



Next Muster May 4th 7.30pm MC Robert Gunn 94479676

Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Drive Bentley 6102,

THIS DAY IN HISTORY

Sunday 1st April

Australian Explorers Australian Explorers

1874 - The Forrest brothers depart Geraldton in search of a stock route to the east.

Australian History Australian History

1897 - Aboriginal tracker Jandamurra, who led the rebellion to defend his land from white man, is killed.

World History World History

1582 - Today is April Fool's Day, a time of famous hoaxes and pranks.

Travelling Home

Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge - from his book "A Dog without Fleas"

It's a rugged road to travel,
on the dusty grit and gravel,
with the smoke of many a camp-fire in your hair;
Feeling travel-worn and weary,
eyeballs ruby-red and bleary,
and every muscle hurt beyond repair.

Better save your concentration
for the dust and corrugation,
as the setting sun obliterates your view;
You'll be home in just an hour,
and you badly need a shower,
but there's someone special waiting there for you.

In the kitchen, cool and shady,
there's a lovely brown-eyed lady,
still blessed with everyone of Nature's charms.
She'll be worrying and waiting,
but there'll be no hesitating
when finally you're in each other's arms.

She's considerate and caring,
and the tucker she's preparing
will be better than your mother's Irish stew.
So you'll tell her it's delicious,
as you help her wash the dishes,
and apologise for running over-due.

There's a paddock caught on fire,
and you've blown another tyre,
through the gully where the station horses roam;
It's a never-ending battle,
with the kangaroos and cattle,
but tonight, come Hell or hobbles, you'll be home.

Edward Harrington was born in 1896, and served in Palestine with the Australian Light Horse during the 1st World War. He is generally referred to as the last of the Bush Balladists.

The Old Timer

Old Timer!

Sitting alone by the blazing fire,
thoughtfully puffing your old, black briar,
dreaming away to your heart's content
of the sheds you rung and the cheques you spent
in the far-off days when your eye was bright,
your pocket was full and your heart was light,
when you worked all day and you danced all night,
Old Timer!

Little you cared for the rain or mud,
a pitch-black night or a creek in flood,
with a horse to ride and a cheque to spend,
and a drink and a dance at the journey's end,
where red lips pouted and soft hands clung
and the fiddles squeaked and the dancers swung.
Ah! Those were the days when your heart was young,
Old Timer!

When a colt unbroken or maid unloved
was a challenge your heart could not resist,
and your shapely nose was a trifle marred
when stripped to the pelt in the shanty yard
you fought it out to the bitter end
with the six-foot bully of Boundary Bend
who cast a slur on your absent friend,
Old Timer!

So busy with stockwhip and axe and shears
you hardly noticed the passing years
till your beard was grey and you woke to find
that somehow or other you'd dropped behind;
and the girls you had flirted and danced with then
got married or drifted beyond your ken,
and you couldn't keep pace with the younger men,
Old Timer!

But what does it matter? You did your best,
and if life lacks most of its old-time zest,
there'll be Someone waiting to ease your load
when you reach the end of the Sunset Road.
Now all you need is a well-filled briar,
a cosy chair and a blazing fire,
to doze and dream to your heart's desire,
Old Timer!

Jandamurra, or 'Pigeon', was an Australian Aboriginal police tracker assisting in the capture of Myall Aborigines of the Kimberley region in northwestern Australia, who were spearing stockmen and their stock. While helping to guard the aborigines in goal, Jandamurra was convinced to join their 'cause'. Their rebellion lasted several years as the men fought against the white men encroaching on Bunaba land. In 1894, a police posse tracked down the Aborigines, and both white men and Aborigines were killed. It was thought Jandamurra was among the dead, but he escaped after playing "possum". The police then recruited an excellent Aboriginal tracker from the Pilbara. This tracker, who knew the ways of Aboriginal mysticism and had no fear of Jandamurra, tracked down Jandamurra, killing him at Tunnel Creek on 1 April 1897.

Tjandamara

(c) 2006 Manfred Vijars.

17 November 1894 Battle of *Wanjina Gorge.
**Specials: 'special constables' volunteers from among the locals. These 'specials' had a lack of police training and a tendency to act outside the law. (Often they were local farmers with old scores to settle. Many of the massacres inflicted by police patrols were the fault of the 'specials', not of the regular police.)*

The heat in November hangs thick around noon,
.... with no cooling breeze for respite;
the cattle are milling in muddy lagoon
and bellowing out such a baleful dark tune,
.... lamenting their miserable plight.

The bodies of Gibbs and Bourke lay in the sun,
.... dispatched in the previous melee.
While Tjandamara, hidden high had begun
to position his people, each armed with a gun
.... preparing for ambush this day.

Tjandamara, (who the white man called Pigeon)
.... returned to his roots; turned his back
on the whites. He was much more than merely a midge in
the eyes of the cattlemen; though he tried bridging
.... two cultures, this Kimberley black.

Confident horseman, top marksman, police tracker,
.... gun shearer; well versed in the way
of the white man. Helped often, was keen and no slacker.
But Bunuba anger made him the attacker
.... to drive white intruders away.

Cockatoos screeching in flight warned the clan
.... the police had come into the gap.
The *specials among them had vowed to a man;
to end the uprising - leave no survivors and
.... finish them off in a trap.

Excitement is building, the clan remain calm
.... in their cave, they're nodding wide-eyed -
for blue uniforms - easily seen; no alarm
secure in position, protected from harm
.... up high Pigeon's well fortified.

The troopers below settled in for the night.
.... One unit, the men post four guards.
They'll not get much sleep. Pigeon's primed for a fight -
his warriors, armed and well out of sight.
.... This gorge will be their slaughter-yard.

Under cover of dark, more troopers then came
.... from the East, along the far wall.
This group under Drewry were in for the game
to hem in the renegades and quell the flame
.... of rebellion once and for all.

Dawn broke, and abruptly from Pigeon's position
.... a trooper was seen climbing out
along the cliff face. Now what was his mission?
Outflanking? No way! They'd halt his ambition
.... and bring down this lone forward scout.

The gorge soon resounded to volleys of fire.
.... Death humming and zinging it's tune.
One group down below were pinned in their mire
While the group above Pigeon gave him no ire.
.... Main onslaught's from Drewry's platoon.

But Pigeon's position was well fortified.
.... The only thing Drewry could do
was ricochet off the cave's roof underside.
With splinters of rock on the occupants plied -
.... and continue until they withdrew.

The blue-coats approached as Pigeon held ground
.... firing on their advance.
His people reloaded from back of the mound -
he emptied each weapon, round after round
.... defiant and firm in his stance.

This position could not be sustained for too long
.... 'cause Pigeon was wounded and maimed.
*Wanjina's arteries were caves deep and long
give shelter and freedom to those who belong -
.... Bunuba who will not be tamed.

The smoke and dust cleared and the echoes had hushed
.... and silence descended that place.
The troopers now eased to the cave feeling flushed
with the sweet smell of victory. The rebels were
crushed.
.... At last here's the end to the chase.

The blue-coats felt sure those inside were all dead.
.... the uprising now in disarray;
but instead what they had found was the rebels had
fled;
there's blood tracks and spent cartridge cases. Instead -
.... Tjandamara had melted away ...

POET PROFILE

If you would like to feature in the Poet Profile section, please email me a short intro about yourself, along with a photo -or information regarding a poet you would like to see profiled.



Anzac Day Poetry

For anyone interested in the ANZAC Day Centenary Poetry Project, please be aware that the project has had a name change. It is now called "100 years from Gallipoli" Poetry Project. The name change is to do with the protection of the 'ANZAC' name.

This project challenges poets to answer the following question:

What does ANZAC Day mean to you, to today's families, communities or nations?

The outcomes of the project will include the publication of a collection of two hundred poems as well as a 100 Years from Gallipoli Poetry Prize.

The objectives of the project are:

- ♦ to use new poetry written by today's poets to illustrate the diversity of current views about Australian & NZ commemorations and anniversaries of military history
- ♦ To contrast these modern views with those from the past

Full details and entry information are available from <http://www.ozywriters.com/index.php/100-years-from-gallipoli> or by contacting the Co-ordinating Editor by phoning +61 (0)3 6362 4390, or emailing gallipoli-100@ozziwriters.com

Closing date is Remembrance Day, 11 November, 2013.

Beverly Berrys poetry was first published in the Bulletin in the late nineteen twenties, and a selection of them were later published by her daughter in a book called 'A Room at the Quay'. I was intrigued by the following rhyming pattern, which she seemed to use quite frequently.

Echoes

The poets and the painters of all time upon the mellow landscape of the past, loom up like granite mountains, rooted fast in hidden veinings of their race and clime; of all the varied attributes of man, imperishable witnesses to be - bearing upon their faces timelessly clear images for later eyes to scan;

and imprisoned in their warm recesses hold sweet-echoes voice of happy youth and maid - echoes of every passing cavalcade, and of forgotten wars, and revels old; calmly they front upon earth's teeming plain, echoing back its beauty and its pain.

The Inlet

At the fallen headland, scarce a mile away, black fangs quarrel with seas that threatening yet spend their rage in foam; and there the sting of salt on lips, the bitter whip of spray, shame one to calm as never stillness may; and soon will lie, in lyric lift and swing, wide moon-stroked leagues - the sea's a woman-thing, and would be sought by night, as served by day.

But to this hidden place she has come again, drawn by some stricken memory she rues in sweet tormented whispers; now she seems unhappy as some Helen, who has slain a thousand lovers, yet as strangely sues one only, on the starless tide of dreams.

Do you want to be part of the National Scene — Then you might consider joining the Australian Bush Poets Assn www.abpa.org.au . Annual membership \$30 Stay up to date with events and competitions right across Australia

For those of you interested in entering written poetry competitions, there is a new competition just started - details below:

**South Coast Country Music Assn
together with
Illawarra Breakfast Poets
2012 Inaugural Written Poetry competition**

The Kembla Flame

Written (Australian) Poetry Competition
1st 'The Kembla Flame' Trophy
\$60. and Certificate
2nd Trophy \$40 and certificate
3rd Trophy, \$20 and certificate
and 3 'commended' certificates

Entries close of 27th June
'The Kembla Flame' trophy and other prizes will be presented at the
SCCMA Country Music Festival
Dapto Leagues Club, Bong Bong Road, Dapto
on 15th July 2012
conditions and entry form the Events section of the
ABPA website
www.abpa.org.au- from homepage go to events page
or phone Comp Sec 02 42953452 or 0401160137

Please let me know if you have any trouble accessing the webpages, and I will contact Zondrae for you.

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Are you looking for Bush Poetry books or CDs—there is a website selling a range of these, along with other "self published" music etc you can also sell through them, Go to www.tradandnow.com It's an Australian group, based in Woy Woy, NSW

**Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed - See John Hayes
Please Contact any committee person**

From Wayne Pantall

A book is to be published this year by Historian Graham McKenzie-Smith on the Centenary of Royal Australian Engineer units that have served here in Western Australia.

This poem is written with input from my son Vadim, who also served in my old unit 13 Field Squadron a generation later.

In 1984 I was honoured to win the 'Sapper of the Year' award, and even more proud when my son won the same trophy in 1999. So we have had some family input into the Corps in WA, and are still members of the RAE Assn of WA.

The poem will tell it's own story. I hope it can make the April Edition.

A Ton of Engineers

One hundred years of Engineers, with balls of iron ore.
We-ster-n Australian men of steel, with loyalty to Corps.
Never a backward step was by a Sapper from the West.
Because we've shown when we commit, we give our very best.

A ton of years of Engineers – a ton of Units too.
The widest scope of service roles, that any Corps could do.
From search lights out on Rotto, to the desert and the bush,
to jungle green to lay unseen where Charlie gets the whoosh.

We're mighty proud of Nation and we're mighty proud of State.
As we stick by our Aussie flag, we stick right by a mate.
At El Kantara our men fought before Gallipoli.
And since that day we've fought away - where duty calls we'll be.

With Bailey bridge and MGB we'll show what we can do
With Bangalore torpedoes we can clear a path for you.
Our booby traps and mines put on a show with quite a din.
There's not a task our mates could ask, where Planties won't muck in.

From Northam, Bindoon, Karrakatta, off to Vietnam.
From Geraldton, to Bougainville, and to Afghanistan.
Salt Water Sappers, Miners, Tunnel Rats and Railway Men
As Holdfast stands ubiquitous – to make and break again.

Our EODs and searchers are a legend to behold.
And Canine Sapper EDDs are worth their weight in gold.
A job that's miscellaneous or looks too bloody hard,
is like an ANZAC biscuit to the Sappers' Western Guard.

Survey, Sigs and NBC, and Water Supply from mud.
Milling the trees to build our bridge of blue across the blood.
To all our Corps in all our wars our Sappers are attached.
Because the skills of Engineers they seek are rarely matched.

The Royal Engineers came out to build our Colony.
In eighteen twenty six they came ashore at Albany.
Red and blue's right through and through our history and our quest,
so let's salute the many years of Sappers of the West.

(Chorus if expressed in song)

*We are, we are, we are, we are all Injure-bloody-neers.
We thrive in shit – invented it, through blood and sweat and tears.
So to our mates from other states, we make it crystal clear -
Only a mule would try to fool a Western Engineer.*

Wayne Pantall. VadimPantall.
8 March 2012

Thursday, April 1, 1582. :

Today is April Fool's Day, generally celebrated with hoaxes and practical jokes. It is possible that April Fool's Day originated in India with the celebration of the Spring equinox, where it was often marked by fooling people by sending them on fruitless errands. One school of thought suggests that it began around 1582 in France following the introduction of the Gregorian calendar, when New Year's Day was moved from March 25 - April 1 (New year's week) to January 1. There remains much dispute about the actual origins of the day.

Australian identity Dick Smith has also been in on April Fool's Day hoaxes. In 1978, a barge appeared in Sydney Harbour towing a giant iceberg which Smith claimed to have come from Antarctica, and which he intended to carve up and sell for 10c per ice-cube as genuine Antarctic ice. The scheme was only revealed when rain washed away the firefighting foam and shaving cream of which the berg was really made, uncovering the white plastic sheets beneath.
While the following poem is not Australian written, I thought I would include it.

April Fools Poem

Gregory K

Someone took my toothpaste tube and filled it up with jam.
Someone changed my sandwich into fluffernut-and-ham.
Someone laced my sneakers so they tie down by my toes.
Someone changed the vacuum so it doesn't suck, it blows.
Someone poured the sugar out and filled the bowl with salt.
Someone messed up all the clocks and made it seem my fault.
For me today, I have to say, it's nervousness that rules....
since all that happened yesterday and now it's April Fools!!

Fluffernut - sandwich made of peanut butter and marshmallow
crème.



gun.hink@hotmail.com
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Giddy, let me introduce myself. I'm Robert Gunn and I have been a member of W.A Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners for three years. In May 2012 I have been given the opportunity to be M.C. at our muster.

Hopefully we will have a special guest in Mr Mick Collis. Unfortunately, because of Mick's commitment to The Western Force and personal workload, at present cannot say if he can attend. Let's keep our fingers crossed. Also at our May muster, I would like to encourage poets to perform.

Recently at Boyup Brook, they had what is called a poets brawl. Draws quite a bit of interest & four people who have never been involved joined in. The rules for that competition are [1] \$5 to enter, winner takes all. Entrants are given a title on Thursday, to be presented on Saturday. No longer than a minute. Can be read if preferred.

At this stage in May we will have a variance to a brawl:

- [1] No entry fee.
- [2] Pick a title for yourself, from the following. I will put them on a separate sheet.
- [3] No longer than a minute.
- [4] No pressure, you have two months.
- [5] Judged by crowd acclamation.
- [6] So that I can fit you into the program, I would appreciate a call or mail if you happen to get something under your belt.
- [7] Could be fun. We may unveil a new talent.
- [8] A small prize for winner.
- [9] If you enter and are too nervous to present it, I'm sure someone will do it for you.

UPCOMING EVENTS
Next Muster

Friday 4th May 7.30pm
Bentley Park Auditorium
MC - Robert Gunn

Friday 6th July 7.30pm
Bentley Park Auditorium

Further to Roberts request, here are a couple more poems from the 1minute poets brawl in Boyup Brook - just to show how easy it is!! The words in bold italics are the topics they were given.

LAST YEAR ON OUR HOLIDAY

Last year on our holiday, at a town called Boyup Brook To their Country Music Festival we went to have a look, The singers and the buskers, the market stalls and all, The people came from far and wide, all set to have a ball.

The bushfires down at Northcliffe where the marijuana grows,
Hid among the karri trees so that it never shows,
The woodsmoke from the forests as the doctor drifted in,
Brought with it a lethal brew, set the whole crowd in a spin.

The songbirds on the main stage, the mob were going wild
Cavorting on the dance floor like a hyperactive child
The band played tunes as ne'er before, they set a hectic pace,
The drummer was hypnotic; he'd gone right off his face.

The police had lost composure as they carried on too far,
Doing burnouts in the police car, and then dancing on the bar.
Next year at Country Music time, come rain or hail or snow,
I tell you one thing that's for sure, to Boyup Brook we'll go.

Bill Gordon 17.2.2012

A New Beginning
Christine Boulton 17.02.12

Our family dog left this world at the cruel hands of fate
Squashed by a Domino's Pizza van, after squeezing through the gate.
With much pleading for another pooch, I decided to go online
And discovered the Pet Rescue, hoping to find a dog divine.

Searching wasn't easy, with dogs huge and needing to be trained
No children – wants strong discipline, was often the refrain
Until we spotted Sally, a white bitzer, terrier mate
We all agreed, she was the one, my daughter couldn't wait.

Sally came with sideways bite, frightened, evil, very mean
We paid the dollars over, they checked we were secure and clean
What she lacked in breeding she made up for with smelly farts
Pirate Sal we nicknamed her and she crept into our hearts.

How about giving it a go - you do not have to produce a work of literary genius!! I will have another couple of poems from the slam in next months Bully Tin - and would look forward to some from the May muster after that!!

While I couldn't find a poem about the Forest Brothers and the Canning Stock Route, I thought this poem of Henry Kendalls paid a worthy tribute to our explorers - although it is a little lengthy!!

The Fate of the Explorers

Henry Kendall

Set your face toward the darkness – tell of deserts weird
and wide,
where unshaken woods are huddled, and low, languid
waters glide;
turn and tell of deserts lonely, lying pathless, deep and
vast,
where in utter silence ever Time seems slowly breathing
past –
Silence only broken when the sun is flecked with cloudy
bars,
or when tropic squalls come hurtling underneath the sul-
try stars!
Deserts thorny, hot and thirsty, where the feet of men
are strange,
and eternal Nature sleeps in solitudes which know no
change.

Weakened with their lengthened labours, past long
plains of stone and sand,
down those trackless wilds they wandered, travellers
from a far-off land,
seeking now to join their brothers, struggling on with fal-
tering feet,
for a glorious work was finished, and a noble task com-
plete.
And they dreamt of welcome faces – dreamt that soon
unto their ears
friendly greetings would be thronging, with a nation's
well-earned cheers;
since their courage never failed them, but with high, un-
flinching soul
each was pressing forward, hoping, trusting all should
reach the goal.

Though he rallied in the morning, long before the close
of day
he had sunk, the worn-out hero, fainting, dying by the
way!
But with Death he wrestled hardly; three times rising
from the sod,
yet a little further onward o'er the wary waste he trod.
Facing Fate with heart undaunted, still the chief would
totter on
till the evening closed about him – till the strength to
move was gone;
then he penned his latest writings, and, before his life
was spent,
gave the records to his comrade – gave the watch he
said was lent –
gave them with his last commandments, charging him
that night to stay
and to let him lie unburied when the soul had passed
away.

Through that night he uttered little, rambling were the
words he spoke:
and he turned and died in silence, when the tardy
morning broke.
Many memories come together whilst in sight of death
we dwell,
much of sweet and sad reflection through the weary
mind must well.
As those long hours glided past him, till the east with
light was fraught,
who may know the mournful secret – who can tell us
what he thought?

Very lone and very wretched was the brave man left
behind,
wandering over leagues of waste-land, seeking, hop-
ing help to find;
sleeping in deserted wurleys, fearful many nightfalls
through
lest unfriendly hands should rob him of his hoard of
wild nardoo.

Ere he reached their old encampment – ere the well-
known spot was gained,
something nerved him – something whispered that his
other chief remained.
So he searched for food to give him, trusting they
might both survive
till the aid so long expected from the cities should ar-
rive;
so he searched for food and took it to the gunyah
where he found
silence broken by his footfalls – death and darkness
on the ground.

Weak and wearied with his journey, there the lone
survivor stooped,
and the disappointment bowed him and his heart with
sadness drooped,
and he rose and raked a hollow with his wasted, fee-
ble hands,
where he took and hid the hero, in the rushes and the
sands;
But he, like a brother, laid him out of reach of wind
and rain,
and for many days he sojourned near him on that
wild-faced plain;
whilst he stayed beside the ruin, whilst he lingered
with the dead,
Oh! he must have sat in shadow, gloomy as the tears
he shed.

Where our noble Burke was lying – where his sad
companion stood,
came the natives of the forest – came the wild men of
the wood;
down they looked, and saw the stranger – he who
there in quiet slept –
down they knelt, and o'er the chieftain bitterly they

moaned and wept:
bitterly they mourned to see him all uncovered to the blast
—
all uncovered to the tempest as it wailed and whistled
past;
and they shrouded him with bushes, so in death that he
might lie,
like a warrior of their nation, sheltered from the stormy sky.

Ye must rise and sing their praises, O ye bards with souls
of fire,
for the people's voice shall echo through the wailings of
your lyre;
and we'll welcome back their comrade, though our eyes
with tears be blind
at the thoughts of promise perished, and the shadow left
behind;
now the leaves are bleaching round them – now the gales
above them glide,
but the end was all accomplished, and their fame is far
and wide.
Though this fadeless glory cannot hide a grateful nation's
grief,
and their laurels have been blended with the gloomy cy-
press leaf.

Let them rest where they have laboured! but, my country,
mourn and moan;
we must build with human sorrow grander monuments
than stone.
Let them rest, for oh! remember, that in long hereafter time
Sons of Science oft shall wander o'er that solitary clime!
Cities bright shall rise about it, Age and Beauty there shall
stray,
and the fathers of the people, pointing to the graves, shall
say:
"Here they fell, the glorious martyrs! when these plains
were woodlands deep;
Here a friend, a brother, laid them; here the wild men
came to weep."

Country Poets

Coming to the City? - City lights are fine, but 1st Fridays
could see **you** shine at our Muster. If you are coming to
the big smoke on a muster night why not come along
and be part of our get together.

Give us a bit of notice and you might even find yourself
being star act (but only if you want to be). This applies
also to Bush Poets from other places and those past
member poets whose lives have now gone in different
directions.

Submissions for the Bully Tin

Just a quick reminder to everyone that this is **your**
newsletter. Please feel free to submit your poems for
inclusion, keeping in mind the need for size constraints.

POSITION VACANT !!

We are looking for a person interested in serving and
preparing supper for our musters.

It is not necessary to be on the committee!!

Duties include:

Fill and set the Urn
Place 2 trays on server - 25 cups on each
Put out Tea Pots and jugs for hot water
Tea bags, coffee and milk,
Set 2 small tables with sugar and teaspoons

It is your choice as to what you serve for EATS - just
biscuits is fine.

All our supper requirements are stored on site.

**REMEMBER TO PACK UP AND LEAVE KITCHEN
CLEAN!**

At present, the larder is full!! Ready to Go!!.

If you are interested, please direct all enquiries to
Maxine Richter at the May muster.

And from Brian Langley.....

Betsy

I buried Betsy yesterday,
my cheeks were wet with tears.
We'd been together quite a while,
for almost fifteen years.

Her last few years, she'd been quite ill;
it started on her skin.
As time went by, the cancer spread,
attacking from within.

Her vital parts, they'd ceased to work,
but still she struggled on
to do her share of daily chores.
Then all at once she's gone.

She's sadly missed by all of us
and in our hearts will dwell,
fond memories of Betsy,
her looks, her noise, her smell.

Each morning, to the beach we'd go.
I never thought we'd lose her.
But Betsy couldn't carry on.
She died - my old Landcruiser!

Grandma's Teeth

Grandma's teeth, they sometimes rattle
and flop around a bit.
They must be getting smaller
'cos they do not seem to fit.
But I think she's found the answer
to make them big and strong.
She puts them in some water
so they'll grow the whole night long!

With ANZAC day this month, I thought we would devote extra space for some ANZAC poetry.

The ANZACS

J.J. Hasson

They were young but oh so willing when they heard their
Country's call
And of all the Empires armies the bravest of them all
They were workers from the factories, and tellers from the
banks
Some were clerks and drainers, others made our water
tanks
There were stockmen from the country, and drovers from
the bush
Brickies and blacksmiths, set out to join the mighty push
With postmen from the city, and their mates from far out-
back
A widow's son came riding in, his suit still newly black

Shearer's by the hundred, some even brought their cook's
Teachers from the schoolrooms, accountant's from their
books
Miner's from the goldfields, and farmers from the scrub
Milkmen and the baker's, barmen from the pub
The saddle makers helper's, and the men who make the
roads
They came in droves to volunteer, all carried different loads
Forester's and fencer's, drivers from the trains
Unemployed and bosses, student's full of brains

Battler's from the mountains, lifeguard's from the sands
All sons of Australia, though from many different lands
Those who fight the fires, those who keep the peace
A constant stream kept coming, like they would never
cease
Trackers from the desert, and hunter's of wild pigs
With all kinds of professions, even those who wear the
wigs
Stevedore and dockers and those who drive the cranes
Some from the best hotels, some from City lanes

Doctors and morticians students straight from schools
Kept coming so often that recruiters bent the rules
Millers and musicians, and those who walk the rails
Hungry men some homeless, newly out of jails
No conscripts were needed; this is the way we live
When there's a mate in trouble, there is an open hand to
give
Our thanks to all those young men who sailed across the
sea
And passed the legend of the ANZAC down to you and me

"The Offside Leader" by Will Ogilvie

I want not praise, nor ribbons to wear
I've done my bit and I've had my share
Of filth and fighting and blood and tears
And doubt and death in the last four years.
My team and I were among the first
Contemptible few when the war-clouds burst.
We sweated our gun through the dust and heat,

We hauled her back in the Big Retreat,
With weary horses and short of shell
Turning our backs on them . . . that was hell.
That was Mons . . . but we came back there
With shine on the horses and shells to spare!
And much I've suffered and much I've seen
From Mons to Mons on the miles between,
But I want no praise nor ribbons to wear--
All I ask for my fighting share
Is this: That England will give to me
My offside leader in Battery B.

She was a round-ribbed blaze-faced brown,
Shy as a country girl in town,
Scared of the gangway and scared of the quay,
Lathered in sweat at the sight of the sea,
But brave as a lion and strong as a bull,
With the mud to the hub in an uphill pull.
She learned her job as the best ones do
And we hadn't been over a week or two,
Before she would stand like a rooted oak,
While the bullets whined and the shrapnel broke,
And a mile of the ridges rocked in glee
As the shells went over from Battery B.

One by one our team went down
But the gods were good to the blaze-faced brown,
We swayed with the battled, back and forth
Lugging the timbers back and forth
Round us the world was red with flame,
As we gained or gave in the changing game
Forward or backward, losses or gains
There were empty saddles and idle chains.
For Death took some on the galloping track
And beckoned some from the bivouac;
Till at least were left, but my mare and me
Of all that went over with Battery B.

My mates have gone and left me alone
Their horses are heaps of ashes and bone
Of all that went out in courage and speed,
There is left but the little brown mare in the lead.
The little brown mare with the blaze on her face
That would die of shame at a slack in her trace;
That would swing the team to the least command
That would charge at a house at the slap of my
hand,
That would turn from a shell to nuzzle my knee--
The pride and the wonder of Battery B.

I look for no praise and no ribbon to wear,
If I've done my bit, it was only my share,
For a man has his pride and the strength of his
Cause
And the love of his home, they are unwritten laws,
But what of the horses that served at our side,
That in faith as of children fought with us and died.
If I, through it all have been true to my task
I ask for no honours. This only I ask.
The gift of one gunner. I know of a place,
Where I'd leave a brown mare with a blaze on her
face,
'Mid low leafy lime trees in cocksfoot and clover
To dream, with the dragonflies glistening over.

Anzac Day Recollections

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Another ANZAC day is here,
another year gone by.
Another time to ask again
Oh why, my Lord, why I?
In nineteen ten, we had three sons
all young, and fit and keen.
Three growing lads we loved so much –
no hatred they had seen.

They were but simple country boys,
they loved life on the farm.
We'd raised them with a guiding hand
and kept them safe from harm.
But four years on, the call went out –
our country went to war.
Our quiet life was shattered then
and peace we knew no more.

All three took up the call to arms.
I begged them not to go.
But they would serve their country now,
their courage they would show.
Their dad and I – we worked all day.
We had a farm to run.
We struggled hard to hide our fear
beneath the aussie sun.

But underneath the silv'ry moon,
beneath the stars so bright,
the fear would riot through my head –
I'd see my boys in fight.
I'd hear the sound of bullet rain,
the pounding cannon roar,
I'd smell the fear of boys that died
while fighting in our war.

One day there came a telegram
and this is what it said
'We're sorry to inform you that
your loving son is dead"
He died upon the battlefield,
a hero to his mate.
My heart was broken on that day,
the day I learnt to hate.

I felt the pain that parents feel
when they cannot control
the things that put their child at risk -
it eats into your soul.
Their dad - he struggled hard to cope,
the road was just too hard.
One day he simply fell apart,
his mind forever scarred.
Our youngest, he survived the war,
but not without a cost.
Along with wounds that scarred his legs,
his hearing he has lost.
Our other son, our eldest boy
was sent to Suvla Bay.
Each night he sees again the sights
he witnessed on that day.

In sleep he hears the screams of men,
he sees the sightless eyes.
In sleep he feels the fear again,
and every night he cries.
To war we lost our middle son -
he lies on foreign land
But we have lost much more than that –
I hope you understand.

We lost that year our innocence,
our freedom and our joy.
We lost the chance to sleep in peace
the year we lost our boy.
They said that time would dull the grief,
that soon we'd feel again,
but thirty years have passed on by
and still we hold the pain.

The casualties of war, they say,
are those that passed away,
and those who suffered injury –
for these we'll always pray.
But don't forget the families
who waited for their men,
please say a prayer for them as well
as April comes again.

Flowers of Glory

© Manfred Vijars – March 2007

Flowers of Glory, in fields of green
Row upon row, whitest I've seen
Harvests from battle - plucked in their prime
... well before time.

Flowers of Glory, ranks holding fast
Side-drum staccato – slow-marching past
Brothers in battle bonded by blood
... unending flood

*Bullies may roar and the despots may rage
huffing and puffing upon the World's stage
and offer their finest as cruel sacrifice.
Common folks ultimately pay the price.*

Flowers of Glory rows upon rows
Held in the bosoms of our former foes
resting, at peace esteemed and embraced
... anger erased

*Deadly engagement – solution's deceit!
See what remains after conflict's retreat
Honour in tatters our Kings stultify
but history `oft shows how misdeeds multiply.*

Flowers of Glory, in fields of green
row upon row, purest I've seen
Battalions of harvest plucked from each side
... who stems the tide
... who stems the tide
... who?

Wrap up of the muster 3rd March 2012

The M.C. for the evening was Grace Williamson (that's me) as Teresa was away it befell Kerry Bowe to be the scribe for the night, But Kerry rang in sick on Friday morning. I did a ring around but could not get anyone able to take on the job recording the night's entertainment. So rather than letting you all down here I am. It was hard work doing both M.C and scribing so please forgive me if it is not a full and true and accurate account. I'll do my best.

Robert Gunn opened the evening with one of his own poems **2011 Grand Final day**. It told how at \$70 a corporate ticket which the previous year included the budget programme. But this time he had to pay an extra \$6 to purchase such programme. Was he upset? Yes. Good poem Robert you expressed your feelings well.

Next was **Dave Smith** "**Looking for a Job.**" It tells how the Italian Georgio went to Centre Link looking for a job. They give him many to choose from but he says he wants to work on a station with cattle and that's where he finds himself. He introduces himself as "Wog" to Nick the Greek, Jack the Aussie, Paddy the Irish and Mac the Scot. While there he watches T.V. and sees a cricket match being played. He didn't know this game so it was explained to him in a long monologue about being in, out in again etc. How Dave kept up with all ways of explaining the game I don't know. It ended with "Nick, Jack, Paddy, Mac leave the Wog alone!"

Barry Higgins gave us a Syd Hopkins poem titled "**Animal Cunning**" about the animals at the zoo and the ape that ate a peach and swallowed the stone had a hard job passing it through his rear. The keepers then fed him plums but the ape always measured them first. Next he did another **Syd Hopkins** poem titled "**Insects**" about the Dockers playing the insects and how Legs the centipede couldn't get his shoes laced up until halfway through the game. Thanks Barry for always providing a good laugh.

Following was **Jack Mathews** who did a poem about his droving days I think titled "**How Would You Be?**" it tells of taking cattle from the Tableland to South East Queensland receiving a large cheque and going to Brisbane where he met this chap who was an alcoholic "How Would you be?" Jack asked. Jack took a job on a banana plantation and took this chap with him he became a mate and worked alongside him. Over the years Jack met up with him several times always asking "How would you be?" The last time his mate was in heaven "How would you be?" he answered "how do you think I be?" My wings are moth eaten, my halo is too heavy and my harp has only two strings. "How do you think I be?" Good to see you Jack.

Brian Langley also went to Boyup Brook and he wrote a one minute poem the sentence "It's not a bad dog (as bad dogs go)" His dog a mongrel jumped the gate to get to a canine mate a pedigree bitch. A fence separated them so dog dug a hole cutting the power cable causing the house to catch fire and burn down. Nobody found the old bad dog or his canine bride. But before the new house was up along came a mongrel pup, he just wandered in. Brian could tell he was not going to be a bad dog—as bad dog goes. Clever Brian.

This was followed by a duet by **Brian and Dot** about '**HANKY PANKY**' Brian being keen for a little hanky panky and Dot putting off because of his boozing ways. All through the poem Brian was trying to convince her that was all in the past. He persists to convince her with his wooing and goosing until she gives in. Brian so excited then to realises that he hasn't taken his little pill! Poor Brian. Mind you they acted this so well I was about to call "Lights Out!"

Dot follows with an **Irene Conner** poem "**the Old Man Reminiscence**" The old man remembers what it was like in the old days as he sits in his chair watching the world go by his body is broken and he longs to drift away but until then it would be nice for someone to sit beside his chair and take his hand to show that someone really cares. A lovely poem, well read by Dot.

Cobber was next playing us the tune "Shrimboats" on his mouthorgan. Followed by his own poem "**The Aussie Battler**" telling of dusty tracks, always a good mate, roaming the bush and helping anywhere he could. Living in a Mia Mia a fire burns him out so he moves on over hills and land the little Aussie battler.

Someone we have not seen for a long time was next on our programme **Owen Keene** gave us a poem of his own, an ode to Henry Lawson "**Loud Trumpeter**" Sing to my soul, give me some vision of the future. Good to see you back Owen

Another returned performer. Welcome back **Christine Boulton** Christine did a favourite of mine **Henry Lawson's** "**Scots of the Riverina**" telling of the boy who fled from his home and his father scratched his name from the Bible never to speak his name. The boy went off to Flanders and was killed much to his mother and sisters and the towns grief. But the father gave no sign, but when his family had gone to the church he lay dead with his head on hands with the open Bible and a name rewritten there. Well performed with moving emotion, not a breathe could be heard from the audience.

We broke for a delightful supper of mixed sandwiches. Thank you Maxine.

Maxine would like someone to offer to take her place and give us a cuppa at supper time.

First after supper was the raffle draw. Grace drew the ticket and Wally her husband won the door prize. It was fair and all above board. Just tinny!!

Dot Langley brought us the classic poem by **Dryblower Murphy** written in 1906 "**To be an M.L.A**" quite appropriate with all the politics that have been happening lately. It referred to Parliament House near Kings Park as being a depot for old men. He also states that he'd like to be an M.L.A. and yap, and yap and yap all day!! No different than today is it?

Wally Williamson did a good job of **Banjo Paterson's** poem "**Clancy of The Overflow**" tells of Clancy going droving and they don't know where he is. So a letter was written with a finger dipped in tar. Good Effort Wal- keep it up.

Next was **Trish Joyce** with her own poem “**I Spy**” (something we have all done while driving with our children on a long journey.” In this poem they had to think of something beginning with D the whole journey and no one guessed. Trish said if you don’t hurry up it will begin with P. this only confused them more. Then they learned D stood for driver until when he got out of the car he became a Pedestrian!!

Dave Smith came back to the mike with his one liner from Boyup Brook “**I’ve got a deep dark secret**” Mum had lost her hairbrush- nowhere could it be found hers sons looked sheepish, Granny with her walking stick all searched and searched it seemed the boys had hidden it in the dunny. So that was their deep dark secret!!

I decided although I had a full programme to allow a new lady in our midst who writes her own poetry to give her a go. **Min Tye** gave us “**The Country Man**” a man who had sadness, worked with the land, loved, lost and mourned and raised above it. We are looking to hear more from you Win.

Ever popular **Cobber** returned to the mike clicking his sticks gave us his poem “**A Lousy Attitude**” when he was a lad he made his way with this lousy attitude- he was told if he kept it up he would make a good Politician.

Thank-you Cobber, you are a master and watching you is a lesson to us all.

After many months absent it was so good to see 97 year old **Colin Thomas** come back with a very short poem “**This is for Gardner’s**” He had a tree that he’s trying to grow from a sapling, it came from a volcanic country and no matter how much care he gives it will not grow more than ¾ metre high he keeps it in a cool part of his home in the bathroom, can you help him. It’s a **Lava Tree!!**

Brian then brought us his poem “**Moore River Blues**” the poem is about his beach cottage nestled by the ocean all the joys of birds in the trees, sprinklers on the lawn, fishing in the sea, colour of wildflowers in the springtime - here he can relax and commune with life and sea. Then news that real estate companies are going to destroy it all with development of 2000 houses and shopping malls and schools -his peaceful life will be shattered with an urban spread but the people partitioned and Government prevailed for now there will be no urban zoo.

Barry brought us **Syd Hopkins** “**Bob the Battler**” battling Bob in the Pilbara was stony broke in a huge recession boom then he landed a job in a men’s dept. store selling Jocks. When a Middle Eastern man came in and complained that he needed undies in packs of 12 one for every month of the year!! He followed this with an **Anon poem** “**The Crisis**” Crisis in Parliament (what’s new) it’s doomed to go downhill until Unions called restraint and bosses gave to the poor and “pigs flew overhead” !!! Another good laugh.

Trish Joyce gave us a **Caroline Eldridge Alfonzetti** poem “**The Ballad of Rosie McGreer**. This poem tells us about lusty, busty and curvaceous Rosie from the pub who when she died had all the men mourning her death and waiting for her lawyer to come to tell them who had fathered the good looking son Jack McGreer a book reading strapping three times dux of his school. The lawyer arrived and told them he Jack Henry Carver was the boys’ father! No one expected the lawyer to be father but it did seem so right with a boy so bright. But if only they knew his brains came from his mother as she schemed how her son could afford college for each in the room thought he was the father and weekly sent her money.

Jack Mathews gave us “**The Drovers Cook**” an educated man with an elocuted voice he helped the drover unload the goods from the horses Sorry Jack I was so busy listening I forgot to write and didn’t have a copy of the poem so can’t relay the ending.

Our last performer for the night was **Christine Boulton** with **Bill Kearne’s** “**Entrapment**” about Trevor who was drinking at the Tamworth Festival and sitting on a stack of plastic chairs when he jumped to his feet he found his “treasured crown jewels” had slipped out and got caught between the slats of the chairs. Try as he did he couldn’t pull them away. Everyone laughed at his predicament someone produced a Stanley trimmer oh dear! But he pushed and he pulled until they became free all swollen and red and twice the size. He was hung over an ice filled esky an ambulance was called and he is now recovering well!! As always Christine portrayal was very good and we all felt for poor Trevor.

The night finished at ten past ten. Our audience consisted of several new members also some past members returning. It was good to see them all and I hope they enjoyed the evening and will come again.

Note Grace--- I only received copies of poems from three performers so the synopsis was as I remembered and from scribbled notes.

Somehow, I forgot to put the winners/placegetters for the Boyup Brook Written competition in last months news-letter - my apologies!

Open Category

Winner:

The Gold Seekers - Terry Piggott. WA

Highly Commended:

A Bushman’s Farewell - Terry Piggott WA

Rainbow Serpent Progeny - Tom McIlveen. NSW

The Dungeon on the Hill - Tom McIlveen NSW

Commended:

Inheritance - Zondrae King. NSW

The Camp at Cripple Creek - Terry Piggott WA

The Sheik of the Scrubby - Brenda Joy Qld

Emerging Poet Category

Winner:

Judged - Marty Boyce NSW

Commended:

Waiting for the Break - Robyn Lees WA

Handpiece made of Glass - Marty Boyce WA

Congratulations to all the placegetters, but it would be lovely to see a better representation from our WA poets - we seem to have few WA entries.

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Upcoming Events

Please let the editor know if you are aware of any event which might be of interest to the general membership

- ◆ Friday 4th May Muster. Bentley Park Auditorium at 7.30pm. 26 Plantation Drive. Bentley
- ◆ Friday 6th July Muster. Bentley Park Auditorium at 7.30pm. 26 Plantation Drive. Bentley

Regular events: Albany Bush Poetry group 4th Tuesday of each month Peter 9844 6606
 Geraldton Growers market Poetry gig 2nd Saturday Catherine 0409 200 153.

Do YOU have any poetic events which need to go in this space? Or for that matter anywhere within this newsletter — it is YOUR newsletter, I would like to see more direct contributions from members and friends.

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

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.com

Please contact the Webmaster, Brian Langley on 93613770 if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.

**Country Poets -Is there anything poetic going on in your neck of the woods.
 If so, why not drop us a line and tell us about it**

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 our website www.wabushpoets.com Go to the "Performance Poets" page	Members' Poetic Products Graham Armstrong Book Victoria Brown CD Peter Blyth CDs, books Rusty Christensen CDs Brian Gale CD & books John Hayes CDs & books Tim Heffernan book Brian Langley books, CD	Arthur Leggett books, inc autobiography Keith Lethbridge books Corin Linch books Val Read books Caroline Sambridge book Peg Vickers books & CD "Terry & Jenny" Music CDs
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