



Next Muster March 2nd 7.30pm MC Grace Williamson

Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Drive Bentley 6102,

**THIS DAY IN HISTORY**

Sunday 1st January

**Australian History:**

**1856** - Queen Victoria approves a petition to rename the island of Van Diemen's Land 'Tasmania' in honour of Dutch explorer Abel Tasman

**1864** - The first Queensland route of famous coach company, Cobb Y & Co is established

**1901** - The Commonwealth of Australia is proclaimed

**World History:**

**1622** - January 1 is declared as the first day of the year.

**A Bush Christmas**

CJ Dennis

The sun burns hotly thro' the gums  
as down the road old Rogan comes -  
The hatter from the lonely hut  
Beside the track to Woolly butt,  
He likes to spend his Christmas with us here.

He says a man gets sort of strange  
Livin' alone without a change.  
Gets sort of settled in his way;  
And so he comes each Christmas Day  
to share our bite of tucker and a beer.

Dad and the boys have nought to do,  
Except a stray odd job or two.  
Along the fence or in the yard,  
"It ain't a day for workin' hard."  
Says Dad; "One day a year don't matter much."

And then, dishevelled, hot and red,  
Mum thro' the doorway puts her head  
And says, "This Christmas cooking! My!  
The sun's near fit for cookin' by."  
Upon her word she never did see such.

"Your fault," says Dad. "You know it is.  
Plum pudding! On a day like this,  
An' roasted turkeys! Spare me days!  
I can't get over women's ways.  
In climates such as this the thing's all wrong!"

A bit of cold corn-beef an' bread  
Would do us very well instead."  
Then Rogan says, "You're right; it's hot.  
It makes a feller drink a lot."  
And Dad gets up and says, "Well, come along."

The dinner's served - full bite and sup.  
"Come on," says Mum, "Now all sit up."

The meal takes on a festive air;  
And even father eats his share  
And passes up his plate to have some more.  
He laughs and says it's Christmas time,  
"That's cookin', Mum. The stuffing's prime."  
But Rogan pauses once to praise,  
Then eats as tho' he'd starved for days.  
And pitches turkey bones outside the door.

The sun burns hotly thro' the gums,  
The chirping of the locusts comes  
Across the paddocks parched and grey.  
:Whew!" wheezes Father. "What a day!"  
And sheds his vest. For coats no man had need.  
Then Rogan shoves his plate aside  
And sighs, as sated men have sighed.  
At many boards in many climes  
On many other Christmas times.  
"By gum!" he says, "That was a slap-up feed!"

Then, with his black pipe well alight,  
Old Rogan brings the kids delight  
By telling o'er again his yarns  
Of Christmas tide 'mid English barns  
When he was, long ago, a farmer's boy.  
His old eyes glisten as he sees  
Half glimpses of old memories,  
Of whitened fields and winter snows,  
And yuletide logs and mistletoes,  
And all that half-forgotten, hallowed joy.

The children listen, mouths agape,  
And see a land with no escape  
From biting cold and snow and frost -  
A land to all earth's brightness lost,  
A strange and freakish Christmas land to them.  
But Rogan, with his dim old eyes  
Grown far away and strangely wise  
Talks on; and pauses but to ask  
"Ain't there a drop more in that cask?"  
And father nods; but Mother says "Ahem!"

The sun slants redly thro' the gums  
As quietly the evening comes,  
And Rogan gets his old grey mare,  
That matches well his own grey hair,  
And rides away into the setting sun.  
"Ah well," says Dad, "I got to say  
I never spent a lazier day.  
We ought to get the top fence wired."  
"My!" sighs poor Mum, "But I am tired!  
An' all that washing up still to be done."

# Wishing all our members and families a very happy and prosperous new year!!

May the year ahead be filled with lots of love and joy, good health and great friendships.

On January 1st 1901, the Commonwealth of Australia came into being, when the Federal Constitution was proclaimed by the Governor General, Lord Hopetoun. This brought the six states under one constitution. And so, as the new year dawns, it is a good time to look back on our history, and reflect on where we have come from, and where we are going. In the ever-popular song that is sung on new years eve, the words, Auld Lang Syne, are loosely translated as 'times gone by' or 'for old times'. Will Ogilvies poem of the same name, to me, perfectly captures the sense of reflection while moving onwards that our ancestors faced as they came to Australia

## Auld Lang Syne

O, it's southward from Southampton and she takes the Channel gay,  
But many a heart is bleeding as she stands across the bay;  
And it may be just a parting where we've know a hundred more,  
Yet many a heart is breaking as the tender swings ashore;  
And the handkerchiefs are waving, ship to steamer, line to line,  
And a wail's upon the water in the words of *Auld Lang Syne*

O, it's misty in the Channel and it's stormy in the Bay,  
And the lights are dropping backward as she leaves them east away;  
And she steadies in the blue water where the sunny islands swoon,  
With the sailors singing forward, and the guests in the saloon;  
And they'll sing the old songs over from the Gib Rock to the Line,  
But they cannot drown the music of *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*.

O, she's round the Austral headlands and she's rocking through the Rip,  
While all her throbbing engines drum the triumph of the trip;  
And it's gently through the shipping, and it's slowly to the Quay,  
And the band has started playing this, the dearest tune to me;  
And they're streaming down the gangway with a farewell to the brine,  
And we leave her as we joined her, to the strains of *Auld Lang Syne*.

We have heard the ringing chorus shake the iron on the roofs,  
While outside the bridles jingle to the stamp of restless hoofs;  
We have sped - how many comrades - from the homestead and the hall,  
Watched them fading in the silence to the grandest march of all;

While some hearts were beating proudly to the lilt of every line,  
And some others nearly breaking for the sake of *Auld Lang Syne*.

We have sung it o'er the last glass when the morn was breaking gray,  
Hands crossed and double chorus in the old time honoured way;  
We have sung it in our exile till the heartleap and the croon  
Brought us back the brown hills' whisper and the nodding blue-bells' tune;  
And the old, old loves are toasted in our cups of brimming wine  
While our hearts beat out the music to the words of *Auld Lang Syne*.

It has marked us many partings, it has cost us countless tears,  
It has brought us hopes unanswered from the dimness of the years.  
It is shaded with Life's sorrow, it is crossed with broken bands,  
And the bitterness of kisses and the grief of parting hands -  
*But so long as Earth has music, and so long as red stars shines,*  
*We shall gather and go outward to the tune of Auld Lang Syne.*

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## Unique Opportunity - Rare Book for Sale

1924 Book "Dryblowers Verses" for sale

It is in quite good condition, the cover has a bit of scuffing and the pages have yellowed inside but the spine and binding is very strong. There are a couple of newspaper clippings glued into the back cover of the book. Due to it's rarity I have it for sale on the Internet for \$250 at the moment (there is another for \$350) I am quite happy to let it go for \$150.

Anybody wanting to buy it please contact Linda at [trevlin2@bigpond.com](mailto:trevlin2@bigpond.com)

## Submissions for the Bully Tin

Just a quick reminder to everyone that this is *your* newsletter. Please feel free to submit your poems for inclusion, keeping in mind the need for size constraints.



## PA System Workshop

Bearing in mind that after Australia Day 2012, Brian will be unavailable for extended periods and that at this time THERE IS STILL NOBODY who knows how to set up our PA system - (or for that matter just what it is that we have,) Brian has taken it on himself to run a workshop on setting up and operating small - medium PA Systems.

Available days are very limited as is the time needed for finding venues etc so -

as it is not expected that there will be a huge number of people attending, he will run it at his home on **Sunday**

**January 15th commencing 10am** - There will be a charge of \$20 each which will include notes, morning tea and a light lunch.

Please contact Brian ASAP on 9361 3770 to confirm if you will be attending, and for catering purposes.

Please remember that the more people that know how to set up and operate our PA system, the less the load will fall on others. The system will be required for events outside the musters, and so it is imperative that someone knows and understands it.

And a big thank you to Brian for organizing the workshop!!

Talking about reflecting and moving forward - how many of us set our new year resolutions each year, only to see them sadly fall by the wayside?? Perhaps we should be setting ourselves small, but realistic goals throughout the year, instead of trying to change everything over night?!?!

### New Years Resolutions

Brian Langley

Now Christmas time has come and went,  
the food's been et, the money spent.

I've sung the songs and drunk the booze.  
My friends have been, I've heard their news.

Now's time to change the life I've led,  
and plan for times that lie ahead.

To make my resolutions clear  
about the things I'll change next year.

Like ride my bike instead of driving,  
be on time when I'm arriving.

Drink less booze and eat less fat,  
wear some sunscreen and a hat.

Say hello to folks I meet  
when I'm jobbing down the street.

Wear a smile the whole day long.  
Don't do things I know are wrong.

The list goes on for several pages,  
to write it down has taken ages.

I read it back then think, "Oh Dear!  
It's exactly what I wrote, last year!"

**FOR SALE: Reprint of historic book** - "The Boulder Block and other Verses" by Tom :Crosscut" Wilson. Reprinted by Bob Rummery, one of the early instigators of the WABYS. He has several copies available for sale for \$20.

You can contact Bob on 94476689, email - rums@iinet.net.au, or 9 Hovea Ave. Sorrento. 6020

Here's a poem for the kids!!

### Great Aussie Fly

Karen Emmott

They stick to your eyes, they crawl up your nose,  
and happily gather wherever swat flows.  
They follow their victim wherever he goes...  
You know him, the great Aussie fly!

There's the ugly big blowfly; causes sheep men to grieve  
and tiny ones crawl where you wouldn't believe,  
and harass busy housewives, who pray for reprieve!  
You know him, the great Aussie fly!

They dodge flicks of hats, and backs of the hand,  
and inspired a salute known across our vast land.  
They annoy everyone.. Politicians.. Cowhand..  
They're not fussy, these great Aussie flies!

But these flies have developed our technology -  
there's fly veils, and fly traps, and tins of Mortein,  
and horrid fly paper, and miles of flyscreen,  
He's taught us! - the great Aussie fly!

He was there at your birth - he was there when you wed -  
he samples your porridge, follows you to your bed...  
What friend is so constant? We wish he was dead!  
He's unloved! - He's the great Aussie fly!

### POET PROFILE

If you would like to feature in the Poet Profile section, please email me a short intro about yourself, along with a photo -or information regarding a poet you would like to see profiled.

**Muster MCs and Classics Readers are always needed - See John Hayes  
Please Contact any committee person**

**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**

After asking for Volunteer poems in the last Bully Tin, I received the following poem from Frank Heffernan within a couple of days. How fortuitous!!! Our community was having a 'Thank the Volunteer' day two days later, and Frank very kindly let me use his poem that night. His poem captured perfectly the spirit of the night, and was extremely well received by all who attended. It was a very fitting way to finish off the evening - thanks Frank.

### Volunteers

Frank Heffernan Nov.2011

While half the population's, building their careers;  
There's another army working, as unpaid volunteers.  
You may meet them at a busy bee, or at a country fair;  
Wherever there's a task to do you're bound to find them there.

Some bring their own equipment, or provide a special skill,  
While others only bring themselves, the one's with time to kill.  
There are no age restrictions, be they young or old;  
And the weather's not a barrier, be it hot, or wet or cold.  
They're not there for the glory, and not there for the fun;  
Their only motivation is the job that must be done.  
The one thing they've in common, is simply that they care;  
To make the world a better place with kindness to share.

When growing up a child, we can show them how to live.  
But it's also most important, that we teach them how to give.  
There are people all around us, in their home, at play or sport,  
Who are in real need of helping, and seeking our support.  
For some it costs a fortune, and others not a dime;  
The most precious gift is often, just a little bit of time.  
Whenever there's a crisis, or someone needs a hand;  
The response from volunteers is something really grand.

They'll be there for a stranger, and treat them as a mate;  
They're the flux that welds a nation, and makes Australia great!  
The sort of things they're asked to do, no pots of gold could buy.  
They'll take pride in all they're doing, and that's the reason why;  
I think our volunteers are a special kind of breed,  
When serving our communities, wherever there's a need.  
So let's show appreciation, and give three hearty cheers,  
To bless their best endeavours; our most worthy volunteers!

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### Bronze Swagman Book of Bush Verse 2011

The above book is now available for purchase for \$15 from:  
Bronze Swagman Award  
PO Box 120  
WINTON. QLD 4735  
PH: 07 46571296  
Chq payable to Winton Business & Tourism Assoc.  
Also available: Celebrating 40 years of Bush Verse 1972 - 2011  
\$25

The Bronze Swagman is a prestigious written competition which has just celebrated it's 40th year of bush verse.  
In 40yrs, it has been won on just 4 occasions by West Australian poets:  
Dawn Crabb - 1980  
Sherry Clarke - 1994  
Val Read - 2008  
'Cobber' Lethbridge - 2009

(Cont)

## UPCOMING EVENTS

### **BOYUP BROOK COUNTRY MUSIC SHOW - including WA's biggest bush poets brekky**

It's on again - a wonderful smorgasbord of bush poetry incorporated into the country music festival at Boyup Brook - a full programme capably put together by Bill Gordon.

#### **February 15 - 19th 2012.**

Guest poets this year are Carol Heuchan and Gary Fogarty, who will run two workshops - a written poetry workshop, and a performance workshop.

There will be an opportunity for walk ups over the weekend, and a show for bush poetry lovers each day, as well as some wonderful country music at the Music Park.

For further information, visit their website:  
<http://www.countrymusicwa.com.au/index.htm>

The Boyup Brook written competition will also be running again - entries close 31st January 2012. Contact Irene Conner for further details (contact details on back)

### **AUSTRALIA DAY AT WIRELESS HILL 17th Annual Bush Poetry Showcase**

Traditional and Contemporary bush poetry by some of WA's top poets.

MC Lorelie Tacoma

Commencing 1pm at Wireless Hill,  
Ardross.

Bring your friends and family, chairs and refreshments, and enjoy the show.

### Next Muster

Friday 2nd March 7.30pm  
Bentley Park Auditorium  
26 Plantation Drive. Bentley.

### Bronze Swagman Book of Bush Verse 2011 (cont)

Each year, the judges choose a selection of poems to go into the anthology with the winning poems.

Congratulations to the following WA bush poets who had poems selected for this years book:

Peg Vickers - Albany  
Sherry Clarke - Brookton  
Terry Piggot - Canningvale  
Catherine McLernon - Geraldton  
Irene Conner - Jurien Bay

On reflecting back on our history, we need to acknowledge all of those who came before us, including the first Australians. Henry Kendall wrote this wonderful poem.

### THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE

He crouches, and buries his face on his knees,  
And hides in the dark of his hair;  
For he cannot look up to the storm-smitten trees,  
Or think of the loneliness there -  
Of the loss and the loneliness there.

The wallaroos grope through the tufts of the grass,  
And turn to their coverts for fear;  
But he sits in the ashes and lets them pass  
Where the boomerangs sleep with the spear -  
With the nullah, the sling and the spear.

Uloola, behold him! The thunder that breaks  
On the tops of the rocks with the rain,  
And the wind which drives up with the salt of the lakes,  
Have made him a hunter again -  
A hunter and fisher again.

For his eyes have been full with a smouldering thought;  
But he dreams of the hunts of yore,  
And of foes that he sought, and of fights that he fought  
With those who will battle no more -  
Who will go to the battle no more.

It is well that the water which tumbles and fills  
Goes moaning and moaning along;  
For an echo rolls out from the sides of the hills,  
And he starts at a wonderful song -  
At the sound of a wonderful song.

And he sees through the rents of the scattering fogs  
The corroboree warlike and grim,  
And the lubra who sat by the fire on the logs,  
To watch, like a mourner, for him -  
Like a mother and mourner for him.

Will he go in his sleep from these desolate lands,  
Like a chief, to the rest of his race,  
With the honey-voiced woman who beckons and stands,  
And gleams like a dream in his face -  
Like a marvellous dream in his face?

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### LIMERICKS - Can you help????

I am often looking for short poems/limericks to fill little gaps in the Bully Tin. If any poets would like to contribute some, please feel free. But remember our audience!!

The limerick is furtive and mean  
You must keep her in close quarantine  
Or she sneaks to the slums  
And promptly becomes  
Disorderly, drunk and obscene.

### John Sandes

I have to admit to not having heard of John Sandes until I found this poem, so went searching for some information.

John Sandes (1863-1938), journalist, poet and novelist, was born on 26 February 1863 at Cork, Ireland. Taken to England in 1872, he then arrived in Australia in 1887. He worked for the Melbourne 'Argus', inaugurated 'The Passing Show' by Oriel - a popular and durable Saturday feature, out of which he produced two books of his verse - Rhymes of the Time, and Ballads of Battle. Such poems as the widely anthologized 'With Death's Prophetic Ear' established Sandes as probably the most widely read, proficient and influential local poet of the South African War.

He went on to join the Daily Telegraph, and later, the Sydney Morning Herald.

Determinedly patriotic, Christian, anti-socialist, a theatre-lover, Sandes was a dour yet affable man, whose writing and attitudes fused a love of British and Anglo-Irish tradition with a nationalistic Australian self-awareness. After eighteen months illness from cancer, he died on 29 November 1938 at Wauchope, New South Wales.

### The Old Pioneers

Ah, these old friends of ours! Sixty years back,  
Bearded and booted, they followed the track,  
Came like their Saxon forefathers of old,  
Carving a nation from waste and from wold,  
Mighty of purpose and stalwart of limb,  
Clove they a path through the forest so dim,  
Forward, adventuring, knowing no fears---  
Honour and praise to the old pioneers.

Now they are feeble and bowed are their backs,  
Long laid aside are the stockwhip and axe;  
Dulled though each sense is, the hearing is quick  
Of-times to catch the faint ring of the pick,  
Eyes, too, are closed yet they see clear and plain  
The camp and the creek and the ranges again;  
Australia's first story and the world never hears,  
It is locked in the hearts of the old pioneers.

Then to the workers of those distant days  
Certain poor players came bringing their plays,  
Lighter grew toil for the songs that they trolled,  
Sweeter was life for the love-stories told,  
Gone now the music, the laughter is stilled,  
Audience and players together are chilled,  
Yet---like the flowers---the smiles and the tears  
Ever are fresh for the old pioneers.

Yes, they are old, nor of wealth have they hoard,  
Heap we the fire, then, and plenish the board;  
Age steals upon them and chilly life grows,  
Workers and players have earned their repose.  
Soon on their names all in vain we shall call,  
For even the grandest old landmarks must fall.  
Just a warm hand-clasp ere one disappears---  
These are the last of the old pioneers.

The new year is also a time to look ahead, and work out where we are going. One of the things we might like to ask ourselves is 'what will the future generations think of the things we did?' Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge has obviously asked that question.

### One Hundred Years Ahead

I'm dropping a line to this family of mine,  
one hundred years ahead,  
Wishing you well, from Heaven or Hell,  
for by now I'm most certainly dead.  
Just a ghost of the past, but I'm writing at last  
to describe, with an ancient pen,  
the historical mix of two-thousand-and-six,  
and how we survived back then.

I want you to know that we tried, long ago,  
to be rational, wise and good.  
Perhaps we were wrong but we battled along,  
every possible way we could.  
No doubt you'd agree that the family tree  
got off to a shaky start;  
we came to this land with no money in hand  
and bad management played a part.

I wander each week from the town of Halls Creek,  
far away on the Duncan track;  
it's rugged and rough but I can't get enough  
of this beautiful land outback.  
With creeks to wade through, the odd kangaroo  
and hundreds of species of birds,  
Bungarras to spare and I hope they're still there  
by the time you unravel these words.

It's dripping with rain on the rocky terrain,  
as I struggle home, damp and late,  
so cloudy and grey on a West Season day,  
but the frogs all reckon it's great!  
Am I still making sense, one hundred years hence?  
Could a scholar decipher this note?  
Old fashioned, I know, but I died long ago,  
so can't rearrange what I wrote.

Now what can you say about living today?  
Is the country still safe and free?  
Do you laugh when you look at an old picture book  
and see funny old blokes like me?  
You're entitled to smile; I've been dead quite a while,  
but remember those words I say;  
be honest and true in whatever you do...  
and look after my DNA!!!!

Old Town, Halls Creek. January 21, 2006.

The poems we write now will give a great snapshot to the future generations, and as such, it is so important that we record what is happening in our lives right now, and the things that we see. For the future generations, our lives now will be hard to imagine, as things will be so different. How great to think that we can provide a little bit of personal history to our future families!!

**Geoffrey Graham in Boyup Brook** - bush poet proves popular!

A great night, excellent entertainment, incredibly talented performer. These are the comments I have been getting from the 80 patrons who attended an evening with Geoffrey Graham in the Northlands shearing shed on December 6<sup>th</sup>. We were treated to a well-balanced program with Geoffrey singing old bush songs in addition to reciting Banjo Patterson, Henry Lawson, and C J Dennis, as well as some of his own poems. Despite the cool damp weather, a BBQ was held to start the evening with carport and verandahs providing much needed shelter.

Students at St Mary's were treated to a poetry and comedy performance the next morning. All enjoyed this, and the laughter could be heard across the school.

Geoffrey began his trip with a performance in Perth at Wireless Hill, with a crowd of 200. Six people who saw him there travelled to Boyup Brook for another chance to witness him in action.

Geoffrey was in W A to compete in the Busselton Iron Man event, where he achieved a creditable 4<sup>th</sup> in his class. He has entered the 2012 event and is already planning an extended tour with his "Man From Ironbark" show. This will include another visit to Boyup Brook.

Bill Gordon

### Australia Day Poem

I found the Australia Day poem to the right on a website, but with no acknowledgement of who wrote it.  
If someone knows the author, can you please let me know. I will contact the webmaster also to see if he knows the author.  
Thanks  
Irene

### ANZAC Centenary Poetry Competition

The ANZAC Day Centenary Poetry Project challenges poets to answer the following question: What does ANZAC Day mean to you, to today's families, communities or nations?  
The outcomes of the project will include the publication of a collection of two hundred poems as well as an ANZAC Centenary Poetry Prize. Full details and entry information are available from <http://www.ozzywriters.com/index.php/anzac-centenary-overview>  
or by contacting the Co-ordinating Editor by phoning +61 (0)3 6362 4390, or emailing [anzac.poetry@pnc.com.au](mailto:anzac.poetry@pnc.com.au)



### Australia Day Poem

Australians are a funny lot, you'll often hear one curse,  
How things have started badly, and they'll probably get worse,  
The weathers dry, the sun's so hot it's stolen all the water,  
The Government has never done the things we think they oughta'.  
But if we hear a tourist say his home is much more grand,  
They had better be prepared to make a very solid stand.  
For although we Aussies may complain at what's become our lot,  
When someone knocks this country, we defend with all we've got.  
We may criticize some teenage brat, may even wish them failure,  
But we stand behind them cheering when they're playing for Australia.  
Because, if this is home to you, the country of your birth,  
Then you back the native player to beat anyone on Earth.  
When the cricket bats are swinging or when someone scores a try,  
When a home grown horse has won the cup and made the owner cry,  
When some Paralympics athlete hits the front and sets the pace,  
You'll hear "Aussie Aussie Aussie" as the crowd goes off their face.  
And although we like to take a break in overseas locations,  
If you take the time to question this nomadic population,  
They will tell you without blinking that wherever they may roam,  
The best part of the journey was the last bit, ....coming home.  
For the sun was never brighter on the beach at Waikiki,  
Than it is on all the sandy shores Australia has to see,  
The water never purer nor the air as fresh and clear,  
The people never friendlier than those that we have here.  
If you venture to the outback where grass is scarce as snow,  
As you swelter you may wonder what it was that made you go,  
But just look at the locals who have lived there since their birth,  
And I know you will not find a better class of folk on earth.  
All across this wide brown country from the Cape to Hobart town,  
There are people who will help you when you find the chips are down,  
And if someone should abuse you, and does it just because,  
Then that person's not Australian, and that person never was.  
So when you feel disgruntled just remember this rendition,  
And never blame the country for the acts of politicians,  
Look up and count your blessings when you see our flag unfurled,  
And be grateful that you live in the best country in the world.

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In response to my request for poems about volunteers, I received the following poem from AnnTracy. Ann wrote this poem a while back when she was working as a volunteer in a Red Cross store. In this time of throw-away mentality, it is a good opportunity to remember that there is always someone out there who will truly appreciate some of the items that we so carelessly throw out in the rubbish!! Perhaps we can all re-consider donating to our unwanted but still good items to second hand shops. Or volunteer to help in one of their shops.

### Donate for a Cause

Recycled clothing is the name of the game,  
All of our stores bear a significant name.  
Clear out your wardrobe. To our cause please donate,  
Assist and help others suffering an unfortunate fate.  
Clothing no longer wanted, you find now is too tight,  
Will be purchased by someone and worn with delight.

We prefer items of quality with a desirable label,  
So a profit can be made and to trade we are able.  
Garments are delivered to our stores in a variety of ways,  
Many rejected for obviously they've seen better days.  
They come in on hangers, in boxes, even old garbage bags,  
Please understand we cannot accept stained tattered rags.

We can sell the unwanted dress that you wore once to a ball,  
We need styles for everyone whether you're short fat or tall.  
To compliment an outfit, you may select jewellery or a bag,  
Many of our customers show preference to dressing in drag.  
We have a delightful red dress of pure silk with skirt flowing,  
Or a sexy black little number, so your cleavage is showing.

Volunteers give their time and the workload is shared,  
Anyone helped by Red Cross knows someone has cared.  
To those who assist, the designated hours are not lost,  
For many friendships are formed that outweigh the cost.  
Some garments we bleach, many we mend, then we press,  
Sometimes we replace missing buttons on a shirt or a dress.

The selected garments are tagged at desirable price,  
Then displayed to advantage to appeal and entice.  
Endeavouring to lure customers to come and explore,  
The wonderful selection we have to offer in our store.  
Volunteers are delighted and feel that all their work was worthwhile.  
When She steps from the change room saying "I love it" with a smile.

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## Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2010—2011

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Irene Conner	State Rep-ABPA Editor - Bully tin	0429652155	iconner21@wn.com.au

### Upcoming Events

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

- ◆ February 15 - 19th 2012 Boyup Brook Country Music Festival. Featuring WA's biggest Bush Poetry Brekky.
- ◆ Friday 2nd March Muster. Bentley Park Auditorium at 7.30pm. 26 Plantation Drive. Bentley

**Regular events:** Albany Bush Poetry group 4th Tuesday of each month Peter 9844 6606  
 Geraldton Growers market Poetry gig 2nd Saturday Catherine 0409 200 153.

**Do YOU have any poetic events which need to go in this space? Or for that matter anywhere within this newsletter — it is YOUR newsletter, I would like to see more direct contributions from members and friends.**

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.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>	Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography
	Graham Armstrong Book	Keith Lethbridge	books
	Victoria Brown CD	Corin Linch	books
	Peter Blyth CDs, books	Val Read	books
	Rusty Christensen CDs	Caroline Sambridge	book
	Brian Gale CD & books	Peg Vickers	books & CD
	John Hayes CDs & books	"Terry & Jenny"	Music CDs
	Tim Heffernan book		
	Brian Langley books, CD		

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