



**Next Muster :7th October,7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park**  
**MC : Dot Langley 9361 3770 : 0428 131 094:briandot@tpg.com.au**

**WA STATE  
 CHAMPION-  
 SHIPS  
 TOODYAY  
 NOVEMBER  
 2016**

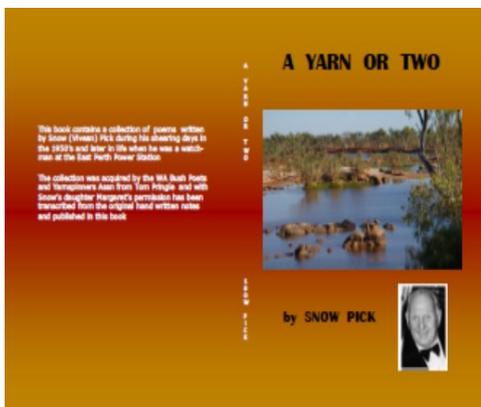
## Snow Pick Book Launch

### October Muster

Val Hobson will also be talking about the shearers connected with the poetry and Margaret Buckley (Snow's daughter) will give us some insight into his life.

Don't miss this chance to witness a series of poems written over a lifetime documenting life in and around rural West Australia.

Thanks to John Hayes and Brian Langley for their work in bringing this book to print on behalf of the WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners.



### What a wonderful September Muster !

You will notice the muster notes are somewhat sparse. However, I hope you will enjoy that I have included in this edition many of the excellent poems, chosen by our members. Although it was traditional night there was some happy meandering in the present, to the joy of the audience.

The choice of poems, and time people had spent preparing their readings, was evident. There were several positive comments about poems that hadn't previously been heard.

It was a thrill to welcome our surprise visitor from South Australia, Bob Magor. Bob was very generous in his performance and it was a privilege to hear him recite his Bronze Swagman 2016 winning poem The Bank's Bottom Line. This is the third time Bob has won this award and we were all in agreement that his poem was a worthy winner. It is easy to see why Bob is such a popular poet and why so many people beg to perform his poems.

I would again like to thank the many people who have stepped up over the last few weeks to take on the roles of MC, tea making, muster notes and reading from the classics.

Also Maxine, for organising the mail out of The Bully Tin. We look forward to next month and the launch of Snow Pick's book.  
 ED.



Back row: Keith Lethbridge, Bob Magor, Dave Smith,  
 Front row: Robert Gunn, Jem Shorland

**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, October 2016**

Wet, wet, wet. After three years of drought over this side of the country, 2016 is doing its best to bring the averages into line. Our travel plans are constantly being rearranged to avoid floodwaters across the country. Last weekend we were in Mudgee supporting a family travelling for breast cancer. "Follow the Sun" their tour is called, but it has been more like "Find the Sun". Sponsored by Dometic (as in Waeco fridges and other caravan accessories), they are on the road for three months with four school-age children. It was great to be able to add some bush poetry to their fundraising program.

We have also been to the EKKA (Brisbane Royal Show) where bush poetry has a strong presence, Gympie Muster where we caught up with Peter Capp (says g'day to WA poets) and many others who have been to Boyup Brook, Laggan Pub where the local group has a monthly get-together, and Cowra, where I did a show in a friend's back yard. I marvel at how my life has changed, and at the friends Meg and I have found since we became involved in bush poetry. We are ticking so many things off that we didn't even know were on the bucket list.

It is 51 years since I was at Ag College in Yanco NSW. 28 ex-students plus 3 staff met at Katoomba to reminisce and catch up; most of them I hadn't seen since college days. It was an excellent opportunity for me to put some stories into verse (and a challenge to write six poems in two weeks). All the poems were well received even if I did not omit names to protect the guilty.

We have still found time to press on with preparations for Toodyay. Most matters are covered in a separate article, but I need to stress that the "Classic Reader" section has been revised. This is no longer a "novice" event, meaning that previous winners are eligible to compete. However it is restricted to people who do not recite poetry. See our website [www.wabushpoets.asn.au](http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au) for the full conditions of entry.

If you want to camp at the Toodyay Holiday Park (by the racecourse) it is necessary to contact them to secure your booking. I have reserved ten sites in a group campsite. Just let them know you are part of our mob. You also need to contact me to get a seat on the bus to Jennacubbine for dinner and poetry on the Friday night.

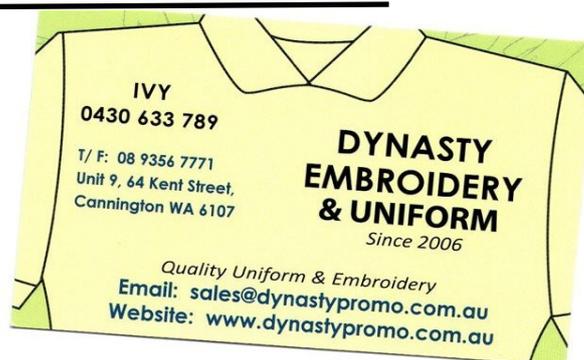
Meg and I will be back in Perth for the October Muster. John Hayes has done a huge amount of work compiling Snow Pick's poetry, and the resulting book will be launched at this muster. We are looking forward to seeing the book, and to catching up with all our WA poetry friends at the muster and/or at Toodyay.

Bill Gordon President

**Shirt Logos**

**If you would like to have your shirt printed this is where to go.**

Just take in what you would like embroidered and ask for your colour. Try not to have too busy a pattern or the embroidery doesn't always show up. Ring and check the price. You may have both the front or back embroidered or a single logo.



## The Bank's Bottom Line

© Bob Magor

**Winner, 2016 Bronze Swagman Award for Bush Verse, Winton, Queensland.**

The executive opened the letter  
addressed simply, 'To whom it concerns'.

At a bank which was one of the many  
self-obsessed by the profit it earns.

It began saying, 'Sir, I'm a client  
and I farm with this husband of mine,  
Though to you, Sir, we're both merely numbers  
causing grief on your bank's bottom line.

You were helpful extending more credit  
throughout years when the clouds wouldn't rain,  
Though you lassoed our land with a mortgage  
and encircled our necks in a chain.

But a farmer can't conjure a cash flow  
when the seasons and prices decline.  
And there's no human faces on spreadsheets —  
just a smudge on your bank's bottom line.

Please instruct all your bean-counting cronies  
to protect people working the land.

For despite highbrow qualifications,  
farming problems you don't understand.  
You might find, if you lived in the real world,  
rural income and drought don't align,  
With your greed always courting disaster  
for us camped on your bank's bottom line.

Would you have more compassion for farmers  
if like them throughout droughts you weren't paid?

Could you crawl cap in hand to a banker  
to explain why no profits were made?  
When he treated your pleas with indifference  
would you think him a merciless swine  
As he sneaked in his sly fees and charges  
adding cream to his bank's bottom line?

If the stench of death lay like a blanket  
on the turf of your manicured lawn  
Of your starving stock haunting your nightmares  
which awake you in cold sweats at dawn.  
Then you mightn't complain about traffic  
and the stress shuffling papers by nine.  
Where a farmer's despair never features  
on the graph of your bank's bottom line.

Have your kids had to witness you sobbing  
with your face in the palm of your hand?  
Having read an impersonal letter  
from a bank repossessing your land?  
Have you come home from work to your fam'ly  
to discover a vile AUCTION sign  
Which condemns your life's work to foreclosure  
just to fatten a bank's bottom line?

If you suit-and-tie vultures would venture  
up the dirt to your client's front gate,  
You'd discover the hands you're evicting  
are the ones putting food on your plate.  
In your crystal ball, gaze to the future  
sitting up at bare tables to dine  
While complaining your dinner is tasteless  
as you chew on your bank's bottom line.

If your balance sheets showed whims of weather  
with a column devoted to toil,  
You might mark them as debit and income  
for the hardworking sons of the soil.  
But you boffins in finance all thwart us  
from your ivory towers that shine,  
Where no rain on the roof is a bonus  
in the glow of your bank's bottom line.

With your bank profit flaunting ten zeros,  
please explain why each year you crave more —  
Why the heartless demands from your boardroom  
make you saddle more pain on the poor.  
For you sacrifice those who are needy  
from the depths of your insular shrine  
Where the axe that you wield has no conscience,  
splashing blood on your bank's bottom line.

And so, Sir, as I finish this letter,  
there is only one fact I must add.  
From today I'm a new farming widow  
and my children sleep minus their dad.  
For I found my man locked in his workshop —  
a statistic of rural decline,  
Life cut short by a noose of your making  
from a length of your bank's bottom line.'



**WA STATE  
CHAMPIONSHIPS  
TOODYAY  
NOVEMBER 2016**

To **The Community Liason Officer**

From **W.A. Bush Poetry & Yarn Spinners Assn.**  
PO Box 364  
Bentley 6982

Tel 0428651098  
Website [www.wabushpoets.asn.au](http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au)

Re **Publicity for Upcoming Event**

The committee of the above Association would greatly appreciate it if your Radio Station / Newspaper / Organisation could publicise our forthcoming Event, The

“Act-Belong-Commit WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Festival” incorporating the  
WA Bush Poetry State Championships

### **Bush Poets returning to Toodyay**

The best bush poets in WA are heading back to Toodyay for their fourth annual Act Belong Commit Bush Poetry Festival on 4<sup>th</sup> – 6<sup>th</sup> November. The festival incorporates the annual State Championships and is held in the memorial hall over the weekend. The festival starts on Friday 4<sup>th</sup> with a poetry writing and performance workshop being conducted by Rob Christmas. Rob is an accomplished poet from Sydney, and she will be one of the judges for the competition. The workshop is free, and is open to all interested persons, poets and supporters alike. It will be in the CWA hall, starting at 1pm.

The Festival and Championships are being held in Toodyay, mainly in the Memorial Hall Friday 4<sup>th</sup> – 6<sup>th</sup> November 2016. The event will feature some of the best Western Australian Bush Poets including previous W A Championship winners, Keith Lethbridge, Peter Blyth and Christine Boulton.

The WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn. Inc. are keeping alive the Australian tradition of Bush Poetry including the works of Banjo Patterson, Henry Lawson and others of their era. They also write and recite poems about events and issues in society today including many humorous and often embarrassing situations.

In recent years, there has been a resurgence of this style of poetry, not only in its writing but in performing the works of both the traditional masters as well as that of many outstanding modern poets. Names like Marco Gliori, Murray Hartin, Melanie Hall and Susie Carcary have become synonymous with both performance and writing excellence. The skilful poet is able to fully captivate the listener with their story which may or may not be true, or may be embellished beyond belief.

The condensed timetable for the event is:

Friday 4<sup>th</sup> –Poetry writing workshops then Dinner with the poets at Jennacubbine Tavern.

Saturday Morning, Junior and Novice Performance Competition,

Saturday Afternoon, Novice Classics Reader, Yarn Spinning and Contemporary Performance Championships.

Saturday Evening, a family Bush Dance plus ballroom dancing with Dave and Elaine Smith from Collie. The winning poems in the written competition will be presented at the bush dance.

Sunday starts with a Poets Breakfast, then Traditional and Original Serious Performance Competition. In the afternoon, there will be the final Competition category, Original Humorous, along with the award presentations. **Continued on P5**

The WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners Assn Inc wishes to acknowledge the generous support from Healthway, CBH and Roadwise as well as Toodyay Shire, Bendigo Bank, Makit Hardware and Toodyay Holiday Park. RAFFLE PRIZES

**All events are FREE including a fun night for all the family at the Bush Dance on Saturday night.**

Further information including entry forms may be found at [www.wabushpoets.asn.au](http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au)

An appropriate place / time for such publicity would be one to three weeks prior to the event in any "What's Happening" or "Upcoming Events" section, or in any segment / section dealing with Australiana, Performing Arts, Country Poetry and Music etc.

I have attached a copy of publicity "flyers" which gives some additional information.

Yours Sincerely

Bill Gordon, President, WABP&YS Assn.

September 18<sup>th</sup>, 2016

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## Just Classical

By John Hayes

She has played French horn since she was ten,  
though it wasn't precisely music then.  
So she learned to read and play the score,  
with skill and poise and so much more.  
Now she performs it from the heart  
in an interlude with young Mozart.

I like it when she plays for me,  
Rachmaninov or Vivaldi.  
When the orchestra is running hot  
she will give all the heart she's got.  
But she will not Rock and will not Roll,  
'cause classical music's claimed her soul

The Maestro waves and his baton flicks,  
with a one-two -three, or a four-five-six  
The French horn croons and trumpets blow,  
while violins sway with the deep cello.  
With percussion, woodwinds, strings and brass  
A complete ensemble that's all class,

Then the overtures and the symphonies  
go floating by like the autumn leaves.  
Till the last note fades from the music hall,  
with the grand applause and curtain call  
But she has no desire to Rock and Roll,  
'cause classical music's claimed her soul.

I like the romance of Bellini's theme  
or Tchaikovsky in a Swan Lake dream  
When birds of the forest chirp and sing  
It's time for Stravinsky's Rite of Spring,  
But she won't play Twist or Rock and Roll,  
'cause classical music's claimed her soul.

It would give Rossini's fans a shock  
if the Barber of Seville went rock  
Nor would it go down very well,  
for the Overture of William Tell  
As the French horn crooned she confessed,  
by classical music she's possessed

Beethoven, Mahler, Wagner, Brahms  
bewitch her with symphonic charms.  
Be it Pastoral or Resurrection,  
each note played must be perfection.  
If you ask her to play jazz or blues,  
she will shake her head and thus refuse  
She won't bebop or give you swing  
'cos classical music is her thing.  
Creation's grand arrangement seems  
to portray life, with all its scenes.  
Through passages of space and time  
in our great universe divine.  
It was Haydn's triumphant work of art  
that captured both the soul and heart.  
There are many more we did not essay  
such as Verdi, Schubert and Bizet

I can see her now in that far off land  
the French Horn fondly held in hand  
With the sun aglow in the summer sky  
sweet music soars to the clouds on high  
With an artist skill each fingered motion  
Is played with a passion and devotion  
There's no time for country rock and roll  
because its classical music heart and soul

For Jessica  
8<sup>th</sup> July 2016



## When The Ladies Come To The Shearing Shed

by Henry Lawson

'THE ladies are coming,' the super says  
To the shearers sweltering there,  
And 'the ladies' means in the shearing shed:  
'Don't cut 'em too bad. Don't swear.'  
The ghost of a pause in the shed's rough heart,  
And lower is bowed each head;  
And nothing is heard, save a whispered word,  
And the roar of the shearing-shed.

The tall, shy rouser has lost his wits,  
And his limbs are all astray;  
He leaves a fleece on the shearing-board,  
And his broom in the shearer's way.  
There's a curse in store for that jackaroo  
As down by the wall he slants —  
And the ringer bends with his legs askew  
And wishes he'd 'patched them pants.'

They are girls from the city. (Our hearts rebel  
As we squint at their dainty feet.)  
And they gush and say in a girly way  
That 'the dear little lambs' are 'sweet.'  
And Bill, the ringer, who'd scorn the use  
Of a childish word like 'damn,'  
Would give a pound that his tongue were loose  
As he tackles a lively lamb.

Swift thoughts of homes in the coastal towns —  
Or rivers and waving grass —  
And a weight on our hearts that we cannot de-  
fine  
That comes as the ladies pass.  
But the rouser ventures a nervous dig  
In the ribs of the next to him;  
And Barcoo says to his pen-mate: 'Twig  
'The style of the last un, Jim.'

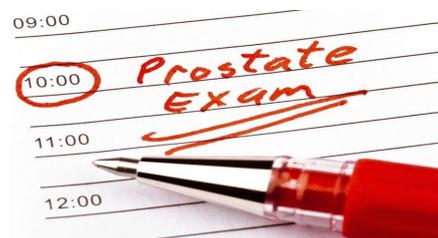
Jim Moonlight gives her a careless glance —  
Then he catches his breath with pain —  
His strong hand shakes and the sunlights dance  
As he bends to his work again.  
But he's well disguised in a bristling beard,  
Bronzed skin, and his shearer's dress;  
And whatever Jim Moonlight hoped or feared  
Were hard for his mates to guess.

Jim Moonlight, wiping his broad, white brow,  
Explains, with a doleful smile:  
'A stitch in the side,' and 'he's all right now' —  
But he leans on the beam awhile,  
And gazes out in the blazing noon  
On the clearing, brown and bare —  
She has come and gone, like a breath of June,  
In December's heat and glare.

The bushmen are big rough boys at the best,  
With hearts of a larger growth;  
But they hide those hearts with a brutal jest,  
And the pain with a reckless oath.  
Though the Bills and Jims of the bush-bard sing  
Of their life loves, lost or dead,  
The love of a girl is a sacred thing  
Not voiced in a shearing-shed.  
From book: [Verses Popular And Humorous](#)  
Website

### Jem's Gems

After my recent Prostate Exam, which was one of the most thorough examinations I've ever had, the Doctor left the room and the nurse came in. As she shut the door, she asked me a question I didn't want to hear....She said...."Who was that guy?"



**Sari Bair by C. J. Dennis** From book: The Moods of Ginger Mick

SO, they've struck their streak o' trouble, an' they got it in the neck,  
An' there's more than one ole pal o' mine 'as 'anded in 'is check;  
But Ginger still takes nourishment; 'e's well, but breathin' 'ard.  
An' so 'e sends the strength uv it scrawled on a chunk uv card.

"On the day we 'it the transport there wus cheerin' on the pier,  
An' the girls wus wavin' hankies as they dropped a partin' tear,  
An' we felt like little 'eroes as we watched the crowd recede,  
Fer we sailed to prove Australia, an' our boastin' uv the breed.

"There wus Trent, ex-toff, uv England; there wus Green, ex-pug, uv 'Loo;  
There wus me, an' Craig uv Queensland, wiv 'is 'ulkin' six-foot-two;  
An' little Smith uv Collin'wood, 'oo 'owled a rag-time air,  
On the day we left the Leeuwin, bound nor'-west for Gawd-knows-where.

"On the day we come to Cairo wiv its niggers an' its din,  
To fill our eyes wiv desert sand, our souls wiv Eastern sin,  
There wus cursin' an' complainin'; we wus 'ungerin' fer fight—  
Little imertation soljers full uv vanity an' skite.

"Then they worked us—Gawd! they worked us, till we knoo wot drillin' meant;  
Till men begun to feel like men, an' wasters to repent,  
Till we grew to 'ate all Egyp', an' its desert, an' its stinks:  
On the days we drilled at Mena in the shadder uv the Sphinx.

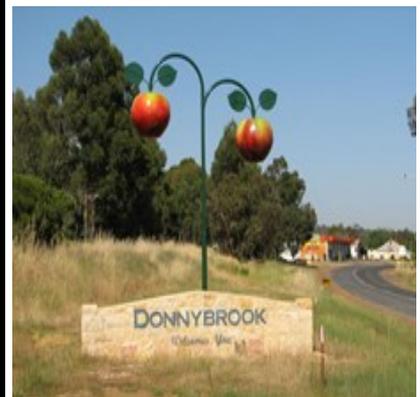
"Then Green uv Sydney swore an oath they meant to 'old us tight,  
A crowd uv flamin' ornaments wivout a chance to fight;  
But little Smith uv Collin'wood, he whistled 'im a toon,  
An' sez, 'Aw, take a pull, lad; there'll be whips o' stoushin' soon.'

"Then the waitin', weary waitin', while we itched to meet the foe!  
But we'd done wiv fancy skitin' an' the comic op'ra show.  
We wus soljers—finished soljers, an' we felt it in our veins  
On the day we trod the desert on ole Egyp's sandy plains.

"An' Trent 'e said it wus a bore, an' all uv us wus blue,  
An' Craig, the giant, never joked the way 'e used to do.  
But little Smith uv Collin'wood 'e 'ummed a little song,  
An' said, 'You leave it to the 'eads. O now we sha'n't be long!' Continued P8

**Inaugural  
Donnybrook  
Poets & Picnic  
Day**

**Sunday 9th October  
2016 at a private prop-  
erty just outside of  
Donnybrook.  
Please contact  
Alan Aitken on  
0400249243 for more  
information.**



**WA  
STATE  
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NOVEMBER**

**W.A. Bush Poets**



**& Yarnspinners Assn.**



Then Sari Bair, O Sari Bair, 'twus you wot seen it done,  
 The day the transports rode yer bay beneath a smilin' sun.  
 We boasted much, an' toasted much; but where yer tide line creeps,  
 'Twus you, me dainty Sari Bair, that seen us play fer keeps.

"We wus full uv savage skitin' while they kep' us on the shelf—  
 (Now I tell yeh, square an' 'onest, I wus doubtin' us meself);  
 But we proved it, good an' plenty, that our lads can do an' dare,  
 On the day we walloped Abdul o'er the sands o' Sari Bair.

"Luck wus out wiv Green uv Sydney, where 'e stood at my right 'and,  
 Fer they plunked 'im on the transport 'fore 'e got a chance to land.  
 Then I saw 'em kill a feller wot I knoo in Camberwell,  
 Somethin' sort o' went inside me—an' the rest wus bloody 'ell.

"Thro' the smoke I seen 'im strivin', Craig uv Queensland, tall an'  
 strong,

Like an 'arvester at 'ay-time singin', swingin' to the song.  
 An' little Smith uv Collin'wood, 'e 'owled a fightin' tune,  
 On the day we chased Mahomet over Sari's sandy dune.

"An' Sari Bair, O Sari Bair, you seen 'ow it wus done,  
 The transports dancin' in yer bay beneath the bonzer sun;  
 An' speckled o'er yer gleamin' shore the little 'uddled 'eaps  
 That showed at last the Southern breed could play the game fer keeps.

"We found 'im, Craig uv Queensland, stark, 'is 'and still on' is gun.  
 We found too many more besides, when that fierce scrap wus done.  
 An' little Smith uv Collin'wood, he crooned a mournful air,  
 The night we planted 'em beneath the sands uv Sari Bair.

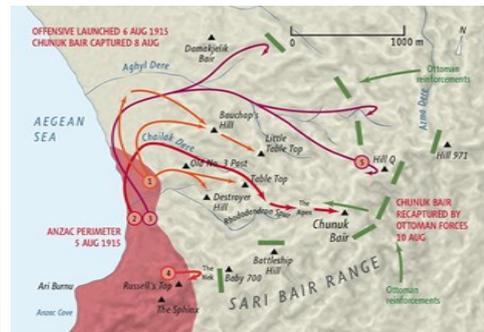
"On the day we took the transport there wus cheerin' on the pier,  
 An' we wus little chiner gawds; an' now we're sittin' 'ere,  
 Wiv the taste uv blood an' battle on the lips uv ev'ry man  
 An' ev'ry man jist 'opin' fer to end as we began.

"Fer Green is gone, an' Craig is gone, an' Gawd! 'ow many more!  
 Who sleep the sleep at Sari Bair beside that sunny shore!  
 An' little Smith uv Collin'wood, a bandage 'round 'is 'ead,  
 He 'ums a savage song an' vows quick vengeance fer the dead.

But Sari Bair, me Sari Bair, the secrets that you 'old  
 Will shake the 'earts uv Southern men when all the  
 tale is told;

An' when they git the strength uv it, there'll never  
 be the need

To call too loud fer fightin' men among the Southern  
 breed."



### **LET US SAVE WHAT'S LEFT** **by Snow Pick**

There's a small voice crying, "Save me" but  
 no one lends an ear  
 There's a small voice crying "Save me" but  
 no one seems to hear  
 Don't dam up our rivers; please don't cut  
 down those trees  
 Let us save the bit that's left, won't some-  
 one listen please.

I've seen the bushland slaughtered; I've  
 seen the creeks go salt  
 I've watched the wild life disappear, but no  
 one's called a halt  
 For sixty years I've watched it, but feel it's  
 all too late somehow  
 Please let us save the bit that's left, from  
 the dozer and the plough,

We've deserts here a plenty, in this great  
 and wondrous land  
 Deserts formed by nature, not caused by  
 human hands  
 We've cleared the land for miles around,  
 now it's windswept and dry  
 Will we make this land a desert, and then  
 will we wonder why?

Let us heed that voice that's calling, crying,  
 "Save what's left from man,,  
 Let us join that voice that's calling, and help  
 it while we can  
 I've seen Australia's bushland, with its  
 stream and wooded hills  
 But if we don't save the bit that's left, may-  
 be you never will.



### **THE TRIMMIN'S ON THE ROSARY by John O'Brien**

Ah, the memories that find me now my hair is turning gray,  
Drifting in like painted butterflies from paddocks far away;  
Dripping dainty wings in fancy -and the pictures, fading fast,  
Stand again in rose and purple in the album of the past.

There's the old slab dwelling dreaming by the wistful, watchful trees,  
Where the coolabahs are listening to the stories of the breeze;  
There's a homely welcome beaming from its big, bright friendly eyes,  
With The Sugarloaf behind it blackened in against the skies;

There's the same dear happy circle round the boree's cheery blaze  
With a little Irish mother telling tales of other days.  
She had one sweet, holy custom which I never can forget,  
And a gentle benediction crowns her memory for it yet;

I can see that little mother still and hear her as she pleads,  
"Now it's getting on to bed-time; all you childer get your beads."  
There were no steel-bound conventions in that old slab dwelling free;  
Only this - each night she lined us up to say the Rosary;

E'en the stranger there, who stayed the night upon his journey, knew  
He must join the little circle, ay, and take his decade too.  
I believe she darkly plotted, when a sinner hove in sight  
Who was known to say no prayer at all, to make him stay the night.

Then we'd softly gather round her, and we'd speak in accents low,  
And pray like Sainted Dominic so many years ago;  
And the little Irish mother's face was radiant, for she knew  
That "where two or three are gathered" He is gathered with them too.

O'er the paters and the aves how her reverent head would bend!  
How she'd kiss the cross devoutly when she counted to the end!  
And the visitor would rise at once, and brush his knees - and then  
He'd look very, very foolish as he took the boards again.

She had other prayers to keep him. They were long, long prayers in truth;  
And we used to call them "Trimmin's" in my disrespectful youth.  
She would pray for kith and kin, and all the friends she'd ever known,  
Yes, and everyone of us could boast a "trimmin'" all his own.

She would pray for all our little needs, and every shade of care  
That might darken o'er The Sugarloaf, she'd meet it with a prayer.  
She would pray for this one's "sore complaint," or that one's "hurted hand,"  
Or that someone else might make a deal and get "that bit of land";

Or that Dad might sell the cattle well, and seasons good might rule,  
So that little John, the weakly one, might go away to school.  
There were trimmin's, too, that came and went; but ne'er she closed without  
Adding one for something special "none of you must speak about."

Gentle was that little mother, and her wit would sparkle free,  
But she'd murder him who looked around while at the Rosary:  
And if perchance you lost your beads, disaster waited you,  
For the only one she'd pardon was "himself" - because she knew  
He was hopeless, and 'twas sinful what excuses he'd invent,  
So she let him have his fingers, and he cracked them as he went,  
And, bedad, he wasn't certain if he'd counted five or ten,  
Yet he'd face the crisis bravely, and would start around again;

But she tallied all the decades, and she'd block him on the spot,  
With a "Glory, Daddah, Glory!" and he'd "Glory" like a shot.  
She would portion out the decades to the company at large;  
But when she reached the trimmin's she would put herself in charge;

And it oft was cause for wonder how she never once forgot,  
But could keep them in their order till she went right through the lot.  
For that little Irish mother's prayers embraced the country wide;  
If a neighbour met with trouble, or was taken ill, or died,

We could count upon a trimmin' - till, in fact, it got that way  
That the Rosary was but trimmin's to the trimmin's we would say.  
Then "himself" would start keownrawing - for the public good, we thought -  
"Sure you'll have us here till mornin'. Yerra, cut them trimmin's short!"

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"Sure you'll have us here till mornin'. Yerra,  
cut them trimmin's short!"

But she'd take him very gently, till he soft-  
ened by degrees -  
"Well, then, let us get it over. Come now, all  
hands to their knees."  
So the little Irish mother kept her trimmin's  
to the last,  
Every growing as the shadows o'er the old  
selection passed;

And she lit our drab existence with her sim-  
ple faith and love,  
And I know the angels lingered near to bear  
her prayers above,  
For her children trod the path she trod, nor  
did they later spurn  
To impress her wholesome maxims on their  
children in their turn.

Ay, and every "sore complaint" came right,  
and every "hurted hand";  
And we made a deal from time to time, and  
got "that bit of land";  
And Dad did sell the cattle well; and little  
John, her pride,  
Was he who said the Mass in black the morn-  
ing that she died;

So her gentle spirit triumphed - for 'twas  
this, without a doubt,  
Was the very special trimmin' that she kept  
so dark about.

.....  
But the years have crowded past us, and the  
fledglings all have flown,  
And the nest beneath The Sugarloaf no long-  
er is their own;  
For a hand has written "*finis*" and the book is  
closed for good -  
Here's a stately red-tiled mansion where the  
old slab dwelling stood;

There the stranger has her "evenings," and  
the formal supper's spread,  
But I wonder has she "trimmin's" now, or is  
the Rosary said?  
Ah, those little Irish mothers passing from us  
one by one!  
Who will write the noble story of the good  
that they have done?

All their children may be scattered, and their  
fortunes windwards hurled,  
But the Trimmin's on the Rosary will bless  
them round the world.

**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 member-  
ship \$30  
Stay up to date with events and com-  
petitions right across Australia**

### Scotty's Wild Stuff Stoo

The cause of all the trouble  
Was McCabe, the jackeroo,  
Who had ordered what, facetiously,  
He'd christened "Wild Stuff Stew"  
He had shot a brace of pigeons  
And had brought them home unplucked;  
It was not the first occasion,  
And no wonder Scotty bucked  
As aside he threw the pigeons  
And addressed the jackeroo:  
"Ye'll pluck those blinded pigeons,  
Or ye'll get no blinded stoo."  
But the jackeroo objected,  
And objected strongly, too.  
But Scotty didn't argue much,  
He winked across at Blue  
And, turning to the slushy, said,  
"I'll give him 'Wild Stuff Stoo'."  
The next day it was Sunday, and,  
Not having much to do,  
We all assisted Scotty  
In the making of a stoo.

We raked along the wool-sheds,  
In the pens and round about –  
It was marvellous, all the wild things  
That us rousies fossicked out;  
There was Ginger found a lizard,  
Which they reckoned was a Jew –  
It was rather rough to handle,  
But it softened in the stew;  
Then Snowy found some hairy things  
Inside a musterer's tent;  
And Splinter found a lady frog –  
And in the lady went.  
From McGregor, who'd been foxing,  
We obtained a skin or two,  
It should have gone to bootlace  
But it went into the stoo.  
Then someone found a "Kelly"  
That the boundary-rider shot –  
It was more or less fermented,  
Still, it went inside the pot;  
And Scotty found some insects  
With an overpowering scent,  
And the slushy trapped a mother mouse –  
And in poor mother went.

There was some hesitation  
'bout a spider in a tin:  
We didn't like the small red spot,  
But Scotty dumped it in.  
There were a host of other things  
- I can't recall the lot –  
That were cast into eternity  
Per medium of the pot.  
Those strange and weird concoctions  
That the Abos sometimes brew  
Would be as mild potatoes  
If compared with Scotty's stew . . .  
And when the jackeroo arrived  
A happy man was he  
To find that Scotty, after all,  
Had cooked a stoo for tea.  
He rolled his eyes, and snuffed the fumes,  
'twas dinkum stuff he swore;  
He complimented Scotty, and  
He passed his plate for more.  
And when we'd let him have his fill,  
We took him round to view  
A list of what had left this world  
To enter Scotty's stew.

I grant you there were wild things  
Connected with that stoo,  
But there was nothing wilder  
Than McCabe the jackeroo.  
He got the dries and then the shakes,  
And we felt shaky too;  
We were thinking of the spider  
With the red spot in the stoo.  
We rushed him to the homestead,  
They told him there 'twas flu,  
But us rousies, we knew better –  
It was Scotty's "Wild Stuff Stoo".

But Scotty isn't cooking now,  
For Scotty is long dead;  
They say he turned it in through booze  
At Thurlagoona shed;  
And away across the border  
There's a certain jackeroo,  
Who for years has never tasted  
What he christened "Wild Stuff Stoo".  
© **Francis Humphris Brown**



### A Packet of Fags

**By John Hayes**

A packet of fags now cost twenty dollars,  
I can't understand why anyone bothers.  
One dollar per death peg, that we can't afford  
and the cost to our health cannot be ignored.

A cylindrical blend-- tar and nicotine;  
Emphysema and cancer behind a smokescreen.  
As we wheeze out our lungs through an oxygen mask,  
why did I bother must be the question to ask.

It was part of our culture we might declare  
of the damage it did we seemed unaware  
We sucked through our lips; expelled through our  
nose  
and I said, "Yes please I'll have some of those."

Grandpa drew on his pipe; father sucked his cigar;  
I rolled my own; it seemed more manly by far.  
Fine-Cut or Rubbed -Ready my ardent desire  
Tally- Ho with Vesta and I was on fire.

I rolled them left handed while driving a car  
I was strong on the drawback inhaling the tar  
Until tailor made fags arrived on the scene  
then I puffed through the day, an extra fifteen.

For at least thirty years I was addicted;  
health problems began that I contradicted.  
I couldn't climb the hills without getting puffed,  
yet refused to admit my that arteries were stuffed.

But there came the day when I had to concede'  
I must kick the habit of lighting up weed.  
On the hospital bed I had hours reflect,  
the care of this body I could not neglect.

But still there are those who are not coping  
as Society shuns, the habit of smoking.  
And those who reform should never condemn  
that human weakness of women and men.

Hi Christine

As promised I have written a note to go with the photo that Bill sent last month re Melbourne Cup.

We are in Blayney at the moment and it is wet and cold!!

Mudgee for the weekend and Wellington next weekend before heading to Millmerran for Camp Oven Festival and then home in time for Oct Muster.

Regards Meg

### **The Ghosts of Adventures Past**

Among the cobwebs woven there are hidden treasures everywhere,  
just bits and pieces from the past - yet priceless to a bloke like me  
Not useless junk as some might say but relics from another day,  
reminding me of years long gone when I had set my spirit free

This dusty shed's now seldom used its contents old and much abused,  
yet precious still to me today, with memories of times now gone  
A dolly pot I'd lugged around that crushed the ore I sometimes found  
and picks and shovels; odds and ends, they're all still here, though life's moved on

I dream of course I'll roam once more and live the life I lived before  
and all these things now hidden here are ready when it's time again.  
Each item here has served me well, and each one has a yarn to tell,  
of life out bush in search for gold, when in the ranks of true bush men.

Just one last peep then close the door until it's time to look once more  
and search for inspiration when my life has seemed to go awry.  
It cheers me up and hopes then soar that soon I'll head out bush once more,  
and in my heart I seem to sense, it's time to have another try.

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### **Great Poetry site:**

**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)



### **THE MELBOURNE CUP WENT TO EIDSVOLD**

The varied opportunities a wandering Bush Poet experiences never cease to amaze.

When Bill and Meg travelled through Eidsvold on their way south from Bundaberg to St. George they stopped off at the RM Williams Centre in Eidsvold. We were informed that they were looking for a Bush Poet to provide some entertainment for the crowd that was expected to come and look at the beautiful Melbourne Cup as it toured its way around the country.

The afternoon weather was perfect for the outdoor setting and Bill had written a poem especially for the occasion. The Victorian Race Committee representative was there and commented favourably on his story of the history of the Melbourne Cup down through the years. Other guest speakers for the event were Sheila Laxon and Lyle Appo. Sheila was the first female trainer to win the Melbourne Cup and her horse Ethe-real won in 2001. Lyle was a local identity who was a jockey and also a light weight boxer of note.

The entertainment continued that evening at a cocktail party put on by the local Shire which was also well attended. Bill provided a bit more poetry and a good time was had by all.

## **Bert's Old Boar**

Up along a narrow valley  
were some dairies, and passing by  
you'd see each kept a few sows  
penned in a rough timber sty.  
These pigs disposed of waste  
and kept each home in pork  
but no-one had a breeding boar  
so those chaps sat down to talk.\

Amongst them they decided  
their new plan just might work  
if they all chipped in to buy a boar  
and it would stay at Bert's.  
But they hadn't realized how difficult  
it could be to move their boar  
to load it up onto a trailer when  
it was only needed just next door.

Nor how often they would need to  
or how hard the work involved  
until boar made his own arrangements  
and their problems were all solved.  
Now Bert's sty was about the roughest  
and how it held pigs in was a mystery  
so when the old boar took a fancy  
in no time at all he'd broken free.

To wander off to any neighbours  
from whence he'd heard "the call"  
where he'd meet the needs of nature  
without any fuss at all.  
He'd then amble back to Bert's place  
for a feed of slops and grain  
before dossing down on his own bed  
until a "call" came through again.



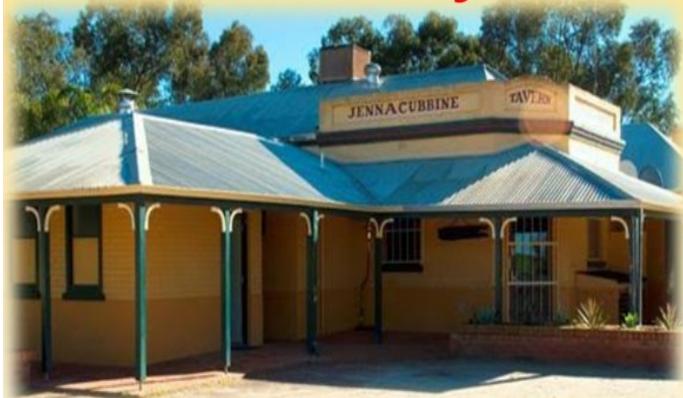
So if you find yourself along a road  
up some back gully in the bush  
and see a big old boar approaching  
just ambling, he'll not be in a rush.  
Just give him room to pass you by  
because I'm sure you'll understand  
he's on a mission for us humans  
to produce more pork and ham.

Pete Stratford 3.3.16

### **Events to watch and attend:**

October	21/22/23	Nambung Country Music Festival
November	4/5/6	Toodyay, WABP&Y State Championships
	2017	
January	26	Wireless Hill. WABP&Y extend invitations to specified participants.
February	19/20/21	Boyup Brook Country Music Festival.

# **Tried the best steak in the West yet?**



Then it's time to combine it  
with the **best Bush Poetry**  
Australia has to offer  
**at the Jennacubbine Tavern**  
**Friday 4<sup>th</sup> November 2016**  
**from 6.00pm**



**Funny poems,  
sad poems and  
stories (some  
almost true!)**

**FREE entertainment**  
as a warm-up to  
**the State Championships**  
**to be held in Toodyay**  
**5<sup>th</sup> & 6<sup>th</sup> November 2016**

**We look forward to meeting  
you at the Jenna!**

**Muster notes September 2016** by Christine Boulton

**Lorelie Tacoma was our sublime MC for the night.** Lorelie is always charming and welcoming. She was one of our few members who had dressed up for the night. Her memorable yarn about washing prompted many conversations about washing machines and mangles.

Christine Boulton: Where the Brumbies Come to Water by William Ogilvie

Bob Magor: First Date by Bob Magor. A hilarious story of a lad who took along a rat as a passenger, as well as his young lady.

Frank Marshall: When The Ladies Come To The Shearing Shed by Henry Lawson The poem appears to depict a visit to the shed, by a group of young girls/visitors....however, Frank is advised that it was a visit by a group of travelling carnival ladies. Their seemed to be a recognition of one of the ladies, by one of the shearers, Jack Moonlight. It pained, and flummoxed him, to see his lady. The poem then reflects upon his feelings for her and love.

Robert Gunn: The Silent Shearer by Banjo Paterson

Brian Langley: The Cocky's Life by H.Allan published in the Narrogin Advocate, 14<sup>th</sup> February, 1906.

John Hayes: Sari Bair by C J Dennis. This poem is always a treat to hear, recited by John. Read the complete text on pages 5 and 6.

Dave Smith: The Ballad of Nancy Mole by Anon

Elaine Smith: September the First – Spring by Philip Rush.

Lorraine Broun: The Trimmin's on the Rosary by John O'Brien. A wonderful tale of a mother's prayers. Read the complete text on page 7.

Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge: An Old Master by C J Dennis. The classic tale that reveres Dad McGhee a retired bullock driver.

Lesley McAlpine: Scotty's Wild Stuff Stew by Francis Humphris Brown Read the complete text on page 8 .Congratulations to Lesley for winning the raffle.

Barry Higgins: J P Justice by Bob Magor. A new definition for working clothes.

Jack Matthews: The Boy and the Swagman by C J Dennis

Rob Gunn: The Man From Snowy River by Banjo Paterson, accompanied by Rob on his guitar.

John Hayes: Said Hanrahan by John O'Brien

Lorraine Broun: The Mouse and the Cake by Eliza Cook, a favourite from an ancient childhood volume. Moral: Don't be greedy.

Bob Magor: The Bank's Bottom Line by Bob Magor Read the complete text on page 3 . Thank you Bob for giving us permission to include this moving poem.

Model Husband by Bob Magor. Bob proves he's not a dab hand at the Supermarket.

Dave Smith: A Rum Tale by Bob Magor, based on a true story

Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge: Clancy of the Overflow by Banjo Paterson – beautiful, as only Keith can do.

