

# The

July 2013

# BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



**Next Muster 5th July 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park  
MC Lorelie Tacoma 93652277**

## THIS DAY IN HISTORY

Wednesday 3rd July

### Australian History

1915 - A medical report from Anzac Cove notes the increasing incidence of dysentery among the troops

1922 - Queensland becomes the first state to abolish the death penalty

### World History:

1886 - Karl Benz drives the first automobile in the world, reaching a top speed of 10kms per hour.

1991 - Apple Computers and IBM indicate their intentions to work together to swap technology and develop new machines.

## CHANGE TO MUSTER VENUE!!

A reminder to all members that **this month, 5th July**, we will be returning to the Bentley Park Auditorium for the monthly musters, commencing at 7pm.

The move to the RSL Hall was on a trial basis only, and was done in an effort to attract more attendees at the musters. Unfortunately, this has not happened, and we are now not having the residents of Bentley Park attend as they used to.

There has been some ongoing issues with the security system, which has meant people waiting around outside while we waited for the RSL facility manager to arrive to de-activate the alarm. And it has also been difficult for committee members, or others, to find the time to interact or discuss issues, due to time constraints on when we needed to vacate the premises.

But we would like to take the opportunity to thank Kelvin and Jackie Liddiard for their prompt service to de-activate alarms, and for the support they have given us during our time at the hall. It has been very much appreciated.

Dora Wilcox was the daughter of William Henry Wilcox, saddler, and his wife, Mary Elizabeth nee Washbourne. Her father died before she was born. She was educated privately and at Canterbury College, Christchurch. Wilcox began her writing career at an early age with a poem published in New Zealand when she was twelve. She was only eighteen when the Sydney *Bulletin* published her poems.

The Call of the Bush  
Dora Wilcox

Three roads there are that climb and wind  
Amongst the hills, and leave behind  
The patterned orchards, sloping down  
To meet a little country town.  
And of these roads I'll take the one  
That tops the ridges, where the sun  
Is tempered by the mountain-breeze  
And dancing shadows of the trees.  
The road is rough - but to my feet  
Softer than is the city street;  
And then the trees! - how beautiful  
She-oak and gum - how fresh and cool!  
No walls there are to hamper me;  
Only in blue infinity  
The distant mountain-ramparts rise  
Beneath the broad arch of the skies.  
And in that high place I shall hear  
The wild birds' singing, soft and clear;  
And horse-bells tinkling as of old  
In amongst the wattles' gold  
Far-off is the ocean tide;  
But there across the country-side  
Roll waves of bush that rise and fall  
To break against the mountain-wall.  
And every little farm is seen  
An island in a sea of green;  
And every little farm at night  
Flings through the dark its beacon-light -  
There in the silence of the hills,  
I shall find peace that soothes and stills  
The throbbing of the weary brain, -  
For I am going home again.

### WANTED - MUSTER MC's

With Dave Smith on the sick list, Event Coordination is being handled by Terry and Vice Pres. Brian who are always on the search for members who would be willing to take on the role of MC for 1 Muster each. For those new at the job, Terry and Brian have guides available - contact details on the back page Thank you.

**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.**

## President's Preamble - July

We have now moved all the gear we had stored at the RSL and it is now back at Bentley Park ready for our Muster on 5<sup>th</sup> July. This promises to be a good night. Roger Cohen is coming to give us some of his musical renditions of the poetry of Henry Lawson. Also coming is one of our foundation members, Roger Montgomery, who has been touring the festivals in the East for several years with his band "Dingo's Breakfast". Musters will continue to start at 7pm.

The AGM is being held immediately before the muster on 2<sup>nd</sup> August, 6.30pm start for the meeting. The good news is that we have a member volunteer to take on the treasury. Having said that, I would remind members that all positions become vacant at the AGM. Irene has been doing a sterling job as secretary, but with a change of work she has been kept very busy and would be happy to hand over to someone new. Dave's operation was not the success we hoped for and he is forced to take it easy. He is still hanging in there and has valuable contribution to the committee but he cannot take the active part he has as event coordinator.

We had eight members travel to Toodyay for a meeting with the president and secretary of the Toodyay Festivals Inc to discuss plans for what promises to be an excellent weekend of bush poetry. Bill Kearns is well known for his very funny poem "Entrapment" which has done the rounds of the internet. Bill is coming over to conduct a judging workshop at Toodyay, and to be one of the judges for the state championships. On the Saturday night there will be a bush dance in the Memorial Hall. Bill has promised to give us some of his poetry during breaks at the bush dance. If you or anyone you know is interested in attending the workshop or in judging some sections of the championships please let one of your committee know.

A big "Thank you" to Meg for taking on the role of muster write-up, and to Nancy for her assistance to Meg.

As we move forward with all our plans, remember that life is a journey, not a destination.

Bill Gordon  
President

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**Kangaroo Valley Folk Festival**  
Written Bush Poetry Competition  
25 -27<sup>th</sup> October 2013-06-27

This year there are two sections for children, a Bush poetry (open) and a themed 'Crystal Creek Meadow Award – the theme of which is 'Hand made v's Mass Produced' and this is open to all styles of poetry. For full terms and conditions and entry form, please see the ABPA website ([www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au) and find the competition section). Other enquires to Zondrae King – [zondraeking@gmail.com](mailto:zondraeking@gmail.com)

To Morrow

I started on a journey last year it was sometime,  
To a little town called Morrow, on a Queensland country line.  
Now I've never been much of a traveller, and I really didn't know  
That Morrow is the hardest place a bloke can try to go.

I went down to the station, to get my ticket there  
For the next train to Morrow – I didn't have a care.  
Said I, "My friend, I'd like to go to Morrow and return  
Not later than tomorrow, for I haven't time to burn.

Said he to me, "Now let me see if I heard you right  
- You'd like to go to Morrow and return tomorrow night.  
You should have gone to Morrow yesterday, and back today,  
For the train that goes to Morrow is a mile upon its way.

"If you had gone to Morrow yesterday – now don't you see-  
You could have gone to Morrow and got back today at Three,  
For the train today to Morrow (if the schedule is right)  
Today it goes to Morrow and returns tomorrow night".

Said I, "Now hang on – hold it there – can we wind that back?  
There is a town called Morrow on the line, now tell me that".  
"There is", said he, "But take from me a quiet little tip,  
To go from here to Morrow is a fourteen hour trip.

"The train today to Morrow leaves today at Eight Thirty-five,  
And half past Ten tomorrow is the time it should arrive.  
Now travellers yesterday to Morrow – who get to Morrow today  
They come back again tomorrow (that is, if they don't stay)".

"OK mate", I said, "You know it all. But kindly tell me pray,  
How can I get to Morrow if I leave this town today"?  
Said he, "You cannot go to Morrow any more today  
For the train that goes to Morrow is a mile upon its way!"

I was getting rather aggro. I commenced to curse and swear.  
The train had gone to Morrow and had left me standing there.  
I decided then that – bugger it! – I loathed the Queensland scrub,  
And I would not go to Morrow. I went back to the pub.

(adapted by Keith McKenry from a song by Bob Gibson)

### 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.

The Prince  
Bobby Miller

I've moved into a brand new home, a rural bush retreat.  
My lonely days are over now, my life is just complete.  
See, this newly married couple have come to live with me,  
I think he's dull and boring, but she's a doll, you see!  
I watch her daily round the house, I watch her taking showers,  
Last week her husband caught me and laughed for several  
hours.  
He always tells me where to go and it's an uphill slog,  
But there's no chance of moving me ... 'cause I'm a green tree  
frog.

He throws me daily out the door and daily I am cursed,  
But I always sneak back in again, 'cause I was in here first.  
Why should I live out in the scrub and climb up in the trees?  
Why should I boil on summer days or shiver in the breeze?  
I always use me nicest grin when people come around,  
And when they're watching movies, well, I never make a sound.  
He says "We haven't got a goldfish, or a budgie or a dog,  
So, get it through your big green head, we do not need a frog."

She really gets so raging mad when I'm swimmin' in the loo.  
I ask you what's so wrong with that? Its deep and cool and blue.  
The other day she chucked a fit and screamed at him to come  
When all I did was shyly place ... me cold hand on her bum.  
He threw me in the dam for that, just one more of his crimes!  
I've seen him do the same darn thing a hundred other times!  
I sometimes wish he'd move away and join some synagogue,  
And then I'd have her to myself, the princess and the frog.

She must know I'm besotted by the way I smile and pout  
But every time I jump on her, she nearly passes out.  
So, I keep this lonely vigil by her bedside every night,  
If only I could speak to her, I know she'd see the light,  
'Cause I really am a royal frog, a prince in shiny green.  
I sit for hours and dream of all the things that might have been.  
I could change her life forever and our future would be bliss,  
If only she would give to me ... just one wet sloppy kiss.

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### Just Go

Keith Lethbridge

Old Bertie was a drinking man  
and he loved to have a bet.  
He spent a few bob on lotto tickets  
but had never won it yet.  
One day, he opened up the mail,  
just the same as he always did,  
then he yelled to his wife: "Start packin' Flo,  
I got this letter and wha'd ya know?  
I've won a million quid!"

"So where are we going"? the Missus asked.  
"Shall I pack me bathing suit?  
Or how about a trip to the Alps?  
Yes, that'd be really beaut!"  
Old Bertie looked her square in the eye  
and answered: "Listen, Flo,  
I don't care whether you ski or hike,  
you can go wherever the Hell you like,  
but for pity's sake, just go!"

### The Austral 'light'

Harry Breaker Morant

We were standing by the fireside at the pub  
one wintry night

Drinking grog and 'pitching fairies' while the  
lengthening hours took flight,

And a stranger there was present, one who  
seemed quite city-bred---

There was little showed about him to denote  
him 'mulga-fed'.

For he wore a four-inch collar, tucked up  
pants, and boots of tan---

You might take him for a new-chum, or a  
Sydney city man---

But in spite of cuff or collar, Lord! he gave  
himself away

When he cut and rubbed and had filled his  
coloured clay.

For he never asked for matches--although in  
that boozing band

There was more than one man standing with  
a matchbox in his hand;

And I knew him for a bushman 'spite his tai-  
lor-made attire'.

As I saw him stoop and fossick for a fire-stick  
from the fire.

And that mode of weed-ignition to my mem-  
ory brough back

Long nights when nags were hobbled on a  
far North-western track;

Recalled campfires in the timber, when the  
stars shone big and bright,

And we learned the matchless virtues of a  
glowing gidgee light.

And I thought of piney sand-ridges---and  
somehow I could swear

That this tailor-made johnny had at one time  
been 'out there'.

And as he blew the white ash from the taper-  
ing, glowing coal,

Faith! my heart went out towards him for a  
kindred country soul.

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And one for the littleys:

### Growing Up

Little Tommy Tadpole began to weep and wail,  
For little Tommy Tadpole had lost his little tail;  
And his mother didn't know him as he wept upon a log,  
For he wasn't Tommy Tadpole, but Mr. Thomas Frog.

C.J. Dennis

Mary Gilmore is representative of an Australia long gone; an Australia which truly saw itself as a new experiment in democracy and had no doubt about its superiority not only over those nations to our North but over the 'old and tired' nations of Europe, To 'sit on the stockyard rail' is a metaphor for visiting as a friend.

### **No Foe Shall Gather Our Harvest**

Dame Mary Gilmore  
Written during World War 2

Sons of the mountains of Scotland,  
Welshmen of coomb and defile,  
Breed of the moors of England,  
Children of Erin's green isle,  
We stand four square to the tempest,  
Whatever the battering hail-  
No foe shall gather our harvest,  
Or sit on our stockyard rail.

Our women shall walk in honour,  
Our children shall know no chain,  
This land, that is ours forever,  
The invader shall strike at in vain.  
Anzac!...Tobruk!...and Kokoda!...  
Could ever the old blood fail?  
No foe shall gather our harvest,  
Or sit on our stockyard rail.

So hail-fellow-met we muster,  
And hail-fellow-met fall in,  
Wherever the guns may thunder,  
Or the rocketing air-mail spin!  
Born of the soil and the whirlwind,  
Though death itself be the gale-  
No foe shall gather our harvest  
Or sit on our stockyard rail.

We are the sons of Australia,  
Of the men who fashioned the land;  
We are the sons of the women  
Who walked with them hand in hand;  
And we swear by the dead who bore us,  
By the heroes who blazed the trail,  
No foe shall gather our harvest,  
Or sit on our stockyard rail.

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The Masterpiece  
Peg Vickers

I look at this masterpiece up on the wall  
painted in days that are gone,  
and there is this lady – this oversize lady  
who doesn't have very much on.  
The curves of her body are rounded and soft  
and seem to go just where they please –  
they don't suggest diets of carrots and  
cress,  
lettuce and plain cottage cheese.  
If I had been born in a time that was then,  
I think – no in fact I am sure,  
the artist who painted the female form  
would have beaten a path to my door.

The Horse in the Tree  
E.S. Sorenson

High in the fork of a gnarled old tree  
was the skeleton of a horse  
by the road that wandered to Wirrandee;  
And I said to Charlie, who rode with me,  
"Left there by a flood, of course."

But Charlie answered, "Well, I must say  
you fellows make me smile;  
for every person who comes this way  
just thinks the same, an' he's miles astray.  
Now, I'll give you the dinkum ile.

I was on that moke when he stuck up there –  
'twas a wonder I wasn't killed;  
but seein' impediments everywhere  
I shifted back in the atmosphere,  
an' only got bumped an' spilled.

You see, I was after a brumby mob,  
which hereabouts split an' spread,  
goin' lickety-split, me and Wirrandee Bob,  
an' didn't see 'till I reached that knob,  
the tangle o' scrub ahead.

The only openin' was through that fork,  
an', 'fore I had time to think,  
Blue Streak went up like a popped-up cork,  
but the game old moke was as fat as pork  
an' jambed like a wedge in a chink.

An' there's his bones; 'tis a wonder how  
they've hung in the sun an' shade;  
but 'The Horse in the Tree' is a landmark now  
that drovers know, an' they all allow  
'twas a dam' fine leap he made."

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**My Horse, My Friend, My Faithful Servant**  
Leigh Matthews

The years are unforgiving, my hand no longer steady on the rein  
Time cannot heal the memories or the passing years of pain  
As visions of that distant land come flooding to my mind  
Of the friend who stood beside me, of the friend I left behind

You shared the water from my hat, the burden of my load,  
You sheltered and protected me, along that dusty road  
That's seen the march of man and beast a thousand times before  
The blood soaked sand of that ancient land that leads a man to war

Oh, we begged and we pleaded when they said you had to die  
They answered, "You're a soldier, it's not yours to reason why"  
You were the final victims of that long and evil war  
And we left you there to rot in the sand, upon that foreign shore

Death delivered by this hand was kinder than by foe,  
But each of us shed a silent tear, when at last you had to go  
No guile, just trust, that I betrayed, and I know that when I die  
And we both stand in judgement, you're a better friend than I.

## Alf "The Axeman" Wallace

We have no information whatsoever about this poet, other than he was living in the Meekatharra district in 1919 when he published his book "Cobbers of Mine and other verses"

It is however obvious from the content of his poems that he spent considerable time both in the Jarrah Forest of the Darling Ranges as well as in the Gold-fields

If anyone has some biographical info, Brian Langley would love to get it for inclusion in our web pages.

### THE ECHO OF THE AXES

The Axeman

I've listened to the Bagpipes,  
As they wafted on the breeze;  
But 'twas nothing to the music  
Of the axes in the trees.  
For you only have to listen,  
On a bright and dewy morn,  
And you'll hear the echoes ringing  
In the forest where they're born.  
And they join the sound of nature,  
When they float across the plain;  
Till another distant axeman  
Will return the sound again.  
And each one swings a Kelly,  
Or a Plumb with equal ease;  
'Tis they that start the echoes  
Of the axes in the trees.

If you doubt this little story -  
Should you fancy this is strange -  
You should go and spend a week or two  
Along the Darling range.  
You'll find axemen there in thousands,  
Where the golden sunlight gleams;  
Where they swing the shining axes,  
Chopping sleepers, piles and beams.  
And in the morning sunlight,  
While the shade is on the dew,  
You will see a real bush picture,  
Though it may be strange to you.  
You will hear the bush birds singing,  
And the humming of the bees,  
Where the axemen wake the echoes  
Of the axes in the trees.

Yes, that's the place the axemen toil,  
Where nature rules serene;  
It is the axeman's only home  
Where giant trees are green.  
Where sturdy limbs of old red gums  
Are swayed with mighty swings;  
Where there's tunes played by the bullfrogs  
In the reed beds and the springs.  
At night the fire burns brightly,  
To drive away the damp;  
And you hear the possums screeching  
On the ridge pole of your camp.  
Where the jackass bursts out laughing

At the tom-tit little wease;  
When you're out among the echoes  
Of the axes in the trees.

So good-bye now my hearty,  
But before we leave the bar;  
Let's drink to echo's play-ground,  
Where the real Australians are.  
If you'd like to pay a visit,  
You're welcome if you'll come:  
We'll show you how we carve the chips,  
With Kelly or with Plumb.  
You'll maybe miss your counter-lunch,  
Or perhaps your morning shave;  
But you'll get good healthy breezes,  
Where the giant Jarrahs wave.  
Where the scent of lovely flowers  
Float around you on the breeze,  
And the axemen rouse the echoes  
With the axes in the trees.

Note - "Kelly" and "Plumb" were the two leading brands of axes in the early 1900s (Ed)

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Colleen O'Grady has obviously spent a bit of time out on farms, handraising animals!! She sent this poem in for your enjoyment.

### FEEDING CALVES – WARRAWAGINE

Colleen O'Grady

Brindle, brown and black forms  
waiting in the shade.  
Hungry, throaty bellows greet  
bucket-carrying brigade.

Thirsty mouths dip in the milk  
heads pop out and shake.  
There is no finger soft as silk  
help a thirst to slake.

Blossom slurps and gurgles hers  
in seconds bucket empty.  
Brindle slurps then concurs  
with Brownie who was naughty!

Noses nudge with force and strength  
bodies jostles feeders.  
Humans give in at length,  
fingers became leaders

**Do you want to be part of the National Scene –  
Then you might consider joining the Australian  
Bush Poets Assn  
[www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au) . Annual membership \$30  
Stay up to date with events and competitions right  
across Australia**

**O'Hara, J.P**  
**Henry Lawson**

James Patrick O'Hara the Justice of Peace,  
He bossed the P.M. and he bossed the police;  
A parent, a deacon, a landlord was he—  
A townsman of weight was O'Hara, J.P.

He gave out the prizes, foundation-stones laid,  
He shone when the Governor's visit was paid;  
And twice re-elected as Mayor was he—  
The flies couldn't roost on O'Hara, J.P.

Now Sandy M'Fly, of the Axe-and-the-Saw,  
Was charged with a breach of the licensing law—  
He sold after hours whilst talking too free  
On matters concerning O'Hara, J.P.

And each contradicted the next witness flat,  
Concerning back parlours, side-doors, and all that;  
'Twas very conflicting, as all must agree—  
'Ye'd better take care!' said O'Hara, J.P.

But 'Baby,' the barmaid, her evidence gave—  
A poor, timid darling who tried to be brave—  
'Now, don't be afraid—if it's frightened ye be—  
'Speak out, my good girl,' said O'Hara, J.P.

Her hair was so golden, her eyes were so blue,  
Her face was so fair and her words seemed so true—  
So green in the ways of sweet women was he  
That she jolted the heart of O'Hara, J.P.

He turned to the other grave Justice of Peace,  
And whispered, 'You can't always trust the police;  
'I'll visit the premises during the day,  
'And see for myself,' said O'Hara, Jay Pay.

( Case postponed )

'Twas early next morning, or late the same night—  
"Twas early next morning' we think would be right—  
And sounds that betokened a breach of the law  
Escaped through the cracks of the Axe-and-the-Saw.  
And Constable Dogherty, out in the street,  
Met Constable Clancy a bit off his beat;  
He took him with finger and thumb by the ear,  
And led him around to a lane in the rear.

He pointed a blind where strange shadows were  
seen—  
Wild pantomime hinting of revels within—  
'We'll drop on M'Fly, if you'll listen to me,  
'And prove we are right to O'Hara, J. P.'

But Clancy was up to the lay of the land,  
He cautiously shaded his mouth with his hand—  
'Wisht, man! Howld yer wisht! or it's ruined we'll be,  
'It's the justice himself—it's O'Hara, J.P.'

They hish'd and they whishted, and turned them-  
selves round,  
And got themselves off like two cats on wet ground;  
Agreeing to be, on their honour as men,  
A deaf-dumb-and-blind institution just then.

Inside on a sofa, two barmaids between,  
With one on his knee was a gentleman seen;  
And any chance eye at the keyhole could see  
In less than a wink 'twas O'Hara, J.P.

The first in the chorus of songs that were sung,  
The loudest that laughed at the jokes that were sprung,  
The guest of the evening, the soul of the spree—  
The daddy of all was O'Hara, J.P.

And hard-cases chuckled, and hard-cases said  
That Baby and Alice conveyed him to bed—  
In subsequent storms it was painful to see  
Those hard-cases side with the sinful J.P.

Next day, in the court, when the case came in sight,  
O'Hara declared he was satisfied quite;  
The case was dismissed—it was destined to be  
The final case of O'Hara, J.P.

The law and religion came down on him first—  
The Christian was hard but his wife was the worst!  
Half ruined and half driven crazy was he—  
It made an old man of O'Hara, J. P.  
Now, young men who come from the bush, do you hear?  
Who know not the power of barmaids and beer—  
Don't see for yourself! from temptation steer free,  
Remember the fall of O'Hara, J.P.

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**MEMORIES OF ORA BANDA**

*By L. Nazzari 1974.*

My old home town is deserted now  
The prospecting scene has altered  
But the memory lingers deep down somehow  
Of brave men who never faltered

In their search for gold, in the auriferous hills.  
Despite the heat and cold and winter ills  
I can see them now as they blazed a track  
Accepting the challenge of the great outback

With a few tools and a horse and dray  
Hoping tomorrow would be their day.  
In a crude bough shed they camped at night  
A hurricane lamp supplied the light

A camp oven cooked over an open fire  
And a billy can hung from a piece of wire  
Water was scarce, but not the flies  
And sandy blight tortured the prospectors' eyes.

Though at times their hopes seemed so forlorn  
From their efforts a thriving town was born  
Created by courage so toughly displayed  
I loved this town where I worked and played.

I often wonder what those men would say  
If they could see the methods employed today  
Radio equipped vehicles replace the horse and dray  
And modern caravans makes camping child's play

## **When the Sun's Behind the Hill**

CJ Dennis

There's a soft and peaceful feeling  
Comes across the farming hand  
As the shadows go a-stealing  
Slow along the new-turned land.  
The lazy curling smoke above the thatch is showing blue.  
And the weary old plough horses wander home'ard two 'n' two,  
With their chains a-clinkin', clankin', when their daily toil is through,  
And the sun's behind the hill.

Then it's slowly homeward plodding  
As the night begins to creep,  
And the barley grass is nodding  
To the daisies, all asleep,  
The crows are flying heavily, and cawing overhead;  
The sleepy milking cows are lowing softly in the shed,  
And above them, in the rafters, all the fowls have gone to bed,  
When the sun's behind the hill.

Then it's "Harry, feed old Roaney!"  
And it's "Bill, put up the rail!"  
And it's "Tom, turn out the pony!"  
"Mary, hurry with that pail!"  
And the kiddies run to meet us, and are begging for a ride  
On the broad old "Prince" and "Darky" they can hardly sit astride;  
And mother, she is bustling with the supper things inside,  
When the sun's behind the hill.  
Then it's sitting down and yarning  
When we've had our bite and sup,  
And the mother takes her darning,  
While our Mary tidies up.  
And Bess tells how the baldy cow got tangled in the wire;  
And Katie keeps the baby-boy from tumbling in the fire;  
And the baccy smoke goes curling as I suck my soothing briar,  
When the sun's behind the hill.

Then we talk about the season,  
And of how it's turning out,  
And we try to guess the reason  
For the long-continued drought.  
Oh, a farmer's life ain't roses and his work is never done:  
And a job's no sooner over than another is begun.  
For he's toiling late and early from the rising of the sun  
Till he sinks behind the hill.

But it grows, that peaceful feeling  
While I'm sitting smoking there,  
And the kiddies all are kneeling  
To repeat their ev'ning prayer;  
For it seems, somehow, to lighten all the care that must be bore  
When the things of life are worrying, and times are troubling sore;  
And I pray that God will keep them when my own long-day is o'er,  
And the sun's behind the hill.

## **Where the Light and the Shadows Lie**

"Bluebush" Bourke

(Sunday Times, February 1st 1903)

Many a wind is blowing, .  
Our from the weary West,  
Many a wave is chasing  
Opaline crest on crest ;  
Many a ship is sailing  
Over the Austral tide,  
And all to-night, like a white moth's flight,  
Are bound for the Sydney side.

Many a sweet remembrance  
In through my tent-door trips.  
Many a shade from the days that were,  
With a message upon its lips  
Many a sound of laughter,  
Many a heartfelt sigh,  
Come on the breeze, from the Eastern seas,  
?Where the light and the shadows lie.

But there's little time for sighing,  
And less for a man to weep,  
When you're delving far 'neath a sinking star,  
Down where the gold lies deep.  
Toil, while the fates are watching !  
Fail at the task again !  
But work and wait at the outer gate  
Such are the lives of men.

Little of time for sighing,  
Here, while the shadows creep.  
And bright stars shine in the secret mine,  
Down where the heart depths sleep.  
Season and sense will waver,  
Whisper, and pass me by.  
For my heart has hied to the Sydney side,  
Where the light and the shadows lie.

## **A look at farming**

**Bob Batchelor**

We started with little, on a mallee block  
over forty five years ago.  
The homestead - tent and a caravan  
just me, two dogs and Jo.

I knew bugger all about farming  
We had to learn it day by day  
I just did what the other blokes did  
to handle this sandplain and clay

Logging and burning, ploughing and picking –  
the back very seldom got straight.  
Plant your crops - it doesn't sound much,  
but we had quite a lot on our plate.

Cut your posts and put up fences,  
sink dams with a tractor and scoop.  
What you don't do today is there tomorrow,  
waiting 'til the muscles regroup.

I've told stories about those early days  
in verse that I've written before.  
Forty five years on you remember achievements  
and forget those bits that were sore.

## Notice of Annual General Meeting.

The 2013 Annual General Meeting of the W.A. Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners Assn Inc. will be held in the Auditorium, 26 Plantation Drive, Bentley Park on Friday, August 2nd commencing at 6.30pm (immediately prior to the August Muster which will commence at 7.30pm .)

**Agenda:** (Members present to please sign the attendance sheet)

- Apologies:
- Reading of the Minutes of the 2012 Annual General Meeting held Sept. 7th 2012
- Financial Report
- President's Report – Mr Bill Gordon

Election of Management Committee:

President  
Vice President  
Secretary  
Treasurer / Registrar  
General Committee (minimum 4)

Non Committee Positions – Ratification of Irene Conner as WA Rep. to the ABPA

We are also seeking volunteers (does not have to be a committee member) for such positions as Muster Write up, catering, PA management and other ad hoc jobs

Business Arising and other business of an Annual Nature.

**Cut off and post to WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners, P.O. Box 364, Bentley**

**WA 6982**

**NOMINATION FORM** Nominations for the 2013 - 14 Management Committee Positions of the WABP&YSA

Members are invited to nominate for any of the above Management Committee Positions.

Notes:

- Elections will be held in the order above. If successful in one position, you will be ineligible for subsequent positions
- You MUST be a financial member to serve on the Management Committee (those members still unfinancial, (Fees were due on July 1<sup>st</sup>) can pay their fees upon entry on the night or submit them with this form)
- You can nominate yourself, or someone else (with their acceptance)
- The Committee would prefer if the nomination form were used and submitted to the Assn prior to July 26th, however, if you are attending the Annual General Meeting, you may nominate in person from the floor.
- Country Nominations are welcome as there is a high likelihood that future committee meeting will be held via the internet.

Do not nominate for any position if you consider that you do not have suitable skills or if you are not prepared to be available for most of the year

A copy of this notice, with a Nomination form and membership form accompanied the last newsletter. If you did not receive it, please contact President Bill for a copy.

### 100 Years from Gallipoli Poetry Project

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.

Full details and entry information are available from

<http://www.ozzywriters.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](mailto:gallipoli-100@ozziwriters.com)

Closing date is Remembrance Day, 11 November, 2013.

## PLEASE NOTE.....

A reminder to all those who perform at our musters...

Please remember to bring a short synopsis of your poem so we can include a description of the poem in our muster write up. This is to be given to the person writing up the muster notes.

Also, the musters are run on a strict timetable. Please ensure that you are aware of how much time you have to perform, and keep your poem and pre-ambles within that time. If you do not keep to your time limit, you may need to be taken off the rest of the program for that night.

It is a difficult job for our MC's to do, trying to coordinate poets and time tables, and if we expect people to continue volunteering for this role, we need to do everything we can to make it easier for them.

Your co-operation on this matter is appreciated

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### WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Website

Don't forget to check out our website for the large selection of old Western Australian poetry that Brian Langley has researched and posted on the site for your enjoyment, and to keep our history alive.

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#### EDITORS NOTE:

One of the things that takes the most time in getting the Bully Tin out is firstly finding suitable poems, secondly, typing them out (despite the fact that I am quite a fast typist!!) And thirdly, getting them to 'fit' the spaces I have - many a time I have typed a poem for a small spot, then found it doesn't fit!!

I am trying to build up a collection of poems typed up and ready to go to make it easier each month, so if anyone out there would like to type up some poems that you enjoy - either your own, or someone else's (Australian) - and email them to me, I would very much appreciate it.  
Many thanks, Irene

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#### Website and Library

Members are advised that the Library is now up and running, The Librarian, Trish Joyce (ph 9458 3056 ) now has the books. She will be taking a selection along to musters for members to borrow.

A full list of available titles is available from Trish, or by visiting our website. Should you require a particular book, please give Trish a ring so that she can have it available for you at the next muster. Books are lent for a period of 1 month (muster - muster)

There are still some books that have not been returned from considerable time ago - if you have any still sitting around home, can you please drop it to Trish at the next muster you attend.

### Where the Pelican Builds Her Nest

Mary Hannay-Foott

The horses were ready, the rails were down,  
But the riders lingered still  
One had a parting word to say,  
And one had his pipe to fill.

Then they mounted, one with a granted prayer,  
And one with a grief unguessed.  
"We are going," they said, as they rode away  
"Where the Pelican builds her nest!"

They had told us of pastures wide and green,  
To be sought past the sunset's glow;  
Of rifts in the ranges by opal lit;  
And gold "neath the river's flow.

And thirst and hunger were banished words  
When they spoke of that unknown West;  
No drought they dreaded, no flood they feared,  
Where the pelican builds her nest!

The creek at the ford was but fetlock deep  
When we watched them crossing there;  
The rains have replenished it thrice since then,  
And thrice has the rock lain bare.

But the waters of Hope have flowed and fled,  
And never from blue hill's breast  
Come back - by the sun and the sands devoured  
Where the pelican builds her nest!

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### The Reason

© Brian Langley 15.02.13

Now I'm sure I've heard you say  
should your mem'ry slip away,  
you won't remember anything you've done.  
Did you go and have a drink?  
Paint the town a sort of pink?  
And if you did it - were you havin' fun?

And how come you're standing there  
with all your body bare,  
and a pair of ladies knickers round your neck?  
And why is it you feel sick?  
and your tongue is awful thick,  
and the bloke there in the mirror looks a wreck?

His eyes are shot with blood  
and he's got a lot of mud  
plastered on his face and in his hair.  
But you really can't recall  
if you know that bloke at all  
'cos your memory of everything's not there.

And there's this bloke dressed in blue  
waving handcuffs into view,  
and to top it off, you're busting for a pee.  
Should this happen in **your** life  
all you can say to your good wife  
is "I seem to have misplaced my memory!"

## May Muster Wrap Up by Nancy Coe and Meg Gordon

MC Dot Langley kept us all nicely on time.

**John Hayes** – First poet for the evening who is just back from a trip abroad and about to celebrate a 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary with wife Anne. He recited a poem by Richard McGoffin who was born in Qld in 1937 called “From the Lanterns”, which is the story of a man reminiscing about the past while he is writing a letter in the station store and he sees a row of rusty lanterns of a bygone era. Richard also wrote a book on the history of Waltzing Matilda and the history of the shearers strike. John and Anne met Richard in 2003 at Kynuna where he did a show each evening for the tourists. He died a couple of years later.

**Jack Matthews** – “Legal Implications” by Bill Kearns. An amusing tale of two friends who found themselves staying with a lonely farmhouse owner who took them in when their Falcon ute broke down. The story has a twist that sees one of the mates giving the other one’s name and address to the lady after being slightly embarrassed about the sleeping arrangements. She subsequently dies leaving her fortune to him. Jack also spoke about a book on his life that he had just written and is in print now for anyone interested. He has certainly packed much into 85 years.

**Lesley McAlpine** – “Prejudice” by Stella P. Bell who was a migrant in the 50’s and 60’s who grew to love the bush life and the poem is a touching sentiment about people of varying skin colours.

**Terry Piggott** – “The Saga of a Stolen Outhouse” Terry wrote this poem from Cooper Pedy where he lived for a time during 60’s and 70’s. He had returned from a visit to the city to find that someone had stolen his outhouse, which was a highlight on the landscape. An amusing scheme was hatched to find the culprit and retrieve the prize loo.

**Caroline Samdridge** – “A Light from the Sky” – her own amusing story about ufo’s. Her second poem “Playing Hookey” revealed that sometimes it is better to stay at school if you can’t afford to have fun playing hookey.

**Bill Gordon** – “A Cowyard Romeo” by Jim Graham. A tale of the courtship of a young couple from dairy farming families and his eloquent praises for her by comparing her to the farm and the bush. Bill’s second poem “Holus Bolus” by Dryblower Murphy regales the misfortunes of a chap who tried to give a camel a pick-me-up pill by blowing the pill through a length of bamboo. Things didn’t go as planned when the camel blew first!

**Grace Williamson** – “The Old Bullock Bell” by Evelyn Cull. The author found an old bullock bell that had survived bushfires and was buried in the sand, bringing the past into the present. It hangs under the eaves of her house and she feels its magic and cherishes its comforting sound. She spins yarns to her children, telling of the bullock teams pulling the long wagons loaded with sandalwood on the old roads.

**Barry Higgins** – “The GST” by Syd Hopkins. The story of a busker who was choking on a coin that he had swallowed during his act and how his Samaritan turned out to be a taxman.

**Christine Boulton** – “The Man from Ironbark” AB Patterson. A very enthusiastic rendition of the well-known classic. It was first published in *The Bulletin* on 17<sup>th</sup> December 1892. The poem relates the experience of a naïve man from the bush, who reacts badly to a practical joke sprung on him by a mischievous barber in Sydney.

While making his displeasure known,

“A peeler man who heard the din came in to see the show;

He tried to run the bushman in, but he refused to go.”

The barber confesses that he was playing a joke and the bushman, unconvinced, returns to Ironbark, where, due to the accounts of his Sydney experiences, “flowing beards are all the go.” Ironbark was the earlier name for Stuart Town, a town in the Central West region of New South Wales.

**Brian Langley** – “The Tale of Arthur’s Ute” Brian wrote this poem after holidaying in Tasmania and spent a sleepless night listening to hoons. When Arthur Carpenter loses his driver’s license, the only place he can drive is on the beach. Unfortunately he gets his ute bogged rather badly, necessitating the use of a powerful tractor to retrieve it. The tractor was a bit too big for the job and Arthur finds his ute in two halves. Now he has the nickname “Arfa Carr” and has to use his thumb to get about

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**Jack Matthews** started the second half of the program off with a reading from the classics – “The Riding of the Rebel” by Will Ogilvie. Will Ogilvie was born in Scotland, the second of eight children. He came to Australia in 1889. His love of horses and the Australian outback is well known and this is the tale of a wild horse called ‘The Rebel of Glenidol’. No one was able to ride this horse and he had killed some who tried. But he needed the gentle hand of a woman to settle him down.

**John Hayes** – “The King and Queen of Hearts”. John has written this poem as a tribute to his parents who are part of the history of Boulder.

**Lesley McAlpine** – “Get Your Bearings” by Liz Ward. This is the story of a lady who can turn her hand to most things in the bush but has much difficulty in navigating department stores in the city. Liz Ward possesses the qualities that typify the pioneer woman familiar to Australians through literature and the media. She has assumed the mantle of wife, mother and grandmother, accepted the role of helpmate, workmate and a soul mate and has combined the practicality of the working Australian woman with the femininity for which those ladies are renowned. She is as adept with a set of wire strainers as she is with a Doulton tea service. In her lifetime she has seen technological changes that have made everyday events and practices merely memories. Through her poetry she has preserved many of these memories whilst also reflecting today’s lifestyle in her verse. Sympathetic to the situation of rural women, Liz writes with authority on a range of topics that manifests her knowledge of and love for, the bush and its people. The range of emotions contained in her poems is indicative of her life’s experiences. This anthology is written by an author who has indeed seen life “through a woman’s eyes”.

**Caroline Sambridge** – her own poem called “Welcome to Midland Centre Point” which makes a request to shop locally and keep businesses open.

**Bill Gordon** – “Aunt Martha” by Frank Daniel. Aunt Martha was a faithful servant of the Lord. She had a bumper sticker that said “Honk if you love Jesus”. She did not realize that all the other cars were honking at her because she was daydreaming and did not realize that the lights had changed to green.

**Grace Williamson** – “The Roaring Days” by Henry Lawson. These days WA has Iron Ore as its driving force but in 1893 the gold rush was on in Australia and just as strong in WA. Lawson writes about hopefuls flocking to the west in search of their fortunes. This poem is a nostalgic look at the early gold discovery days. When finds of wondrous treasure set all the south ablaze. They came in ships and on foot met and greeted friends of old and hearty shakes of hands and many songs were sung. When the gold ran out they shouldered their swags and moved on. Oh they were lion hearted who gave our country birth!

**Barry Higgins**- “Dipso Dan Meets the Twins” by Jim Haynes. A tale of pub larrikinism and what can happen when the eyes are fogged with alcohol.

**Christine Boulton** – With Brian Langley talking of cookies and biscuits, Australian nationalism became a theme. Christine recited two poems celebrating Australians love of the flag flown at the Eureka Stockade of 1854 at Ballarat in Victoria. “Our Flag” by Banjo Patterson. As nationalism is in the news lately it is good to reflect on just what is our flag. Her second poem was “Freedom on the Wallaby” by Henry Lawson. Both of these poems are nationalistic and reflect the true spirit of our forefathers.

**Brian Langley** - “Not Just the Drover’s Horse” by Brian Langley. Our literature is filled with stories of horses: drover’s horses, stock horses, and thoroughbreds. While these horses and their deeds certainly helped form our Nation, we must not forget the other horses. Those that served the army, those that carried the people and produce across the country, the farm horses, the horses of timber mills and mines and of course those in the towns and cities that delivered bread, meat and milk and also carted the sewage. These horses too deserve recognition.

**Peter Drayton** – A visitor from Albany, Peter recited “The Swagman’s Rest” by Banjo Patterson, another Australian classic. He then recited his own poem “Shipwrecked by a Shearing Shed” which tells some tales of his days as a wool classer.

**Robert Gunn** – “The Pink and Grey Galah” by David Berman 1984. A tale of a galah that met a sticky end when he greedily chose to get a big fat grain of wheat out of a rut in the road. Such actions cause the demise of many bitumen feeders. His second poem “Fifty Shades of Grey” by Anon. The book of the same title has been talked about, joked about and changed the lives of some forever so it isn’t surprising that a poem has been written along the same lines as the sentiment in the book. The poem is about an elderly couple trying to rejuvenate a section of their lifestyle but not all goes well.

#### **State Championships—Toodyay November 2nd and 3rd**

The Championships this year will incorporate ALL categories, numbers may be limited for some categories, depending on overall entries. Entry Forms and Conditions are now available on our website (Competitions Page) or available at a muster (from August) Closing dates for entries are  
Written, September 30th Performance October 11th  
People entering the Performance Championships may be required to do some “official duties” in categories that they are not competing in— This may include MC, timekeeper, scrutineer, Foyer duty

## Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2012—2013

Bill Gordon	President	97651098	northlands@wn.com.au
Brian Langley	Vice President	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
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	Publicity/promotions		
Irene Conner	Secretary	0429652155	iconner21@wn.com.au
	Newsletter Editor		
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Terry Piggott	Events Co-Ord	94588887	terrence.piggott@bigpond.com
Dave Smith	Events Co-Ord	0438341256	daveandelainesmith1@bigpond.com
Trish Joyce	Library	94583056	
Nancy Coe	Muster Meet/greet	94725303	

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

Robert Gunn	Sound gear set up	0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Rhonda	Supper	0417099676	

### Upcoming Events

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

- ◆ Friday 5th July 7 pm - July Muster. Bentley Park Auditorium. Bentley MC Lorelie Tacoma
- ◆ Friday 2nd August 6.30pm - AGM WA Bushpoets & Yarnspinners. Bentley Park Auditorium. Bentley
- ◆ Friday 2nd August 7.30pm - August Muster. Bentley Park Auditorium. Bentley MC Peter Nettleton
- ◆ Friday 6th September 7pm September Muster, Bentley Park Auditorium MC Christine Boulton

### Regular events

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets	To be confirmed	Alan Aitken

**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](http://www.abpa.org.au) or [www.bushverse.com](http://www.bushverse.com)

### **Don't forget our website [www.wabushpoets.com](http://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 <a href="http://www.wabushpoets.com">www.wabushpoets.com</a> Go to the "Performance Poets" page	<b>Members' Poetic Products</b>	Keith Lethbridge	books	
	Graham Armstrong	Book	Corin Linch	books
	Victoria Brown	CD	Val Read	books
	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Caroline Sambridge	book
	Rusty Christensen	CDs	Peg Vickers	books & CD
	Brian Gale	CD & books	"Terry & Jenny"	Music CDs
	John Hayes	CDs & books	Terry Piggott	Book
	Tim Heffernan	book	Frank Heffernan	Book
	Brian Langley	books, CD		
	Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography		

Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The Editor "Bully Tin" PO Box 584, Jurien Bay 6516 e-mail <a href="mailto:iconner21@wn.com.au">iconner21@wn.com.au</a>	Address all other correspondence to The Secretary WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Box 364, Bentley WA 6982	Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn Box 364, Bentley. WA 6982
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