

**Next Muster Friday July 6th 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park**

**MC:** Bev Shorland: shorland@iinet.net.au 0487 764 897

(Please give your synoses to Rhonda Hinkley)

### Your Mother

Although you cannot hear her voice  
or see her smile no more,

your Mother walks beside you still  
just as she did before.

She listens to your stories and  
she wipes away your tears;  
she wraps her arms around you  
and she understands your fears.

It's just she isn't visible  
to see with human eye,

but talk to her in silence and  
her spirit will reply.

You'll feel the love she has for you—  
you'll hear her in your heart,  
she's left her human body but  
your souls will never part.

Irene Conner 2012

### A TRIBUTE TO MOTHERS

A few years ago Irene Conner from Jurien Bay wrote a poem for a friend on the passing of her Mum just before Mother's Day.

The poem went around the world, particularly to America and the UK. It came back to Australia, sent to one of our members, Lesley McAlpine when her Mum passed away just before the recent Mother's Day.

"It must have touched the right cords for people.....

I am always honoured when people find some comfort in the poem I wrote" said Irene.

When poems come unnamed on the internet, please continue to give recognition to our authors at all times



## President's Preamble - July 2018



This is my report for the Annual General Meeting to be held immediately before the July muster. The highlight of the past year for myself as President and for our Association has been hosting the Australian Bush Poetry Championships at Toodyay last November. We had great support from our WA poets and a good number of poets and supporters from the eastern side of the country. I have had messages from many of our visitors expressing appreciation for our efforts and the many little extras we had in the festival. Everything from the visitors packs that made them feel so welcome to the free entertainment each night. Having Pat Drummond there was a bonus. A huge 'thank you' to everyone involved. We had a great team. Well done everyone. We were all pleased to acknowledge Cobber for his achievement in winning the Australian Champion Male Poet at Toodyay. Then for him to follow that with a clean sweep in the Golden Damper and Frank Daniel walkup competitions in Tamworth places him among the very best Bush Poets in the country. Congratulations Cobber from all of us.

Our regular events at Wireless Hill, Boyup Brook Country Music, Downunder at Bridgetown, Nambung, Derby, and Moondyne Joe at Toodyay all were very well supported with plenty of top quality poetry presented. Comments I receive from the general public assure me we are increasing our popularity throughout WA. We have had more invitations to give presentations at schools this year, and now have many young supporters. The competition involving two schools in Mandurah has revealed outstanding young talent and we hope more schools will come on board next year. Ray Jackson has made an impact in Armadale and Jack Drake's School Packages are in demand from teachers wanting to become more involved in bush poetry. The Bunbury group has been meeting for three or four years now, and at the last committee meeting they were formally accepted as a branch of WABPYS. This means they are covered by our insurance and are eligible to get support for promotion and assistance for any events they hold.

We now have a new webmaster so keep an eye out for changes and updates that will be happening shortly. Thank you Shelley Johnson for taking on this role. A big thank you to Brian Langley for managing the website for many years. Enjoy your retirement! Thanks also to Christine for her work as editor of the Bullytin and to Jem Shorland who is retiring as treasurer after two years as chancellor of our exchequer.

In a moment of weakness I succumbed to pressure and accepted a position on the committee of the ABPA, while Meg is now secretary and Irene WA rep on our national body. While there is much happening across the country, be assured that WABPYS is definitely leading the way in Bush Poetry circles.

Meg and I extend our apologies for the AGM. We are now north of Carnarvon and heading for Derby, then Camooweal and Innisfail. But we will be back in time for Toodyay.

Bill Gordon President



**Derby Bush Poets** are once again hosting a **Poet's Breakfast** on 22nd July 2018.

Some of our members hope to be there. Cobber Lethbridge is a favourite entertainer at this event and he will be joined by WA Bush Poets President Bill Gordon and his wife Meg. This will be the first major event in their travels north and east to escape the chills of winter. This trip will take in Broome, Katherine and then across the NT to Camooweal for the Drivers Reunion. The rest of the trip will happen as it happens.

John and Anne Hayes are planning to go to Derby as is 'Stinger' Nettleton and Jane Cochrane.

Apologies to Chris Taylor for the incorrect caption in last month's Bully Tin announcing the winners at Port Bouvard Poetry Festival. Chris Taylor 1st and 2nd and Greg Maughan 3rd

## A LETTER TO HENRY.

Dear Henry, So much has happened  
Since nineteen twenty two  
But I don't know if the changes  
Would really impress you.

The legends of the outback  
Are now phantoms from the past  
And the way of life you knew so well  
Could never really last.

We still talk about the time  
You tramped the great outback  
From Bourke way up to Hungerford  
Along that unrelenting track.

The characters that came to life  
Through the magic of your pen  
The beauty of the Australian bush  
And it's pioneering men.

The cutters who worked the canefields  
The fettlers on the rail  
The men who drove for Cobb and Co  
On their dusty outback Trail.

The shearers like Jackie Howe  
Whose record stands today  
And the swaggies and Sundowners  
Who you met along the way.

From the Diggers and the Miners  
Who worked in holes as black as Hell.  
To the characters like Sweeney  
Whose story we know well.

From the drunkards in the country towns  
To the Elite Sydney push  
Your verse and tales held all enthralled  
As you travelled the city and the bush.

But Henry things have changed so much  
From the Australia that you knew.  
And the Dinkum Aussie bushmen  
Are now just a dwindling few.

The loyalty and mateship  
The legendary bush lore  
Have faded into the mists of time  
And are gone for ever more.

But still through all your writings  
Your characters live on  
At various Bush Poet meets  
And in the world of song.

Wherever people gather  
To celebrate your name  
Your memory will live forever  
In Australia's Hall Of Fame.



Roger Cracknell

This poem received a 'Commended' at the recent  
Henry Lawson Festival at Gulgong NSW  
Congratulations

**Roger Cracknell**

### **What's on around Australia/competitions**

**20th July—Closing Date Bronze Spur  
Award, Camooweal**

**27th July—Closing date Ipswich Poetry  
Fest**

**30th July—Closing date Nandewar Poetry  
Group, Narrabri**

**15th August—CJ Dennis Poetry Festival,  
Toolangi**

**31 August - Closing Date - Betty Olle  
Poetry Award. Kyabram Victoria.**

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

### **Great Poetry sites:**

**eMuse: *Independent Bush Poets  
Newsletter*.** 1300 plus subscribers (on  
-line free!) Australia-Wide! Through his  
free distribution of this most informative,  
20 page *eMuse*, (*An Independent Bush  
poetry newsletter*) Editor: Wally "The  
Bear" Finch. P. O. Box 68, Morayfield,  
4506, Qld. Phone: (07) 54 955 110.  
E-Mail: [wmbear1@bigpond.com](mailto:wmbear1@bigpond.com)

## MEET RENOWNED POET **BOB MAGOR** FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA

He travels north each year and finds big ones like this when he is not reciting his poetry.

Bob has agreed to come to Toodyay in November to judge our State Championship Competitions and provide a workshop on writing and performing.

Bob has published a number of books and his latest winning poem

**"The Bank's Bottom Line"**.

Won him the Bronze Swagman Award for 2016. His second win in this prestigious event. He has also won four Bush Laureate Awards for verse and audio in Tamworth.

Bob has made a name for himself in the corporate world and at Festivals all over Australia. But I am sure he still forgets a line like the rest of us..



### WHEN A POET FORGETS A LINE

You stand proud as a lauded bush poet  
To recite all your work on stage,  
And the audience marvels your recall,  
How your memory's good for your age.  
You recite with adrenalin pumping  
And respond to the laughs and applause.  
But your world falls apart when you stumble,  
Standing mute with a long pregnant pause.

And you hold your breath—almost flat lining,  
With your jaw sagging down from your face.  
If you dropped a pin now it would rumble  
As you stand in poetic disgrace.  
All the muscles contract in your stomach  
Like a woman about to give birth.  
Because standing on stage when you've lost it,  
Is the loneliest place on this earth.

And you wish you'd been born a musician  
Because being a muso's not fair.  
They just strum their guitar smiling sweetly  
While they search for a line that's not there.  
But what was it that caused the distraction,  
And made this whole string of words go?  
Was it beer or the wine causing problems,  
Or that big gaping cleavage below?

And your mind is now revving in neutral  
As the mike hangs ashamed in your hand.  
Where the only place left to go hiding  
Is behind the slim microphone stand.  
And you search for the words by the curtains  
For they have to be somewhere around.  
In behind all the speakers and footlights  
But no letter or phrase can be found.

There's an ocean of bright smiling faces  
Although none springing to your defence.  
Ev'ry one of them having a great time  
But unfortunately at your expense.  
They're enjoying your plight and seem happy  
With you standing there dumb like a fool.  
For the audience, lacking compassion,  
Just chiacks with cruel ridicule.

Now your face is contorted in panic—  
Just a verse ago how your star shone.  
Now you stare into space like a half wit—  
No one's home though the lights are still on.  
But the line must be in the hall somewhere,  
And you curse 'cause you wrote the damn thing.  
Now it's taken to flight and has left you  
Like a migratory bird on the wing.

Words misplaced, they're lost, only absent  
Because yesterday they were all here.  
Though you know they'll be back in ten minutes  
It's this instant they need to appear.  
For their presence right now is important,  
To allow you to start the next verse.  
In the past the next line was a ripper  
Till it left your fool head to disperse.

Then you look to your wife for assistance  
For your stage death is near, you can tell.  
When she looks in the other direction  
With your line she deserts you as well.  
So you turn to the floor for salvation  
and to find an escape from this hall.  
You could slip through a crack or a knothole  
For you're feeling decidedly small.

So you look up in hope to the heavens  
For a spaceship that somewhere might lurk.  
And you'd scream out to, 'Beam me up, Scotty'  
If your surname was like Captain Kirk.  
A ventriloquist now would be helpful  
With his hand up your back with the line.  
But the whole situation is helpless  
So you raise the white flag and resign.

Ev'ry day in the streets your reminded  
And hot flushes consume you at night.  
When rehearsing the verse almost hourly  
Without fail you will get the line right.  
Now this social disgrace you contend with  
As the crowds on your faux pas all dine.  
For you now wear the sad reputation  
Of the poet that misplaced his line.

### **Mother's Day (A lesson from my father)**

My father's taught me many things, some more use than others.

The most important thing he taught me centred on my mother.

"Son," he said. "No matter what you do or become just make sure—no matter what— you always love your Mum."

"Your Mum is without doubt the greatest gift I've given you.

She's thoughtful, kind and patient and she's honest, through and through.

The thing that you don't realise are the many roles she plays.

The many jobs she does with ease on every single day.

"Your Mother, she's a diplomat, an all rounder, a vet.

Alarm clock, dietician—and a wife let's not forget.

A peace maker, a hairdresser, a teacher, volunteer,  
Lie detector, dress maker, domestic engineer.

"Baby sitter, memory maker, psychic, navigator, Photographer, psychiatrist, a painter/decorator.

She shops for you, she finds your stuff, cleans up the mess you make

Does your clothes, washes up and decorates your cake.

"Comedian, detective, chef—there is nobody wiser.

Match maker, recycler and a birthday organiser.

Money lender, tooth fairy, event co-ordinator  
I tell you, she does everything—there is nobody greater.

"So when your Mother says she's tired, you know it's not a lie.

When she says she needs a hand, I hope you now know why.

You only have one Mother, son, so cherish her with care.

You'll never know her value till you see her empty chair."

Mick Colliss

### **A Poem for old gits from Jem's gems**

I remember the cheese of my childhood and the bread that we cut with a knife.  
When the children helped with the house-work,  
and the men went to work, not the wife.

The cheese never needed a fridge and the bread was so crusty and hot.  
The children were seldom unhappy and the wife was content with her lot.

I remember the milk from the bottle, with the yummy cream on the top.  
Our dinner came hot from the oven, and not from the fridge; in the shop.

The kids were a lot more contented, they didn't need money for kicks.  
Just a game with their mates in the road and sometimes the Saturday flicks.

I remember the shop on the corner, where a pen'orth of sweets was sold.  
Do you think I'm a bit too nostalgic?  
Or is it....I'm just getting old?

I remember the 'loo' was the lavvy and the bogey man came in the night.  
It wasn't the least bit funny going "out back" with no light.

Hung on a peg in that loo, were interesting items to view,  
from newspapers cut into squares.  
It took little to keep us amused.

Dirty clothes were boiled in the copper, with plenty of rich foamy suds.  
But the ironing seemed never ending as Mum pressed everyone's 'duds'.

I remember the slap on my backside and the taste of soap if I swore.  
Anorexia and diets weren't heard of and we hadn't much choice what we wore.

Do you think that bruised our ego? or our initiative was destroyed?  
We ate what was put on the table and I think life was better enjoyed.

But a huge fact not hereto mentioned in this mushy tale of nostalgic rejoice, is the reason we all "enjoyed" our lot  
Was that we had NO BLOODY CHOICE

Anonymous



Presenters (Rob Gonn left and Bill Gordon) at the workshop conducted at Falcon Primary School With students who participated Hunter Booth (left) and Armani Turner

### Trouble In The House

You lazy girl, you're here at last,  
Please say you've mowed the lawn!  
Don't be surprised if snakes are there  
And your favourite ball is gone!

Have you brushed your teeth? How dare you not!  
Your teeth'll go black as soot!  
They'll really hurt and start to rot,  
I can see the food I've cooked!

You haven't cleaned the pool!  
Will you clean it before you're old?  
You think that skipping jobs is cool,  
But you're going to catch a cold!

Open the dishwasher! Where's a plate?  
It's not your brother's job!  
Where will I put my chocolate cake,  
And tonight's corn on the cob?

You horrid child, what's wrong with you?  
I was trying to hang up your clothes!  
I've stepped in Daisy's poo again,  
And tripped over the blasted hose!

Yeah, well done, you watered the plants,  
But you spilled half the glass!  
I've slipped and dropped the eggs  
The kitchen's flooded with eggshell shards!

How many times must I tell you?  
It stinks to high hell in here!  
You need to flush the loo!  
I won't even dare to go near!

I can't believe you, little twit!  
You still haven't brushed your hair!  
Didn't you know that schools have nits?  
People are going to stare!

Bush Poets **Rob Gunn** Nth Yunderup, and **Bill Gordon** Boyup Brook recently held workshops in Mandurah (WA) schools—Falcon Primary and Halls Head Primary. Three year six classes (80 pupils) at each school were encouraged to write some poems to be entered in a competition run by Mandurah poetry enthusiast, Anne Chalmers. Anne has been working closely with Mandurah Shire and the local Lions Club to bring these workshops to the schools in the area. The purchase of Jack Drake's School packages was very instrumental in bringing the Bush Poetry story to these young minds in an educational and memorable way. Teachers have found the packages to be extremely helpful and we are grateful that Jack (Stanthorpe Qld) and his daughter-in-law have put them together so well.

We hope this is the start of further interaction with WA schools in an effort to make sure that Bush Poetry and Australian history and culture is preserved.

Falcon student Armani Turner wrote this poem as a result of the workshop—a parody on 'Trouble on The Selection' (Henry Lawson) which featured in the package.

You're dirtying the house!  
Run and grab the vacuum-cleaner!  
You can't be bothered to cook your own food?  
You don't notice, you're getting leaner!

I saw you kick my gorgeous cat,  
I'll kick you, stupid jerk!  
Now get outta my way, stop lazyn' about!  
I'm watchin', get back t' work!

**Aussie Bush Entertainment**  
**Muster**

Friday 12th - Sunday 14th October 2018  
Benalla Bowls Club, Arundel Street,  
Benalla.

A fun weekend of drunken-songs, bush  
poetry, and yarns. A friendly Annual  
gathering; for musicians and bush poet and  
their friends. Poets Breakfasts, workshops  
and concerts.

Vic. Song Championships and Novice poet  
comp.

**Friday night;** Aussie Bush Concert, with  
Euroa Uke group sing-along.

**Sat. night;** Aussie Sea-themed Concert  
(calling all 'old salts' to open their sea-  
trunks, don your life-jackets, slip on your  
Wellington's and dust-off those sea  
Shanties and come-along and participate,  
enjoy the camaraderie of like minded poets  
and musicians., Incl. Song Championship  
Winners. Lots of laughs and participation,  
new audiences, you're welcome. Weekend  
wristband; \$35/\$30 concession or pay by  
session.

Face book; Victorian Bush Poets and  
friends.

Jan Lewis (VBPMA) Secretary  
0422 848 707.

E-Mail; info@vbpma.com.au

Web. www.seniorsonline.vic.gov.au/  
festival

AGM AGM AGM  
DON'T FORGET

ALL POSITIONS ARE VACANT

6.30pm (before Muster at 7pm)

**MEMBERSHIPS DUE**

Members please be advised that  
**Subscriptions are now due.**

Family (double) memberships - \$30,  
Single — \$20 plus postage \$5,  
if you wish to have Bully Tin posted.

Kindly advise Treasurer of email addresses to  
receive Bully Tin electronically.

Treasurer's email address:

shorland&iinet.net.au

Phone: 6143 0127

Address: 51 Lilburne Road, Duncraig, 6023

Direct bank transfer can be made to the  
**Bendigo Bank – BSB 633-108**  
**A/c # 1587-64837**

**Do you want to be  
part of the National  
Scene – Then you  
might consider join-  
ing the Australian  
Bush Poets Assn  
www.abpa.org.au**

**Stay up to date with  
events and competi-  
tions right across  
Australia**

**Lots of great infor-  
mation on their web-  
site, winning poems,  
a writing forum, tips  
for writing and recit-  
ing , competition**



## Muster Writeup Friday 1<sup>st</sup> June 2018

MC for the evening was **Rob Gunn** and he had a very full program. Thank you everyone for getting in touch early.

**Meg Gordon** – Requested someone to take over the writeups for a few months. Announced that Silver Quill Written Competition is now open. As it was the month for featuring WA Poets, Meg presented “The Football Match” (Peg Vickers - Albany). Any one who doesn't understand the rules of football would be in the same quandry as Peg!

**Tess Ernschaw** - “My Circus Love” A clown’s mask hides many faces, but it also hides a beautiful smile and lovely eyes.

**Bill Gordon** – Announced that our well know comedian poet, Dave Proust has been operated on for a brain tumour. He came out of surgery reciting a poem and is apparently giving much cheek to the nurses. He then recited “Hollus Bollus” (Dry Blower Murphy) Danny O’Hara was asked to give a camel a pill by blowing it through a length of bamboo. Things didn’t work out as planned when the camel blew first and Danny ended up getting the pill himself.

**Christine Boulton** – “Basil's Irish Stew” (Peter Blyth) The cook no longer has the magic ingredient for the stew.

**Barry Higgins** - “Bob The Battler in The Pilbara” Salesman with a unique selling strategy. Everything in multiples of seven: one for every day of the week. “Bob The Battler at The Bus Stop” During a conversation with a passenger in a car confusion arose as to the use of golf balls and tees. “Bob The Battler and The Chimps” The difference between suffed and mounted. (Unknown)

**Linda Bootherstone** – a visitor from SA. Sang 4 songs that she had written. “Lady of The West Coast” About the Nullabor Road and Ceduna. “Penong Windmills” About the museum at Penong displaying some of the now disused windmills because of solar power. “Koonalda Homestead” Place of rusting cars, casualties of the past conditions on Nullabor. “Nullabor Nymph” Some have seen her, others haven't.

**Rod Williams** - “The Road To Gundagai” (Banjo) The dilemma at the crossroads.

**Grace Williamson** - “The Old Pepper Tree” (Evelyn Cull) The author tells the story of when she was 'old and grey', she revisited an deserted gold mining town to see a Pepper Tree that she planted as the wife of a miner, remembering how hard it was with little water.

**John Hayes** - “The Lights of Cobb and Co” (Henry Lawson) Henry wrote this poem in 1897 when he could see that the end of the coach era was coming because of the railways becoming the for front in transport. The las Cobb and Co ran in Queensland in 1924.

**Nancy Coe** - “Wee Jock McLoud” About the night of Scottish festivities when the McLouds came to town.

**Lesley McAlpine** – “The Mammogram” (Kerry Lee) The joys!!!! or otherwise of this procedure. No wonder women avoid it.

After Supper **Jack Matthews** presented “Sonia Snell” (Doug Ginger) A sad tale of what can happen if you sit on a toilet seat that had just been painted.

**Terry Piggott** - “The Cow Shed” (Jack Payne) A cow shed has many uses, some educational and some leading to lasting relationships.

**Barry Higgins** - “After Ewe” (Peter Blyth) Trying to save a ewe before she drowned is a sometimes thankless job and one needs to remember the work safe rules.

**Linda Bootherstone** – two more songs about SA. “The Fowlers Bay Whalers” About the American and French whalers that worked in Fowlers Bay. They didn't settle there however as whalers did in Portland SA and Albany WA. “Port Lincoln My Home” About the fishing industry in Linda's home town.

**John Hayes** - “Gourmet Bunny” John and his Dad went into Charlie's butcher shop to buy a rabbit which cost twenty five dollars a kilo which ultimately cost thirty two dollars. This was outrageous until it was pointed out that the Akubra John was wearing (which was just an old rabbit fur) cost two hundred dollars!

**Lesley McAlpine** - "My experiences in England" by Wesley John Hymus a young west Aussie from Rockingham during ww1. He's lonely in london till he meets a young "flapper" who offers to take him home for tea of scones, cake, and his favourite-beetroot. He figures his night is made when she showed him around the place and finishes in the bedroom where she has a terrible fit - on the bed. It would be easy to take advantage..... so he does the only think he can think of..... and finished the beetroot!

**Terry Piggott** - "Looking Back" Terry is remembering the days when his prospecting life started in Coober Pedy and proceeded through the mining areas of WA.

**Christine Boulton** - "Phil and The Lonely Rooster" A tribute to a late friend and his experience while dealing with a backyard rooster.

**Nancy Coe** - After a renition of 'You Often Hurt The One You Love', Nancy presented a poem "Comes The Dawn" (Anon) The real meaning of love.

**Rob Gunn** - "The Drover's Cook" (Tom Quilty) Fighting with the cook became a deadly battle.

**Tess Ernshaw** - "Doctor's Dictation" Doctors are renowned for illegible writing but their speech (particularly different accents) is sometimes just as hard to understand.

**Bill Gordon** - Thanked Rob for an entertaining evening. He also acknowledged Roger Cracknell's Commended in the Emerging Poets section of the recent Gulgong Henry Lawson Festival. Then he recited "The Call of The Outback" (Terry Piggott) Bill feels the same sentiments as Terry does in this poem.

Meeting closed at 9.25pm

Members are reminded that **NEXT MONTH IS AGM** and the Muster afterwards will have Bev Shorland as MC.

## ROADWISE CHALLENGE

It's time to start thinking about your poem to be presented at Toodyay in November.

16 lines using the topic **VULNERABLE ROAD USERS**

Could be Cyclists, Motor Cyclists, Gophers/Seniors, Tractors and other farm machines, Pedestrians.

Check out the Road Safety Commission website for ideas and statistics.

[www.rsc.wa.gov.au](http://www.rsc.wa.gov.au)



**ROAD SAFETY COMMISSION**

## BYO Cup

Hi Members , we are formally asking you to bring your own cup to the musters. This is a way to assist us in using less Styrofoam to send to landfill and we don't want to create yet another job ( washing up) . It also means you can reuse your Toodyay cup from the festival or bring your favourite one from home. I keep one in my car and take it to other venues as well as Bush Poets. We will, of course, have disposable cups for the times when you forget.



