

The

July 2023

BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

Next Muster- 7th July 2023 at 7pm at Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park

MC: Peter Nettleton 0407 770 053 stinger@iinet.net.au

No reading from the classics

ONLY A HOUSEWIFE

She mentioned "only a housewife," so I thought about that for a while,
"Only a cook and a cleaner," and the memory made me smile.
I could picture my own dear mother, with a similar point of view,
Scrubbing our clothes to keep them clean,
Before the days of the washing machine,
She was *only a housewife* too.

Struggling home from the market with an oversized shopping bag,
She raised four healthy children then, on the smell of an oily rag.
Our father battled to earn a quid, away in the bush to roam,
And many adventures fell his way,
Still recounted this very day,
But *the housewife* stayed at home.

She mentioned "only a housewife," and my eyes began to glaze.
It took me back through many years, to wonderful childhood days,
To a mother who taught us right from wrong and never to tell a fib,
Before divorce became a career,
With child support and nothing to fear,
In a flurry of women's lib.

Our sewerage system was rough as guts; there was nobody Mum could call.
With face and body covered in muck, she managed to fix it all,
And of course, we suffered chicken pox, with measles and mumps on cue,
Twisted ankles, runny nose,
Impetigo, anything goes!
Our Mum was *a doctor*, too.

She somehow got us to read and write and fumble our way through school;
With long division and decimal points, our Mum was nobody's fool,
And when our behaviour fell away and we tumbled from bad to worse,
She knew our talents were Heaven sent,
So perhaps we could play an instrument,
Or compose illustrious verse.

Continued next page....

52nd Bronze Swagman Award
3rd Prize: The Jean O'Connell Memorial Award
Keith Lethbridge 'Only a Housewife'

Congratulations!



52nd Bronze Swagman Award

Highly Commended

Keith Lethbridge 'Walkabout'

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

ONLY A HOUSEWIFE cont..

At times the money just didn't arrive and there wasn't enough to eat;
She scrimped and saved and did without and managed to make ends meet.
Of course we all wore hand-me-downs but it wasn't a big disgrace;
Our Mum could patch with any old rag,
And a tee-shirt made from a sugar bag
Was the fashion around our place.

Perhaps the loneliness wore her down when the nights were long and cold,
With the children safely tucked in bed, but *the housewife* growing old.
Was this the price for sailing away with a handsome, reckless man,
To end her days in a draughty shack,
With an empty heart and an aching back?
That wasn't the master plan!

And yet, there was laughter in our house and plenty of things to do;
With a milking goat, a few fine chooks and the silver beet we grew.
Our mother sang as she cooked and scrubbed and laboured her life away.
She didn't have time to wonder why,
And expectations weren't so high,
Back in our mother's day.

* * *

By luck I married a beautiful girl, *only a housewife* too.
They both belong to a dying breed, the last of the saintly few.
Perhaps our daughters will keep in mind, through turbulent years to come,
That the world would run at a kinder pace,
If they only copied the style and grace
Of their wonderful *housewife* Mum!

Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge



CLONCURRY PRIZE
POETRY COMPETITION
2023 Runner-Up

Cloncurry River

Congratulations
Tom McLveen
Heroes of Yesterday

Cloncurry
Shire Council

President's Preamble July 2023



Congratulations to John and Anne on celebrating their 60th Wedding Anniversary.

Several members joined with their family and friends at their daughter's home on 17th June. Quite an auspicious day as it was also Henry Lawson's birthday, John being one of our most proficient reciters of his poetry.

Cobber continues to win awards for his writing, this time coming third in the Bronze Swagman with his poem "Only a Housewife" and a Highly Commended for "Walkabout". Congratulations Cobber, you must have impressed the esteemed judges, Alan Caswell and former ABPA President Manfred Vijars. Esteemed judges they must be as they have combined to win the Golden Guitar in Tamworth for their songwriting on more than one occasion.

Meg and I are now on our way to Derby for their Bush Poet's Breakfast which is on 23rd July. So far we have done shows at Dongara and Wooramel, with four more to do before we get to Broome. We will catch up with the Kimberley Guitar Man, Ginger Cox, for a few days fishing at Beagle Bay before heading to Derby.

Bob Magor is currently in Broome and will be in Derby for the Bush Poets Breakfast. Bob was the guest poet at the first Poets Breakfast in Derby some 25 years ago. We are looking forward to catching up with Bob and Beryl and dragging Bob out of retirement. Other friends at Derby are Mister Kimberley, Sam Lovell and other Kimberley performers as well as Robyn Bowcock and Elsie Archer who were members of the organizing committee for many years.

It seems a long way off right now but it is time to think about the State Championships and Bush Poetry Festival at Toodyay in November. I have reserved sites at the Toodyay Holiday Park but members need to phone them to secure their booking. Phone Kevin Hug on 95742534.

I am pleased to report that Colin Tyler is back home and is responding well to the cancer treatment but his family won't allow him to go to the muster until he gets rid of his moon boot.

That's all from me until next month when I will bring a report on Derby

Bill Gordon, President.



Derby Bush Poet's Breakfast

Derby Sportsmans Club

Entry:
\$25 Including Breakfast
\$10 Poetry only

Derby Visitor Centre 9191 1426
Bill Gordon 0428 651 098
www.wabushpoets.asn.au

Sun 23rd July 2023 8.00am
following Derby Cup

The poster features a cartoon illustration of a bush poet with a large brown hat, a long beard, and cork boots. He is holding a string of corks. In the background, there is a windmill and a blue sky with clouds. A small logo in the bottom left corner reads "WA BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS".

'Chasing Rabbits in Her Sleep'

Sixteen years is not a bad innings, for a working Kelpie dog
But from a life spent racing around the paddocks, she can now barely raise a jog.
Though her working years are behind her, she's well and truly earned her keep
So she spends her days, laying in the shade, chasing rabbits in her sleep

We didn't retire the old girl, well she did that on her own
She just stood one day, as the ute pulled away, then turned and headed home
For she'd hurt herself the day before, rounding up a mob of sheep
Now she dreams away, there in the shade, chasing rabbits in her sleep

As a working dog she had no peers, for it was a life she could understand
And she seemed to read the boss's mind, without a word or gestured hand
And those young dogs that jump that ute each day, her bloodline they will keep
So she's doing just fine, spending time, chasing rabbits in her sleep

Ah but she'll be there lined up with the other dogs, when it comes tucker time
She'll wolf it down ten seconds flat, not a skerrick left behind
For she needs to keep her strength up, this is not a job for the meek
Laying all day, there in the shade, chasing rabbits in her sleep

Yeah she's doing just fine, spending time, 'Chasing Rabbits in Her Sleep'

Terry Bennetts



THE BITUMEN BANDITS

His business card said his name was Tom
I reckon Ireland was where he was from
He had a wicked hare lip
And he was finishing his trip

A thousand meters that he wanted to unload
And then he'd be back on the road
He offered me a deal that I thought was a steal
In my mind I figured this is pretty unreal

For my road was cracked and in need of repair
Bitumen lifting and peeling here and there
He'd been a bitumen man for many a year
And his job'd be better than any 'round here

He was a genuine sort with an Irish brogue
I never even guessed he was an Irish rogue
We sealed the deal with the shake of a hand
And so began a drama that I hadn't planned

We agreed on the price and I looked in his eye
Cos a pretty smart fella am I
My wife would marvel at my business acumen
And we'd drink to success again and again

Onto the surface some tar is first sprayed
Then there's a layer of blue metal laid
The new surface rolled by a heavy machine
Leaving a road that's gleaming and clean

But Tom's emulsion was like watered down
wine
The dusty pebbles to the wine didn't bind
Whole sections of road simply didn't get spray
The pebbles on top were just blown away

I returned home after work around five
And there before me was a brand new drive
White pebbles glistening 'neath an azure sky
And a pretty smart fella am I



My chest puffed out with a sense of pride
"We've done a top job" old Tom lied
And I paid his fee still feeling high
Cos a pretty smart fella am I

Tom shot through – I never saw him again
The guarantee he gave just a worthless stain
Now he's kicking back on the Sunshine Coast
Quaffing on tequilas and shouting toasts

Loose gravel on a slope is a real disaster
Wheels spinning on the pebbles but not going faster
Cars slipping and sliding and looking for traction
If they start rolling back there's some unfortunate action

A lady came a'calling on a small motorbike
Visiting my wife for coffee and a bite
The bike started slipping as the tyres weren't gripping
Her dress in the air was billowing and whipping

She thought for sure that her death was nigh
So she beseeched the Lord for one more try
But she landed on her back and lay quite still
The bike clattered down to the bottom of the hill

For me it's so hard to articulate
How I saw the road just disintegrate
Gravel washed away with the first new rain
And now the road is more like a drain

They say a new bloke is travelling through
With a truck, some tar and a brand new crew
So I'll trump him with a deal or at least I'll try
Cos a pretty smart fella am I

by Dave Morrell

THE DRILL RIG (STAR OF MARANGAROO)

“There’s a visit coming,” the Geologist
Said to the drillers sweltering there
In forties degrees and the stinking rest.
“Manage the dust. Keep your shirts on and don’t
swear.”

There was a mighty pause in the crib room,
As heads looked up; one did a little jig
‘Cos he knew there’d be ladies in the group
Coming to hear the roar of the drilling rig.

The tall shy fieldy must’ve lost a wit,
Tripping, his spindly limbs went all astray,
And spilt a core tray into the oil pit,
Then he got into the lead driller’s way.
There’s a curse in store for that jackeroo
As down by the ute he slants –
But the lead driller bent his legs askew
Wishing he’d “patched them pants”.

It’s a dusty sight with columns of red
High viz turns orange and dust-masks reek,
Imagine what it’s does to a three-day beard.
Now there’d be girls in the party next week.
To check out the game, the beers must be cold
From whence they came. The boys are real keen
To talk about Marangaroo gold -
They’ve seen it in the core that yellow sheen.

You’ve heard about the “Star” and its riches
Back in Meekatharra in the day?
The ladies would come to hitch up their britches
For a few miners cashed up with their pay.
Not like that today. With modern girls
It’s straight even as we squint at their feet,
While they crack a stubby and demand a whirl
In the four-by-four before the boss speaks.



So Stan, the drill-super who’d scorn the lax use
Of such a childish phrase like flying duck
Would give a dollar if his tongue was loose
When he calls for the absent water truck,
For which John Jones charges through the nose
Every drop that comes from his rusty bores.
Damn the visitors would distract the guys
Out there in the drilling mud, flies, and chores.

While strong hands control the drill mast that shakes
And turns; the core bouncing into steel trays,
Young Jack peers through the haze with his burnt face
At his partner in this fast gold stock play;
That pays for his red Porsche and Perth address.
And whatever else he wanted that was mod,
Would be hard for his mates to ever guess
That the visit’s really from the gold squad.

Nick Lindsay

Hello from Goldfields Bush Poetry.

As we meet on the 1st Wednesday of each month. We held a Henry Lawson poetry night for our June meeting. As all poetry enthusiastic people would know Henry's birthday falls 17th of June. We had 8 in attendance for the night. All gathered around the log fire for warmth and to keep our poetry spirit up.

Seven of us read a variety of Lawson's poems. As I don't know a lot of Lawson's works. I was only able to recite Middleton's Roustabout. Unfortunately even though we went an hour more than normal we didn't take any notes. I remember The Grog an Grumble Steeplechase was one that was read out. I read Sweeney (now for a second time in some years trying to learn by memory). Also Andy Gone With Cattle. Besides each person reading several poems each.

We shared the life story of Henry. Our meeting closed at 10:30 pm. We all went away with more knowledge of this great Australian bush Poet/ Story teller of our fantastic country. Regards to our great Bush poetry friends around our country. Ken from the Goldfields Bush Group.

Regards to one of our founding members, Paul Browning. with wife Tracy, they are sailing the High Seas. I'm sure there will be many a recital to our wonderful marine world

Sent in on Ken Ball's phone

Halt attack, we'll be Back

The spate of Eagle whingers has now turned into a flood,
As journos scrawl their spite with pen nibs dipped in eagle blood.
They're like a mob of flaming dingos hunting in a pack,
And poor old Simmo's got a target painted on his back.
Now Suma's put the boot in , and Jacko's frothing from the mouth,
Because there's been a loss or two and points are heading south.

The Freo mob are loving it – the mongrels that they are,
But peer into their trophy room, there's nothing there so far.
So, all you doubters show some faith, you know they'll come good,
These boys are proen winners, that is clearly understood.
Ignore the noisy hecklers, just remember now their past,
They may be down a little now , but things can change so fast.

Terry Piggott

BUSH POETRY AT WANNEROO FOLK CLUB

By Pete (Stinger) Nettleton

My involvement in Bush Poetry came about as an offshoot from my interest in folk arts generally. I first became interested in folk music and folk clubs in the 1960s. They were largely modelled on the Anglo-Celtic style (and they haven't changed much). As a fourth generation Aussie, albeit with mixed Irish-English ancestry; I leaned toward bush band music and thence bush poetry.

I have recently performed at the Wanneroo Folk Club, which is actually located in Warwick, 5 minutes from our 'city residence'. The first occasion was at a 'come-all-ye' (folkie talk for a blackboard concert night) and twice as a support act by invitation. I believe I have managed thereby to create a renewed interest in bush poetry at the WFC which has led to a mutual honorary affiliation between WABPYA and WAFF and hopefully a consequential expansion of audience numbers for both clubs.

The WFC meets monthly on the second Friday. At my last appearance on 9th June, I was invited to perform a 20-minute bracket as a support act to the main act, a band of old folkies going by the name of 'Cobwebs'.

In order to establish my folkie credibility, I started off with an old west country ballad called 'Dead Dog Scrumpy' by Trevor Crozier – the sad saga of a tired old dog that topples into a cider vat and drowns, only to vastly improve the potency of the brew. As we were heading towards Henry Lawson's birthday, my second piece was his timeless classic 'O'Hara JP'.

My third number was the mini folk opera 'The Ballad of 1891' by Helen Palmer and Doreen Jacobs, followed by 'The Ballad of the Bushman's Club' by Graeme Jenkin. I finished up with the Barry Humphries parody 'The Old Pacific Sea'.

The next two monthly get together are 'come-all-ye's. Bush Poets are most welcome to attend and put their names on the board to perform. It is advisable to get there early, 7 pm at the latest, because the board fills fast. See you there!

Dates and times: Fridays 14th July, 11th August 2023

Address: Wanneroo Folk Club Dorchester Hall,
2 Dugdale St, Warwick. (Cnr Dorchester Ave)

Email: rob.wafolk@inet.net.au

(Photos by Jane Cochrane)



Poets Muster Write up - 2 June 2023 by Bev Shorland

MC Meg Gordon. Meg greeted and welcomed everyone, and said that this month of June we celebrate Henry Lawson's Birthday on the 17th, as well as Peter Nettleton's birthday.

Rodger Kohn 'The Eagles' Terry Piggott

A poem published in the 'West' about the Eagles, they are not doing so well this year, but they'll be back.

Meg Gordon 'Louisa' Beth Stewart

A beautiful poem about Louisa Lawson, the mother of Henry Lawson. What was she thinking when they locked her away.

Greg Joass 'The Captain of the Push' Henry Lawson

A rough gang leader and his gang 'recruit' a bloke just arrived from the bush. But the stranger disappears back to the bush with their ill gotten gains.

John Hayes 'The City Bushman' Henry Lawson

An Epic poem, The bushmen, the drovers the shearers are romanticised in poetry, but is life in the bush really that good when there are droughts and floods, and men are under paid?

Daniel Avery 'Daniel'

Daniel's own story, born with Cerebral Palsy, teased at school, they said he would never come to any thing. But Daniel proved them wrong. He is a real fighter and achiever. A wonderful Poem. Well done.

Anne Hayes 'When the Sun's behind the Hill' CJ Dennis

The day is drawing to a close, Feed the weary horses, milk the cow, mother preparing the evening meal, it is time to rest, when the sun is behind the Hill.

Grace Williamson 'Since Then' Henry Lawson

This poem tells of two men who had been very close friends, but through differing circumstances had drifted apart. When they meet again some ten years later they had very little in common.

Bill Gordon 'Sweeney' Henry Lawson

This poem tells of an encounter with a drunk in a Darling River town. It mirrors Henry's life as an alcoholic journalist sent to Bourke to dry out. It could be considered his obituary.

Rob Gunn 'Scotts of the Riverina' Henry Lawson.

The strict Scottish father disowns his son when the lad leaves home to go to the city.

The boy enlists and goes to war, he is killed in Flanders. The family is distraught with grief.

Cobber Lethbridge A tune on the Mouth organ 'The Queensland Drover'

'The Fire at Ross's Farm' Henry Lawson.

The Squatter is resentful of the farmer who has selected some of his best grazing land to grow wheat. When a bush fire threatens the crop, he says let it burn to the ground. But his son who is in love with Ross's daughter goes to fight the flames. The Squatter arrives in the nick of time with a dozen men to fight the fire and save the crop.

Supper

Lorraine Broun Tells us a Yarn.

The wiring at the church needs some repair and upgrading, all goes well till the pole on the street is hit and the power is cut off causing many delays.

Heather Denholm 'The Great Adventure'

Ron and his lady love set off for a holiday with an overloaded van on the very first day the van left the road and split wide open so their holiday was ruined before it started. Moral is don't over load the van.

WA Bush Poets Muster Friday 2nd June cont....

Greg Joass 'Jones Selection' Anon

Bill Jones had a selection up Kosciuszko way, he loved his land, he plowed it planted it tended it, but when the rains came and the mountain shook it all slid down the hill and buried poor old Bill.

John Hayes 'When Your Pants Begin to Go' Henry Lawson.

Times are difficult, and your clothes are wearing thin, things will get better, but it is hard to carry on with confidence when your pants begin to go.

Grace Williamson 'The Women of the West' George Essex Evans

This poem takes us back to the early settlers days when the women would follow their men to a hard and lonely life, living in the bush in makeshift homes as our nation became settled.

Daniel Avery 'Australia This Land Downunder'

Daniel describes this place we call home, and how wonderful Australia truly is.

Rob Gunn 'The Short Arm of the Law' Bob Magor

A story about an old farmer in a broken down Ute who is stopped by the new copper in town for not stopping at the railway crossing, and having an un road worthy vehicle. After being issued a traffic ticket the old bloke tells the young copper to give the ticket to the sergeant, who is his son.

Brian Coogan A new member and first time performer. Welcome Brian

'Clancy of the Overflow' Banjo Patterson.

An office worker dreams of what it would be like to swap working in the dreary office with Clancy, and working in the bush droving cattle, seeing the seasons come and go, the fresh air and open skies.

Cobber Lethbridge 'A Piece of Cake'

When Mum goes to hospital, Cobber takes care of home duties and the 4 children.

No worries! This'll be "a piece of cake"!

John Hayes John sang a song that he has recorded with Terry Bennetts

Meg Gordon 'A pound a Mile' Louisa Lawson.

Dawson's wife is unwell, he cannot afford to get the doctor as it will cost a Pound a Mile, but all the hands in the shearing team put in and the doctor is called, there is celebration, the Dr. delivers the baby boy and saves the wife.

Bill Gordon. 'The Old Wongoondy Hall'. Keith Cobber Lethbridge

Typical of many halls throughout country areas but this hall has ghosts dancing to strains of the Tennessee Waltz played on the old piano by a traveler who called into the hall.

The Muster finished at 9.30pm

Next Muster: - 4th August 2023

MC Frank and Mary Heffernan 9881 6652 muffenburg@westnet.com.au

Reading from the Classics Frank and Mary Heffernan

24th July 2023 is the deadline for submissions for possible inclusion in August's Bully Tin

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

2023 'New' BULLY TIN TOODYAY CHALLENGE

SHORT POEM COMPETITION

'Cash Prize' sponsored by the Bully Tin

This year's themes are

* *Gratitude*

* *If I (you) could turn back time*

- *Choose one or present one poem for each theme.*

Conditions of Entry: 20 Lines of Verse with good Rhythm and Rhyme

Poems to be read or performed on Sunday at Toodyay Bush Poets Festival

3rd - 5th Nov 2023 (check program for details when available)

Special Note from Greg Joass

I have been contacted by Jen Burnett about registering for the Saltwater Community Music group. I attended one of their concerts in Busselton recently and discussed including Bush Poetry in future events. She is very supportive of the idea and would like any Bush Poets who are interested to register with the group.

Saltwater are Busselton based and arrange concerts to showcase local talent. Their next one will be in 2024, but Jen is on the lookout for performers who may be interested in taking part.

Completed registration forms should be emailed to the following address:

jenburnett@westnet.com.au

Cheers

Greg



**WA Bush Poets
& Yarnspinnners**

Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival

Fri 3rd - Sun 5th Nov 2023

**WA Bush Poetry
Performance Championships
Poetry Writing Workshop
Variety Concert Saturday Night**

FREE ENTRY TO ALL EVENTS

Proudly sponsored and supported by



For more information, visit

www.wabushpoets.asn.au

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

Why not check out Writing WA
<info@writingwa.org>
Always something interesting
going on for WA Writers

JUNE 2023

14 June — Bronze Swagman Award Ceremony, 5:30-6:30 pm Royal Theatre, Winton Queensland.
See 30 April closing date.

JULY 2023

30 JULY — Closing Date — Nandewar Poetry Competition, Narrabri NSW.

AUGUST 2023

31 August — Closing Date — King of the Ranges written bush poetry competition, Murrurundi, NSW.

SEPTEMBER 2023

16 September — Closing Date — King of the Ranges yarnspinning competition, Murrurundi, NSW.

22-24 September — King of the Ranges Stockman's Challenge with poets' breakfast and yarnspinning competition (see 16 September closing date) and **written competition** (see 31 August closing date), Murrurundi, NSW.

OCTOBER 2023

2 October — Closing Date — Silver Quill Written Competition, Toodyay, WA.

NOVEMBER 2023

1 November — Closing Date — WA State Championships for bush poetry performance.

** See 2 October closing date for **Silver Quill written** and 1 November closing date for performance.

3-5 November — WA State Championships of bush poetry, performance and **Silver Quill written**, Toodyay, WA.



**GREENBUSHES
ACOUSTIC
SESSIONS**

Live Performances
Folk, Bluegrass,
Yarns & Bush Poetry
**18 June, 16 July and
20 August 2023**
at Greenbushes RSL Hall
1:30-3:30pm



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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.	Ph. Alan Aitken - 0400 249 243 or Ian Farrell 0408 212 636
Goldfields Bush Poetry Group:	1st Wednesday each month. - 7.30pm 809 Kalgoorlie Country Club, 108 Egan St. Kalgoorlie	Ph. Ken Ball - 0419 94 3376
Peel Bush Poetry Group	1st Monday every ‘odd’ month - 6pm. Ravenswood Hotel, Pinjarra	Ph. Rob Gunn - 0417 099 676

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.