

# The

November 2016

W.A. Bush Poets

# BULLY TIN



**Next Muster November 11th, 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park**  
**MC : Lorraine Broun 9496 1214 , 0411 877 551**

## WA STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS TOODYAY NOVEMBER 20



<http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au/competitions.html>



The WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners Assn Inc wishes to acknowledge the generous support from Healthway, CBH and Roadwise as well as Toodyay Shire, Bendigo Bank, Makit Hardware and Toodyay Holiday Park. RAFFLE PRIZES



**Remember next muster is the second week in November**

## Tried the best steak in the West yet?



Then it's time to combine it with the **best Bush Poetry** Australia has to offer **at the Jennacubbine Tavern Friday 4<sup>th</sup> November 2016 from 6.00pm**



Funny poems, sad poems and stories (some almost true!)

FREE entertainment as a warm-up to the **State Championships to be held in Toodyay 5<sup>th</sup> & 6<sup>th</sup> November 2016**

**We look forward to meeting you at the Jenna!**

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.



Having spent the last seven months travelling up and down the East coast to a variety of events, Meg and I have just had the pleasure and privilege of being part of a new Country Music Festival right here in WA. Terry Bennetts and Evan Platschinda have been working with Brian and Gloria White to put on the Nambung Country Music Festival on their property, Nambung Station, which is on the northern edge of the Pinnacles, near Cervantes, a unique part of the WA coast.



A great line-up of musicians kept the audience of 550 entertained for the weekend, and included people from Derby and Broome. Jeff Brown came over from Queensland, and won the hearts of all with his authentic balladeer style singing. The highest standard in entertainment had been set before the Bush Poets had a run on Sunday morning. I was very capably supported by great poets and great friends friends Cobber, Gunny, and Vic Haeusler from Dongara. With a varied program plus of course Cobbers musical talents, we put on a two hour show for an extremely appreciative audience. It is very gratifying to have people organising these events who recognise the contribution we can make to such a weekend.

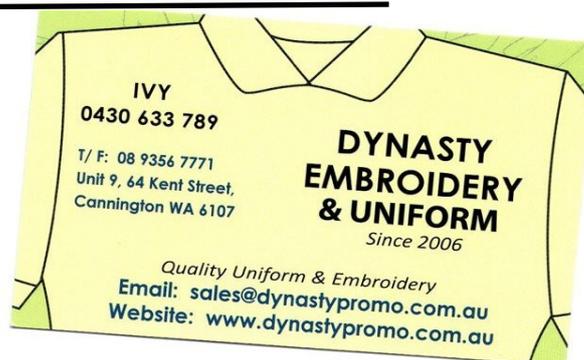
Toodyay draws closer now and I have organised my mate Pedro to extend his 18 seat bus he had for the trip to Jennacubbine on the Friday night. It now has 33 seats. A good start to what promises to be another excellent weekend. Apart from the quality poetry the competition draws out, the social interaction and catching up with friends from all parts of the state makes this a highlight of our Bush Poetry year. Another "family reunion" as I wrote about last month. Only, in this family, peace, love, and harmony prevail. What a joy and a blessing to be part of it.

Bill Gordon President

### Shirt Logos

**If you would like to have your shirt printed this is where to go.**

Just take in what you would like embroidered and ask for your colour. Try not to have too busy a pattern or the embroidery doesn't always show up. Ring and check the price. You may have both the front or back embroidered or a single logo.



**Inaugural Donnybrook Poets & Picnic  
run by the Bun-  
bury Bush Poets  
Group.**

The above event was held at a property just outside Donnybrook and although the weather had been inclement we had a great little theatre onsite that we had to utilise. Thanks to some great support from our Perth poets Peter Nettleton, Brian Langley, Barry Higgins and Robert Gunn the day was a big success. Thanks must also go to Sandie and Tony Scaffidi (owners of the property) and Norm Flynn who thought of the idea originally and was heavily involved in the organisation. Also can't forget our local poet and photographer Greg Joass, another member of the WA Bush Poet who supports the Bunbury Bush Poets Group whenever he can. Hopefully the weather will be a bit finer next year and we can hold the event on the gorgeous sloping grass area outside the theatre



(which was the original idea) with people sitting on picnic rugs enjoying a picnic and glass of wine while listening to country and Aussie music and Australian bush poetry and yarn spinning.

By Alan Aitken  
Photos by Greg Joass  
and Alan Aitken



**There but luck goes I**

I watched the old chap as he hobbled slowly up the street.  
his clothes were old and dirty and wore nothing on his feet.  
He paused outside a Vinnies shop and stood there peering in.  
perhaps to have a breather for he looked so gaunt and thin.

The crowds just streamed on past him as they headed on their way  
and everyone ignored him, as they tend to do today.  
To most he's just a vagrant and avoided if they can;  
they barely even glance here at this derelict old man.

I felt a sense of sadness for a bloke who'd lost his way  
and fallen on hard times, and now the time had come to pay.  
Who knows what happened in his past – what heartaches he had known,  
and who was I to judge; I'd known some dark days of my own.

Perhaps like many others, grog had played its usual part,  
or was it from a tragedy – lost love, or broken heart?  
Then as I watched him there, I thought of others through the years;  
Those shattered blokes who cursed the world while shedding bitter tears.

I offered him a quid or two, he stared, then shook his head;  
those vacant eyes expressionless, and not a word was said.  
He shuffled off again while looking neither left nor right;  
again that tinge of sadness, as he disappeared from sight.

© T.E, Piggott

**WA STATE  
CHAMPIONSHIPS  
TOODYAY  
NOVEMBER 2016**

## The Flood by John Hayes ©

Clouds crept in with a purpose sullen and sultry they  
furled.

thunder growled from the darkness lightning at the  
earth hurled.

Rivers a torrent of terror threatened both city and  
town  
cries of alarm were muffled by the roar as water  
came down.

Surging through Lockyer Valley eight metres high at  
its peak,  
then through Withcott and Grantham where havoc  
on all it did wreak  
It crumpled buildings and bridges caught in the rip of  
its tide,  
clawed at the earth as its fury swept banks and lev-  
ees aside,

As families fled from the peril dread and despair  
clutched their heart  
the Fitzroy raged through Rockhampton tearing that  
city apart  
The Burnett was eighteen plus metres the  
Condamine threatened its town  
the McIntyre near Goondiwindi was a crisis as it  
roared down.

Yet in the face of this danger there were those who  
rushed to give aid.  
ignoring their personal safety to ensure that others  
were saved.  
In muddy torrents they battled to rescue some  
through the night.  
a glimmer of hope for the stranded in darkness they  
were the light.

When night surrendered to daylight floodwaters en-  
compassed the plain  
for those swept away in the tempest loved ones for  
them wept in vain  
Cold light woke to a morning now riven with dread  
and dismay.  
as homes and hearts were shattered with dreams  
and lives washed away.

But the vast inland was stricken beneath the suns  
dreadful glare,  
till channels and creeks surging southward invaded  
barren Lake Eyre  
The drought of a decade was broken smothered by  
grass to behold  
as this warm hearted country we cherish rewarded  
our courage threefold

Proud and ancient our country besieged by no oth-  
er land  
yet those who do not embrace her could fail to make  
a brave stand  
or hold fast with faith that is wilful when lightning  
strikes down again  
while the land is reborn or is ravaged by fire or  
flooding of rain

The flood is the 2010-2011 As of 28 January 35  
deaths had been attributed to the catastrophic  
flash flood that struck Toowoomba, Lockyer Val-  
ley, Brisbane and Ipswich. John  
Very topical John. Our South Australian friends  
are really grappling at the moment. Ed.



## It Stinks by Caroline Sambridge, 2016

They want to tax fruit pickers on the first dollar  
they earn  
Anyone would think they've got money to burn  
They're lucky if they earn big wages  
The unions would be in fits of rages.

The farmer's will be lucky if they get people to  
work  
The government has become a nasty jerk  
The fruit pickers will have a nasty fate  
And they'll lose a lot of weight.

They want to tax fruit pickers on every dollar  
they earn  
It makes my stomach churn.

## Jem's Gems Oz Home Invasions

Due to all the home invasions happening in  
Perth at the moment, I thought I would do what  
everyone else is doing and get a gun for protec-  
tion.

So I obtained a pistol license from the police  
and yesterday I went over to a Gun Shop at  
Balgga and purchased a 9mm pistol .

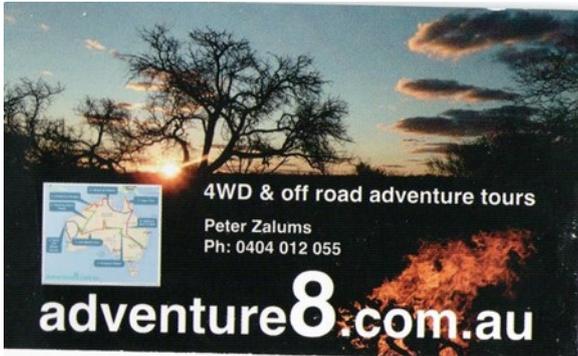
I was ready to pay for the gun and bullets,  
pulled out my wallet & produce my credit card  
when all of a sudden the female cashier said,  
"Strip down, facing me."

Making a mental note to complain to someone  
about these gun control wackos running amok,  
I did just as she had instructed.

When the hysterical shrieking and alarms finally  
subsided, I found out she was referring to how I  
should place my credit card in the card reader!!!  
I've been asked to shop elsewhere in the fu-  
ture.

They need to make their instructions to seniors  
a little clearer. I still don't think I  
looked that bad.





Rob Asplin brought his friend Peter along to the October muster. If anyone is interested in four wheel drive adventuring check out his website.



A photo from Millmerran Camp Oven Festival. With Gary Fogarty, Murray Hartin, Melanie Hill and Susan Carcary and Tony and Sue Hill

**Events to watch and attend 2017**

January 26 Wireless Hill.  
WABP&Y extend invitations to specified participants.

February 19/20/21 Boyup  
Brook Country Music Festival.

**Do you want to be part of the National Scene — Then you might consider joining the Australian Bush Poets Assn**  
**[www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au) . Annual membership \$35/45**  
**Stay up to date with events and competitions right across Australia**

## Dry Bones

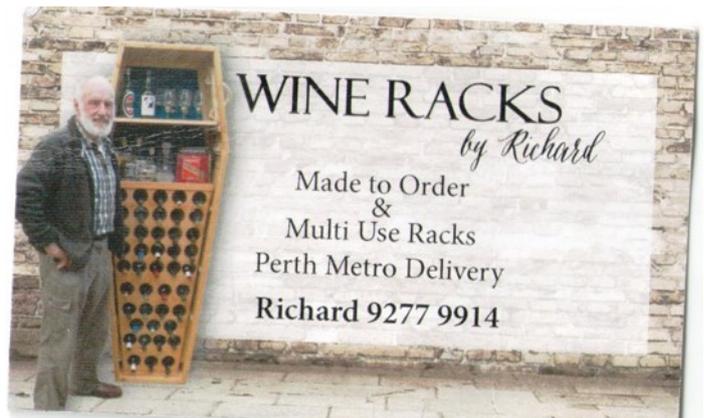
As I held your skull to face towards me  
 sightless eyes cried tears of dry sand.  
 Then loosened from its socket  
 a tooth fell out amongst it, into my hand.  
 Not bleached, but dark as skin would be  
 stained by the soil where you've slept  
 three... four... five hundred years?  
 That secret now forever kept.

Crumbling from relentless winds over time  
 the cliff above is deeply pocked and cracked.  
 In Dreamtime, mourning may have echoed here  
 as your body into a cavity was packed.  
 Incongruous, is the pulsing of my tractor  
 as though to prompt me to a sense of haste  
 yet strangely that would seem irreverent  
 to leave before your bones have been replaced.

Scuffing through loose sand with my boot  
 only two more bones consent to be revealed  
 despite searching where they may have been  
 while many others lay elsewhere, still concealed  
 so thus your rib and femur lay beside your skull  
 again placed high upon this fretting sandstone face.  
 My final act, I took your tooth back from my pocket  
 and carefully returned it to its rightful place.

While animals may well have scavenged missing parts  
 I leave you resting again, and hidden on your own  
 for more centuries to come, but do you care,  
 you lifeless and unspeaking bones?

© Pete. Stratford. 28.3.16



Richard Wilkinson is a member who regularly attends our musters. His hobby is making coffins from beautiful recycled timber. Unfortunately, he didn't have too many customers so he has converted them to cupboards and wine racks. If you would like one make sure you chat to Richard at one of our musters.

## **- Muster Write up 7<sup>th</sup> October 2016 – Nancy Coe and Meg Gordon**

**MC** for the evening was Dot Langley and the evening started at 7.05pm. A warm welcome was extended to the family of 'Snow' Pic and Val Hobson who were at the Muster to launch the book that has been written containing poems from 'Snow' about his shearing days.

On the sick list this month are Lesley McAlpine, Dave Smith, Don Watson, Grace and Wally Williamson.

**Lorraine Broun** – her own poem “The Nursing Apprentice” about the trials of becoming a nurse.

**Bill Gordon** – Back from travelling for a short time presented his newest poem “The Melbourne Cup”. The race that stops the nation captures the imagination of Australians like no other event on our sporting calendar. The excitement of the day, the gardens, the crowds, the horses and trainers and jockeys create an atmosphere that proves the Melbourne Cup is much more than just a horse race.

**Caroline Sambridge** - “It Stinks” about the furore over fruit pickers being taxed.

**Brian Langley** - “The Reason That I'm Here”. His poem tells of being inspired by the 'Naked Poets' to enter the Novice Original section of the upcoming WA State Championships. The poem is written, he is on stage ready to perform, the introduction is made and he forgets the first line- the nightmare of all performers. Fortunately he recovers and presents a winning poem.

**John Hayes** – Before officially launching 'Snow' Pics book John presented his poem “The Quandong Cafe” that he wrote while visiting Copley in SA and meeting Kenny McKenzie.

Snow's daughter **Margaret Buckley** spoke about her Dad's life and that he was a prolific writer and yarn spinner. Her sister, **Anne Kirkwood** read one of his poems “Mate, Have You Been in The Outback”.

**Peter Nettleton** - “The Smith's” (Dryblower Murphy). In the early days of Coolgardie there was a proliferation of people by the name of Smith until a fed up post official hatched a plan to sort out the real Smith's.

After Supper the raffle for accommodation and dinner on the State Championships weekend in Toodyay was drawn. Winners were – **Kellie Cracknell** (Dinner at Duck Duck Restaurant) **Joan Ashworth** (Accommodation at Victoria Hotel)

**Dot Langley** – A Reading from The Classics. “A Hot Day in Sydney” (Q 1829). An amusing story about queues in the early days of Sydney.

**Nancy Coe** – From the pen of Banjo Paterson “With The Cattle”. This poem has 8 stanzas, each of 14 lines. These are divided into 8 descriptive story lines, followed by 6 answering chorus lines. The verse lines are written to one rhythm, the chorus lines to another. Only a musician could make this analysis! Well done, Nancy.

**Chris Taylor** – “Billy”. His own poem about brotherly love between twins.

**Jem Shorland** - “UNO”. Jem has a different take on interviewers who use the phrase 'You know'. He then has a yarn about a sausage factory fire and a bid save the precious sausage recipe in the safe.

**Christine Boulton** – Christine tells a yarn about fishing at Nariel Creek in Victoria. She has interesting companions, bikies and naturists.

**Rob Gunn** - “The Toss of The Coins” (Terry Piggott). A game of two up that didn't end well for the players.

**Cobber Lethbridge** – After a tune (The Indian Pacific) on his harmonica Cobber presented his own poem, "Harry's Mate". Cobber visits Harry in the nursing home. Years of living wild and rough have worn old Harry down. He's not the man he used to be and his memory isn't the best. Cobber's not sure Harry even recognises him. Harry was always a drinker, enjoyed a fight and had difficulty in relationships. He had a lot of work skills and was a great yarn spinner and camp fire singer. Now, looking back, Cobber wishes they had spent more time together.

**Brian Langley** - "Dinkum Dan" takes a look at dementia and the fact that the aged man does not recognise his old mate, Dan – he reminisces about his youth and a younger Dan and warns him about the perils of marriage, not realising that the young lady he was warning Dan about was in the room, now Dan's wife of 60 years.

**John Hayes** - "Second Class Wait Here" (Henry Lawson). Early Sydney was divided by classes.

**Bill Gordon** - "After Ewe" (Peter Blyth). A farmer a long way from town, can get caught in compromising situations.

**Dot Langley** – closed the evening and reminded everyone that the next Muster will be on 11<sup>th</sup> November. The State Championships will be in Toodyay on 4<sup>th</sup> - 6<sup>th</sup> November.



**The Victoria Hotel**, first opened in 1864, is located on Stirling Terrace in Toodyay, Western Australia. It was classified by the National Trust of Australia in 1977 and added to the Register of National Estates in 1980.

**Address:** 116 Stirling Terrace, Toodyay WA 6566

**Phone:** (08) 9574 2206

We would like to thank The Victoria Hotel for their generous raffle donation.

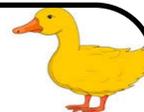
## **Duck Duck Goose Café Restaurant and Icecreamery**

**Location 99 Beaufort St, Toodyay**

Duck Duck Goose can seat 45 people comfortably and caters to Functions, Parties, Weddings, Coaches, Corporate Functions or just come out for breakfast, lunch or dinner. Bookings preferred. The icecreamery is situated at the front of the restaurant and boasts an assortment of yummy homemade flavours.

**Directions:** Coming from Perth, continue down Stirling Tce, turn left into Harper Rd, at the end turn right into Harper/Continue down Julimar Rd for approx 4 kms, turn left into Clarkson Road and right into Beaufort St  
Our Opening Hours are Thurs & Fri 10am-late. Sat 7.30am-late. Sun 7.30am-4pm

Thankyou



## **November Muster**

**Remember that the muster is on the 11<sup>th</sup> November (2<sup>nd</sup> Friday) as we will all be at Toodyay on the first Friday, Saturday and Sunday for the festival.**

The theme for November's sixteen line poem is Recycling.

I will also pose a roster for 2017. I will allot names and you can refuse or shuffle. If anyone would like to compete or read from the classics let me know ahead of time and I'll put you on the roster. No pressure.

Also, I know it's a long way ahead so you can put your names down and change later, if that's what needs to happen. We have lots of willing people but we do try and include as many new people on the roster as possible.

Kind regards  
Christine (aka ED)

**W.A. Bush Poets**



**& Yarnspinners Assn.**

