

The

September 2018

W.A. Bush Poets

# BULLY TIN



Next Muster Friday Sept 7th 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park

**MC :** Grace Williamson

(Please give your synopses to Rhonda Hinkley)



**WA Bush Poets  
& Yarnspinners**

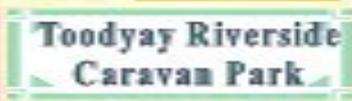
**Act-Belong-Commit**  
**Toodyay**  
**Bush Poetry**  
**Festival**

**Fri 2nd - Sun 4th Nov 2018**

**WA Bush Poetry**  
**Performance Championships**  
**Poetry Writing Workshop**  
**Variety Concert Saturday Night**

**FREE ENTRY TO ALL EVENTS**

Proudly sponsored and supported by



**Australian Bush Poets Assoc**

For more information, visit

**[www.wabushpoets.asn.au](http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au)**

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.



Greetings from Camooweal. The Drovers Camp Festival definitely did not disappoint. It has been on my "Bucket List" ever since I first came across the poetry and stories of Bruce Simpson. To be in the town that was headquarters for all those men, plus a few notable women, who brought the cattle down from the Northern Territory and East Kimberley is like being part of living history. To hear their stories and to share a beer in the Camooweal Pub is truly awe inspiring.

Campdrafting and bronco branding are two unique Australian equestrian sports. I have seen plenty of campdrafting, but it was great to see cattle roped and branded the way they were in the stock camps back in the early days. The Drovers Museum was full of pack saddles, harness and camp gear used by the packhorse drovers. Jack Drake was up from Stanthorpe to comper the Bush Poets Breakfast on Sunday morning and entertained the crowd with his poems and yarns over the weekend.

Highlight of our trip through the Territory was a week and a half with a long lost cousin at Mataranka. I did several trips with Jim putting mineral supplement out to the cattle and checking water tanks. A trip to a bull sale was an added attraction although I wasn't tempted to take a Brahman bull back to Boyup Brook. Mataranka is heavily timbered country and I gained some appreciation of the hazards faced by the drovers going through the Murrniji track. Daly Waters was a trip into the past with many original buildings and its iconic pub. Newcastle Waters was the end of the dreaded Murrniji track and a welcome waterhole for drovers and stock alike. The original town contains history of the droving days and many original documents and newspaper articles dating from the 1940s to the end of the droving days when the road trains took over in the mid-1960s.

Much closer to home, we have a living legend, one of our members, about to complete his first century. Arthur Leggett clocks up 100 years on 8<sup>th</sup> September. Hearty Congratulations Arthur from all your friends in Bush Poetry. We look forward to celebrating with you when next you are able to attend a muster.

Bill Gordon. President

### **ANOTHER ABC RADIO PERSONALITY—IAN FARRELL**

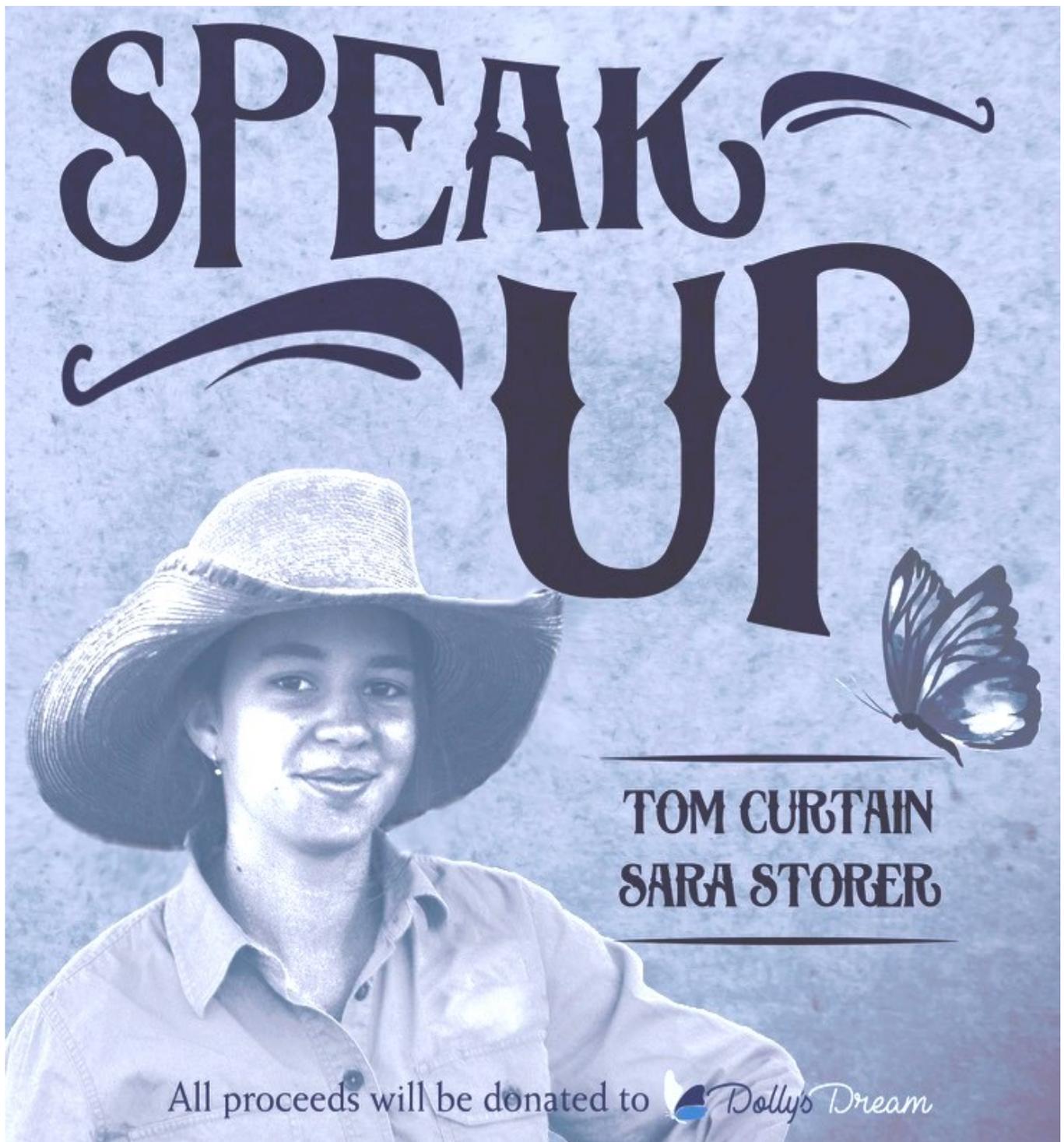
ABC Radio South West presenter, Naomi O'Hara, called Ian Farrell from Bunbury Bush Poets and asked if she could interview him about his interest in Bush Poetry.

Ian retired 9 years ago and found a book in the library on old English monologues. He was taken by the variety of poems and decided to record a couple of CDs.

A few years ago he saw an ad, put in the local paper by Bunbury Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners, Alan Aitken, and went along to find he really enjoyed the comical side of Bush Poetry and has been interested in it from then on. Having been to two Boyup Brook Festivals, he was hooked. "The Bush Poets are such a great crowd, we

have made many friends, too numerous to mention". He and his wife Paula look forward to continue listening and reading for many years to come. He used to be a volunteer at a local Aged Care Facility for 6 years reading monologues to many of the residents individually until he totally retired but still goes there very Friday afternoon to run a quiz for the residents and at the finish takes great fun in reading two or three bush poems to them.





**On a visit to Tom and Annabelle Curtin's  
Katherine Outback Experience  
we were made aware of an EP that has been launched to help raise  
awareness of teenage suicide.**

**“Speak Up”  
has been recorded by Tom and Sara Storer and all proceeds go to  
DOLLY’S DREAM.**

**Go to [katherineoutback.com.au](http://katherineoutback.com.au) for details.  
Parents and Grand parents Please talk to your teenagers**

## OUTBACK

They say a spirit flows across the endless saltbush plains  
That in drought lie dead and dusty, yet green in desert rains  
They say that in the Outback flows this spirit like a stream  
That is older than the Dreamtime, yet still young enough to dream.

Their words they strike like lightning on the desert sands at night  
As they spin their yarns of mateship, and of hardship, and a fight  
For survival in the toughest lands you'll find upon this Earth  
Where the laws are tough and tribal, and your word is all you're worth.

This spirit of the Outback is a badge they proudly wear  
And this honour is on offer for all Australians to share  
As we celebrate the journey of a nation, and an age  
Of exciting new beginnings to be penned in history's page.

And we draw upon the wisdom of the ancient Uluru  
And we take heed of our Elders, as the sound of mind will do  
And respect the First Australians, who keep to an ancient theme  
That is older than the Dreamtime, yet still young enough to dream.

And we draw upon the lessons of the Outback pioneers  
Who created a new nation, with the stock-whip and the shears  
They're not 'out the back of nowhere', as the city-siders joke  
They're 'out the front of somewhere', these hardy Outback folk.

This spirit of the Outback spans our sun-kissed country wide  
And we build a older future upon history, youth and pride  
And we shape our new beginnings, with the wisdom of the old  
And the hope of youthful vigour and a thousand tales untold.

They say that in the Outback, where the land is parched and dry  
And the stars blaze at midnight, in the clear and cloudless sky  
Lives the spirit of the nation, whose wealth lies, it would seem  
In being older than the Dreamtime, yet still young enough to dream.

© James Fitzpatrick



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Lambing Flat (Young NSW) Regional

Fellowship of Australian Writers (NSW) Inc

invite BUSH POETS to enter our

2018 Short story and Poetry

Writing Competition

Closing date 5th October 2018

For more info email [lambingflatbranchfaw@hotmail.com](mailto:lambingflatbranchfaw@hotmail.com)

Or call Ted 0459707728

Word limits, Prize details and Terms and Conditions of Entry

on attached Entry form.

Entries can be submitted by post or email

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...remember the old school  
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Sat Aug 25, Fri Aug 31, Sat Sept 1  
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**Matinees-Sun Aug 26, Sept 2 2.00pm**  
Tickets \$25 Conc. \$20

**Tickets - Central News, 98 Victoria St.**  
**Bunbury 97212114**  
**(or at door-enq.0438638050)**



# ROAD SAFETY COMMISSION

A reminder to members about the  
**Roadwise Challenge**,  
held in conjunction with the State Championships  
in Toodyay 2nd—4th November 2018.

**“Vulnerable Road Users”**  
is the topic this year.

**16 lines only**

Poems to be presented on Sunday during lunch  
break.  
Please register your poems to office desk before  
Sunday.

## TRAIN WISE CHALLENGE



Following on from the success of last  
year, it has been decided that  
poems about  
**TRAIN SAFETY**

could be an extra challenge for  
writers this year. Any aspect of train  
safety is allowed.

**16 lines only**

Poems to be presented on Sunday  
during lunch break at Duidgee Park  
Miniature Rail.



**DON'T FORGET TO GET YOUR ENTRIES IN FOR THE  
SILVER QUILL WRITTEN COMPETITION  
ENTRIES CLOSE 5th OCTOBER 2018**

**Muster write up Friday 3<sup>rd</sup> August—Rhonda Hinkley**

**Frank Heffernan** was the **MC** and we got under way around 7.05pm

Frank started with the poem "Life after Farming". It is often hard for a farmer to give up his farm and embrace the next phase of life. By joining a Menshed is a good way, but there are others.

**Tony Hill.**—"The Old Tin Shed". Archie Bigg.

About an old Farmer reminiscing about his collectables in his Old Tin Shed. Thought he'd have a garage sale. But finally decided he would buy it all back again—So guess what he did---Stayed with his "Old Tin Shed"

**Grace Williamson** — The Roaring Days Henry Lawson.

This poem is a nostalgic look at the early gold discovery days. When finds of wondrous treasure set all the south ablaze. They came in ships and on foot and greeted friends of old with hearty shakes of hands and many songs were sung. When the gold ran out they shouldered their swags and moved on. Oh they were lion hearted who gave our country birth.

**Rob Gunn**—"Diggers Mule". Keith Lethbridge 2009.

Digger got the bright idea of raffling his Mule. He advertised the raffle and sold one hundred tickets at \$1 each. When it came the time to draw, it was pointed out that the Mule was dead. He ended up keeping the loot and the only bloke complaining was the winner of the prize. Digger totally repents what he did and gave the bloke his dollar back plus an extra 50 cents.

**Bob Brackenbury**—"God Made Police Officers". Anon

Tale of police officers forced into working overtime consecutively. Bad conditions. Sitting in hot cars all day. Needing six pairs of hands to complete tasks. Also it took a big toll on their physical conditions as at times they were working up to six days in a row.

**Brian Langley** - "Evolution". Brian Langley

Comparing men to monkeys years gone by. How todays modern generation do not speak clearly. Bad enunciation.

**Barry Robinson**—"Mettres #4" Barry Robinson March 2018.

Tells a true story of the old stove. Covers all areas from how to light it. Of the many and various meals cooked on it. But the end of the day everything has a resting place, so out in the back garden is where the Metters #4 finally rested.

**Mary Heffernan** - "Mabel Murphy's Chooks". Frank Heffernan

Mabel's multi coloured chickens were all named, but alas Hetti was eaten by a fox. The fox gets shot. Everyone declared it a national holiday so they all celebrated. Then a photo of Hetti was placed on the wall. Moral of the story. Don't mess with Mabel Murphy or her precious coloured hens.

**Michael Darby**—"The Stranger".

Michael is a first timer but has been in front of an audience before. Didn't need a microphone. Presented The Stranger and enjoyed every minute of it. The homeless stranger was desperately trying to fit in, find friends etc. Roamed from town to many country towns attending church services, singing all the hymns, saying all the prays. Nobody bothered to even seem to notice him. Sadly he was doomed forever to remain-The Stranger.

**Christine Boulton**—"A Dogs Mistake" Banjo Paterson

A wandrin Mongrel consisting of mainly ribs and hair, so he was given bones and biscuits to fatten him up a bit. He was given a shin of beef which he dutifully dug into the garden. Mistake. Uprooted all the flowers with it. Eventually his luck ran out and he was shown "THE FRONT GATE".

**Lorraine Broun.** A short tale trying to get the message through to men about looking after their health, instead of gloating and sneering over men in their "white coats" and most importantly to "Avoid the Coffin"

**SUPPER**

Raffle. Winner Rhonda drew her own number.

**Reading of the Classics.** "The Farmer Feeds Them All" by Ted Farr written around 1920 Presented by Frank Heffernan. He was a Trooper, a Drover, a Pioneer, Contractor, Boundary Rider, and a Farmer, but he was also a handy Bush Poet and Songwriter.

**Robert Gunn**—"Mother's Day". A lesson from my Father. Mick Collis

The most important thing my Father taught centred on my Mother. Make sure you always love your Mum. You don't realise how much she does, how versatile she is. You only have one Mother son so cherish her with care. You'll never know her value till you see her empty chair.

Frank said we had time to kill so Rob presented "Blue" by David Burman. A story about a cattle dog who is allowed inside the house when the wife goes off to the disco on a Friday night.

**Brian Langley**—"To Catch a Dream" Brian Langley

A young man thousands of kilometres away from his family heads to Quobba Station yearning to catch his first big fish. Unfortunately he couldn't read the warning sign re king waves etc. Friends watch on helplessly as he is quietly washed out to sea. A brass plaque was erected in his memory and is still there today.

**Christine Boulton**—"A Bush Christening". Banjo Paterson.

A funny Favourite Classic about a Bush Christening.

**Geoff Stanton**—Comedy Yarn Spinner. First Timer

The tourism council was attempting to attract more people to Perth. Using props he first produced a Jaws sign- next New Zealand Fur Seals. A New Zealander acted about a shark coming for him. Just as the shark was about to strike a coconut fell on him knocking him out. He was fatigued. Then a Police car with its siren on pulls the driver over. He had been drinking but the police couldn't charge him because they were targeting fatigue driving. They reckoned he was fatigued but he assured them he wasn't. They were going to book him for resisting a rest. Quite a polished performance. Comedy is hard work. Geoff said he was a Dockers supporter. That was funny. Keep up the good work.

**Michael Darby**—"The Pontiff Dies". (Author?)

The local Barber shop planned a trip to Home. 50,000 pilgrims came to hear about religion. Sitting in the barber's chair, barber asked customer, how did you get a Papal blessing? How did you get picked out of a thousand Christians? His holiness, gazing at his face, asked him. The barber got a shock-consequently the gentleman in the chair ended up with a B\_\_\_\_\_ rotten haircut.

**Mary Heffernan**— "Dirty Sox" Psalm of David (Geoffrey Blight). Story about a bastard sheepdog who was the sire of heaps of bastard sheepdogs. Geoffrey Blight is a bit of a rough diamond but he does wonders with sheep dogs.

Mary also did "Baa-Baa Joe", the Shearer. Original Frank Heffernan

A poem about a shearing contest between two of the fastest shearers in the country. Awarded 'Highly Com- mended Original Bush Poem 2018 by the Rocky River's Writers, Laura, SA

**Bob Brackenbury** - "Under The Weather" Syd Hopkins

Farmer needs a change in occupation. Tries his luck on the ABC as a radio announcer for weather. Job be- comes dull and painful pronouncing Station names so much so that he ends up with RSI of the tongue. Tongue twisting and confusing names just did his head in. End of announcing.

To finish off the evening Grace gave us another poem and informed those who were there that **Next Month is Traditional Night**. Come dressed for the period and give Grace a ring. She is the MC.

Frank thanked all those who performed. He had a few minutes up his sleeve so finished with the poem "The Common Cold".

## WA SCOOPS THE POOL IN CAMOOWEAL 2018

It was a successful time for WA poets at the Camooweal Drover's Festival.

Terry Piggott took out the Bronze Spur Award with his poem "A Time of Healing". Bill Gordon was the winner of the Talent Award for most points in two sections of the competition. The three divisions were: Poets, Yarnspinners and Singers. Bill won the Poets and the Yarnspinners sections. Earl Kyle won the singers Section. Kevin Harris from Tamworth came second in the Singers and the Yarnspinners Sec- tions and Meg Gordon came second in the Poets Section.



L to R: Christine Middleton (Judge), Kevin Harris, Ellen Finlay (Written Poetry Co Ordinator), Earl Kyle, Bill Gordon, Meg Gordon, Jack Drake (MC) Tim Sheed (Judge).

## THIRTY FEET BELOW

The valley's shadows lengthen as I pause to take a rest  
And I read again the letter Darcy wrote me from the West,  
For Darcy says he's mining where the sandstone ridges run,  
And I find myself daydreaming as I laze here in the sun.  
Soon I watch a fiery sunset as it sets the sky aglow  
In the West where Darcy's gouging some thirty feet below.

Although the orchard stretches with its ordered rows of trees,  
With the branches, heavy laden, swaying gently in the breeze,  
It seems above the rustle comes an old familiar sound  
Of miners' picks on sandstone as they labour underground  
Where Darcy's working mullock in the bright electric glow,  
While the bucket rattles upward from thirty feet below.

Yes Darcy's opal mining for he's fallen 'neath the spell,  
Old-timers could have warned him if only they would tell,  
But when the opal fever strikes no victim wants to hear  
Of fortunes lost, of fizzer claims, of wrecked and broken gear.  
For only those who mine this gem can ever hope to know  
The thrill of striking opal when you're thirty feet below.

The darkness slowly deepens and the campfires flare and gleam,  
But Darcy goes on working for he's on a colour seam.  
Perhaps it is that Lady Luck has guided Darcy's hand;  
Perhaps kind fate has shown him a hidden colour band  
That indicates a parcel near that waits the final blow—  
A fortune may be feet away when thirty feet below.

And as I sit here at my ease my back against a tree,  
I think I envy Darcy, for I know that he is free.  
For him the union never comes to seek another rise;  
No women's lib annoys him with their cries to equalise.  
The muggings and the murders and the violence seems to grow  
It seems a whole lot safer working thirty feet below.

The bankers here are telling us that mortgage rates must rise:  
The treasurer has sternly said we must economise.  
I know the day must surely come when, cursed by mounting bills  
I'll roll the swag and call the dog and head out thru the hills.  
Away across the black-soil plains where western rivers flow,  
And try my luck like Darcy, working thirty feet below.

© Jeff Simpson

### Vale Jeff Simpson

At the recent Camooweal Drover's Camp Festival, a memorial tree was planted in the grounds of the Festival site just east of Camooweal, to remember a much loved Drover who passed away at Stanthorpe Qld earlier this year, Jeff Simpson.

Jeff teamed up with his brother, renowned poet, Bruce Simpson, to be part of the great droving runs throughout the Northern Territory and Queensland in the 1930's to the introduction of trucking transport in the 1960's.

Jeff was a writer of verse but preferred to let his brother be the celebrity.



# CONGRATULATIONS TERRY PIGGOTT

WINNER OF THE BRONZE SPUR AWARD AT CAMOOWEAL 2018

## A TIME OF HEALING



Do you think I cannot see your tears or hear your sobs at night,  
When the pain of loss stabs at you, though you try your best to fight?  
As the years pass slowly by my love you struggle on somehow,  
For the pain has not diminished, but you hide it better now.

You are stronger than I'll ever be; of that there is no doubt,  
And you have the strength to hide your thoughts when others are about.  
But I've seen you fighting back your tears in moments of despair,  
When you're haunted by a memory, that's still so hard to bear.

As we sit here by the dying coals I wonder how you cope;  
Could it be this peaceful solitude that offers you new hope?  
For the outback seems to touch the souls of those whose hearts still bleed  
And it brings a kind of peacefulness, to all who are in need.

Yet your sense of loss stays with you still, and will in years ahead,  
For acceptance has come slowly even as your tears were shed.  
So despite the time already passed your heart still weeps today  
And the torment will continue on, no matter what some say.

You soon learnt to somehow shut the world out, should the need arise  
And your tears are shed in private out of sight of prying eyes.  
For there is no magic cure here; only time may bring relief  
And although you know I love you I'm still shielded from your grief.

Just the mention of his name now, brings back visions of that day,  
When you had to stand there helpless as you're son's life slipped away.  
You were praying for a miracle—but knowing there'd be none  
And you sensed your days of heartache had then only just begun.

Then your hopes were dashed forever when the final moments came,  
As you held him in your arms, and whispered one last time his name.  
Nothing can prepare a mother for a moment such as this  
And your heart was breaking for him as you gave that final kiss.

For a time your life seemed pointless, even though your friends were there  
And although they treated you with kindness—grief is hard to share.  
Then the outback seemed to beckon reaching out to you once more,  
With the promise you'd find peace there like you always had before.

I had wondered at the wisdom in deciding to come back,  
Yet you yearned to touch the red earth far away from any track.  
There to find again the peace of mind, for which you long had strived  
And I sensed your spirits rising from the moment we arrived.

Though sad memories still lingered, days then months just seemed to fly,  
As the magic of the outback had reached out to you and I.  
We were searching there for nuggets though we didn't really care,  
Whether gold was found or not, reward enough, just being there.

As we sit here hand in hand beneath an outback starry sky,  
I can sense you are relaxing more each day that passes by.  
Though the future's not yet written for this woman I adore,  
For a moment she's the happy lass she always was before.

The judges comment was:  
A beautifully written poem that conveys the deep sentiment of a woman's grieving for her lost child. It also embraces the concept of the curative power of being in harmony with Nature in the solitude and grandeur of the Australian Outback. This is a poem with depth that evokes a heartfelt and emotional response.

