

Next Muster 7th February 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park

MC February 7th MC Anne Hayes 93771238 hayseed1@optusnet.com.au

THIS DAY IN HISTORY

Australian History

1788-The Colony of New South Wales is formally proclaimed

World History

1812-English novelist Charles Dickens is born

Make sure you catch this great event. It is one of the highlights of our WA Bush Poetry year. For more information contact our president :Bill Gordon 0428651098 northlands@wn.com.au

Through Eagle 's Eyes

As you appear suspended in the Heavens,
seeming weightless in the skies,
what do you see from far above
with your clear sharp eagle eye?

Do you watch us mortals scurrying
in our aimless to and fro
seldom taking time to pause a while
but forever on the go?

Yet so casually you soar above
this frantic earth-bound life we lead
as you search for prey to feed on
taking only what you need.

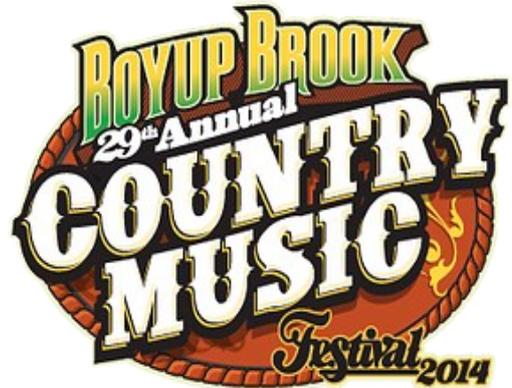
Do you understand our hurrying
to gather more than we can use
so much of which is useless
and soon rejected as refuse?

Along with your chosen mate,
for chicks in your lofty nest,
you take only food sufficient
while ignoring all the rest.

Do you wonder at our avarice
as we amass and hoard
belongings we don't really need
and often ill afford?

If only in your wisdom
you could teach us what you see,
share with us your sense of freedom
more contented, would we be?

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13th -16th February 2014

Be sure to come along and enjoy one of the WA bush poetry highlights of the year. Lots of fun and Poet's Breakfasts every morning. There are free workshops on the Thursday with the festival's guest poets. This year they are Marco Gliori and Murray Hartin.

Marco Gliori is a full-time spoken word artist, mustering up Poets for over twenty years at festivals such as The Gympie Country Music Festival, Tamworth, Woodford Folk Festival, as well as working as an after dinner speaker and entertainer at corporate functions across Australia while also working in education writing with school students as a Poet in Residence. If you haven't heard the yarns "Turbulence", "The Hog Whisperer" or the haunting "Rain From Nowhere" you probably haven't heard of **Murray Hartin**. His rapid-fire, rhyming recitals, which can cover anything from the perils of yoga to the difference between oestrogen and testosterone, create vivid and often hilarious mental images that will stay with you forever.

STOP PRESS: We welcome COLIN TYLER who has offered to do the TEA & BISCUITS for our musters. Thank you for volunteering for this valuable job.

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 -
Having a great time at Tamworth, will give you the info next month, Lots of love, Bill.**



Dear Bush Poets,
January has been a busy month for many of us. Several WA members have been to Tamworth and many of our other members will have performed at the Australia Day Concert at Wireless Hill. There will be reports of these events in our March newsletter.

It has been brought to my attention that some people are still missing the newsletter by email. The best way of rectifying this is by emailing me and letting me know you are not receiving the Bully Tin. I can then cut and paste your correct address directly onto the mailing list. My apologies if you are one of the people who are missing out. I am happy to email back copies and hope you are able to collect the current edition at the musters.

Thank you again to the many contributors. I think there may be a blank spot and low and behold an email arrives full of wonderful poems. Please keep them, and your reports of events, coming. Our members love to read our local poets and it a way of you ensuring copyright as well as a way of having your work published. Unfortunately we do not pay, only glory available.

Once again a happy new year and many happy days,

Sincere regards

Christine Boulton
(Editor: The Bully Tin)

***'When the road is long and lonely and the sunset's far-off gaze
Steers the weary workers home again, then I, like all the strays
Look out on the far horizon for the traveler's next motel,
Some with carpet soft as Spinifex and flash pink doors as well;
Rated by the stars I find them, but the slickest I must tell
Is my swag beneath the heavens in The Million Star Motel.'***

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Make sure to catch Marco at Boyup Brook

Tough Times

We didn't understand, of course, back when I was just a lad, that the way our mother coughed was something pretty bad. Then one day Dad told us, with a sort of teary smile, our Mum would not be with us, that she'd be gone a while. Of course we couldn't comprehend, though we were sad and glum.

How would us kids all manage without the help we got from Mum?

Dad said there'd be a lady, we should call her "Auntie Maud,"

who was coming to look after us, just for her food and board.

When we first met this woman we were all a bit afraid, her face was really wrinkly and grey hair tied in a braid. But Auntie Maud did all the housework, the stuff our mother did

while Dad went off to work each day, "to earn himself a quid."

Although we often missed her, we soon stopped asking why Mum hadn't come back home yet, 'cos it only made Dad cry. Old Auntie Maud looked after us, I guess she tried to do her best

and sometimes sat us on her lap, when she'd stop to have a rest.

If she tried to kiss us, we'd squirm and wrinkle up our noses.

We all thought that she smelled awful (we'd never heard of halitosis)

The years passed and we grew up as we left behind our youth

and along that bumpy journey we each realised the truth, that Mum had been to an infirmary and died there of T.B. but Dad just couldn't tell us, it was too hard for him, you see.

Only in his final years could he bring himself to say it was the hardest day in his tough life, when his dear wife passed away.

Old Auntie Maud stayed with us, looking after us on her own until she was just too frail, then moved to a nursing home. Hard work and stress all took its toll and Dad went to be with Mum.

He'd not had the life they'd planned for when their married life begun, but he'd been a loyal father and kept his family clothed and fed

and I hope they now enjoy the bliss they'd planned when they were wed.

As I look back across those years, which have flown by so fast,

I marvel how our old Dad coped through those tough times of the past.

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The Sandy Hollow Line

A poem by Duke Trittton (1937)

The sun was blazing in the sky and waves of shimmering heat,
Glared down on the railway cutting, we were half dead on our feet,
And the ganger stood on the bank of the cut and he snarled at the men below,
"You'd better keep them shovels full or all you cows 'll go."

I never saw such a useless mob, you'd make a feller sick,
As shovel men you're hopeless, and you're no good with the pick."
There were men in the gang who could belt him with a hand tied at the back
But he had power behind him and we dare not risk the sack.

So we took it all in silence, for this was the period when
We lived in the great depression and nothing was cheaper than men.
And we drove the shovels and swung the picks and cursed the choking dust;
We'd wives and hungry kids to feed so toil in the heat we must.

And as the sun rose higher the heat grew more intense,
The flies were in their millions, the air was thick and dense,
We found it very hard to breathe, our lungs were hot and tight
With the stink of sweating horses and the fumes of gelignite.

But still the ganger drove us on, we couldn't take much more;
We prayed for the day we'd get the chance to even up the score.
A man collapsed in the heat and dust, he was carried away to the side,
It didn't seem to matter if the poor chap lived or died.

"He's only a loafer," the ganger said. "A lazy, useless cow.
I was going to sack him anyway, he's saved me the trouble now."
He had no thoughts of the hungry kids, no thought of a woman's tears,
As she struggled and fought to feed her brood all down the weary years.

But one of the government horses fell and died there in the dray,
They hitched two horses to him and they dragged the corpse away.
The ganger was a worried man and he said with a heavy sigh:
"It is a bloody terrible thing to see a good horse die."

"You chaps get back now to your work, don't stand loafing there,
Get in and trim the batter down, I'll get the Engineer."
The Engineer came and looked around and he said as he scratched his head,
"No horse could work in this dreadful heat or all of them will be dead."

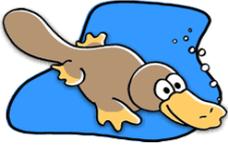
"They're much too valuable to lose, they cost us quite a lot
And I think it is a wicked shame to work them while it's hot.
So we will take them to the creek and spell them in the shade,
You men must all knock off at once. Of course you won't be paid."

And so we plodded to our camps and it seemed to our weary brains,
We were no better than convicts, though we didn't wear the chains,
And in those drear depression days, we were unwanted men,
But we knew that when a war broke out, we'd all be heroes then.

And we'd be handed a rifle and forced to fight for the swine,
Who tortured us and starved us, on the Sandy Hollow Line.



Welcome to Mrs Mary Cleaver our newest member .Mary is a young 98 and her husband founded the Swan Cottages where we meet for our monthly meeting.



THE BATTLE OF FERNY DELL.

There's a little ferny dell up where the Snowy River flows
In the summer time it's hot, and in the winter time it snows.
And the many furry creatures that live by bank and rill,
Know nought of any dangers that their nightmares might fulfil.

The Wombat's name was Spud, and he was honest straight and true,
He's not much of a thinker, but he'll always smile at you.
The Carpet Snake was long and thin, as her kind tend to be,
Hissy is her name, and she's as pretty as can be.

The Butcher birds and Magpies were a happy singing crew,
And in the nesting season they'd swoop and dive at you.
But, the boys were mostly joking, and they rarely did much harm,
And their songs of joy each morning gave the day its' starting charm.

The Platypus, whose name was Splash, a very quiet bloke,
Was really very stealthy, and he very rarely spoke.
The Kangaroos and wallabies were always full of fun,
They'd jump and dance around the rocks in their secluded mountain run.

The Lizards, Frogs and Insects lived their lives with little care,
For life was free and simple, and no-one bothered them up there.
So, life was pretty sweet for them, up in the Ferny Dell,
And the Mountain Ash and Cedar grew up straight and true as well.

But the king of all the singers, and of the dancers too,
Young Neville, was a Bower Bird, and his girlfriend was one too,
For, Marigold, that was her name, was luscious, sweet and pretty,
More gorgeous than youse flashy tarts what live down in the city.

Then, into this paradise there came an evil, sneering dude.
He was arrogant and nasty, and very often rude.
His name he gave as Tiddles, you might think there's little wrong with that,
But Tiddles was an evil, mean and nasty, bastard Feral Cat.

He ate up all the lizards, and caught and killed the frogs.
Then he chased the pretty Carpet Snake beneath the rotting logs.
The baby Paddymelons and the Possums all shot thru,
And then the hatchling Magpies went on the menu too.

So Neville called a meeting of the creatures in the Dell,
They started with a Bush dance, and Neville sang as well.
Old Spud, he played the Bush Base, and Marigold the Spoons,
Possum played the fiddle, but he only knew two tunes.

"Strip the Willow" was the one, "The Soldiers Joy" the other,
They played them both near twenty times, it really was no bother.
They danced the 'Barn Dance' many times, it really was quite nice,
And then 'The Mares and Stallions' to add a little spice.

Now, Neville popped behind a tree, with his mates, to have a chat,
When into this scene of rustic joy, there came the Feral Cat.
Tiddles pushed his way right thru the crowd, being very rough and bold,
And with a glint of evil in his eye, walked up to Marigold.

"Hello, my young and pretty, how sweet and tasty you will be!
So don't make any trouble now, and come along with me!"
But Neville came back thru the door, just in the nick of time,
To save the lovely Marigold, and add more verses to this rhyme.

So Tiddles sneered and swore and cursed, his claws were all extended
And Neville shook in mortal fear, he thought his days were ended.
But Aussies are a plucky crew, they never will give in,
And Tiddles paid the heavy price of gluttony and sin.

A talon that was razor sharp near split Nev from brisket
down to bowel
But he endured the searing pain and never thought of throwing
in the towel
His heavy beak then caught the cat a vicious up and under,
Old Tiddles wasn't doing well, he looked like he might chunder.

The red blood flew as the fighting grew, right up to a peak,
And Tiddles wheezed and couldn't breathe, and Nev could hardly speak.
"I'll do you in" croaked Neville, and Tiddles gave a fearsome hiss,
Then Neville whacked him with a wing, but copped a Glasgow Kiss.

Then Tiddles made the worst mistake that he'd made in his life,
He tried to claw young Marigold, the love of Neville's life.
The red rage grew in Neville's heart, black thunder in his face.
The watching crowd, they all could see that bastard cat had lost the race.

So feathers flew, and fur went flying as they fought and pecked and clawed.
Then Neville headed for the sky, and thru the air he soared.
He swooped and flew, and screamed and bit, and showing lots of guts
He reached out far behind the cat, and grabbed Tiddles by the nuts
The cat let go a mighty scream, and tried to run away,
But Nev hung on for dearest life, and finally won the day.

Now Neville is a Grandad, like the king upon his throne,
And the pride of all his Bower is a matching pair of furry stones.
And Marigold, the Nanna, she's the Queen of all beneath,
And seven times a day makes sure that Neville cleans his teeth.
Now, you may wonder why she does something quite as strange as that,
But when she kisses Neville, he still tastes of feral cat.

Ed Mahon 19.5.12.



THE BLACK BULL

The black bull stands by the Daemon swamp
But he has no care for the heat or the damp.
And his mob mill round in their nearby camp,
 In the land where the black bull stands.

From ages past, or so it's said,
It's here that the People left their dead.
They approach the place with fear and dread.
 The grave where the black bull stands.

For many an age the People came
And they felt the sin and they shared the shame,
And no-one dared to take the blame,
 In the dark where the black bull stands.

The crime was done in the dark of night
And who's to say who's wrong or right
Or why it came to the lovers' flight,
 To the place where the black bull stands.

The dark soul's gone, but the fear stays there,
And the People know they must beware,
For the evil lives, and it lives round there.
 Round the place where the black bull
 stands.

Then the White man came, and he had no care
For the crime, or the evil lurking there,
is His attitude was that, "The devil may care",
 In the land where the black bull stands.

Then the drovers came, and their mobs were huge,
And the dark soul took on subterfuge,
And one bull came with no soul to lose
 To the land where the black bull stands.

Now, the road trains roll, and the cars drive by,
And nobody ever wonders why,
The swamp is deep, and it's never dry,
 In the shade, where the black bull stands.

The white-ant mounds move round at night,
It's only a foot to the left, or the right,
But, it's a horror to see by the cold moon light
 In the land where the black bull stands.

The black bull stands in the shadows deep,
And he doesn't care should the evil creep,
Or the daemons leer, as he's feigning sleep,
 In the shade where the black bull stands.

And I don't know how, and I don't know why.
And I can't explain that nightmare sky.
I avert my eyes when I drive by
 The place where the black bull stands.

Now the black bull's died, but the evil's there,
And his spirit's gone, but we don't know where,
And I don't know, but I'll still beware
 Of the place where the Black Bull stands.

Ed Mahon 4.2.11



THE PARTY.

His Army days were over, and he headed for the bush
He needed peace and quiet, not the raucous city push.
The station that he finally bought was out-back, Speewah
way.
It was rundown, it was broken, but a price that he could
pay.

The fellow who had built it had gone to Broken Hill,
In the hope of making money, perhaps he lives there still.
For the cattle had all died on him, in the nation's longest
drought,
And the crops had withered in the heat, only thistles left to
sprout.

So, Bluey settled down to life that was filled with silence
and with peace.
And the demons that had followed him all left to find their
own release.
The days were filled with quiet, and the nights were filled
with stars
And his memories of war and strife were seen as from
afar.

Now, Bluey'd been there for a while, with none to interfere
Just the postie came out once a month, and the rations
twice a year.
Then suddenly one day there came a knocking at his door
He ignored it for the first few times, but then it came once
more.

When Bluey opened up the door, imagine his surprise,
The cove who stood there smiling was quite a massive
size.
Near six foot five and twenty stone, with tats and beady
eyes,
And all the while around his head a swarm of humming
flies.

"Me name is Mick, and I'm the bloke wot lives just up the
road.
Thought I'd call to say G'day. Y'know, respect the bushie's
code.
There's a knees-up down at my place, next Sat'd'y night at
six.
Just bring yourself, a box of beer, and that'll do the trick."

"But I thought I'd better warn yer, the music will be loud
With lots and lots of drinking, hope you'll fit in with that
crowd.
There'll likely be a fight or two, and with luck a lot of sex.
By Sunday when the sun comes up, the place'll be a
wreck"

"Yer on !" sez Blue, " But just one thing, what clobber
should I wear?"
"Doesn't matter much" sez Mick, "'cos only you and me'll
be there !"

Ed Mahon 4 May 2013

STREWTH

The year's winding down as it comes to a close,
Which is just after Christmas as everyone knows.
And since it's December (or round about then)
This could be your greeting from Connie and Ken.

"It's not before time" did I hear you remark?
Did you think that we might have been took by a
shark;
Or salt-water crocodiles ate us for fun;
Or bitten by snakes and now bleached in the sun?

Well, it's not so dramatic I have to confess
And we haven't forgotten your name or address
And there's Facebook and email but that's Connie's
role;
Not Ken's; not with a twenty-foot pole!

We used to write letters; epistles of length:
To read one right through would diminish your
strength.
They'd arrive in a week, in times that are gone;
We don't do it now for the world has moved on.

Who recalls rationing, after the war;
The rarest of treats – a ride in a car;
Valve-radio tuned with the old 'Magic eye'
And family values the world has passed by?

Maybe it's progress, but isn't it strange
There's always a constant in spite of the change?
And no matter how busy, the time will be found
To think of our friends, when Christmas comes round.

So G'day from the Aussies (I'm not goin' to preach)
But we'll fire up the barbie and lie on the beach:
When there's beer in the Esky and snags on the plates
We'll raise up a stubby and drink to our mates.

Kenneth Kenny, 2013

THE DUNNY SEAT BLUES.

You might think it's very funny
That I'm sitting on the dunny
With me shirt tucked in and trousers buttoned
tight.
But I have no other chair
And I really wouldn't dare
Sit down upon those bloody freezing tiles to write.

For I'm in my brand new flat
But there's little joy in that
'Cos me gear is all in storage 'til next week.
So, I have no bed, or kitchen table
And whenever I am able
I seek the comfort of my brand new dunny seat.

There's no music and no singing
But me ears are fairly ringing
From the echoes bouncing harshly round the halls.
There's no curtain for the shower
And the empty cupboards glower
And no pictures yet to cover up the walls.

But the hardest thing of all
Is trying not to fall
When I have to use the dunny for my bed.
And my pillow gets all soggy
And my head feels really groggy
When I slip and hit the concrete with my head.

Well, it's here I eat my dinner,
No surprise I'm growing thinner-
For the smell is thick and quickly getting worse.
So, is it trousers down, or trousers up?
I sit and sip life's bitter cup,
And concede a victory to Old Timer's curse.

Ed Mahon 11.11.12

Ed is one of our members from Derby.

UPCOMING MUSTERS: Are you interested in reading from the classics?

February 7th MC Anne Hayes 93771238 hayseed1@optusnet.com.au
Classics Reader Robert Gunn

March 7th MC Dot Langley 9361 3770 brumbrum@tpg.com.au

Classics Reader - Trish Joyce - NOTE this is WA Writers night All WA country and
non-performing city writers are asked to submit a couple of
poems to Dot - The night will be a mixture of contemporary and
earlier poems

April 4th MC Lorelie Tacoma 9365 2277 tlorelie@ymail.com Classics Reader TBA

May 2nd MC Bill Gordon 0428 651 098 northlands@wn.com.au

Classics Reader TBA Short poetry competition

Scott of the Queensland Mounted

As straight as a mountain sapling, resolute, tall and brown,
was Scott of the Queensland Mounted, the Sergeant of Sunrise town;
and never a horse-thief flitted like a will-o'-the-wisp at night
but Scott of the Queensland Mounted rose fast on the tracks of his flight.

The stars in the midnight glistened and a west-wind gathered force
when Sunrise woke from its slumber to the beat of a black boy's horse,
'Come quick to the Pass!' was the message, 'Come to the Pass tonight,
for robbers are down on our horses and we haven't the arms to fight.'

'Outlaws among our horses-we rode on them unawares;
at sunset out in the Pocket they had drafted our colts and mares'
Old Cameron wrote the message: 'I ordered the four from the run.
but they drove us out of the Pocket at the point of a loaded gun.'

Two troopers away from the township, both on their long patrols-
and Cameron out at the Pocket would die for his mares and foals!
So down the drifts of timber and over the tracts of stone
rode Scott of the Queensland Mounted to handle the job alone.

There's a pass from the Emu Pocket that crosses the high divide,
but it's slimy rocks in the darkness are a death-trap for those who ride,
When the sky to the eastward lightened and the hoofbeats came through
the grass,
Jack Scott of the Queensland Mounted was guarding the rocky pass.

'Halt in the'- the answer broke in on his sharp command;
and the bullets sang past his helmet and splintered the rock to sand,
and the echoes rang in the ranges; but who in the world could tame
the blood of a Queensland trooper when the rifles spat with flame?

Calmly, with pistols smoking, he walked through the hail of lead,
and then with the outlaws wounded and three of their horses dead,
he wiped the blood from his forehead with a tuft of the tall dead grass,
and Scott of the Queensland Mounted was King of the Emu Pass.

Old Cameron saddles a stockhorse that could run like a swift in flight,
and a black boy rode to the township with the news of the trooper's fight;
and the people thronged on the roadway and cheered to the echo then
as Scott of the Queensland Mounted rode in with his captured men.

Lex McLennan

Author Notes

The Queensland Mounted Police were first instituted in 1848 but the squatters of the Burnett and Condamine areas to protect themselves from the 'myalls' (Native Aboriginals) against whom they felt the need to protect themselves, families and livestock.

As a rule there was one or two white constables and several black troopers. The Aboriginal troopers were exceptional horsemen.

Even after the the Government Police force was established the QMP carried on for some years, patrolling thousands of miles the back-block areas of Queensland, where there were neither roads nor land marks.

There were always horse thieves and cattle duffers (thieves) to be hubted down even after the loal Aboriginal tribes posed no more threat to the white settlers.

© Lex McLennan.

G'day

It's 2014 and that means at Easter we will hold our second Stone the Crows Festival at Wagga Wagga. Our initial event outgrew the previous venue, necessitating our move to the Showgrounds, not far from the centre of town. We will have space to display all entries and there will be a Viewer's Choice Award as well. This year's theme is "Flowers" for our poetry, painting, drawings, quilts and embroidery gReyVee Awards. The number of entries for 2013 was just wonderful and our judges had a task to decide who would be the finalists and the eventual winners. Those creative people can be found on our website <http://stonethecrows.com.au/gReyVees-poetry.html>.

Onsite poetry competitions will be for Best Serious Bush Poet performance and Best Humorous Bush Poet performance.

For those who can't attend, the criteria are Best Original Poem (maximum 32 lines) and Best Original Limerick.

Entry forms can be downloaded from the website <http://stonethecrows.com.au/gReyVees.html>. You can email these to in-fo@stonethecrows.com.au or post to Stone the Crows Festival, Box 1450, Wagga Wagga 2650.

CLOSING DATE IS APRIL 14 for receipt of entries from off site entrants to give us time for our judges to do their bit.

We look forward to receiving your entries - you could win a gReyVee Award.

Chrissy, Grant and Jim, The Chief Crows

PS a few people have asked what is a **gReyVee** - it's a play on words - **grey** nomads who travel in **RVs** (recreational vehicles such as caravans, motorhomes, camper trailers, fifth wheelers, even tents). The idea is to recognize the skills, talents and expertise of our over 50 's who love this country as much as we do - fair dinkum Aussies.

Chrissy Eustace
One of The Chief Crows



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

January 2014 Muster Wrap up – Meg Gordon

MC for the evening was **Nancy Coe** and the show started at 7.10pm with a welcome to some visitors.

Special guest was **Mort Hansen** who was born in Broomehill and now resides with his wife and six children in Armidale. He has studied Bush Medicine and has had a go at acting. His main focus is teaching people about Bush Tucker and entertaining with the didgeridoo. He explained how to use the instrument and spoke about different sounds from different materials used to make it. He then gave us a few tunes which was much appreciated by the audience.

1 **John Hayes** started the evening with "Check Mate". During the 1960's Geoff Holmes worked in a shearing team from Tasmania that went on a run beginning in northern NSW and finished at Lawrenny Community Shed back in Tassie. One of the shearers always carried his hard earned wages and would not entertain the idea of putting the money in the bank. However, his shearing mates did eventually persuade him to open a cheque account, because they feared he might get mugged. Needless to say this man had never had a bank account let alone a cheque book and became indignant when the bank manager informed him that his account was overdrawn. Geoff related the story to John and he wrote the poem.

2 **Lesley McAlpine** gave us "Nancy of the Overtime" by Christine Hindhaugh. Banjo may have been amused!

3 **Marge Cobb** was next with "The Aussie Dunny" (Anon) Used for many things other than the obvious and toilet paper also comes in handy when catching rabbits.

4 **Ray Doyle** – "The Christmas Card". Sad tale of an English friend's battle with dementia. "New Year's Day". A seasonal piece encouraging the making and keeping new year resolutions. "Home Coming". A commemoration of the centenary of the start of the Great War and a reflection on how little we have learnt.

Dot Langley requested participants in the March Muster to concentrate on Western Australian authors.

5 **Caroline Sandbridge** recited another one of her poems (she is up to 84!) - Christmas at Albany.

6 **Nancy Coe** - "The Lass in the Female Factory" (Anon)

7 **Brian Langley** - "I Eat My Breakfast Sitting Down" Summer time for the Langleys involves moving to their beach house. Even though many aspects of living don't change from the city life, there are some that do, in particular, the morning ritual of getting up before the sun to go fishing (usually with little result). While the beach ritual involves eating "brekkie" on the run, the wife tells the fisherman that as soon as they return to the city, he can once again "eat his breakfast sitting down".

8 **Marge Cobb** – a poem called "Wanderlust" (Gerald Gould)

9 **Terry Piggot** – presented another of his poems "For the Love of Amy" The bedside vigil while a loved one is slowly fading away.

Maxine announced there was no supper as no one has stepped forward to take on this job.

Session 2 started with another rendition from **Mort Hanson**. He told a story about birds and animals using the didgeridoo to illustrate the sounds they make. We recognised the magpie, kookaburra, dingo, kangaroo. Then a lawn mower, Ford Falcon and a road train came on the scene.



1 **Rusty Christensen** – “Dipso Dan” (Jim Haynes) A tale of a NSW town with a colourful character who was a shearer, a drover as well as the town drunk.

2 A Reading from the Classics – **Wyn Tye** - Jack Sorrenson's “The Gun”. He is a top shearer.
- **Desiree Peta** – Henry Kendall's “The Last of His Tribe”

3 **John Hayes** - “Faces in the Street” (Henry Lawson) When Henry was at Petersham station, probably seeing about a job, he saw a sign that said 'Second Class Wait Here'. It reminded him of the poverty in Sydney at the time. His emotions were in turmoil and the key line of the poem came to him. He also penned other songs of freedom in support of Republicanism. John also made mention of the fact that Henry's mother wrote excellent poetry but she is not so well known.

4 **Caroline Stanbridge** her own poem “Bubonic Plague”

5 **Terry Piggott** - “When You Were By My Side” Terry writes of fond memories when his wife joined him when he went prospecting.

6 **Ray Doyle** - “The Comma”, “Cycle Paths”, “On Being Old”, “Cars”. All his own compositions.

7 **Lesley McAlpine** - “How's That” (Martin James Pattie) A cricket tragic.

8 **Jack Matthews** - “Pack of cards”. This is a recitation that was popularised in both the country and popular music fields, first during the late 1940's. It is a religious tale of a young American soldier who was arrested and charged with playing cards during a church service. He was brought before the provost marshal who demanded an explanation. He then sold the story of how the cards became his bible. It first became a hit in the US in 1948 by country musician, T. Texas Tyler. Though Tyler wrote the spoken-word piece, the earliest known reference is to be found in an account book belonging to Mary Bacon, a British farmer's wife, dated 20 April 1762.

9 **Brian Langley** - “The Forgotten Pioneers”. Brian's own poem which relates to the “White Australia Policy” that existed almost from the earliest European colonisation of Australia. It was all very well in theory, but WA, Qld and SA (incNT) would not have succeeded had it not been for the non-white pioneers who are rarely mentioned in the popular history of our pioneers – the Asians who gathered pearls and were also our country's veggie growers and remote shopkeepers, the “Kanakas” (people from Melanesia) who worked the Qld canefields and the “Afghan” cameleers without whom transport in the more remote regions would have been impossible.

Nancy thanked those who came. Evening finished at 9.40pm.



DREAMTIME FOOTSTEPS

Treading barefooted and naked,
yet steeped in dreamtime lore,
tribal groups revered this land
as had their kinfolk gone before.
To them much more than dirt and rock
this was their Mother earth
mingled with their soul and body
since that moment of their birth.

They knew well of human failings
for which Nature dealt harsh laws
for this land had scarce compassion,
no allowance for man's flaws.
Skills from scarred wise elders
were lessons handed down
with no room left for errors
across this land so dry and brown.

Each taught to read their land
to learn its dangers and its gifts -
where sustenance and water
lay hid amongst sand drifts.
Then suddenly came others
quite ignorant of this land
to sweep across destroying
a culture they couldn't understand.

'til now amongst the Spinifex
windswept grains of sand
whisper Dreamtime stories
of this ancient sunburnt land
but these are only understood
by lizard, snake, or bird,
for to those who tread there now
these soft voices stay unheard.

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Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2013—14

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| <u>Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:</u> | | | | |
| Robert Gunn | Sound gear set up | 0417099676 | | gun.hink@hotmail.com |
| Is this you? | Tea and biscuits | | | |
| Christine Boulton | Bully Tin Editor | 9364 8784 | | christineboulton7@bigpond.com |

Upcoming Events

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

February Muster at Bentley Park Auditorium, Plantation Drive, Bentley
 Boyup Brook Country Music Festival, 13-16th February

Nannup Music Festival Friday 28th February - Monday 3rd March 2014 with Peter Capp

Regular events

| | | |
|--------------------------|---|-----------------------------------|
| Albany Bush Poetry group | 4th Tuesday of each month | Peter 9844 6606 |
| Bunbury Bush Poets | Monday the 3rd Feb 14 at Parade Hotel at 07:00pm. | Contact: Alan Aitken 0400 249 243 |

Do YOU have any poetic events which need to go in this space?

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

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

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|--|--|--------------------------|--------------------|------------|
| 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.com Go to the "Performance Poets" page | <u>Members' Poetic Products</u> | 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 | CD |
| | Keith Lethbridge | books | Roger Cracknell | CDs, Book |

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