

The

July 2016

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



& Yarnspinners Assn.

Next Muster July 1st, 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park

MC : Robert Asplin 0448 150 757 robert.47@optusnet.com.au

BUSH POET'S NIGHT at Pickering Brook

We are thrilled to present an entertaining evening with bush poets and yarn spinners who will amuse and delight us with traditional, humorous and bush poems throughout the night.

Pickering Brook Heritage Group Inc.

Saturday, 9th July 2016

7.00pm to 10.30pm

Tickets: \$20.00

Venue

Pickering Brook Sports Club

35 Weston Road

Pickering Brook WA 6076

Tickets

Susan 92938185 or 0421 812 216

Beverley 9293 8203 Emma 0457 132 109

Tickets are limited so get in quick!

Organise a table with a group of friends.

Some light refreshments will be served during the evening.

You are welcome to bring a plate to share with your group.

**ANNUAL GENERAL
MEETING
1st JULY
6.30PM Bentley Park**

Theme for this year's 16 line
(maximum) Toodayay Roadwise
Short Poetry Competition is:

"Distracted drivers are dangerous".

See the website for more details

Distracted Drivers Kill!



EXTRA EXTRA: The Geraldton Bush Poets

Last night **The Geraldton Bush Poets** held their first meeting at their new location, which is the Recreation Room at the Belair Caravan Park. The meeting was well attended and we had the pleasure of hosting Bev and Jem Shorland from Perth. In addition, we had four local Poets and half a dozen caravanners. The new venue proved to be terrific and all present enjoyed a bring and share. This gave us a lot more time than the previous venue.

All future meetings will be on the second Tuesday of the month and we look forward to hosting any southern Poets who may be passing through.

All in all, a great night for the fifteen people who attended. We will keep you abreast of future developments.

Regards from Jan and Roger Cracknell and Irene Conner.....

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

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 - July 2016



This month's preamble is my report for the Annual General Meeting on 1st July

This has been a year of great change for Meg and me, particularly with our decision to lease the farm and hit the road. My role as your president has not altered as much except that I have not been able to attend recent musters, and that will be the case for most of the next year. However, we have a committee of willing workers who have filled the gaps very capably, and I would like to express my thanks to each and every one for this.

Musters have been mostly well attended, and while there are quite a few readers, the poetry and the presentation have been of a high standard, and much better than a lot we have encountered on our travels. Our other main events have all been very satisfactory. Our Bush Poetry Showcase at Wireless Hill on Australia Day and "Have a go day" at Burswood are well received by the Perth public. Pickering Brook is set to become an annual event, and the State Championships at Toodyay is firmly cemented into their calendar of events. Boyup Brook Country Music Festival is still the envy of Bush Poets Australia wide.

As Meg and I move around we are promoting the Australian Bush Poetry Championships at Toodyay next year. We have had a great deal of interest in the event, and already had commitments from poets to travel over for it. Our Toodyay sub-committee has worked well with members looking after their areas of responsibility. I would like to see someone take on the publicity role, particularly in the lead up to the Australian Championships.

I would like to express my thanks to the committee and especially to Meg for her untiring assistance and support as secretary and editor. Christine has resumed responsibility for the latter, and has maintained the high standard Meg set. Thanks also to all the poets and members for supporting our events throughout the year. It is very satisfying to lead an organisation with such a team behind me.

Bill Gordon

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

NOMINATION FORM Election of Office Bearers and Committee Members WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners

We, _____ and _____

[must be current members of WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners]

wish to nominate _____

[name of candidate]

for the position of *[please tick desired position]*

- President
- Vice President
- Treasurer
- Member of **Committee**

Signature of Proposer 1: _____

Signature of Proposer 2: _____

Consent of Candidate

I, _____ am willing to take on this role if I am election to this position at the Annual General Meeting of the Association.

Signature of candidate: _____ Date: _____

G'day,

How are you getting on up there? Keeping busy I'd be guessing, based on past performance. Hope you have managed to dodge the cold and flu season so far. I didn't unfortunately. Came down with a cold at the start of my last break. Luckily I was over most of it in time for the Bunbury Bush poets meeting.

I noticed that our president's last letter in the Bully Tin was sent from the town of Blayney in NSW. By a strange coincidence I was working on a poem about Blayney at the time, so I thought I'd send it in for this month's publication. It's about a tourist attraction which Bill and Meg definitely wouldn't have seen in their travels. It's a true story, only one of the names has been changed, not to protect the innocent, but for literary purposes.

Cheers
Greg



THE WIND FACTORY

I've heard a lot of tall tales told and some lies to beat the band
But there's a tale I heard once which beats all others out of hand
You see Larry was a mate of mine well gifted with the gab
While Geoffrey was a right pain who needed taking down real bad
He was always making claims of his superiority
Because unlike us he'd studied at a university
I've met some educated folk who were ignorant as hell
But Geoffrey, well he took the cake and the lamingtons as well
We were sitting in the pub one day, yarning about places
Geoffrey claimed to know them all he was always in our faces
There were just us three and Rodger who was barman for the day
He stood polishing some glasses just a little way away
Larry mentioned the town of Blayney, had Geoffrey been up there?
And Geoffrey said of course he had, because he'd been everywhere
I later found that Larry had never seen the town at all
Still he described it in some detail, the pubs, the shops, the hall
It was all just made up on the spot for furthering the cause
But Geoffrey swallowed every word every sentence and each clause
Then Larry spoke of the wind factory, had Geoffrey heard of that?
But for the first time he was stumped and he never smelt a rat
Larry said "You know the winds that we are getting here today
They're created by the wind factory though it's quite far away."
Now Blayney was up in the North, while the wind blew from the South
But a point like that would not stop Geoffrey shooting off his mouth

Larry said "You take the second left while driving through the town
It's at the corner with the pub, which I think is called the Crown
Turn left and head on down the road about seven K's or more
You'll wind up at a mine site and the wind factory's front door
The wind factory was built to clear the bad air from the mine
It's the biggest in the country and it's been there quite some time."
Then Geoffrey said he knew the pub and the corner where it stood
Though he'd never been along the road but Larry said he should
He then described the factory in quite intimate detail
The fans and giant bellows and the turntable set on rails
The turntable was there for environmental restrictions
Which limited how many days it could blow in one direction
He said "It's one of the wonders of our industrial age."
And Geoffrey nodded through it all still pretending to look sage
While I was looking down the bar, one hand propping up my chin
I was trying to keep quiet, and to camouflage my grin
I saw Rodger had his back turned, he was polishing a glass
You could see his shoulders shaking in an effort not to laugh
Then at last a little doubt crept in for Geoffrey with a frown
Said "What happens on the still days when the winds have all died down"
I thought he'd finally tumbled and that Larry had been caught
But Larry answered straight away without any pause for thought
He said that Geoffrey must have read how the union strife was bad
And those windless days were down to all the strikes the mine has had
Then Geoffrey nodded wisely and said he thought it all made sense
Despite his vaunted education he really was quite dense
Rodger's shoulders now were heaving like a honeymoon duvet
And I had to leave the bar before I gave the game away
While many years have since come and gone some things remain the same
I bet Geoffrey is still Geoffrey and still pompous and so vain
But I hope he went to Blayney and went searching everywhere
Hunting for that apparatus that was never ever there
If he wants to see a source of wind free from all misdirection
He just needs to find a mirror and gaze at his own reflection

Greg Joass 13/06/2016

Oh... My Cod!

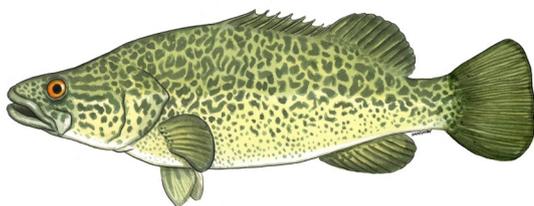
After a beer or three at the local blokes are apt to have a brag about the monstrous fish they caught or the number that they bagged. They try to outdo each other the fish getting bigger with each beer so if bulls..t equalled brains they'd make genius of the year.

That's how it was the evening an old timer set them straight he said, "you lads ain't seen nothin' like what we saw back in '38, we wuz fencin' near the Murray and our fare was mainly stew so we reckoned if we caught a cod it'd be a change from 'roo.

Near to where we'z workin' a water 'ole, wide an' deep so used a bucket 'andle to make a 'ook baited with a leg that didn't keep. With fencin' wire instead of line tied back to a strainer post we tossed the bait inter the 'ole to catch a cod that we could roast.

But overnight our slumber was shattered by a piercing scream and next mornin' we discovered two 'undred yards o' new fence, 'ad all been towed downstream! There weren't no sign of fish at all when we retrieved our 'ook but the biggest fish we *never* caught is in the Guinness Record book!

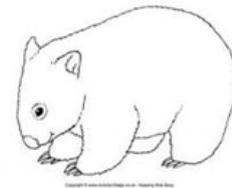
© Pete. Stratford. 16.5.16



**I was called by a fish in the sea.
He called out to my dog and me.
That came as a shock!
Didn't know fish could talk,
And my dog said, "Neither did we!"**

Inaugural Donnybrook Poets & Picnic Day

Expressions of interest sought for poets wishing to perform at the Inaugural Donnybrook Poets & Picnic Day to be held on Sunday 9th October 2016 at a private property just outside of Donnybrook. Please contact Alan Aitken on 0400249243 if you are interested.



We would be delighted to meet any westies who may be travelling this way. Note that we can arrange for free overnights for caravans and motorhomes; just give us a bit of notice.

Wombat Bush Poets.

***Commencing 2016 season of open "mike" sessions .
Wombat Hotel
13ks south of Young***

Enjoy a good night listening to our uniquely Australian entertainment by listening to Bush Poetry and Yarns.

All comers welcome so bring your poetry along and "have a go". Muso's also welcome - bring your fiddle, harmonica, squeeze box, banjo or whatever. Who knows, we might have a sing along!

Maybe you don't want to do anything at all but listen. That's great because we need an audience too.

Interested? Join us at Wombat at 7pm. 2nd Sundays

If we have time every one can have a turn but it must be good family material. However, wrapping up must start at 9.30 before closing at 10pm.

Entrance is free. Optional gold coin donation.

Drinks, tea and coffee available at bar prices. Youngsters welcome.

Overnight caravan or motor home parking can be arranged
**More info? Ring Greg on 6382 2506
or Ted 0459707728**

Wombat Pub Poets are a part of the Young Arts Council Poetry Group

Wombat Bush Poets are now on Facebook. Please have a look and give us a friend request

The 2016 Toolangi C. J. Dennis Poetry Competition is now open for entries.

Entry forms can be found on the C. J. Dennis Society website, here:
http://www.thecjdennissociety.com/news_events.php

There are a few small changes this year.

1. Entry fees can now be paid via online banking (direct deposit).
2. Entries are welcome from New Zealand.
3. There is now a \$150 prize for the best poem written by adults for children AS JUDGED BY CHILDREN. (Previously there was no monetary prize for this award.)

The theme for the Themed Section this year is "The Moods of Ginger Mick". (This year the festival is celebrating the centenary of the publication in 1916 of "The Moods of Ginger Mick".)

As always, the closing date for entries is 7th September (C. J. Dennis' birthday).

The winners will be announced at an Awards Ceremony to be held at "The Singing Gardens" in Toolangi (former home of C. J. Dennis) at



SUNRISE ON THE COAST
by A.B. "Banjo" Paterson

Grey dawn on the sandhills - the night wind has drifted
 All night from the rollers a scent of the sea;
 With the dawn the grey fog his battalions has lifted,
 At the scent of the morning they scatter and flee.

Like mariners calling the roll of their number
 The sea fowl put out to the infinite deep.
 And far overhead - sinking softly to slumber -
 Worn out by their watching, the stars fall asleep.

To eastward where resteth the dome of the skies on
 The sea line stirs softly the curtain of night;
 And far from behind the enshrouded horizon
 Comes the voice of a God saying, "Let there be light."

An lo, there is light! Evanescent and tender,
 It glows ruby-red where 'twas now ashen grey;
 And purple and scarlet and gold in its splendour -
 Behold, 'tis that marvel, the birth of a day!

Henry Lawson Memorial & Literary Society Inc.

Learn our history through our poets Banjo Paterson, Henry Kendall,, Charles Harpur, Henry Lawson, C. J. Dennis, John Shaw Nelson, Adam Lindsay Gordon and a hundred or more of our early poets.



Secretary/Treasurer: Maree Stapledon
 P.O. Box 429, Brighton. Vic. 3186
 E-Mail: info@henrylawsonsociety.org
 PDF: Membership/Renewal application forms
<http://www.henrylawsonsociety.org>
 Subscription: \$35-00 AUD: Cheque, Money Order or Pay Pal only (No Cash)
 Phone: 0408 100 896

Meetings: Our monthly meetings: Are held on the third Saturday (except January) from 1.30 p.m. to 4.00 p.m.

Location: The Monastery Hall at the rear of St. Francis Church, 326 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne. (Enter through the gate beside the bookshop then walk straight down to the hall and come in through the rear door.)

MC ROSTER 2016

Here is an upcoming list of MCs and readers from the classics...still some spots available so let me know if you would like to be included.

As you will note we have reinstated some of regular nights. If you have any ideas for other special nights let me know and I'll include them (as long as the committee agrees).

Date	Master/mistress of ceremonies	Reader from the classics.....	Extra information
2016/7			
July	Robert Asplin 0448 150 757 robert.47@optusnet.com.au	Bev Shorland	ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 6.30PM Bentley Park
August	Frank and Mary Heffernan 9881 8852 Muffenburg@westnet.com.au	Frank and Mary Heffernan	??Guest musician
September	Grace Williamson 9381 4265 grace.wil@bigpond.com	Frank Marshall	Traditional night
October	Lorelie Tacoma 9385 2277 tlorelie@ymail.com	Dot Langley	Possible book launch: Snow Pick's poems
November	Jem Shorland shorland@iinet.net.au 0487 764 897		16 line poem Theme: Recycling
December	Nancy Coe 9472 5303		Christmas poems if possible...first half. Christmas cake and port. Bring a gift to receive a gift(cost \$5-\$10.00)
January			16 line poem Theme: Resolutions

Stand by comperes (if available...Terry Piggott)

Please let me know if you think you should be on the list.

HISTORICAL GULGONG HOSTS HENRY LAWSON FESTIVAL



**Bill Gordon,
Henry Lawson (James
Howard), Meg Gordon at
Henry Lawson
Museum**

June Long Weekend 2016

The weather was cold and frosty but the welcome was warm and the atmosphere was friendly for the visitors to Gulgong on the long weekend in June for the Henry Lawson Festival.

Friday night was enjoyed at a concert featuring Kim Deacon who put 10 of Lawson's poems to music, weaving a story through Henry's life, mainly concerning the women who featured in his poems. "After All" was attributed to Bertha after she finally accepted his proposal of marriage. Another "Bertha Comes to Tea" was written for his daughter, Bertha. Kim was an excellent singer, harpist, banjo player and pianist and entertained the audience for about an hour and a half.

Shop fronts were decorated and folk paraded in period costume during the street parade on Saturday morning. There was a massive contingent of vintage machinery, horse drawn buggies and historic cars, with the biggest number being Holdens. There is an excellent museum in Gulgong—it pays to horde!!

There were Bush Poet walk-ups on Saturday and Sunday morning which were well attended. Bill performed and I had the opportunity to present the Louisa Lawson story that I had researched. I am continually amazed that people are fascinated by Henry's mother and what she achieved during her life. The awards presentation on Saturday night was held at the Prince of Wales Opera House (a beautifully restored building). The winner of the written competition, Brian Beesley (Black Springs NSW) read his entry "Gallipoli's Blameless Youth", a very stirring story. Second was Arthur Green (Warana Qld) with "Heart of The Grey" and Terry Piggott from Lynwood WA was third with his entry "The Ugly City Street". Nine finalists in the performance competition presented their poems and were judged throughout the evening. Roderick Williams (Vic) was the winner with his interpretation of C.J. Dennis' poem "The Play". Second was Ralph Scrivens with Murray Hartin's "The Battle of The Sexes" and third was Jenny Markwell with her own poem "There Ain't No Cause To Worry, Mum". There was no need for microphones during the show as the building has incredible acoustics. A delicious meal was served while we were entertained, thanks to the local school children who did a sterling job.

By the time we left on Monday morning we were in no doubt that the residents of Gulgong are proud of their history and try to hang on to the beauty of their town. There is a plaque on a small cottage near the church precinct which indicates that it was built by Henry Lawson and his father Peter, for Louisa's sister Phoebe and her husband Richard Stear who was mayor of Gulgong for 14yrs and ran the local Times Bakery. By Meg Gordon

A MODERN LABOR GENERAL

By Jem Shorland

I am the perfect product of a systematic rorting method,
believing as I do in labor's perfected reporting method,
never let the truth be told,
ensure the voters don't behold,
they're being force-fed fake fool's-gold
by modern Labor Generals.

I went to private school awhile to learn to make a testimony,
taking care to sound just like a Pakistani tele phoney,
never say a word too clearly,
always say, 'I love you dearly',
look as though I mean it, nearly,
like all Labor Generals.

The difference I have learned between a mortal and a venial
sin,
is stealing from the wealthy isn't mortal, just an anal sin.
The gullible, they can afford,
their gates are open, come aboard,
and claim it as a just reward.
and act like Labor Generals.

I went to university to study for a law degree.
A union job was set up as a favour from a mate to me.
I never was irrational,
the friends I made were factional,
I sang the Internationale
a trainee Labor General.

I beavered hard and studied how to be a union organiser,
played around and built a reputation as a womaniser.
This encouraged litigation,
losses fed my irritation,
bad food led to constipation,
fate of Labor Generals.

I granted favours to my boss. He was a Union heavyweight
and saw in me a talent to brown nose and to ingratiate,
anxious to escape the mire,
promoted to a level higher,
treated like a village squire,
future Labor General.

I curried favour everywhere, with colleagues was contiguous,
in photo opportunities my face became conspicuous.
In brothels first innocuous,
I soon became promiscuous,
activities continuous,
a rising Labor General.

I counted numbers, found a nice safe seat in which to nomi-
nate,
loading Branch's memberships ensured I'd be the candidate.
Scandals on opponents digging,
ballot voting papers rigging,
ballot counts ensured by jigging,
like a Labor General.

Parachuted in as member in a seaside preselection,
got the unions helping man the booths on day of my election.
Allowing for a small defection,
thought I had a broad cross section,
could have spent less, on reflection,
nearly Labor General.

In Parliament, my maiden speech, my comrades of the State
right wing
heaped accolades and praise on me for saying I would do the
right thing,
my supporters loud and raucous,
stuck it up the left wing caucus,
thought they'd had the votes to pork us.
Not this Labor General!

In Parliament, my maiden speech, my comrades
of the State right wing
heaped accolades and praise on me for saying I
would do the right thing,
my supporters loud and raucous,
stuck it up the left wing caucus,
thought they'd had the votes to pork us.
Not this Labor General!

My early life was scrutinised by those who had it
in for me,
they scrutinised expense accounts and started
shouting, "Infamy!"
With reimbursements over claimed,
I told the press that I'd been framed,
my family and my friends were shamed,
a slated Labor General.
The one and sixty thousand dollars ALP then
handed over
meant the threatened bankruptcy was swapped
then for a life in clover,
and right now I'd like to mention
pay it back? That's my intention,
once I've gained my lifetime pension,
as a Labor General.

An audit team perused the books from when I
first took trips away,
they claimed I'd overcharged the Union more than
ninety bucks a day.
I claimed those years I'd scrimped and
saved,
and never, ever, misbehaved,
and at my desk at work I'd slaved,
a true blue Labor General.

When my documented antics to Fair Work Austral-
ia went,
we knew a guilty verdict found by Parliament a
failure meant,
so only way to salve our fears,
and stop our member's shedding tears
was, keep the case tied up for years,
to save our Labor Generals.

Another problem reared its' head, to me it was a
peccadillo,
time I spent in brothels was appended to another
fellow.
He'd removed my credit card,
my signature, he'd forged, not hard,
my reputation he has scarred,
a poor, framed Labor General.

Overseas a first class trip each year for me to
gather facts,
on other countries methods used to legislate im-
portant acts.
I've been accused of plagiarism,
tricky questions have arisen,
I can't stand the thought of
prison,



A MODERN LABOR GENERAL cont from p7

My wife stands by me cheek and jowl, through troubles
and inclement weather,
she's my love, my life, my soul - I hope we'll soon be
back together.

I'll stand firm and well behaved,
perhaps my sins will all be waived.
While Julia leads, I can be saved,
and stay a Labor General!

I'm staying put and keeping mum, those who attack me
never cease.

my private life on public show, of interest to Victorian
Police,

in New South Wales, the local cops,
the Murdoch press, it never stops,
no longer walk to local shops,
a hard pressed Labor General.

An email being sent around includes some notes from
Ernst and Young.

that question first class travel bookings, dining costs, my
having fun.

My love affairs, they're noses poking,
taxi vouchers, claims I'm joking,
there's no fire, but something's smoking,
doggy Labor General.

And now that Julia's line's been crossed I'm missing from
the Labor benches.

I still vote with Labour but the voters smell the evil
stenches.

My Union boss, we're double dippers,
Names are linked with Peter Slipper's.
We both stink, like long dead kippers,
smelly Labor Generals.

The House will soon be called to order so Wayne Swan
can read his budget,
labor's told to clap and cheer it, though we know Wayne
has to fudge it,

someone out there will begin
to tell the truth, forget the spin,
and say, "It's time! Let ethics win!"
And call election general.

I've loved my time in Lower House as Labor Member for
Dobell,
and tell those nasty people who want me just to go to
hell,

I'll go in time and not before,
the Black Dog dogs me evermore,
and soon perhaps I'll leave the floor
a gracious Labor General.

I'm one of many with their snouts in troughs destroying
our Australia,
will I have my a judgment day, and leave Dobell a dismal
failure,

all bound up in petty quarrels,
denying truth and decent morals,
resting on my stolen laurels,
shameless Labor General!
03/13

**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**

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

ANNUAL GENERAL **MEETING** **1st JULY**

Dear Members,

Our AGM will be on the first of July at 6.30pm.

The normal muster will follow.

We are giving you notice so that you might think
about volunteering to be an office holder. There
are always plenty of jobs and it is always won-
derful when people are prepared to volunteer in
advance.

Several key positions are already covered but we
need someone to be an events co-ordinator and
another person to handle publicity. In particular,
we need valuable people to be on the main com-
mittee.

Keep it in mind and see you there.

Please note, due to the Federal Election, our July
muster will be held upstairs from our normal
meeting place, in the main auditorium. There
will be signage displayed and members and
guests may either take the stairs or lift to the
upstairs coffee lounge. Everything else will run
as normal but the venue will be cosier than the
big auditorium. Looking forward to seeing you
there.

Ed.

The Little Native Rose

There is a lasting little flower,
that everybody knows,
yet none has thought to think about
the little Native Rose.

the wattle and the waratah —
the world has heard of those;
but who, outside Australia, kens
the little Native Rose.

yet first for faint, far off perfume,
that lives where memory goes;
and first of all for fadelessness
the little Native Rose.

H. Lawson 1910.

A Working Man

I've sweated for a living
since my working life began,
from early in my teens
I've been a working man.

I've struggled moving boulders
that clung to earth so tight,
with shovel and with crowbar,
and sometimes with gelignite.

From cutting hay to carting it,
while choked by dust and heat,
and stored it into big hay sheds,
all stacked up, nice and neat.

With shovel and post rammer,
and wires strained up tight,
have put fences over hilltops
and through gullies out of sight.

Cutting hedges, digging ditches,
and cleaning out farm drains.
After spending days at doing that
you'll really know back pain !

From mountain sides and river flats
have mustered stubborn sheep,
and brought them in to handling yards
then crutched, and trimmed their feet.

Farm husbandry of animals
can't be done by halves,
from vaccinating kicking lambs
to castrating bawling calves.

I've toiled at aiding cows to calve
and ewes their lambs expel,
puppies from their mother,
even chicks, from too hard shells.

To work with stock is hazardous-
cuts and bruises have been worn
by being just too careless
near hoof, and tooth, and horn.

With bloodied knife and gambel,
I've converted fatted sheep
into drying woolly pelts
and hanging sides of meat.

So too, with big fat bullock,
I've done just what it takes
to change them into tender beef
and juicy T-bone steaks.

Shearing fleece from "woollies"
as fast as I was able,
helped put a roof above my head
and food upon the table.

Picked apples, grapes, tomatoes,
and tobacco, by the ton,
and all of this hard labour
beneath the burning sun.

But now I've turned "antique blond"
and sort of sat back on the shelf
I tell people; "I'm retired...
you do the job yourself!"

© Pete. Stratford
23.6.09

Regional Bush Poetry & Yarnspinning Groups

At present, we have regional BP&Y groups up and running in Derby, Geraldton, Bunbury and Albany. The Committee has been considering how formally to recognise these groups, so they can operate under our 'brand', be covered by our insurances etc.

As far as I am aware, these groups do not have any formal structure as such, so it is not a question of them becoming 'affiliated' with us, which would require a Special Resolution at the AGM as required by our Rule Book. It is more a case of them being accepted as 'branches' of the main organisation.

I believe this can be achieved through By-laws, drawn up and passed by the Committee itself. I would suggest that the By-laws provide that to form a branch, there must be at least 3 financial 'ordinary' members and that at least one member of the branch must be a Committee member for accountability purposes.

The members would apply to the Committee to become a branch and nominate their representative on the Committee, being either an existing Committee member or a member to be seconded. I would appreciate hearing any comments members may have on this matter, preferably before the AGM.

Pete Nettleton



Muster Write Up June 3rd by Sue Hill

MC Jack Mathews. Jack started the evening at 7pm

Dave Smith – presented “Paddy’s Yarn” by Keith Lethbridge

Although you might have been brought up a bit rough, as long as you can give up fighting and wayward ways, with a good loving wife you can have a really good life right to the end, as long as you keep the sink clear of dishes.

Grace Williamson - Presented “Dear Mrs Harrison” by Joan Strange

A poem, written in the form of a letter about a modern day woman living in a 100 year old cottage and wondering what life was like for that first woman settler. She feels as if the woman is sitting next to her as she writes.

John Hayes – “Harry Swain’s Scales”

A story about a prospector, John’s Grandfather who took up several leases at Burbank near Coolgardie, and when he found gold sold the lease. He always carried a set of gold scales which now proudly sit on John’s mantle place.

Alan Aitkin – “Nissan Patrol” by Keith Lethbridge

How they had to save the Nissan Patrol after it lost a wheel.

Loraine Broun “A Doggy Dilemma” her own poem

A poem about an elderly dog that came to visit and she wasn’t always well behaved as she had trouble finding the perfect spot to do her business.

“The House Guest”

Larnie a tiny Shit-zoo cross dog who seems to think she is a princess and thinks the world is all about her.

Keith Lethbridge “Play It Again”

Keith play’s the tune of “Danny Boy” on his harmonica before reciting his own poem.

While camping out-back Cobber is playing a tune on his harmonica. He is about to hit the sack when a ghost turns up and demands he keeps playing, “Danny Boy”. He tries hard to keep the ghost happy, but it seems like an impossible task, until finally, it becomes clear what’s really going on. “You’ll keep on playing until you get it right”

Christine Boulton - “Tea Towel Memories”

A poem telling of a collection of Tea Towels collected in her travels, and how the Karma Sutra one is Frank’s favourite.

Terry Piggott - “The Colour in the Stone”

A poem that tells the story of life at Coober Pedy in the sixties when luck is out – until suddenly a bit of good fortunes brightens our lives.

‘a dusty god forsaken place – when luck is out and things are tight.

The breeze was like a breath from hell, to punish those who dared to dwell

In flimsy shacks out on the flat, with not a single tree in sight.’

Frank Marshall – “The Gidgee Trip” by Peter Capp

A story about tripping around the country dropping into various pubs and swapping yarns.

Caroline Sandbridge: A poem about her gourmet adventures at all the **Take Away** establishments.

“Cake is my World” About cake being a great lunch

Dot Langley recites “Parenting Is Such a Joy” a poem by Brian Langley

A story being related by a friend about her grandchildren and how she looks after them gets them ready for school, feeds them etc. while her son and daughter in-law work and enjoy their life and then they complain about how hard it is bringing up children!!

Break for Supper 8pm

Brian Langley - "Cock-A-Doodle-Do" by Dryblower Murphy.

A moving story telling of the recruits who mostly trained at "Blackboy Hill" and were transported by train to Fremantle to board troopships. It was commonplace for the train to announce their presence by blowing a Cock-A-Doodle-Do on the whistle of the train.

Also recited "**Fifty Four Years**" A beautiful poem depicting Brian and Dot's 54 years of marriage.

Arthur Leggett - "Miss Vergillia"

Whilst interned in a prisoner of war camp he received a parcel from the Red Cross via Vergillia Friendly Corner, a columnist from the Western Mail paper. The parcel contained a game similar to Chinese checkers made from Quondong seeds. He wrote a letter back to Miss Vergillia, columnist with the Western Mail paper describing what happened with these seeds

Gem Shorland - "Mitch" by Gem

A story of a dog he was dog sitting and trying to get him to lose weight.

Keith Lethbridge. - "Digger"

When Digger and Cobber play darts together, things often get of hand. But who's to blame?

Cobber tells his side of the story and you know it has to be true.

Aussie Battlers - The Stories Never Told. We often hear about the champions, the heroes, the winners and the experts, but what about the true-blue battlers?

Keith Lethbridge and Barry Higgins. - A Duo telling the story of "The Lodger"

A cantankerous crank is Old Uncle Frank, who somehow wins the heart of the beautiful young Blossom. Cobber believes this will be the death of Uncle Frank, so he plots a way to save him. Unfortunately, things don't work out quite the way Cobber had it planned.

Barry Higgins - "Letter from the Publisher" Syd Hopkinson

Story about Rhyming Not On. Poetry that doesn't rhyme.

Lesley McAlpine. - "Stepping Stones" - by Joan Strange

A story about a collection's of stones collected during a lifetime depicting different meanings bringing back special memories and when in the Nursing Home they want to throw them away the grandson insists that his Grandmother keeps her stones.

Tony Hill - Nanambinia Station (Elsewhere Fine) by Marie Lansdowne A poem of life on Nanambinia Station, south of Balladonia and the vagaries of rain.

Terry Piggott - "Remember mate"

Reminiscing with an old mate about their days of gold prospecting in the early years with detectors.
'Bright stars that shone in clear night skies;
the chilling howls of wild dog cries
and how we yarned each night till late,
the billy on -- remember mate?'

Dave Smith - "Once We Were Heroes" by Terry Piggott A little girl playing with her Dad brings back good memories of when you were a younger man and your girls (and boys) were growing up and you get rather nostalgic with a few tears in the corner of your eye, oh well the plight of getting older.

John Hayes - A poem about farming around the Lake Varley and Newdegate area, the local farmers drinking in the local hotel discussing the drought and all else, they all hear rain falling on the roof of the pub, their spirits are high but they can't get home they are water bound, but unfortunately when John does get home he hasn't had a drop of rain at his farm.

Anne Hayes - Tells a story about a cruise and having to put ones suitcases outside their cabin door by 6 o'clock. Unfortunately one person wrapped in a sheet had to knock on their door to ask to borrow some clothes as she had packed everything.

Arthur Leggett - "On the Banks of the River Swan".

A Poem about when he worked on the Smoke Stack at the Old Power Station in East Perth. Reminiscing as he and his wife walked along the banks of the River.

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2015—2016

Bill Gordon	President	97651098	0428651098	northlands@wn.com.au
Peter "Stinger" Nettleton	Vic President		0407770053	stinger@inet.net.au
Meg Gordon	Secretary		0404075108	meggordon4@bigpond.com.au
Alan Aitken	Treasurer		0400249243	aitken@live.com.au
Committee				
Irene Conner	State Rep APBA		0429652155	lconner21@wn.com.au
Rodger Kohn	Minutes secretary	93320876	0419666168	rodgershirley@bigpond.com
Dave Smith			0438341256	daveandelainesmith1@bigpond.com
Bob Brackenbury		93641310	0418918884	oddjobbob@bigpond.com
Jem Shorland		61430127	0487 764 897	shorland@inet.net.au
Maxine Richter	Bullytin Distributor		0429339002	maxine.richter@bigpond.com
Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:				
Colin Tyler	Supper			
Rhonda Hinkley	Librarian		0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Nancy Coe	Muster Meet/greet	94725303		
Brian Langley	Webmaster	93613770	93613770	briandot@tpg.com.au
Robert Gunn	Sound gear set up		0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Christine Boulton	Bully Tin Editor	9364 8784		christineboulton7@bigpond.com

Upcoming Events

Bunbury Bush Poets will have their meeting at Rose Hotel cnr Wellington & Victoria Sts.
Bunbury

Regular events

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets	First Monday of every second month	Alan Aitken 0400249243
Geraldton Bush Poet	Second Tuesday of the month. Contacts: Roger & Jan Cracknell 0427 625 181, or Irene Conner 0429652155.	

6pm at Recreation room, Belair caravan park, Geraldton. Bring and share snacks for tea.

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.asn.au

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

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

Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit our website www.wabushpoets.asn.au Go to the "Performance Poets" page	Members' Poetic Products	Corin Linch	books	
	Victoria Brown	CD	Val Read	books
	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Caroline Sambridge	book
	Rusty Christensen	CDs	Peg Vickers	books & CD
	Brian Gale	CD & books	"Terry & Jenny"	Music CDs
	John Hayes	CDs & books	Terry Piggott	Book
	Tim Heffernan	book	Frank Heffernan	Book
	Brian Langley	books, CD	Christine Boulton	Book, CD
	Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography	Pete Stratford	Book, CDs
	Keith Lethbridge	books	Roger Cracknell	Book, CD
		Bill Gordon	CD	

Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The "Bully Tin" Editor Box 364, Bentley WA 6982 christineboulton7@bigpond.com	Address all other correspondence to: The Secretary WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Box 364, Bentley WA 6982	Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn Box 364, Bentley. WA 6982
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