

The

APRIL 2025

BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

Next Muster: 4th April 2025 at 7.00 pm, at the Auditorium, Swan Care, Plantation Drive, Bentley
MC Heather Denholm 0429 052 900 h.e.denholm@gmail.com

Reading from the classics—Christine Boulton

For the Fallen

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children
England mourns for her dead across the sea,
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres,
There is music in the midst of desolation
And glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eyes, steady and aglow,
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again,
They sit no more at familiar tables of home,
They have no lot in our labour of the daytime,
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires and hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the night.

As the stars shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

- Written by Robert Laurence Binyon (1869-1943)

The Ode comes from *For the Fallen*, a poem by English poet and writer Laurence Binyon. The poem was first published in *The Times* on 21 September 1914. It was later published in the *Winnowing Fan - Poems of the Great War*.

By mid-September 1914, less than seven weeks after the outbreak of war, the British Expeditionary Force in France had already suffered severe casualties. Long lists of the dead and wounded appeared in British newspapers. It was against this background that Binyon wrote *For the Fallen*.

The Ode is the fourth stanza of the poem. The verse, which became the *League Ode*, was already used in association with Anzac Day commemoration services in Australia in 1921.

This Bully Tin has been printed and postage provided with the generous assistance
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President's Ramblings April 2025



Greetings from Loxton, a pretty little town on the banks of the Murray River.

It is a pleasant surprise to see the Murray River full of clear water instead of the half full flow of the Muddy River. The fishing is no better though as the cod are elusive and carp plentiful. Meg and I are on our way to Corryong for the Man from Snowy River Festival. We will be back in Perth for the May Muster and Moondyne Festival at Toodyay on Sunday 4th May. This year we will have musical accompaniment from Kevin Bennetts. We often see Kevin in our travels, most recently at Downunder Country Music in Bridgetown where he was one of the local musicians featured throughout the weekend.

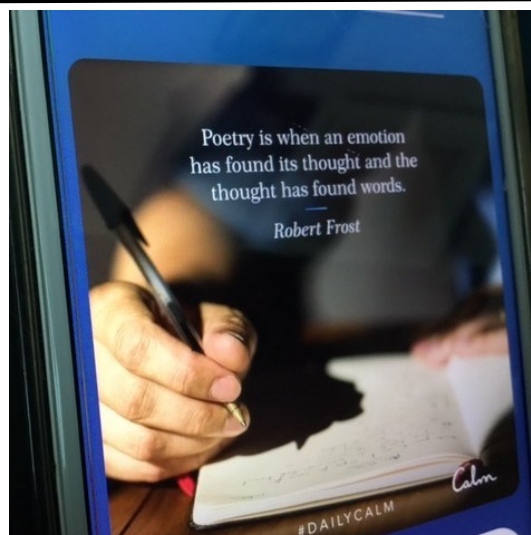
Alan Aitken coordinated the Bush Poets at Downunder. He was capably supported by Cobber, Pete Rudy, Daniel Avery, Greg Joass and myself. Poets were given two spots between musicians on Friday and Saturday on the main stage before a two-hour bush poets breakfast on Sunday morning. Each festival has a different program for the poets but this format affords us exposure to the whole audience although the majority can't manage to get out of bed on Sunday morning. Those who are at our show are the ones who really appreciate our talents and we enjoy the more intimate atmosphere of the shed.

All too often I am reporting on the passing of one of our members. This month we pay tribute to Syd Hopkinson, formerly of Kirkalocka Station, Mt Magnet. Syd was a prolific writer whose poems are still recited by Rob Gunn and Barry Higgins. Syd was an early (Foundation?) member of WA Bush Poets and was an accomplished performer at musters for many years though not of recent times as age caught up with him. He passed away 5 months short of his century.

The muster will revert to the Auditorium at Bentley Park from April. While the smaller venue we used last month gave us a more intimate atmosphere, getting PA and kitchen supplies across posed significant challenges.

Could any poets who are able to go to Toodyay on Sunday 4th May for the Moondyne Festival please contact me. There will be ample opportunities to recite and even try out a new poem or two on the day. We will be set up near the Anglican Church as in recent years. A text message is probably the best way to get me as we will be on the road until then.

Bill Gordon, President



*A quote sent in to share
from Brian Coogan*

Vale Colin Tyler

WA Bush Poets was represented at Colin Tyler's funeral by five members, one of whom, Ray Jackson, knew Col and worked with him as a firefighter. As Colin had spent most of his working life in the Fire Brigade there were many retired and active firies present. The high regard they had for Colin was spoken of at length. As a workmate who always carried more than his share of the load, as a caring and loving husband to his beloved Wendy, as a compassionate good natured man, Colin was loved and respected by all.

Colin was a long serving member of the Mt Lawley Cricket Club and was honoured by the club awarding him with a life membership. Appropriately, the wake was held at their clubhouse and, as I had been asked to recite a poem, it just had to be "How MacDougal Topped the Score".

Ray Jackson wrote the following poem for the occasion and presented it at the wake where it was very well received:

DITTY FOR DIZZY, a great friend and workmate.

Col was a man of considerable size, with a huge kind heart and so very wise.
I never once heard him say a harsh word, toward any person though even deserved.
As a Firie and mate there was none to compare, with the knowledge and skills he freely would share.
All those skills and talents he freely shared, with always a smile to show that he cared.
While he was working he never stood back and did more than his share in a fire attack.
When station cook-ups were all the go, and helpers were needed up Col's hand would show.
But if the meal on the day was a mixed barbecue, of the raw snaggers Col would have quite a few.
On dragging a hose or pumping the wet stuff, each task was done no matter how tough.
When he retired to a well-deserved rest he was fondly remembered as one of the best.
As a retired firefighter he was respected by all, and was the first to help if he got a call.
His devotion to Wendy in her later years was a joy to behold despite all the fears.
At poetry nights they were quite a pair with Wendy offering advice from her chair.
With patience and love Col would gently explain from harsh critiques she should probably refrain.
Off to the kitchen and then he would make hot tea and coffee and cut up the cake,
Though not a poet he loved to be there to listen with Wendy and with her to share,
her love of the poems on a poetry night, and to make sure her evening turned out just right.

Photos supplied and written by Bill Gordon



NANNUP MUSIC FESTIVAL - 2025

Another successful weekend with the usual poetry on Saturday and Sunday morning at the Nannup Music Festival. This year it was renamed "Poetry In Moments" with the organisers looking to attract a wider verity of poetry styles and performers.

As per previous years I was ably supported by Jeff Swain, Greg Joass and Alan Hall with a special appearance from Keith Lethbridge on Sunday Morning. This year Peter Willey from NSW also put in an appearance during these sections, he is a comedian, poet, singer and songwriter. We also had 8 other poets either reading or reciting one or two poems, mostly their own works. Following us we had Lisa Collyer performing her own works called Climate Poetics.

Writeup and picture courtesy of Allan Aitkin



Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge

Either Side Of Paradise

I am patiently awaiting for the heat to start abating
and I'm thinking of those Aussies facing raging floods again.
While I'm sweating here and cursing over there the skies are bursting,
bringing record downpours there in days and weeks of nonstop rain.

I imagine rainstorms looming, hear the rolling thunder booming,
as they ready for the next downpour to flood their towns once more.
And with skies alive with lightning, for the kids it must be frightening,
but those people there are hardy souls and that's for flaming sure.

And to them it's not surprising that the rivers are now rising,
for they flow the way they always have when heavy rains about.
And with floods again now creeping while the countryside is sleeping,
there'll be heartache in the morning and more houses to bail out.

While now over here we swelter – hearing of that helter skelter
of them dodging sudden downpours, that would be a welcomed gift,
for their frazzled western brothers, sisters' cousins and all others,
as we stare at cloudless skies and pray this heatwave will soon lift.

© T.E. Piggott



Photo by Deb McQuire

A Cyclone is Brewing

The tension is building, the news warnings shout,
A cyclone is brewing, the threat's soon mapped out.
Sky darkens, looks broody, the wind grows intense.
We pack away loose stuff, strap swings to the fence.

The forecaster's saying, *it could be Cat 4;*
Please fasten all shutters and bolster your door.

For those unfamiliar the process outlined
Store water and food stocks, the risks they defined.

As power may go out and phone towers bend,
Source back ups for lighting, sand bags to defend
'gainst influx of water from tides and the rain;

This waiting is taxing, the stress quite insane.
The storm front approaches, the outcome we dread,
Soon swirling wind rages and smashes our shed.
We watch through the windows all taped to protect
With long strips of duct tape, it's hoped will deflect
Debris and lose branches, strong pressure waves too
A grey sticky 'band aid' stop glass breaking through.
The noise overwhelming, sounds like a freight train
Strong currents at work here, sludge spews from a drain.

The children look worried, sat still like small mice;
Their fears quietly growing, sensations not nice.

With adults all fearing the gale's force may lift
The roof from the house walls, in sky soon adrift.
Our home turned to splinters, could lose all we own;

All sitting in silence and feeling alone.

This system expansive, long coastline exposed;
Authorities waiting with plans well proposed.

Resources and people are set to assist,
To mop up the mess from what could not resist;
This onslaught from nature that *man* can't control.
We watch on, hug loved ones, inside our bolt hole.

© DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire) 9th March 2025

To Those Who Have Gone Before.

Imagine the sounds of a farmers boots determinedly walking. Every step is strong. The sound is being made by a young man with determination. Crunch, crunch, crunch, the steady pace resonating in the early morning mist. The trees bow their heads to him and form an arch over the centre of the road. He walks the Avenue of Honour, though it will be years until it is memorialized. The young man has his destination in sight. The dusty road takes him towards the train station.

Another, a thousand miles away another kisses his wife farewell. He knows what is his duty. Tears stream down her face. It may be the last memory of her, so she stands proud and defies her heart. She smiles, it is the least she can do. He turns the corner, suitcase in hand, she slumps against the door, slides to the ground and sobs.

The bookkeeper at the Young and Jacksons pub in Melbourne, hangs up his cardigan and puts on his overcoat. He looks fondly at the desk, with its 'Account' books stacked neatly. The blotter on his desk with the reversed outlines of his signature. He retrieves his gladstone bag from under the desk and turns off the banker's light. The loss of illumination creates an atmosphere of a haunted library. The thought passes, maybe the next ghost may be me. He breathes deeply, and sighs as he exhales.

His path takes him across the road to the Flinders Street Station. To the enlistment office. There is a queue down Swanston Street. Men, young and old waiting for their opportunity to join the 'Forces'. To some, enlistment brought forth a sense of patriotic duty and a desire to 'do one's bit' to protect Australia and the British Empire. The Anzac tradition was a factor in some people's reasons for enlistment. Perhaps the call of adventure was the greatest motivation for the youthful volunteers; certainly, it attracted young men eager to test themselves. The lure of adventure was never greater.

All over Australia, men, old and young marched to the beat of the Nations drum. The news was grim that drew them in to their countries breast.

Last night, on the radio, the Prime Minister, Robert Gordon Menzies, gave a speech that all feared: 'Fellow Australians, it is my melancholy duty to inform you officially, that in consequence of a persistence by Germany in her invasion of Poland, Great Britain has declared war upon her and that, as a result, Australia is also at war....'

From Albany to Toowoomba, everywhere north and south and in between, Australia felt the collective rumble of the march to take a stand, true and firm for God, the King and Country.

Some flew planes, some fixed them, some sailed the oceans and carried men to the beaches, carried resources and brought back those whose fight was paid for with injury and death. The mere boys were just fodder for guns. Doctors and Nurses, Cooks and Radio operators, they all came home: eventually. Too many in boxes.

The men and women that survived, commemorate those times. They meet on Anzac Day for the dawn service and listen to the Last Post solemnly being played. It is a homage that they pay every Anzac Day. Each year their numbers lessen. So, when you see a Veteran struggling to walk in the Anzac Parade. He may be all alone to those who do not know.

Of the Australians who fought in WW2. 27,073 died during war and, of the 990,000 who enlisted in Army, RAAF and RAN, the majority have now passed. If you stand very still and you listen with your heart, you will hear each and every step of those men that march beside him. He walks for them.

Lest We Forget.

Shelley Johnson



L-R Performers -
 Greg Joass, Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge,
 Peter Rudolph, Allan Aitkin,
 Daniel Avery, Bill Gordon.
Photos courtesy of Greg Joass



Audience



Muster Write-up 7th March 2025

Bill Gordon opened and handed over to Kerry & Rod Lee as our joint MCs for the evening.

First poem presented by **Rod Lee** 'How Ya Going'

Rob Gunn – commented on the death of Sid Hopkins. Then presented one of Sid's poems – the story of a radio presenter struggling with the names of bush stations outback in Australia

Kerry Lee -presented '*Glenny Palmer*' a parody poem presented as a double act by Kerry & Rod about missing clothing and when out camping.

Christine Boulton – presented Catherine Hale's poem '*Grey Knitting*' A tale told of knitting by women waiting for the men to return from the war. Knitting and weaving for their soldiers.

Christine Boulton – followed by a poem by Jessie Poet – '*Socks*' another tale woven into the pattern a woman was knitting for her man who was a soldier fighting in WW2

Rod Lee – presented an entertaining poem by Sid Hopkins—a story about not wasting toilet paper at the golf club, and the difficulty this request proved to be for the members.

David Sears – recited '*How McDougal Topped the Score*' by Thomas Spencer an English born Australian poet. This poem was later made into a silent movie. A story about a cricket game and how McDougal topped the score Tells how McDougal save the day in a game of cricket, by scoring 50 runs required for victory with only one wicket to spare and off one ball as well.

Meg Gordon – spoke about attending Colin Tyler's funeral, remarking on his sporting feats including golf and football. The recited Peg Vickers poem '*The Useless Kelpie Sheep Dog*' about the player who excelled at the game was his training partner that because the dog was useless he demonstrated rounding up the sheep but he got fit Andy Watson. And although the dog was useless at sheep work he could drive the truck.

Bill Gordon – also spoke about Colin Tyler and then recited '*The Snakebite Antidote*' by Banjo Paterson. William Johnson was terrified of all the snakes on his selection and set out to find an antidote for snakebite. A wise old aboriginal told him about a plant that goannas eat for a remedy. Turned out the cure was worse than the disease as William used a deadly poison weed in his famous snakebite cure and his sheepdog did not survive the treatment.

Daniel Avery – is currently working on learning a parody of The Man From Snowy River - 'The Kitchen Maid' and some of his strategies. Then presented his own poem 'What is Normal' the story of his journey from childhood to now with cerebral palsy. Speaking of the friends that supported him, his aspirations for work and his parents' support.

Deb McQuire - presented her poem '*The Great Chump*' speaks of the activities and aspirations of a political character some may recognise and '*My Mind Went Blank*' talks of how the world ranks and judges us by a set of standards that have shifted throughout time. The current 'judges' presenting their, sometimes toxic, views through social media.

Heather Denholm talked about the history of quilting, come out of need, then presented her poem '*An Avid Aussie Quilter*'. Tells of how she creates quilts with new tools cutting cloth into pieces then sewing them up into quilts of all styles and uses. And perhaps a bit of an addiction that she is proud of. Showing off her quilt beautiful of Australia showing off all states and territories

Rod Lee - presented his poem about married life and how things change when his wife goes on a fitness kick with her trainer Raymond. And how he, the husband, wanted to fight back and ends up participating in training and found that he was better off to keep his mouth shut

Kerry Lee – entertained us with the poem 'The Old Lanterns' reminiscing about the light from old lanterns and what stories they evoked in her memory. *By hurricane lanterns. The soft mellow light lighting the day to day life of families of the past.*

Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge - first he entertained with his mouth organ playing 'Londonderry Air', also known as 'Danny Boy'. The recited '*Play it Again*' is about a bloke camping in the out-back, playing a tune or 2 on the mouth-organ before turning in. When he plays "Danny Boy", a local ghost insists that he plays it again ... and again. The camper thinks the ghost must be enjoying the tune, until eventually he finds out that he has to keep playing it until he gets it right.

Muster Write Up cont.....

Supper

Lorraine Broun— presented the reading from the classics Carol Guy (James Hackson) a poetry cartoonist and who did poems for others including CJ Dennis . – *Miss Melva's Motor Car* about dame Nellie Melba. 'Mrs Polkinghorne' – a poem about an old lady with unusual habit, keeping cats for company and horses wearing hats. 2nd poem '*Our Corrugated Iron Tank*' about a miserable looking tank that dripped dry and was apt to have things fall in including snakes, possums etc. and how the family depending on the water in the tank and when drought left the tank empty. And the joy when it rained and filled the tank. Then she presented one of her own 'District nursing' about her favourite couple, the husband her patient who would tell tales from his life as a sailor

Rod Lee presented his entry for the 16 line challenge '*A hole in it*' a tale of a hole in the boat.

Christine Boulton – presented her entry for the 16 line challenge there's a hole in it a story about '*Franks Holey Socks*' that were recycled into toys - 2 toads

Christine Boulton then presented '*Where the Brumbies Come to Water*' by Will Ogilvy telling the story of a master that has passed on.

Deb McQuire presented her entry for the 16 line challenge Holey Socks and followed by her poem 'When Sense Goes Walkabout' talks about how it seems good sense is lacking, around the world and here; as those who yell the loudest, spread lies and foster fear.

Rodger Kohn told a yarn about the golf club where a fellow was on the women's tee when he was actually taking his 2nd shot.

Rodger Kohn - then told a yarn about a very clever dog a dog that could talk...The old farmer challenged this idea and engaged in a conversation with the dog when dog bested the farmer.

Rod Lee read out his poem produced by AI chat phone - speaking of bush ranges using the words offered by the audience at the last muster.

Rob Gunn – Claude Morris a grave situation....

Heather Denholm – That's life by Dixie Soley Sinbad mining magnate thought finding gold mad mans creek with a metal detector but he made a mistake by wearing steel cap boots out on speck flat. His cover story 'the pigs ate it'.

David Sears – '*Salt Bush Bill*' by AB Patterson was a drover tough as ever the country knew. He had fought his way on the great stock routes to the big Bargo. Was originally published in the Bulletin, December 1894.

Daniel Avery – My Motely mates – talking about his mates and how despite their disabilities they were great mates who supported each other.

Kieth 'Cobber' Lethbridge - recited his poem 'A Political Rally' is "schizophrenic" verse. It only rhymes if the listener imagines it does. Or perhaps politicians don't always mean what they say.

Kerry Lee performed her poem '*Sailing the Pen*' about the problems they encountered when they first arrived here in WA including the difficulties of water skiing and changing to sailing which was a bonding exercise

Bill Gordon finished the night with his own poem "Fifteen Bob". A town boy tried his hand as a jackaroo with disastrous results. Everything he did was a disaster and the boss had to take stress leave while Bob ended up back on the coast.

9.34 close



Reminder: Could everyone who performs at Musters please have a synopsis available on the night for our scribe or send one via email to deb.mcquire@bigpond.com for the Muster write up. Thank you in advance

Next Muster: 2nd May 2025 at 7.00 pm, at the Auditorium, Swan Care, Plantation Drive, Bentley please note TBA could be in alternat room due to election the next day

MC - Lorraine Broun 0411 877 551 Reading from the Classics - Heather Denholm

8 line poem: Changes

Deadline for submissions for May's Bully Tin 22nd April 2025

COMPETITIONS AND EVENTS AROUND AUSTRALIA

WRITTEN EVENTS are in PURPLE

For more details and entry forms please go to the ABPA website

www.abpa.org.au and www.writingwa.org

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

April

10-13 April — Man from Snowy River Bush Festival (incorporating the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships). Performance & Written Competitions. Corryong, Victoria. See 28 February Closing Date.

30 April — Closing Date — Silver Swagman (Bronze Swagman special one-off) written bush poetry award, Winton, Queensland.

May

4 May — Closing Date — Grenfell Henry Lawson Poetry and Short Story Prize, Grenfell, NSW.

15 May — Closing Date — Eastwood/Hills FAW Literary Competition Boree Log, Eastwood, NSW.

July

14 July — Closing Date — Brisbane EKKa Bush Poetry Competition, Brisbane, Queensland.

August

10 August — Brisbane EKKa Bush Poetry Competition, Brisbane, Queensland.
See 14 July closing date.



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Regular Events

WA Bush Poets:	1st Friday each month <i><u>MC details see front page</u></i> - 7pm Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park WA	
Bunbury Bush Poets:	1st Monday every ‘<i>even</i>’ month - The Parade Hotel, 1 Austral Parade, East Bunbury.	Ph. Alan Aitken - 0400 249 243 or Ian Farrell 0408 212 636
Goldfields Bush Poetry Group:	1st Wednesday each month. - 7.30pm 809 Kalgoorlie Country Club, 108 Egan St. Kalgoorlie	Ph. Ken Ball - 0419 94 3376

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
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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.