

The

May 2018

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



Next Muster Friday 4th May, 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park

MC : Anne Hayes hayseed1@optusnet.com.au 9377 1238 0428 542 418

AUSSIE POETRY AT THE MUMBY PUB



30km South of Donnybrook on the Donnybrook Boyup Brook Road

SATURDAY FREE
1:00pm CAMPING
26th MAY 2018 ACROSS THE ROAD

TOP AUSSIE BUSH POETS MEALS AVAILABLE

DONATIONS WELCOME GREAT ATMOSPHERE

PRESENTED BY THE BUNBURY BUSH POETS GROUP.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT ALAN AITKEN ON 0400249243

The Port Bouvard Recreation & Sporting Club presents...



SATURDAY 19TH MAY 2018

This is a stand up invitation with an open microphone to all Bush Poets, Yarn Spinners and Verses

JUDGING IS BY THE RENOWNED BILL GORDON & ROB GUNN

The day starts at 8:30am with a BUSH POETS BREAKFAST

followed by

BUSH POEMS, YARNS AND SPINS

Keep your hunger at bay with a

LIGHT LUNCH

Finish of the day being entertained by

BILLY HIGGINSON AND THE PALE MOON RISERS



1:30PM - 4:30PM

\$20.00 DAY PASS

Tickets available from the Port Bouvard Recreation & Sporting Club 1 Thisbe Drive, Dawesville & at the door on the day

BAR OPEN FROM 12:00 NOON

for more information contact 9582 2871 or admin@pbrsc.org.au

May muster challenge:

16 line poem **Mirror on the Wall**

Moondyne Festival Today

This year's Moondyne festival is on Sunday 6th May. Bush Poets have a stall, spots around town and a time slot on the main stage.

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 - May 2018



Well I have managed to make it into my eighth decade. Sounds much better to say that I have just turned seventy. The funny thing is, when my Dad turned 70 we all thought he was old. I don't feel old, nor am I slowing down, although I have noticed that when I try to catch a sheep in the yards, the sheep have got a lot quicker. Thank you for all the kind words and good wishes for the occasion. My two brothers who were over from Blayney were very impressed with the wonderful friends we have made in the Bush Poetry fraternity.

A noughty birthday is a time to reflect on times past, but it is also a good time to look forward as well. As each of my boys turned nine they got to come on a fishing trip. It is now time to repeat the fishing trip with my grandchildren.

Many of you have heard my poem "Bungee Jumping". My boys have gone one better. Their birthday present to me is a tandem skydive from 15000 feet! I could never understand anyone jumping out of a perfectly good aeroplane, but suddenly I am getting keen on the prospect of doing just that.

Bush Poetry has become a big part of my life over recent years, and a focal point of our travels through this great country of Australia. I am looking forward to much more involvement in poetry and poetry events, writing, performing, and meeting poets and supporters. I have found in these people a real passion, not only for poetry, but also for life in general.

Apart from fishing and skydiving, in the coming month I have Moondyne (6th May), Mandurah (19th May), and Mumballup (26th) poetry events. See this edition of the Bully Tin for more details. No wonder retirees wonder how they managed to find time to work!

Bill Gordon, President

Bungee Jumping

I'm going bungee jumping, cross it off my bucket list,
All the kids assure me it's sure not to be missed,
Of all the fun they've ever had they say this is the best,
They've done some wild and crazy things but this beats all the rest.

I've jumped most everything there is, bikes and horses too,
And even in a motor car I've cleared jumps quite a few,
Done long jump, high jump, steeplechase, jumped from the highest tree,
So I'm sure I'll jump this bungee, whatever that may be!

They took me up this real high tower, it was an awesome view!
The mongrels tied up both me legs! what were they gonna do?
They said to hold my hands out straight and count from one to five,
A push behind and I began a terrifying dive.

The ground rushed up to meet me, I prepared for certain death.
I'm telling you, it might well make the boldest hold their breath,
Just then the rope took up the slack. I was saved an awful fate,
But I tell you, jumping bungees is crossed off my list mate!

© Bill Gordon 3.4.2011

FAMOUS GROUSE

I went to the Bottle Shop to buy a Famous Grouse,
and put it in a plastic bag to carry to my house.

I put the bag upon the hook where shopping bags are hung,
on my bicycle for readiness for when home trip was begun.

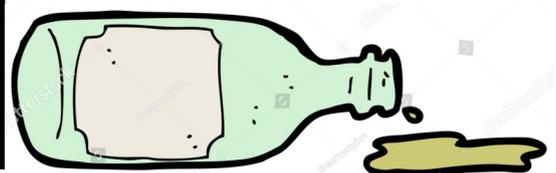
I thought if I fell off my bike, the bottle it might break.

I drank it before I cycled off, for my safety's sake.

I made a good decision when I was going to my house.

I fell off seven times, but I'd saved the Famous Grouse!

Jem Shorland Mar 2018



Vacancy - Webmaster.

having been responsible for regularly updating out website for the past 12 years, I believe it is time for someone else to take over the role. It is not arduous and generally takes only an hour or two a month (if that) -

You will need to have some knowledge of writing web pages (nothing fancy, just basic script, pictures and links) and also how to go about actually getting created pages onto the internet hosting service. Perhaps you don't think you have the knowledge - It is just an extension of using such programs as Word, with an emphasis on tables. Uploading to the internet is also quite easy, If you can copy files to different locations within your computer, then this is very similar. Interested??? Please contact the current Webmaster, Brian Langley 9361 3770

Poetica Christi Press 2018 Poetry Competition:

Closing date April 30th

Poems up to 50 lines (incl. spaces) on the theme; *Interludes*. This topic lends itself to poems about being 'in between', a time of rest, a space between journeys, remission, suspension, taking stock, waiting, having a break, silence, time out, recreation, breathing space, recovery, leave, holidays, opportunity, intermission. 1st prize \$300, 2nd prize \$100,

top 25 poems to be published in 2018 anthology. Entries \$7 each or 3 for \$20.

Entry forms available at

www.poeticachristi.org.au

or from PCP Competition Coordinator, PO Box 110, Greensborough, 3088.

(Thanks to Tony Lambides for t his info)

MUSIC VARIETY CONCERT

Presented for your enjoyment by Phil Paddon & Terry Bennetts Music



BRIAN LETTON

One of Australia's most popular and awarded country singer/songwriters



SARAH BROOME

Popular WA Country Singer/Songwriter



TERRY BENNETTS

Multi award winning Bush Balladeer and Instrumentalist



MOIRA SCOTT

Patsy Cline Tribute Show

ALSO APPEARING

KEVIN BENNETT, MARK DONOHOE,
TIM COUNT, PEG VICKERS & MORE TO BE ANNOUNCED!!

TICKETS \$30 FROM HAVE A GO NEWS 9277 8283

SENIORS REC. COUNCIL WA 94929771

NO DOOR SALES | REFRESHMENTS AT INTERVAL

MORLEY SPORT & RECREATION CENTRE

CNR WELLINGTON ROAD & MANGINI STREET

SATURDAY 9th JUNE 2018 | 12:30pm - 5:00pm

Do you want to be part of the National Scene — Then you might consider joining the Australian Bush Poets Assn
www.abpa.org.au

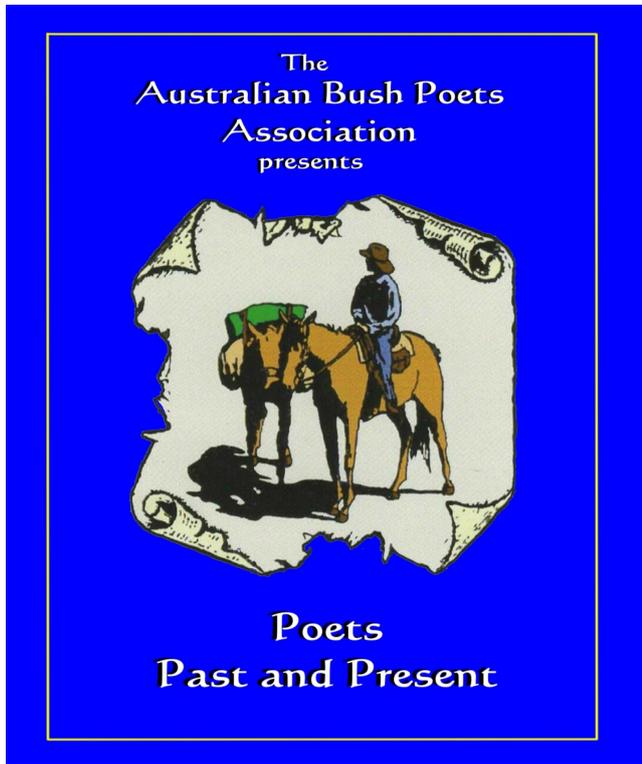
Stay up to date with events and competitions right across Australia

Lots of great information on their website, winning poems, a writing forum, tips for writing and reciting, competition dates....



Great Poetry sites:

eMuse: Independent Bush Poets Newsletter. 1300 plus subscribers (on-line free!) Australia-Wide! Through his free distribution of this most informative, 20 page *eMuse*, (An Independent Bush poetry newsletter) Editor: Wally "The Bear" Finch. P. O. Box 68, Morayfield, 4506, Qld. Phone: (07) 54 955 110. E-Mail: wmbear1@bigpond.com



OUT NOW

As promised.....Our very own'Who's Who' of Modern BushPoetryfrom our winning Poets' archivessince ABPArecords began. A 'must have' of62 poets, 118pages of poetry,total of 192 pages.'Evocative' Thanks to Editor Will Moody and to contributors,archivists, proof reader, helpers. Profits to ABPA.\$28.00 per book posted. To order: post cheque with details to The Treasurer, P.O. Box 644, Gladstone.Qld. 4680, or direct bank deposit: ABPA. BSB:633000. A/c:154842108 plus details, email or post.

What's on around Australia/competitions

3 -6 May - Australian Celtic Festival, Glen Innes NSW. Two performance sessions and two poets breakfasts Saturday 4th and Sunday 5th May with walk up opportunities. Contact Brenda Joy halenda@live.com.au

7-11 June - Henry Lawson Festival Grenfell.

31 August - Closing Date - Betty Olle Award Poetry Award. Kyabram Victoria.

6 July - Closing Date - Adelaide Plains Poets Poetry Competition, Redbanks SA.

31 August - Closing Date - Betty Olle Award Poetry Award. Kyabram Victoria.

For more information and entry forms please go to the ABPA website

WALKABOUT

When the buffel grass is growing and the mighty Ord is flowing
And the magpie geese come drifting in across the black-soil plain,
Then I get the urge to wander through the hills and over yonder
With my tucker-bag and blanket, going walkabout again.

Can't afford a picnic hamper, just some flour to make a damper,
Sultanas for the Johnny-cake and brisket, salted down,
Spuds and onions I'll be getting, plus a little mozzie netting,
Bit of canvas for the weather and a rope in case I drown.

Then it's off one early morning while the cockies screech their warning,
Through the paddocks, over fences 'til I'm off the beaten track.
Not a care to keep me fretting, not a job to get me sweating,
Just the grass around my ankles and the sun upon my back.

There's a donkey in the clearing and he must be hard of hearing
'Cause I'm nearly up upon him and he hasn't raised his head,
And the cattle see no danger in the quiet-treading stranger,
But a wallaby gets startled from its shady gully bed.

Now my steps are getting slower as the sun starts setting lower,
Better grab myself an acre where I won't disturb the crowd.
As the brisket's softly stewing and the billy tea starts brewing
I can argue with a boab tree or chat a passing cloud.

It looks a bit like raining but it's little use complain-
ing,
I can duck beneath the canvas if she really starts to pour.
I'll be dry enough on Sunday and it's back to work on Monday,
Then you wouldn't hear me grumble if it rained forever more.

* * *

Now it's fifty years thereafter, full of turmoil, tears and laughter,
So I'm heading up the Kimberley to sing one last refrain.
In the interest of surviving I'll be fully stocked ... and driving,
But it's grand to be alive and ... going walkabout again!

"Cobber"

Keith Lethbridge Snr Revised July 7, 2013.



THE BEAUTY PARLOUR

There was great expectation at Armadale town,
Where folk from the country had gathered around:
McCarthy, young Henry and old Digger too,
All set for the wedding of Mother McQ.
She was hale and hearty and full of good cheer,
Alone as a widow for many a year,
Built strong as an ox (and about as good looking),
But Cobber had fallen in love with her cooking.

So now, with the wedding just two days ahead,
There was work to be finished and guests to be fed,
Fat lamb to be roasted, hot damper to bake,
More icing to spread on the big wedding cake,
Potatoes, brown onions, a chicken to baste,
A potted bungarra (for those with the taste),
A beautiful trifle to make Cobber drool,
With enough cooking sherry to flatten a mule.

She worked like a Trojan but kept herself merry
By swigging away at the flagon of sherry.
So now, when the tucker was just about ready,
Old Mother McQ was a trifle unsteady.
She straightened her apron, untangled her hair,
Then staggered outside for a breath of fresh air,
And ten minutes later, still lurching around,
She found herself right in the middle of town.

She entered a door-way along the main street,
Attracted inside by a comfortable seat,
Not seeing the notice attached to the door:
"Welcome to Marguerite's Beauty Parlour".
Her eyes couldn't focus; she shook at the knees,
But the smiling beautician was anxious to please.
She needed a challenge to bring out her best,
And Mother McQ was the ultimate test!

Completely exhausted, she must have passed out,
Then woke in a panic and stifled a shout,
For what was this gadget secured to her hair?
"Great heavens!" she cried. "It's an electric chair!"
She'd never been near a beautician before,
And still hadn't noticed the sign at the door,
And now, with a hair drier stuck on her head,
She knew she was due to be toasted like bread!

Then up from the chair leapt old Mother McQ,
With a gleam in her eye and her apron askew.
She straightened her shoulders and tossed back her hair,
While a peel of profanity blackened the air.
A scrawny old matron who sat on her right
Hit a perfect high C and then fainted in fright.
The frantic beautician tripped over her feet,
Then bounced like a kangaroo out to the street.

Amid the confusion, with fear in her heart,
Old Mother McQ tore the parlour apart.
She roared out a challenge, a tear in her eye :
"I'm no spring chicken, but I'm hanged if I'll fry!"
Now many folk reckon she should have been jailed,
While others agree that "the system" had failed.
The magistrate took a compassionate view,
And issued a warning to Mother McQ.

"You're placed on a bond. It'll last for a year.
Just clean up the mess and you'll be in the clear.
Then take my advice and go home at the double.
Get rid of that sherry and stay out of trouble!"
The wedding took place in the fullness of time,
And nobody mentioned that dastardly crime.
The mouth-organ played in the key of A-minor;
The groom wore a grin and the bride wore a shiner.

* * *

Now many years later, out Armadale way,
The old beauty parlour has seen better days.
A modern replacement is long over-due...
But don't raise the subject with Mother McQ !

Keith Lethbridge

NEVER FORGET



Never forget the men who
died
To keep this country free,
Who fought in foreign fox holes
For the sake of you and me,
Who crawled through jungle snake-pits,
And marched in desert heat,
Along some Godforsaken track,
With massive burdens on their back,
And blisters on their feet.

Never forget the women folk
Who shed a lonely tear,
Who toiled in factory or farm,
To wait in hope and fear,
To hold that hasty, scribbled note,
Rough written, overdue,
By candle light or Tilly lamp,
In miner's hut or mallee camp,
Then read it through and through.

Never forget that some were dark,
Who fought to save this land,
For courage holds no class or creed
When freedom makes a stand.
Those Noongars, Martu, Yamatji,
Nyangumarta lean and tall,
With bullets whining left and right,
They stood together, black and white;
Australians, one and all.

Never forget that some came back,
So many years ago;
Their comrades left in unmarked graves,
In jungle, rock or snow;
Buried beneath the sands of time
In foreign lands, and yet,
Though ranks grow thin and memories fade,
In silence, at the dawn parade,
Australians won't forget!

Halls Creek. April 25,2002
Keith Lethbridge

Muster Write up 6th April 2018 by Meg Gordon

Rodger Kohn was the MC for the evening and introduced **President Bill Gordon** who read letter of thanks to Bill and Meg from Cobber Lethbridge for the opportunity to travel to Tamworth.

Another letter from Belmont and Community Park Association regarding a Civic Function held for Premier Mark McGowan on 11th March, which was attended by Maxine Richter, representing the Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Association.

There will be a Poet's Breakfast in Port Bouvard, Mandurah on 19th May which members are invited to attend. Country music singer Billy Higginson will entertain in the evening.

Another event for members and friends will be the Poetry Afternoon at the Mumballup Pub (between Donnybrook and Boyup Brook) on 26th May, commencing at 1pm. Food and camping is available. This event is being organised by Bunbury Poets and the contact person is Alan Aitken (0400 249 243)

As it will be President Bill's 70th birthday next week, the members and visitors sang birthday greetings.

Dave Smith - "A Tribute to ANZAC Day". (Ken Bunker) The spirit of ANZAC, with its qualities of courage, mateship, sense of humour and endurance continue to characterise the Australian spirit more than a century after the landings on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Lorraine Broun - "The Queen Bee" (EB White) The tale of the insatiably amorous queen bee.

Nancy Coe - Welcome back Nancy! While recuperating Nancy got busy and wrote some poetry. Her first effort was "The Bug" - about mosquitoes. Her second "A Garden of Roses" was as a result of reminiscing about her garden and the ever changing colours as various roses flowered.

Rodger Kohn related some points of interest regarding Henry Lawson and how his deafness influenced his writing.

Grace Williamson - "Defence of The Bush" (Banjo Paterson). In the 1890's Henry Lawson and Banjo Paterson wrote poetry for the Sydney newspaper, The Bulletin, at a penny a line. To have a steady income they would challenge each other. When Henry wrote his poem "Up the Country" saying how dry, barren and thirsty the countryside was, Banjo replied "Oh if only you had gone after the rains" in his poem"- "In Defence of The Bush".

Rob Gunn - "The Fencer's Yarn" (Graham Jenkins) A story about an outback fencer who went to the 1956 Melbourne Olympics and read of a fencing contest. He went along to see as he was the best fencer he knew! He encountered a very different kind of fencing and got into a bit of trouble.

David Ellis moved into the character of 'A visiting Cornish Poet' (Robert Maybe) who found fame hawking his trade.

Jack Matthews - "The Man Who Went To Sleep" (Edwin Gerard - a Trooper in the Light Horse) A story that was written about a soldier who was supposed to be on guard while fighting in Palestine but fell asleep on his watch. Unfortunately his three companions were killed as they slept and when he went back to base alone, he was shot and his wounds reminded him throughout his life of his failure to protect his mates.

Rodger Kohn - more interesting points, this time about Dame Mary Gilmore.

Christine Boulton - "The Jacaranda and The Poinciana Tree" (Jack Sorenson) A beautiful dream of living the way we'd choose. Unfortunately, it is sadly broken by reality.

Alan Aitken - "The Bushman's Farewell" (Terry Piggott) Tells of an old bushman who does not want to die in a hospital bed in town, so he is taken outback one last time so he can pass away peacefully in the land he loves. Although on the surface it is a sad poem it has this underlying heart warming story.

Cobber Lethbridge - "Danny Boy" on the harmonica and then his poem "The Two Stoke Ringer". When rounding up cattle, this bloke rides a motor-cycle and has a helmet for a hat. He's known as the Two-Stroke Ringer, and there's nothing wrong with that! Except that he drinks a bit, becomes very loud and has a big mouth.

After **Supper - Christine Boulton** presented a Reading from The Classics. **John (Jack) Alfred Sorenson** was born in 1907 in Kalgoorlie WA. He was only 42 when he passed away but he was recognised as one of only a few (known) bush poets who filled a gap when bush poetry was in the doldrums between 1920 and 1980.

Although his father didn't see merit in his poetic skills, his mother realised his potential and encouraged him to write.

He found another ally in Mr RS Sampson, a Member in the WA Parliament and this man was influential in having some of Jack's early poems published in local newspapers. After having various jobs, Jack returned to Perth and took up employment with him, becoming the country representative for the United Press group and was based in WA Goldfields.

Depression was to plague him, especially the outbreak of war, then on the death of Mr Sampson and his mother. His attempts at finding peace were not successful and he sailed for Queensland but just a week before his destination he decided life was no longer worth living.

He did have a few close friends, one being Mary Durack and she collected and published his poems. A number were set to music and to this day various folk music bands continue to include them in their repertoire.

His epitaph (he is buried in Midland WA) reads Jack Sorenson – Weaver of Dreams

Christine then read Jack's poem – "How O'Leary Broke the Drought". He saved the keg of rum but lost his own life.

Dave Smith - "Unsuitably Dressed" - a ballad by Slim Jones that is a part of Terry Bennett's repertoire. It is the story of how a bushman walked into a clubhouse but was accused of being unsuitably dressed as he was in his usual attire of RM moleskins and boots and Akubra hat. He pointed out that all his attire was made in Australia while the club employee had been dressed by the Chinese. "Poor Paddy" (Bob Pacey) What the desperate will do for a free beer!

Rodger continued his points of interest, this time some information about Banjo Paterson.

Rob Gunn - "A Simple Love Story" (Noel Stallard) A story of an elderly couple who shared everything including their teeth. "The Baggy Green Tears" (Mick Collis) A short poem about the cricket and the ball tampering episode.

Lorraine Broun - "A Week in China" Her own story about the highs and lows of a tourist in China.

David Ellis - "The Loss of Sir Cloudsly's Fleet" His poem about the British Fleet that was lost off The British Isles.

Nancy Coe - "The Sunset Glow" Nancy was reminiscing about the sunsets she enjoyed on her property in Toodyay. "Jigsaws" A challenging time filler.

Cobber Lethbridge - accompanied his poem "Ashburton River" on the guitar. This poem, made into a song, tells the story of a chance meeting at the Beedon Hotel (Onslow) of two former lovers. The love died long ago, so the man goes on his way, with many memories on his mind.

President Bill Gordon thanked **Rodger** for being MC.



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.

