

The

September 2019

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



Next Muster Friday September 6th 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park
MC : Robert Asplin roba58@bigpond.com or abor85@gmail.com 0448150757 (08)94594930

Poet's Breakfast and Bang-Tail Muster

G'day folk, fellows and females,

As discussed, John "Bullocky" Watkinson is organising a bush poets' gathering at the Qualeup Hall, on Saturday morning, September 21. This is to raise money for cancer research. John's number is 04 3930 9990.

Some of us square dancers are also in the process of arranging for a dance that same night at the Showgrounds hall at Dinninup. I have a camping block at 28 Gibbs Street Dinninup 6244, & plan to camp there Friday & Saturday evenings. Others are welcome to join me. The block is over 1.5 acres so caravans can park there. We have rain water, composting dunny & camp fire, but no electricity. At the Showgrounds, it may be possible to park caravans, with electricity & basic facilities, for \$15 per night. The square dancers are looking into this.

Even if the dance doesn't eventuate, we'll have a "bang-tail muster" around the camp-fire on the Saturday evening. My 'phone number is 04 3733 6296 if anyone has any queries.

Regards,

Cobber

STOP PRESS: The square dance group are coming to the September muster to dance for us in the tea break.

Cobber is calling for them, what a treat!



NOTICE FROM SEPT MC

Hi all. I'll not be at the August muster but am down to MC 6th September muster. If you'd like to participate, please let me know ASPO at NEW EMAIL : roba58@bigpond.com or, abor85@gmail.com if the first bounces. Alternatively, text me on 0448150757 or leave a message on (08)94594930 Please indicate if you have learnt or will be reading the poem and the time it takes (limit 6 mins) Do you have a second item you could trot out in an "emergency" Thanks, Rob / Bob / Asplin

Hi Folks, Remember that September is traditional night...mainly poets from the Australian traditon...Also remember to dress up in colonial costume.. Prize for the best dressed!

I am also editing the muster roster. Please let me know if you would like to be included, removed or if your details have changed. It is possible for some movement if we know you are travelling. The tentative new roster will be at the door and then edited and included in the October Bully Tin.

Kind regards, ED.

Do you want to be part of the National Scene — Then you might consider joining the Australian Bush Poets Assn

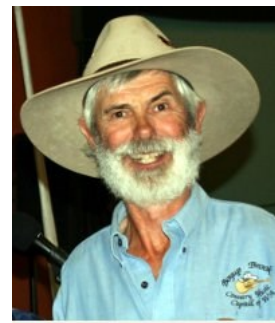
www.abpa.org.au

Stay up to date with events and competitions right across Australia



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 September 2019



Greetings from the Northern Territory. We have been traveling across the top of the Territory and spent a few days in Litchfield and Kakadu National Parks. We have all seen documentaries on these two iconic parts of our great country but it was great to see it all first hand and to meet some of the locals, including indigenous guides. We also did an Animal Tracks Safari and dined out on magpie goose and buffalo cooked in traditional Aboriginal style, same as a hangi but using paperbark leaves over the ashes and then big sheets of paperbark to cover the lot before burying it under coals to cook. It certainly passed the taste test and I am looking forward to getting home to try it for myself.

Funding is in place for Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival and planning is progressing well. We will be catching up with one of the judges next weekend. Tim Sheed, President of ABPA, will be at Camooweal Drovers Camp Festival on the weekend of 23-25 August. Tim and his wife Christine will be coming over to Toodyay, along with Geoffrey Graham from Bendigo (Eaglehawk to be specific). It's a few years since Geoffrey was in the west to compete in the Busselton Ironman Triathlon. On that visit he gave us his poetry show at Wireless Hill and at Northlands. Geoff Swain will make a welcome return as the third judge.

As we travelled from Mataranka, where we enjoyed a few days on my cousin's station, toward Camooweal, I was keen to follow as far as possible the track the drovers took as they brought the cattle down from the Victoria River and East Kimberly regions. This led us along the Barkley Stock Route where we camped by Brady's Grave. I enjoy reciting a poem Bruce Simpson wrote based on Jack Brady's lonely grave on Eva Downs. Jack died on Christmas day, 1926, following a horse accident a couple of weeks earlier, and was buried where he died. Camping there seemed a good idea at the time. I had forgotten how cold and how chilling the Barkley breezes blow. I have been reliably informed we will not be doing that again. What's more, I did not see Brady's Ghost! But we DID camp there, and yes, we will remember the occasion.

Bill Gordon... President.



Bush poets of the Riverina

I wonder how many members caught the ABC TV show "Backroads" on Monday 5 August, which included a segment on the Vagg family of bush poets from near Hay. It can be found on ABC iview and is Episode 8 of Series 5. The actual segment is 13 or 14 minutes in and is worth a look.

Paul Browning

Stop Press: We'll keep you in the loop

Due to the Toodyay event taking place in early November, and the fact that Swan Care cannot allocate Friday 8th November (it is taken for a residents' event), it is most likely that there will not be a November Muster - this will be confirmed asap;Rodger Kohn

Stop Press: Healthways funding has been approved for Toodyay. Phew.

COMPETITIONS AROUND AUSTRALIA

For more details and entry forms please go to the ABPA website www.abpa.org.au

6-8 September - Queensland Bush Poetry Championships, Beenleigh Queensland (just south of Brisbane). All Welcome. Performance and written competitions. Ring Jim 0403 871 325 or Gerry 0499 942 922 Children, Adult, Written sections

7 September - Closing Date - Toolangi C J Dennis Poetry Competition, Healesville Victoria. Open poetry, short story, poem by adult of children, primary students, secondary students.

5 October - Closing Date - WA Bush Poetry Championships Silver Quill written competition. Toodyay WA

FEBRUARY 2020

16-23 February - Orange Banjo Paterson Festival, Orange NSW. Yeoval Poets Brunch, Banjo's Birthday Breakfast, Night Market,

12 February - Closing Date - Orange Banjo Paterson Performance Poetry Competition, Orange NSW. Performance Poetry Competition, Festival Dinner on the Village Green in Molong, Emmaville Family Market Day.

Great free Poetry newsletter: especially good for Queensland events

eMuse: Independent Bush Poets Newsletter. 2000 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

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Last week I went out shopping to buy a cup of thoughts
I went from town to town, through shopping queues I fought.
Despite all my best efforts no cup was there to find; I felt this so important
that I made one with my mind. The cup that I envisaged was filled to overflow.
Adorned with life's flowers and love gave inner glow; full of hopes so strong
surface tension couldn't hold; the excess flowed to saucer then
to buckets slung below. I could not find a box to pack this cup in to
so I sent it as it is for your personal review.

It's made with love and caring and the bond that we both share; its sweet warm liquor nurtures the truth -that many care! So when you're feeling worried and life has lost some glow the love it holds keeps flowing, a torrent, never slow.

© DM-InVerse -14th April 2015

Deb McQuire..Thanks Deb, unfortunately the Bully Tin grew so quickly last month that Deb's lovely shape poem carries our cup theme through into September. ED.



Dear Folk,

A huge thank you to the response for the cup poems. Lots of fun and a diverse range of poems...we all have a favourite cup!

Remember the 16 line challenge for the October muster is The first time. I am also requesting that if anyone has a suggestion for the 2020 topics for the 16 line challenges to let me know, so that I can include them in the muster roster.

I am also putting together the next roster so if anyone needs to be moved around or included please let me know.

Thanks Ed



Memberships are due July 1st 2019. Just a gentle reminder to renew your memberships. They can be registered with Sue or Tony at the door, via email or snail mail. Please can renewing members make sure your contact details are correct. Thanks, Ed.

AUSSIE CHRISTMASES

Our Christmas days in Australia were a joy to everyone,
We all got eagerly excited just preparing for the fun.
Dad got busy in the shed, Mum was in a stew,
Nanna was all a-laughter, her eyes a sparkling blue.
Granddad tended the garden 'til the lawn was just perfec-
tion,
We had games and music on Christmas day on this cool
selection.

Brightly glittering cards were sent to family and our friends
And many were received adorned our walls and mantel
ends.
They came from friends around us and from places far
away
And we were running out of room, more delivered every
day.
The chook was selected, pork butcher-booked, ham read-
ied for the baker's,
Mysterious parcels, packages secretly stored away from
eager little 'takers.

There was one Christmas Eve upon us, food preparations
on the go
And Mum found time to get busy and make some mistle-
toe.
Dad closed the shed and with Granddad went out west
To collect that special gum tree which was the very best.
Packed in dirt in a half 44 covered with green crepe paper
And the gum tree rose up tall, standing like a small sky-
scraper.

We had gathered cotton wool for balls, silver paper to
make stars
Collected the gold paper from ciggie packets and chocolate
bars
Which covered the star that took pride of place at the
tree's top,
All things handmade, nothing purchased from the shop.
Collie and Pat made crepe paper streamers of green and
red
Which were strung across the ceilings before they went to
bed.

Dad's socks were selected and hung from the mantel shelf,
Hopefully to be filled by the mysterious Christmas elf.
Noisy little clickers, delightful comic books
And yummy tiny chocolate bars and colouring in books,
Funny little whistles, coloured pencils make untidy juts
All mixed together with the lollies and the salted peanuts.

Late night saw the intriguing parcels appearing near the tree
Ny's cot, Billy's bike, Robbie's cart hid behind where none could
see.
Excitement next morning with the kids up before dawn,
But Dad couldn't give out gifts; he was gone in the early morn.
The stockings were selected by the eager little kids
Unhooked from tacks, contents not swapped for quids.

Exited noisy chatty amongst the clicking and the clacking,
Jumbles of stocking contents on chairs and table stacking.
Piercing whistles, laughter and cheeks stuffed with treats
Fair fit to destroy appetites for the coming Christmas feasts.
Then Dad was back, pedalling his old bike up the hill
And the luscious-smelling ham gave us all a thrill.

When the presents were all opened and Ricky got his drum,
To further hound Mum's poor ears from this noisy pint-sized
son.
Ngaire got the dolly's cot that Daddy had to make
And Robbie found the little cart very hard to shake.
Billy's bike, a three-wheeler Dad made out of bits,
Was ridden by the Chegwidens and had us all in fits.

Collie got a book, a treasured Water Babies,
While Pat got one written just for young ladies.
Mum's new dress was really an awe-inspiring sight
As she pirouetted gaily, her eyes sparkling bright.
Nanna took her parcel, her face flushed with joy,
She opened it to find new silver brush and comb - the real
McCoy

Granddad's eyes twinkled as he played a Christmas tune
For his gift was a new harmonica, a decidedly grateful boon.
Nanna joining in, her voice soaring above childish noise
As kids excitedly examined such wonderful new toys.
Voices soared above dear old Nanna's, we joined in the tune
And Christmas day festivity trundled on towards the exciting
noon.

Mum cooked the usual pork and chicken but the ham was a
real treat,
Cooked in Manning Lyon's oven it was very hard to beat.
It lasted for weeks after celebration of Christmas and New
Year's,
Long after most of the presents and the fun time disap-
pears.
Followed by a sizzling hot plum pudding and a scrumptious
trifle,
With brandy sauce, such elegance, the lashings of cream an
eyeful.

Kids were yelling around the place with clickers and the
drum
While a top was spinning joyously in the blazing sun.
Sky suddenly starts to darken, wind is beginning to rise,
Red dust cloud was roiling towards them hiding azure skies
Squeals of dismay, much scrambling, everyone dashed in-
side
Doors locked, windows slammed, prepared from dust to
hide.

Dust particles filled the air; Mum hastily covered the food,
While Nanna tried to stem gappy doors where dust did easi-
ly intrude.
A sudden crack caused all to jump and peer out windows in
wonder
For what they heard was pouring rain and the sound of
thunder.
This was a hot, dusty and wet Christmas day, in a 50s town
outback
In a corrugated iron and asbestos home way off the beaten
track.

Colleen O'Grady

THREE BROTHERS

Remembering soldiers of the wars
is something we all strive to do,
at least twice a year we have cause;
in April and in November too.

This is the story of brothers three
who left their home to join the fight,
sailed on the grand old Queen Mary
to the war, they felt that this was right.

Singapore was their destination
with the skills that they'd been taught.
To keep the Nipponese at bay
in the 28th they fronted up and fought.

But the peninsular was soon overrun,
a precious freedom wasn't bought!
Percival surrendered, he was the one
who finished their war they hardly fought.

To confuse jailers the brothers devised a plan,
they chose nicknames the O'Gradys three,
so Eog, Sog and Nog for each man
for these lonely brothers across the sea.

The suffering brothers were far from home
building jungle railway with ulcers sore,
and Weary Dunlop easing the suffering on
the weeping wounds that were gaping raw.

Eric, Stan and Norman struggled, working hard,
despite poor health and bodies demanding food,
listening to voices of the enemy war bard;
enemy voices that caused them to brood.

Incarcerated in the jungle gloom,
scarce good food the three ever saw;
thatched huts witnessed their frightening doom,
Geneva Convention was not enemy's law.

Finally it was all over the war was won,
and suffering brothers, starved and set free,
watched with a fervor of delight
the docking *Manunda* from across the sea.

On board was John, a chemist from home
who was appalled at the sight he saw
of his three cousins all skin and bone,
standing on the wharf practically in the raw.

With fifteen thousand others they were fed;
and anxious they were for telling their tale
as they were clothed, loved, given a good bed
by those caring for the prisoners frail.

lest
we
forget



Cousin John could not control his tears.
Gratefully using all the skills he possessed
knowing back home their parents' fears,
he carefully and gently nursed his best.

Norm and Eric suffered health decline
But Stanley lived to a good old age,
Time slowly healed that painful time
A time etched sharply on history's page.

Many years have passed since that terrible war
Many memories firmly entrenched their mindset,
and remembrance was the unwritten law.
survivors worked to teach us 'lest we forget'!

Colleen O'Grady

THE PANNIKIN

Just a green enamel pannikin reposing on the shelf,
Looking ancient and decrepit like the battler himself,
So the Missus likes to mention that he ought to throw it out,
But he's kept that mug forever, through the wettest windy weather
And the driest summer drought.

If he wanted a replacement, he could well afford it now,
But a fancy China model wouldn't be the same, somehow,
So, he struggles to explain it and he answers with a smile,
That he could get by without, so perhaps he'll think about it ...
Just be patient for a while.

Then his mind begins to wander to a lonely cattle camp,
With a saddle and a swag-roll by a flickering tilly lamp,
Sizzling rib-bones on the ashes and a billy on the boil,
Then a brew that's strong and hot in that green enamel pot,
After weeks of honest toil.

Now he hears a night-bird calling as he rubs a weary eye,
And he marvels at the brightness of the starry out-back sky,
With the Milky Way resplendent, just a fingernail of moon,
Then a falling star cascading and a ringer serenading
With an old, familiar tune.

Muscles aching, gazing sadly at the blisters on his hand,
With a mongrel dog beside him that appears to understand.
Now he's standing up and stretching out the muscles on his back,
Then the two of them are yawning, they'll be working in the morning,
So it's time to hit the sack.

#

Just a chipped and battered pannikin reposing on the shelf,
Looking beaten up and busted, like the battler himself,
But he vows to take it with him when he's planted down below,
For the memory and pleasure of that green enamel treasure
Takes him back ... so long ago.

Keith (Cobber Lethbridge)
Armadale. 07 July, 2019

Happy Camper versus Grey Nomad

We have been on the "grey nomad" trail now for 2 months. This is not our first trip through the outback so we have had lots of good and bad experiences over the years. The thing that stands out this time however, is that we would rather distance ourselves from the "typical" grey nomad label. In Broome they have a reputation as being grumpy, we ourselves have experienced a long cue at the fuel bowser while "hello's" and "where have you come from etc etc" are exchanged before they finally decide to move off and let someone else get their fuel.

Because we are non-powered campers and not \$100,000 riggers, we are usually relegated to the farthest corner of the caravan parks (very lucky to jag a bit of grass but usually on plain dirt or gravel). We tend to sit outside as we have outside kitchens, able to converse with neighbours and passers-by (usually dog walkers) while the caravaners are tucked away watching TV and unsociable. We did our best to avoid doing poetry gigs on footie nights.

Washing is a necessity we have to endure now and again. In one park we lugged our bedding and other bits past three locked laundries before walking to the other side of a very large caravan park to get to the general laundry, situated next to the en suite bays for the caravaners. We asked an occupant of one of these bays why the other laundries would be locked and she thought it may be because most caravans now come equipped with washing machines! She proudly showed us her setup in her en suite come laundry! Therefore the campers are denied the very facilities they need because the caravaners don't need them! Go figure that one!

We happened to be listening to an audio book about grey nomads and what the term actually meant. Terms like silver gypsies and mature wanderers and modern explorers (this one relates more likely to the families who are on the educational experience with apprentice grey nomads in tow) were used as alternatives. I am now an advocate for more Camper Parks with the emphasis on un powered sites where they get the prime spots near the lawn areas and the laundry facilities. The power hungry big riggers, complete with air conditioners, should be relegated to the dirt/gravel areas as they don't need grass or the loo etc. area at all.

It is also refreshing to see happy hours promoted around camp fires or in camp kitchens. Then I think the term for us would be Happy Campers.

Meg and Bill Gordon.

Toodyay 2019 judges' biographies

Tim Sheed

I Come from the Western Plains

Where the Girls and Grass are Scanty

Where the Creeks Run Dry or Ten Feet High

And it's always Drought or Plenty." (Anon).

I was born on the banks of the Murray and mum told me that I was found in a Wombat hole. I was raised on a rice growing property near Barham, NSW which is located between Echuca and Swan Hill on the NSW border. I had four brothers and sisters. Our telephone number was Tullakool 25 and with no electricity or television, it was serious pioneering and very hard work. We were 30 miles from Barham, Swan Hill and Moulamein on dirt and gravel roads.

I did correspondence school for the first four years and so had a very free childhood. The lessons were delivered every week in the mail and came from the Blackfriars School in Sydney. We would invent games, such as walking empty forty four gallon drums along the flat ground, playing Cowboys & Indians and making sling shots from the inner tubes of tyres. As soon as we could read we would read everything we could get our hands on....Enid Blyton, Biggles, The Last of the Mohicans and the poetry of Banjo Paterson, Henry Lawson and Henry Kendall.

I became a storyteller after hearing my Uncle Jim one day describing an old farm worker as "looking like he had shaved with a Stump Jump Razor....he had hairs hanging off him like a Bengal Tiger". From then on I started to consciously collect sayings and build my storytelling skills.

In 1961 Mum and Dad bought "Pittfour" at Jerilderie. This farm had a lot of frontage on the Billabong Creek and was a kids heaven....swimming, fishing, boating, rabbiting and bird nesting. There were few trees this little monkey couldn't get up.

As a young man and newly married, I went to work on Wonga Merino Stud between Jerilderie and Hay. Tom Culley was the best sheep man going at the time. This job entailed general sheep work, shearing, mustering, cropping, wind-mill repair and all the other jobs required in the bush, such as killing and dressing sheep and fighting the odd bushfire.

For a number of years I worked in Brisbane as a Radio Broadcasting Engineer. After I completed an Agricultural Degree as a Mature Age Student at Dookie College, I finally returned to run the "Pittfour" family property. In the year 2000 "Pittfour" won the Best Irrigated Wheat Crop in the Riverina and I was very proud of that Award.

I have worked for most of my life as a Stockman, Stationhand and Farming Manager.

Now, I am an Australian Bush Poet, an "Australian Folklore" Enrichment Speaker on Cruiseships, travel to Bush Festivals, have been an Onboard Performer on the Ghan and even had a role in the recent movie "The Dressmaker".

As they say, "You can take the Boy out of the Bush but you Can't take the Bush out of the Boy"!!

See more at Tim's [website](#). (From ABPA website)



Geoffrey W Graham

Geoffrey, as a youngster at Robertson NSW, grew up with a love for the bush fuelled by the frequent recitations of Banjo et al from his father, Arch. After stints in boarding schools at Tamworth, and Hurlstone in Sydney, Geoffrey did time at UNE at Armidale where he obtained a B. AG EC and Diploma in Education.

While lecturing in Farm Management at the Murrumbidgee College of Agriculture at Yanco, developing the skills of young people to go on the land, Geoffrey also produced his own revues, had his second rock 'n' roll band and followed in his father's footsteps, reciting the works of 'Banjo' Paterson et al. So developed two main passions: 1 Life as a performer, and 2 Helping others with their journeys.

In the early 80s, Geoffrey studied the art of acting and entertaining at the Victorian College of the Arts. On the completion of the course he dabbled in television, film and theatre. Geoffrey continued to perform his Dinkum Oz entertainment comprising a mix of comedy, music and of course verse. The performance arenas varied from school shows, to stand-up comedy, festivals and motivational talks. His acting, whip cracking, characterisations and down-to-earth style, allowed him to entertain a wide range of audiences. His entertaining emerged in locations as diverse as Aboriginal settlements in outback W.A, the Australian Embassy in Laos, the Wallaby restaurant in New York, the Funny Bone, Dallas, plus every state in Australia. Along the way he owned and ran his own entertainment restaurant, 'Dinkum Oz', (formerly Smacka's place) in North Melbourne.

In 1995 Geoffrey performed his self-devised one-man show 'The Man from Ironbark' in Winton in Queensland. The show, based on the life and works of 'Banjo' Paterson, received great acclaim from Australians from all walks of life. He now has a stable of themed one man shows, the most recent being 'Voices of War: an Anzac story' which he kicked off in Tamworth in January 2015.

He has constantly toured his self-devised Australiana productions throughout schools, clubs et al. These included Arts Council tours and workshops aimed at self-esteem issues, writing and performance skills.

Geoffrey has been called a 'folk comic', 'theatrical communicator' and since his entry into the world of Ironman events he's been given the tag 'Iron poet'. His sporting obsessions (martial arts) have taken him to Okinawa in 2014 and next October he'll be competing in the Hawaii Ironman.

Apart from entertaining and acting Geoffrey works as an MC, judges competitions, is the President of the BGBP (Bendigo Goldfields Bush Poets) and is proud of the fact that he was one of the founding members of the ABPA. He has produced several CDs and two books and has more in the pipeline.

See more about Geoffrey on his **website** (From ABPA website)



Jeff Swain

I am a Fremantle man born and bred married to Dianne for a bit over thirty years and the father of three daughters. I recently became the very proud grandfather of a beauty baby girl by the name of poppy. I have written poetry and songs for over thirty years, although for the last few years I have been doing more singing than writing. I was the winner of the 1997 Yarn Spinners Challenge at Wireless Hill and was sent by the association as a representative to Adelaide for the Australian yarn spinners championships in 1998 (or thereabouts). I was a foundation member of the Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners Association, after being asked to get involved by Rusty Christensen who was my neighbour at the time. He had been told that I was writing a bit of poetry by Carmel Randall who'd heard me performing a poem in a walk up at a Frank Daniel's run Poets Breakfast in Corryong Victoria in 1995. She subsequently published in the ABPA magazine.

I am currently performing with a sea shanty band called the Lost Quays, which I describe as One Direction with wrinkles. We have performed at most of the major festivals in WA, as well as the wooden boat festival in Hobart and festivals in Holland, Germany. We have also toured southern England. I also play with Stinger when we can get our calendars to line up. It is a source of shame to me that I have not kept my performance level in bush poetry up to the standards of the fine group of poets that are currently out there but unfortunately there are only so many hours in the day.

Jeff Swain is a wharfie and accomplished performer on several instruments, including the harmonica and banjo. He is a versatile bush poet and also has several published books and CDs.



On the Londonderry Line

by John Hayes

There's no other place I'd rather be than on this old bush track,
for it travels an old journey that can wind a long way back,
to the days of childhood dreaming of those bushland scenes divine,
when my father was an axeman, on the Londonderry line.

He was working class my father and with pride I can declare,
that he toiled as hard as any man who ever worked out there.
Cutting wood for pumping stations pushing water all the way,
to Kalgoorlie from Mundaring in a steady stream all day.

There the block he leased was two chains long, then ran a good mile deep
through a paradise of timber land, where he could work and sleep.
In his six by eight old canvas tent, those winter nights were cold
when the frosty August morning, was a picture to behold.

I had watched him light the campfire; all the stars had gone to sleep
when those gentle rays of sunlight, through the gimlet saplings creep,



To stir shadows that are sleeping in their sheltered hideaway,
while the melody of bushland greets the dawning of the day

When the campfire flames leapt higher, lazy smoke crept through the sky,
with a scent of gum leaves burning as it drifted slowly by.
With the embers burning brightly he put the water on to boil
for his billy tea and Johnny-cake, before his daily toil

Through the misty hour of morning, I had watched him walk away
through the Salmon Gum and Gimlet trees to start his working day.
Then I heard the axe blows striking with a steady rhythmic sound
that would echo from the tree trunk till it fell upon the ground.

There's a feeling that he's watching, as those scenes roll past my eyes

with the shadows quietly stealing, I can hear the gentle sighs,

of the salmon gums and gimlets, as the foliage stirs on high

when the starlight fills the heavens as the moon goes drifting by.

There's no other place I'd rather be than on this old bush track

for it travels an old journey that can wind a long way back

Where I can cherish every moment with thoughts as sweet as wine

While I'm sharing dreams with father on the Londonderry Line

The Aussie Sickie

Gee's mate I'm feeling really crook
its almost like I'm on a rack
I've got this stabbing pain you know
in my stomach, head and back.

The doc gave me some pills to take
which I follow to the letter
but I've been off work for days now
and I'm not getting any better.

They did all the tests to check me out
they checked me water, blood and heart
they should know what I've got by now
but they don't know where to start.

And you know to stay home all day
is really getting hard
cause I really haven't got the strength
to even mow the bloody yard.

I can stand the pain most days you know
when I sit and watch the midday shows
and after a nice cold beer or two
the worse part of it goes.

I've had to use some of me sickies up
and they're disappearing fast
and I'm feeling like my next breath
could really be my last.

I tried to pin the symptoms down
but the pain just comes and goes
one day its in my belly
and the next its in my toes.

But the funny thing about it is
although I'm not the type to shirk
the pain gets most unbearable
when they say go back to work.

Bob Pacey (c)
(From his facebook page)
Bullshit, Bulldust and Bob which
contains 65 of his most popular poems,
Bob has four performance CDs available for purchase through bobpaceybushpoet@bigpond.com



THE DROVER'S DREAM (BRADY'S GHOST) by Bruce Simpson

A drover it was who told this tale in the bar of the top hotel,
He hung a boot in the brass foot rail and his gaze through the doorway fell;
"Back in the thirties it was" said he, "in the days when me beard was black,
I was coming in from the VRD with a mob on the Wave Hill track.
Fifteen hundred, all built for speed, lean gutted and wild as hell,
They sulked by day and refused to feed, they were demons when darkness fell.
For they galloped as only a scrub mob can and most of you fellows know
A man needs horses like Peter Pan when the Bulls Head bullocks go.

I've seen some stags that could carve it out but this mob just seemed to fly.
We lost two hundred or thereabouts as we came through the Murrarji.
And the camp I had, if you'd call it that, would have driven a saint to booze,
A Myall black and a one-eyed cook, and a couple of jackaroos.
But we battled out on the downs at last and I knew that the rest we'd save
For they settled down and the worst was past when we camped by Brady's grave.
My two gun horses were on that night, they could gallop both fast and true,
My favourite bay whose name was Flight and a big black horse called Blue.

The mob fed up like a milking herd contented as stags could be,
They hadn't moved, they seemed scarcely real when I went on watch at three.
But a deadly stillness a man could feel was over the mob that night,
Not a bullock moved, they seemed scarcely real in the pale moon's eerie light.
I often had seen those signs before and I knew that the harm was done,
Then the bay horse leapt to the muffled roar as the whole mob went as one.

I swung Flight into a racing stride to wheel them before they spread
But the bay horse swerved in his tracks and shied and I gasped as I turned my head.
For racing close in the pale moonlight and riding a coal black steed,
A phantom rider all glowing white was racing to swing the lead.
It was Brady's Spirit I knew full well, as the ghostly pair sped on,
And the black horse flew like a bat from hell, the way that the lead had gone.
Well I followed up in a kind of daze as the spectre wheeled the lead,
And we flogged them back through the dusty haze to the camp with surprising speed.
They steadied up when we got them back, but I knew from the eerie glow
That Brady's Ghost on his night horse black was still riding to and fro.

I'll admit I never was scared so much and I've seen some queer things too,
But that mob of bullocks was all I had, so what was a bloke to do.
The light in the east was growing pale and the spectre had gone from sight
When there came from behind me an anguished wail, "It's perishing cold all right".
I jumped as shot and I wheeled about for the voice was one I knew,
And the sight that I saw was without a doubt all the stranger for being true,
For strike me dead as a gidgee post the steed was poor old blue,
And the spectre I thought was Brady's ghost was a naked jackaroo.

***Typing this on the bank of the Georgina River as the sun emerges over Camooweal.
Beautiful. Back here next weekend for the Drovers Camp Festival. Catchya Bill***

Three Ghosts by E.J. Brady

Three Ghosts came out of the Grave
last night,
Two black as sin, but the third was
white,
In a shining robe of the living light;
And her hair, unheld by its jewelled
crown,
In a golden flood to her feet fell
down.

A devil's laugh on the lips of the two;
But her mouth was sweet as honey-
dew;
And high on her forehead, white as
snow,
A red star flashing its rubied glow.

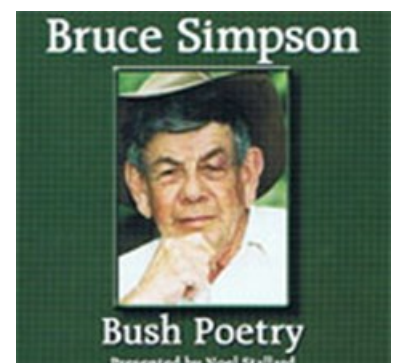
Three ghosts came out of the hollow
grave,
My soul be patient! My soul be brave!

Two walked together, and one apart
—
Out of the deep, deep, grave of my
heart!

Source:

E. J. Brady, *The Earthen Floor*, Grafton (N.S.W.): Grip Newspaper Co., 1902

Interesting to see what happened when I went looking for Bruce Simpson's Brady's Ghost. ED.



Muster Poets Friday 2nd August 2019 by Bev Shorland

Frank Heffernan MC. Opened muster at 7.00pm.

Frank read an email from a lady from Pt. Lincoln SA seeking permission from Frank to use one of his poems called '**Bring back the Train**' which Frank recited. Why do we allow so many trucks on our roads when it would be so much safer and better to use rail and put more freight on the train.

Lorraine Broun: **'Wrestling with Life'**

All about fixing things about the house, before putting the house up for sale, and difficulties arising from using liquid nails and the clean-up when things don't go quite the way the way intended.

Rob Gunn: **Promoted to Glory** **by Keith Lethbridge**

An old mate called Gunna, he was gunna do this gunna do that but after a hard working life, found religion. His good friend found him and buried him after he died and remembered Gunners stories about being 'Promoted to Glory'

Deb McGuire: **'A Cup that Cheers'** **by Deb McGuire**

Shopping everywhere to find just the right cup. Then fill it with love and blessings.

Jem Shorland: **'The Cup'** **by Jem Shorland**

Jem leaves his daughters netball cups and trophies on the trophy shelf at the bowling club among the bowling cups and trophies, and no one notices.

Heather Denholm: **'My Mug Bag'** **by Heather Denholm**

Heather carries her mug safely everywhere she goes in a mug bag made especially for her by a good friend.

Mary Heffernan: **'Valentine Day'** **by Mary Heffernan**

A poem to Frank, come toast with me, my Valentine.... very romantic.

Mary read **Franks Cup Poem:** **by Frank Heffernan**

All the various ways cups are used, tea cup, coffee cup, plastic cup, Melbourne cup, hic cup,
A fun poem.

John Hayes: **'An Old Master'** **by C.J. Dennis**

The story of the old Bullock team Master who is called upon to get the wagon and bullock Team out of the mud. At the age of 83 old dad McGee has not lost his ability to command the bullock team.

Frank Heffernan: Description of world economics using 2 cows

Christine Boulton: **Frank's Mug** **by Christine Boulton**

A brown ceramic mug, he has had it since he was a kid. However, it's Frank's mug that she loves best.

Linton's Cup

A cup given to Linton from the grand kids, sits unused on the shelf for many years. It ends up at the op shop but a friend buys it and it boomerangs to Linton. He finally decides to use it.

Colin Tyler **Is there a cup for me?** **By Colin Tyler**

Paper cups, tin cups china cups, but is there a cup for me..... yes a huge XXXX beer cup....do we need to fill it up? (Loved the giant cup)

Frank Heffernan: More versions of cow economics

Anne Hayes: **Jim's Whip** **by Barcroft Henry Boake**

A wife remembering her husband Jim who used the whip every day. It now hangs on the wall, and the memories it holds.

Mary Heffernan **Frying Pan Theology** **by Banjo Patterson**

A young boy asks many questions to his friend Frying Pan, an aboriginal stock man,

Keith Lethbridge The Pannikin by Keith Lethbridge

A green enamel pannikin kept and used over the years and the memories it stirs.
Keith then played 'Green sleeves ' on his mouth organ.

Mildews Dilemma

When Mildew arrives at the station homestead, he sees the fig tree, temptation arises from the station owner's wife, but Mildew really fancies the figs.

Readings from the classics:

Grace Williamson Shouting for a Camel by Banjo Patterson

It's cheap to hire a camel, but first you need to buy it a drink. 20 buckets of water costs heaps!

John Hayes: Checkmate by John Hayes

A shearer keeps all his pay in his pockets. When convinced to put it in the bank, he happily writes cheques for everything. When the account is overdrawn, writes a cheque to pay the bank the amount owed because he still has some unused cheques.

Tony Hill: I'm a Dinkum Aussie by Snow Pick

I'm a dinkum Aussie mate, from outback Timbuktu

Anne Hayes: Ode to the Blackboy Rose by Maureen Capp

Memories of Blackboy roses in her garden as a child, she now grows them in her own garden.

Ray Jackson Camooweal Billabong

Camping by a beautiful billabong on the Georgina River at Camooweal.

Grace Williamson There's a Little Worn Out Pony by Anon

Tells of a pony that saves a small child from wild stampeding cattle during torrential rains.

Rob Gunn Entertaining Japanese tourists by Various

A great yarn about Rob entertaining a group of Japanese tourists at Bridgetown.

Frank Heffernan The Common Cold by Frank Heffernan

A nasty cold is often confused with a bad dose of flu. For a few days we feel very miserable and sorry for ourselves.

Keith Lethbridge Gallipoli by Keith Lethbridge

Aussies leaving farms and places of work to join the army and go to war to fight.

Ray Jackson Bluey's Wedding Plans by Ray Jackson

Tells of Bluey who leaves the farm in the bush to find a wife of his dreams in Thailand who is everything but the right gender.

Frank Heffernan 1. The Farms Growing Wheat by Frank Heffernan

Trials of a wheat farmer working hard to make ends meet. Manage to pay off the overdraft, but the bank very kindly gives him another one.

2. The Dark Speedway

Excited, he takes his girl to the speedway. Fails to impress her with his talk of motors, turbos, speed and engine noise.

Heather Denholm Old private skeletons of family history By Helen Denholm

Researching family history, finds the relations have all sorts of stories, both good and bad. Hard to tell who is who?

Ann Hayes thanked Frank for being a great compere. Frank and Mary come up every August from Narrogin to host the evening. It is always a treat to have them at the muster. Ann also thanked everyone else, the performers, the audience, Tony for the tea and Sue at the door. We really are lucky to have such a great team of members who ensure the musters are always smoothly run. Ed.

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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.

Goldfields 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 christineboulton7@bigpond.com

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

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

Bank Transfer: Bendigo Bank BSB 633 000 A/C#158764837 Please notify treasurer of payment : treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au

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, if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.

Members' Poetic Products

Terry Piggott	Books	Frank Heffernan	Book	Arthur Leggett	Book
Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Christine Boulton	Book, CD	Keith Lethbridge	books
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Tim Heffernan	book	Roger Cracknell	Book, CD	Peg Vickers	books & CD
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