



**Next Muster :August 1st , 7pm, , Plantation Drive, Bentley Park**

**MC: Robert Gunn 0417099676 or mail [gun.hink@hotmail.com](mailto:gun.hink@hotmail.com)**

### Royalty in our Midst or

#### Brian Langley gains National Judging Accreditation

Brian Langley is now a Nationally accredited ABPA judge for both performance and written competition. At this time, he is the only West Australian on their performance list and joins Terry Piggott on the "Written" list. To apply to be included on the lists, you must be a member of ABPA and have demonstrated your abilities, either by winning at least three major competitions or having experience acceptable by the ABPA Board of Management.

Dear Folks,

Following on from an excellent AGM with many people volunteering for jobs will be our August muster. Rob's invited his very own rent a crowd so our numbers will be swollen.

**Rob writes: Come along and see some of the best reciters, writers, award winners that Western Australia has to offer.**

**Be part of the Rent a Crowd.**

**Love to see you there.**

**Rsvp 29<sup>th</sup> July [to make sure I have sufficient seats out]**

**Text 0417099676 or mail [gun.hink@hotmail.com](mailto:gun.hink@hotmail.com)**

#### Terry does it again: Congratulations Terry

Terry Piggott came third in The Broken Ski award for written poetry at the The Perisher Peak Festival, Perisher, NSW. His poem was called **The Bushman and The Warrigal**. Thanks also to Bob Brackenbury who gave me a call making sure that we acknowledge Terry.

**Welcome to our new committee and thank you to our retiring committee members.**



#### From the ABPA web site: make sure to check if you are wishing to enter written competitions.

3rd - 4th January - Snowy Mountains Muster in Jindabyne NSW.

30th November - Closing date Snowy Mountains Muster written competition. Awarded 3-4 January 2015.

18th - 19th October - Toolangi CJ Dennis Festival and Poetry Competition, The Singing Gardens, Toolangi Vic.

4th October, 2014 - Rathdowney Heritage Festival Bush Poetry Competition. Performance, walkup and Written sections, Rathdowney Qld.

14th September - The Logan Village Music and Heritage Festival. Performance bush poetry competition for Novice, Open original, Open traditional. Prizes \$75, \$50 and \$25 for each event and \$50 for the one minute. Logan Qld. Ring or text Jim 0403871325 or Gerry 0413672218.

12th - 14 September - Binalong Bush Poetry Prize and NSW Championships in Binalong NSW. Over \$5500 in prize money.

Please read Information Sheet carefully as there are some innovative and different aspects to these championships.

12th September - Closing date for Rathdowney Heritage Festival Written Bush Poetry Competition. Awarded Saturday 4th October, Rathdowney Qld.

Is this you?



#### MEMBERSHIPS

Just a gentle reminder that all memberships were due on the 1st July.

Membership entitles you to The Bully Tin and discount price for the musters.

Sadly if your dues are not in by the end of August this will be your last newsletter until you rejoin.



**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 -



August 2014

It was pleasing to see a good attendance at the Annual General Meeting, and especially to find so many willing to be on the committee for the coming year. My concern at filling the vacancies left by Brian and Terry were completely unfounded. I am looking forward to working with the new committee for a great year of Bush Poetry.

I had a productive trip to Toodyay recently to meet with staff at the school, and to start advertising the November festival. Back home only to get a call from Toodyay Festivals Inc president Andrew McCann to inform me that the hall had not been booked for us, but that a wedding was being held there that weekend. As an alternative venue could not be found I had to reluctantly decide that the best thing was to change the date to the weekend before, i.e. October 24, 25, 26. I apologize to any members who will be inconvenienced by this, or who will not be able to attend as a result. For the rest, now is the time to mark the calendar for a great weekend.

It is hard to think past Toodyay, but we have Albany Show, "Have a Go Day", Tamworth, Wireless Hill and then Boyup Brook close behind. We have a couple of options for any members and friends interested in a bus trip to Tamworth. For anyone considering going, these look like great value and will take the worry out of how to get there and where to stay.

Closer to home, the "Blues for the Bush" open day and concert is on again at the Charles Darwin Reserve between Perenjori and Wubin. (Known as White Wells Station before Bush Heritage took it over 11 years ago). This is on Saturday 4<sup>th</sup> October. I will have more details shortly. Some of our poets will be providing part of the entertainment that day.

Thought for the month: We cannot direct the wind, but we can adjust the sails.

Bill Gordon

President

## Walking different tracks.

<http://www.manjimupbluegrassnoldtimemusicweekend.com/>  
October 3, 4,5. Manjimup, no poetry but great music, also a songwriting competition

Nanga Music Festival, Dwellingup October 10<sup>th</sup> -12<sup>th</sup>  
Featuring a poet's Breakfast on the Sunday morning and the wonderful Enda Kenny <http://www.nangamusic.org.au/>

Greetings all

Folk in the Forest is celebrating it's ninth birthday this year! Hard to believe so much time has passed since our first gathering.

The festival will take place over the weekend of 14th to 16th November and we are planning for a weekend as enjoyable as the others have been.

During their time in Ireland, Ken and Connie had talks with Fergus Russell, a performer from the Dublin singer's club, Goinin. He has agreed to come to Folk in the Forest this year. He may not be known in Australia yet, but is well known on the Irish and English folk scene. Fergus lived in Australia's Eastern States during the seventies and has a repertoire of interesting and little-known Australian songs as well as many from the Irish and English tradition. A treat awaits you!

We are also expecting an Eastern States performer, and we are continuing discussions with local performers. If you would like to take part, please let us know and we'll do our best to include you.

Ticket sales will open on Tuesday 01 July 2014.

Once again we are offering early bird ticket prices \$60.00 until Tuesday 30 September and thereafter prices will be \$75.00. Accommodation prices remain unchanged at \$50.00 per person per night for a bed and \$25.00pp per night for camping and dossing.

This year we have decided to use e-ticketing to make the workload more manageable for the organisers. We will advise you very soon how to pay for your tickets and accommodation.

Cheers for now  
Connie.

***Folk in the Forest (very small but very fantastic) at Banksia Springs ,Dwellingup. Lots of poetry is featured at this festival...Contact: Noel on 0402039954. <http://www.trybooking.com/90516> Highly recommended and all money goes to Children's Cancer Research...Ed***

### SNIPPET (, December 20th 1903) Sunday Times

*[A Perth pressman recently journeying around Karrawang alleges that all the woodcutters at whose camps he called generously invited him to dine, the meal in many instances consisting of goat of the adult male variety.]*

At Karrawang by day or night,  
In weather warm or chilly,  
The cutters, every man invite  
To share their scran and skilly  
And on the fire you'll always sight  
The "Billy."  
**Dryblower Murphy**

**Here are some Muster Notes from Maxine.**

While we know everyone does not feel they can learn a poem, we do encourage people to endeavour to commit the poems they present to memory. Learning a poem brings a different sense of meaning to the poem and means people can embody what the poem is really about. It is also usually more interesting for the audience. Ed.

**Reading from the classics.**

Thank you for volunteering to take part in the regular WABP&YS Muster segment "Reading from the Classics".

This segment is intended to present traditional or classical Australian poetry that is not generally performed at our musters, and which few of the audience are likely to know.

Classical poetry must have been written at least 50 years ago. The segment is generally performed as the first item following supper.

You have the choice of selecting your own poem (it should preferably be of about 3-5minutes in length) or having a committee member choose one for you – (your choice is preferable- that way a greater diversity of poems is likely to be presented).

In order that your audience can fully appreciate the reading, it is essential that you learn the poem, not to the point of remembering it, but to the point where you are able to apply the correct emphasis to words and phrases and to not stumble over your reading.

It would be appreciated if you could introduce your poem by giving some background about the poet, anything that was happening at the time, which possibly inspired the poet to write this poem, and why you have chosen this particular poem. If the author is unknown then you might like to expand on this point.



**Toodyay dates for the state championships**  
24,25,26 October.( the week prior to the Albany show)  
NB There is a written as well as a performance section

**UPCOMING MUSTERS:**

**September**

MC :Peter Nettleton [stinger@iinet.net.au](mailto:stinger@iinet.net.au)  
0407 770 053  
Reader from the classics: Dave Smith

**October**

MC :Nancy Coe 9472 5303  
Reader from the classics: Catherine MacAllan

**November**

MC : Terry Piggott [terrence.piggott@bigpond.com](mailto:terrence.piggott@bigpond.com)  
9458 8887  
Reader from the classics: Lorelie Tacoma

**December**

MC :Grace Williamson [grace.wil@bigpond.com](mailto:grace.wil@bigpond.com)  
  
9361 4265

Reader from the classics: Is this you?

**Grandma's Apron**

The strings were tied, it was freshly washed, and maybe even pressed.

For Grandma, it was everyday to choose one when she dressed.

The simple apron that it was, you would never think about;

the things she used it for, that made it look worn out.

She may have used it to hold some wildflowers that she'd found.

Or to hide a crying child's face when a stranger came around.

Imagine all the little tears that were wiped with just that cloth.

Or it became a potholder to serve some chicken broth.

She probably carried kindling to stoke the kitchen fire.

To hold a load of laundry, or to wipe the clothesline wire.

When canning all her vegetables, it was used to wipe her brow.

You never know, she might have used it to shoo flies from the cow.

She might have carried eggs in from the chicken coop outside.

Whatever chore she used it for, she did them all with pride.

When Grandma went to heaven, God said she now could rest.

I'm sure the apron that she chose, was her Sunday best.

by Tina Trivett

Maxine found this one. I still love an apron..Ed.

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Hi Folks,

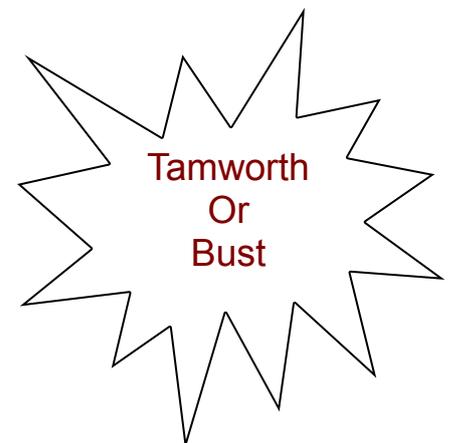
Lots of interest in Tamworth. As the editor I am just putting the information out there. As an organisation we have received no subsidy for the ads, we at the Bush Poets are just interested in promoting bush poetry.

Although I often forward information I am not on the committee or the secretary. I would ask that people needing information, or to negotiate ideas, please contact a committee member. The new list is printed on the back of this Bully Tin.

Please note if you have not renewed your membership, this will be your last Bully Tin.

Kind regards

Ed.



Hi Christine,

Have just looked at your email from Billabong Coach Charters and it looks like a great package for those wanting a longer holiday. We wanted to get to Tamworth in 2013 and were looking to get home a bit quicker and can thoroughly recommend Ken Nottle Tours. It includes three night Hotel accommodation in central Sydney and 7 nights at Farrer Agricultural High School. This is 2 single beds per room, air conditioned, communal ablutions and a lovely cooked breakfast. Ken has a bus pickup from Bunbury to the airport for those living south of Perth, and the bus meets you at the airport in Sydney to get you to the hotel and from Sydney to Tamworth and return. The cost is around \$1720 per person (this years price) but the air fares are extra.

The school is about ten miles out of town but there is a bus service nearly every hour and late into the night so they have regular drop offs to the many venues. For anyone interested the address is PO Box 19 Waroona WA 6215 or Phone 1800 887 980 (toll free) or 9733 1188. Email: [kennottletours@wn.com.au](mailto:kennottletours@wn.com.au)

Tamworth is a great experience for anyone who has not been.

Kind regards

Frank Heffernan

Hi Christine

I have travelled and worked for Ken and Lorraine and they are a lovely couple and very obliging but I found that 10 KM out of town was too far. You really need your own transport while there.

Cheers

Alan Aitken

Dear Christine,  
This poem was written by Carol Reffold, she recited this at Corryong and she gave me a copy and said it could be in our Bully Tin.  
Regards Anne Hayes

### **Missie and the black dog**

Carol Reffold

She took her life one Wednesday. We didn't have a clue that she was so unhappy that she felt she had to do one final act to sort things out - or so it seemed to her, but there was nothing we had seen. T'was nothing to infer

she faced so many challenges, and felt very alone, and death, to her, the only thing perhaps then could atone. Oh Missie, why didn't you share the things which troubled you;  
,Then maybe, with the family's help, there was something we could do

to make you know there's help at hand to play the cards you're dealt  
but you never, ever, opened up, and shared the angst you felt.

We sat with you in hospital, tubes keeping you alive.  
We prayed for you, and cried for you, when told you won't survive!

We'd talked about your final wish, - remembered what you'd said  
as we'd sat around our lounge-room fire, before we'd gone to bed.

"Just use the best and trash the rest - if there's anything they need."

We'd talked of organ donation - and we had all agreed.

We'd all had that conversation at different times with you but we never dreamt we'd have to do that final deed for you'

We had a meeting with the team responsible for this  
They had to set those things in place or it could be remiss

if recipients weren't ready, to take the gifts you gave.  
For three hard days we waited - with so many lives to save  
And then the time to turn you off, the hardest thing we've done.

We said 'hoo roo' and cried a lot, but now new life's begun!

Because you were a healthy girl, and hadn't really boozed your heart, your lungs, your eyes, your skin . . . everything was used!

And now, because of gifts you gave, there are people there somehow  
who live a healthy life once more, with parts you don't need now.

But Missie, God ! I miss you so, but I'm so proud of you.  
I'm thankful you were in my life. Now let your light shine through!

There's nothing which can bring you back, or change what has been done

but as I journey everywhere, I took at everyone and wonder, as I talk to them, if there's a part of you which lives, and dreams, beneath their skin, the way you used to do!



Here is another great site to join, especially if you like folklore and oral history

### **TRANSMISSIONS**

Occasional Newsletter of the Australian Folklore Network

**Edited by Graham Seal**  
**email G.Seal@curtin.edu.au**

ozfolknet.wordpress.com

and on Facebook at Australian Folklore Network

### **FOLK FELLOWSHIP**

Have you thought about applying for the National Folk Fellowship?

No matter what your age or folkly interest we encourage you to apply.

More information on the Folk Fellowship is here <http://folkfestival.org.au/apply/national-folk-fellowship/> or contact me personally for further information.

The National Library of Australia's Oral History and Folklore collection contains interviews and recordings on a broad range of folkly topics, not only music.

Dance, spoken word, poetry, crafts, protest and songs of activism are all in there and many recordings are now on line at

<http://www.nla.gov.au/what-we-collect/oral-history-and-folklore>

We encourage applicants to research, develop their particular field of interest and perform at the National Folk Festival and National Library.

Hurry! Closes July 31.( May be too late this year but this scholarship is available every year)

### **AFN AFFILIATION**

The AFN is open to anyone who would like to be on the mailing list. There is also an additional option to affiliate through the blog at:

<http://ozfolknet.wordpress.com/afn-affiliates/>

This simply means that we display your name as a supporter of the AFN and its aims (also on the blog)

There is no charge for any of this as the AFN is a totally unfunded volunteer organisation.

### **Derby Poet's Breakfast.**

Picture by Peter Nettleton



**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**

## THE BLACKOUT

The lights went out the other night,  
It suddenly got dark.  
Then candles came on everywhere  
And lit up all the park.

But I was due to go to work,  
Now here's a merry lark,  
To try and shave me whiskers off,  
And do it in the dark.

To wield a cut-throat razor blade  
Is such a manly joy.  
But wave it round at midnight,  
It's a nasty little toy.

Now, a cut-throat razor is a tool  
That's very aptly named.  
If I'm not bloody careful  
I'll be permanently maimed.

Well, first the foaming shaving brush  
Went clear right up me nose.  
Then shaving cream got in me eyes,  
And brought tears to both of those.

My left ear was the first to go,  
It landed with a splat.  
The right one followed quickly,  
Now what'll hold me hat ?

Me Adams-apple jiggled once,  
And then it jiggled twice.  
But that slashing blade made bloody sure  
It wouldn't jiggle thrice.

Now, me nose was quite romantic  
And it once looked good in place.

But without me lips to hold it up  
It slid right off me face.

No ears, no lips, me nose was gone  
Me mouth was full of snot.  
The blood was running down me chin,  
It looked like I'd been shot.

Well, some poor bloke came in the door,  
Just looking for a leak.  
He threw up on the bathroom floor,  
Went white, and couldn't speak.

They called the cops and ambulance,  
They thought I'd met some thug.  
But no-one really understood,  
I'd accidentally slashed me mug.

The Coppers always get there first,  
The cars they drive are fast.  
With blood and gore spread on the floor  
'My God, this bloke won't last'.

The feller in the Ambulance  
Stood stock-still at the door.  
How strange the sight, he stared in fright,  
Me face spread on the floor.

The Ambo bloke was really shocked,  
His eyes were big and red.  
He took one look, his head he shook,  
'This bastard must be dead'.

Well, they took me to the hospital,  
For the Morphine I was glad.  
Me body on the stretcher,  
And me face in plastic bags.

The Plastic Surgeon swore and cursed,  
And counted all me bits.  
And whispered to the staring Nurse,  
'Is there anything we've missed ?'.

It took ten hours to sew me up,  
And not a stitch was missed  
But when the final stitch was done,  
By the Devil I'd been kissed !

The Doctor was so very proud,  
Of scars there was no trace.  
But I was heard to moan aloud,  
'I've got someone else's face'.

So, if you shave with steel, me boys,  
Make sure it's nice and sharp.  
And whatever else in life you do  
Don't go shaving in the dark.

Ed Mahon 1997



## THE TERRORIST TOURIST.

*Don't you just love living in a tourist town  
People come from everywhere just to have a look around.  
But in any group of people there's always some whingeing bastard  
who wrecks it for every body else.  
So I just look them straight in the eye, and say :*

Stop your bloody whinging, its giving me the pip  
You come up here on holiday and tear the place to bits.  
The grass is dead, the sun's too hot, oh look its gonna rain.  
If Broome's so bad, just bugger off, and don't come back again.

Every year you come up here and try to make it home,  
You've got your big Landcruisers, off the tarmac never roam,  
But when the sandflies and the mozzies are cutting us up rough,  
You won't be here in Broome right then, 'cos you're not tough  
enough.

When it's thirty seven centigrade and ninety eight per cent  
With snakes and bugs and crocodiles, and rain that's heaven sent.  
We all thank God each sweaty day, that we live here in Broome.  
But for you, you whingeing, worn out, geriatric fart, there simply isn't  
room.

When cyclones are a'roaring round, and scaring us to bits,  
I really love to live here then, it takes a bit of grit.  
We look out for each other in the good old Aussie way.  
We'll take the good and then the bad, 'cos here  
we're gonna stay.

I am a proud Australian, in droughts and floods and rains.  
My Great Grand dad, he came out here, tied up in Pommie chains.  
For seven years, he did it hard, and worked like bloody hell  
So his grand kids, and yours and mine, could benefit as well.

Ed Mahon

## Creatures of Oz

Should you travel to down under,  
There you'll find a land of wonder;  
Lots of things there to be seen  
But huge big spaces in between.

From tropic climes to snow capped peaks,  
To see it all takes many weeks,  
But of its many unique features  
The most amazing are its creatures.

Three types of mammals, one lays eggs,  
One has a pouch between its legs  
The third's the norm, like cats and dogs  
And humans, cows, and sheep and hogs

There's near eight hundred different birds,  
To tell of them takes many words  
So in this verse, there's just a few,  
Different 'cos of what they do.

And in the rivers, lakes and seas  
More creatures than do live in trees,  
And like the birds, I'll only tell  
Of just a few that there do dwell.

So here we go with bird and beast  
From north to south, from west to east;  
There's many you'll find everywhere  
But others, only here and there.



There's spiked Echidnas, eating ants,  
Birds that laugh and some that dance,  
Dogs called dingos, bandicoots,  
Wombats busy digging roots,

Koalas sitting in the trees  
(I'm sure they hold on by their knees).  
There's bilbys, numbats, stick nest rats  
And many many types of bats,

Tassie devils, sugar gliders  
Pademelons, red backed spiders,  
Dunnarts, quolls and jabiru  
And many types of kangaroo;

There's reds and greys and if you please  
There's also some that live in trees.  
There's wallabys and wallaroos  
Tamars, quokkas, potoroos.

There's possums, with their great big eyes  
There's some that are a tiny size.  
The bigger ones can be a pest  
If up inside your roof they nest.

There's frilled necked lizards, crocodiles,  
Bungarras that can run for miles.  
And in the arid parts you'll find  
Small devils of the thorny kind.

There's snakes galore, but rarely seen.  
Some are black and some are green,  
Some are big and some are small,  
Some poisonous, others not at all.

Now rodents, there are quite a few  
In forest, desert, pastures too;  
Some are big but most are small  
You hardly see those much at all.

And in the ocean, whales and seals  
And dolphins looking for their meals  
There's turtles, dugongs, manta rays  
And whale sharks come on autumn days



By far the most amazing beast  
Swims in creeks in the south east  
That's where the platypus is found  
When not in tunnels underground

Platypuses, they lay eggs  
They've got webbed feet on all their legs  
A tail that's flat, and on their face  
A duck like bill takes pride of place



There's others that have come to stay  
From foreign countries, far away  
The ones that I'm about to name  
We'd send them back from whence they came.

Foxes, rabbits, cane toads too  
They've multiplied from just a few  
As have the sparrows with their nests  
Become with Starlings, nasty pests

And in some rivers carp abound  
And beasts gone feral too are found  
Pigs and donkeys, goats and cats  
And rodents too like mice and rats

I've told you now of just a few  
Australian creatures, what they do  
And why they're different, some at least  
Are like no other kind of beast

And how to see them all you ask  
'Twould seem to be an endless task  
There's just one way that I can see  
Watch "Wild Australia" on TV  
By Brian Langley

---

## It's Hard to Ride An Emu

It's hard to ride an emu when he gets into stride  
at forty miles an hour he rocks from side too  
side  
And you cannot use a bridle to keep his speed in  
check  
if you pull back on the reins you could break his  
bloomin'neck.

I once rode an emu to win a fifty dollar bet  
it was the most foolish ride I've attempted yet  
When a mob of emus passed by my billabong  
I put my plan into action as we jogged along

My first try was a failure and I landed in a heap  
then for my next attempt I had to wait another  
week  
I landed plum dead centre and hung on for all  
my might  
then that big bird exploded his eyes bulged out  
in fright.

At first he ran the gauntlet through the scrub  
and trees  
I stuck on like a limpet with both my bony knees  
As frantically I clung upon my feathered seat  
he ran across the paddock through the crop of  
wheat

He tried to shake me off by swerving left and  
right  
my hands round his scrawny neck clung on to  
him tight  
This challenge was exciting the thrill it  
was immense  
then that stupid bird dived between those  
barbed wires on the fence.

John Hayes



## **BLOODY SNAKES.**

When you're out in the bush, with no shovel or rake,  
Be sure that's the time for a bloody great snake.  
He slithers and slides out from under the tree,  
Then the starter's gun goes, and it's sprinting for me.

Of the hundreds and hundreds I've killed in the past,  
These bloody King Browns are meanest, and fast.  
They coil, and they strike in the blink of an eye,  
And you stand there bewildered, and stifle a cry.

Now, I've killed them with rifles, and shovels, and sticks,  
And number eight fence wire will fix 'em up quick.  
But, best of the lot, and it fills me with joy,  
Is old Mister Winchester's pump action toy.

When I was a young lad, me brother and me,  
Got a holiday job, it was down by the sea.  
We were scattering grass seed, the pasture to grow,  
'Cos the cocky had slashed all the Tea-tree down low.

It was summer in Yambuk, down South if you know,  
With the temperature high and humidity low.  
We'd a ton of the grass seed to spread on the ground  
But wherever we looked there were snakes to be found.

So we spread out the grass seed, killing snakes as we went.  
And the snakes got the message: These bastards are bent.  
Oh why do they kill us, we've been here for years?  
But we didn't care much for reptilian tears.

On the first day we must have killed two hundred snakes,  
And that's without shotguns, or shovels, or rakes.  
By the end of the week we were thoroughly bored,  
And an end to the slaughter was finally called.

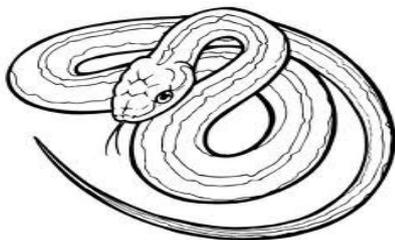
Well, we'd always been told that snakes caused original sin,  
When Eve ate that apple, knew knowledge to win.  
That was over in Eden, the start of Creation,  
Just her and young Adam to start off a nation.

Now, Creation was all very good in its way,  
'Til young Charlie Darwin demanded his say.  
He saw that all creatures on earth have their place,  
With us at the top, we're the great Human Race.

With us at the top, and Baboons in the middle,  
You might think I'm wrong, but I don't give a piddle.  
The curse has been cursed, and the dye has been cast,  
Those slithering bastards will always come last.

Bloody Snakes!

By Ed Mahon



## **Be Water Wise**



In our state of West Australia  
there has been a total failure  
to sustain and protect our water storage.  
Where streams and rivers cease to flow  
and Gngangara aquifer is low,  
we must realise there is a water shortage.

If you need water you can bank  
it would be wise to buy a tank  
and invest in our future conservation.  
For Earths survival, for our health,  
it's a free resource of wealth,  
heavens gift to us as precipitation.

It's a problem country wide  
it can no longer be denied,  
we are guilty of wasting our resources.  
No doubt the public will complain  
though we, the public are to blame  
for dry dams, and polluted watercourses

Because of excessive water usage  
we may have to drink recycled sewage,  
that won't go down without the slightest  
quiver.  
Instead of treated sanitation  
I would prefer desalination,  
this may be less harmful to my liver

As we make consideration  
for our growing population  
the demand upon our services expand.  
So there is a multiplying need  
for each drop of water and each seed,  
to be shared by the people of our land

Now is the time to realise  
we must conserve be water wise,  
for the onus is upon us one and all.  
There are solutions we must seek  
as future prospects do look bleak,  
we must reduce consumption overall

From this day forth and evermore  
we must be prudent and explore  
other options we are able to afford.  
When across hills and arid plain  
march somber clouds and flooding rain,  
we are saying with each blessing,  
"Thank the Lord".

John Hayes

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**(Sunday Times, August 16th 1903)**

*[During the dispersal of aborigines by the Boulder police, Constable Lowery, in firing over their heads to frighten them, shot one of them in the leg.]*

The pistoling John Hop  
Finds this most erratic pop  
Much comment on his marksmanship will bring him  
But since the gory fray  
We are wond'ring, day to day  
What would happen if he really tried to wing him.

**Dryblower Murphy**

### **Explain to Me...**

Beside a dried up riverbank  
grew gum trees gnarled and bent  
inviting us to camp the night  
when our travelling day was spent.

Yet when our campfire embers  
had ceased to glow red bright  
strange things began to happen  
throughout that moonless night.

No. we didn't see the min-min lights  
nor had we any booze to drink  
but something eerie happened there  
that has caused us all to think.

It was only later that we learned  
blood stained this scenic spot  
when natives at their campsite  
had been mercilessly shot.

Now I'm not into ghost stories,  
nor tales of places haunted  
but staying there another night  
I could not do undaunted.

Perhaps if you think me paranoid  
or having wild imagination  
then please explain to me  
what happened at that destination.

Explain to me the rustling sounds  
where there weren't any leaves  
or the movement through the grasses  
without a hint of breeze.

Then tell me about those shadows  
rushing silently around  
leaving not a hint of footprints  
on soft and sandy ground.

What of the chill that made us shiver  
on that sweaty summer eve  
when the feeling that we weren't alone  
made us want to quickly leave?

And if your explanation  
is that this was all just dreams  
why did our group all shudder  
at those anguished gurgling screams?

No bird or living beast  
ever gave out such a cry  
nor was another human soul  
around for miles nearby.

I don't offer explanations  
but what I know for sure is this -  
for camping overnight again  
I'll give that place a miss.

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Dear Members,

This is a great newsletter with many competi-  
tions and events advertised.  
Wally's e-muse newsletter - Subscribing to the  
newsletter is free.

Wally's email to get on his emailing list  
is [ddropbears@bigpond.com](mailto:ddropbears@bigpond.com)

They gave us a lovely plug in this month's  
emuse. Thanks Wally.

### **HAVE A GO DAY**

If anyone is interested in reciting at Have-a-Go Day  
on Wednesday the 13<sup>th</sup> of November can you please  
contact John Hayes. 9377 1238 or  
0428 542 418 or  
[hayseed1@optusnet.com.au](mailto:hayseed1@optusnet.com.au) .

### **Writers Boot Camp**

**Saturday 16 and Sunday 17 August 2014**  
**9am to 5pm**

**Venue: John Dunn Hall**  
**Third Avenue, Kelmscott.**

Writing can be such a solitary occupation. Are  
you wondering if you have what it takes to be a  
writer? Why not join other budding writers and  
stretch your creative muscles as Writers Boot  
Camp takes you through the basics of a wide  
range of writing disciplines. You will receive a  
thorough grounding in the skills you need to  
produce publishable work.

Helen Iles, award-winning author, poet, pub-  
lisher and editor will put you through your pac-  
es. She will whet your appetites with short sto-  
ry writing, poetry, article writing, editing and  
more and cover the ins and out of submitting  
your work for publication. Writing activities in  
each subject area will allow for feedback, fur-  
ther aiding your skills to improvement.

The group writing exercises in this Boot Camp  
will give you the opportunity to kick-start your  
novel or dabble in styles of writing you never  
thought of trying. You will learn to create com-  
pelling characters and write great dialogue that  
brings them to life on the page.

**Boot Camp is open to men and women.** Tea  
and coffee provided. Bring your lunch as there  
are no shops nearby. The cost is \$180 for  
members or \$240 for non-members. Member-  
ship forms are available on the website if you  
wish to join. Booking and pre-payment is es-  
sential to secure your place.

For bookings and information, call the Society  
of Women Writers: 0415 840 031 email [swwofwa@gmail.com](mailto:swwofwa@gmail.com) or visit the website:  
[www.swwofwa.com](http://www.swwofwa.com)

## **Muster Write up for July by Meg Gordon**

MC for the evening was **John Hayes** and he welcomed members and visitors at 7pm.

**Frank Heffernan** opened the evening with his poem “Qantas”. Our great Australian Airline has a very proud history but will it survive into the future with discounted fares and ruthless competition? Well we couldn't save Holden, Toyota or Ford, so I reckon that Qantas will fall on it's sword. He also presented another of his poems “The Broken Back”. When Uncle Jack broke his back the doctors thought he may never walk again, but his workmates found a self-proclaimed expert who used unorthodox methods to treat the problem. A lot of pain resulted but the treatments proved to be very successful.

**Grace Williamson** – “Grandma's Laundry” (Archie Gibb). This poem takes you back in time to the old laundries or wash-house as it was called. Remembering the cane baskets, the old copper with its stick to lift the clothes out, the concrete trough with its ringer, the silver starch and the 'kero' tins used as buckets, the washboard for scrubbing all the clothes, the prop to hold the clothes line that stretched across the back yard.

**Rob Gunn** - “The Alien” (Bobby Miller). A great poem for grandchildren who love spaceships. Adults would see it as delusions of a boozy night!

**Lesley McAlpine** - “Circle of Life” (Terry Piggott). Terry watched as mother (Ena Reichard) and daughter (Lesley McAlpine) arrived at a muster. It's about the interdependence of a mother and child and the changing roles that occur with time. Each travels a memory lane of their own and they both realize that, in the end, these memories are what will get them through whatever will come in the future.

**Rob Asplin** – In 1890 Henry Lawson lived in Albany WA for 5 months with his youngest brother. In or about that year a rivalry developed between the Sydney Bulletin and the WA Bulletin which was echoed in a letter to the editor of the Albany Observer with the poem “Who's Dot Pulleteen”. It was signed Henrich Hertzberg Lawson.

**Dave Smith** – Presented another poem penned by Terry Piggott, “Lend Me an Ear”. Terry loves the outback and this is another one of his reminiscences.

**Keith Lethbridge** – Gave a musical interlude on the harmonica “Making Whoopie” before presenting his poem “McCarthy's Cabin”. After a long wYorking life as a stockman and wool-presser, McCarthy has finally retired. He's found himself a little cabin in the SW of WA. It's no surprise that he's got a garden full of veggies, chooks and a pet dog to keep him company. But now something new is on the horizon – he's courting a widow.

**Bill Gordon** - “A Cow ard Romeo” (Jim Graham). A young dairy farmer speaks lovingly of his girl as a jersey heifer and compares her with the beauty of the farm and the bush. His desire is to marry her and 'place her little head within the cow bail of his life.'

**Jack Matthews** - “The Christmas Party” (Bill Kearns). The residents of the nursing home were not going to miss out on their Christmas party. The fun started when they indulged in some “herbal” tea. When the local police were called they went away dumbfounded.

**Peter Nettleton** - “The Wongan” by Peter Capp is all about an imaginary rare fruit that has a very short ripening season, an amazing taste and awesome therapeutic properties. It is reputed to be the real origin of the name of the town of Wongan Hills, due to proximity to its extremely limited growing territory. (Think Manjimup truffles - but that's another Capp story

**John Hayes** - “Washing Day” (CJ Dennis). A great rendition of just another day in the life of Doreen and Bill after six years of wedded bliss 'with a tart' which is never intended to be a derogatory remark in fact a short term of endearment from the word sweetheart.

**Zuvan Botyay-Martinov** – Presented a short yarn about Russian Jack Matthews, a goldminer from Halls Creek.

**Rob Asplin** gave us the reading from the classics. He chose Henry Lawson's “The Fire at Ross's Farm”. A deadly feud had developed between a squatter and a Scotsman, Sandy Ross, who has 'selected' a farm on some of the country where the squatter ran his sheep. When a bushfire threatened to wipe Sandy's crop out, the squatter refused to send help. But his son would not obey his father, and, for the love of Ross's daughter, went to help Sandy fight the fire. When all hope was lost the squatter at last relented, and with his men, arrived to save the crop. “And when before the gallant band the beaten flames gave way, Two grimy hands in friendship joined – and it was Christmas Day.”

**David Sears** - “A Bush Christening” (AB Patterson 1893).

**Nancy Coe** - "A History of Aprons". Grandmas and mothers had many uses for the humble apron.

**Peter Nettleton:** "Bloody Sheilas" by Rob Charleton is a sad story of a typical male chauvinist pig, satirising the double standards of a bygone era. It also glorifies the use of the 'great Australian Adjective' and confirms Bush Poetry as a legitimate vehicle for coarse language.

**Alan Aitken** - "The Nissan Patrol" (Keith Lethbridge). What happens when a rear wheel passes the driver of a Nissan Patrol.

**Barry Higgins** - "Bob the Battler" (Syd Hopkinson). A battler can make good in the Pilbara by becoming a perfect salesman.

**Dave Smith** - "A n Ode to a Dunny". His own poem on one of life's necessities.

**Grace Williamson** - "A Glass on the Bar" (Henry Lawson). This poem tells of three bushmen that came into the bar for a drink after returning from the North. But one of them was missing and the landlord wonders where he is, only to find he has died, so he fills the glass with "three star" the favourite drink of Harry who had engraved his glass with his name and they tell all to drink to his memory. And still in the shanty a tumbler you'll see as the glass still stands on the shelf all polished and clean.

**Frank Heffernen** - "Climate Change". His own thoughts on one of the greatest threats to our planet.. Written in 2008 when people were first becoming aware of the dire consequences of climate change due to man made carbon build up in our atmosphere. Since then there has been a lot of talk but there seems to be no positive action to really address the problem. Perhaps it is all too hard?

**Keith Lethbridge** - "Billy Goat Parade". Digger has just spent 3 weeks droving a mob of billy goats to the sale yards. He's flush with money and anxious to try his luck at a dance. Unfortunately he runs into two bits 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 ballroom. You can't win 'em all!

**Bill Gordon** – President Bill concluded the evening by paying tribute to Steffoni Brackenbury, who passed away recently. Steffoni's father was Sapper Ted Keating, a victim of the Japanese occupation of Borneo during WW2. In memory of all those who waited in vain for their men to return, Bill recited Jim Hayne's hauntingly beautiful poem "Remembering The Waltzing". In his last letter home a young soldier reminisces about the dances in the local town hall, and how he longs to 'waltz his Matilda again'. But he doesn't make it home and, as a result, she never marries and can't bear to see his name up on the wall in the town hall.

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### **Vale Steffoni Brackenbury**

It is with great sadness that we send our sincere condolences to Bob on the death of Steffoni. Below is a picture of Steffoni and the Dame Mary Gilmore verse that she read in Canberra, at the Australian War Memorial, just a few weeks ago. This picture was presented at her funeral service.

May 29<sup>th</sup> 2014, less than a month ago, these words were recited by Steffoni at the Wreath Laying Ceremony during National Sandakan Remembrance Day held at the Australian War Memorial. Those who knew her well know how significant this event was to her – in remembrance of her father who died in the Second World War – but never forgotten.

**They are not dead; not even broken;  
Only their dust has gone back to earth.  
For they, the essential they, shall have rebirth  
Whenever a word of them is spoken**

Dame Mary Gilmore



Steffoni will live on in our hearts every time her name is spoken.

