

# The Bully Tin

May 2006



& Yarn Spinners

Monthly Muster at the Como Bowling & Recreation Club cnr Hensman & Sandgate Sts, South Perth  
Next meeting Friday 5th May, 2006 at 7.00pm for 7.30pm start.

[www.wabushpoets.com](http://www.wabushpoets.com)

## Happy Mother's Day!

### Mothers

They come in all shapes and sizes,  
Each different from the other,  
But they have one thing in common,  
That of being a mother.

I have heard that it was said  
"God couldn't be everywhere  
And so he sent us mothers  
To give His special Care."  
So when she goes that extra mile,  
As mothers always do,  
It's because she's an earthly being  
With a heavenly mission too.

A mothers task is an awesome one  
For, right from the cradle days,  
She must mould the minds of children  
Which govern their adult ways.  
The future of this world of ours  
Will then be in their hands,  
So she must train them faithfully  
To honour God's commands.

And there are times you feel you've failed,  
As this you've tried to do,  
But, though sometimes you face defeat,  
Let's count our victories too.

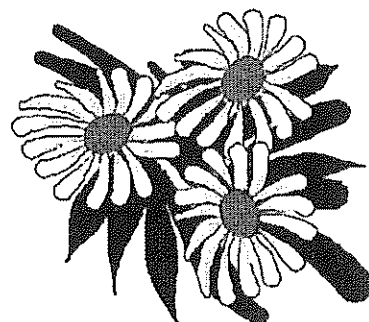
And what of the joys of motherhood?  
They're rich beyond compare.  
Apart from the dirty nappies,  
There's a wealth of happiness there.  
You might be tired and weary  
At the end of a busy day  
But, when tiny arms enfold you,  
Tiredness just melts away.

You witness their reactions  
As they tackle life's highs and lows  
And, in there, are some special times  
When the love in your heart overflows  
And you just have to thank your Maker  
For the privilege it is  
To love and be loved by these precious ones  
Who, really and truly are His.

When it comes to Mother's Day  
And they bring their "Thank you's" to you,  
Deep in your heart you wonder  
Just who should be thanking who.

And so I hope in some small way,  
I can be part of God's plan  
To act as His ambassador  
The way a mother can.  
And teach to them the golden rule  
"We must love one another"  
And, though not perfect, do my best  
At just being a mother.

**Elizabeth Stevens**



# Droppings from "The Bass Cocky"



G'Day to all our Bush Poet friends.

Our perennial President Rusty and his lovely wife Judy, are currently on a tour of New Zealand. This is to be a holiday vacation and I don't anticipate Rusty will look into starting a Bush Poets' Club in our ANZAC neighbours territory. On reflection, some of our Aussie poems may take on a different sound with that country's inflection. I'm sure Rusty will return with a collection of colourful stories of his travels and the folk he has met.

The April visit of Chris Holyday to speak on his book of Australian poems was well received and quite a few members took advantage of his reduced price for us. It is planned to invite Chris along at a future date - we'll keep you posted.

This month we have a "Book Launch" of great interest to us, for our own octogenarian Arthur Leggett, has put pen to paper and with encouragement of publishers has completed a book for our enjoyment. Those who know Arthur and his achievements can anticipate a colourful and entertaining read.

In my years of associating with Bush Poets and Musters, I have been impressed with the friendliness of the gatherings, and why not! If we are being entertained by our fellow mates at a very small cost. My thanks to Russ Tyson for this appropriate verse entitled "Count Your Gardens".

Count your gardens by the flowers,  
Never by the leaves that fall;  
Count your days by golden hours  
Don't remember clouds at all.  
Count your nights by stars, not shadows,  
Count your life with smiles, not tears;  
And with joy, through all your lifetime,  
Count your age by friends, not years.

The Bush Cocky's Offsider - Tom C.

## Urgently required! Newsletter Editor

Work and family commitments are forcing me to resign from this position.

A new Editor is urgently required before June.

This is a challenging and rewarding position and, after two years of producing the Bully Tin, a new hand at the helm would be a refreshing change for members. It is also a chance to support the WABP&YS Assoc.

Please contact myself or a committee member with expressions of interest.

Book Launch!

May Muster!

**Don't Cry For Me**

By

**Arthur Leggett**

1918-

Arthur began writing his autobiography for his children. He was then encouraged by publishers to have it produced in print.

**Congratulations, Arthur!**

# A Word From The Editor



This month we pay tribute to Mothers, past and present. It is a happy, sad time. Happy as we celebrate our love for the Mums around us and a sad time as remember those Mums no longer with us.

My Mum passed away several years ago now and, at this time, memories of her come flooding back. I was blessed with a wonderful Mother (and Father) so the memories are good ones.

Mum was a treasure and I loved her dearly. It was hard at times having full width of the continent between us, especially when she was ill or lonely. Phone calls and letters just aren't the same. The following was written for her birthday in 2001.

## *For My Mum*

*There's a part of my heart which is given away,  
Yet it beats deep inside me every day.  
That part of my heart was given to you-  
God chose it that way when I was brand new.  
You were my guide, my comfort and friend.  
Through life's early years I could always depend  
On a cuddle, a kiss, just having you near-  
A treasure of memories which I hold dear.  
I wish I could make all your dreams come true,  
Shower rainbows and stardust all over you.  
But I have no magic so to our Lord I pray  
To comfort and bless you day after day.  
The good wishes I send to the Mum I hold dear  
Aren't just for today but for all through the year.  
Though time and distance may hold us apart  
You're always here with me, deep in my heart.*

My friend, Betty, wrote the poem on the cover. In some ways I've felt her a surrogate Mum as well as a friend and fellow poet. She has written many beautiful poems which she recites with great confidence. I find her as inspirational as our Arthur.

Of course we all have regrets for things said or left unsaid and for what we should or should not have done. And that is a very sad thing.

This is beautifully expressed in the poem in the next column by Don Lloyd, a poet from Pillar Valley, NSW.

If any readers are interested in purchasing one of Elizabeth's or Donny's books please contact me at Diggers Camp (9397 0409) or see me at the Muster.

Kerry

Hi Kerry,

In regards to whether to use Hi, Good aye, or G'd ay as greetings.

"Hi" to me sounds pleasant and cheerful. I like it as a greeting. According to the Collins English Dictionary Stuart is right it states Hi is "*sentence substitute chiefly U.S.* An informal word for hello: sometimes used to attract attention." (Probably shortened from the phrase *how are you*)

In the Australian Heinemann Dictionary Hi is stated to mean (an exclamation used as a greeting) Where as "Good Aye" or G'd aye is probably a shortened version of Good day. I couldn't find it in a dictionary.

Anyway Stuart is being a bit pedantic isn't he, after all our whole language is from the influence of various languages. English was influenced in early history by the invasion of the Romans, the Angles, the Saxons, the Normans and the Danes.

Then the British came here and so did the Irish and Scots and then many other nations after that. Australia developed a language with many accents, and new words were formed and developed. Whether we approve or not the Australians way of using slang and informalising words is unique to us. So why not "Hi" from the U.S.

I know I am leaving myself wide open to the critics in this response to your greetings!!! But I am four generations Australian on my father's side and five on my mother's so I can say I am AUSTRALIAN.

See ya later,

Grace Williamson (note the spelling of my surname, not Williams as in the Bully Tin)

Hi Grace (Ooops, there I go again!)

Thanks for the letter. As we've come to expect from you, it was well thought out and presented.

I hate it when Americanisms are adopted over traditional Aussie language. I hadn't noticed this one creep in but I fear it is well and truly fixed in my mind. I do try very hard, though, to never say "Hi Jean". (Hygiene)  
I do apologise for entering your name incorrectly on the database.

Kerry

## BRINGING FLOWERS

*Well Mum, I'm finally here at last to have our little talk,  
I even brought you some flowers as I came for this walk.  
Yes, I know it's been a long time and I have things to say,  
I should have said them long ago, I'll try again today.*

*I'm sorry for the abuse, I remember it with dread,  
The words I used to hurt you, they still echo in my head.  
You gave up your all for me getting nothing in return,  
While I went on my willful way, life's lessons still to learn.*

*You always said it's the little things that will bring you joy,  
Back then you were all my world and I was your little boy.  
Your patience showed you loved me as you gave me your hours,  
And all you ever wanted was that I bring you flowers.*

*But no flowers were ever given, just a cutting tongue,  
And from the one you loved so much, my God, that must have stung.  
Well, the past is gone, I can only change the way I live,  
I need to know, do you love me yet and can you still forgive.*

*It's taken time to face my shame and come to visit you,  
Although you've got a pretty spot, I guess you're lonely too.  
Mum, I must be on my way, it seems I've been here for hours,  
Before I go, look on the grave, see Mum, I've left your flowers.*

Don Lloyd

## April Monthly Muster



This was another well attended Muster aided, no doubt, by the visit of Chris Holyday who gave us a talk on his book "Into The West".

Tom Conway MC'd the calling **Brian Langley** up as our first performer for the night. He informed us that John Hayes was absent as he was playing the part of King Talkalot in "The Pirouette Princess", a fairy operetta, at the Wok Theatre. This was to raise money for disadvantaged kids. I hope the show was highly successful in this endeavour. Then Brian READ a poem he wrote in 2002 -*Getting It Off Your Chest*, the story of his heart operation. Fortunately I couldn't empathise with this poem, but I know others who did!

**Grace Williamson** then presented Henry Lawson's poem *Says You*, before **Bob Chambers** relayed some of the history of the Raffles which he found at the Melville City Library. This was of special interest to the members who used to meet there. It originally was called "The Canning Hotel". He then shared some funny stories with us.

With Cobber attending the Muster I felt inspired the recite his poem of a mother's cunning, the infamous Mother McQ, in *The Cast Iron Ladle*.

Then **Keith Lethbridge** alias **Cobber** took centre stage. He unashamedly admitted he finds the city traffic scary after driving in Halls Creek where he mostly drives a wheelbarrow! His poem was also about Mother McQ, when she became involved in a beauty contest on show day. It is always a treat to have Keith back with us.

**Rusty** performed an excellent rendition of *Second Class Wait Here* by Henry Lawson.

It was over to **Chris Holyday** to deliver on over view of his book *Into The West*. This was an extremely interesting presentation with audio and visuals used. I bought a copy and have found it fascinating reading. Apart from detailing Henry Lawson's time in the

West he has also included a variety of other poets who spent time here. To me it was \$20.00 well spent.

The second part of the evening commenced with **Sylvia Rowell** as our "reading poet" for the night. She presented a beautiful poem *While We Remember So*, appropriate with Anzac Day approaching. **Barry Higgins** alarmed us all by announcing he was performing an 11.5 minute long poem. Fortunately he was joking as his selection turned out to be a very short poem called *Encore*. Not kind, Barry. With a focus on Lawson and with Mother's Day fast approaching I felt moved to share one of my favourite Lawson poems, *Black Bonnets*.

Then **Brian** took the mike again. I'm having trouble deciphering my notes here. Was the poem called *Do It Yourself?* Or was that a remark you made to Dot, along with "That's what wives are for"? And did Dot comment "That's why he gets his tea thrown at him"? And then I have something about Dot's sore knee and a bouncy bed????

Perhaps I had best move on to the next performer who was **Rosemary Sharman**. She usually has funny poem for us but this was a touching one, *To Auntie*.

**Rod** then gave us a Will Ogilvie poem, *Solitude*. As Rod said, probably this poem is better appreciated by being read rather than listened to. Ogilvie creates a beautiful cameo in the life of a horse.

We were then further entertained by **Cobber**, not just by verse but also with his mouth organ. He performed a poem which I felt was brilliant, *He Carved His Name In A Boab Tree*.

**Chris Holyday** recited *Multinovas*, a topic most of us would have had some dealing with.

Then **Peg Vickers** delivered *The Ghost of Henry Lawson*.

It was over to **Rusty** to wind up the evening with another Lawson poem, *Sweeny*".

All who attended should have gone home well satisfied with the variety and quality of the night.

**Kerry.**

*Do all the good you can  
By all the means you can  
In all the ways you can  
In all the places you can  
At all the times you can  
To all the people you can  
As long as ever you can.*

# Life Mirrors Poetry

It is said that "poetry mirrors life" but the following is a rare example of "life mirroring poetry". The article below appeared in the West Australian in March this year.

It is closely akin to the sentiments highlighted in Bobby Miller's poem "The Burglar" which was written several years ago. Bobby was part of "The Naked Poets" and a prolific writer of humorous verse. He was generally referred to as "The Larrikin" and was probably the most popular of Australian Bush Poets at festivals and fairs. Small in stature, he was big in personality and talent and was loved by all those who knew him.

Sadly Bobby passed away a few years ago from cancer. Australia lost a unique character and poet. Fortunately he produced a book of his poems which can be purchased from:

Saddlesaw Productions PO Box 999 Warwick Q 4370

His wife, Sandy, has very kindly given us permission to print his poem.

## Burglar with a heart spares WWII Digger

LUKE MORFESSE

Somewhere prowling the streets of Perth looking for another house to rob is a burglar with a conscience and a soft spot for war veterans.

After kicking in the back door of an 84-year-old Belmont man's house, the would-be thief realised he was in the home of a World War II veteran.

The mystery bandit was overcome by pangs of both hunger and guilt. So after whipping some chicken out of the fridge and zapping it in the microwave, the contrite crook penned a letter of apology to the elderly Digger.

Addressing the letter, "To the Veteran I was going to burgle" — he told the Digger that he had left his "premises intact" and "left every-thing of value alone".

"I have a deep respect for those who serve their country," he wrote.

"Please except (sic) my apologise

(sic). I helped myself to the chicken though."

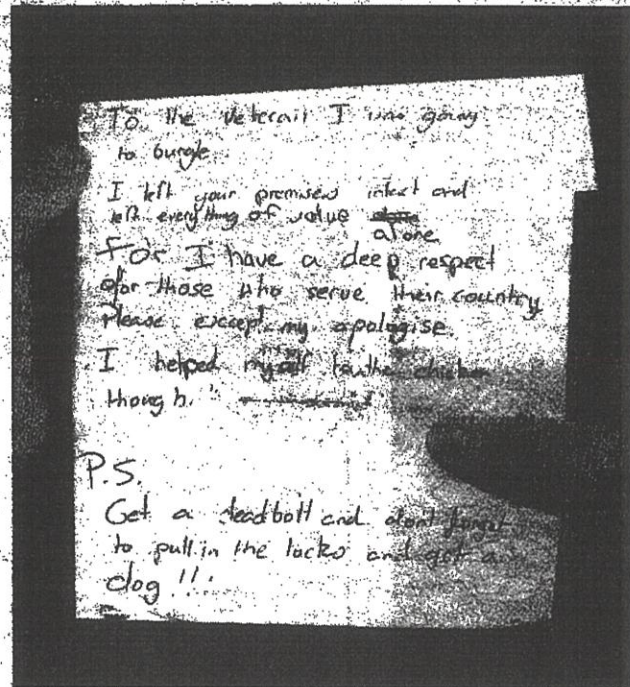
After his hasty repast the reluctant robber left a postscript that included a few home security tips: "Get a deadbolt and don't forget to pull in the locks and get a dog!!!"

While the pointers on crime prevention went down a treat with everyone at the Cannington scenes of crime office, officer-in-charge Sgt George Diamond said the SOCOs were still marvelling at the gall of the hungry housebreaker.

"He obviously thought the chicken wasn't good enough, cold, must be a fussy eater," he said.

"And he even had time for an orange juice to wash it down."

With crooks like that it's not surprising that official police figures show the burglary rate in Belmont and surrounding suburbs has dropped significantly in the past 12 months.



Dear victim: The letter the hungry housebreaker left with tips on how to improve security.

# THE BURGLAR

By  
Bobby  
Miller

I came home late the on Friday night.  
I'd been all day in town.  
When I seen me front door half ajar  
and I soon begin to frown.

I knew that something was amiss  
And, sneaking through the door  
Me gear was scattered everywhere  
and strewn about the floor.

I cursed that low down thieving swine  
and prayed that he'd be smitten  
When I see this half page note  
that the burglar had written.

As I read in breathless silence  
the words he'd scribbled down  
My mood changed in an instant  
and I lost that snarling frown.

It read "I'm sorry mate that I made this mess  
but I hope you'll understand  
That a man gets pretty desperate  
when they toss you off your land .

I've never been to burgling school.  
It's me first and only job.  
I should have called in at the bank  
just to find out how to rob.

I was gonna' take your telly mate  
but it didn't look the best  
So then I grabbed your stereo.  
It wouldn't stand the test.

The cassette door is hanging off.  
There's no where for CDs.  
I couldn't sell that old thing  
to a flat broke Siamese.

So I looked round for jewellery.  
I looked underneath your bed.  
I thought your place was loaded  
But I think I've made a blue instead.

Then I went into your bathroom.  
Are you taking all them pills?  
And did you know that kitchen drawer of yours  
Is full of unpaid bills?

Your rates, they've long been overdue  
And please mate, do not scoff.  
If you don't pay your power bill  
They'll cut the bastard off!

Then I looked inside your pantry.  
And I know this may sound rude  
'Cause your fridge is almost empty  
And you've hardly any food!

I thought burgling would be easy.  
Get myself back on my feet.  
But I'm dealing with a poor bloke here  
And I really can't compete.

There's nothing here of value,  
As you can plainly see,  
So I'm leaving you this fifty bucks  
Because you sure need it more than me!

# BUSHRANGERS

Australian history is rich with stories of bushrangers. Apart from Ned Kelly little exposure is given to these colourful characters. Australia's first *bushranger* was Black Caesar, a convict on the First Fleet. (Shot 1796)

The term 'Bushranger' was common as early as 1805. Their numbers increased dramatically in the 1820s—a time of severe depression. In 1830 the *Bushranger Act* was passed giving police and soldiers almost unlimited powers of search and arrest. Few were dangerous but it is puzzling how so many became folk legends for they preyed on the weak and helpless. And the police troopers and squatters who fought them are now forgotten.

Frank McCallum (Captain Melville) was a violent man who committed suicide in his cell in 1857.

Frank Gardiner (1830-1903) organised the Eugowra Rocks Stage Coach Robbery in 1864. After serving 10 years in gaol he reformed. The exploits of his gang members "Flash Jack" Gilbert and Ben Hall live on in ballads.

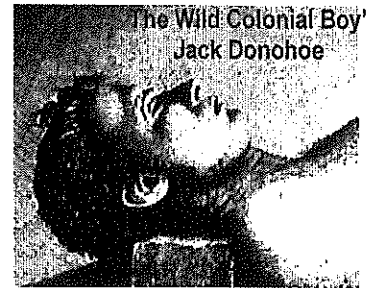
Among the most feared bushrangers were two psychopaths, the Clark brothers, who were hanged in 1867, and 'Mad Dan Morgan' whose reign of terror included several murders in the Riverina and Monaro districts. He was shot down and killed by a station hand when he raided the Macpherson property near Wangaratta, holding the family hostage. One infant, Christina Macpherson, later wrote the tune to 'Waltzing Matilda'.

*The Wild Colonial Boy* is the story of John Donohoe (1806-30), a fair-haired, blue-eyed Dubliner standing only 5'4" tall. A cheeky Irish rebel he made a fool of Governor Darling thus becoming a hero of the oppressed. He arrived in Sydney as a convict in 1825, escaping soon after with Kilroy and Smith. They were captured and sentenced to hang in 1828 but Donohoe escaped. He then formed a gang of Irish and English fugitives stealing horses and bailing up the unwary from Bathurst to Illawarra. He constantly eluded Darling's troopers, even riding into Sydney to enjoy a ginger beer. He was shot by troopers in 1830. Within weeks ceramic effigies of him were being sold in Sydney. To his admirers he was "The Wild Colonial Boy" who took on the 'System' and made a mockery of it. The ballad of his life and death became Australia's first national song.

Not surprisingly many of our bushrangers have been immortalised in verse.



'Mad' Dan Morgan



'The Wild Colonial Boy'  
Jack Donohoe

They stood by the door of the Inn on the Rise;  
May Carney looked up in the bushranger's eyes:  
'Oh! why did you come?—it was mad of you, Jack;  
You know that the troopers are out on your track.'  
A laugh and a shake of his obstinate head—  
'I wanted a dance, and I'll chance it,' he said.

Some twenty-odd bushmen had come to the ball,  
But Jack from his youth had been known to them all,  
And bushmen are soft where a woman is fair,  
So the love of May Carney protected him there.  
Through all the short evening—it seems like romance—  
She danced with a bushranger taking his chance.

'Twas midnight—the dancers stood suddenly still,  
For hoof-beats were heard on the side of the hill!  
Ben Duggan, the drover, along the hillside  
Came riding as only a bushman can ride.  
He sprang from his horse, to the dancers he sped—  
'The troopers are down in the gully!' he said.

Quite close to the shanty the troopers were seen.  
'Clear out and ride hard for the ranges, Jack Dean!  
Be quick!' said May Carney—her hand on her heart—  
'We'll bluff them awhile, and 'twill give you a start.'  
He lingered a moment—to kiss her, of course—  
Then ran to the trees where he'd hobbled his horse.

## Taking His Chance

by Henry Lawson

She ran to the gate, and the troopers were there—  
The jingle of hobbles came faint on the air—  
Then loudly she screamed: it was only to drown  
The treacherous clatter of sliprails let down.  
But troopers are sharp, and she saw at a glance  
That someone was taking a desperate chance.

They chased, and they shouted, 'Surrender, Jack Dean!  
They called him three times in the name of the Queen.  
Then came from the darkness the clicking of locks;  
The crack of a rifle was heard in the rocks!  
A shriek, and a shout, and a rush of pale men—  
And there lay the bushranger, chancing it then.

The sergeant dismounted and knelt on the sod—  
'Your bushranging's over—make peace, Jack, with God!'  
The dying man laughed—not a word he replied,  
But turned to the girl who knelt down by his side.  
He gazed in her eyes as she lifted his head:  
'Just kiss me—my girl—and—I'll—chance it,' he said.

### In The Stable

What! You don't like him; well, maybe — we all have our fancies, of course:  
Brumby to look at you reckon? Well, no: he's a thoroughbred horse;  
Sired by a son of old Panic — look at his ears and his head —  
Lop-eared and Roman-nosed, ain't he? — well, that's how the Panics are bred.  
Gluttonous, ugly and lazy, rough as a tip-cart to ride,  
Yet if you offered a sovereign apiece for the hairs on his hide  
That wouldn't buy him, nor twice that; while I've a pound to the good,  
This here old stager stays by me and lives like a thoroughbred should:  
Hunt him away from his bedding, and sit yourself down by the wall,  
Tell you hear how the old fellow saved me from Gilbert, O'Maley and Hall.

Gilbert and Hall and O'Maley, back in the bushranging days,  
Made themselves kings of the district — ruled it in old-fashioned ways —  
Robbing the coach and the escort, stealing our horses at night,  
Calling sometimes at the homesteads and giving the women a fright:

Came to the station one morning — and why they did this no one knows —  
Took a brood mare from the paddock — wanting some fun, I suppose —  
Fastened a bucket beneath her, hung by a strap round her flank,  
Then turned her loose in the timber back of the seven-mile tank.

Go! She went mad! She went tearing and screaming with fear through the  
trees,  
While the curst bucket beneath her was banging her flanks and her knees.  
Bucking and racing and screaming she ran to the back of the run,  
Killed herself there in a gully; by God, but they paid for their fun!  
Paid for it dear, for the black boys found tracks, and the bucket, and all,  
And I swore that I'd live to get even with Gilbert, O'Maley and Hall.

Day after day then I chased them — 'course they had friends on the sly,  
Friends who were willing to sell them to those who were willing to buy.  
Early one morning we found them in camp at the Cockatoo Farm  
One of us shot at O'Maley and wounded him under the arm:  
Ran them for miles in the ranges, till Hall, with his horse fairly beat,  
Took to the rocks and we lost him — the others made good their retreat.  
It was war to the knife then, I tell you, and once, on the door of my shed,  
They nailed up a notice that offered a hundred reward for my head!

Then we heard they were gone from the district, they stuck up a coach in the  
west,  
And I rode by myself in the paddocks, taking a bit of a rest,  
Riding this colt as a youngster — awkward, half-broken and shy,  
He wheeled round one day on a sudden; I looked, but I couldn't see why,  
But I soon found out why, for before me, the hillside rose up like a wall,  
And there on the top with their rifles were Gilbert, O'Maley and Hall!

'Twas a good three-mile run to the homestead — bad going, with plenty of  
trees —  
So I gathered the youngster together, and gripped at his ribs with my knees.  
'Twas a mighty poor chance to escape them! It puts a man's nerve to the test  
On a half-broken colt to be hunted by the best mounted men in the west.  
But the half-broken colt was a racehorse! He lay down to work with a will,  
Flashed through the scrub like a clean-skin — by Heavens we *flew* down the  
hill!  
Over a twenty-foot gully he swept with the spring of a deer  
And they fired as we jumped, but they missed me — a bullet sang close to  
my ear —  
And the jump gained us ground, for they shirked it: but I saw as we raced  
through the gap  
That the rails at the homestead were fastened — I was caught like a rat in  
a trap.

### Ben Hall (1837-65)



A Currency Boy (Australian born) he was the son  
of a former convict. His early life was blameless,  
marrying Bridget Walsh and living on a cattle  
property in the Weddin Mountains, NSW. They  
had one son.

Legends abound as to how he became a criminal. It is be-  
lieved he was wrongly arrested and, when released from gaol,  
found his farm deserted, his wife gone and his cattle strayed.  
He joined up with Gardiner and Gilbert's gang. When Gardiner  
fled to Queensland he led the gang in Australia's first bank  
hold-up, robbing the Commercial Bank in Carcoar (near  
Bathurst). Between 1863 and 1865 Ben Hall's gang carried  
out numerous hold-ups on the roads and raided towns and  
homesteads.

They raided Canowindra three times, each time staying in the  
local hotel. When they bailed up the Burrowa mail coach they  
were angry to find the cash bags held mostly cheques. After  
asking the passengers to cash the cheques they rode to the  
Burrowa Inn, ordered breakfast and drinks for their captives  
and then robbed them.

Along with Dunn and Gilbert, Hall became bolder and cheekier.  
On Boxing Day 1864 the trio attended a dance in Binda. Hall  
stood guard while Dunn and Gilbert dance with the best look-  
ing women.

In January they turned up at a race meeting near Forbes that  
was attended by Sir Frederick Pottinger, who went out of his  
way not to arrest them. Soon after, much to Hall's horror,  
Dunn shot a policeman.

Soon after the gang split up. In May 1865 Ben was sleeping  
when he was ambushed by a party of troopers. He was cut  
down with 27 bullets, one for each year of his life.

He is buried in Forbes cemetery near Ned Kelly's sister who  
drowned in 1898.

Several days later the police, tipped off by Dunn's grandfather,  
raided the house in Binalong where they slept. Gilbert was  
shot dead whilst escaping. Dunn managed to evade the police  
until 1866 when he was recaptured and hung.

No wonder these colourful villains captured the imaginations of  
poets and songwriters.

Fenced with barbed wire was the paddock — barbed wire that would cut like  
a knife —

How was a youngster to clear it that never had jumped in his life?

Bang went a rifle behind me — the colt gave a spring, he was hit;  
Straight at the sliprails I rode him — I felt him take hold of the bit;  
Never a foot to the right or the left did he swerve in his stride,  
Awkward and frightened, but honest, the sort it's a pleasure to ride!  
Straight at the rails, where they'd fastened barbed wire on the top of the post,  
Rose like a stag and went over, with hardly a scratch at the most;  
Into the homestead I darted, and snatched down my gun from the wall,  
And I tell you I made them step lively, Gilbert, O'Maley and Hall!

Yes! There's the mark of the bullet — he's got it inside of him yet  
Mixed up somehow with his victuals, but bless you he don't seem to fret!  
Gluttonous, ugly, and lazy — eats any thing he can bite;  
Now, let us shut up the stable, and bid the old fellow goodnight:  
Ah! We can't breed 'em, the sort that were bred when we old 'uns were young.  
Yes, I was saying, these bushrangers, none of 'em lived to be hung,  
Gilbert was shot by the troopers, Hall was betrayed by his friend,  
Campbell disposed of O'Maley, bringing the lot to an end.

But you can talk about riding — I've ridden a lot in the past —  
Wait till there's rifles behind you, you'll know what it means to go fast!  
I've steeplechased, raced, and "run horses", but I think the most dashing of  
all

Was the ride when the old fellow saved me from Gilbert, O'Maley and Hall!

**Banjo Paterson**

### Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2004-2005

Rusty Christensen	President	9364 4491
Tom Conway	Vice-President	9339 2802
Jean Ritchie	Secretary	9450 3111
Kerry Lee	Editor	9397 0409
June Bond	Treasurer /Schools Co-ord.	9354 5804
Edna Westall	Committee	9339 3028
Brian Langley	Committee	9361 3770

**Members please note** Please contact any of the above committee members if you have any queries or issues which you feel require attention.

### Events Calendar

- May 5 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- May 6/7 Moondyne Festival Toodyay Bush Dance Sat Night Poets Breakfast Kim Watts 9574 5009
- May 21 Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Diggers Camp featuring "Dublin Up" Irish Folk Duo  
plus open mike opportunities 9397 0409
- May 26 Closing date Bush Lantern Award for Bush Verse PO Box 4181 Bundaberg Sth 4670
- June 2 **WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- June 5 Pinjarra Festival Bush Poet's Breakfast. Open mike opportunity. Rod Lee 9397 0409
- June 16-18 Pincher Creek Gathering entries close 15th March 2006 Fax: 1-403-627-5440
- July 7 **WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- Aug 4 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- Aug 12 Brisbane. Ekka Bush Poetry Competition. Trish Anderson 07 3343 7392 trish.spencer@bigpond.com
- Aug 20 The Gympie Muster Bush Poets Marco Giori 07 4661 4024 giori@in.com
- Aug 24-29 Wildflower & Bush Poetry Writer & Performance Tour Murchison Keith Cannon 9387 7475
- Sept 1 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- Sept 10-12 Winton Q Waltzing Matilda Festival SSAE PO Box Winton Q 4735
- Oct 2 Euabalong NSW Written & Performance Comp Quilters Festival  
J Ingram 02 6896 6604 yenbo@westserv.net.au
- Oct 3 Hampton NSW Written & Performance Comp M Duff 02 6359 3395
- Oct 6 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- Nov 3 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- Dec 1 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**