

The

May 2019

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



Next Muster Friday 3rd May 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park

MC : Michael Darby 0402558947

Featuring: International Rhyming Poetry

(Please give your synopses to Meg Gordon)



REMEMBERING MOTHERS



LITTLE IRISH MOTHER

*Rest in peace, dear little Irish Mother,
While the birds sing gently at the dawn.
Greeting the hills with love for one another,
In the cool, green land where you were born.*

You'll find no graveside legend,
Just the heather growing wild,
In the mountains and the valleys
Where she wandered as a child,
Where the mists come gently rolling,
And where Nature plays its part
But she'll never be forgotten in my heart.

She travelled to this country,
Ten thousand miles or more,
To be a wife and mother
Like so many had before,
But who could shake the lonely pain
Of how things might have been
And the memory of a thousand shades of green?

From ashes back to ashes,
Then across the ocean wide,
And I reckon she'll be happy
In her Irish country side,
Where the rain swirls down the valley
And the river rushes past,
A little Irish Mother, home at last!

*So rest in peace, dear little Irish Mother,
While the birds sing gently at the dawn.
Greeting the hills with love for one another,
In the cool, green land where you were born.*

Keith Lethbridge Armadale. March 29, 2008

Terry Bennetts has put this poem to music and is available on his CD

**Happy Mothers Day to all
moms, grannies, great
grannies, step moms,
foster moms, and those
who lost their mom. Moms
are priceless!**

**This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of
KATE DOUST MLC**

and posted with the generous assistance of BEN WYATT, MLA - Member for Victoria Park.

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

President's Preamble May 2019



In addition to its role as the Country Music Capital of WA, Boyup Brook also features on the Square Dancing calendar. Under the watchful eye of Phil Paddon, a large group of their members gather at Boyup Brook each Easter for dancing and socialising. About 60 of their number headed for "Cobber's Corner", Dinninup at lunchtime on Easter Sunday for a very enjoyable session of entertainment from bush poets and musicians. Apart from his poetic and musical talents, Cobber is known across the country as an accomplished Square Dance caller. He has even been to the United States to hone his skills.

The 2019 AGM of WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners will be held at the June muster. This is a departure from previous years to have the meeting before the president heads north for the winter.

Hoping to see many of our members at Toodyay Moondyne Joe Festival on Sunday 5th May. Kevin Bennett will be sharing his music on our stage at Moondyne. He is a regular performer at Nambung and Downunder (Bridgetown), and we look forward to having him at Toodyay.

The following Saturday, 11th May sees us heading for Mandurah for the Port Bouvard poetry day at the Sport and Recreation Club.

Bill Gordon President

BUSH POETS FESTIVAL

Port Bouvard Recreation & Sporting Club

Come & enjoy an Aussie brekkie, listen to a poem or two from excellent poets, have a delicious lunch and enjoy the sounds of country music

Saturday 11th May 2019

8:30am for breakfast onwards

Entry \$25.00 per person – all day pass
Includes breakfast, lunch, poetry & entertainment

For ticket sales contact

Port Bouvard Recreation & Sporting Club on
(08) 9582 2871 or admin@pbrsc.org.au
1 Thisbe Drive Dawesville WA

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF DATE



Moondyne Joe Festival Toodyay

Sunday 5th May 2019

Music provided by **Kevin Bennett**.

Look for Bush Poet's stage in the main street periodically from 10.30am to 3pm.

Poets performing will be **Rob Gunn, Stinger Nettleton, Bill Gordon, Greg Joass**.

REMEMBER THE ANZCAS

A GATHERING OF HERO'S – The First Anzacs

A photograph that's black and white - a convoy gathered for the fight
and even after all these years, this brings a lump into my throat.

Although this photo's of the past these memories will always last,
of brave young men from long ago crammed unaware into each boat.

They're anchored in King Georges Sound but soon they will be outward bound,
yet here they look like ghost ships frozen in this long-forgotten scene.

A sense of sadness shrouds each ship about to start its fateful trip;
if only it was possible; to turn back time and intervene.

My mind begins to wander now transporting me back there somehow,
imagining I'm in the crowd to wish God speed long, long ago.
While standing there I hear the cheers; see many women shedding tears,
so anxious for those young men there, about to face a deadly foe.

The decks no doubt were crowded then with thousands of young Aussie men,
all hoping for a final glimpse here of this land they held so dear.
Excitement must have rippled through although some doubts would be there too,
for soon this land will slip from view; yet now so tantalizing near.

I wondered what those young men felt about this hand that they'd been dealt;
for some perhaps a perfect chance to see the world and spread their wings.
Yet soon I'm sure they'd once more yearn, to just survive and then return,
but all that lies ahead of them - when faced with horrors that war brings.

While thinking of that war and strife, this photo seems to come to life,
the convoy now begins to move and starts to sail away once more.
On shore the cheers begin to wane and troubled faces show again;
reality has touched the crowd with worries of what lies in store.

On board those ships excited grins - the great adventure now begins,
though rumors say this fight may end before they even reach their base.
But little do those brave lads know, about the truth, or where they'll go
and of the hell awaiting them, out in that godforsaken place.

My thoughts turn to that fateful day with landings now well underway;
they clamber to their landing craft out from the place that they must reach.
I see them as they pull to shore; hear bullets thud and cannon roar,
then see our young men falling as they charge across that blood-stained beach.

I try to shut those visions out - this was the hell that wars about
and I can only wonder how those young men overcame their fear.
The daydream ends and there I stand the photograph still in my hand
and though this happened long ago, once more I'm fighting back a tear.

Congratulations to **Peter O'Shaughnessy** from Bunbury on achieving third place in the **Open Humorous** category of the **Written Bush Poetry Competition** held in conjunction with **Man From Snowy River Festival** at Corryong recently. His poem was "The Shearer's Cook"

The Shearer's Cook.

Shearing finished for the day and as normal in the shed
we settled down to quietly have a few
when Old Bill, the 'shearer's cook', grabbed a spot because
he said

"That's a good place to tell a yarn or two."

The old bloke started dragging on a soggy cigarette
a fag he'd rolled himself an hour ago
it didn't seem to matter that the fag was sort of wet
I'm sure he only used the thing for show.

He was telling 'fairy' stories of early shearing days
in sheds out on the Meekatharra track
when his bushy eyebrows wrinkled, memory seemed to haze
and thought a beer might bring his memory back.

The old bloke watched us slyly as we filled his empty pot
he thanked us as he took a healthy sip
then started telling stories from an interesting lot
but not before he took another nip.

Old Bill had been a shearer when he joined us as a cook
he'd been a pretty good one, so he said.
He'd shorn in sheds from Meeka, up the bush to Lalla Rookh
and even been the ringer in a shed.

He sipped his beer, then started, on these stories from his past
like how he shored a drover's Kelpie dog
and shorn sheep as big as horses and shorn them really fast
he said he'd shorn the bristles off a hog.

He'd shorn a sheep blindfolded and the hardest part of that
was how to keep the blindfold on the sheep
he even told a story of when drunk and in his flat
he'd tried to shear his missus in his sleep.

He told how hungry squatters couldn't count the sheep he shored
that's why he kept his tally on the wall
then just like Saltbush Bill, he hit a squatter on the jaw
that got him barred from working sheds at all.

He told of shearing sheep at midnight, for a drunken jest
the squatter thought they should have been in bed
but they had a competition, to see who was the best
and didn't stop 'til half of them were dead.

We loved his little story of the student, full of brass
who tried to tell a shearer how to shear
who called the cook a bastard, told the classer how to class
and even tried to nick the boss's beer.

So William, in his wisdom, grabbed the student's ginger head
he ran the combs and cutters through his hair
which caused some consternation as his old man owned the shed
'til daddy told the kid, "He didn't care."

By now the sun had faded and the time was getting late
Old Bill had nearly finished with his tale
the squatter said "Good night you lot, I'll see you all at eight."
OK by us, 'cos we'd run out of ale.

The old bloke wasn't finished, he'd a final word to say
he dropped his gaze down to his empty beer
with no more grog forthcoming, put his empty glass away
then stretched his back and got up off his rear.

He said "I've met some liars in the outback shearing game
I've met a few you wouldn't wish to see
not all of them were shearers, there were many wore the name
the biggest one I ever met, was me."

Peter O'Shaughnessy

I DON'T BELIEVE

I don't believe the Easter Bunny comes to visit me
And brings me lots of chocolate eggs that I can eat for free
I don't believe that Santa Clause leaves presents in the night
And breaking in to houses is really not alright
I don't believe a princess is dependent just on me
To save her family fortune and help set her family free
I don't believe politicians when they're telling porky pies
It's when you see their lips move that you know they're telling
lies

I don't believe Bill Shorten has much integrity
He's got no one left to back stab, except for you and me

I don't believe Tony Abbott is really in the know
And knows more about the climate than the CSIRO

I don't believe that Dutton will really tow the line
If Scomo wins the election then he's on borrowed time
I don't believe Clive Palmer will look out for our interest
Clive will just look after Clive, it's what he does the best
And I don't believe it matters which candidate we select

Cause in the end it's always a politician we elect

Greg Joass 15/02/2019



**DON'T BELIEVE BUT DON'T FORGET TO
VOTE ON 18TH MAY**





ONLY A HOUSEWIFE

She mentioned "*only a housewife*,"
So I thought about that for a while,
"*Only a cook and a cleaner*,"
And the memory made me smile,
I could picture my own dear mother,
With a similar point of view,
Scrubbing our clothes to keep them clean
Before the days of the washing machine,
She was *only a housewife* too.

Struggling home from the market,
With an oversized shopping bag,
She raised four healthy children then,
On the smell of an oily rag.
Our father battled to earn a quid,
Away in the bush to roam,
And many adventures fell his way,
Still recounted this very day,
But *the housewife* stayed at home.

She mentioned "*only a housewife*,"
And my eyes began to glaze,
It took me back many years ago,
To wonderful childhood days,
To the mother who taught us right from wrong
And never to tell a fib,
Before divorce became a career,
With child support and nothing to fear,
In a flurry of women's lib.

Our sewerage system was rough as guts,
There was nobody Mum could call.
With face and body covered in muck,
She managed to fix it all,
And of course we suffered the chicken pox
And the measles, right on cue,
Twisted ankles and runny nose,
Impetigo, anything goes!
Our Mum was *a doctor*, too.

She somehow got us to read and write
And fumble our way through school;
With long division and decimal points,
Our Mum was nobody's fool,
And when our behaviour fell away
And we tumbled from bad to worse,
She knew our talents were Heaven sent,
So perhaps we could play an instrument,
Or compose illustrious verse.

At times the money just didn't arrive
And there wasn't enough to eat;
She scrimped and saved and did without
And managed to make ends meet.
Of course we all wore hand-me-downs
But it wasn't a big disgrace;
Our Mum could patch with any old rag,
And a tee-shirt made from a sugar bag
Was the fashion around our place.

Perhaps the loneliness wore her down
When the nights were long and cold,
With the children safely tucked in bed
But *the housewife* growing old.
Was this the price for sailing away
With a handsome, reckless man,
To end her days in a draughty shack,
With an empty heart and an aching back?
That wasn't the master plan!

And yet, there was laughter in our house
And plenty of things to do;
With a milking goat, a few fine chooks
And the silver beet we grew.
Our mother sang as she cooked and scrubbed
And laboured her life away.
She didn't have time to wonder why,
And the expectations weren't so high,
Back in my mother's day.

* * *

By luck I married a beautiful girl,
Only a housewife too.
They both belong to a dying breed,
The last of the saintly few,
Perhaps our daughters will keep in mind,
Through turbulent years to come,
That the world would run at a kinder pace,
If they only copied the style and grace
Of their wonderful *housewife* Mum!

Keith Lethbridge Halls Creek. February 10, 2006



EASTER SUNDAY AT COBBER'S CORNER DINNINUP



Cobber Lethbridge, Stinger Nettleton, and Pedro Blyth entertained the gathering



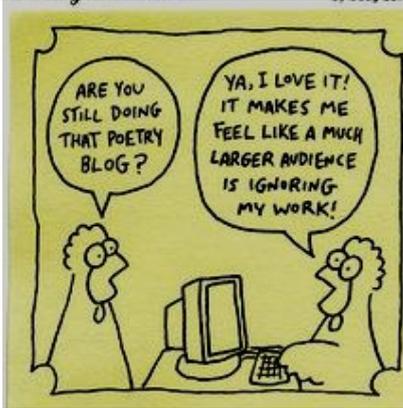
Visiting Square Dancers and poet friends enjoyed the music and poetry

What better way to enjoy the autumn Easter break than to be in a glorious bush setting being entertained around a fire complete with camp oven stew.

Square Dancers came from near and far, two visitors were in fact from America, to enjoy practicing their craft at the Flax Mill in Boyup Brook. Then they were treated to an afternoon of entertainment by local and visiting artists at Cobber's Corner in Dinninup, 15kms east of Boyup Brook.

Music was also provided by Steve and Marion Magini from Kojonup as well as poets, Alan Aitken, John Watkinson, Janet Wells, Bill and Meg Gordon.

**FOR THE
WRITERS**



Cervantes Cultural Committee Inc

10 Day Art Exhibition Cervantes Community & Recreational Centre

Opening Night **Friday 18th October 6pm**

Wine, Savoury and Presentation Night

Exhibition open daily Saturday October 19th to Sunday 27th 10am till 4pm

Digital Entry Forms and information

available from our website www.cervantesartfestival.com.au

SAVE THE DATE

Cervantes Art Festival

Including Written Bush Poetry—Cash Prize

See digital entry form above on our website (page 3)

Competitions Around The Land

Written 30 April - Closing Date - Henry Lawson Society Literary Awards, including The Wombat Award for children 12 years and under, Brighton Victoria

Written 30 April - Closing Date - The Bronze Swagman Award for written bush verse, Winton Queensland.

Written 5 July - Closing Date - Adelaide Plains Poets Inc 'Location' Poetry Competition, Redbanks SA.

Written 30 July - Closing Date - Nandewar Poetry Competition, Narrabri NSW.

Performance 6-8 September 2019 - Queensland Bush Poetry Championships, Beenleigh Queensland (just south of Brisbane). All Welcome. Entry forms out soon. Ring Jim 0403 871 325 or Gerry 0499 942 922.

Written 4 Oct —Closing Date—Cervantes Written Bush Poetry Competition

Written 5th October 2019 — Closing WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc. Entry competitions or wabushpoets.asn.au



Date — Silver Quill Bush Verse—forms at: www.abpa.org.au/

Performance 1—3 November 2019 — WA State Championships at Toodyay

Muster Writeup 5th April 2019

President **Bill Gordon** welcomed everyone and introduced MC for the evening, **Anne Hayes**. He then acknowledged Bruce Simpson who had recently passed away, reciting one of Bruce's poem "Brady's Ghost". When the cattle rushed from the camp at Jack Brady's grave, Bruce was assisted to control the mob by a ghostly rider on a big black horse. He was scared out of his wits thinking it was Brady's ghost. The ghost turned out to be a naked jackaroo.

Cobber Lethbridge - in remembering the ANZACS gave his poem "Gallipoli", a very moving account of the horror of that campaign and the hope that no one forgot the sacrifice of those young men.

Grace Williamson - "Believe It Or Not" (Alec "Mac" Macormack) This poem tells of a shearer who befriends a swagman for the night and tells him that he has made 500 pounds wages. The swagman told him that was a lot of money and he should be careful as "many a man has been murdered for less". The shearer feels that he was foolish to have said anything and takes off into the night only to find he was being followed ——by the swagman!

Tony Hill - "How We Cashed The Pig" (Jack Sorrenson) The Barter system is alive and well!

Tess Ernschaw - "Country Organist" The arrival of a stranger in town who could play the piano, soon had everyone booking her up to play for weddings funeral and other functions and establishing her as part of the community.

John Hayes - "Who Gives The Bride Away" (Bob Magor) John will recite this poem at his grandson's wedding soon.

Heather Denham - "Family History" Those family skeletons in the closet are sometimes worth hearing about.

Rob Gunn - "The Tenth Light Horse" (John Dengate) A WW1 poem depicting the story of West Australian lives that were lost during the battles of war.

Stinger Nettleton - "Riders of The North" Written by Tommy Grey, who was an Aboriginal rider who went away to war. Sadly he was killed just after he wrote the poem.

Alan Aitken - "The Geebung Polo Club" by A. B. Paterson, whilst travelling in Canada in 2017 we called in to a place called the Bar U Ranch just off the Cowboy Highway which was one of the original large ranches in the area. It is now a tourist attraction. In the old post office was a board with Geebung Polo Club on it. Apparently there was an Australian working at the ranch in the early 1900's when they started a polo club and he suggested the name.

Nancy Coe - "The Thong", "Mirror on the Wall", "I'll have the red one, please"

Lorraine Broun - "Moving House" Her thoughts when doing all that is necessary to sell and move on.

After Supper six poems were presented in response to this month's challenge - He/She/It was always my best friend. Poets Tess Ernschaw, Barrie Blakey, Colin Tyler, Deb McQuire, Grace Williamson, and Heather Denham all participated.

Jack Matthews - "The Funeral" (Bill Kearns)

John Hayes - "On The Londonderry Line" The story of timbercutters felling trees for the building of the railway line through the south east of WA.

Nancy Coe - "Jigsaws"

Alan Aitken - "Scotts of The Riverina" (Henry Lawson) Tells of a father that never forgave his son for running away from the family farm to the city. The boy enlists in the army and is killed in Flanders and the old man dies of grief and regret after rewriting the son's name in the family bible.

Grace Williamson - "What Grandad Has To Say" (Val Read) This poem tells of purple mountains, endless gibber plains, swaggies, Afhgans with their camels, farming and bagging wheat. So many things but no one listens to Grandad as he chats away so when he goes all the heritage is lost.

Cobber Lethbridge - "Never Forget" Cobber put this poem to music on his guitar. Another tribute to those who went away to war and also those left behind waiting for news.

Tony Hill - "Dog On The Tuckerbox"

Rob Gunn - "Blue" by David Burman. A humorous poem about a cattle dog having tea with his master.

Tess Ernschaw - "The Girls in The Office" Memories of the day when diets were put on hold because cheesecake was brought in for morning tea.

Bill Gordon closed the night by thanking MC Anne Hayes, and then reciting another of Bruce Simpson's poems. "A Lament from the Scrub" is an answer to Banjo Paterson's "Clancy of the Overflow". While "Clancy" romanticises the drovers life, Bruce gives a graphic description of the hardships endured on the track.

Evening ended 9.30pm

MC next month is **Michael Darby 0402 558 947** and International Rhyming poems will be featured.

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2018—2019

Bill Gordon	President	0428651098	northlands@wn.com.au
Peter “Stinger” Nettleton	Vice President	0407770053	stinger@iinet.net.au
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Committee

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Bev Shorland /Jem Shorland		61430127 0487 764 897	shorland@iinet.net.au
Bob Brackenbury		6250 0861 0418918884	brack123@gmail.com

Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:

Tony Hill	Supper BT Mail out	0418929493	
Rhonda Hinkley	Librarian	0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
	Webmaster		
Robert Gunn	Sound gear set up	0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Rodger Kohn	Bully Tin Mail Out	93320876 0419666168	rodgershirley@bigpond.com

Regular Events

WA Bush Poets	1st Friday of each month	Bentley Park Auditorium
Albany Bush Poetry group:	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets:	First Monday of every second month	Alan Aitken 0400249243 Ian Farrell 0408212636
Rose Hotel cnr Wellington & Victoria Sts Bunbury		
Geraldton Bush Poets:	Second Tuesday of the month. Contacts: Roger & Jan Cracknell 0427 625 181 or Irene Conner 0429 652 155. 6pm at Recreation room, Belair caravan park, Geraldton. Bring and share snacks for tea.	
Kalgoorlie Bush Poetry Group:	Third Wednesday of the month. Contact Paul Browning 0416 171 809 Kalgoorlie Country Club, 108 Egan St. Kalgoorlie 6.30pm	

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 meggordon4@bigpond.com.au

Address correspondence for the Secretary to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Box 364 Bentley 6982

Ccorrespondence re monetary payments for Treasurer to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Bos 364 Bentley 6982

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.

Members' Poetic Products

Victoria Brown	CD	Terry Piggott	Books	Arthur Leggett	Book
Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Frank Heffernan	Book	Keith Lethbridge	books
John Hayes	CDs books	Christine Boulton	Book, CD	Corin Linch	books
Tim Heffernan	book	Pete Stratford	Book, CDs	Val Read	books
Brian Langley	CD's books	Roger Cracknell	Book, CD	Peg Vickers	books & CD
		Bill Gordon	CD	Terry Bennetts	Music CDs