

The

June 2012

BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



Next Muster June 1st 7.30pm MC Anne Hayes 93771238

RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley.

THIS DAY IN HISTORY

Friday 1st June

Australian History

1829 - Today is Foundation Day for Western Australia.

1850 - The first convicts arrive in Fremantle, Western Australia, to help populate the waning Swan River colony.

World History

1962 - Adolf Eichmann, 'Chief Executioner of the Third Reich', is hanged for his war crimes.

1968 - Helen Keller, blind and deaf author and lecturer, dies. [1]

2001 - Crown Prince Dipendra of Nepal massacres the Nepali Royal family before committing suicide.

Australia Peg Vickers

I was born in this Australia
where the wild bunyips are.
Great Grandma was a convict
and so was great Grandpa.
When Australia was discovered
England has this great idea
of gathering her rejects up
and sending them out here.
There were convicts by the boatload
with their most appalling habits,
remittance men and Gilford grass,
foxes, rats and rabbits.
Every pest and every weed,
every human failure,
anything they didn't want –
they sent it to Australia.
Citizens were unrefined
and likely to bush whack,
but when the landed gentry came,
that really set things back.
The people lived on wombat stew,
bardi grubs and rum
with no breath of class or culture –
what would they become?
But then, like an ugly duckling,
when hope was almost gone,
Australia spread her wings out
and turned into a swan.
It's now called the lucky country,
we can all stand proud and tall.
Since the settlers first landed,
we have not done bad at all.

EXTRA MUSTER—JUNE

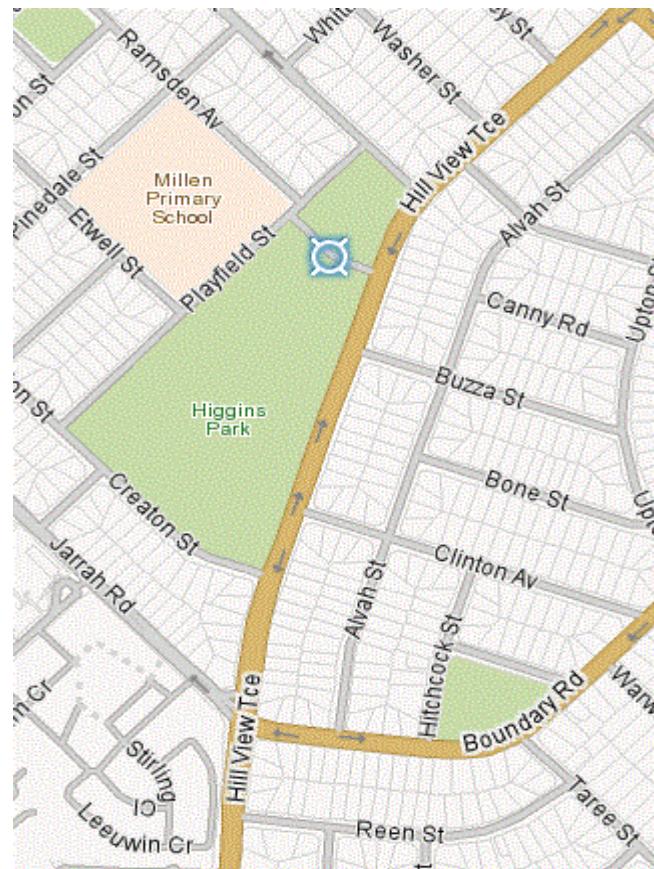
Please note that, due to requests by some members, the committee have decided to have a trial of running another muster in the off months at the RSL Hall on 1 Fred Bell Parade, St James. These will start at 7.30pm as normal. The first is 1st June.

The musters at the Bentley Park Auditorium will continue as usual—every second month—with the extras held on the month in between.

The RSL Hall is a little further along Hillview Terrace than Bentley Park. The street, Fred Bell Parade is a small street that goes off to the left through Higgins Park. (See symbol in Higgins Park)

Note - Plantation Drive is just off Jarrah Road.

It is hoped that we may increase our audience by offering a different venue for some of the musters. Please come along and support this trial run - and we welcome any comments/suggestions you may have.



The **Swan River Colony** was a [British](#) settlement established in 1829 on the [Swan River](#), in [Western Australia](#). The name was a [pars pro toto](#) for Western Australia. In 1832, the colony was officially renamed [Western Australia](#), when the colony's founding [Lieutenant-Governor](#), Captain [James Stirling](#), belatedly received his commission. But the name "Swan River Colony" was used informally for many years afterwards.

However, there was activity along our coastline well before then.

The first recorded Europeans to sight land where the city of [Perth](#) is now located were [Dutch](#) sailors. Most likely the first visitor to the [Swan River](#) area was [Frederick de Houtman](#) on 19 July 1619, travelling on the ships *Dordrecht* and *Amsterdam*. On 28 April 1656, the [Vergulde Draeck](#) (Gilt Dragon) en route to Batavia (now [Jakarta](#)) was shipwrecked 107 km north of the [Swan River](#) near Ledge Point. Of the 193 on board, only 75 made it to shore. A small boat that survived the wreckage then sailed to Batavia for help, but a subsequent search party found none of the survivors. The wreck was rediscovered in 1963.

In 1658, three ships, also partially searching for the [Vergulde Draeck](#) visited the area. They sighted [Rottnest](#) but did not proceed any closer to the mainland because of the many reefs. They then travelled north and subsequently found the wreck of the [Vergulde Draeck](#) (but still no survivors). They gave an unfavourable opinion of the area partly due to the dangerous reefs.

The [Dutch](#) captain [Willem de Vlamingh](#) was the next European in the area. He arrived at and named Rottnest on 29 December 1696, and on 10 January 1697 discovered and named the Swan River.

In 1801, the French ships *Geographe* and *Naturaliste* visited the area from the south. While the *Geographe* continued northwards, the *Naturaliste* remained for a few weeks. A small expedition dragged longboats over the sand bar and explored the Swan River. They also gave unfavourable descriptions regarding any potential settlement due to many mud flats upstream and the sand bar (the sand bar wasn't removed until the 1890s when [C. Y. O'Connor](#) built Fremantle harbour).

The founding father of modern Western Australia was Captain James Stirling who, in 1827, explored the [Swan River](#) area in [HMS Success](#) which first anchored off [Rottnest](#), and later in Cockburn Sound. He was accompanied by [Charles Fraser](#), the [New South Wales](#) botanist.

Brian Langley

"I was inspired to write this poem by the erection of a plaque near where I live, listing the various ships that have been wrecked in the vicinity, the most famous of which was the Dutch East Indiaman "Vergulde Draeck" ("Gilt Dragon") wrecked in 1656. There were some survivors from this tragedy, some of whom managed to sail a longboat to Batavia, Upon the return of a rescue party several months later, no trace was found of those that had remained behind.

3 other similar Dutch Shipwrecks have been found along our coast, the Batavia, Zuytdorp and Zeewick but there are

at least three others that left Capetown in Africa, headed for Batavia (now Jakarta), never to be seen again.

Perhaps this poem is the story of one of them "

Shipwreck

It's been a week, we've seen no sun.

The howling gales persist.
Our ship is driven by the wind
Into the spray and mist

It almost seems she'll not survive
Each wave that thunders by.
The boiling foam is all around.
We cannot see the sky

We've no idea where we are.
We fear we'll soon be dead.
And all that we can do is pray
There are no shoals ahead.

We've lost three men, swept overboard.
Their cries we could not hear
Above the howling of the wind
We watched them disappear

Into a watery, unmarked grave,
No priest to watch them die.
Forever, as an albatross
Their souls are doomed to fly.

And still our ship is driven on
Toward the distant shore
And all we see are monstrous waves.
Their sound, a constant roar.

We've scarcely eaten for a week,
The galley's washed away.
Just salt beef and some biscuits
Are all we have each day.

Our sails are gone, torn into shreds,
We've two men on the wheel.
They fight to keep our ship afloat
As on each wave we heel.

Then as we crest a giant wave
We see a sight we dread.
There's no escape - God save us from
The line of rocks ahead.

There are 8 more verses which can be read in my booklet "Sun, Sand and Saltwater"

POET PROFILE

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

Anzac Day Poetry

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

This project challenges poets to answer the following question:

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

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

The objectives of the project are:

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

Full details and entry information are available from <http://www.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@ozziewriters.com

Closing date is Remembrance Day, 11 November, 2013.

The Digger's Song

Scrape the bottom of the hole: gather up the stuff,
Fossick in the crannies, lest you leave a grain
behind,
Just another shovelful and that'll be enough,-
Now we'll take it to the bank and see what we can
find,
Give the dish a twirl around,
Let the water swirl around,
Gently let it circulate, there's music in the swish,
And the tinkle of the gravel,
As the pebbles quickly travel
Around in merry circles on the bottom of the dish.

Ah, if man could only wash his life, if he only could,
Panning off the evil deeds, keeping but the
good,
What a mighty lot of digger's dishes would be sold,
Though I fear the heap of tailings would be greater
than the gold,
Give the dish a twirl around,
Let the water swirl around,
Man's the sport of circumstance however he may
wish,
Fortune! are you there now?
Answer to my prayer now,
And drop a half ounce nugget in the bottom of
the dish.

Gently let the water lap, keep the corners dry,
That's about the place the gold will generally stay,
What was that bright particle that just then
caught my eye?
I fear me by the look of things 'twas only yellow
clay,
Just another twirl around,
Let the water swirl around,
That's the way we rob the river of its golden fish,
What's that? can't we snare a one?
Don't say that there's ne'er a one,
Bah, there's not a colour in the bottom of the dish.

Barcroft Henry Thomas Boake

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

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

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

The Kembla Flame

Written (Australian) Poetry Competition

1st 'The Kembla Flame' Trophy

\$60. and Certificate

2nd Trophy \$40 and certificate

3rd Trophy, \$20 and certificate
and 3 'commended' certificates

Entires close of 27th June

'The Kembla Flame' trophy and other prizes will be presented at the

SCCMA Country Music Festival

Dapto Leagues Club, Bong Bong Road, Dapto
on 15th July 2012

conditions and entry form the Events section of the ABPA website

www.abpa.org.au- from homepage go to events page
or phone Comp Sec 02 42953452 or 0401160137

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

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

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

President's Report - John Hayes

HAPPY 80TH BIRTHDAY EDNA WESTALL

We all hope you had a great day!
But now that you are 80 years young and in line for the
O.B.E we hope you will soon be tuned into our poetry with
your new bionic ear.

Due to illness Leslie Mc Alpine has been absent from our
midst but she says she is improving and we hope to see
her happy face at the musters soon.

A big thank you to the poets who came to perform at the Canning Bridge craft markets on Sunday 6th. Although I thought the response was not as good as expected the organizers and stallholders said it added a good atmosphere to the venue and there was a request for another stall. We have now been allocated a stall for our products and promotion material. Because the weather was overcast and rain threatened it may have kept the crowd down. I do feel however it is worth doing for a few months as it is a good practice platform. But we need at least four poets each month.

Rhonda Hinkley offered to do the notes at the muster.
Please ensure that you provide her with a synopsis of your performance or it may not be included.

Thank you Rhonda!

The position of secretary is still vacant---who can help?

Our amenities lady Maxine Richter is going away for a couple of months after the June muster, so we need some willing hands in the kitchen. Maxine is due for retirement soon
so----can you help?

Anne Hayes will be the MC for the muster at the RSL hall on June 1st

And Rita Paul will be the classic reader.

Nancy Coe will have two ten minute segments before and after interval playing the piano accordion.

Don't forget the suggestion and comments box.

Meantime step up and have a go-- and keep writing.

Regards

John and Anne

In Town (continued)

Far away the hills are all aflame; the blossom golden fair streams up the gladdened ranges, and its scent is everywhere,
and the kiddies of the settlers on the creek are red and sweet,
whilst my youngsters have the sallowness and savour of the street.

To escape these endless vaults of brick, and pitch a tent out back,
if I get a chance I'll graft until my very sinews crack.
Meanwhile may all the angels up in Paradise look down on a man of sin who died not, but was damned and sent to town.

In Town

Edward Dyson

Out of work and out of money – out of friends that means, you bet –
out of firewood, togs and tuckers, out of everything but debt –
and I loathe the barren pavements, and the crowds a fellow meets,
and the maddening repetition of the suffocating streets.

With their stinks my soul is tainted, and the tang is on my tongue
of that sour and smoky suburb and the push we're thrown among,
and I sicken at the corners polished free of paint and mirk
by the shoulders of the men who're always hanging round for work.

Home – good Lord! a three-roomed hovel 'twixt a puddle and a drain,
in harmonious connection on the left with Liver Lane,
where a crippled man is dying, and a horde of children fight,
and a woman in the horrors howls remorsefully at night.

It has stables close behind it, and an ash-heap for a lawn,
and is furnished with the tickets of the things we have in pawn;
and all day the place is haunted by a melancholy crowd
who beg everything or borrow, and to steal are not too proud.

Through the day come weary women, too, with famine-haunted eyes,
hawking things that are not wanted – things that no one ever buys.
And I hate the prying neighbours, in their animal content,
and the devilish persistence of the man who wants the rent.

I, who cared for none, and faltered at no work a man might do,
felt a fierce delight possess me when the trucks went surging through,
when the flood raced in the sluices, or the giant gums swung round
'fore my axe, and flung their mighty limbs all mangled on the ground –

I who hewed and built and burrowed, and who asked no man to give
when a strong arm was excuse enough for venturing to live –
I am creeping by the gutters, with a simper and a smirk,
to the Fates in spats and toppers for the privilege of work.
(Continued at left)

The First Surveyor

Banjo Paterson

"The opening of the railway line! – the Governor and all!
with flags and banners down the street, a banquet and
a ball.

Hark to 'em at the station now! They're raising cheer on
cheer!

The man who brought the railway through – our friend,
the engineer!"

"They cheer *his* pluck and enterprise and engineering
skill!"

'Twas my old husband found the pass behind that big
Red Hill.

Before the engineer was grown, we settled with our
stock,

behind that great big mountain chain, a line of range
and rock –

a line that kept us starving there in weary weeks of
drought,
with ne'er a track across the range to let the cattle out.

'Twas then, with horses starved and weak and scare-
cely fit to crawl,
my husband went to find a way across that rocky wall.
He vanished in the wilderness, God knows where he
was gone,
he hunted till his food gave out, but still he battled on.
His horses strayed – 'twas well they did – they made
towards the grass,
and down behind that big red hill, they found an easy
pass.

He followed up and blazed the trees, to show the safest
track,
then drew his belt another hole and turned and started
back.
His horses died – just one pulled through with nothing
much to spare;
God bless the beast that brought him home, the old
white Arab mare!
We drove the cattle through the hills, along the new-
found way,
and this was our first camping-ground – just where I live
to-day.

Then others came across the range and built the town-
ship here,
and then there came the railway line and this young
engineer.
He drove about with tents and traps, a cook to cook his
meals,
a bath to wash himself at night, a chain-man at his
heels.
And that was all the pluck and skill for which he's
cheered and praised,
for after all he took the track, the same my husband
blazed!

My poor old husband, dead and gone with never feast
nor cheer:
He's buried by the railway line! – I wonder can he hear

when down the very track he marked, and close to where
he's laid,
the cattle trains go roaring down the one-in-thirty grade.
I wonder does he hear them pass and can he see the
sight,
when through the dark the fast express goes flaming by at
night.

I think 'twould comfort him to know there's someone left to
care,
I'll take some things this very night and hold a banquet
there!

The hard old fare we've often shared together, him and
me,
some damper and a bite of beef, a pannikin of tea;
We'll do without the bands and flags, the speeches and
the fuss,
we know who *ought* to get the cheers and that's enough
for us."

"What's that? They wish that I'd come down – the oldest
settler here!

Present me to the Governor and that young engineer!
Well, just you tell his Excellence and put the thing polite,
I'm sorry, but I can't come down – I'm dining out to-night!"

The Muse of Australia

Henry Kendall

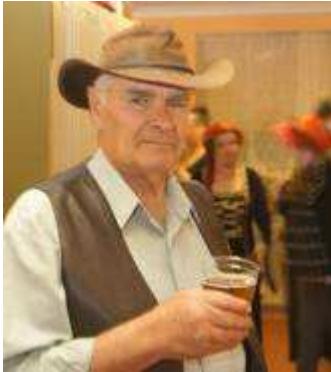
Where the pines with the eagles are nestled in rifts,
and the torrent leaps down to the surges,
I have followed her, clambering over the cliffs,
by the chasms and moon-haunted verges.
I know she is fair as the angels are fair,
for have I not caught a faint glimpse of her there;
a glimpse of her face, and her glittering hair,
and a hand with the Harp of Australia?

I never can reach you, to hear the sweet voice
so full with the music of fountains!
Oh! when will you meet with that soul of our choice,
who will lead you down here from the mountains?
A lyre-bird lit on a shimmering space;
it dazzled mine eyes and I turned from the place,
and wept in the dark for a glorious face,
and a hand with the Harp of Australia!

Country Poets

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

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



Poet Profile - Dave Smith

Profile of an Old Bloke

Well I was born at a very young age, and lived with my Mum n Dad, I am smack in the middle of five sisters and three brothers (one brother, three sisters older and two sisters and two brothers younger) so I have a love for large families, I went to school (Yeah I know hard to believe) in Fremantle and then in Katanning where our Dad had a building company and all us boys went to work for him till we had a good grounding in that trade and moved on to make our way in the world. I went to Collie for a weekend with some of my mates and met the girl who was to become the mother of my children, of course we were married and after fifty-three years are still together, we have three sons and two daughters, eleven grand children and seven great grandchildren.

After working all around our state at different mine sites and living in mining towns in the north we are now retired in Collie and have our family close enough that they visit and stay often.

On a family trip caravanning round Australia with one of my brothers and Elaine's sister we met a fellow called Rusty Christensen in Halls Creek who rekindled my love of bush poetry, a love that was fostered at my Mothers knee side from a very young age, her reciting from memory Banjo, Henry, O'Brien and C J Dennis to name a few. I must admit it took some five or six years before I came and joined the W.A.Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners. But have not looked back since, my ability and method of reciting has improved out of sight with the helpful hints from fellow poets, I have written a few poems and find great satisfaction and encouragement from the audience.

One great love I have along with bush Poetry is yarn spinning, (as my kids will attest to,) and am very proud and honoured to be the WABP&Yarn Spinners current state champion Yarn Spinner.

I look forward to each Muster and the camaraderie that comes with it.

The Song of the Sundowner (cont)

So I wander away at my own sweet will,
be it northerly, south or west;
when I'm hungry my paunch I can always fill,
when I'm tired I can always rest.
I care not what others may do or think,
I'm a monarch without a crown'
I can always be sure of my food and drink,
and a home when the sun goes down.

At The First Light of Dawn

Dave Smith ©
April 2012

I rise up from my bed feeling cosy and warm,
and dress for the street in the dark of pre dawn.
I walk down the road as I shiver from cold
and join others who walk too; some young and some old.

We head for the park in the centre of town;
the flags being raised and then lowered back down.
We have all come to honour those brave men who lost
the freedom they bought us, at their supreme cost.

There's a chill in the air on this damp, dawning day
but to suffer the cold is a small price to pay.
For the lads who so willingly all left our shore....
carried never a thought they'd return home no more.

The first rays of light show fine mist in the park,
and I see many silhouettes in that grey dark;
a shake of the hand, nod to others I know,
and the young people's tears that they try not to show.

I've been coming for years to remember my mates;
it's so pleasing to see such a crowd at the gates.
Some youngsters I asked why they brave this cold wet;
they answered as one...'Mate, its "Lest We Forget."'

The Song of the Sundowner

Thomas A Spencer

I'm the monarch of valley, and hill, and plain,
and the king of this golden land.
A continent broad is my vast domain,
and its people at my command.
My tribute I levy on high and low,
and I chuckle at Fortune's frown;
no matter how far in the days I go,
I'm at home when the sun goes down.

In the drought-stricken plains of the lone Paroo,
when the rainless earth is bare,
I take toll from the shepherd and Jackeroo,
and I sample their humble fare.
Not a fig care I though the stock may die,
and the sun-cracked plains be brown;
I can make for the east, where the grass is high,
I'm at home when the sun goes down.

When river and creek their banks o'er leap,
and the flood rolls raging by;
when the settlers are mourning their crops and sheep,
I can watch them without a sigh.
What matter to me if their fences go,
if their horses and cattle drown?
I can find a good meal when the sun is low,
and a home when the sun goes down.

(Continued at left)

ONE BY ONE

John O'Brien

With trust in God and her good man
She settled neathe the spur;
The old slab dwelling, spick and span,
Was world enough for her;
The lamp-light kissed her raven hair
As, when her work was done,
She lined us up beside her chair
And taught us one by one.

And weaving memories, haunting sweet,
With threads of weal and woe,
The years went by on velvet feet -
We did not hear them go.
The world was calling everywhere
Beneath the golden sun;
When silver streaked her raven hair,
We left her one by one.

Then, turning back on cogs of pain,
The spool that ran so fast
Unwound before her eyes again
The pictures of the past.
The shadows played around her chair,
Where fancy's web was spun;
When time had bleached her raven hair,
She called us one by one.

Oh, say not that we loved her less!
But write them to our shame,
The silence and the loneliness;
And then the summons came -
We found the dark clouds banking there
To hide the setting sun.
Ah, white threads in her children's hair! -
We gathered one by one.

How quaintly sere, how small and strange
The old home and the spur;
But stranger this - the only change
Was wrought in us and her.
The lamp-light kissed her faded chair,
Where, ere the sands had run,
The sheen still on her raven hair,
She'd nursed us one by one.

Oh, vain the word that each could tell
With full heart brimming o'er.
That we, who ever loved her well,
Might still have loved her more!
Then back into the world of care -
To bless till life is done -
A memory crowned with milk-white hair
We carried one by one.

POSITION VACANT !!

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

It is not necessary to be on the committee!!

Duties include:

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

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

All our supper requirements are stored on site.
REMEMBER TO PACK UP AND LEAVE KITCHEN CLEAN!

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

Enquiries Maxine Richter (Committee Person)

APOLOGIES!!! In the May Bully Tin, I wrote in this ad for those interested in the above position to contact Maxine at the muster. Please do not do that, as Maxine will be busy setting up/organizing the supper - please contact her via phone at another time.

SECRETARY NEEDED

The position of secretary is also vacant.
If you feel you are able to fill this very important role in our organization, please contact John Hayes, President.

The Swan River colony, established on Australia's western coast in 1829, was begun as a free settlement. Captain Charles Fremantle declared the Swan River Colony for Britain on 2 May 1829. The first ships with free settlers to arrive were the Parmelia on June 1 and HMS Sulphur on June 8. Due to a perceived shortage of labour, it was agreed to bring in convict labour. The first group of convicts to populate Fremantle arrived on 1 June 1850. WA's most well known bushranger was a convict, and arrived in Fremantle aboard 'The Pyranees' on 30th April, 1953.

The Ballad of Moondyne Joe

In the Darling Ranges, many years ago,
There lived a daring outlaw, by the name of 'Moondyne Joe'.
He stole the squatter's horses, and a sheep or two or three,
He loved to roam the countryside, and swore he would be free.

The troopers said 'We'll catch him, but we know it's all in vain,
Every time we lock him up, he breaks right out again.'
'Cause in he goes, and out he goes, and off again he'll go,

There's not a gaol in W.A. can keep in 'Moondyne Joe'.

Submissions for the Bully Tin

Just a quick reminder to everyone that this is **your** newsletter. Please feel free to submit your poems for

In The Distance

Zondrae King

I'd been driving through the night. Now it was fast approaching dawn.
Both my eyelids seemed too heavy as I stifled back a yawn.
So I found a place and pulled aside 'till sunrise was complete.
While I rested, for a moment, thought I heard a distant bleat.

As the heavy mist of morning lifted from the nearby hill,
from my spot beside the highway, I can see that vision still,
in the distance came an outline, like a picture in a book,
of a shed with eastward leaning. Thought I'd take a closer look.

There were grassy tufts of overgrowth protruding through the floor.
Saw a shutter dangled from a hinge, a doorway with no door.
All the iron, eaten through by rust, was way beyond repair
and it brought to mind a vision of what may have happened there.

From a grassless hill, I thought I heard the working kelpies yap,
as they rounded up a mob of sheep to drive them to the trap.
While the horses hooves that stirred the dust were always on the go,
I imagined whistled orders as the dogs worked to and fro.

Then the scene spread out before me, like a painting done in oil,
of the grazier, the shed boss and the shearing on the boil.
This illusion looked so life like, as it played before my eyes,
and it filled my day dreamed images with sheep and dust and flies.

As the thunder of a thousand feet from sheep penned in the yard
sent an echo down the valley as both man and dog worked hard.
Dogs were balanced on sheep's backs, then were nipping at their heels,
pushing forward, always forward, just in case the leader reels.

Thought I heard the clattering of hooves across the wooden hall,
when each shearer dragged a stubborn beast backwards into the stall.
Like a heartbeat, was the thump, thump as the diesel engine turned
driving on the sharpened clippers, swung by men, as muscle burned.

Then I fancied that I heard the shearer calling, 'wool away'
to the 'picker-up' collecting fleeces countless times each day.
There's the classer, with his practiced hands, the centre of the piece,
at his table, scanning, swiftly sorting every snowy fleece.

At the start he trimmed the belly wool and threw it in a bin,
then he tucked the fleece into a ball, with all the edges in.
Press was waiting, packed them in 'til every bale was set to sew.
In the heat, the smell of sweat mixed in with droppings from below.

As the morning flew by swiftly, soon the shed boss rang the bell.
It's the time to stop for smoko. Every man's an aching shell.
Then the bell again, select a beast, once more the counts resume
and the shearer called for tar. The roustabout would swing the broom.

Seems I lingered for an hour, not asleep and not awake,
sensing sights, and sounds, and smells that only shearing sheds can make.
But I knew it was a daydream, all just pictures in my head
when I saw it, in the distance, an abandoned shearing shed.

There once was a young lady named Kite
Whose speed was much faster than light.
She left home one day
In a relative way
And returned on the previous night.

There was a young lady called Rose
Who had a large wart on her nose.
When she had it removed
Her appearance improved,
But her glasses slipped down to her toes.

Roderic Joseph Quinn was born on 26 November 1867 at Surry Hills, Sydney, Quinn, whose poetry and short stories often appeared in The Bulletin, wrote lyrical poetry, in a similar manner to Victor Daley—to whom he is often compared.

The Camp Within the West

Roderic Quinn

Oh did you see a troop go by
Way-weary and oppressed,
Dead kisses on the drooping lip
And a dead heart in the breast?

*Yea, I have seen them one by one
Way-weary and oppressed;
And when I asked them, 'Whither
speed?'
They answered, 'To the West!'*

And they were pale as pale could be,
Death-pale, with haunted eyes?
And did you see the hot white dust
Range round their feet and rise?

*O, were they pale as pale could be,
And pale as an embered leaf;
The hot white dust had risen, but
They laid it with their grief.*

Did no one say 'The way is long,'
And crave a little rest?
*O no; they said 'The night is nigh,
Our camp is in the West!'*

And did pain pierce their feet, as
though
The way with thorns were set,
And were they visited by strange
Dark angels of regret?

*O yea; and some were mute as
death,
Though, shot by many a dart,
With them the salt of inward tears
Went stinging through the heart.*

And how are these wayfarers called,
And whither do they wend?
*The Weary-Hearted—and their road
At sunset hath an end.*

Shed tears for them... Nay, nay, no
tears!
They yearn for endless rest;

*Perhaps large stars will burn
above
their camp within the West.*

And for a bit of humour - here's one from our poet down south - Peter Blyth - from his book "The Bloke From Bugga Up Downs"

A Good Weekend

We took this mate of Dick's out bush
to catch swag of rabbits,
a city bloke by all accounts,
with all the bushman's habits.

Dick said he knew the ideal spot,
the old Balbinya Station,
'A hundred ter the warren mate,
that's no exaggeration.'

I said, "Now just a minute Dick,
Don't tease yer city cousin,
The last time we were out that way,
we saw but half a dozen.

We caught a pair and cooked 'em up
with onions and tomarters,
so that leave four." "Ah well", said Dick,
"That oughter do fer starters."

We loaded up the four-wheel drives
with swags and grub and water
and Eskies filled with ice-cold cans,
'cause Dick believe we oughter.

The city feller took two hats,
some Aeroguard and 'sunnies'
and fifty dozen rabbit traps
to catch those hapless bunnies.

We found an old abandoned hut
and soon began exploring.
The city bloke was unimpressed,
he found it pretty boring.

He felt a need to spread his wings,
far from the city's bustle;
he climbed a great humungous rock
and tore a bloody muscle.

He slapped a cold can on his leg
to ease the painful feeling,
and drank two more on Dick's advice,
to activate the healing.

We strapped him up the best we could,
he spent the weekend hopping,
but still it didn't slow him down,
this feller took some stopping.

We camped out on the Saturday,
then on the Sunday morning,
we empties out the rabbits traps
just as the day was dawning.

A stack of bunnies four feet high,
we started madly skinning,

Dick's mate let out a rebel yell,
he wasn't blood grinning.

He'd gashed his right leg fairly deep,
we quickly stopped the bleeding!
We'd have to get this bloke to town,
a doctor he was needing.

We rushed him to the hospital
for medical attention,
and all the way he cursed his luck
in words too coarse to mention.

They cleaned the wound and stitched him up,
the Doc' was sympathetic;
he used three rolls of fishing line
and all his anaesthetic.

The end result was fairly neat,
that Doc' was pretty kosher;
I said, "You've done a good job mate,
you oughter learn ter crochet."

We got the city feller home
just as the sun was setting,
I said, "I bet that's one weekend
you'd rather be forgetting."

He said, "I've had a good weekend."
I thought, "This bloke's a mad one."
I said, "I hope fer your sake mate,
yer never have a bad one."

I really can't do justice to
that feller from the city;
He took it like a bloody man,
he never looked for pity.

We'll take him out again some day,
my bloody oath; you betcha;
we'll also take an ambulance,
a doctor and a stretcher!

A Poets Confession

Author Unknown

"Hello! I'm sure you know me;
I'm a poet, widely read,
You would have read my poems,
They are 'classics' it is said.
I'm the most prolific writer
On the bush verse writing scene,
And the critics all agree,
I'm the best that's ever been.
My work is in anthologies from the East out to the
West,
And Paterson and Lawson
Are really second best.
My poems are outstanding,
You could say they 'stand alone'
And I always use the 'nom-de-plume'
Of 'Author Unknown'.

MUSTER WRAP UP— May 2012

What a bonzer night! Yes that's right a bonzer night of poetry and music with a dual theme of Mothers Day and Anzac and in both cases we must say "Lest We Forget"

First time on MC duty Robert Gunn had us off the mark right on the dot of seven thirty. That alone is a worthwhile achievement.

President John Hayes made a few opening remarks and requests then launched the night with a Paterson classic, "An answer to various bards."

This is one of a series written between Paterson and Lawson in satirical fashion yet no malice was ever intended, They were in fact good friends and Paterson supported Lawson, ensuring that he received payment for his contributions to the newspapers,

Even though he may have referred to him as a poet "with a graveyard of his own

Marjorie Cobb was first to introduce the Mothers Day theme with "Somebody's Mother" she said she recited this as a tribute to her own mother although she stated that she "did not like the poem.

Owen Keene who we have not seen for some time was next up with his own poetry 10,000 BC and Indonesia 2012 both poems portraying the futility of war and mans inhumanity to man. In other words "nothing has changed"

Grace Williamson who is one of our star performing ladies who always works so hard to give it her best continued the Mothers Day theme with John O'Brien's poem

'One by One". He was one in a family of nine children and it is said that he wrote this poem for his mother and the final line.,

For those who would have loved her so, could have loved her more'

Is this a gentle reminder to us all?

It was Barry who introduced a bit of humour to the program with a Syd Hopkinson poem "Laughter and Tears" which goes to prove that man can make an ass of a donkey and that seeing is truly believing.

His second poem was "Unlikely Bed Mates" written by Queenslander Betsy Chape

Whereas cows and pigs aren't fussy about who or what they sleep with.

But a politician---well that's a different matter.

Barry pretended to make an error in his recital so asked Kerry Bowe to help him out (that is with the poem) and they polished it off it good style.

Colin Thomas who no doubt finds it difficult to get to our musters is always a most willing participant and has something to offer each time that he attends.

His poem Body Music with his own flavour of humour. He is concerned that he cannot view his shoes because of his protruding paunch, but deplores the thought of going without cake a biscuits.

He gives us the distinct impression that he will always have an agile and active young mind regardless of age.

Brian Langley changed the theme again relating in verse his observations on Cambodia and Vietnam. He made a comparison in Cambodia between the ancient world of temples and a more sedate lifestyle than that of the modern era where oxen cart and internet each hold their separate place.

Then in Vietnam where traffic sweeps around you or over you at a frenetic pace where you flirt with death once you step beyond the safety of the hotel car park.

Dave Smith all the way from Collie presented his own work with "At the first light of dawn" The reason for getting out of bed in the cold darkness of the morning. And when asked why he did this he replied, "Mate it's lest we forget"

Not only is it great to have Dave and Elaine up from Collie it is pleasing to see he is honing his skill as a writer.

Caroline Sambridge with her own poetry and quirky humour gave us "At the Zoo"

Where there are lots to see and lots to do

Where a tortoise ran at fifty miles an hour

But he runs on battery power

Where you eat lunch but don't feed the birds

Or your food might be covered in t---s..

Cobber Keith Lethbridge put us back in a serious frame of mind with his Bronze Swagman Award winning poem Gallipoli and delivered in style as only Cobber himself can perform.

The closing stanza

And for every battle a terrible cost

Regardless of whether it's won or lost

Those shearers, labourers, teachers, cooks,
The singers of songs and writers of books
They ask no pity and no regret
Just take good care that you don't forget -**Gallipoli**

Our MC Robert Gunn concluded the first half of our evening with a Mothers Day poem by Mick Collis, which clearly points out the many roles that a mother has to play.

So remember

You only have one mother so cherish her with care
And you'll never know her value till you see her empty chair
. . Robert has a good clear voice for reciting and he works hard to perform well.

Our classic reader this evening was Wally Williamson and he chose "The Diggers Song" by Henry Thomas Bart, who unfortunately ended his life in a tragic way at the age of twenty six.
He muses over the fact when panning gold if a man could cleanse his life in the same manner, facing the joy or disappointment at what is left in the bottom of the dish

Our one minute brawl began with Grace Williamson's chosen line "It's a bugger getting old" followed by Caroline Sandbridge with "They should never send me shopping"

Brian Langley came on with the second "It's a bugger getting old" which proved to be the most popular theme even if you're only forty.

First time up Rhonda Hinkley read the poem that Bill Gordon wrote for the competition at Boyup. We hope she will become a regular at the mike as we need some new faces.

Dot Langley who chose the subject with "It's a shame I can't remember"
was third in the competition

Wyn Tyne another newcomer performed another "It's a bugger getting old"
Dave Smith threw a spanner in the works by using half a dozen different lines
and his presentation finally proved to be the winner.

But it was not too late for just one more "*It's a bugger getting old*"

Heather Denholm first up writer and performer took off second prize with her performance and I'm sure we would like to see more writing and reciting from Heather.

We have had several one minute poems previously but it seems more interesting and challenging to have a number of different topics to choose from

That wrapped up the brawl which goes to prove we all can contribute something with a bit of effort.

Kerry Bowe presented a poem from Zondrae Kings book, "Under Aussie Skies"
She chose "In the distance." A woman stops to rest on her journey and on far hill
She imagines she sees the old shearing shed and relates what she sees through the mist of time perhaps.

Colin Thomas' stepped up again with "My Garden" and from what he described it was probably like my garden and thousands of others, buried beneath the onslaught of weeds and wogs.

Grace Williamson then presented "Believe it or not" by Alec McCormack.
relating the story of a shearer who was well heeled after finishing his shearing run
A swaggie joined him at his camp and he was foolish enough to reveal his wealth.

Realising how foolish he had been he took off in the night running in fear and confusion away from himself
Roger Cracknell from Geraldton was in Perth this week organizing the print of his new book and he added a bit more flavour to our program with his own poem "The Swaggie" A story of a corporate king who had no time for family in his quest for wealth and fame. Then sadly with love lost he tramps the lonely road.

John Hayes gave us another of his own poems 'The Good old Days" depicting his early days in the bush camped in a humpy with his family and his father reminiscing about his life as a young man
It was the time for our MC Robert Gunn to step up to the mike with his guitar and he sang Banjo Paterson's "Clancy of the Overflow" and it was noted that his guitar playing is coming along great.

Cobber Keith gave us a virtuoso performance on his mouth organ with "The Navajo trail" and the audience would surely like more.

He then gave us another of his own poems called "Crocodile" which takes us back to the time when he was twenty one. A rather hair raising adventure and you can never be sure if there isn't an element of truth in some of his poems, for though he's scarcely heavier than a scarecrow I've no doubt he's weathered and tough as my old boots but slightly more handsome.

Brian Langley finished the evening with a Mother's Day poem which was a fitting conclusion to a most enjoyable Muster.

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Upcoming Events

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

- ♦ Friday 1st June Muster. RSL Hall. 1 Fred Bell Parade (off Hill View Tce) Bentley
- ♦ Friday 6th July Muster. Bentley Park Auditorium at 7.30pm. 26 Plantation Drive. Bentley

Regular events:	Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
	Geraldton Growers market Poetry gig	2nd Saturday	Catherine 0409 200 153.
	Canning Bridge Markets	1st Sunday month 10-12md	John Hayes

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

If you would like to be part of a forum—post your poetry, see what other contemporary bush poets are writing, keep up to date with poetry events throughout Australia—visit www.abpa.org.au or www.bushverse.com

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.com

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

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

Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list	Members' Poetic Products Graham Armstrong Book Victoria Brown CD Peter Blyth CDs, books Rusty Christensen CDs Brian Gale CD & books John Hayes CDs & books Tim Heffernan book Brian Langley books, CD	Arthur Leggett books, inc autobiography Keith Lethbridge books Corin Linch books Val Read books Caroline Cambridge book Peg Vickers books & CD “Terry & Jenny” Music CDs
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