

The

December 2022

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



Next Muster- 2nd Dec 2022 at 7pm at Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park

MC:MC Robert Gunn 0417 099 676 gunnpoet@hotmail.com

Christmas poems if possible for first half. Supper - Christmas cake and port.

December muster Pies Port and Poetry, Bring a \$10 gift per person go into to draw to receive a gift.

Please note: Due to Christmas closures - Deadline for January's Bully Tin submissions is 19th Dec 2022

ANTICIPATION

by Pete (Stinger) Nettleton
**Winning entry in the
one-minute Poets' Brawl
at Toodyay.**

*The given line was
'With Great Anticipation'.*

In a previous profession
As a rural Obstetrician
I developed an obsession
With the slowing rate of birth

So I joined the congregation
Of a bush denomination
Devoted to repopulation
Of our nation and the earth

I received an invitation
Which involved participation
In a secret operation
On a willing candidate

So with great anticipation
But without the expectation
Of the physical sensation
Of the pleasures of the flesh

I inserted my projection
And I made a contribution
By direct insemination
To the future of the race.

Congratulations!

*** Winner * Roadwise Competition, Toodyay 2022**

Topic: Single Vehicle Accidents

Casey had moved out, he called round to see his mum.

Took his washing, ate his tea, gave his new bike a run.

"Oh dear I need some milk" "I'll get some" Casey said.

"Take care on your motor bike; put your helmet on your head."

Helmet buckled Casey sets off, rain falls as he leaves.

He puts his headlights on. He's careful as he weaves.

A dog comes from nowhere, straight under his wheels.

Casey flies through the air, as his bike falls and squeals.

Mum hears the crash, the siren's sound as the ambulance arrives.

She's by her son holding him, she thankful that Casey is alive.

A broken arm and leg but her boy is going to be sound.

She thanks his helmet. The dog's owners retrieve their broken hound.

Accidents can happen, anywhere and any place.

Be pro-active, remove hazards, it isn't a race.

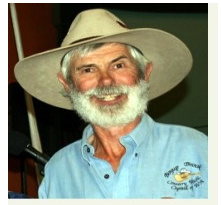
Keep animals under control and safely off the road.

Help us all to stay alive and reduce our road death toll.

Christine Boulton 2022

**This Bully Tin has been printed and postage provided with the generous assistance
of the office of KATE DOUST MLC**

President's Preamble November 2022



Have a go Day was well supported by poets and members. Thank you to all who turned up on the day to promote WA Bush Poets. The new venue and performance times worked well although we did have to compete with the music from the main stage. The day affords a great opportunity to advertise our association and events and always attracts considerable attention.

Meg and I had a new experience attending the Folk in the Forest last weekend. Christine and Greg J are regular attendees and it was good to be able to join them and share our poetry with a new audience in the beautiful jarrah forest setting near Dwellingup.

Greenbushes Acoustic have a weekend camp over at the historic Greenbushes cricket ground the weekend before Christmas. Bush Poets are always welcome to join them for these weekends as well as their regular shows on the third Sunday every month. Lee and Irma (Greenbushes Acoustic) gave us an excellent selection of traditional music at Wireless Hill this year.

WA Bush Poets will be back on the Crystal Swan during the Perth Fringe Festival in the new year. This has become a regular event on our calendar and is a great chance to attract another new audience. Get a group of friends together for a pleasant afternoon on the Swan River being entertained by a group of our illustrious poets. This year we have four shows, all in early February as the Crystal Swan will be in dry dock during January.

Our Christmas muster is on Friday 2nd December. Port, Pies and Poetry including poems with a Christmas theme. Don't forget to bring a present (to the value of \$10) for each person attending. If your gift is gender specific you might wrap it in pink or blue paper accordingly to ensure the recipient gets it right. This is a great night to bring a guest to our muster but please remember to get them to bring a gift for the gift draw.

To our members who cannot attend the muster I take this opportunity to wish you all a happy and safe Christmas and New Year.

Bill Gordon President

Bush Poetry on the Swan
One hour show starting at 4.30pm
on board the 'Crystal Swan', Perth's floating function venue
Barrack Street Jetty

Four Shows Only
Thursday 2 February
Sunday 5 February
Thursday 9 February
Sunday 12 February

Tickets at www.fringeworld.com.au

More items on the topic of 'Single Vehicle Accidents'

THE DECISION

Your next decision could be your last
Don't gamble your future and make it past.
We want more from you than a memory,
More than a cross and a scar on a roadside tree.

If the pilot was drunk, or clearly insane,
There is no way you would board that plane.
So enjoy your life, it's there for you;
Yes, we all like to have a drink or two.
Now make that decision, not to drink and drive;
Guaranteed tomorrow, you'll awake, alive.

Peter Rudolf

SUPPRESSED CONCLUSIONS

A needless accident, the Coroner claimed
But I've a differing point of view.
A bruised large tree near a hairpin bend
Has several scars which are new.
For it has claimed a number of lives,
It's location proven a find
For several severely troubled young men
Whose tortured minds have turned blind.

Statistics have proven it's speed which kills,
Drugs and alcohol also to blame.
I'm overcome with sadness right now
And acknowledge the dreadful shame
Which keeps causing fatal decisions
Not only from our youth.
The reality of ending one's life
So often kept from the truth.

Maurie Foun 29/10/22

A True Story

My friend he had sleep apnea, but he had decided to visit a friend,
For breakfast and so he left quite early,
His wife had asked him not to go; she knew that he was tired,
The car was on the freeway, he fell asleep while driving!
That was the time he breathed his last, he found himself in heaven,
God said to him you were a fool to leave when you were tired!
You should have left after a rest, and you may have then arrived,
If I you hadn't got to him till lunch, I'm sure that's what he'd rather,
Now your friend will feel the guilt of your death, and your sons' now without a father.

by Heather Denholm

One Lonely Car

There's no skid marks to tell the tale; what caused that car to hit the rail.
One lonely vehicle left the road; trashed, mangled metal, flames explode.
Complete destruction, death seeds sewn; milieu of carnage; quickly grown.
Police arrive no answers glean; it's hard to know what caused that scene.

The sirens wailed, too late to save; another lost to early grave.
While red blue lights lit brutal stage the Ambos note details on page.
Outside the car a wallet found, untouched by fire on the ground.
A licence card shows name, address; a sad report sent to the press.

The family mourns a loved one lost, it's hard to bear or count the cost.
With fault unknown, no sense nor rhyme, or was it simply nature's time
To end a life and take its soul; is this strange purpose of road toll?
For me it's just a senseless waste, a record drawn with some disgrace.

The numbers grow, how best to stop sad harvest of our human crop.
Try educate, enlighten more; wise insights into minds should pour.
A lonely figure by the road, stood watch by wreck as vehicle towed.
Transparent now, a tragic loss; left in that place, a small white cross.

© DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire) – 27th Oct 2022



BUSH FLY DROVING

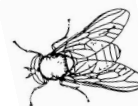
They made a start from Elleker at piccaninny dawn.
The cows were milked, the chooks were fed and every sheep was shorn.
The billy-cart was loaded well beyond the Plimsoll line
And through the early morning mist the sun began to shine.
So Pedro turned to Cobber as he pulled his hat down hard:
*"We've gotta fill this contract for the Denmark Council yard.
One hundred thousand pure bred flies are penned up out the back.
They said we couldn't do it mate, but heroes never hesitate;
Let's have a bloody crack!"*



The billy-cart grew restless as the hour was drawing near.
The contract was a daunting task, but Billy knew no fear,
Then Cobber gazed along the track towards their distant goal.
He raised a hand then brought it down: *"Let them doggies roll!"*
So off beyond the fence-line to the Lower Denmark track,
With grim determination and no thoughts of turning back,
For every fly was needed by the folk in Denmark town,
And Pedro's bush fly droving team would keep alive the tourist dream
And never let them down.



Approaching Younger's Siding, even Cobber took a pause,
For rest and recreation was a bush fly contract clause.
They led the herd to water while they rested in the shade,
Those honest union members of the bush fly droving trade.
Then onward, ever onward through the dust and smoke and heat,
Never fearing for their safety, never dreaming of defeat.
Poor Billy's wheels grew wobbly as they hit the homeward run,
But where the karri cricket sings, a hundred thousand pairs of wings
Shone golden in the sun.



The tourists waited nervously beneath the Denmark skies.
They had their pubs and beaches, but they badly needed flies.
They had their cars and caravans, tobacco, grog and pot,
But what's the use of camping when there's nothing left to swat?
The Shire Clerk and Councillors were champing at the bit;
The bottle shop proprietor was heading for a fit,
When suddenly a sound was heard to lift their spirits high:
Above the creak of Billy's springs, two hundred thousand silver wings
Cascaded through the sky!



Then how the children lined the streets and how their banners swayed,
To see those two heroic men with Billy on parade,
And every fly was sleek and fat, with honest pride and grace,
As each one gently landed on a sticky tourist face.
Now right around the fishing spots, in every canvass camp,
In motor homes and caravans, beneath each Tilly lamp,
On dusty, corrugated tracks, wherever tourists drive,
You'll hear about that dauntless crew: Pedro, Cobber and Billy too,
Who kept the dream alive!

Keith Lethbridge Denmark. November 20, 2010



Bush Christmas - *CJ Dennis*

The sun burns hotly thro' the gums
As down the road old Rogan comes -
The hatter from the lonely hut
Beside the track to Woollybutt.
He likes to spend his Christmas with us here.
He says a man gets sort of strange
Living alone without a change,
Gets sort of settled in his way;
And so he comes each Christmas day
To share a bite of tucker and a beer.

Dad and the boys have nought to do,
Except a stray odd job or two.
Along the fence or in the yard,
"It ain't a day for workin' hard."
Says Dad. "One day a year don't matter much."
And then dishevelled, hot and red,
Mum, thro' the doorway puts her head
And says, "This Christmas cooking, My!
The sun's near fit for cooking by."
Upon her word she never did see such.

"Your fault," says Dad, "you know it is.
Plum puddin'! on a day like this,
And roasted turkeys! Spare me days,
I can't get over women's ways.
In climates such as this the thing's all wrong.
A bit of cold corned beef an' bread
Would do us very well instead."
Then Rogan said, "You're right; it's hot.
It makes a feller drink a lot."
And Dad gets up and says, "Well, come along."

The dinner's served - full bite and sup.
"Come on," says Mum, "Now all sit up."
The meal takes on a festive air;
And even father eats his share
And passes up his plate to have some more.
He laughs and says it's Christmas time,
"That's cookin', Mum. The stuffin's prime."
But Rogan pauses once to praise,
Then eats as tho' he'd starved for days.
And pitches turkey bones outside the door.

The sun burns hotly thro' the gums,
The chirping of the locusts comes
Across the paddocks, parched and grey.
"Whew!" wheezes Father. "What a day!"
And sheds his vest. For coats no man had need.
Then Rogan shoves his plate aside
And sighs, as sated men have sighed,
At many boards in many climes
On many other Christmas times.
"By gum!" he says, "That was a slap-up feed!"

Then, with his black pipe well alight,
Old Rogan brings the kids delight
By telling o'er again his yarns
Of Christmas tide 'mid English barns
When he was, long ago, a farmer's boy.
His old eyes glisten as he sees
Half glimpses of old memories,
Of whitened fields and winter snows,
And yuletide logs and mistletoes,
And all that half-forgotten, hallowed joy.

The children listen, mouths agape,
And see a land with no escape
Fro biting cold and snow and frost -
A land to all earth's brightness lost,
A strange and freakish Christmas land to them.
But Rogan, with his dim old eyes
Grown far away and strangely wise
Talks on; and pauses but to ask
"Ain't there a drop more in that cask?"
And father nods; but Mother says "Ahem!"

The sun slants redly thro' the gums
As quietly the evening comes,
And Rogan gets his old grey mare,
That matches well his own grey hair,
And rides away into the setting sun.
"Ah, well," says Dad. "I got to say
I never spent a lazier day.
We ought to get that top fence wired."
"My!" sighs poor Mum. "But I am tired!
An' all that washing up still to be done."

Santa Claus in the Bush

It chanced out back at the Christmas time,
When the wheat was ripe and tall,
A stranger rode to the farmer's gate —
A sturdy man and a small.

Ruin down, run down, my little son Jack,
And bid the stranger stay;
And we'll have a crack for Auld Lang Syne,
For tomorrow is Christmas Day."

"Nay now, nay now," said the dour gude wife,
"But ye should let him be;
He's maybe only a drover chap
From the land o' the Darling Pea.

"Wi' a drover's tales, and a drover's thirst
To swiggle the hail night through;
Or he's maybe a life assurance carle
To talk ye black and blue,"

"Gude wife, he's never a drover chap,
For their swags are neat and thin;
And he's never a life assurance carle,
Wi' the brick-dust burnt in his skin.

"Gude wife, gude wife, be not so dour,
For the wheat stands ripe and tall,
And we shore wi' a seven-pound fleece this year,
Ewes and weaners and all.

"There is grass to spare, and the stock are fat.
Where they whiles are gaunt and thin,
And we owe a tithe to the travelling poor,
So we must ask him in.

"You can set him a chair to the table side,
And give him a bite to eat;
An omelette made of a new-laid egg,
Or a tasty piece of meat."

"But the native cats have taken the fowls,
They have na' left a leg;
And he'll get no omelette at all
Till the emu lays an egg!"

"Run down, run down", my little son Jack,
To where the emus bide,
Ye shall find the auld hen on the nest,
While the old cock sits beside.

"But speak them fair, and speak them soft,
Lest they kick ye a fearsome jolt.
Ye can give them a feed of the half-inch nails
Or a rusty carriage bolt."

So little son Jack ran blithely down
With the rusty nails in hand,
Till he came where the emus fluffed and scratched
By their nest in the open sand.

....

And there he has gathered the new-laid egg —
Would feed three men or four —
And the emus came for the half-inch nails
Right up to the settler's door.

"A waste o' food," said the dour gude wife,
As she took the egg, with a frown,
"But he gets no meat, unless ye run
A paddy-melon down."

"Gae oot, gae oot, my little son Jack,
Wi' your twa-three doggies small;
Gin ye come nae back wi' a paddy-melon,
Then come nae back at all."

So little son Jack he raced and he ran,
And he was bare o' the feet,
And soon he captured a paddy-melon,
Was gorged with the stolen wheat.

"Sit down, sit down, my bonny wee man,
To the best that the house can do —
An omelette made of the emu egg
And a paddy-melon stew."

"'Tis well, 'tis well," said the bonny wee man;
"I have eaten the wide world's meat,
And the food that is given with right good-will
Is the sweetest food to eat.

"But the night draws on to the Christmas Day
And I must rise and go,
For I have a mighty way to ride
To the land of the Esquimaux.

"And it's there I must load my sledges up,
With the reindeers four-in-hand,
That go to the North, South, East, and West,
To every Christian land."

"To the Esquimaux," said the dour guid wife,
"Ye suit my husband well!"
For when he gets up on his journey horse
He's a bit of a liar himsel'."

Then out with a laugh went the bonny wee man
To his old horse grazing nigh,
And away like a meteor flash they went
Far off to the Northern sky.

When the children woke on the Christmas morn
They chattered with might and main —
For a sword and gun had little son Jack,
And a braw new doll had Jane,
And a packet o' screws had the twa emus;
But the dour gude wife gat nane.

by A B Banjo Paterson

Poets Muster November 11th 2022

MC Lorelie Tecoma. Lorelie welcomed Maurie Foun visiting from Corryong Vic.

President Bill Gordon : Bill gave a brief summery of what's been happening with the poets,

* The final Nambung Country Muster 4 days of Country Music and Bush Poetry

* The Toodyay Poetry Championships. Congratulations to Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge the new WA Bush Poet Champion, and winner of the Yarnspinning.

* Have A Go Day at Burswood Park, well represented by the Poets.

Our next big event after Australia Day in January is:

* Poetry on the Crystal Swan as part of the Fringe Festival,

We have 4 evenings in February, Thursday 2nd; Sunday 5th; Thursday 9th and Sunday 12th.

Bill Gordon

Duncan Butler

'Mates'

The Poem 'Mates' highlights the significance of having a mate among the Prisoners of War. As a POW on the Burma Railway if you were going to survive you had to have s mate.

Grace Williamson

Jim Brown

'Anzac on the Wall'

A shortened version of this beautiful poem , it tells of a man seeing a picture of a soldier on the wall of a junk shop, he buys the picture and decides to repair it. He finds three letters behind the frame telling who the soldier is a letter from his mother and a telegram telling of his death on 3rd November 1917.

Keith Lethbridge Played 'The Last Post' on his mouth organ, beautiful and meaningful.

Keith Lethbridge

'Gallipoli'

This is a tribute to those who fought at Gallipoli and some of the difficulties they faced on return to Australia

Meg Gordon

Peg Vickers

'The Cruise'

Going on a Cruise and hoping to find a wealthy husband, she discovers that you can't trust a man on a cruise.

Meg also thanked all the team that helped the Toodyay Championships run so well.

Abby Dall

Banjo Patterson

'A Mountain Station'

He buys a run in country rough and ridgey, the battle of running stock is too difficult they either get taken by dingos or stolen, the last straw the cattle are swept away in the flooded Murrumbidgee. 'For sale a Mountain Station'.

Mica Dall

Banjo Patterson

'Brumby's Run'

Wild horses, the Brumbies roam the mountains, and feed on the flats, wild and untamed, the horsemen try to catch them, but most run free.

Maurie Foun

'A Solemn Tradition'

Every year on Anzac Day old comrades gather by the weathered stone memorial and march along the avenue of trees to remember their mates who did not return from the war.

'Heading West'

Driving alone across the Nullarbor, Maurie describes the beauty of the changing landscape.

Anne Hayes

John Hayes

'Dream Artist'

She dreams of being an artist, painting the colours of the sun rise, of the water flowing below the bridge, but the light is ever changing and her canvas remains empty.

WA Bush Poets Muster Friday cont...

Bev Shorland

Charles Shaw

'To An Old Mate'

How through the years the 'old bush school on the rise' was such an important part of our lives, from the schoolroom to the Saturday night dances, weddings and funerals.

After supper we were entertained by Meg on ukulele, Maurie, Clancey Lethbridge Cobber Lethbridge and Abby Dall singing 'Click go the Shears'

Bill Gordon

Banjo Patterson

from 'The Animals Noah Forgot'

'Weary Will the Wombat'

Nothing will get in the way of Weary Will the Wombat, he just burrows his way under fences and any obstacle put in his way.

Grace Williamson

'Its a Bugger Getting Old'

When young I was full of energy, Nothing was a problem. Now I am old every thing seems difficult, I'm slow cant hear or see so well any more, Its a bugger getting old.

Maurie Foun

Eric Bogal

'And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda'

The story of a man reflecting on his experience of being called up and sent to fight in the first world war.

Written 16th January 2010 Dinki Di

I'm proud to be Australian.

Keith Lethbridge

'Crocodile'

Many people remember events surrounding their twenty-first birthdays.

Cobber was very lucky to reach this milestone, and now considers every day since then a bonus. The stumbling block was an eighteen foot crocodile.

Meg Gordon

Peg Vickers

The Extra Marital Affair'

Sick of doing the dishes and all the daily chores, it was time to add some excitement into her life.

Bill Gordon

Jim Haynes

Remember the Waltzing'

Old Tilly lives alone at the back of the corner shop, one day sitting in her kitchen she shows me his last letter home. He did not come home from the war.

Muster closed at 9.30

December muster Pies Port and Poetry, Bring a \$10 gift per person go into to draw to receive a gift.

Reminder: Could everyone who performs at Musters please have a synopsis available on the night or send one via email to shorland@iinet.net.au for the Muster write up. Thanks in advance Bev

Next Muster - 6th Jan 2023

MC: Lorraine Broun 0411 877 551

Reading from the Classics - Heather Denholm

8 line poem: Topic: Growing older

Due to Christmas closures - Deadline for January's Bully Tin submissions 19th Dec 2022

COMPETITIONS AND EVENTS AROUND AUSTRALIA

WRITTEN EVENTS are in PURPLE

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

DECEMBER 2022

21 December 2022 — Closing Date — Deidre Penhall Memorial Poetry Prize.
Written bush poetry competition for women 18 to 30 years of age living within 200 km of Orange, NSW.



FEBRUARY 2023

3 February — Closing Date — Milton Show Bush Poetry, Milton NSW.

17-26 February — Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival, Orange NSW.

23-24 February — ABPA National Bush Poetry Performance Championships, Orange NSW.

25 February — Youth and Open performance poetry competitions,
including Deidre Penhall Memorial Poetry Prize (see 21 December 2022 closing date),
Orange, NSW.

MARCH 2023

4 March — Milton Show Bush Poetry, Milton NSW.
See 3 February Closing date.



DICK WHITTINGTON HAS ARRIVED!

TICKETS ON SALE NOW!!

Peter Nettleton is playing the part of the grumpy old Alderman in this show and he would like to encourage all Grandies and Grandkids to come along as a Christmas treat.

When: November 18-19, 23-26 31-December 3
Time: 7:00pm (except December 2 which is 8.00pm)
Where: The New Fortune Theatre, UWA,
35 Stirling Hwy, Nedlands WA 6009



Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2022 - 2023

President	Bill Gordon	0428 651 098	billgordon1948@gmail.com
Vice President	Peter “Stinger” Nettleton	0407 7700 53	stinger@iinet.net.au
Secretary	Rodger Kohn - <i>Bully Tin Mail Out</i>	0419 666 168	rodgershirley@bigpond.com
Treasurer	Sue Hill	0418 941 016	suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com
Committee			
Meg Gordon	- <i>Toodyay Festival Sec.</i> - <i>Web Control</i> - <i>Secretary of the ABPA</i>	0404 075 108	meggordon4@bigpond.com
Bev Shorland		0487 764 897	shorland@iinet.net.au
Jem Shorland		0487 764 897	shorland@iinet.net.au
Anne Hayes		0428 542 418	hayseed1@optusnet.com.au
Don Gunn		0418 930 821	bigunnz@iinet.net.au
Deb McQuire	- <i>Bully Tin editor</i>	0428 988 315	deb.mcquire@bigpond.com
Irene Conner	- <i>State Rep APBA</i>	0429 652 155	iconner21@wn.com.au

Regular Events

WA Bush Poets:	1st Friday each month <i>MC details see front page</i> - 7pm Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park WA	
Albany Bush Poetry group:	Last Tuesday each month - 7.30pm 1426 Lower Denmark Rd, Elleker	Ph. Peter Blyth - 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets:	1st Monday every ‘even’ month - The Parade Hotel, 1 Austral Parade, East Bunbury.or Ian Farrell 0408 212 636	Ph. Alan Aitken - 0400 249 243
Goldfields Bush Poetry Group:	1st Wednesday each month. - 6.30pm 809 Kalgoorlie Country Club, 108 Egan St. Kalgoorlie	Ph. Paul Browning - 0416 171 809

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 deb.mcquire@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.