

The

February 2023

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



Next Muster- 3rd February 2023 at 7pm at Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park

MC: Ray Jackson 0419 902 116 rayjacksonperth@hotmail.com

Reading from the Classics - Ann Hayes

Banjo Paterson's Birthday - Recite a poem of Banjo's during the first half of the muster.

Congratulations Peter O'Shaughnessy

'The Day the Guns Stood Still'

winning entry in the 2022 CJ Dennis award 2022

(poem on Page 4)

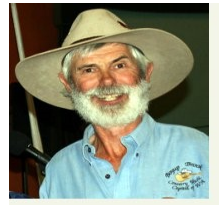
Congratulations to Terry Bennetts for winning Best Bush Ballad at the Tamworth Song writing Awards last week with his song 'The Dinner Tree'. Many thanks to our Kimberley mate Sam Lovell who inspired Terry to write the song about his early droving days.

Bill Gordon presenting Daniel Avery his trophy for Novice Section winner Toodyay 2022



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

President's Preamble February 2023



President's Preamble, February 2023.

The New Year started in dramatic fashion for two of our members. Greg and Heather Joass had a fire start from a lightning strike near their home recently. Fortunately for them (though not for others in the district) the wind took the fire away from them but they had four sleepless nights packed and ready to evacuate at a minutes notice. I recently heard a quote about Australia's weather – "There's plenty of it". Whether drought or more recently floods, fire alerts..... There's certainly been plenty of it.

The poetry summer season is off and running with Wireless Hill and Fringe festival coming up. A list of poets and the nights they are on the Crystal Swan can be found in this Bullytin. You can assure your friends there will be four different shows as there are different poets on each afternoon.

Then we have Boyup Brook on 16th-19th February with the biggest and best Bush Poetry program ever. In addition to the usual Bush Poetry Program, this year we have Ray Essery and Peter Capp making welcome returns to Boyup Brook with their comedy musician mate Errol Gray completing the lineup of imports. These three have done a comedy show in Tamworth called the "3 Randy Poets". Boyup Brook patrons have a chance to see this unique show in my shearing shed on Thursday night 16th Feb. Tickets are limited and are selling fast.

No sooner will Boyup Brook be over and Meg and I are heading to Orange for the Banjo Paterson festival. Now that this festival runs over two weekends we can make it for the second half. This will incorporate the ABPA National Bush Poetry Championships. The last time the National Championships was held was in 2017 at Toodyay when Cobber was victorious. That means that Cobber has been the National Champion for the last 5 years. What a legend! As ABPA secretary, Meg will have plenty to do coordinating the competition. After that she will be looking forward to five weeks in Tasmania. More of that next month.

Bill Gordon. President.

CRYSTAL SWAN POETS

Thursday 2 nd Feb	R Cracknell	B Shorland	A Aitken
Sunday 5 th Feb	J Hayes	K Lethbridge	P Nettleton
Thursday 8 th Feb	C Boulton	W Gordon	R Gunn
Sun 12 th Feb	P Browning	G Joass	B Higgins

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



The Story of Mongrel Grey

This is the story the stockman told
On the cattle-camp, when the stars were bright;
The moon rose up like a globe of gold
And flooded the plain with her mellow light.
We watched the cattle till dawn of day
And he told me the story of Mongrel Grey.

He was a knock-about station hack,
Spurred and walloped, and banged and beat;
Ridden all day with a sore on his back,
Left all night with nothing to eat.
That was a matter of everyday
Normal occurrence with Mongrel Grey.

We might have sold him, but someone heard
He was bred out back on a flooded run,
Where he learnt to swim like a waterbird;
Midnight or midday were all as one —
In the flooded ground he would find his way;
Nothing could puzzle old Mongrel Grey.

'Tis a trick, no doubt, that some horses learn;
When the floods are out they will splash along
In girth-deep water, and twist and turn
From hidden channel and billabong,
Never mistaking the road to go;
for a man may guess — but the horses know.

I was camping out with my youngest son —
Bit of a nipper, just learnt to speak —
In an empty hut on the lower run,
Shooting and fishing in Conroy's Creek.
The youngster toddled about all day
And there with our horses was Mongrel Grey.

All of a sudden a flood came down,
At first a freshet of mountain rain,
Roaring and eddying, rank and brown,
Over the flats and across the plain.
Rising and rising — at fall of night
Nothing but water appeared in sight!

'Tis a nasty place when the floods are out,
Even in daylight; for all around
Channels and billabongs twist about,
Stretching for miles in the flooded ground.
And to move seemed a hopeless thing to try
In the dark with the storm-water racing by.

I had to risk it. I heard a roar
As the wind swept down and the driving rain;
And the water rose till it reached the floor
Of our highest room; and 'twas very plain —
The way the torrent was sweeping down —
We must make for the highlands at once, or drown.



I bound the child on the horse's back,
And we started off, with a prayer to heaven,
Through the rain and the wind and the pitchy black
For I knew that the instinct God has given
To prompt His creatures by night and day
Would guide the footsteps of Mongrel Grey.

He struck deep water at once and swam —
I swam beside him and held his mane —
Till we touched the bank of the broken dam
In shallow water; then off again,
Swimming in darkness across the flood,
Rank with the smell of the drifting mud.

He turned and twisted across and back,
Choosing the places to wade or swim,
Picking the safest and shortest track —
The blackest darkness was clear to him.
Did he strike the crossing by sight or smell?
The Lord that held him alone could tell!

He dodged the timber whene'er he could,
But timber brought us to grief at last;
I was partly stunned by a log of wood
That struck my head as it drifted past;
Then lost my grip of the brave old grey,
And in half a second he swept away.

I reached a tree, where I had to stay,
And did a perish for two days' hard;
And lived on water — but Mongrel Grey,
He walked right into the homestead yard
At dawn next morning, and grazed around,
With the child strapped on to him safe and sound.

We keep him now for the wife to ride,
Nothing too good for him now, of course;
Never a whip on his fat old hide,
For she owes the child to that brave grey horse.
And not Old Tyson himself could pay
The purchase money of Mongrel Grey.

AB Banjo Patterson

The Day the Guns Grew Still

With shards of shrapnel shrieking from the sky,
this futile, senseless war persists – but why ?
How often will this ground be won or lost,
then won again, no matter what the cost?
Men live in fear on this grim, deathly hill.
They fear huge guns that keep on roaring still.

This was “ The War to End all Wars,” they said,
but now we see more than a million dead.
The shattered few remaining sit and stare.
The horrors they have seen too much to bear,
but they must carry on, they always will
and those dark guns will keep on pounding still.

But then, in disbelief, the war might end.
An armistice – what does the word portend?
Is it too soon to hear the anthems sung,
to see the victor’s flags and pennants hung?
For even while the celebrations thrill,
the distant guns stay rumbling, faintly, still.

And then – although the bells of peacetime toll –
the monster guns resume their roaring role.
The world explodes in thunder, blood and flame.
The howling hounds of hell rejoin the game,
as like a final, roaring codicil
the thundering of guns grows louder still.

Can this be peace? These are the sounds of war.
The shrieking roar a concert metaphor.
Does crashed crescendo by the guns decree
grim climax to this thundered symphony?
Like pounding drums whose sounds surround until
great cymbals clash! Then hush! The guns grow still.

Then – from the shattered air – hushed calm descends.
Men whisper, soft, in fearful talk with friends.
In disbelief and shock – a vacant stare.
What next? They do not know, nor do they care.
Mind numbing calm pervades the trenches’ chill.
A nervous silence reigns. The guns lie still.

We see no joyful celebration here.
Those who survive still live in constant fear,
for them, the present does not yet exist –
the future – just a meaningless grey mist.
They sit there stunned, still fearing death’s dark drill.
Still numb, they wonder that the guns are still.



Congratulations Peter O'Shaughnessy

'The Day the Guns Stood Still'

winning entry in the 2022 CJ Dennis award 2022

The strain of mindless months of mortal stress –
would they survive? They dared not try to guess.
For now, the awful silence brings more pain
with thoughts of mates they'll never see again.
They see their rough wood crosses on the hill
and can't believe the monstrous guns are still.

So, where we stand today was once their hell.
Now poppies grow where Aussie heroes fell.
We shed a tear at haunting bugle tones
and seek their hallowed names on marble stones.
For here the ghosts of all our heroes will,
at last, find peace. May those dark guns stay still.

Peter O'Shaughnessy

*It is not generally known, but there are several reports that the fighting did not stop in all sectors at 11 o'clock, as required by the armistice. Both sides seemed determined to expend all their remaining ammunition in the final minutes and many men fell after 11 o'clock on that final day. Many men in the trenches could not believe the war had ended.

3 RANDY POETS LIVE AND UNBELIEVEABLE



Peter Capp, Ray Essery & Errol Gray

Northlands Shearing Shed

275 Kojonup Road

7pm Thursday 16th February

Tickets \$20 available from Bill Gordon 0428 651 098

Presented By



EPIC DAYS ON THE BLACKWOOD RIVER



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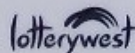


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BUSH POETRY PROGRAM

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

www.wabushpoets.asn.au

Thursday 16th TENNIS CLUB 8 – 10 am

Breakfast catered by Boyup Brook Tennis Club

COMEDY WORKSHOP Bowling Club 1 – 3pm

3 RANDY POETS Northlands Shearing Shed 7 – 9pm

Friday 17th BALLADEERS SHOW 8.30 – 1.00 pm

Harvey Dickson's Country Music Centre

Saturday 18th BOWLING CLUB 8 – 10 am

Breakfast catered by Boyup Brook Bowling Club

Sunday 19th MUSIC PARK 7 – 10 am

3 Hour Bush Poet's Breakfast

Featuring Ray Essery, Errol Gray and Peter Capp

The Stolen Mountain

Somebody stole our mountain,
The valley people cried;
Widgetty Creek has vanished,
Bindo Creek has dried.

The sparrowhawk searching the heavens
For its nest in the ironbark
Screams in a burning nowhere
From empty dawn to dark.

Up on those grey-green ridges,
Horrid and leggy like goats
Our wild merinos foraged,
Wallabies scratched their coats:
But somebody stole the mountain,
The gums and the shale are gone,
And gone is the stony shoulder
The white clouds rested on.

Where shall we run our cattle,
Now in the winter dearth,
When the sky is lost in storm clouds
And snow lies over the earth?
They'd find some quiet gully
Where bravely grew the grass –
But somebody stole our mountain,
And we know who it was.

We used to see him dodging
Down in the scrub by the creek,
And the frogs fell suddenly silent
And the water hens would shriek.
The rod, the net and the flies –
Oh, we knew all his tricks:
What would he do there fishing
And the river black as the Styx?

No rise tonight he'd tell us,
Never a trout he landed:
We knew what flapped in his creel
When he came home empty handed.
That man who hooked a mountain
And the bend of the creek as well
And the bullfrogs groaning like trombones
And the frogs that shrilled like a bell –

We've had repost on him
Front the great thieving town,
When he went back with his loot
We sent our watchers down.
He had some fancy notion
The mind of man was so wide
There was nothing in earth or heaven
He could not steal and hid.

Fifty Miles from Minderoo
This poem / Song?
Was written thinking of those hardy girls who are sometimes found working on the lonely outback stations – Perhaps trying to forget a lost love?
Not me though, I was just an observer. – note syllable counts do vary!

Fifty Miles from Minderoo

As the bright lights lose their sparkle and of city life you tire,
can you hear the outback calling, Billy, do you miss your old campfire?
Do you dream of shady trees and freedom and the life that you once knew,
down that lonely track of memories, just fifty miles from Minderoo.

Do you think of me my darling as the girl that you once knew,
in a near forgotten romance with a station Jillaroo.
Oh, I knew you were a loner, with a thousand things to do
and the steady life unlikely, for a restless bloke like you.

But there was a spark between us, and I know you felt it too,
when that something special touched us here, that night near Minderoo.
Yet you seemed to change there-after though you still would smile at me,
but you seemed a little wary now as everyone could see.

When you left to see the city, you had promised you'd be back,
yet I sensed this was goodbye love as you headed down the track.
Could you feel the trap was closing, Billy, with your freedom now at stake,
still I wish you well my darling, even though my heart may ache.

Oh the years have crept by slowly and there seems no end in sight,
as I dream about the past my love, and of an outback summers night.
If you change your mind my darling, I'll be waiting here for you,
where the Mulga trees are swaying, fifty miles from Minderoo.

Perhaps I should write a chorus and make a real song out of it?
© T. E. Piggott



Acres of rearing stone
In the sky of his mind would push;
He would lie back at night
In the deep hush of the bush
And watch for his own delight
The flying squirrels glide
Silver from tree to tree
Down the dark mountainside.

A terrible thing to do,
The valley people said,
To steal away with our mountain
And stow it inside his head,
Leaving us only its ghost
Like a cloud's shadow on a plain:
He had better not be seen
Around these parts again.

Douglas Stewart

Poets Muster Write-up Friday 6th January 2023 prepared by Meg Gordon

President **Bill Gordon** welcomed poets and visitors and presented **"The Geebung Polo Club"** (Banjo Paterson) and then introduced **MC** for the evening **Lorraine Broun** who commenced proceedings at 7pm.

Daniel Avery: Before Daniel presented his latest poem he gave us a bit of history of his experience with horses during his earlier years, both sad and happy as it is with all animals. His poem, **"Three Turns and A Gallop"**, is about a barrel race with a very special Palomino horse.

Christine Boulton: **"Skew Wiff Kelly"** by Grahame **Watt**. Skew Wiff's unable to build anything that straight. He is buried with a gravestone set at 45 degrees

"Mickety Mulga Jim" by T. Ranken. Jim can spin a yarn. He races across a plain to boil his billy...but forgets his tea.

Heather Denholm: **"The Flying Dogma"** by Keith Lethbridge. The flying parson of the NW WA took a nervous passenger. The flight became interesting when the passenger had to take over flying the plane. He managed on a wing and a prayer while the pilot slept. Landing was going to be a problem until the pilot woke and took control again.

Deb McQuire: **"A Plea to The Universe"** *A reverent prayer be put to air*

Let's put it out to universe. Please lift the gloom and break sad curse.

"Moving on from 2022" a review of the old year and ideas on how to approach the new year.

John Hayes: **"From The Lanterns"** by Richard Maggoffin. Richard lived in Kynuna (QLD). He had much to do with the history of **"Waltzing Matilda"**. Each evening he would hold a show that he called the **"real"** Waltzing Matilda. Richard published a book of poetry in the 1970's called **"We Bushies"** in which was **From The Lanterns**, in memory of his father.

Cobber Lethbridge: **"The Six Mile War"**. When the mustering season ends, the gang heads for the Six-Mile Pub, just out from Wyndham. Of course at this time of year the Pub is also choc-a-block with workers from the Meat-Works. When a brawl breaks out, Mother McQ is right in the thick of things ... naturally!

Meg Gordon: **"Grandpa's Hat"** by Peg Vickers. Grandma decided that Grandpa needed a new hat. She devised a plan only to see her efforts wasted.

Anne Hayes: **"Jim's Whip"** by Barcroft Boake. Tells the story of how the family could hear the whip cracks and know that the drover was mustering. One day they couldn't hear the whip and that day he never came home.

Roger Cracknell: **"A Song of Old Joe Swallow"** by Henry Lawson written about 1897-98. Typical story of bullock drovers and droving camps.

Lorraine Broun: **"The Northwest Hustle"** tells of a shopping trip that went wrong when a mother misplaced her son. He had been helping himself to the chocolates on display.

After **Supper** President Bill reminded members and friends about **Australia Day at Wireless Hill**. Musical entertainment this year will be from **Phil and Josh Gray**. Also **Crystal Swan** dates are advertised on the website and tickets are available from fringeworld.com. A presentation was made to Daniel Avery of a trophy for winning the Novice event at Toodyay in November 2022.

Heather Denholm: A Reading From The Classics - featured Douglas Stewart who was born in NZ and moved with his parents to Australia in 1938 .

His poems featured nature and mostly the Blue Mountains. Where he loved to sit and write.

He was employed by Angus and Robertson to critique books about Australia.

But it was as editor of the *Bulletin's* 'Red Page' that Stewart's literary influence was most powerfully felt. Over a period of twenty years he published and encouraged some of the most important poets of his generation, particularly those who shared his fascination with the natural world and his commitment to vitality, form, vision and the reach for the universal.

The **Stolen Mountain** by Douglas Stewart I found it in a book called **Poets Way** originally published in 1936 and reprinted in 1950 with an Australian section added to it . It was in this additional Australian section , which is only about 12 poems.

When Heather was young she would go to Tasmania with her grandparents who lived close to Mount Wellington and had a good view of the mountain.

One day the mountain was not visible, Granddad told her that God had picked it up to sweep under to keep it nice and tidy and clean, she believed him.

Of course she later found out that it was just a heavy fog that made the mountain disappear.

When she read this poem by Douglas Stewart she immediately knew what had made his mountain disappear.

WA Bush Poets Muster Friday 6th January 2023 cont...

The Challenge: Getting Old

- * Deb McQuire: My Sprinting Days Are Done
- * Christine Boulton: Getting Old
- * Colin Tyler: Getting Old
- * Meg Gordon: Thoroughly Modern Granny (John Betjeman)
- * Daniel Avery: Australia, This Land Down Under (Pam Ashdown)
- * Lorraine Broun: It's Great When You're Old

Meg Gordon: "The Useless Kelpie Sheep Dog" by Peg Vickers tells the story of a dog bought with one job in mind but he turned out to be more valuable than his purchase price.

Cobber Lethbridge: Tunes on the harmonica – Rosin The Bow and Jug of Punch. Then "McCarthy's Cabin". When Jack McCarthy retired from wool-pressing with Sandy Woods' shearing team, rumour has it that he moved to a small bush cabin, just outside of Donnybrook. The remainder of this story is fiction, but knowing McCarthy, it might just be true.

Christine Boulton: "The Op Shop Romance" Romance blossomed Between Michael and Deidre, they found more than bargains at the Op Shop.

Roger Cracknell: "Gates" Anon. It is estimated that one can travel through 50,000 gates before the final one to Paradise.

John Hayes: "Nat's Home Brew" Nat lived in a small country town, Kulja, which was on the Dowerin – Bonne Rock line. In 1955 it consisted of a store, post office and the local hall. The only resident was Nat and his family. He was a very good shearer and also did seasonal work for farmers. Unfortunately he was extremely fond of the amber liquid but the nearest pubs were more than 50 miles away, so he decided to make his own brew as the CBH barley and wheat bins were just across the rail from his house.

Lorraine Broun: "Mother's Friday Excursions" Three year old boys just cannot hang on and nor can they resist dressing up in the shop window display.

Bill Gordon: Finished the evening with "Snakes Alive" by Bob Magor. No one wants to cross the park of a brown snake; it may get picked up by the wheels of your bike! He then thanked Lorraine and reminded everyone about Boyup Brook Country Music Festival and the Thursday night "Randy Poets" show at Northlands, featuring Ray Essery, Peter Capp and Errol Gray.

Evening ended at 9.30pm.

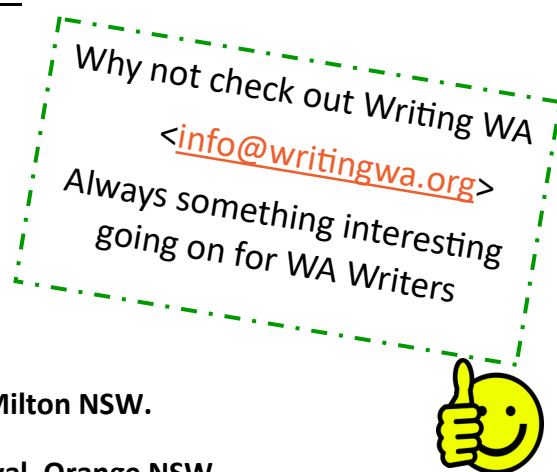
Reminder: Could everyone who performs at Musters please have a synopsis available on the night or send one via email to shorland@iinet.net.au for the Muster write up.
Thanks in advance Bev

Next Muster: 3rd March 2023
MC: Lorelie Tacoma 9365 2277 tlorelie@ymail.com
Reader from the Classics - Lorraine Broun
Writing Challenge 16 line poem: Falling asleep

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



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.

APRIL 2023

13-16 April — Man from Snowy River Bush Poetry & Music Competition, Corryong, Victoria.
See 10 February Closing Date.

30 March-2 April — Oracles of the Bush **written** and performance competitions, Tenterfield NSW.
See 17 March Closing Date.



Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2023

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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.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.