

The

JUNE 2021

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



**Next Muster Friday 4th June 2021 at 7pm at Wilson Community Hall 40 Braibrise Rd,
Wilson, near Leach Hwy and Manning Road.**

MC Ray Jackson 0419 902 116

Our AGM will be held at the July muster on Friday 2nd.

AN EXILE'S FAREWELL

The ocean heaves around us still
With long and measured swell,
The autumn gales our canvas fill,
Our ship rides smooth and well.
The broad Atlantic's bed of foam
Still breaks against our prow;
I shed no tears at quitting home,
Nor will I shed them now!

Against the bulwarks on the poop
I lean and watch the sun
Behind the red horizon stoop-
His race is nearly run.
Those waves will never quench his light,
O'er which they seem to close,
Tomorrow he will rise as bright
As he this morning rose.

How brightly gleams the orb of day
Across the trackless sea!
How lightly dance the waves that play
Like dolphins in our lee!
The restless waters seem to say,
In smothered tones to me,
How many thousand miles away
My native land must be!

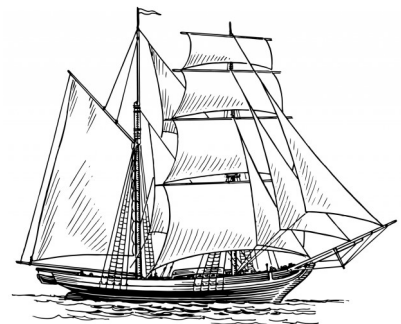
Speak, Ocean! Is my Home the same
Now all is new to me? –
The tropic sky's resplendent flame,
The vast expanse of sea?
Does all around her, yet unchanged,
The well-known aspect wear?
Oh! Can the leagues that I have ranged
Have made no difference there?

How vivid Recollection's hand
Recalls the scene once more!
I see the same tall poplars stand
Beside the garden door;
I see the bird cage hanging still;
And where my sister set
The flowers in the window sill –
Can they be living yet?

Let woman's nature cherish grief,
I rarely heave a sigh
Before emotion takes relief
In listless apathy;
While from my pipe the vapours curl
Towards the evening sky,
And 'neath my feet the billows whirl
In dull monotony!

The sky still wears the crimson streak
Of Sol's departing ray,
Some briny drops are on my cheek,
'Tis but the salt sea spray!
Then let our barque the ocean roam,
Our keel the billows plough;
I shed no tears at quitting home,
Nor will I shed them now!

Adam Lindsay Gordon



**This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of KATE DOUST MLC
and posted with the generous assistance of Hannah Beazley MLA - Member for Victoria Park.
Thanks to Greg Roberts for doing our printing.**

President's Preamble June 2021



By the time you receive this edition of the Bullytin Meg and I will be on our way towards Derby.

We are getting great support from the Shire and Sportsman's Club as well as residents of Derby to rekindle this long standing event but in a new format. Having a brunch might be more attractive to some who play it hard at the races the day before while the move to the Sportsman's Club makes the logistics easier for us to organise the event from a distance. Nothing ventured nothing gained but unless we try we won't know how the changes will be received by the audience.

A good contingent of poets attended Cobbers Corner for the shooting of the video clip for "Not Without You Old Mate". I have enjoyed hearing Cobber recite this poem. Terry Bennetts and Cobber have again combined their talents to produce a great song with a very catchy chorus. We have enjoyed many "bang tail" musters at Cobbers Corner but this one was very special.

After looking at possible alternatives, Boyup Brook is definitely on next February on the usual weekend (18th – 20th). Due to the uncertainty surrounding Covid lockdowns still being a possibility, current plans are to restrict it to WA artists. This worked extremely well at Nambung with some new performers cementing their place in what was an excellent program. Early days yet but the Bush Poetry program will most likely follow the same format as in recent years. I will contact the local clubs closer to the festival.

Covid has again impacted our possible return to Bentley Park. I have had many requests from residents at Swancare for us to resume musters there. With the recent lockdown, had we moved back we would have been forced to retreat to Wilson Community Hall. This situation does not appear likely to change until there is widespread vaccination. Thank you Deb for taking over the task of liaising with the City of Cannington to collect and return the key. I hope she has more success with the security system than I did for a start!

Our AGM will be held at the July muster on Friday 2nd. In my absence our vice president Peter Nettleton will chair the meeting. All committee positions will be declared vacant and I would welcome any members who would like to stand for any position.

Bill Gordon, President.

If you fancy that your people came of better stock than mine *by Henry Lawson*

If you fancy that your people came of better stock than mine,
If you hint of higher breeding by a word or by a sign,
If you're proud because of fortune or the clever things you do --
Then I'll play no second fiddle: I'm a prouder man than you!

If you think that your profession has the more gentility,
And that you are condescending to be seen along with me;
If you notice that I'm shabby while your clothes are spruce and new --
You have only got to hint it: I'm a prouder man than you!

If you have a swell companion when you see me on the street,
And you think that I'm too common for your toney friend to meet,
So that I, in passing closely, fail to come within your view --
Then be blind to me for ever: I'm a prouder man than you!

If your character be blameless, if your outward past be clean,
While 'tis known my antecedents are not what they should have been,
Do not risk contamination, save your name whate'er you do --
'Birds o' feather fly together': I'm a prouder bird than you!

Keep your patronage for others! Gold and station cannot hide
Friendship that can laugh at fortune, friendship that can conquer pride!
Offer this as to an equal -- let me see that you are true,
And my wall of pride is shattered: I am not so proud as you!

Henry Lawson (17 June 1867, Grenfell goldfields, New South Wales - 2 September 1922, Sydney) was an Australian writer and poet. Lawson and his contemporary Banjo Paterson are the best-known Australian poets and fiction writers of the colonial period.

His mother was Louisa Lawson 1847 - 1920 was a prominent suffragist and owner/editor of The Dawn journal which was partly responsible for Australia becoming one of the first countries to attain adult female suffrage. His father was Niels Larsen, a Norwegian seaman who settled in Australia; on Henry's birth, the family surname was anglicised and Niels became Peter Lawson. Henry suffered an ear infection at the age of seven that left him with partial deafness and by the age of fourteen he had lost his hearing entirely. Most of his works focuses on the Australian bush, such as the desolate Past Carin', and is considered by some to be among the first accurate descriptions of Australian life as it was at the time. It should be noted, however, that even then the majority of Australians lived in cities like Lawson himself; the bush that Lawson depicted housed only a small minority. During his later life, the alcohol-addicted writer was probably Australia's best-known celebrity. At the same time, he was also a frequent beggar on the streets of Sydney, notably at the Circular Quay ferry turnstiles. He was gaoled at Darlinghurst Gaol for drunkenness and non payment of alimony, and recorded his experience in the haunting poem "One Hundred and Three" - his prison number- which was published in 1908. He refers to the prison as "Starvinghurst Gaol" because of the meagre rations given to the inmates.

On his death in Sydney in 1922 he was given a state funeral, attended by the Prime Minister W. M. Hughes and Lawson's brother-in-law, Jack Lang, the Premier of the State of New South Wales, as well as thousands of citizens. He is interred at Waverley Cemetery

Emily Mary DARVALL (BARTON) 1817-1909

Grandmother of Andrew Barton (Banjo) Patterson.

Emily Mary was a very important person in the area of Australian Bush Poetry. A very important person. She was christened Emily Mary Darvall at the church of St Helen's, in the city of York, on 3 December 1817. She was the daughter of Major Edward Darvall and his wife Emily (née Johnson); the family was relatively wealthy, and Emily Mary spent much of her childhood in Belgium and France, where she received a classical and elite education.

In 1839, the family travelled to New South Wales, arriving in Sydney in January 1840. After living in France and Belgium New South Wales must have been a culture shock, after all the grandness of Europe, but it was there She met Robert Barton, a retired naval officer and grazier, whom she married in September 1840. The couple moved to Barton's large station, Boree Nyrang, in the central west of New South Wales, and would have eight children together. Apart from her child-rearing and domestic duties on the isolated station, Emily was also writing poetry from the early 1840s.

Robert Barton died of pneumonia in 1863, and She sold Boree Nyrang and moved with her large family to 'Rockend', in Gladesville, Sydney. Emily lived at 'Rockend' for the rest of her life, often with various members of her extended family; Her grandson Andrew Barton Paterson boarded with her while attending Sydney Grammar school in the 1870s.

Emily continued to write poetry, and even wrote a poem about the pen she used to write poetry with, simply titled Pen.

In 1885 she published her first book, a collection of children's verse entitled *A Few of Grandmamma's Prizes for the Little Ones*. In 1907, at the age of 90, she published another collection, *Straws on the Stream*. Emily Mary Barton died at 'Rockend' on 24 August 1909; a new collection of her poems, also using the title *Straws on the Stream*, was published posthumously in 1910.

After reading many of her poems I decided Easter Rain on the Bogan my favourite.

Article by Heather Denholm

Easter Rain on the Bogan

Long months, aye years of dreary dearth
Have scathed the beauty of the earth;
No humblest weed, no blade of green,
For miles of level plain is seen;
The creeks are but a stagnant crust,
Our very hearts seemed turned to dust
In dull complaining.
On fields their sustenance denying,
The sheep in piteous groups are lying,
The scattered cattle slowly dying-
But,- hark! - Tis raining!

Is it a dream? or do I feel
Some balmy drops upon me steal,
As, with uncovered, reverent head,
My crumbling garden path I tread,
The glorious fact to realise,
Uplifting heart and voice and eyes:
Thank God! Tis raining!
Dab, dab, it patters overhead,
Drip, drip, it ripples from the shed,
And gurgling, to the well is led,
New droplets gaining.

The wind is low, the sky's are lead,
One growl of warning overhead,
And down it came! in waving sheets
Across the thirsty plain it beats;
Long, long delayed, profuse at last,
Yes, cool and fresh and hard and fast,
Tis grandly raining!
An Easter gift of priceless worth,
It dashes on the grateful earth,
Calling her genial powers forth,
In grass and graining.

Now rushing o'er the shelving bank,
Streams gather in the clay bound tank;
Now every stately forest tree
Bows as it weeps in ecstasy,
And from the creek a torrents roar
Calls deep and hoarse, the drought is o'er,
Tis wildly raining!
Let hope once more expand her wing,
And nature from her slumber spring:
Let careworn man arise and sing:
"Thank God, 'Tis raining"

By Emily Mary Barton. 1886 & 1901
(I could not find why it has 2 dates.)

Moondyne Festival

A very enjoyable day was had by all the WA Bush Poets attending the Moondyne Festival at Toodyay on Sunday 2nd May.

Having double the usual space and providing chairs, encouraged appreciative audience members to sit and eat their lunch and stay a little longer than they might have done, if they needed to stand the whole time.

Many brochures, promoting the Monthly Musters (at Wilson Community Hall on the first Friday of every month), the Derby Bush Poet's Brunch (in July) and the Toodyay Poetry Festival (in November) were distributed.

Lively performances were given by WA Bush Poet members at both the main stage and our specific location along the parade, including those by Stinger Nettleton, Meg and Bill Gordon, Rob Gunn, Christine Boulton, Roger Cracknell, Bev and Jem Shorland, Greg Joass. The perfect sunny autumn weather made it a great day.

Article written by Heather Joass

Photos courtesy of Greg and Heather Joass



POET'S ALERT

WA BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS ASSOC

TOODYAY BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL

2021 STATE PERFORMANCE CHAMPIONSHIPS FRIDAY 5TH – SUNDAY 7TH NOVEMBER

The November Championships will be here before we know it and it would greatly help the Committee if entries came in early for administration purposes.

The Entry Form will be available soon so keep an eye on the website: www.wabushpoets.asn.au Entry Forms will also be available at the next few Musters.

Please encourage entries from any **Juniors and budding young writers/performers.**

Terry Bennetts and Cobber Lethbridge launch a new song.

More than 20 supporters travelled to "Cobber's Corner" at Dinninup near Boyup Brook on Saturday 15th May for the video recording of the new song "Not without You Old Mate". This is the latest in a growing number of songs Terry has produced from Cobber's poems and we wish them every success in the future. The crowd was encouraged to sing along in the choruses during the video.

Everyone gathered around a roaring log fire to set the atmosphere and the afternoon and evening was very entertaining, with poems, songs and music performed by Cobber on accordion, clarinet, mouth organ and didgeridoo as well as other poets who gathered there.

Cobber and Terry would like to thank everyone for the support they received during this event.

Article written by Heather Joass

Photos courtesy of Greg and Heather Joass



Webpage info

I have managed to get another three years of BT's on website (2004, 2005, 2006). Some are not available but think perhaps some months were not published. This has been thanks to Kerry Lee (past treasurer and editor) so I would like to acknowledge her help.

So history is taking shape! If anyone has Newsletters prior to 2004 it would be much appreciated. The name change for our publication came in April 2004 when Rod Lee thought it appropriate to do so.

Regards Meg

Muster Write up 7th May 2021

Welcome was given by President Bill Gordon
He introduced the **MC for the evening, Robert Gunn**
During the evening as MC he interspersed the poets with some wild stories.

Nancy Coe was first: she told us a story about the Canning Stock Route, the dust, stars, storms and lightning. How the cattle were spooked but they finally loaded them on the train.

Rob Gunn recited the 'Drovers Cook' by Tom Quilty, the story of a terrible cook who dribbled in the damper, then picked a fight with the boss, the cook died and a very suitable epitaph was put over his grave.

Christine Boulton 'Anzac Day' the story of how a pine cone bought home by Keith McDowell from the Lone Pine battlefield many years after the pine cone reached Australia some of its seeds sprouted some very tiny pine trees and these became a symbol of hope and peace, as they grew to maturity.

Terry Piggott commenced by saying War is Hell and so are the repercussions after it is over. His story in support of today's 'SAS' A poem that shows what many believe to be a severe miscarriage of justice, that's now being inflicted on our brave and brilliant fighting men of the SAS A very topical subject. Well written.

Bev Shorland recited 'Song of the Wheat' by Banjo Patterson.
How wheat was going to be the answer to every problem, better than cattle or sheep : Thank God for Wheat!

Tess Earnshaw her poem was inspired by a pair of satin gloves and a sprig of orange blossom. Married 1916 told the story of a marriage with the world at war, and the people of a small country town rally round to give a young couple a splendid wedding. They have a brief honeymoon, and he must take the train to Fremantle then overseas. He doesn't return, she bears him a son which he never sees.

Bill Gordon shared another of Banjo Patterson's 'Saltbush Bill'.
A sheep drover who would spread out the sheep when the grass was green to give the sheep a good feed One day they were well spread out when a new chum drover started to round the sheep up to stop him Saltbush Bill tricked him into a fight that dragged on and on until the sheep were well spread and eating their fill then threw in the towel when the sheep were full and tired on the best meal they had in a long time. Saltbush Bill lost the fight but won the war.

Deb McQuire Told us the story of her husband's 'Ill Fated Boat Trip' a near disastrous end to a recent fishing trip.

Cobber then entertained us with a performance of his own work 'Play it Again' Late at night, far out in the bush, a ghost insists that a camper keeps playing a tune on the mouth organ again and again. Why? Is the tune a ghostly favourite? Fearing for his life, the camper plays on. Eventually, the truth is revealed

Supper Happy birthday to Nancy Coe; cake was enjoyed by all

Heather Denholm presented the reading from the classics 'Easter Rain on the Bogan' along with the background story for Emily Mary DARVALL (BARTON) 1817-1909 Grandmother of Andrew Barton (Banjo) Patterson. (See pg. 3)

Ray Jackson boughts to his granddaughter Ella who came along and played a great tune on her Ukulele; it was a real treat.

Janice May bought another by Banjo 'The Geebung Polo Club' game was against the Cuff and Collar team who were going to teach the bushies how the game was played. As they played each man died until just one was left he tried to score the only goal but also fell down dead. So they were all buried together by the side of the field and are said to haunt the area at night,.

Terry Piggott recited 'Remember Mate' Remembering with a mate the exciting days of gold prospecting, while reliving those exciting times out in the remote areas of the WA outback.

Tess Earnshaw recited 'Uncle Georges Caravan' Uncle George worked for 50 years, while Aunty Mary has stayed home. He is now retired and has a new caravan. Aunty Mary is happy to let him stay outside every day, cleaning and polishing it... not getting under her feet!

Nancy Coe in 1973 and 74 she was travelling round Australia, starting as a P plate driver and learning a lot very fast, to their delight the Nullarbor Rd was surfaced instead of the previous dusty track.

Rob Gunn sang 'Clancy of the Overflow' after following some advice from Cobber regarding microphones and guitars, he related the story in song to a lovely and very suitable tune.

Christine Boulton chose one of Henry Lawson's "Mary called him Mister". Two people were in love, but he had gone to the city for a year and then came back to the country town, but they couldn't share the truth with each other, that they were still in love. So Mary called him Mister, and the idiot called her Miss.

Rob Gunn shared the story of the *Flying Padre* - John Flynn and the outback hospital nurses, very few knew how hard they worked.

Cobber recited the story of 'John Crothers' at the old town cemetery, a head-stone has the inscription: "John Crothers, bush poet". Very little is known about John Crothers, but we can imagine quite a bit about the times and the circumstances.

Meg Gordon gave us her rendition of 'For the love of the drovers cook.'

An unwed and well educated daughter causes her mother to worry, it seemed she was in love with the drovers cook, a most unsuitable person, according to her parents. She told her parents it was a poem that she was in love with!!

Bill Gordon came on to finish the evening

He advised that there are some lovely new acquisitions to the library, donated by Elaine Smith, they were Dave's books.

Bill shared some news that John Hayes is not well. Then finished the night with 'Brady's Ghost'

The story of droving and camping near the grave of Brady. In the night he thought he saw Brady riding a horse, but in the light of day he found it was a naked jackaroo.

The very entertaining evening finished with everyone saying good night and the chairs packed away.

Write-up courtesy of Heather Denholm



Derby Bush Poet's Brunch

Derby Sportsmans Club

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

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

Sun 18th July 2021 10.30am - 1.30pm
following Derby Cup



WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinnners

Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival

Fri 5th - Sun 7th Nov 2021

**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

The Anywhere Festival & North Pine Bush Poets invite you to **Spend some time in BANJO'S BOOTS!**


Why did Clancy ride out to the Overflow? Why did Mulga Bill trade his horse for a bicycle?

- Fresh performances of Australian bush poetry!
- Our very own award-winning writers and performers!
 - Whimsical new bush poetry!
- Musical re-imagining of traditional work!
 - Family-friendly fun!

Burpengary Library
Wednesday 12 May 2021
1.00pm to 2.30pm

Bribie Island Library
Wednesday 19 May 2021
1.00pm - 2.30pm

Free admission! Bookings essential.
To book your tickets, copy the QR Code or go to <https://anywhere.is/event/banjosboots/>



Moreton Bay Regional Council and Moreton Region Libraries

WABP - AGM
Friday 2nd July 2021 at
7pm at Wilson Community Hall 40 Braibrise Rd, Wilson, near Leach Hwy and Manning Road.

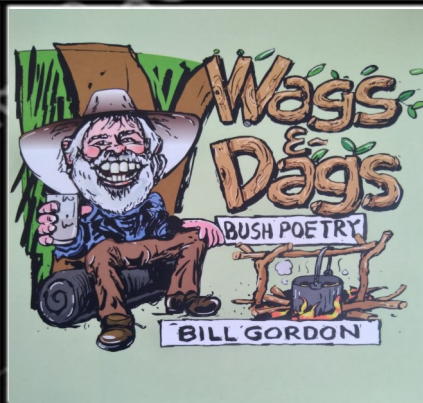
MC - Peter Nettleton
0407 770 053
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Deadline for Book's Bully Tin Submissions
18th June 2021

Shop Window

Author
Bill Gordon

www.billgordon.com.au or phone
0428 651 098.



Author
David Ellis

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Naughty Nonsense
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and much more!



By David Ellis
Illustrated by Rosie Di Wu

Twixt The Wings of The Yard by Barcroft Boake

Hear the loud swell of it, mighty pell mell of it,
Thousands of voices all blent into one:
See "hell for leather" now trooping together, now
Down the long slope of the range at a run,
Dust in the wake of 'em: see the wild break of 'em,
Spear-horned and curly, red, spotted and starred:
See the lads bringing 'em, blocking 'em, ringing 'em.
Fetching 'em up to the wings of the yard.

Mark that red leader now: what a fine bleeder now,
Twelve hundred at least if he weighs half a pound,
None go ahead of him. Mark the proud tread of him,
See how he bellows and paws at the ground.
Watch the mad rush of 'em, raging and crush of 'em.
See when they struck how the corner post jarred.
What a mad chasing and wheeling and racing and
Turbulent talk 'twixt the wings of the yard.

Harry and Teddy, there! let them go steady there!
Some of you youngsters will surely get pinned.
What am I saying? I've had my last day in
The saddle: I might as well talk to the wind.
Why should I grieve at all? soon I must leave it all -
Leave it for ever; and yet it seems hard
That I should be lingering here 'stead of fingering
Handle of whip 'twixt the wings of the yard.

Hear the loud crack of the whips on the back of the
Obstinate weaners who will not go in -
Sharp fusilade of it till, half afraid of it,
Echo herself shuts her ears at the din.
They'll say when it's over now that I'm in clover now -
Happy old pensioner, yet it seems hard,
E'en on the brink of the grave, when I think of the
Times out of mind that I rode to that yard.

Hark to the row at the rails, there's a cow at the
Charge: how she laughs all their lashes to scorn.
Mark how she ran ag'in little Tom Flannagan.
Lucky for him that it wasn't her horn:
He'd make no joke of it had he a poke of it.

There she comes back! but he's put on his guard,
Greenhide descending now, sharp reports blending now,
Flogging her back up the wings of the yard.

The breeze brings their bellowing, soft'ning it, mellowing,
Till it sounds like a spent giant in pain -
Steals up the valley on, sounding a rally on
Sonorous hills that return it again.

Useless my whining now, useless repining now,
'Twon't make me any less battered and scarred;
Though I've grown grey at it - oh, for a day at it,
Oh, for an hour 'twixt the wings of the yard.

Oh, how I yearn for those times, how I burn for those
Days when my weapons, the whip and the spur,
The double reigned bridle, were not hanging idle,
But I'm old, and as useless as Stumpy - that cur;
No good for heeling now, he has a feeling now
Not unlike mine - that it's woefully hard
We should be lying here, groaning and sighing here
Watching the cattle come up to the yard.

Life has no salt in it. See how I halt in it -
I, who once rode with the first of the flight -
Watching and waiting now, feebly debating now
Whether the close will bring darkness or light;
Half my time pondering, back through life wandering,
Groaning to see how life has been marred -
Seeing the blots in it, all the bad spots in it,
Mustering, bringing past sins to the yard.

Shall I be able to show a clean waybill to
God, when he rounds up and drafts off his own -
When, at the mustering, millions of clustering
Souls come to judgement before the white throne?
Is the Lord's hand on me? Have I his brand on me?
When I go up will the passage be barred?
Am I a chosen one? must the gates close on me?
Shall I be left 'twixt the wings of the yard?

JOHN CROTHERS by Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge

I never did meet you, John Crothers, old son,
But, reading your headstone, you had a good run.
You passed to your maker at age eighty-three,
A battling, forgotten bush poet, like me.
I doubt if your language was full of respect;
I doubt if your grammar was always correct;
You camped in the bush, so were most likely broke;
At risk of upsetting, I wouldn't mind betting
You wrote how you spoke.

I never did meet you, John Crothers, old boy.
I wish I had some of your verse to enjoy.
I bet it was chock full of rhythm and rhyme,
With wonderful stories to capture the time.
Those hard working days in the mustering camps,
The rough riding ringers, the wandering tramps,
The diggers, the doggers, the gamblers, the crooks,
The mining surveyors, the drunken bait layers
Who called themselves cooks.

The good-looking sheilas, the black and the white,
The teachers, the preachers, good mates in a fight,
The walkers, the talkers, the foolish, the smart,
In tales of the outback each one played a part.
God bless those old bushmen who gave it their best,
And now they've been peacefully laid down to rest.
I never did meet you, John Crothers, old lad,
For time is a miser, but as I grow wiser,
I wish that I had!

In the Old Town cemetery, a plaque reads:

"John Crothers, Bush Poet. Died 1970, aged 83."

BILLY-GOAT PARADE

He was strutting like a millionaire, his wallet stuffed with notes,
As he reached the city limits with a mob of feral goats.
A buyer from the Middle East had paid him in advance,
So Digger left the sale-yards and went searching for a dance.
Three weeks of droving billy-goats had left him fairly rank,
But that didn't raise an eyebrow at the tavern or the bank.
He rubbed his scalp with axel grease from underneath a truck,
Inserted several stitches in his dusty, goat-skin britches
And set forth to try his luck.

They were waltzing at the Embassy; the lights were soft and low,
All the ladies in their finery with gentlemen in tow;
A cavalcade of Sunday suits, of faces pale and thin,
When through the polished jarrah doors old Digger ambled in.
I hardly need to mention that he didn't match the scene;
His hob-nail boots were grotty and his singlet far from clean;
Two dingo scalps adorned his belt, a little worse for wear,
And Digger's ancient drover's hat, the product of a feral cat,
Was well beyond repair.

They might have kept on dancing; camaraderie was strong,
But nobody could tolerate that God-forsaken pong!
Two ladies screamed in terror, then collapsed upon the floor,
While their husbands, feeling gallant, marched old Digger to the door.
Now, he would have left in silence, for a drover has his pride,
But those billy-goats had busted loose and followed him inside.
Old Digger tried to round them up; he didn't want a fight,
But you can't control a circus of capricious *Capra hircus*
Chewing everything in sight!

They skidded round the polished floor then quickly set to work
On petticoats and perfume driving billy-goats berserk.
The preacher prayed profoundly for those fiends to disappear,
But a massive Anglo Nubian attacked him from the rear.
All the crimson gladiolis were eaten off the wall,
While the plastic decorations proved the tastiest of all,
The M C gave a startled yelp and bolted for the door,
Through the fauna and the flora 'til a little grey Angora
Sent him crashing to the floor!

The band played on regardless, but the tempo sadly strayed
From a placid *Pride of Erin* to a billy-goat parade.
The pianist palpated and the poor old drummer swore
When a woolly-whiskered *Toggenburg* demanded an encore!
Amid the pandemonium, old Digger showed no fear;
He climbed aboard a *Saanen* buck and bit him on the ear;
They galloped round the kitchen like a stricken ocean liner,
Through a storm of twisted metal from a toaster and a kettle
And a cloud of broken china.

Pavlova, soup and sticky buns went sailing through the air;
Minestrone, rice and apple strudel wafted everywhere.
A paddy-wagon thundered up; recriminations started,
But through the kitchen window Digger hastily departed...
Now lately, at the Embassy, you won't find any dancing;
Those highly polished jarrah boards have seen their last romancing.
They reckon old-time waltzes won't attract the modern youth,
But sixty-seven billy-goats, with hoofs and horns and hairy coats,
Could testify the truth!

Cobber - Armadale. March 03, 2013

Andy's Gone With Cattle

Our Andy's gone to battle now
'Gainst Drought, the red marauder;
Our Andy's gone with cattle now
Across the Queensland border.

He's left us in dejection now;
Our hearts with him are roving.
It's dull on this selection now,
Since Andy went a-droving.

Who now shall wear the cheerful face
In times when things are slackest?
And who shall whistle round the place
When Fortune frowns her blackest?

Oh, who shall cheek the squatter now
When he comes round us snarling?
His tongue is growing hotter now
Since Andy cross'd the Darling.

The gates are out of order now,
In storms the 'riders' rattle;
For far across the border now
Our Andy's gone with cattle.

Poor Aunty's looking thin and white;
And Uncle's cross with worry;
And poor old Blucher howls all night
Since Andy left Macquarie.

Oh, may the showers in torrents fall,
And all the tanks run over;
And may the grass grow green and tall
In pathways of the drover;

And may good angels send the rain
On desert stretches sandy;
And when the summer comes again
God grant 'twill bring us Andy.

By Henry Lawson



COMPETITIONS AND EVENTS AROUND AUSTRALIA 2021

WRITTEN EVENTS are in RED

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

JULY

2 July - Closing Date - Adelaide Plains Poetry Competition - Recovery, Redbanks SA.

18 July - Derby Bush Poets' Brunch. Derby Sportsman's Club 10:30 - 1:30. Derby WA.

23 July - Closing Date - Bronze Spur Award, Camooweal Queensland.

30 July - Closing Date - Nandewar Poetry Competition with new best first-time competitor award, Narrabri NSW.

AUGUST

25 August - Closing Date - King of the Ranges Written Bush Poetry Competition, Murrurundi NSW.

28 August - Closing Date - Logan's Muddy River Performance Bush Poetry Competition, Beenleigh Queensland.

30th August - Closing Date - Toolangi CJ Dennis Poetry Competition, Healesville Victoria.

31 August - Closing Date - Betty Olle Poetry Award, Kyabram Victoria.

SEPTEMBER

20 September 2021 - 50th Bronze Swagman Award For Bush Verse
Windermere Station, Winton.

24-25 September - King of the Ranges Bush Festival
with humorous and serious written competition. Murrurundi NSW.

OCTOBER

8 October - Closing Date - Silver Quill written competition, Bateman WA.

NOVEMBER

5-7 November - WA State Championships,
performance and written competitions
(see 8 October closing date)

21 November - Closing Date - Creative celebration of the International Year of Caves and Karst – Australasia.
Write a story, rhyme, poem, song, sketch, paint, sculpt, photograph or create a video.

*Please Note:
These upcoming events may be altered
due to ongoing Covid Restrictions across
Australia, please check with on relevant
websites and with contacts for
confirmation as the year progresses*

Interest was shown in the hand towel given as a gift so I am offering to make them for any who wants them, with or without the 2021 included. - \$12 each.

If anyone wishes to contact me Messenger Heather Denholm with an ANZAC avatar.

or SMS 0429052900.



Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2020 - 2021

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Regular Events

WA Bush Poets:	1st Friday each month <i>MC for June see front page</i> - 7pm Wilson Community Hall 40 Braibrise Rd, Wilson	
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
Geraldton Bush Poets:	2nd Tuesday each month - 6pm Rec. Rm, Belair Caravan Park, Geraldton. or Irene Conner - 0429 652 155. * Bring and share snacks for tea.	Ph. Roger & Jan Cracknell - 0427 625 181
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.