

# BULLY TIN



**Next Muster March 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park**  
 MC Dot Langley 9361 3770 [brumbrum@tpg.com.au](mailto:brumbrum@tpg.com.au)



## AUSTRALIA DAY AT WIRELESS HILL

It was ideal summer weather on 25th January 2014. Warm sunny day and cooling breeze. A perfect afternoon to enjoy a picnic on a rug or in comfy chairs and listen to some outstanding Bush Poetry compliments of our WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners Assn. The Shire of Melville again was the principal sponsor and their support is greatly appreciated. President Bill Gordon welcomed everyone and Peter Nettleton was MC for the day. He kept us entertained with many amusing limericks in between the equally entertaining poets. A good variety of stories were told to an audience of about 150. A big **"thank you"** to all involved in bringing about this event. Wireless Hill is a picturesque spot, a great setting for a Bush Poet's gathering. With the shady eucalypts a home to magpie larks and other birds, the setting was ideal. We had the added pleasure of witnessing a mother magpie who sought out her baby that had fallen from the nest. When she found it (just near one of the speakers), she proceeded to feed it with morsels that she flew off to find periodically. This delightful process continued throughout the afternoon with mother and baby quite oblivious to the the poets and the crowd.

It was all over by 5pm as the sun began to set and the crowd dispersed in time to make their way to the Australia Day fireworks on the shores of the Swan River if they so desired.

What a perfect way to celebrated Australia Day.

### **By Meg Gordon**

Editor's note: What a fantastic day! I took a visitor from the Eastern States and he was thrilled by the breadth of the poetry and the high standard of performance. Congratulations to all involved onstage and behind the scenes.

**Congratulation to Brian for his win at Tamworth and to Val and Terri for their Highly Commended.** This is the national competition and it is wonderful to have such a strong representation from WA. We hope to hear the poems at this month's WA poet's muster.

NB Don't forget to send a WA poem or two to Dot for presentation at the muster if you are unable to make it or would like someone else to read your work.



### **Essential Energy Golden Damper performance competition, Tamworth NSW**

**21st-25th January 2014**

#### **Established (Traditional or Modern)**

- 1st Lyn Tarring, Townsville Qld
- 2nd Paddy O'Brien, Murwillumbah NSW
- 3rd Gabby Colquhoun, Gloucester NSW

#### **Original**

- 1st **Brian Langley, St James WA**
- 2nd John Peel, Tumut NSW
- 3rd Tom McIlveen, Port Macquarie NSW

### **Tamworth Poetry Reading Group Blackened Billy written competition, Tamworth NSW**

**24th January 2014**

- 1st Remember  
Milton Taylor, Hartley NSW
- 2nd For Love of the Sea  
Catherine Lee, Bangkok Thailand
- 3rd Clothes Macketh the Man  
Milton Taylor, Hartley NSW

#### **Highly Commended:**

##### **Farewell my Love**

**Terry Piggott, Canning Vale WA**

##### **A Farmer's Reply**

**V P Read, Bicton WA**

- Jimmy  
Tom McIlveen, Port Macquarie NSW
- Odds-On That's How it Is  
Jan Foster, Grovedale Vic
- The Trouble and Strife  
Jan Foster, Grovedale Vic
- The Music Teacher  
Shelley Hanson, West Maryborough Qld
- Three Out of Ten  
Kevin Pye, Mudgee NSW
- A Shadow on the Water  
David Campbell, Beaumaris Vic
- Wallace, Dot and Croc  
Milton Taylor, Hartley NSW
- The Lady of the Grand  
Mal Beveridge, Bracken Ridge Qld

**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 -

Life has been rather hectic since New Year, what with a trip to Tamworth, shearing, and our Boyup Brook Country Music festival keeping me well occupied.

Tamworth was a great opportunity to catch up with a lot of old friends and make many new contacts in the world of bush poetry. Geoffrey Graham was performing his show "The Man from Ironbark". Very appropriate as today (17<sup>th</sup> Feb) marks the 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the birth of that great poet Banjo Patterson. A quick glance around the audience the night I was there revealed only one man with a beard, so guess who found himself in the barber's chair! Geoffrey is touring with the show this year, and I am hoping he will include WA on his itinerary.

On the way to Tamworth I paid a very interesting visit to the Banjo Patterson museum, at Yeoval, NSW. That was the site of "Buckinbah", the family property where Banjo lived until he was seven. The town eventually grew up around the "Buckinbah" homestead. It is well worth the detour for anyone traveling through the district.

In Tamworth I also caught up with our friend and member Terry Bennetts, who was performing with his "Band of Mates", Evan Platschinda and Ginger Cox. Look out for them in Perth around Anzac Day. Brian and Dot Langley were also in the Country Music Capital, and congratulations to Brian for winning the "Golden Damper" performance competition for original poem. Congratulations as well to Terry Piggott and to Val Read for their highly commended poems in the "Blackened Billy" written comp.

Home for shearing and then a big clean-up at "Northlands" for the Boyup festival. This was again a huge success and although the crowd was a lot smaller, the bush poets were well supported. A big thank you to all the poets who came and performed throughout the four days. Guest poets Marco Gliori and Murray Hartin were outstanding, but it is all the local poets who make the event such a winner. All who attended the workshops voted these the best they have attended. Participants were kept busy, being involved with writing and quick thinking activities.

The Sunday morning Bush Poet's breakfast was the highlight of the weekend. The audience of nearly 1000 was treated to a feast of poetry, and as the sun rose to drive off the morning mist, our rising star, Alexander Heffernan gave a brilliant performance with two poems written especially for him by his father Tim.

Congratulations here to Terry Bennetts and Keith Lethbridge for their winning the WA Country Music Songwriter of the Year Award at Boyup Brook.

Coming up on March 14 - 16 is the Downunder Country Music weekend in Bridgetown. David and Therese Higginson (Campfire Country) invite local and interstate artists to their traditional country music event. David and Therese have provided the music for Australia Day at Wireless Hill for the last two years.

Ron Evans runs a Bush Poets breakfast the Sunday morning, and other poets perform throughout the weekend. A very relaxing weekend that, I am looking forward to.

Signing off for now  
Your president, Bill

**Editor's note:** Bill is the driving force behind poetry at Boyup Brook. On behalf of the poets that attended I would like to convey our sincere thanks to Bill and Meg for their outstanding, warm and generous hospitality over the week

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Upon a time, a gentleman of mature years fell in love with a much, much younger woman. Oh, and he was transported by the joy of his new-found love, until, one day he saw himself in a mirror! And he saw the truth reflected in the cold, hard light of reality. And he thought to himself: Oh, . . . .Ed Mahon

### **BUGGER IT ALL**

Me blood pressures up, and me arches dropped.  
Me eyes are bad and me heart just stopped.  
But, I love you true, I really do.  
What the hell am I going to do.

My knees are bent, and me cheeks are sagged,  
I try to walk, but I can't be fagged.  
And, I love you true, I really do.  
What the hell am I going to do.

Me belly is fat and me nose is red.  
The hair is grey all over me head.  
'Cos I love you true, I really do.  
What the hell am I going to do.

Cholesterol has blocked me veins  
Me bowels can barely stand the strain  
But, I love you true, I really do  
What the hell am I going to do.

The Christians tell me I'm going to hell  
For the fun I'm having I might as well  
And, I love you true, I really do.  
What the hell am I going to do.

But the sun shines bright each lovely day  
And my soul soars high when you smile that way.  
'Cos I love you true, I really do.

## Castaways Poetry Prize, Rockingham.

Submissions for the 2014 Castaways Poetry Prize are now open until Friday 13 March 2014, with \$400 available in prizes.

Last year's Castaways Poetry prize was won by Canadian poet Annabel Sheila, with her poem 'Sentinel', based on the 2012 artwork of the same name. The competition attracted more than 150 entries from across Australia, as well as the US and Canada.

### **How to Enter**

1. Visit the [Castaways Web Gallery](#) and view the images of entries from the 2013 Castaways exhibition. All entered poems must be inspired by, drawn upon, or using the theme of, images in the Castaways Web Gallery.
2. Send a maximum of three poems, attached to an email in .rtf or .doc format, to [castaways@rockingham.wa.gov.au](mailto:castaways@rockingham.wa.gov.au) with "POETRY SUBMISSION: Your Title" as the subject line.
3. The body of your email must include your name, address, phone/mobile number, email address, and the title and line counts of your poems. To ensure anonymity, do not include your details on your entered poems themselves.
4. Do not post entries. Only entries received via email will be accepted.
5. Each poem must be no longer than 24 lines.
6. Poems must be original, unpublished, not have received an award in another competition, and not be under consideration elsewhere from the time of entry in the awards until the official announcement of the winners.
7. To ensure anonymity, no writers' names are to appear on the document containing the poem.
8. Winners able to attend may be invited to read their poem at the Castaways 2014 Opening Night Awards presentation on Saturday 10 May 2014.
9. Employees of the City of Rockingham and their family members are ineligible to enter.
10. The judges' decisions are final, and no correspondence will be entered into. Any attempt to lobby judges or City of Rockingham employees and Elected Members or influence decisions, may result in disqualification.
11. Entries close Friday 13 March 2014, and winners will be contacted by phone or email prior to the public announcement at the Castaways 2014 Awards night presentation.
12. The 1st prize winning entry will be published in the Castaways 2014 catalogue and will be reproduced on the Castaways webpage.

**1<sup>st</sup> PRIZE:** \$200 + 2 copies of the Castaways 2014 catalogue

**2 COMMENDED PRIZES:** \$100

### **About Castaways Sculpture Awards**

Castaways Sculpture Awards is an annual arts event, which since 2008, has successfully melded the theme of recycling and environmental awareness with the creative re-use of materials and innovative arts practice.

Every May, nearly 50 stunning sculptures are exhibited on the Rockingham foreshore, creating opportunities for young and emerging artists to showcase their artworks alongside established professional Western Australian Artists, under the professional curatorship of Lyn DiCiero, arts writer, art judge and editor/owner of art journal the *Artist's Chronicle*.

### **More Information**

Telephone Donna Cochrane, Community Development Officer, on 9528 0385 or email [castaways@rockingham.wa.gov.au](mailto:castaways@rockingham.wa.gov.au)

Visit the Castaways website: [www.rockingham.wa.gov.au/Leisure-and-recreation/Things-to-do/Art-and-craft.aspx](http://www.rockingham.wa.gov.au/Leisure-and-recreation/Things-to-do/Art-and-craft.aspx)

## THE ALIEN INVASION

It,s an alien invasion,  
and it happens every year  
They leave the Starship Enterprise,  
and find their way down here  
Their landing craft have funny names,  
they call them Caravans,  
With boats and tents and annexes,  
there's barely room to stand.

Their landing craft must all be made  
on some far distant shore,  
A bellow, and a cloud of smoke,  
and then a mighty roar.  
" Get in, my dear " the Captain says,  
" and don't forget the door".  
" We're taking off, its getting hot,  
but we'll be back next year for sure."

I wonder why they don't go out  
and visit far off Jupiter or Mars.  
It wouldn't take so very long  
in those big space- ship cars .  
'Cos setting up their camp down here  
they have a dreadful fight.  
The navigator cries and yells,  
and the Captain gets uptight.

Life must be pretty hard back there,  
upon their home space -station,  
To force so many elderly  
on this interplanetary migration.  
But you wouldn't think so when they find  
their far off destination.  
"There's nothing right, it's worse this  
year",  
so goes their conversation.

With saggy bums and boobs and chins,  
and sunspots on their hands,  
And hearing aids and pacemakers,  
and hormones for their glands.  
But sadly every year there's less  
who make this great migration,  
The rest must make the longer trip  
to find their final, resting, destination.

Ed Mahon 1996

Ed Mahon is now residing in Broome , not Derby.



"It's great to get back to the simple life!"

## THE AUSSIE BUSH by Colleen O'Grady

The Australian bush is an interesting place  
If you know how to find your way around it.  
Much of it is good and given by God's grace  
And blessed are they that can find it.

Aborigines have always had a use for the trees;  
The Melaleuca a healthy cadjeput of silver  
A help when ill – and bundles of leaves  
To wrap their food in and cook by the river.

A medicine bush has an interesting skill;  
An Aboriginal art finally bought to fore.  
Boil the twigs and drink the swill when ill  
A remedy that was lost in days of yore.

Explorers they came and left their mark,  
You know that intrepid man called Gregory -  
Nailed a piece of tin to a Eucalyptus bark  
Which prevented him dying in desert buggery.

The Oakover rations they needed desperately  
'Twas Maitland who rode the dash for rescue,  
For what was buried beneath that marked tree.  
And retrieving them for those desperate few.

The hardy Eucalyptus grow on sand that is rilled  
In river beds that are sandy and wide,  
Seldom are their beds ever water-filled,  
But lives were saved because of a desperate ride.

Summer and stunted mulga trees seem upside  
down  
On the heated day as a mirage grows,  
Looking like water far on horizon crown.  
Don't be fooled by this, as everyone knows

For an elusive Blackheart that escaped the  
chop,  
Searched the Pilbara everywhere.  
Discovered an ancient one that didn't drop  
For fencing by the axes that had been there.

Another Blackheart straight and tall,  
That was planted by the Nomad crowd,  
Much treasured it is by them all  
And its destruction for fencing is not allowed.

Murchison Coolabahs being thirsty trees,  
Wet their feet in a billabong pool,  
Their backs are bent by the fearsome breeze,  
But they make the picnic place nice and cool.

A striking Snappy Gum brilliant white  
Has a precarious perch on Dale Gorge rim,  
Can give you quite a fright at night,  
With its swaying branch and ghostly limb.

Orange of the Christmas tree in December  
glow,  
Westralian iconic parasite of golden hue,  
Reminds people get tinsel trees, decorate and  
show,  
Since long it's been when the Dads axed a few.

The Blackboy trees with their pungent smell  
And we gather burnt pieces up after a shower,  
Make magnificent fire starters as we tell.  
Has unusual spiked leaves and stalk-like flower,

In a park a gentle creek is running slow,  
Passing through this area we loved the best.  
It waters the trees and helps them grow,  
Where there are those we love have laid to  
rest.

Just a few of these interesting wild specie,  
That live in the bush of our vast state,  
Have provided for us much shade, help and  
beauty,  
And hopefully the axe is no longer their fate.

But wait, aren't they removed to give us hous-  
ing?  
To shelter our heads, our families, our shops?  
And shelter from the heavens heavy dousing  
Or when the sun almost blinds us with spots?

Nevertheless quite a big scrub doth remain  
For us to appreciate, enjoy and explore.  
Its beauties and flowers we try to retain,  
That there will be bush for all evermore.

### Colleen lives in Kelmscott, WA.



**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 \$30  
Stay up to date with events and competitions right  
across Australia**

**23rd May 2014, Closing date for Bush Lan-  
tern Award for written bush verse, Bundy  
Bush Poetry Muster 4-6 July**

**See above site for details, also about The  
Man From Snowy River Festival in March  
at Corryong, Victoria...good luck to John  
Hayes.**

Hi Christine,

thank you for keeping me up to date with the Bush Poets activities through the Bully Tin. Our Liverpool, FAW (NSW) Inc members have been hosting poetry reading evenings through the summer. there are still two more to go, Tuesday 18 February and Tuesday 18 March 2014. Everyone is welcome, so if any of your members are planning to come to Sydney we would be happy to listen to their work. I will attach a leaflet with more details. the other thing is I would like to invite all the Bush poets to submit their verses for possible inclusion in the monthly Print Magazine FreeXpression. If any member would like a free copy, if they send \$1.20 to cover postage I will be happy to post one to them. I would be happy to also publish some of the poems in your bulletin if I have permission from the authors. Subscriptions are not necessary to get work published. Our aim is to make FreeXpression the best monthly **print** magazine for writers. in the world. Kind Regards Peter F Pike

The Liverpool Creative Writers  
Sponsored by FreeXpression- will present a  
Series of Summer Soirées (November 2013 to March 2014)  
On the third Tuesday of each month  
At The Hilda Davis Senior Citizens' Centre  
185 Bigge Street Liverpool from 6 to 9pm  
Pause for Poets And Writers Speaking

**Wanted Barkers, Caterwaulers, Yelpers, Yappers, Squealers,  
Purrers, Whiners, Howlers and Tail-Waggers (that is wags  
with short tales)**

**If you're a writer with something to say this is your opportunity  
ENTRY FEE \$5 includes light refreshments**

**If you would like to bring your writing alive vocally, by reciting a poem, reading a very short story or singing a song, then this is for you.**

**Please contact the convenor  
Peter F Pike Email:  
peter@freexpression.com.au  
Phone: (02) 9607 5559  
and book your spot early**

**Bring your anthologies, books and videos etc that you would like to sell and we'll put them on the 'FOR SALE' stall. (10% selling fee)**

**Published Authors will give short inspirational talks to encourage all poets and writers.**

**Writers entertaining writers is a great thing: we can learn from each other, gain loads of ideas and attract the general public to our craft.**

**As most writers' groups seek to increase their membership, this market-style gathering is an ideal way of reaching out to potential writers.**

**It is easy to become a writer, a little more difficult to become a good writer and quite challenging to become a competent writer.**

**Start or develop your writing skills by joining in the fun of the evening or  
Bring a friend and Just sit and enjoy  
Mark these dates in your diary: — 18/03/2014**

## **UPCOMING MUSTERS:**

March 7th MC Dot Langley 9361  
3770 [brumbrum@tpg.com.au](mailto:brumbrum@tpg.com.au)

Classics Reader - Trish Joyce - NOTE this is WA Writers night All WA country and non-performing city writers are asked to submit a couple of poems to Dot - The night will be a mixture of contemporary and earlier poems. WA writers are invited to bring in their books for sale.

April 4th MC Lorelie Tacoma 9365  
2277 [tlorelie@ymail.com](mailto:tlorelie@ymail.com)

Classics Reader : Is this you?

May 2nd MC Bill Gordon 0428 651  
098 [northlands@wn.com.au](mailto:northlands@wn.com.au)

Classics Reader TBA Short poetry competition

### BROKEN MAN

Once there was a broken man, a broken, broken man  
His hair was long, body odour strong, his beard was marred by dirt  
Faded pants patched and torn, shoes badly worn,  
buttons missing from his shirt

He walks the streets a broken man, a broken, broken man  
People look at him, and look away, and then they look again  
They thought he was a crazy man, he talked as he walked along  
But they never gave time to learn his story, they never heard his song

The broken man has long grey hair, it flows down past his shoulder  
He stuffs his shirt with sheets of paper, as the days grew colder  
Sitting on a bench in the town's small park, his fingers cold and red  
He calls the birds down from the trees, shares his frugal meal of bread

Busy shoppers hurry past, none offer the smallest token  
Of compassion to the lonely man, not one kind word is spoken  
He gave his heart to answer the call, when his country entered the fray  
But the fight for freedom broke his mind, he became what he is today  
The broken, broken man

Sylvia Stonehouse

## THE ANZAC ON THE WALL

Jim Brown

~ 1 ~

I wandered thru a country town 'cos I had time to spare,  
And went into an antique shop to see what was in there.  
Old Bikes and pumps and kero lamps, but hidden by it all,  
A photo of a soldier boy – an Anzac on the Wall.  
"The Anzac have a name?" I asked. The old man answered "No...  
The ones who could have told me mate have passed on long ago.  
The old man kept on talking and, according to his tale,  
The photo was unwanted junk bought from a clearance sale.  
"I asked around," the old man said, "but no one knows his face,  
He's been on that wall twenty years, deserves a better place.  
For someone must have loved him so, it seems a shame somehow."  
I nodded in agreement and then said, "I'll take him now."  
My nameless digger's photo, well it was a sorry sight  
A cracked glass pane and a broken frame – I had to make it right  
To prise the photo from its frame I took care just in case,  
"Cause only sticky paper held the cardboard back in place.  
I peeled away the faded screed and much to my surprise,  
Two letters and a telegram appeared before my eyes  
The first reveals my Anzac's name, and regiment of course  
John Matthew Francis Clancy of Australia's own Light Horse.  
This letter written from the front, my interest now was keen  
This note was dated August seventh 1917  
"Dear Mum, I'm at Khalasa Springs not far from the Red Sea  
They say it's in the Bible – looks like Billabong to me.  
"My Kathy wrote I'm in her prayers she's still my bride to be  
I just can't wait to see you both you're all the world to me  
And Mum you'll soon meet Bluey, last month they shipped him out  
I told him to call on you when he's up and about."



~ 2 ~

That bluey is a larrikin, and we all thought it funny  
He lobbed a Turkish hand grenade into the CO's dunny.  
I told you how he dragged me wounded in from no man's land  
He stopped the bleeding closed the wound with only his bare hand."  
"Then he copped it at the front from some stray shrapnel blast  
It was my turn to drag him in and I thought he wouldn't last  
He woke up in hospital, and nearly lost his mind  
Cause out there on the battlefield he'd left one leg behind."  
"He's been in a bad way mum, he knows he'll ride no more  
Like me he loves a horse's back he was a champ before.  
So Please Mum can you take him in, he's been like my brother  
Raised in a Queensland orphanage he's never known a mother."  
But Struth, I miss Australia mum, and in my mind each day  
I am a mountain cattleman on high plains far away  
I'm mustering white-faced Herefords, with no camel's hump in sight  
And I waltz my Matilda by a campfire every night  
I wonder who rides Billy, I heard the pub burnt down  
I'll always love you and please say hooroo to all in town,  
The second letter I could see was in a lady's hand  
An answer to her soldier son there in a foreign land  
Her copperplate was perfect, the pages neat and clean  
It bore the date November 3rd 1917.  
"Twas hard enough to lose your Dad, without you at the war  
I'd hoped you would be home by now – each day  
I miss you more"  
"Your Cathy calls around a lot since you have been away  
To share with me her hopes and dreams of your wedding day  
And Bluey has arrived – and what a godsend he has been  
We talked and laughed for days about the things you've done and seen"  
He really is a comfort, and works hard around the farm,  
I read the same hope in his eyes that you won't come to harm.  
McConnell's kids rode Billy, but suddenly that changed  
We had a violent lightning storm, and it was really strange."  
the face

~ 3 ~

"Last Wednesday just on midnight, not a single  
cloud in sight  
It raged for several minutes, it gave us all a  
fright  
It really spooked your Billy – and he screamed  
and bucked and reared  
And then he then he rushed the sliprail fence,  
which by a foot he cleared"  
They brought him back next afternoon, but  
something's changed I fear  
It's like the day you brought him home, for no  
one can get near  
Remember when you caught him with his black  
and flowing mane?  
Now Horse breakers fear the beast that only you  
can tame,"  
"That's why we need you home son" – then the  
flow of ink went dry-  
This letter was unfinished, and I couldn't work  
out why.  
Until I started reading the letter number three  
A yellow telegram delivered news of tragedy  
Her son killed in action – oh – what pain that  
must have been  
The Same date as her letter – 3rd November 17  
This note she never sent to John, became then  
one of three  
She sealed behind the photo's face – the face  
she longed to see.  
And John's home town's old timers – children  
when he went to war  
Would say no greater cattleman had left the  
town before.  
They knew his widowed mother well – and with  
respect did tell  
How when she lost her only boy she lost her  
mind as well.  
She could not face the awful truth, to strangers  
she would speak  
"My Johnny's at the war you know, he's coming  
home next week."  
They all remembered Bluey he stayed on to the  
end  
A younger man with wooden leg became her  
closest friend  
And he would go and find her when she wan-  
dered old and weak  
And always softly say "yes dear – John will be  
home next week."  
Then when she died Bluey moved on, to Queens-  
land some did say  
I tried to find out where he went, but don't know  
to this day.  
And Kathy never wed – a lonely spinster some  
found odd  
She wouldn't set foot in a church – she'd turned  
her back on God



~ 4 ~

John's mother left no will I learned on my detec-  
tive trail  
This explains my photo's journey that clearance  
sale  
So I continued digging cause I wanted to know  
more  
I found John's name with thousands in the records  
of the war  
His last ride proved his courage – a ride you will  
acclaim  
The Light Horse Charge at Beersheba of everlast-  
ing fame  
That last day in October back in 1917  
At 4pm our brave boys fell-that sad fact I did  
glean  
That's when John's life was sacrificed the record's  
crystal clear  
But 4pm in Beersheba is midnight over here.....  
So as John's gallant sprit rose to cross the great  
divide  
Were lightning bolts back home a signal from the  
other side?  
Is that why Billy bolted and went racing as in  
pain?  
Because he'd never feel his master on his back  
again?  
Was it just coincidental? same time same day  
same date?  
Some proof of numerology, or just a quirk of fate?  
I think it's more than that you know as I've heard  
wiser men,  
Acknowledge there are many things that go be-  
yond our ken  
Where craggy peaks guard secrets 'neath dark  
skies torn asunder  
Where hoof beats are companions to the rolling  
waves of thunder  
Where lightning cracks like 303's and ricochets  
again  
Where howling moaning gusts of wind sound just  
like dying men  
Some Mountain cattlemen have sworn on lonely  
alpine track  
They've glimpsed a huge black stallion – a Light  
Horseman on his back.  
Sure Sceptics say it's swirling clouds just forming  
apparitions  
Oh no, my friend you can't dismiss all this as su-  
perstition  
The desert of Beersheba – or windswept Aussie  
range  
John Clancy rides forever there – Now I don't find  
that strange.  
Now some gaze at this photo, and they often  
question me  
And I tell them a small white lie, and say he's  
family.  
"You must be proud of him." they say – I tell  
them, one and all,  
That's why he takes the pride of place – my Anzac  
on the Wall.  
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## February Muster wrap up by Christine Boulton and Nancy Coe

**Anne Hayes** was our compere for the night and she told jokes that kept us smiling along with clear introductions for each poet.

**Grace Williamson** began the evening with "The Woman" by Birdie from Queensland. In this poem we hear how the woman supported the husband in the early days of the outback. She'd make the bread, salt the meat, milk cows, churn the butter, chop the wood to keep the home fires burning and make the children's clothes from flour bags.

**Robert Gunn** recited "The Ballad of Ocker Ramsay and The Old Crank Handle" by Peter Harries. Robert like many of us on the night was practising our poems for Boyup Brook and this was a corker. The poem tells the story of someone waiting for Ocker Ramsey and the outstanding number of beers they consumed leading to lots of tall takes and a stoush involving the old crank handle from his truck.

**John Hayes** followed with a hat that make us smile and prepared us for his wonderful yarn "The Hog Fest". We don't have a lot of yarns and it is always a joy to hear John tell his stories.

**Caroline Sambridge** recited two of her most recent poems "Your Friendly Hoon" and the "The Booze Bus". Caroline always manages to capture the essence of a situation with her direct honesty, humour and perception.

**Christine Boulton** gave us Henry Lawson's "The Water Lily". This is a story of a woman who has lost a child and dreams of her child calling to her. The depth of this poem is enormous and hints of post natal depression the loneliness of the women of the bush. Lawson at genius level has given us a multi layered poem, brief in words but profound in his understanding of isolated women.

**Phil Gray** gave us Oscar Waters' "One Sunday Morning". This amusing poem begins at Gallipoli but ends up telling us the story of the Trojan horse in Aussie vernacular. Lots of fun.

**Phil Gray and Bob Rummery** are members of "Loaded Dog" who play mainly Western Australian material. Bob had collected many poems from a variety of sources and put them to music. However, many of the songs have been written by members of the band. They also play a version of Peter Blyth's "The Talking Ground". It would be wonderful if we could feature them as guests on night as they have a deep love and understanding of the Australian tradition and our Western Australian poets.

**Rusty Christensen** followed reminding us of Banjo's birthday. Rusty was in fine form and gave an outstanding rendition of "Clancy of the Overflow".

Bob Rummery ( without his concertina) recited Tom(Crosscut) Wilson's poem "Trampish". Tom Wilson arrived in WA from Sydney in 1895 and spent much of his time around Kalgoorlie and Mount Margaret. He worked on the wood line and also in mining. Wilson's poem is a lyrical celebration of the mulga in winter. He uses beautiful imagery to describe the spell of the mulga and the way it calls to him.

A lively **Nancy Coe** stepped down from the door to remind us of Peg Vickers from Albany. Nancy recited Peg's poem "Promises" which reminds us of the empty promises made by politicians and how they will do anything to get our vote.

**Ray Doyle**, a newcomer, recited two original poems "The Cull" and "Talk Back Television". The cull gives a writer's perspective about the on-going controversy of the Government's policy on the killing of sharks while "Talk Back Television" was a fact based tribute to his wife's ability to overcome solitude and remain savvy with up to date affairs.

**Bill Gordon** also reminded us of Banjo's February birthday before reciting "The Man From Ironbark" by, of course, Banjo. Bill also mentioned the possibility of Geoffrey Graham coming West to perform his Banjo Paterson show. As an audience member Bill had been selected at Tamworth because he was the only one in the audience with a beard.

**Lorelie Tacoma** read us a poem sent to her from America called "The Lucky Country". Whatever happens we defend our country and celebrate it loudly. The bottom line is Aussies are patriotic and we think Australia is the best country in the world.

**Alan Aitken** took us to the tea break recited Bob Magor's poem "The Day I Shot the Telly" from Bob's book "Snakes Alive". Rusty later informed us that all of the antics in this poem were true, especially Bob's dislike of Brian Henderson, and we can only be thankful that Bob's dad refrained from adopting him out. However, we can take joy in the fact that the cat was unhurt.





Our new tea man **Colin Tyler** was thanked and did a great job organising tea and biscuits. If anyone wishes to give him a hand on the night I'm sure he would appreciate the assistance.

**Bill Gordon** opened the second half reminding us of Brian Langley's win at Tamworth and our two highly commended poets, Val Read and Terri Piggott. Also Toodyay needs some poets for the Moondyne festival and the fibre festival. Contact Bill for more information.

Bill then recited "How M'Dougall Topped the Score" by Thomas E. Spencer. M'Dougall trains his dog to run off with the ball so that his team from Piper's Flat can win the cricket match.

**Robert Gunn** gave us a fantastic insight into the life of Rudyard Kipling. Kipling's many works inspired English patriotism and also the Scouting movement. Kipling lied about his son and enabled him to be enlisted.

His son was killed in battle "If any question why we died, it's because our father's lied".

Banjo Paterson also met Kipling in South Africa and later England. A truly inspiring glimpse of one of the world's best loved poets. Robert finished with a musical version of "If".

**Rusty Christensen** told us of a visit to Alan Blunt's home near Longreach. Apparently his home was full of clutter and inspired Bob Magor's poem "Batchelor's Blues". A man's home becomes very untidy and has the refrain "while the Mrs is away". It turns out the Mrs has been away for twenty years.

**Christine Boulton** returned giving us "The Wingen Pub" by Colin Wilson. This poem tells the story of a whinging competition.

**John Hayes** reminded us he was born in the same month as Paterson. John then went on to tell us his poem "Black Saturday". A sad reminder of the King Lake and Marysville fires across countryside Victoria.

**Grace Williamson.** Grace gave another concise and well thought out introduction before reciting "Tree" by Joan Strange. The author of this poem in her old age revisits a favourite childhood tree and reminiscences about her times spent climbing and playing in, up and around it. She begins the poem with "Hello" and ends with "Goodbye".

**Ray Doyle,** "True Story". A totally true personal experience of loss and recovery.

**Caroline Sambridge** continued to make us smile with her perceptive "T.V Shopping" telling us about the hard sell from TV shows dedicated to making us buy goods we don't need.

**Bob Rummery** took us back to the gold rush era with Frederick Ophel's (pen name – Prospect Good) poem "Cockatoo Digger". This poem is about a digger who follows the more experienced miners around to try and learn how to strike it rich. There will be a book of Ophel's work out later this year, to be published by the Hesperian Press. The Hesperian Press is a great supporter of WA writers and can be found at 65 Oats St, Carlisle (open Tues and Fri 1-5pm). Check out their web site.

**Phil Gray** finished the evening with Richard Magoffin's poem "The Moaner". The catch phrase "How'd yu be? How would I bloody well be?" made us laugh at this classic poem by one of Australia's great writers and historians.

Anne thanked everyone for performing, Bill thanked Anne for compering and Colin for doing the teas. Thanks also to Robert for doing sound, Nancy and Alan at the door and everyone who helped or participated. What a fantastic evening.

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### **Green and Gold Malaria**

© Rupert McCall

The day would soon arrive when I could not ignore the rash.

I was obviously ill and so I called on Doctor Nash.

This standard consultation would adjudicate my fate.

I walked into his surgery and gave it to him straight:

'Doc, I wonder if you might explain this allergy of mine, I get these pins and needles running up and down my spine.

From there, across my body, it will suddenly extend -

My neck will feel a shiver and the hairs will stand on end.

And then there is the symptom that only a man can fear -

A choking in the throat, and the crying of a tear.'

Well, the Doctor scratched his melon with a rather worried look.

His furrowed brow suggested that the news to come was crook.

'What is it Doc?' I motioned. 'Have I got a rare disease?

I'm man enough to cop it sweet, so give it to me, please.'

'I'm not too sure,' he answered, in a puzzled kind of way.

'You've got some kind of fever, but it's hard for me to say.

When is it that you feel this most peculiar condition?'

I thought for just a moment, then I gave him my position:

'I get it when I'm standing in an Anzac Day parade,

And I get it when the anthem of our native land is played,

And I get it when Meninga makes a Kiwi-crunching run,

And when Border grits his teeth to score a really gutsy ton.

I got it back in '91 when Farr-Jones held the Cup,



And I got it when Japan was stormed by Better Loosen Up.

I get it when Banjo takes me down the Snowy River,

And Matilda sends me waltzing with a billy-boiling shiver.

It hit me hard when Sydney was awarded the Games,

And I get it when I see our farmers fighting for their names.

It flattened me when Bertrand raised the boxing kangaroo,

And when Perkins smashed the record, well, the rashes were true blue.

So tell me, Doc, I questioned. 'Am I really gonna die?'

He broke into a smile before he looked me in the eye.

As he fumbled with his stethoscope and pushed it out of reach,

He wiped away a tear and then he gave me this stirring speech:

'From the beaches here in Queensland to the sweeping shores of Broome,

On the Harbour banks of Sydney where the waratah's in bloom.

From Uluru at sunset to the Mighty Tasman Sea,

In the Adelaide cathedrals, at the roaring MCG.

From the Great Australian Blight up to the Gulf of Carpentaria,

The medical profession call it "green and gold malaria".

But forget about the text books, son, the truth I shouldn't hide.

The rash that you've contracted here is "good old Aussie pride".

I'm afraid that you were born with it and one thing is for sure -

You'll die with it, young man, because there isn't any cure.

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**Name.....WA Bush Poets.**

**Please email notification of payment to: [treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au](mailto:treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au)**

**Upcoming Events**

**WA Bush Poet's and Yarn Spinners' Muster at Bentley Park. MC Dot Langley 9361 3770**  
**Nannup Music Festival with Poet's Breakfast ..Dingo's Breakfast, Peter Capp and Ted Egan 28th Feb-3rd March**  
**Folkworld Fairbridge Festival 25th-27th April**  
**WA Bush Poet's and Yarn Spinners' Muster first Friday of every month**

**Regular events**

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

**Do YOU have any poetic events which need to go in this space?**

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](http://www.abpa.org.au) or [www.bushverse.com](http://www.bushverse.com)

**Don't forget our website**  
**[www.wabushpoets.asn.au](http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au) or [www.wabushpoets.com](http://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 <a href="http://www.wabushpoets.com">www.wabushpoets.com</a> Go to the "Performance Poets" page	<b>Members' Poetic Products</b>	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 & Jenny"	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,	Pete Stratford	CD
	Keith Lethbridge	inc autobiography books	Roger Cracknell	CDs, Book

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