

# The

August 2015

W.A. Bush Poets

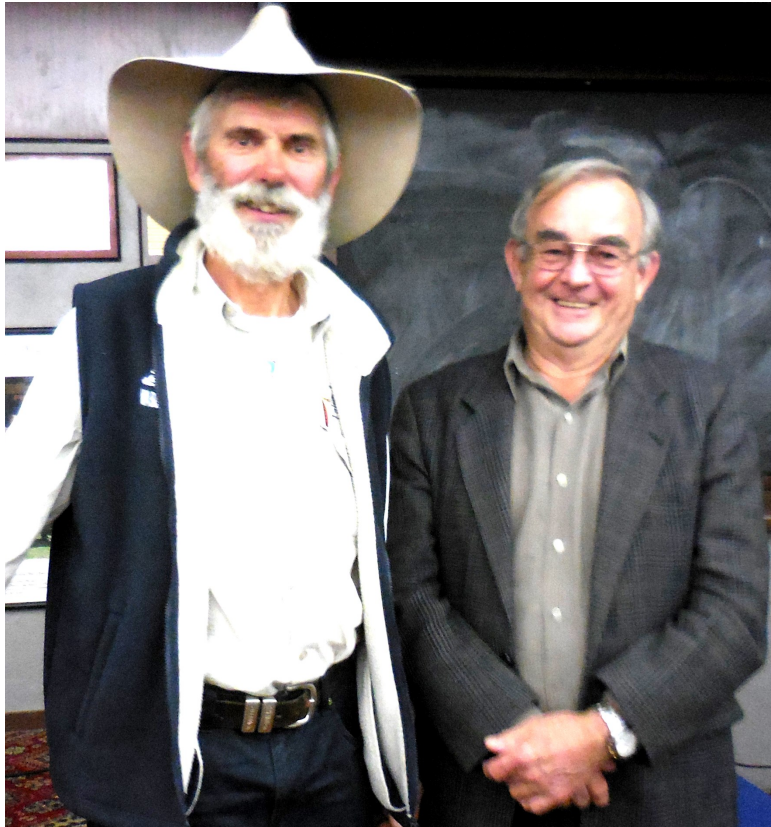
# BULLY TIN



**Next Muster Friday 7th August 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park**

**MC Bill Gordon 0428651098**

## An Evening In The Picturesque Hills



Bill Gordon and Bill Gordon at Pickering Brook

### Pickering Brook enjoyed the Bush Poets.

Members who performed at the Country Club in Pickering Brook recently were delighted with the turnout and the response from the audience. About 100 people enjoyed an evening of entertaining poetry. Barry Higgins, Cobber Lethbridge, Dave Smith and Bill Gordon kept the audience laughing and enthralled for over an hour longer than intended but no one was complaining.

The weather was chilly but the hospitality was very warm indeed. A big thanks to Sue and Tony Hill for looking after us so well.

It was a unanimous decision to put together another show in the future.

**This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of  
KATE DOUST MLC  
and posted with the generous assistance of Ben Wyatt, MLA - Member for Victoria Park.**

## President's Preamble



August 2015

The AGM had a good attendance and healthy discussion on the notices of motion. The outcome was that the changes to the constitution were passed in principle.

This allows provision for electronic banking. It also enables delegation of duties to different committee members.

The motion to not hold a muster in January was lost. This is to be discussed each year at the November muster. This year the committee decided against a January muster as it was considered to be too close to New Year.

I chose not to stand as President as Meg and I will be leasing the farm out in March. We will be traveling interstate but will be back in WA for the lead up to Toodyay and for Boyup Brook. The rest of the year will find us 'somewhere in the great outdoors'.

The fact that I was re-elected means that we might have to revert to holding meetings via Skype. It also means that more decisions will need to be made by sub-committees made up of members who may or may not be members of the general committee. I do not anticipate any problems managing our association this way. Delegation is something I have grown to love, particularly as president.

Meg has been doing the minutes for our committee meetings for a few months now, and I welcome her to the committee in the role of secretary. She will be continuing as Bully Tin editor for the remainder of this year. Irene will share the secretarial load at Toodyay with Meg.

Change is sometimes challenging but without change no progress was ever made.

Bill Gordon  
Still President

## Membership Renewal is now due

”

Membership fees can be paid by direct

Bank Transfer to **NAB**

BSB 086 455 A/C # 824284595

Name - WA Bush Poets

Please notify Treasurer by phone or email if you send your subscription renewal by direct debit.

Alan Aitken 0400249243

[aaitken@live.com.au](mailto:aaitken@live.com.au)

**Terry keeps on winning!!!**

**Results of The Broken Ski Award for  
written original poetry**

**OPEN SECTION**

**1<sup>st</sup> Dreamtime Dreaming  
Terry Piggott. Lynwood West Australia.**

**2<sup>nd</sup> Channel No 5  
Shelly Hanson Maryborough Qld**

**3<sup>rd</sup> A Bushmans Farewell  
Terry Piggott. Lynwood West Australia.**



Enjoying the bushland at Dryandra recently were members Dave and Elaine Smith, Alan Aitken and his partner Deb, Bill, Meg and Maky Gordon. Camping in winter presented its problems but the warm fire and friendship shared made it all worthwhile. Visiting campers were a captive audience as our poets presented some of their well known poems

## Our National Food

Most countries have foods that their neighbours don't eat, Germans turn blood into some kind of meat.  
Arabs eat sheep's eyes, or so I've been told, and Chinese eat eggs, a hundred years old.

There's many a country eat chilli so hot, you really don't know if you're breathing or not.  
The French, they eat snails and frog's legs as well. The English eat eels suspended in gel.

Some people eat monkey and other eat rat. Eskimo people eat blubber and fat.  
The Scots they eat haggis though goodness knows why and the Yanks out of pumpkin make some sort of pie.

Now Japanese people eat seaweed with rice. Some African people think warm blood is nice.  
Norwegians are known to eat raw fish as snacks, and folk from Tibet, they eat butter from yaks.

The folks from *these* countries I know *they'd* abhor, the food of *our* nation, that we all adore.  
For here in Australia, what do we see, but a product that comes from the Vegemite tree.

Now Vegemite trees, you won't see around, your neighbourhood garden. They are only found  
In a few small locations, top secret they are; the trees that make Vegemite, thick in its jar.

For the Vegemite comes from the sap of the tree, collected at nighttime when no one can see;  
From a slit in the bark, to fill up each jar, then the slit seals over to a slightly raised scar.

The trees must be tapped in the dark of the night; if done during daylight it wouldn't be right.  
For the sap in the daytime is tasteless and pale, totally worthless, unsuited for sale.

Each night after sunset, as people retire, or they sit watching TV, in front of the fire,  
The workers assemble; in busses and cars, they come to attach all the Vegemite jars

To the trees in their hundreds, they use special clips, and small plastic spouts to direct all the drips  
From the cuts that they make in the tree's slippery bark. The vegemite oozes out there in the dark.

It's a specialised job, there's few in the know; if the cut is too big, then the jars overflow  
And the Vegemite's wasted, it drips to the ground, just food for the insects when morning comes round.

And what if the cut is too narrow or short? Not enough Vegemite sap will be caught,  
And those jars will be useless and not fit for sale, with all of the problems that that will entail.

Now, there's just one more thing that each Aussie should know. The product that comes from the trees  
that we grow

Is untouched by humans, it's as pure as can be; it goes straight in the jar from the Vegemite tree.

And so as you raise to the mouth on your head, some Vegemite smeared upon butter and bread,  
And you take a deep breath and delight in the smell: You just know you're Australian, wherever you dwell.

And should you be travelling in overseas places, and breakfast with people of different races,  
And you fish in your pocket and out comes a jar, of Vegemite, thick and black just like tar,

And they see what you're eating and ask for a lick, 'tis better than evens, 'twill make them feel sick,  
And they'll say in a voice devoid of all wit, That stuff is so awful, it tastes just like ---- (*pause*)

And they say, in *their* country, it just wouldn't sell, but they ask, in their ignorance, please can you tell  
Us. - What is it made from, that horrible stuff, that one tiny taste of, was more than enough.

Don't tell them the truth, of the Vegemite tree, and the sap that is gathered when no-one can see;  
Just spin them a yarn, just tell them you think, it's the leftover stuff from the beer that we drink.



## Farewell The Son

The razors edge horizon is cutting through the sun,  
And the land is scarlet as it bleeds to death.  
This sunset seems more beautiful than any other  
one,  
Tomorrow Dad is sending me on my first cattle run,  
And tonight he says goodbye through rum-soaked  
breath.

He doesn't look me in the eye, he never has be-  
fore,  
His pupils glaze upon the amber glow.  
He says, "Could be some time until you walk back  
through our door,  
I reckon you'll be right, but a man can't be too sure,  
So a quick word of advice before you go.

"There's a lot of time for thinking when you're out  
there on the trail,  
But don't be quick to speak your thoughts out loud.  
And don't rush into anything or you are bound to  
fail,  
Make sure you work out in your mind every small  
detail,  
Then everything you do will make you proud.

The blokes you meet will like you all the more if you  
are straight,  
They're hard men, but most of them are true.  
Don't waste you time with each new face until they  
prove their weight,  
But when their worth is proven, don't be scared to  
call them mate,  
Sometimes mates are all you've got to get you  
through.

"Keep hold of your temper, don't get pushed into a  
fight,  
You don't know what the other bloke can do.  
It's no good in a droving camp if you can't sleep at  
night  
When a bloke says that he will murder you, you  
best believe he might,  
But remember he might think the same of you.

"Now every bloke out there will have a word or two  
to tell,  
And you best listen if you know what's good.  
There's good advice and bad advice, and both will  
serve you well,  
But don't make every word you hear, the same as  
what you tell,  
And only tell the few you think you should.

Make sure you keep your gear top nick before  
you blow your wage,  
No drover ever had to look a dag.  
But try not to follow fashion even though it's  
all the rage,  
That fancy gear gets out of date before it  
comes of age,  
You can tell a lot about a bloke from his  
swag.

"No matter what you're earning, be careful  
what you spend,  
An open wallet is no way to boast.  
But try hard not to get in debt, and don't be  
quick to lend,  
And remember this before you borrow money  
from a friend,  
Think carefully which one you need the most

But do an honest hard days work is the best  
advice I've got,  
And know that you did all you could do.  
'Cause if you're square with yourself it  
doesn't matter what,  
It follows that you must be square with all the  
other lot,  
And it follows that they must be square with  
you.

"Then for a punctuation mark he had another  
drink,  
Stood slowly up and looked me in the eye.  
He held my hand a while and then gave a  
steady wink,  
Then sat back down and settled in to watch  
the old sun sink.  
And I knew that this was how he said good-  
bye.

Then staring west he spoke so soft, he  
scarcely made a sound,  
"Keep your head up boy, no matter what you  
do,  
You won't lesarn nothing special by looking at  
the ground,  
You might miss all the snakes and potholes  
scattered all around,  
But sure as hell, you'll miss the sunsets too."

Andrew Hull

---

## The Dalwallinu Council Boys

The Dalwallinu Council Boys  
Were rebuilding roads anew,  
Out in the bush with their council toys  
Around the farms of Dalwallinu.

One hundred or so miles up north,  
At ten o'clock for morning tea,  
Pedal radios tuned and blared forth  
Tales that women extolled with glee.

In the gravel, the dirt, the scrub and the dust,  
Machinery all stopped their sound.  
Smoko you see, the tuned radio a must  
For the Dally boys to get their next round.

The women spoke of their troubles,  
Their frustrations, their tears, their joys,  
Unaware of their secret listeners,  
The Dalwallinu Council boys.

The boys heard that Fabulon was useless,  
And butter had melted with the heat  
And to alleviate weight and the stress,  
Splits up the door jamb would defeat.

The Dally boys home troubles the same,  
As they listened amongst gravel and tar,  
And promptly agreed on a nickname,  
The Session of the Galah.

They learnt of lunches 'n smokos, 'n windmill  
runs,  
Of mulesing, of crutching and shearing,  
Of broken down vehicles, bucking horses and  
brums  
Of sick dogs 'n dead dogs 'n drought  
appearing.

In stitches and with laughter rolling,  
The Dalwallinu Council Boys sent a letter,  
The Session of the Galah it was extolling,  
To tell they hadn't heard any better.

The women were really delighted  
Of such a glowing epistle,  
Each morning they happily recited  
'G'day' to the boys out in the thistle.

Way south where the city was busy  
Was boss Royal Flying Doctor base.  
They heard all this radio tizzy  
And decided they had to save face.

Dalwallinu Council received a letter,  
To discipline its council boys,  
To the women they even went one better  
The pedal radio was not one of their toys.

So their cuppa tea listeners were banned,  
And with a sigh the women did tune  
Into their usual morning tea session,  
And no 'G'day' to break the gloom.

Next time when travelling to the city  
As one passed through Dalwallinu town,  
A letter was dropped in the gritty  
Machinery of boys that were 'down'.

The Session of the Galah did continue,  
Its listeners with delight a radio must,  
Dalwallinu Council Boys already knew,  
Listening out in the gravel, the dirt, and the  
dust.

Colleen O'Grady



## The Bush Telegraph

On every far off bush selection,  
Out where the dingoes roam,  
There's a means of communication,  
That's faster than a phone.  
Its movement is always continual,  
It's not something you can photo-  
graph,  
It's an early Australian original,  
Know as the Bush Telegraph.

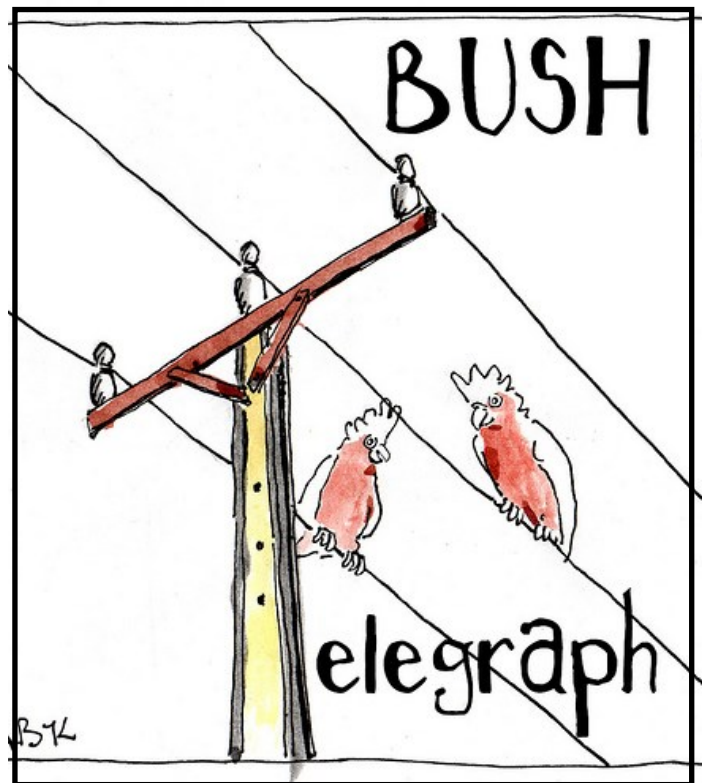
It was used by early selectors,  
Ploughing the sun baked loam.  
Carried by all the visitors,  
And distributed home by home.  
It still moves around the outback,  
Though the roads are often rough.  
Both black soil road and bulldust  
track,  
Carry the old Bush Telegraph.

It was used by ragged miners,  
For news of each new rush.  
Spurring dreams of untold riches,  
Buried somewhere in the bush.  
It starbursts out across the land,  
Carried on like wind blown chaff.  
By "Cobb and Co" with four in hand,  
All carrying the Bush Telegraph.

It was used by wiry stockmen,  
With skin hardened by the sun.  
And bush women raising children,  
On a distant lonely run.  
Where the loneliness is unending,  
And she's forgotten how to laugh.  
She hopes soon they'll be sending,  
News on the Bush Telegraph.

Its not restricted by elements of weather,  
Nor hindered by boundaries of time.  
It can't be bought, sold or tied with tether,  
It's no more yours than it is mine.  
The weight of its cargo is boundless,  
So for the want of a suitable epitaph  
Try unstoppable, necessary and priceless,  
The grand old Bush Telegraph.

Ron Wilson



**Do you want to be part of the National Scene —  
Then you might consider joining the Australian  
Bush Poets Assn**  
**[www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au) . Annual membership \$30**  
**Stay up to date with events and competitions right  
across Australia**

## July Muster Wrap Up by Meg Gordon

**MC** for the evening was **Lorelie Tarcoma** and the entertainment started at 7.20pm after the AGM wrapped up.

Treasurer Alan announced that memberships are now due.

**John Hayes** has been given a collection of poems from a shearer/poet Vivien “Snow” Pick (1916-1995). He presented two of these “The Old Timer” (stories from a gold prospector) and “Just Roustabouts” (the lowly woolshed workers)

**Grace Williamson**—“The Call of the Outback” (Terry Piggott) In this poem Terry expresses his great love of the outback and how after leaving it, he feels it calling to him to return.

**Terry Piggott**— presented one of his poems “Walking with Ghosts”.

**Bev Shorland**—First time performer with “Poetic Justice” (Peg Vickers). Beware of bush poets especially when they drink!

**Nancy Coe**—Sang verses about memories of her childhood.

**Jem Shorland**—“May I” his entry in the May Challenge.

**Brian Langley**— gave us his own poem “Our National Food”. “Most countries have food that their neighbours don’t eat” So starts Brian’s poem which then goes on to list many ‘national specific’ food from warm blood to blubber. Brian then points out the people from these countries would abhor our national food, Vegemite, which he explains is tapped from the vegemite tree in the dark of night, for only at night is the tree sap dark and tasty. Pointing out that vegemite is a purely natural product which is untouched by humans, he implores you to not tell people from overseas about its source, but to “spin them a yarn” that it comes from the leftovers from making beer.

**Alan Aitken**—“Mulligan’s Mob” (Greg Scott)

**Anne Hayes**—“Do Not Ask Me To Remember” (Anon) An Alzheimer’s plea not to be left alone.

**Terry Piggott**—another of his own poems “A Bloke Called Basil”. Loners in the bush usually have a story to tell but do not always share their secrets.

Nancy Coe entertained us with her accordion during supper which was very much appreciated.

After supper **Nancy Coe** gave three short poems from past poets:

“The Bush” (James Lister Cuthbertson 1851-1910)

“The Shearer’s Wife” (Louis Esson 1879-1943)

“The Campfire” (James Hebbelthwaite 1857-1921)

**John Hayes**—presented more poems from Snow Pick. “The Overseer” Man of many jobs. “Done it all at Seventeen”. Life is really just beginning at seventeen!



**Dave Smith**—"When I'm Really Old and Live with My kids" and "When I'm Really Old and Live with My Granddaughter". His own recollections of getting old and when care is returned.

**Lesley McAlpine**—"My Experiences in England" (Wesley John 'Jack' Hymus) This poem was about a young serviceman who was a bit lonely in London Town until he meets a young 'Flapper' who invites him home to tea and after a delicious meal containing his favourite dish (Beetroot), she takes a fit in the bedroom. He's very concerned she could be taken advantage of so he does what any red blooded Aussie would do....He goes to finish the beetroot.

**Jem Shorland**—"The Procedure" (John Best) Humour is the best way men get through a prostate test. Also "A Wife Gone Missing", his own poem about when home alone and fending for himself.

**Brian Langley**—"Joining The Club" His own poem. When asked to join the Golf Club (at\$600), the management took pains to explain that if you played twice a week it was only \$6 a game. However Brian only wanted to play 12 games a year. At \$50 per game he thought it was a bit above the odds. The management went on to calculate that as the club beer price was 40c below the price in town, you only needed to drink 6 beers a day for 5 days a week to cover the entire cost and make the golf free. Not impressed, Brian told them he thought their calculations suck!

**Barry Higgins**—"Christmas in July" (Syd Hopkinson) Making money for needy children.

**Bill Gordon**—Congratulations were extended to the three out of four placegetters in the Bronze Swagman that came from WA. News of the Winton Banjo Patterson Centre burning down which we all agreed was a tragedy. He then gave us "Aunt Martha" (Frank Daniel). Also "Feeling Sexy" (Irene Conner). Being home alone can stretch the mind!

### **"THAT'S NOT MY JOB"**

This is a story about four people;  
Everybody, Somebody, Anybody and Nobody.  
There was an important job to be done and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it.  
Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it.  
Somebody got angry 'bout that; because it was Everybody's job.  
Everybody thought that Anybody could do it, but Nobody realised that Everybody wouldn't do it.  
It ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody would have done.

**WANTED - Muster MC's & Classics Readers**  
**Please contact editor meggordon4@bigpond.com.au**

## Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2014—2015

Bill Gordon	President	97651098	0428651098	northlands@wn.com.au
Peter "Stinger" Nettleton	Vic President		0407770053	stinger@iinet.net.au
Meg Gordon	Secretary/Bully Tin editor		0404075108	meggordon4@bigpond.com.au
Alan Aitken	Treasurer		0400249243	aaitken@aapt.net.au
<b>Committee:</b>				
Irene Conner	State Rep. ABPA		0429652155	iconner21@wn.com.au
Rodger Kohn		93872905	0428372341	rodgershirley@bigpond.com
Dave Smith			0438341256	daveandelainesmith1@bigpond.com
Bob Brackenbury		93641310	0418918884	oddjobbob@bigpond.com
Jem Shorland			0423797487	shorland@iinet.net.au
Maxine Richter	Bullytin Distributor		0429339002	maxine.richter@bigpond.com

### **Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:**

Colin Tyler	Supper		
Brian Langley	Webmaster	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.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

Monday 5th August 7pm - Rose Hotel, Cnr Wellington and Victoria Sts, Bunbury. Contact Alan Aitken for details  
Friday 7th August 7pm Muster, Bentley Park Auditorium— **Traditional / Classic poems only please**

### Regular events

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets	First Monday of every second month	Alan Aitken 0400249243

**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.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**

<p>Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list</p> <p>Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit our website <a href="http://www.wabushpoets.com">www.wabushpoets.com</a></p> <p>Go to the “Performance Poets” page</p>	<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 Bennetts	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,	Peter Stratford	CD
		inc autobiography	Roger Cracknell	Book, CD
	Keith Lethbridge	books	Bill Gordon	CD

Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The "Bully Tin" Editor Box 364, Bentley WA 6982 e-mail <a href="mailto:meggordon4@bigpond.com.au">meggordon4@bigpond.com.au</a>	Address all other correspondence to: The Secretary WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Box 364, Bentley WA 6982	Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn Box 364, Bentley. WA 6982
--	---	--