

The

April 2019

BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



Next Muster Friday 5th April 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park

MC : Anne Hayes 0428 542 418 hayseed1@optusnet.com.au

(Please give your synoses to Meg Gordon)

APRIL CHALLENGE: 16 line poem: **He/She/It was always my best friend**

Looking forward to listening to some great rhyming poetry.

These challenges are a great way to start writing poetry and for existing poets to practise their skills.

You may also read your poems.

LADY POETS HAVE ANOTHER LIFE!



While the men went to Bridgetown to set up camp for the poets who were performing at Country Music Festival, the ladies had a day out at 'Storm in A Teacup' luncheon at Rylington Park Boyup Brook. Guest speakers spoke openly and with much humour about the issues surrounding mental health, from anxiety attacks to depression and suicide. Felicity Brown became a world acclaimed milliner when she 'escaped' from the rat race of politics and witnessing too many of her friends seek a way out through suicide, to see outback Australia, ultimately ending up in Broome and making hats for functions and race goers. She has also made a couple of trips to New York Fashion Week and is soon off to display her craft in Milan.

**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.

W.A. Bush Poets



President's Preamble April 2019



Another very successful Downunder Country Music Weekend was held in Bridgetown mid-March. Hosted by David and Therese Higginson, it showcased a great selection of local and interstate musicians and offered many spots in the program for Bush Poets. The showground provided a most suitable venue for this event, now in its ninth year. These smaller festivals where camping is available on-site and charges are minimal are proving very popular, particularly with grey nomads (that includes those of us who still consider ourselves baby boomers). Stinger rounded up a group of poets who all put on an excellent show, although our illustrious president showed how he was as good as anyone at losing his lines.

As Bush Poets we pride ourselves in presenting genuine Australian culture. Several of our members have enjoyed another iconic event. I refer to Dad and Dave in the play "On Our Selection". This was performed at the Roxy Lane Theatre in Maylands, and capably directed by our Vice President, Peter Nettleton. The characters were portrayed just as I pictured them from the pages of Steele Rudd's series of books about life on our selection. It brought back memories of a visit Meg and I made to the Nobby Pub (between Warwick and Toowoomba) with Marco and Julie Gliori.

The years finally caught up with one of our legends, Bruce Simpson. Bruce was a drover, station manager, author and poet of note. Bruce wrote eight books and countless poems, many of which were recorded in song by Ted Egan. Meg and I went to a show featuring Bruce's droving days in Tamworth last January. See Meg's report in the February Bullytin. It was a real privilege to meet him when we were in Brisbane in 2016. Bruce was a man who called it how it was. To those who romanticise about the droving life he answered.....

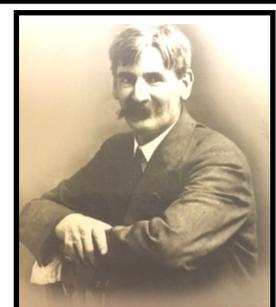
"She's a tough life. There's nothing romantic about watching cattle in a bad storm with lightning flashing all around you. You feel about 40 foot high and those bullocks are gonna rush any minute, you reckon. You're wet, your swag's wet, the fire's bloody near out and you can look forward to a breakfast of cold corned meat and damper. There's nothing bloody romantic about it."

First Sunday in May (5th) we have been invited to again perform at the Moondyne Festival in Toodyay. We will have spots on three stages, so any poets available on that day will have plenty of opportunity to "strut their stuff". It is always a great family day out so encourage your friends to come along. Please contact me if you can make it to Toodyay.

The following Saturday (May 11th) is the Port Bouvard Bush Poetry Festival. The date has been brought forward because of a bowls tournament they forgot to tell us about. Anne Chalmers is a stalwart for Bush Poetry in the Mandurah region. Apart from this day, she also organises school workshops and a competition among five schools in the area. Well done Anne.

Bill Gordon. President.

June Muster - Celebrate Henry Lawson's Birthday



ANOTHER BRAWL POEM

IT'S FANTASY

Peter O'Shaughnessy

I was down the Back Beach fishing with herring on the bite
When the joker just beside me said he'd caught a "beaut"
last night

He'd caught a giant herring weighing 10 kilos or more
A fish he said he'd used to feed two families of four.

I said "Yair Mate, I've had some luck like you had yesterday
Like when that bloody cyclone washed me kero lamp away
Then yesterday – I'm telling you – that on this very spot
I made a cast and reeled her in and you know what I got
A damned sore back, a broken reel, some seaweed – sorta
damp

And bugger me, still burning bright, my good old kero lamp".

Now he expressed some disbelief – he said you must be
wrong

He said, "there's yarns I could believe – but this one has a
pong"

I said "Ok it's fantasy", I didn't want a fight

"You take 8 kilos off your fish and I'll blow out the light!"

Apologies to Peter Nettleton for attributing his poem to Greg Joass last month

BUSH POETS FESTIVAL

Port Bouvard Recreation & Sporting Club

Come & enjoy an Aussie brekkie, listen to a
poem or two from excellent poets, have a
delicious lunch and enjoy the sounds of
country music

Saturday 11th May 2019

8:30am for breakfast onwards

Entry \$25.00 per person – all day pass

Includes breakfast, lunch, poetry & entertainment

For ticket sales contact

Port Bouvard Recreation & Sporting Club on

(08) 9582 2871 or admin@pbrsc.org.au

1 Thisbe Drive Dawesville WA

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF DATE

An Exile's Farewell

The oceans heave around us still
With long and measured swell,
The autumn gales our canvas fill,
Our ship rides smooth and well.
The broad Atlantic's bed of foam
Still breaks against our prow;
I shed no tears at quitting home,
Nor will I shed them now!

Against the bulwarks on the poop
I lean, and watch the sun
Behind the red horizon stoop—
His race is nearly run.
Those waves will never quench his light,
O'er which they seem to close,
Tomorrow he will rise as bright
As he this morning rose.

How brightly gleams the orb of day
Across the trackless sea!
How lightly dance the waves that play
Like dolphins in our lee!
The restless waters seem to say,
In smothered tones to me,
How many thousand miles away
My native land must be!

Speak, Ocean! Is my home the same
Now all is new to me? -
The tropic sky's resplendent flame,
The vast expanse of sea?
Does all around her, yet unchanged,
The well-known aspect wear?
Oh! Can the leagues that I have ranged
Have made no difference there?

How vivid Recollection's hand
Recalls the scene once more!
I see the same tall poplars stand
Beside the garden door;
I see the bird-cage hanging still;
And where my sister set
The flowers in the window-sill -
Can they be living yet?

Let woman's nature cherish grief,
I rarely heave a sigh
Before emotion takes relief
In listless apathy;
While from my pipe the vapours curl
Towards the evening sky,
And 'neath my feet the billows whirl
In dull monotony!

The sky still wears the crimson streak
Of Sol's departing ray,
Some briny drops are on my cheek,
'Tis but the salt sea spray!
Then let our barque the ocean roam,
Our keel the billows plough;
I shed no tears at quitting home,

© Adam Lindsay Gordon

ITCHY

He was just five foot four, weighed eight stone, nothing more
With a head that was balding and matted.
All his clothes were in bits, his pants clung to his hips,
While his shoes were both worn out and battered.

He had dabbled in crime—it was said he'd done time,
Down at Karnet or Canning Vale Prison.
No one knew what he did, but was caught getting rid,
Of possessions that weren't really his'n.

But when out on the straight, it's as certain as fate,
That you'd find him at Saturday's races,
Clutching race book and form, whilst attracting a swarm
Of dim witted and battle scared faces.

To these mates he's enthused that his horse couldn't lose,
They'd be mad to ignore his selection.
But they'd better act fast, for the odds wouldn't last
And they'd all have a drink on collection.

Now his drunken mates dim, (mostly dumber than him),
Would believe any words that he'd utter,
Back the horse he'd select, though they'd seldom collect
And would finish the day in the gutter.

When his horse didn't win, he would break the news grim,
That the jockey was paid off by Connell.
And the trainer, Jim Scorse was seen giving the horse
A concoction from out of a funnel.

But what singles him out, from the blokes thereabout,
From the characters dumber and smarter,
Was his scratching his bum, through his pants with his thumb,
Whilst awaiting the race to get started.

In my mind I can see, Itchy standing near me,
Check his tickets, then re-arrange 'em.
Then he'd shuffle a dance, scratch himself through his pants,
Whilst believing his bad luck was changing.

But his run, I'd say, was that Melbourne Cup Day,
When the champ Kingston Town run second.
He ignored what was past, tried to win on the last,
But encountered more strife than he reckoned.

He had backed Cheeky Trot, and he'd put the whole lot
Of the dough he could beg, steal or borrow,
On this four year old mare, who could end his despair,
And allow him to square off tomorrow.

Now the twenties he'd got, when he backed Cheeky Trot,
Caused an itch that remained unrelenting.
So he scratched it of course, while he prayed that his horse,
Wouldn't leave him flat broke and lamenting.

You could see him breathe fast, as they started the last,
Cheeky Trot made this lightning beginning.
With her postage stamp weight, she'd led into the straight,
In the perfect position for winning.

But a hundred to go, she was joined by Heave Ho
And the two fought with strength undiminished.
But old Itchy was sure, though he'd scratched himself raw,
Cheeky Trot had prevailed at the finish.

But alas and alack, ere the horses came back,
The photo was causing him chagrin.
In the heading bobbing go, one horse had its head low,
Heave Ho won by the narrowest margin.

With a roar filled with grief, and with sheer disbelief,
Itchy swore as he mangled his ticket,
Threw it down on the steps, as he visibly wept,
While declaring the judge couldn't pick it.

I stood watching him go, (for I'd backed Heave Ho),
In this tricky and complex environ.
But my smile ear to ear, was to soon disappear,
At the wail of the protester's siren.

Protest second 'gainst first, how I inwardly cursed.
Surely this kind of luck couldn't beat us.
And the crowd was inflamed, Cheeky's young rider claimed
He was hampered the last hundred metres.

In the midst of it all, I could see Itchy crawl
Up the steps in pursuit of his wager.
And he cursed and he frowned as he scabbled around—
Even ants on the steps were in danger.

On his hands and his knees, you could hear the bloke wheeze
Every breath sounding more like a whistle.
When the siren again, put an end to his pain,
By announcing the protest's dismissal.

Down the steps with a spring, I returned to the ring,
To collect my considerable winnings.
While with grief and dismay, Itchy shuffled away,
At the end of long painful innings.

I am oft caused to wince, for I've not seen him since,
He was claimed by the Grim Reaper's aura.
But I'll tell you one thing, Itchy's missed in the ring,
And the racing game's considerably poorer.

Geoff Bebb October 2000

**Winner of the Open Written Competition WA Bush Poet's
and Yarnspinners Assoc. Australia Day 2001**

POETS IN THE PARK

This inaugural event was held in Bunbury's Bicentennial Square on Saturday the 9th March and as the weather had been inclement all day, was held on the veranda of the old train station. About 30 people braved the conditions and once set up, it was a lovely night. Many thanks to Michael Darby who travelled down from Perth to help with the evening and Robert Gunn for coming from North Yunderup. A special thank you goes to Greg Joass from Noggerup even though he did not feel 100% and his wife Heather, who sold the raffle tickets.

The night was in recognition of Adam Lindsey Gordon who passed through Bunbury in December 1866 with a mob of 4800 sheep. Local poet, Norm Flynn organised and participated in a playlet on Gordon. After a short interval, Alan Aitken (who helped organise the event) gave a brief run down on Gordon's life followed by reading his poem "An Exile's Farewell". Also involved in the evening was Chris Taylor, Ian Farrell and Peter O'Shaughnessy.

All those who attended seemed to enjoy themselves and we look forward to holding other events in the district.

Alan Aitken.



Competitions Around The Land

Performance 4-7 April - Man from Snowy River Bush Festival - Incorporating the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships, Corryong, Victoria.

Performance 5-7 April - Oracles of the Bush - celebrating Australian Bush Poetry Literature & Music, Tenterfield NSW. Performance and written competitions..

Written 30 April - Closing Date - Henry Lawson Society Literary Awards, including The Wombat Award for children 12 years and under, Brighton Victoria

Written 30 April - Closing Date - The Bronze Swagman Award for written bush verse, Winton Queensland.

Written 5 July - Closing Date - Adelaide Plains Poets Inc 'Location' Poetry Competition, Redbanks SA.

Written 30 July - Closing Date - Nandewar Poetry Competition, Narrabri NSW.

Performance 6-8 September 2019 - Queensland Bush Poetry Championships, Beenleigh Queensland (just south of Brisbane). All Welcome. Entry forms out soon. Ring Jim 0403 871 325 or Gerry 0499 942 922.

Written 5th October 2019 — Closing Date — **Silver Quill Bush Verse**—WA Bush Poets & Yarn-spinners Assoc. **Entry forms at: www.abpa.org.au/competitions**

Performance 1—3 November 2019 — **WA State Championships at Toodyay**

The Bush Rangers

Four horseman rode out from the heart of the range,
Four horseman with aspects forbidding and strange.
They were booted and spurred, they were armed to the teeth,
And they frowned as they looked at the valley beneath,
As forward they rode through the rocks and the fern -
Ned Kelly, Dan Kelly, Steve Hart and Joe Byrne.

Ned Kelly drew rein and he shaded his eyes -
'The town's at our mercy! See yonder it lies!
To hell with the troopers!' - he shook his clenched fist -
'We will shoot them like dogs if they dare to resist!'
And all of them nodded, grim-visaged and stern -
Ned Kelly, Dan Kelly, Steve Hart and Joe Byrne.

Through the gullies and creeks they rode silently down;
They stuck-up the station and raided the town;
They opened the safe and they looted the bank;
They laughed and were merry, they ate and they drank.
Then off to the ranges they went with their gold -
Oh! never were bandits more reckless and bold.

But time brings its punishment, time travels fast -
And the outlaws were trapped in Glenrowan at last,
Where three of them died in the smoke and the flame,
And Ned Kelly came back - to the last he was game.
But the Law shot him down (he was fated to hang),
And that was the end of the bushranging gang.

Whatever their faults and whatever their crimes,
Their deeds lend romance to those faraway times.
They have gone from the gullies they haunted of old,
And nobody knows where they buried their gold.
To the ranges they loved they will never return -
Ned Kelly, Dan Kelly, Steve Hart and Joe Byrne.

But at times when I pass through that sleepy old town
Where the far-distant peaks of Strathbogie look down
I think of the days when those grim ranges rang
To the galloping hooves of the bushranging gang.
Though the years bring oblivion, time brings a change,
The ghosts of the Kellys still ride from the range.

Edward Harrington



Edward Harrington
28/9/1896—28/5/1966

My Old Black Billy

I've humped my bluey in all the states
With my old black billy the best of mates;
For years I've camped and toiled and
tramped
Over roads that are rough and hilly;
with my highly sensible indispensable,
Old Black Billy

Chorus:

My old black billy, my old black billy;
whe-ther the wind is warm or chilly,
I al-ways find when shadows fall,
My old black bill-y's the best mate of all!

I've carried my swag on the parched Paroo,
Where water is scarce and the houses few:
On many a track on the great outback,
Where the heat would drive you silly;
I've carried my sensible, indispensable,
Old Black billy.

When my tramping days are o'er.
And I drop my swag at the Golden Door,
Saint Peter will stare when he sees me
there,
Then he'll say, "Poor wandering Willie,
Come in with your sensible, indispensable,
Old Black Billy."

Edward Harrington

When the Dust Settles

Before the dust of your mother's ashes settles in an urn,
you can only toss, and turn,
to a cat in the night.

A cat who purrs,
then attacks,
like the panic
that wakes you in fright.

Left to ride giant waves of emotion,
On an endless journey in a turbulent ocean,

Left to cope,
In a leaky boat,
In a nightmare,
with an owl, and that cat
You have no money,
you've lost your honey,
You fear you'll crash,
Or lose your cash.

When the dust settles further you ride like a surfer,
and gather the wisdom,
to regain your kingdom,
by the light of that same moon.

You focus your eyes on that distant shore,
Cease controlling the ride,
In faith, you abide,

and know you'll reach that beach once more.

When the dust blows away; your eyes are cleared,
You see the morn, the dawn not feared.
The dust drifts and mingles with golden sand.

It's warmed by the sun in a fertile land.

When the Dust Settles
Now armed with owl's wisdom,
And that cat,
in this brand new kingdom,
You thrive on that.

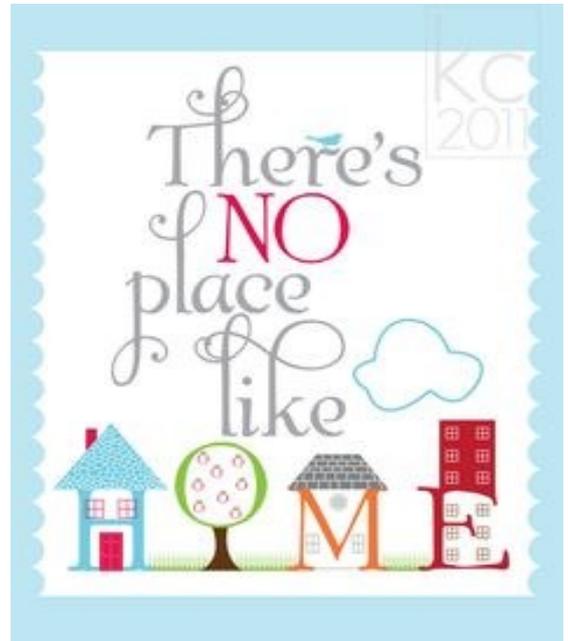
Plant moon flowers the size of a plate.

Plant dreams across that ocean before it's too late.

Plant memories, before the dust settles, and you meet
your own fate.

Michelle Denise

For mum 1/6/1924. To 24/01/2019



Home Sweet Home

I was sitting with the missus when the
thought first crossed my mind,
that there's nothing quite as peaceful that a
bloke like me could find.
No, this place is not palatial with a golden
painted dome,
just a simple house and garden that I'm
proud to call my home.

I had just returned from somewhere and was
resting out the back,
looking out across the small domain, of our
suburban shack;
with contentment slowly seeping through
my aging weary bones,
from a lifetime of hard yakka, working far off
arid zones.

There is something extra special here or so it
seems to me,
when I'm seeking private refuge, there's no
place I'd rather be.

As you walk in through the front door
worries seem to melt away,
I have often thought of moving, but perhaps
I'd better stay.

© T.E. Piggott



Muster Writeup Friday 1st March 2019

MC for the evening **Lorelie Tarcoma** and started at 7pm.

Bill Gordon gave reports on Tamworth (HOT) and Boyup Brook (Best festival yet) and then recited Banjo Paterson's "Johnson's Antidote".

Anne Hayes: "The Flying Squirrels" (Banjo Paterson) From the collection "Animals Noah Forgot" written for children by Banjo Paterson. This poem tells how squirrels play at night and what they like to eat.

Barrie Blakeway: "Nugget Malone's Dream" Barrie's own poem. Nugget a shearer's cook, camps in the bush, he's wondering what life is all about. Charlie appears from nowhere and sits by Nugget's campfire. Charlie answers Nugget's questions and when it's time to sleep Charlie disappears.

Deb Macquire: Her award winning poem "A Broker's Tale". The story of drought and floods from an insurance brokers point of view.

John Hayes: "Faces in The Street" (Henry Lawson) A well known classic about the lives behind the faces. Henry experienced another rainy night, he was tired and all alone. The wet dismal atmosphere and dimly lit signs gave him the inspiration for this poem.

Lorraine Broun: "Trouble with Bandicoots and Rodents". Her own poem about ways of dealing with these pests and having success in the end.

Bev Shorland: "Song of The Wheat" (Banjo Paterson) A beautiful descriptive poem telling the story of the clearing of the land and ploughing the soil, planting the wheat, ripening and harvesting and shipping to markets near and far.

Jack Matthews: "The Senior Citizen's Meat Raffle" (Bill Kearns). Trouble arises when raffle books are duplicated.

Michelle Bebb: "When The Dust Settles". Michelle's own poem, written in one night. It arose from the turbulent clash of emotions I have experienced on the recent simultaneous death of my mother and the admitting of my partner Geoff to a High Care institution (Cygnet in Rowethorpe). The poem, it's erratic rhythm and allusion to Edward Lear's "The Owl and the Pussycat" all came out of the blue, from an ocean of emotion. Uncontrollable, childlike and intense.'

Michelle then read **Geoff Bebb's** award winning poem "Itchy" about days at the races.

After Supper

Grace Williamson gave us a brief story on the life of Edward Phillip Harrington (1895-1966). His poem "The Old Black Billy", tells the story of how a black billy was carried by the 'Swaggies' as they travelled around the country always being able to make a cup of tea. The poem was put to music for the musical "The Reedy River" which premiered in Melbourne in 1954.

John Hayes: "Check Mate" John's poem is about a shearer who is normally away for many months at a time. He carried his earnings with him and mates were concerned that he may get mugged so encouraged him to bank his money, then open a bank account so he could write cheques to pay his bills. After his account became overdrawn the bank manager advised him to remedy the situation. His oblivion to balance sheets, credits and debits left him unable to understand the bank manager's dilemma as he still had 20 cheques left in the book, "no worries mate, I'll write you out a cheque!"

Lorraine Broun: "My Woolly Mammoth"

Jack Matthews: "Side By Side"

Peter Bibby: "My Old Billy" (Edward Harrington)

Jem Shorland: "Man's Best Friend" A poem about a very faithful Kelpie who fails to save his master in his time of need.

Lesley McAlpine: "Nancy of The Overflow" (Christine Hindhaugh)

Anne Hayes: "Jim's Whip" (Barcroft Boake) Tells the story of a woman waiting for her husband's return from his day working on the farm. His horse comes home riderless.

Phil Beck: "The Grave Situation" (Claud Morris)

President Bill Gordon thanked **Lorelie** for an entertaining evening.

MC Next Muster is **Anne Hayes**.

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2018—2019

Bill Gordon	President	0428651098	northlands@wn.com.au
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Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:

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Robert Gunn	Sound gear set up		0417099676 gun.hink@hotmail.com
Rodger Kohn	Bully Tin Mail Out	93320876	0419666168 rodgershirley@bigpond.com

Regular Events

WA Bush Poets	1st Friday of each month	Bentley Park Auditorium
Albany Bush Poetry group:	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets:	First Monday of every second month	Alan Aitken 0400249243 Ian Farrell 0408212636
Rose Hotel cnr Wellington & Victoria Sts Bunbury		
Geraldton Bush Poets:	Second Tuesday of the month. Contacts: Roger & Jan Cracknell 0427 625 181	
or Irene Conner 0429 652 155. 6pm at Recreation room, Belair caravan park, Geraldton. Bring and share snacks for tea.		
Kalgoorlie Bush Poetry Group:	Third Wednesday of the month. Contact Paul Browning 0416 171 809	
Kalgoorlie Country Club, 108 Egan St. Kalgoorlie 6.30pm		

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

Address correspondence for the “Bully Tin” to: Bully Tin Editor, PO Box 364, Bentley 6982 or meggordon4@bigpond.com.au

Address correspondence for the Secretary to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Box 364 Bentley 6982

Ccorrespondence re monetary payments for Treasurer to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Bos 364 Bentley 6982

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 website -Go to the “Performance Poets” page

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

Please contact the Webmaster, Shelley Johnson: shelleyturk@gmail.com if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.

Members' Poetic Products

Victoria Brown	CD	Terry Piggott	Books	Arthur Leggett	Book
Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Frank Heffernan	Book	Keith Lethbridge	books
John Hayes	CDs books	Christine Boulton	Book, CD	Corin Linch	books
Tim Heffernan	book	Pete Stratford	Book, CDs	Val Read	books
Brian Langley	CD's books	Roger Cracknell	Book, CD	Peg Vickers	books & CD
		Bill Gordon	CD	Terry Bennetts	Music CDs