gunn - "The Christmas Fairy" (Peter Blythe) A bad day for Santa.

Lorraine Broun - "Sleepyhead" Another of her own compositions about the thankless task of waking a sleeping daughter.

Dave Smith - "And the Poppies Dance" (Heather Knight) Another poem about our losses at Flanders.

Christine Boult - "The Neck Turns The Head". Her own composition on reverse psychology really means working together.

Dave Sears - "The Inside Story". (Charlie Marshall) A tall tale but true.

Peter Nettleton - "Bloody Sheilas" (Rob Charleton). How not to woo a wife.

Lesley McAlpine - " A Parent's Night Before Christmas" (Anon). The stress of putting the children's Christmas presents together the night before Christmas culminates when the batteries have been forgotten.

Marjory Cobb - "Wander Lust"

Terry Piggott - "The Droving Days". His own composition about the auction of old droving gear.

President Bill Gordon then presented Terry with his winning certificates in the Written Competition at the State Championships in October. We say au revoir to Christine (our editor) and safe journeys on her trips and thanks for a great job putting out The Bully Tin every month for the last two years. He wished everyone a safe and happy Christmas and reminded members that there will be no Muster in January.

Monday, 26 January 2015
Bush Poetry

An afternoon of local artists from the WA Bush Poets and the Yarnspinners Association. Performing Australian Bush Poetry from classic and contemporary poets in a bush setting, accompanied by country music. Proudly supported by the City of Melville.

Time:	12.30am to 5.30pm
Venue:	Wireless Hill Park, Almondbury Road, Ardross
Cost:	Free
Contact:	Alan Aitken www.wabushpoets.asn.au aaitken@live.com.au
Bookings:	Not required

Our fabulous Wireless Hill annual celebration.12 noon –5.30pm
Bring everything you need checklist: a picnic rug or chair, sunscreen , a hat , snacks, water or a flask to make tea or coffee, goodwill and an ear ready to listen to wonderful bush poetry and yarns.
MC: Peter Nettleton

W.A. Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn.

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

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Dave Smith		0438341256	daveandelainesmith1@bigpond.com
Nancy Coe	Muster Meet/greet	94725303	

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

Colin Tyler	Tea and biscuits		
Rhonda Hinkley	Librarian	0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Meg Gordon	Bully Tin Editor Write ups of the muster	0404075108	

Membership fees may be paid by direct debit:
Bank Transfer to NAB BSB 086455 A/C#824284595
Name…..WA Bush Poets.
Please email notification of payment to: treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au

Upcoming Events

Next Muster :February 6th ,7pm, Plantation Drive, Bentley Park

MC : Lorelei Tacoma 9365 2277 tlorelie@ymail.com

Regular events

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

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

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
Christine Boullt	Book, CD
Pete Stratford	CD
Roger Cracknell	CDs, Book

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