

# The

OCTOBER 2013

# BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



**Next Muster November 8th ,7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park  
MC October— MC. Dot Langley**

**Brian Langley** started muster proceedings with some housekeeping mainly about the Toodyay Festival with all the different things going on and news about a **Roadwise competition** that has some rules. It must be 16 lines and have the word "fatigue" somewhere in the body of the poem. There is also a chance for everyone to contribute with a poem to go on our **Poet tree**, this is a piece of wood suitably shaped like a tree and we will hang "leaves" on it hence the play on words, see Dot with your contribution. There is now some information about what's happening poetry wise for competitions in Tamworth so check out our web site for a more up to date listing both for our festival in Toodyay and other events in Tamworth and other places. With lots of happenings it is a good idea to regularly check out our web site as some things are changing almost daily and the information is always as up to date as can be.

### Important Messages to Fellow Poets and Club Members

Membership Fees are now due and it would be much appreciated if those who haven't paid yet would please attend to this as soon as possible.

Unfortunately ,The November Bully Tin will have to be the last one delivered to anyone who isn't a financial member.

You can contact our treasurer, Alan on 0400249243 or Email [aaik-ken@live.com.au](mailto:aaik-ken@live.com.au) Alan's postal address is below.

Alan Aitken Treasurer  
3b Palm Crt  
Eaton 6232

### Tentative Program for the Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival, incorporating the 2013 WA Bush Poets State Championships - November 1st—3rd 2013

**Friday 1st** from 11am - 3 workshops, Writing Bush Poetry, Performing Bush Poetry, Judging Performance Competitions  
Evening - Bush Poetry with Dinner at the Toodyay Bowling Club

**Saturday 2nd** Morning— State Championship events—Junior Original, Junior Other Poets work, Novice Original, Novice Other poets work  
Saturday Lunchtime Fun Written short Verse—Theme Road Safety, Opening Ceremony  
Saturday Afternoon State Championship events, Novice Classics Reader, Yarn Spinning, Contemporary# (other poets work post 1955)  
Saturday Evening Family Bush Dance with Greg Hastings and Co.

**Sunday 3rd** — Bush Poets brekky (Lions Club providing Brekkys)  
Sunday Morning - State Championship Events— Traditional #, Original Humorous#  
Sunday Lunch Time Poets Brawl - limited numbers - lines available from Friday lunchtime ,  
Sunday Afternoon Final Championship event, Original Serious # then Winners of Written Comp, Announcement of State Champion (combined results of 4 events # , Presentation of Awards, Close -

**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 -



President's Preamble November 2013

Spring has sprung, and with it a wonderful season across most of the agricultural areas of Western Australia. And with spring comes a big lineup of events featuring bush poetry. See back page for the upcoming events.

Robert Gunn, Dave Smith, Roger Cracknell and yours truly provided some genuine Australian culture at Charles Darwin Reserve, near Perenjori. Australian Bush Heritage were celebrating the tenth anniversary of them taking over White Wells Station and restoring the natural bushland. Geoff Cannon of ABC Geraldton conducted a series of very interesting interviews with local identities. We recited to a small audience between interviews. The day could have been much more successful if we were not challenged by having to share a tent with several trade stalls who raised the volume of their conversation above our PA system. Just goes to show that if you want a good bush poetry event you need a bush poet to organise it. Nevertheless, it was a very worthwhile venture north and we now have several new followers of bush poetry.

Off to Esperance show this weekend with Victoria Brown, Corin Lynch, Peg Vickers and Jim Riches. Then it is only two weekends to Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival. This promises to be a great event and I encourage everyone to get there, even if only for a day.

With all the windy weather through spring, remember you cannot control the wind but you can adjust the sails.

Bill Gordon

### **WANTED - Muster MC's & Classics Readers**

With Dave being on the sick list the Event Co-ordination role has been taken over temporarily by Terry Piggot. He is looking for members who would be willing to take on the role of MC or Classics Reader for 1 Muster each for the year ahead. There are guidelines to work with-in, for those who are unsure as to what is required, Please contact Terry .

## New Love New Life Henry Lawson 1867-1922

The cool breeze ripples the river below,  
And the fleecy clouds float high,  
And I mark how the dark green gumtrees match  
The bright blue vault of the sky.  
The rain has been, and the grass is green  
Where the slopes were bare and brown,  
And I see the things that I used to see  
In the days 'ere my head went down.

I have found a light in my long dark night,  
Brighter than stars or moon;  
I have lost the fear of the sunset drear,  
And the sadness of afternoon.  
Here let us stand while I hold your hand,  
Where the lights on your golden head -  
Oh! I feel the thrill that I used to feel  
In the days 'ere my heart was dead.

The storm's gone by, but my lips are dry  
And the old wrong rankles yet -  
Sweetheart or wife, I must take my new life  
From your red lips warm and wet.  
So let it be, you may cling to me,  
There is nothing on earth to dread,  
For I'll be the man that I used to be  
In the days 'ere my heart was dead.

### The Bush Two-up School (or A Game of Swy)



Old Bluey Jones still had the Kip and nine times he'd tossed heads,  
while Nugget Walker had the job of watching out for Feds.  
The Ring Boss kept an eye out making sure no bets were late  
and woe-be-tide the miscreant who didn't play it straight.

The bets were placed once more and Bluey tossed the pennies high  
and all their eyes were on them as they rose into the sky.  
Then down they came and hit the ground and turned up heads again,  
as Bluey did a war dance to the groans of losing men.

"I'll let it ride" old Bluey cried and beamed a wicked smile  
and dared the ring to cover him - "today I'll make my pile."  
Again all bets were covered and the coins were tossed once more,  
"It's heads again" the Ring Boss called and fifty blokes there swore.

You'd better halve your kitty now old Bluey's mates had cried,  
just one more time the old bloke said for luck is on my side.  
He placed the pennies on the kip with thousands in the pot,  
then tossed the coins and down came tails and lost the flam'en lot.

# The Prize Axe



I met him down in Tassie, in a little hard-ware shop,  
Where I couldn't help but notice all the trophies on the top  
Of almost every shelf, each one, an axe displayed;  
And with them many ribbons, a little old and frayed.

"Whose trophies are they?" I enquired, He answered, "They're all mine;  
I got them in my younger days, the last in sixty nine  
When I was over forty, I s'pose I did quite well,  
So sit your bum down if you've time, I've got a tale to tell."

He said he'd been an axeman for almost all his life,  
Long before he ever went and got himself a wife;  
He used to cut the firewood when he was just a lad  
And by the age of fifteen, was offsidin' to his dad

Out in the forest daily, with axe and wedge and saw  
Dropping giant swamp gum trees, two trees a day or more  
And quickly he developed, the skill that bought him fame,  
Log choppin' all around the world, there's many knew his name.

He'd first made National Champion when he was twenty one  
But now at eighty six years old his chopping days were done  
But he told me back, those years ago, the reason he was best  
Was the axe his old man gave him, the one he still possessed.

He'd got that axe that very year, when first he'd won the flag;  
Back then it was all shiny new, around its head, a bag  
Of finest leather, made to fit that razor sharp new blade;  
The handle, head and leather pouch, the best that could be made.

The best it seemed were up to scratch, as was the axeman too  
For they together showed the world, what Aussie axemen do.  
He went across to Canada and beat them all hands down;  
They didn't know what struck them, when he came into town.

And so for many, many years, in countries far and near  
As well as all round Aussieland he'd travelled every year  
Competing with the champions, and doing demos too;  
He'd always use his favourite axe, as axemen often do

"It's here," he said, "that very axe, now sixty five years old  
As sharp and shiny as it was when first I won the gold."  
Then gently, he caressed the axe; "In all that time," he said,  
"It's only had four handles and just one replacement head."

© Brian Langley June 7<sup>th</sup> 2013

## UPCOMING MUSTERS

**November - MC—Jack Matthews 93619793**

[galloping.jack@westnet.com.au](mailto:galloping.jack@westnet.com.au)

Classics reader - Teresa Rose

**December - Christmas Muster,**

"Pies, Port and Poetry " with Giant raffle

**MC Grace Williamson**

Classics reader Heather Denholm

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Maxine has requested that this poem written by her late friend, **Norm Eaton**, be included in this Bully Tin.

### SING SONG TIME

We have all had a sing-song  
So that means the song we sang,  
For there are always those who sing some songs,  
And there are other songs who none will sing.  
But still for them it's a song well sung  
By those who sang at the old sing-song.

Now some are trained to sing songs well.  
So when they sing, what a song well sung!  
Some sing high, and some sing low,  
And some sing solo, because they sing well.

Others sing times at the old sing-song,  
Are a one two three, with a waltz time sang.  
Others march on to a march time sung,  
Or slumber on to a slumber song.

Whatever the song, sing on who sang!  
Or those sing none, who little they sing,  
But listen with joy to songs sung well,  
By those with songs of joy to sing,



## The Reverend Mullineux

I'd reckon his weight as eight-stun-eight,  
And his height as five-foot-two,  
With a face as plain as an eight-day clock  
And a walk as brisk as a bantam-cock --  
Game as a bantam, too,  
Hard and wiry and full of steam,  
That's the boss of the English Team,  
Reverend Mullineux!

Makes no row when the game gets rough --  
None of your "Strike me blue!"  
"Yous wants smacking across the snout!"  
Plays like a gentleman out-and-out --  
Same as he ought to do.  
"Kindly remove from off my face!"  
That's the way that he states his case,  
Reverend Mullineux.

Kick! He can kick like an army mule --  
Run like a kangaroo!  
Hard to get by as a lawyer-plant,  
Tackles his man like a bull-dog ant --  
Fetches hom over too!  
Didn't the public cheer and shout  
Watchin' him chuckin' big blokes about,  
Reverend Mullineux!

Scrimmage was packed on his prostrate form,  
Somehow the ball got through --  
Who was it tackled our big half-back,  
Flinging him down like an empty sack,  
Right on our goal-line too?  
Who but the man that we thought was dead,  
Down with a score of 'em on his head,  
Reverend Mullineux.

Andrew Barton Paterson-*The Reverend Mullineux*  
is Maxine Richter's great Uncle.(True story)

## Breakfast on Air

Breakfast starts at 5am,  
On 6PR or 96FM.  
I listen to breakfast on the air,  
And sometimes ring up, if I dare.  
Early on I listen to talk back radio,  
Which can be a very interesting show.  
I try to get on the thousand dollar minute,  
You have to be quick if you want to win it.  
Later I listen to 96FM,  
The music they play is really a gem.  
I listen to breakfast on the air,  
While eating cereal in my chair.  
Breakfast starts at 5am,  
Morning radio is really a gem

by Caroline Sambridge



## Welcome to the Guildford Hotel

Welcome to the Guildford Hotel  
It's become an outdoor motel,  
Now all the crows and pigeons live there,  
It's all gutted and totally bare.  
It happened several years ago,  
To the clientele it was a bitter blow.  
The hotel was burnt and went up in smoke  
It made the firemen cough and choke.  
People say they did it for the cash  
It was an act that was rather stupid and rash.  
Some people want to renovate the place  
But I think they're stupid and off their face.  
I think they should pull it down  
And make it a snazzy part of town.  
Welcome to the Guildford Hotel.  
Let's rebuild this old hotel.

by Caroline Sambridge

## Our own Terry Piggott won the Book of the Year in 2013.



**STOP PRESS:** Tamworth 2014 The Blackened Billy Comp is now open, (closes 30th November) as is the Bush Laureate awards (Close 28th October) - details of both are on the ABPA web-site (Competitions Page) .NB: **30th November 2013 Entries close for the 2014 ABPA Blackened Billy Written Verse Competition**

Winners announced at West League Club, West Tamworth on Friday, 24 January 2014.

Contact: janmorris33@bigpond.com  
Or send stamped-addressed envelope to  
Tamworth Poetry Reading Group,  
PO box 3001,  
West Tamworth NSW 2340



## Can you help?

We need a couple more committee people in the city - it would be preferable (but not essential) if they had internet as we use this medium to hold our monthly committee meetings - Anyone interested, please contact any of the current committee members - details on the Bully Tin's back page.



## Christmas Raffle

Everyone loves a raffle and now is the time to start bringing in your prizes for December. We ask everyone to bring in a small prize, if they are able for our bumper Christmas raffle. Please

## Sweeney

It was somewhere in September, and the sun was going down,  
When I came, in search of `copy', to a Darling-River town;  
`Come-and-have-a-drink' we'll call it -- 'tis a fitting name, I  
think --  
And 'twas raining, for a wonder, up at Come-and-have-a-drink.

'Neath the public-house verandah I was resting on a bunk  
When a stranger rose before me, and he said that he was  
drunk;  
He apologised for speaking; there was no offence, he swore;  
But he somehow seemed to fancy that he'd seen my face be-  
fore.

`No erfence,' he said. I told him that he needn't mention it,  
For I might have met him somewhere; I had travelled round a  
bit,  
And I knew a lot of fellows in the bush and in the streets --  
But a fellow can't remember all the fellows that he meets.

Very old and thin and dirty were the garments that he wore,  
Just a shirt and pair of trousers, and a boot, and nothing more;  
He was wringing-wet, and really in a sad and sinful plight,  
And his hat was in his left hand, and a bottle in his right.

His brow was broad and roomy, but its lines were somewhat  
harsh,  
And a sensual mouth was hidden by a drooping, fair moustache;  
(His hairy chest was open to what poets call the `wined',  
And I would have bet a thousand that his pants were gone be-  
hind).

He agreed: `Yer can't remember all the chaps yer chance to  
meet,'  
And he said his name was Sweeney -- people lived in Sussex-  
street.  
He was campin' in a stable, but he swore that he was right,  
`Only for the blanky horses walkin' over him all night.'

He'd apparently been fighting, for his face was black-and-blue,  
And he looked as though the horses had been treading on him,  
too;  
But an honest, genial twinkle in the eye that wasn't hurt  
Seemed to hint of something better, spite of drink and rags and  
dirt.

It appeared that he mistook me for a long-lost mate of his --  
One of whom I was the image, both in figure and in phiz --  
(He'd have had a letter from him if the chap were living still,  
For they'd carried swags together from the Gulf to Broken Hill.)

Sweeney yarned awhile and hinted that his folks were doing  
well,  
And he told me that his father kept the Southern Cross Hotel;  
And I wondered if his absence was regarded as a loss  
When he left the elder Sweeney -- landlord of the Southern  
Cross.

He was born in Parramatta, and he said, with humour grim,  
That he'd like to see the city ere the liquor finished him,  
But he couldn't raise the money. He was damned if he could  
think  
What the Government was doing. Here he offered me a drink.

I declined -- 'Twas self-denial -- and I lectured him on booze,  
Using all the hackneyed arguments that preachers mostly use;  
Things I'd heard in temperance lectures (I was young and ra-  
ther green),  
And I ended by referring to the man he might have been.

Then a wise expression struggled with the bruises on his face,  
Though his argument had scarcely any bearing on the case:  
`What's the good o' keepin' sober? Fellers rise and fellers fall;  
What I might have been and wasn't doesn't trouble me at all.'

But he couldn't stay to argue, for his beer was nearly  
gone.  
He was glad, he said, to meet me, and he'd see me later  
on;  
He guessed he'd have to go and get his bottle filled  
again,  
And he gave a lurch and vanished in the darkness and  
the rain.

.....  
And of afternoons in cities, when the rain is on the land,  
Visions come to me of Sweeney with his bottle in his  
hand,  
With the stormy night behind him, and the pub verandah  
-post --  
And I wonder why he haunts me more than any other  
ghost.

Still I see the shearers drinking at the township in the  
scrub,  
And the army praying nightly at the door of every pub,  
And the girls who flirt and giggle with the bushmen from  
the west --  
But the memory of Sweeney overshadows all the rest.

Well, perhaps, it isn't funny; there were links between us  
two --  
He had memories of cities, he had been a jackeroo;  
And, perhaps, his face forewarned me of a face that I  
might see  
From a bitter cup reflected in the wretched days to be.

.....  
I suppose he's tramping somewhere where the bushmen  
carry swags,  
Cadging round the wretched stations with his empty  
tucker-bags;  
And I fancy that of evenings, when the track is growing  
dim,  
What he `might have been and wasn't' comes along and  
troubles him.

Henry Lawson :

## Jack Matthews gave the October reading from the classics and read the poem Sweeney, by Henry Lawson.



## Quote of the Month

When you make a mistake, don't look back  
at it long. Take the reason of the thing into  
your mind, and then look forward. Mistakes  
are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be  
changed. The future is yet in your power.  
-Phyllis Bottome

### How's That!

In 1959 young Dougie Brown was just a kid,  
and playing cricket seemed to be the only thing he did.  
The last game of the season was when Brownie made the  
team,  
to play with Old Kulara's men was Dougies childhood dream.



He strode out to the middle underneath his baggy hat,  
he felt like he was first drop - but eleventh he did bat.  
Twas overs end - so Brownie stood beside the surly Ump,  
and watched the bowler's seamer take the batsman's middle stump.

The fielders stopped, the bowler too - as wicket ten did fall,  
the kid down at non-strikers end - he hadn't faced a ball.  
"Hey let the young bloke have a bat" his skipper made the bid,  
the Ump said "Last man's tucker? No! Not even for the kid".

Young Dougie dawdled off the ground - he knew without a doubt,  
that though he never faced a ball his score card read 'not out'.  
And summer nights in summer dreams he blazed his maiden run,  
for in his mind his willow rang - the season had begun.

But Old Kulara Cricket Ground he'd never see again,  
they built a dam and drowned the town the next monsoonal rain.  
With country good for farming where the Barron flowed on through,  
they flooded Old Kulara town - its cricket oval too.

And Dougie Brown looked over where he made his big debut,  
and all he saw; the waters of the Lake called Tinaroo.  
Then Dougie Brown moved on to live a fine and fruitful life,  
he sired kids and worked real hard and loved his darling wife.

And even though the oval and the town had long been drowned,  
he dearly held his memories of Old Kulara Ground.  
Then years went by when rainfall stats were looking pretty crook,  
not Bradmanesque, but old El Nino made the record book.

Then 50 years since last Kularas cricketing event,  
the ground emerged as Tinaroo got down to 12 per cent.  
Old Brownie made the pilgrimage and locals gathered 'round,  
and tears fell on the hardened mud of Dougies hallowed ground.

They braced the Old Kulara bridge with scaffold and support,  
what else to do in times of drought but play a game of sport.  
Old Brownie loved tradition and his glory days were past,  
said "Look you blokes, for old time's sake, I reckon I'll bat last".

So when young Stumpy Mullet skied a catch to deep third man,  
old Brownie strode out on the ground - the chanting crowd began.  
But in all the excitement just one factor had been lost,  
for whilst the ball was in the air the batsmen they had crossed.

And Brownie, he felt de ja vu when down non-strikers end,  
he watched his partner face a ball unable to defend.  
They all just looked at Brownie when the wicket stumps were broke,  
nobody said a word or moved, then Brownies skipper spoke.

"Old Brownies last man's tucker, ay - let's give the bloke a bat"  
his opposite said "fair enough - can't disagree with that".  
So Brownie strode on down the pitch, his heart was filled with joy,  
the moment he had waited for since he was just a boy.

He scanned the field then took his guard - just outside middle stump,  
when thunder bolted from above that nearly made him jump.  
Before the bowler turned to bowl, before he'd reached his mark,  
the wind it whipped, the sky closed in and got almighty dark.

Then like a tap was turned - the sky it made a rumbling sound,  
an inch of rain had fallen down before they'd fled the ground.  
They bolted to the Kairi Pub and drank to Dougie Brown,  
as water rose and slowly covered Old Kulara town.

The spillway thundered over after 16 days of rain,  
would Old Kulara cricket pitch be ever seen again?  
They don't play "last man's tucker" there - but Brownies still 'not out'  
He never broke his willow in, but Boy! He broke the drought.

And Dougie Brown can raise a glass to Old Kularas fate,  
The only "last man's tucker" there is barramundi bait.  
By Martin James Pattie

[www.martinpattie.com.au](http://www.martinpattie.com.au)

### URGENT

We are in urgent need of  
someone to take over the  
tea-break duties for our Mus-  
ters, and we would  
be grateful to any-  
one who will volun-  
teer for this duty.  
Maxine is very  
kindly filling in for  
us at the moment, but won't  
be available in the near fu-  
ture. Please note that we will  
only be serving tea, coffee  
and biscuits from now on.



### CURLEW

Curlew how I feared your cry  
When I was but a child-  
And in the night your mournful sound  
Would rise from out the wild.

There in the dark I'd hear your call  
And cover both my ears  
While no amount of reasoning  
Would cast away my fears.

But slowly progress takes its toll  
And one day you were gone,  
No one is sure exactly when  
The world just carries on.

Sometimes I pondered on your fate,  
Foxes, cats or men  
And then on travels far away  
I heard your call again.

Still that ghostly eerie song  
That penetrates the night  
Yet how your mournful sad refrain  
Now fills me with delight.

For sound becomes as music when  
It pleases heart and mind  
And the gloomy past impressions  
Are truly left behind.

Curlew, as the night de-  
scends  
Shy and cautious bird  
May your song however  
strange  
Somewhere be always  
heard.



Peg Vickers

## **SAVING THE WATER**

Fred lived in the out-back  
On dusty arid plain  
And learnt to skin a rabbit  
Before he saw it rain.  
When people came to visit  
Invariably he found  
They used far too much water  
Unless he was around.  
So he trained his cockatoo  
To protest loud and good  
If it thought someone was using  
More water than they should.  
That cocky learned so quickly  
And Fred was pleased as punch  
Rewarding it with biscuits  
And peanuts for its lunch.  
Now the cocky heard this lady  
In the shower with her cap on  
Deciding she'd been in there  
Too long with the tap on.  
It screamed in through the window,  
"Just take a look at that  
You've had the water running  
Long enough to drown a cat."  
The lady was embarrassed  
Thinking it was Fred,  
"How dare you look at me  
In such a way" she said.  
Then came the smart reply  
From that cheeky cockatoo  
"I'm doing it for peanuts,  
Not to look at you."  
Fred saw the lady leaving,  
Driving down the track,  
Shouting as she passed him,  
"And I won't be coming back."  
Now Fred trains cockatoos  
For stations by the score  
And the water they are saving  
Could float a dinosaur.

Peg Vickers

**Albany member Peg Vickers won two first prizes at the Kingaroy Eisteddfod. Congratulations, Peg.**



## **Are you checking the Australian Bush Poet's Association web page?**

**If you are interested in entering written competitions many of them are there with links to their entry forms.**

### **16th November 2013 SHOALHAVEN TIMBER FESTIVAL**

BUSH POETS PERFORMANCE COMPETITION (entries will be taken on the day)  
The winners and place-getters of the Written Competition will be announced during the Festival  
John Davis 37 George Avenue Kings Point NSW 2539  
email: jda76436@bigpond.net.au

### **11 - 13 October 2013, Benalla Entertainment Muster, Benalla Bowls Club, NE Victoria.**

Poets Breakfasts, Workshops, Walkups, and Victorian Song Championships.  
Original and Non-Original Song categories with an overall Song Champion,  
Enquiries to Jan Lewis info@vbpma.com.au  
Home 275B Cudgewa Valley Road, Cudgewa...3705  
Phone & Fax (02) 60774332 MOB: 0422848707

### **11th - 13th October 2013, Walkamin Country Music Bush Poetry Competition**

Walk up poets are welcome.  
Contact;  
Kay Kiely  
PO Box 1798  
Mareeba. Q. 4880

### **18 October 2013, International Cowboy Poetry Written Competition**

**Hosted by the Hunter Bush Poets**

<http://hunterbushpoets.org.au/poetry-rodeo/entry-form.html>  
[\\$1000 in Prize Money](#)



## **URGENT**

We are desperately in need of a Librarian, all books are now stored at the Bentley Park Auditorium, so this makes it a relatively easy job.  
At the moment Maxine & Nancy are shouldering the extra load but surely someone could assist us with this? Meanwhile if anyone needs to order books Maxine can be contacted on 0429339002 and Nancy on 94725303  
For anyone on the internet there is a list of titles on our Library page .

## **October Muster 2013**

The MC for the night was **Dot Langley** and with some of our usual performers away in the country the program looked a bit bare but thankfully there were enough plus a chance for a "newie" to get up and do a poem.

Our first presenter was **Terry Piggott** with one of his own **The Toss of the Coins**. Old Bluey had the "kip" (the board on which the coins are placed before tossing them up in the air) and he was running hot with nine times he had won the pot. With the ring boss looking out for any who didn't play it straight. As the next toss is made Old Bluey lets it ride and he is a winner again!!! But on the last toss with his winnings in the middle lady luck ran out and he lost the flam'en lot.

**Caroline Sambridge** with her **Welcome to the Guildford Hotel** where the crows and the pigeons are living there now that its gutted and quite bare. The hotel was burnt with a suggestion that it was done for cash. Perhaps they should tear it down and rebuild a snazzy new one.

With her second one **Breakfast on Air** she likes listening to breakfast on the air and taking part in talk back radio. It can be very interesting as she tries to win prizes and listen to the great music.

With brand new poem **Brian Langley** with his **The ANZAC Untold Story** which is a very long poem read this amazing story about the why the Anzac legend became part of our history. When WWI commenced, thousands of young Australian and New Zealand men flocked to join the cause to go to Flanders and help the British and the French drive the Germans out of where they were entrenched in Flanders. While they were en route to training camps in England, the English recruits were on the verge of mutiny due to poor conditions. The British Generals could see a lot more trouble ahead should these wild unruly, disrespectful colonials arrive in the midst of these troubles. Consequently they were kept in Egypt. They were still there four months later when the Galipolli Campaign was dreamed up – The British Generals saw this as a means of occupying these foreign troops and so it was that the ANZAC's landed in Galipolli and a legend was created.

(**A Note from Nancy** - what a marvelous story keep them coming Brian )

**Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge** with his mouth organ gave a lovely haunting rendition of The Navaho Trail. With **We're all Getting too Flamin' Old** he told the story about its time to get ready for shearing, but everybody reckons they're too flamin' old. Everybody apart from Mother McQ! She has a few choice words to say on the subject and that jogs "the old infirm" back into action.

With **Will Ogilvie's My Hat! - Kerry Bowe** gave us the many uses this old hat can be put to. Like swatting flies or lifting a pot from the fire this hat was all that a man could desire. It was spotted and stained from the weather and there was more than one hole in the crown but he would not have taken on the best London made topper in exchange for his battered hat.

When **Barry Higgins** joined her for a duet they performed **The Unlikely Bed Mates by Betsy Chase**. When three gentlemen asked the farmer for lodging he indicated that the house could only fit in two so one must go to the shed. So the Indian along with a Politician stayed in the house whilst the Jew went out to the shed. He came back indicating that he couldn't sleep where a pig was housed. The Indian said he would go instead but again there came a knocking and the Indian said that there was a cow and whilst they are sacred he couldn't sleep with one. The Politician said he would then go. But an even louder knocking came and there standing on the step was a pig and a jersey cow!!

**Barry** then stayed at the microphone and gave a yarn about local elections and followed with **Local Government by Blue the Shearer**.

**Christine Boulton** is in a writing mood and had written a poem for the serious section of the Toodyay competition that she wanted to try out.

**Perth's Swan** told of her memories of the Swan River as a child living South of the river. She hopes it will be there for her grand-children to create their own wonderful memories. This proved an interesting topic choice as the poem sparked a lot of discussion in the audience at the tea break with everyone recounting their own stories

**Leslie Mc Alpine** was also trying out a poem for her entry at Toodyay, **Scotties Wild Stuff Stew by Francis Humphris Brown** is a tale about the cook being challenged to cook up a proper stew. So everyone helps him gather the ingredients, like a mother mouse and a lizard along with some hairy things that went into the stew. There was a moments hesitation when a spider with a red spot on its back was put into the stew but along with everything else it was cooked and served up to the Mc Cabe the Jackeroo. Well he said it was the best he had tasted yet until we took him around to see exactly what had gone into the stew. Well he got the shakes and we rushed him to the homestead where they told him it was just the flu but we knew better it was Scottys wild stuff stew.

And now for supper.

**Terry Piggott** again with one of his own about a subject that is hard to write about but is equally hard to hear. A poem that perhaps is not applauded very loudly because the audience is still held in breathless awe at the tragedy told here. **When Love is not Enough** starts at the graveside for a young mother who is being mourned, but it is her life before that is being told. About this young single mother who had been told that her much beloved baby son was dying but she would fight with everything she possessed to save him. Her success was only a fleeting time as her and her son got to spend only 12 years together before he very quickly succumbed to his illness. She had lost the will to live and her life was threatened now with a lifetime sentence of a broken heart. Her final wish was to rest with her beloved son.

**With our Readings from the Classics Jack Mathews chose Sweeny by Henry Lawson.**

This is perhaps a story somewhat close to Henry's heart as he struggled with drink all his life. When looking for a place to stay I came across a stranger who told me that he was drunk and that I looked like a friend of his. He was old and thin and dirty and really in a sad and sinful sight. He had his hat in left hand and a bottle in his right and he told me his story of his life. He refused to listen to my lectures about booze and he wouldn't stay to argue for his beer was nearly gone. Then he gave a lurch and vanished.

With one of **Syd Hopkinson's ,The Illiterate Stockman ,Barry Higgins** told the story of the stockman who made some money and then came to town to spend it.

**Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge** seems to have a multitude of musical instruments and with his "spoons" played the rhythm for **The Old Bullock Dray** and changed the key 3 times to demonstrate the versatility of having a set of spoons just to give some background rhythm to a poem. With his own **The Wombat** he tells us daughters are a great delight, but when they reach a certain age, a Father has to pay close attention to the caliber of boy - friends that hang around. This particular bloke is known as "The Wombat" because he eats roots and leaves (or something) Cobber's got the shot gun ready and old Fido's off the chain!

**Christine Boulton with The Sandy Hollow Line by Duke Tritton** tells the story of a powder monkey working on the railway line during the depression in Australia. The work was hard and men were treated like cattle. The overseers had no compassion and men were viewed as dispensable. This poem was graphic in its imagery and reveals the bitterness by the workers at the inhumane way they were treated.

With the advent of Television we changed our speech. So with **Speaking Strine Brian Langley** tells us that prior to the coming of TV there were many flies in Australia, not only in the bush but in the cities too. We adapted our speech to cater for the fact we didn't want to swallow any flies. Around the time that TV came, there were many other social changes, which had the effect of reducing the flies in cities. Thus it was that we were able to speak much clearer, like the people on TV (a lot different to nowadays) without the threat of consuming flies. But - in the bush locals still talk with their mouth closed as there are still flies in those regions.

With one of **Bill Kearns poems The 3 Legged Chook, Jack Matthews** presented this 2 minute poem about when he was driving past a poultry farm when this chook came tearing past like a feathered maniac. But instead of two legs running past the chook had three!! He couldn't catch him so he shot into the farmyard as he just had to find out more. The bloke gave his just smile as he told him that he had been breeding 3 legged chooks for quite a while as his family of three liked the drumsticks but the only problem they had yet to catch one!!!

**Lesley McAlpine** wrote this poem a while ago but has updated it, in **Confetti** she tells of the frustration that the Minister has when he sees the wedding parties throwing confetti everywhere and he is left to try and clean it up. So a lad is employed to clean up these little dots of coloured paper but he sweeps and brushes to no avail as the dots stayed there still. Until in determination and refusing defeat the church is now clean and gleaming coz he has bought a dust buster!!

A poem from **Meryle Mannoy** sent to Brian a while back was presented by **Dot Langley** and is called **Relief Beyond Belief** and is pointing out the problems of using one of these new fangled Autoloo's. With instructions being issued by a hidden voice and other notices pasted all over the place indicating where toilet paper is to be dispensed and water for washing hands and always the voice of Big Brother telling the sitter what to do and how long is left to do it. As you leave the place Big Brother's words are few as 'he' thanks you for using Autoloo.

As we had some time to go although there seemed to be that everyone had a different time on their watches **Caroline Sambridge** put up her hand to do an extra one. **Barbie the Garbage Doll** is amongst the 73 poems that she has written so far this year!!! Congratulations to her for such a prolific output.

A big welcome to **Jane Derrell** and her family for the first time at one of our musters. Jane presented her poem which unfortunately we didn't get to find out the name or who wrote it. It was about two brothers getting the better of Ned Kelly.

**Christine Boulton** was to finish off the night's entertainment with **Michaels Treasure or The Op Shop Romance**. Christine performed this poem as a trial run a few months ago and has now learnt and polished this love story about a diffident couple from Busselton

But it was discovered that we still had a little time left so **Dot Langley** presented one of **Louisa Lawson's** poems, **An Australian Song**, where she writes almost like an Anthem of gathering our selves and showing our pride of being Australian for "we hail from a land that is great and grand, and the pride of the Southern sea, 'Tis a sunny land, 'tis a golden land, And the home of the brave and free". How true, her words just resonate with me

**NOTE FOR POETS** It is your responsibility to write a **SYNOPSIS OF THE POEM/S THAT YOU ARE PERFORMING OR PRESENTING**. This will help everyone involved with the write ups.

These notes were written with help from Nancy who kept the performers names and their poems in order for me. I have added the comments or summaries about the night's presentations. **Dot**

**Many thanks to Dot and Nancy for this write up.**

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Is this you?	Librarian		

Upcoming Events

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

**Friday 1st-Sunday 3rd November Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival, including State Championships**  
**Friday, 8th November 7pm November Muster, Bentley Park**

**Saturday 9th November, Albany Show, Peter Blyth**

Have a go Day: Wednesday November 13th

Regular events

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets	Every second month Monday 7pm Parade Hotel, Austral Parade, Bunbury	Alan Aitken 0400 249 243

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](http://www.abpa.org.au) or [www.bushverse.com](http://www.bushverse.com)

**Don't forget our website**  
**[www.wabushpoets.asn.au](http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au) or [www.wabushpoets.com](http://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**

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 <a href="http://www.wabushpoets.com">www.wabushpoets.com</a> Go to the "Performance Poets" page	<b>Members' Poetic Products</b>	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		
	Keith Lethbridge	books		

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