



**Next Muster Friday 3rd May 7pm RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley
MC Terry Piggott 94588887**



*Happy Mothers
Day
To all our Mothers
May your day be*

It's amazing the things we remember from our childhood. This is a lovely poem that reminisces about just such a memory - of Mother's Apron (Remember them???)

Mum's Apron Pocket
© Zondrae King

When Mother did her household chores, when baking or at play, she always wore an apron which was common in her day.

Her apron had a pocket that was large and quite secure. It hung in front so bottomless just like a secret drawer.

It held a host of magic things by end of cleaning day. She gathered them at random and tucked them all away.

She packed in loads of wondrous things like wax and string and fluff; my sisters broken locket and loads of other stuff.

It may have been just calico and worn to threadbare thin, but it became so useful just to put these treasures in.

A dolls' eye, that could be replaced, a ribbon from my hair. Oh, you should see the wonders that my Mum collected there.

It was so close and comforting; held string and rubber bands, but most of all I loved it for it held my mothers hands.

Mother's Day Story

The story of Mothers Day is a long one. It is neither a recent phenomenon as many people believe it to be. Nor it is the creation of card and gift marketers syndicates, as assumed by cynics of Mothers Day festival. To the surprise of many people Mothers Day celebrations are first said to have taken place in the time of ancient Greeks and Romans hundreds of years ago. Even Mothers Day celebrations in UK began much before the tradition saw the light of the day in US. In US the efforts of Ms Julia Ward Howe and Ms Anna Jarvis are greatly recognised for starting the tradition of Mothers Day but several other women too made remarkable contribution to further the cause of Mothers Day holiday.

Today Mothers Day is celebrated in more than 46 countries around the world though at different times in the month of May and in some countries it is celebrated in entirely different times of the year. In the present time Mothers Day has come to be internationally recognized as the day to honor all mothers and thank them for the services they impart for the benefit of their individual child and consequently to the development of mankind.

WANTED - MUSTER MC's

Dave Smith & Terry Piggott, our new Event Coordinators, are wanting members who would be willing to take on the role of MC for 1 Muster each. There are guidelines to work within, for those who are unsure as to what is required, and both Dave & Terry are available for help. Please see Dave or Terry

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

It was good to see a much larger audience at the April muster. Previous musters this year at the RSL Club have been quite disappointing. The committee had hoped that the more intimate surroundings might attract a larger number to attend. However, quite a few members who are residents at Bentley Park do not want to leave at night. We did offer a bus in an attempt to entice them to the new venue, but to no avail. The committee has encountered unforeseen problems at the RSL. The security system has been a major challenge, with the alarm going off when we were attempting to gain entry to the building on more than one occasion. It is very disconcerting standing outside with the alarm blaring at 120 decibels while we wait for the manager to come and sort things out. The other main problem is the time we are allowed to set up before, and then pack up after the muster. This makes for a very rushed start and finish to the evening, with very limited time for committee members to circulate among the members. It is for these reasons that your committee has approached Bentley Park with a view to returning there for the musters, commencing on 5th July.

Dave Smith continues to have major problems with his ticker, and may have to face another round of open-heart surgery. At the moment he is forced to take things very quietly. He has even been given a leave pass from wiping up the dishes.

Congratulations to Terry Piggott as he continues to win awards for his written poetry. His poem "The End of an Era" won the serious section at the Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush. It was previously awarded Highly Commended at Tamworth and at Boyup Brook. Look for it in this edition of the Bullytin.

Thanks to Heather for writing up last month's muster notes for the Bullytin. We are still looking for a member, and not necessarily a committee person, to do the write up on a regular basis. This job would be made much easier if performing poets could hand, or preferably e-mail, a short synopsis of their poems to the person doing the write-up.

Bill Gordon

AUTUMN

Nancy Hobson

Autumn is here in his russet and gold;
And his cheeks are red with the tang of cold;
And his hair is wet with the wind blown rain
The fields are bare of the golden grain
Autumn is out in the world again.
A welter of emerald, brown and red
Yellow and amethyst he will spread
On fern and on forest nor seem to care
For the driving rain, for the frosty air
Or the damp brown leaves in his frosty hair.

Thought this might be relevant in the current political climate!!

Gone Down

A B Paterson

To the voters of Glen Innes 'twas O'Sullivan that went,
To secure the country vote for Mister Hay.
So he told 'em what he'd borrowed, and he told 'em
what he'd spent,
Though extravagance had blown it all away.
Said he, "Vote for Hay, my hearties, and wherever we
may roam
We will borrow, undismayed by Fortune's frown!"
When he got his little banjo, and he sang them "Home,
Sweet Home!"
Why, it made a blessed horse fall down.

Then he summoned his supporters, and went spouting
through the bush,
To assure them that he'd build them roads galore,
If he could but borrow something from the "Plutocratic
Push",
Though he knew they wouldn't lend him any more.
With his Coolangatta Croesus, who was posing for the
day
As a Friend of Labour, just brought up from town:
When the Democratic Keystone told the workers, "Vote
for Hay",
Then another blessed horse fell down!

When the polling day was over, and the promising was
done --
The promises that never would be kept --
Then O'Sullivan came homeward at the sinking of the
sun,
To the Ministerial Bench he slowly crept.
When his colleagues said, "Who won it? Is our banner
waving high?
Has the Ministry retained Glen Innes Town?"
Then the great man hesitated, and responded with a
sigh --
"There's another blessed seat gone down!"

Website and Library

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

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

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

LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

I received this lovely letter and accompanying poem from one of our newer members this week. I will include the letter as a prelude to the poem. A big thank you to Bernice for your contribution, and we look forward to many more wonderful poems from you!!

The Editor, Bully Tin

Eileen Noakes of Rosa Brook, reads poetry once a month to our Day Care Group in Margaret River. Last December, she bought a copy of "Bully Tin" - I wish I'd known about it before! As a teacher, I enjoyed reading poetry for enjoyment, both for myself and the children I taught.

I'm 87 now and live in a retirement home - resident of an independent living unit, because of my limited mobility I'm limited to the places I can visit. I'm still so lucky my mind is alert and can read with no problems - it has always been my favourite hobby. Since receiving your copy in March, I've started writing verse as it helps to pass the time away. Last week I collected your April copy and can assure you that you have found a devoted reader for the future.

Regards, Bernice Miles

The Country Woman's Ball

© Bernice Miles

A year it's been in planning, a success is sure to be.
The Divisional President will be there, we're going to dance 'til three.

Members practised dancing, then prettied up the hall.
They've planned a special supper for the Country Woman's Ball.
The boys across the Blackwood - always keen to try romance
said, "We'll have to swim the river if we want to go and dance.
Yes, We'll have to swim the river to have any time at all
with the girls who will be dancing at The Country Woman's Ball"

The cows were brought in early, the milking done with speed.
They packed good clothes in sugar bags and tied them on their steed.

They met upon the river bank - seven lads in all.
They talked about the girls they'd meet at the Country Woman's Ball.
Eight miles they rode their horses, through tracks they just could see.

Lucky it was moonlight as they rode so merrily.
The girls were waiting for them, so pretty - short and tall
ready to start dancing at the Country Woman's Ball.

They opened up their sugar bags and brushed good clothes with care
while looking through the window to see which girls were there.
The night was filled with music - bright lanterns filled the hall.
It really was a great success, the Country Woman's Ball.
The water it was freezing when home they rode at three
and the yells of "oo" and "ah" were not really full of glee.
But they reckoned it was worth it, agreeing one and all
they'd do it all again next year for the Country Woman's Ball.

Written for my husband - who told this true story.

This poem was sent to me from Terry Piggott and is from Vonda Stanley's collection of early Australian bush poems

THE CHILDREN OF THE MIST

(written in the Tasmanian bush.)

John Sandes

Through the valleys, softly creeping
'Mid the tree-tops, tempest-tossed,
see the cloud-forms seeking, peeping
For the loved ones that are lost.
Not for storm or sunshine resting,
Will they slacken or desist,
Or grow weary in their questing
For the children of the mist.

Where are those children hiding?
Surely they will soon return,
In the gorge again abiding
'Mid the myrtle and the fern.
Ah! the dusky forms departed
Nevermore will keep their tryst,
And the clouds, alone, sad-hearted,
mourn the Children of the Mist.

E'en the wild bush-creatures, scattered,
Ere they die renew their race,
And the pine, by levin shattered,
Leaves an heir to take his place.
Though each forest thing, forth stealing,
Year by year the clouds have kissed,
Vainly are those white arms feeling
For the children of the mist.

Dead the race, beyond awaking,
Ere its task was well begun;
Human hearts that throbbed to breaking
Are but dust beneath the sun.
Past all dreams of vengeance-wreaking,
Blown where'er the tempests list.

.....
But the cloud-forms still are seeking
For the children of the mist.

WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.
Bush Lantern Award 2013
Written Competition for Bush Verse
Entries close 31st May 2013.

For further information/conditions of entry
and entry forms, contact:
Sandy Lees ~ (07) 4151 4631 :
leesjds1@yahoo.com.au
Edna Harvey ~ (07) 41597198 :
edna_harvey@hotmail.com
Jayson Russell ~ (07) 41550778 :
blanata@bigpond.net.au

Congratulations to Terry Piggott, who recently won the serious section of the Tenterfield Oracle of the Bush Written Competition with the poem below. The same poem also won a Highly Commended at Tamworth Blackened Billy comp, and Boyup Brook Written Competition.

THE END OF AN ERA

© Terry Piggott

The whisper of a cooling breeze comes with the fading light,
while silence brings a peacefulness that visits here each night.
A distant glow still paints the sky beyond the western track
and dusk has spread its hazy veil throughout the vast out-back.

The old bloke watches from his camp and views the scene once more,
a ritual he's carried out ten thousand times before.
His craggy face is lined with age and wears a worried frown;
he's fearful of the plans afoot to move him into town.

This night will be the last one that he spends at his old shack,
for in the morning he must leave; there'll be no turning back.
Coerced by the authorities who'd used a knowing tone,
when arguing an old bloke shouldn't live out bush alone.

At first this seemed to make some sense – he'd passed his best he knew;
but soon the doubts had risen; secret fears began to brew.
To change his way of life now seemed a stupid move to make
and in his heart he sensed by then he'd made a huge mistake.

And as the time approached to leave anxiety had grown,
he loved the outback solitude - the only life he'd known.
His trips to town to get supplies and spend a hour or two,
were brief and not too often from this life he loved and knew.
His sleep that night was restless, haunted by the thoughts of change,
to share a home with other folk was bound to seem quite strange.
For fifty years he's lived out bush, most of that time alone
and happy memories abound; but how the years have flown.

His old tin shack was creaking as it warmed there in the sun,
the old bloke looking pensive as another day begun.
Somehow this day seemed clearer as he watched from his back door

Submissions for the Bully Tin

Just a quick reminder to everyone that this is *your* newsletter. Please feel free to submit your poems for inclusion, keeping in mind the need for size constraints.

and surely trees looked greener than they had the day before.

He anxiously looked southward from the doorway of his shack,
for soon a telltale wisp of dust would show up on the track.
And then he'll have to leave this place, his home for fifty years;
now destined for an old folks home, despite his growing fears.

While some may say he had lived rough; he'd never felt that way,
he'd gladly end his days out here - if only he could stay.
Another look along the track, there's still no dust in sight,
a few more moments to reflect; not sure this move is right .

He doubted that he'd last for long, if forced to live in town,
convinced a change of lifestyle now would quickly wear him down.
Then fretted at his foolishness in being talked around,
he'd given in without a fight; he should have stood his ground.

A faint noise in the distance had him peering down the road,
then saw the rising dust cloud with the ill that it forebode.
Wild thoughts were flashing through his mind; but knew it was too late
and like a man condemned he stood, awaiting now his fate.

LAMENT OF A QUILTERS HUSBAND

Anonymous

She chose her fabrics Monday in colours so divine.
She forgot to thaw our dinner, so we went out to dine.
She worked on patterns Tuesday from templates she could trust.
It finally came together, but she forgot to dust.
She cut her pieces Wednesday, the laying out was fun;
She decided on the Irish Chain, and the laundry wasn't done.
The blocks were stitched on Thursday and through the house are spread
I guess she really was engrossed, she never made the bed.
She started quilting Friday, those blocks that she adores.
It never did occur to her that she should mop the floors
I found a maid on Saturday, my week is now complete.
My wife can stitch the hours away, the house will still be neat.
Well, it's already Sunday and my wife is filled with guilt
I cursed! I raved! I ranted ! She taught the MAID to quilt !!!

Sardines

Keith Lethbridge

A culinary tour-de-force,
Is sardines and tomato sauce,
And once upon a time I was a fan.
In point of fact I thought it wise
To stock emergency supplies,
So into the Nissan toolbox went a can.

For many months I drove about
And never had the toolbox out;
Without a hitch I travelled near and far,
But then, it couldn't be denied
That something horrible had died,
And not beside the road, but in the car!

I searched the Nissan high and low,
Wherever wounded snakes might go,
Or where a rat could crawl away to die,
Until at last, in sheer despair,
I saw that toolbox lying there,
So thought I'd better give it one last try.

I opened up the metal lid
And nearly fainted when I did,
Beneath that pestilential Devil's brew;
An odious, malignant smell,
Straight from the rotting bowels of Hell.
(It hit me like a lump of four-by-two.)

That sardine can that I forgot,
Was opened up and left to rot;
Punctured by a sharpened tool somehow,
And even though I scrubbed it well,
I couldn't wash away that smell;
It lingers in the Nissan even now.

* * *

So if we meet along the track,
And should you offer me a snack,
I'd gladly share a plate of ham and beans,
Sinkers and jam, wallaby stew,
Or even pan-fried cockatoo,
But please, don't try to tempt me with sardines !

EDITORS NOTE:

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

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

They would be especially appreciated at the moment, as my external drive has just died (temporarily, I hope!) with the collection I had already done!
Many thanks, Irene

SNOWY MOUNTAINS OF MUSIC Celebrates THE POETRY OF THE ALPS



POETRY COMPETITIONS

Given the Snowy Mountains' connection with one of Australia's most famous poems, 'The Man From Snowy River', it's not surprising that poetry and verse will feature prominently in Perisher Snowy Mountains of Music festival on the June long weekend.

In recognition of the significance that verse and the spoken word has had in the region, the Snowy Mountains of Music will be holding a pre-festival open and junior poetry competition called the **Broken Ski Award** and the **Snowy Poetry Cup** which will be given to the best recited poem at the festival.

BROKEN SKI AWARD

If you would like to enter an original poem in the Broken Ski Award, please submit it electronically below. The Broken Ski Award will be awarded for the best submitted original verse in a number of categories as follows:

OPEN section

JUNIOR - High School Age - 12 to 18

JUNIOR - Primary School Age - Under 12

For entry forms and details, go to:

http://snowymountainsofmusic.com.au/snowy_poetry_competition

Applications close Tuesday 4 June 2013

SNOWY POETRY CUP (awarded at Festival)

The **Snowy Poetry Cup** will be awarded for the best recitation of an original or traditional poem. It will be decided at the festival. Check the festival programme (to be issued in May 2013) for venue and time.

You can enter the competition on the day and just need to be present to take part, and be a festival patron of course.

INSURANCE COVER

Trish Joyce

Jero planned to take up racing -
To join his brothers on the track
So he bought a sidecar outfit
To give the sport a crack
But he had to have insurance
In the event that he was hurt,
While competing in the races
On the Claremont Speedway dirt!
The Company posed him questions
And when he'd answered all the others
They asked: "Have you broken any bone"
He replied: Oh Yes my little brother's"

Val Read - Val is one of our very prolific written Bush Poets and has published a number of books. Many of her poems have won accolades in major competitions across Australia. Many have also appeared in anthologies of contemporary rhyming verse. Her last publication, "Whistling Foxes" has received high acclaim. Val's highest achievement was winning Australia's 2008 major award for written "Bush Poetry", the "Bronze Swagman"

MY BEST MATE – POSSUM

V.P. Read

Left broken by the racing track,
poor Possum was a crippled hack.
The owner sneered and left him there:
"The Knackery," without a care.

But no one took the horse away;
it struggled to survive each day.
A muddy creek ran through the field;
the arid ground scarce grass did yield.

Dad saw the racehorse left behind,
and seeing no one seemed to mind –
he loaded him onto the truck
which was, for Possum, best of luck.

The horse was in an utter mess,
so cowed and beaten, sheer distress
was etched in every jutting bone;
Dad could not leave him there alone.

But time does heal, and Possum thrived,
and by the time we kids arrived,
the horse was frisky, fat and sleek,
no longer was his future bleak.

We'd all take turns to have a ride,
no saddle on his chestnut hide,
and he would gallop all let out,
while we'd hold on and madly shout.

In time we'd all go back to school
to learn about the Golden rule.
Dad told us Possum moped around;
he fretted with a grief profound.

He seemed to take a shine to me,
so calm and patient he would be.
In time I rode him like a pro,
and all across the land we'd go

When I was due, he knew the date,
was always watching by the gate.
Oh, how he gleamed in midday sun,
his brown eyes twinkling, full of fun.

They say that animals don't show
emotions, but it's just not so.
That horse conveyed his thoughts to me;
a loyal friend he'd always be.<

When Mother died, and tears were shed,
his gentle lips caressed my head.

I tell you, all my grief he knew,
and did what any friend would do.

He'd snicker comfort as I wept,
and all my deepest secrets kept.
We shared such deep comraderie;
that horse meant all the world to me.

When came the time – to manhood grown,
I had to make a life alone,
and Possum knew he wouldn't see
another carefree year with me.

And so it was; he died that year;
the memories still bring a tear.
I feel somehow I let him down
because I had to work in town.

But when I come to visit Dad,
and think of times when just a lad,
I hear – when nights are clear and still
his whinny calling from the hill.

The day will come when he and I
will gallop o'er the moonlit sky.
We'll both be young and spry again,
a horse and boy on Heaven's plain.

'THE KEMBLA FLAME'

Illawarra Breakfast Poets and South Coast Country Music Assn.

Written Poetry Competition

associated with the Country Music Festival 14th July 2013

Rules & Conditions:

*Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

*Entries will be numbered and authors name must not appear on the poem.

*Poems must not have won a first place or have been published for profit

*Entries must be the sole work of the entrant. Copyright remains with the author but permission is granted for the organisers to reproduce and/or distribute the same to promote or advertise the event.

*Poems do not necessarily have to have a heritage or bush theme but they must be distinctly Australian and must have consistent rhyme, and metre. No line limit.

*Poems with a humorous nature may be favoured.

*Special condition: While members of Judging panel cannot enter this competition- other members of Illawarra Breakfast Poets may enter.

*Closing date: 7th June 2013

*Late entries cannot be accepted.

*Entry fee is: \$6 for one poem - \$15 for three poems - no limit

*Cheque or Money Order to be made to South Coast Country Music Assn.

Addressed to Comp Secretary: Po Box 5064, Wollongong NSW 2520

*entries must be accompanied by entry fees

Information and entry forms from

It Happened

Arthur Leggett

In a bush school in a country town
They raised the flag each day,
And sang a patriotic song
To England – far away.

The teacher spoke with feeling
Of the Empire, big and strong
Protecting all those nations
Dividing right from wrong

The children sang "God Save the King"
With gusto and with joy
The brickie's lad, the baker's son
And Sam, the blacksmith's boy

Then in the wondrous years of growth
T'wixt boyhood and the man
They vowed they'd fight like heroes
If ever war began.

Loud came the clarion call "To Arms"
They heard the war drums beat
Felt the spirit of adventure
In the rhythmic tramp of feet

The town turned out to see them off.
Loud cheering filled the air
"We're proud of you young fellows,
Australia will be there!"

The boys with carefree wave of hand
Leaned from the crowded train
To shout "Don't worry over us!
We'll soon be home again!"

The brickie and his blacksmith mate,
The baker by their side,
Stood beaming on the platform
"Our boys!" they said with pride.

The teacher with complacent smile
Told people in the crowd
We taught them of the Empire
They make us feel so proud

Mums wiped tears from moist filled eyes
Watched the train fade down the track
To disappear in shimm'ring heat
"Dear God, please send them back."

Into the boats and row my lads,
Pull for the hazy shore
Just another mile to go!
You'll soon be in the war!

The Turkish flares with blinding flash
Turned darkness into day
Machine guns crackled on the slopes
The ocean spluttered spray

The boat, it ground onto the beach
The sand now turning red
The baker's son lay on the oar
Already he was dead.

The brickies son leapt from the boat
His lusty bushman's yell
Cut short by shrapnel's buzzing "Plop"
Three steps he took; then fell.

The blacksmith's boy stood for a while
Appalled at all the slaughter
And how his mate's head rolled around
With wavelets in the water.

"Keep moving" yelled Authority
"Pick up his Lewis Gun.
Get up against the cliff's rock face
That's it, man! Now run!"

He didn't make it off the beach
Machine gun's chattering laugh
Caught him just below the ribs
And chopped him nigh in half

In a bush school in Australia
They sing "God Save the King"
The brickie sometimes pauses
When he hears the magpies sing

The baker in his daily toil
Imagines scenes of battle
In the heat around the oven fires
And in the bread pan's rattle

The clanging of the anvil
Down in the smithy's shack
Sounds like some bell's slow tolling
For sons who wont come back

The teacher, at the end of day
Looks to the setting sun
With clasping hands she softly asks
"Dear God, what have we done?"

SEMI FORMAL

Trish Joyce

We received an invitation
For the Speedway Trophy Night
And knew on past occasions
The evening would be bright
'Semi Formal' the invite read
So accordingly we dressed
Wearing a frock and grey lounge suit
All neat and nicely pressed,
But when at last our son arrived
His garb, it grabbed the peekers
There he was in top hat and tails
Blue jeans and daggy sneakers

This poem probably ought not be in these pages for it was actually written in England around 1901 however the subject matter is definitely from his 1896 trip to Western Australia. It is unlikely that the poem was ever published in those times for the original manuscript was sent to Charlie Webb, passed on to other people and eventually was "re-discovered" in 2003 -

The poem is now published in "Out of the West", - Ed Chris Holyday

The Bulletin Hotel

By Henry Lawson (1901)

I was drifting in the drizzle past the Cecil in the Strand
Which, I'm told is very tony - and its front looks very grand
And I somehow fell a-thinking of a pub I know so well
Of a palace in Australia called The Bulletin Hotel

Just a little six room shanty, built of corrugated tin
And all around a blazing desert - land of camels, thirst and sin
And the landlord is "The Spider" - western diggers know him well
Charlie Webb - Ah there you have it! - of The Bulletin Hotel

"Tis a big soft hearted spider in a land where life is grim
And a web of great good nature that brings worn out flies to him
"Tis the club of many lost souls in the wide Westralian hell
And the stage of many Mitchells is The Bulletin Hotel

But the swagman on his uppers pulls his undertaker's mug
And he leans across the counter and he breathes in Charlie's
lug
Tale of thirst and of misfortune. Charlie knows it, and - Ah, well
But it's very bad for business at The Bulletin Hotel

"What's a drink or two", says Charlie, "and you can't refuse a
feed"
But there's many drink unpaid for, many sticks of borrowed
weed
And the poor old spineless bummer and the broken hearted
swell
Knows that they are sure of tucker at The Bulletin Hotel

There's the liquor and the licence and the 'carriage' and the
rent
And the sea or grave twixt Charlie and the fivers he has lent
And I'm forced to think in sorrow, for I know the country well
That the end will be the bailiff in The Bulletin Hotel

But he'll pack up in a hurry and he'll seek a cooler clime
If I make a rise in England and I get out there in time
For a mate of mine is Charlie and I stayed there for a spell
And I owe more than a jingle to The Bulletin Hotel

But there's a lot of graft between us, there are many miles of
sea
So, if you should drop on Charlie, just shake hands with him for
me
Say I think the bush less lonely than the great town where I
dwell
And grander than the Cecil is The Bulletin Hotel

The Bush, My Lover

Will Ogilvie

The camp-fire gleams resistance
To every twinkling star;
The horse-bells in the distance
Are jangling faint and far;
Through gum-boughs torn and lonely
The passing breezes sigh;
In all the world are only
My star-crowned Gove and I.

The still night wraps Macquarie;
The white moon, drifting slow,
Takes back her silver glory
From watching waves below;
To dalliance I give over
Though half the world may chide,
And clasp my one true Lover
Here on Macquarie side.

The loves of earth grow olden
Or kneel at some new shrine;
Her locks are always golden-
This brave Bush-Love of mine;
And for her star-lit beauty,
And for her dawns dew-pearled,
Her name in love and duty
I guard against the world.

They curse her desert places!
How can they understand
Who know not what her face is
And never held her hand-
Who may have heard the meeting
Of boughs the wind has stirred,
Yet missed the whispered greeting
Our listening hearts have heard.

For some have travelled over
The long miles at her side,
Yet claimed her not as Lover
Nor thought of her as Bride:
And some have followed after
Through sun and mist for years,
Nor held the sunshine laughter,
Nor guessed the raindrops tears.

And if her droughts are bitter,
Her dancing mirage vain-
Are all things gold that glitter?
What pleasure but hath pain?
And since among Love's blisses
Love's penalties must live,
Shall we not take her kisses,
And, taking them, forgive?

The winds of Dawn are roving
The river-oaks astir . . .
What heart were torn of loving
That had no I've but her?
Till last red stars are lighted
And last winds wander West,
Her troth and mine are plighted-
The lover I love best!

PLEASE NOTE.....

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

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

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

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

Your co-operation on this matter is appreciated

Terry Piggott also sent in the following poem - from a book called 'The Wide Brown Land', a compilation featuring 90 poets and re-printed in 1954.

MEMORY

ZORA CROSS

Late, late last night, when the whole world slept,
Along to the garden of dreams I crept.
And I pulled the bell of an old, old house
Where the moon dipped down like a little white mouse.
I tapped the door and I tossed my head:
"Are you in, little girl? Are you in?" I said.
And while I waited and shook with cold
Through the door tripped me—just eight years old.

I looked so sweet with my pigtailed down,
Tied up with a ribbon of dusky brown,
With a dimpled chin full of childish charms,
And my old black dolly asleep in my arms.
I sat me down when I saw myself,
And I told little tales of a moonland elf.
I laughed and sang as I used to do
When the world was ruled by Little Boy Blue.

Then I danced with a toss and a twirl
And said: "Now have you been a good, good girl?
Have you had much spanking since you were Me?
And does it feel fine to be twenty-three?"
I kissed me then, and I said farewell,
For I've earned more spanks than I dared to tell,
And Eight must never see Twenty-three
As she peeps through the door of Memory.

**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**

It's Mothers Day coming up, and perhaps a nice time to remember all those Mum's who do it hard on their own. Some of them do not choose to be alone, and, as any parent knows, it is hard enough bringing children up with a husband, let alone on your own! This poem is from Frank Heffernan's book - 'Rhymes for our Times', which you can purchase from him.

Unemployed Mother

© Frank Heffernan

Her day begins at six A.M.
it is the general rule
to get the children dressed and fed,
and ready for their school.

The welfare's coming round at ten
to help sort out some debts,
before she gets the laundry out
or feeds the children's pets.

There's dishes piled upon the sink,
with more meals to prepare.
Washing, ironing, cooking, cleaning;
would make a saint despair!

Her daughter's sick with chicken pox,
and she's been up all night.
Young Billy had a tooth knocked out
from being in a fight.

The house is always in a mess,
and so badly needs repair.
She feels lonely, worn and weary,
yet no one seems to care.

Her life is full, with seven kids;
she doesn't need another.
They class her as an unemployed,
but she's a single mother!

100 Years from Gallipoli Poetry Project

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

Full details and entry information are available from

<http://www.ozzywriters.com/index.php/100-years-from-gallipoli> or by contacting the Co-ordinating Editor by phoning +61 (0)3 6362 4390, or emailing gallipoli-100@ozzywriters.com

Closing date is Remembrance Day, 11 November, 2013.

APRIL MUSTER COMPILED BY Heather

Terry was the MC for the evening and commenced by telling us to prove we are not misogynists our 1st presenter tonight is Grace Williamson.

Grace told us a little about her childhood how there was no electricity and other modern things that they didn't have access to.

Her poem was **What Grandad Had To Say** by Val Read

This poem tells of grandad reminiscing about the good old days and no one wanting to listen to him. The poem says if you don't listen and hear about the old days you will be sorry as all the stories will go with him when he goes to heaven and our heritage will be lost and we will pay a dreadful cost.

Jack Matthews Solitude an ode to the Merauke Morons.

Jack told us of how sometime the solitude would be almost too much. A motley crew around we sit In God forsaken solitude. So when of us you chance to think, Don't hold your nose and say we stink, Because someday you too may drink Of God forsaken solitude.

Bill Gordon then recited **The Call of the Outback**, which was written by Terry Piggot and published in his award winning book, and Bill thought that it summed up both Terry and himself. It tells of Terry's love of the sights, sounds and freedom of the outback. He tried the city life, but soon felt he was trapped in the confines of a concrete forest. His sense of freedom was restored when he returned to the bush, and took up prospecting for a living.

Caroline Sambridge was next with 2 short pieces **God is a Hero**, it was very clear from this that she is a loyal follower of the Freemantle Dockers.

Her second one was **Look At Me** : this was about a dog who decided he wanted all the attention, and managed to get it!

Kerry Bowe - Recalled the death of the Red Dog, and told us about a 7month old pup that was to be "put down" as no one wanted him but Kerry took him home and he became a lovely obedient companion. Her poem about him was called **This Is Royce** and ended with the words I can't pretend he is not there so I give him what he wants!

Kerry was then joined by **Barry Higgins** and they presented **Talking About Pigs** it was a story of how the Parliament sat and decided to give away money and all the bosses joined in and gave money away and pigs flew overhead!

Brian Langley presented **Lament of a Quilters Husband** written by that prolific writer Anon.

He made reference to his "Good wife" Dot who is a quilter and textile artist.

The story went how the Quilter chose fabrics but forgot to cook the dinner, did patterns but forgot to dust, cut out her material but didn't do the laundry, stitched them together but never made the bed, nor mopped the floors, so the husband hired a maid so the house would be neat, and the last lines were, Well it's already Sunday and my wife is filled with guilt, I cursed! I raved! I ranted! She taught the maid to quilt! I found I could easily relate to that story and so could many others with different engrossing hobbies.

Brian reminded us that there is a plaque in Guilderton that lists the ship wrecks of our coast, He had written **Shipwreck** the story of one shipwreck survivor, what he had endured as the sea got rough and then they found they were near the rocks and then it is a shipwreck 1000 miles from home, For friends and family left behind, For love I've never known. But mostly for myself I cry, for I am here – alone.

Christine A love poem **Will thou still love me**

Keith Cobber Lethbridge, after his customary greeting of Good evening, folks, fellers and females, played Walk in the Black Forest on his mouth organ, he then bought us **Billy Goat Parade** Digger had just spent 3 weeks droving a mob of billy goats to the sale yards. He is flush with money and anxious to try his luck at a dance. Unfortunately he runs into 2 bit of trouble. Firstly, he still looks and smells like a billy goat drover. Secondly the goats have broken loose and followed him into the Embassy Ball Room. You can't win 'em all! This piece conjured up a rather hilarious picture.

Dot Langley thinking about ANZAC day **No Foe Shall Gather Our Harvest**, by Dame Mary Gilmore during World War 2, Mary Gilmore is representative of an Australian long gone, she says, We are the sons of Australia, of the men who fashioned the land, We swear by the dead who bore us, by the heroes who blazed the trail, No foe shall gather our harvest, Or sit on the stockyard rail.

Robert Gunn, commenced by telling us that there are a group who are riding postie bikes across Australia to raise money for prostate cancer research. He related the story **The Gomers** of a test for prostate cancer that bought him terror but happily paid the bill when it was over and had a spring in his step.

Rusty Christensen shared **ANZAC** by Arthur Leggett a POW in WW2, Mates if we loose the philosophy of this poem we are in trouble, G'd on ya mate!

My apologies that I didn't catch the surname of the next presenter – **Daphne** - who presented **The Australian Womens Land Army** written by Sgt S Clark of the Royal Australian Artillery. The hand that guides the tractor is the hand that feeds the world. Girls with grit are needed just as much as men with guns.

Barry Higgins piece was **The Insects** The Eagles play the insects in a grudge match at the zoo

The insects are being soundly beaten but part way through the centipede comes out and the game changes as the insects win, and the Zoo coach tells how the centipede would have been on the ground earlier except he had to tie his laces.

Trish Joyce was last before the break with **Semi Formal** after dressing in their best formal attire, their son arrives in top hat and tails, blue jeans and daggy sneakers.

And her 2nd piece was **Insurance Cover** After filling out forms to get insurance for car racing, the company posed him a question Have you broken any bones? He replied Yes my little brothers.

Bill Gordon was 1st after the break with the poem "**How MacDougal Topped the Score**", by Thomas E Spencer. A canny Scotsman was asked to play cricket for his district, Piper's Flat. He could not come to practice so trained his sheepdog Pincher to fetch the ball while his wife bowled to him at home. At the match against Molongo, MacDougal was the last man in to bat for his team, still needing fifty runs to win. He spooned the first ball back to the bowler, then called Pincher to fetch the ball. While the opposition chased the dog all over the ground to retrieve the ball, MacDougal ran the required fifty runs and won the match for Piper's Flat.

Grace Williamson An Old Mate by Paul Harrower This poem tells of a man who went to a country pub, the bar was quite deserted except for one other man, he asks if he can join him, the man says yes then proceeds to tell him his story of his best mate Blue the cattle dog. The story goes that Blue protected his owner when a wild bull came charging his horse causing him to have his leg crushed and broken, Blue seeing the danger the master is in grabs the bull by the nose and tries to drag him down but the bull swings round and crushes the dog against a tree as Blue lies stiff and still the master knows that Blue has gone to rest and his faithful friend has climbed his last hill, and saved his masters life.

Jack Matthews A tall story about A Talking Horse by Bill Kearns The story goes that a horse and rider were startled by a big black snake and fell into a well and as the rider clung on for dear life to the horse but underneath the upside down horse, Two men passing by heard a cry from the well had a look in only saw the horse and heard a voice say hurry up you clown before I fall to the bottom of the well, they looked at one another and both thought they had a talking horse, so they hauled the horse up, then they tried to make it speak but it didn't make a squeak, after they left the horse walked over to the well and said The fellas nearly sprung me Wal, lets go home to bed.

Brian Langley did a bit of bragging about the fishing at Guilderton but admitted that he gets a bit annoyed at the people who say **Are you Catching' any Mate**, They don't look in my bucket they never look to see they just sing out from ten yards away are you catchin' any mate, but if they came and sat with him for a while then perhaps he would tell them if I'm catchin' any, mate.

Ode To Clayton by **Kerry Bowe** written in 2005, Kerry mentioned that Clayton was the dog you have when you're not having a dog as Clayton was a Chihuahua, Ode To Clayton was written the day he passed away, a description of a loved and loyal pet who was highly intelligent.

Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge was thinking of ANZAC day when he made this choice **Gallipoli** Cobber has never seen a shot fired in anger and has no interest in wars however Gallipoli is part of our history, this poem follows young and old recruits from Australia to the battle field, some returned some didn't of those who returned what awaited them.

Diggers came from everywhere, The Sargent trained them well, They would follow Searge to the gates of hell! The Beach came up they looked for him but the seargent he was gone! Some got to go home they left as boys but returned as men, and pray it will never happen again. Never forget Gallipoli.

Barry Higgins Rough Justice 2 JPs are caught by the local police man drinking and fighting and have to put each other on trial.

Leslie McAlpine Nancy of the Overtime by Christina Hindhaugh a parody of Clancy of the Overflow Written from the view of a rural worker, And I sometimes rather fancy that I'd like to trade with Nancy, like to taste some city living, while I'm still in my prime, .. But I doubt she'd suit the sheep yards Nancy of the Overtime!

Rusty Christenson Wrote this to go in the Sunday times about 60 years ago **The Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels** **Dot Langley Stitchin' Seams** by Carmel Boake, a largely forgotten woman poet, who was the neice of Barcroft Boake, she was considered amongst the women writers of the time as the best. Her novel Painted Clay was very well known and popular at the time.

Stitchin' Seams tells of a lady who had married a soldier who never came home and she then needed to stitch seams to earn a living, but while stitching at least she was able to block out the memories of what might have been, My life has changed, Oh Gawd! It's queer, I don't know what it means! I only know that Bill is dead, and I am stitchin' seams!

Robert Gunn had a poem sent to him by a friend and he was asked if he could "do something with it" So he set it to a tune played on the guitar. **Wake Up Time** makes a plea to keep Australia in Australian hands Yes oneday you might find yourself an outcast in this land, Perhaps your heart will tell you then I should have made a stand, Just go and ask the farmers that should remove all doubt, Then join the swelling ranks that say "Don't sell Australia out!"

Trish Joyce 2 short poems **Putting Her Straight** about a young person who thought it was OK to let the mother in the household do all the work. And **A Grave Situation** how friends found out there was a reason a man had tombstones all round his yard, he was having a Halloween party.

Caroline Sambridge

It was a very thoughtful poem about loneliness at times when other people are celebrating - the focus of this poem was Easter

This has been written with thanks to those who handed in a synopsis at the muster and also to those who gave a copy of the actual poem.

Just a note from Aprils recorder / typist - if you can hand in a synopsis that is really the best as it can save a number of hours reading through poems and composing the write up. With a great crowd we had 18 poems in the 1st half and 14 in the 2nd half. Thank you. Heather.

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Nancy Coe	Muster Meet/greet	94725303	

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

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

Upcoming Events

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

- ◆ Friday 3rd May 7pm - May Muster RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley.
- ◆ Friday 7th June 7pm - June Muster. RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley.

Regular events

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
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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

<p>Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list</p> <p>Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit our website www.wabushpoets.com</p> <p>Go to the "Performance Poets" page</p>	<p>Members' Poetic Products</p> <table border="0"> <tr><td>Graham Armstrong</td><td>Book</td></tr> <tr><td>Victoria Brown</td><td>CD</td></tr> <tr><td>Peter Blyth</td><td>CDs, books</td></tr> <tr><td>Rusty Christensen</td><td>CDs</td></tr> <tr><td>Brian Gale</td><td>CD & books</td></tr> <tr><td>John Hayes</td><td>CDs & books</td></tr> <tr><td>Tim Heffernan</td><td>book</td></tr> <tr><td>Brian Langley</td><td>books, CD</td></tr> <tr><td>Arthur Leggett</td><td>books, inc autobiography</td></tr> </table>	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	<table border="0"> <tr><td>Keith Lethbridge</td><td>books</td></tr> <tr><td>Corin Linch</td><td>books</td></tr> <tr><td>Val Read</td><td>books</td></tr> <tr><td>Caroline Sambridge</td><td>book</td></tr> <tr><td>Peg Vickers</td><td>books & CD</td></tr> <tr><td>"Terry & Jenny"</td><td>Music CDs</td></tr> <tr><td>Terry Piggott</td><td>Book</td></tr> <tr><td>Frank Heffernan</td><td>Book</td></tr> </table>	Keith Lethbridge	books	Corin Linch	books	Val Read	books	Caroline Sambridge	book	Peg Vickers	books & CD	"Terry & Jenny"	Music CDs	Terry Piggott	Book	Frank Heffernan	Book
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