



**Next Muster September 7th 7.30pm Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley
MC Dot Langley 93613770**

THIS DAY IN HISTORY

1st September:

1906 - Control of British Papua New Guinea was officially handed to Australia - and became Australian Papua New Guinea

1951 - ANZUS treaty was signed between USA, Aust & NZ

1997 - Yagans skull was returned to Perth from England

This Month:

1st month of Spring

Fathers Day - 2nd September

National Poetry Week

He who gives his all for his team mates,
he's a better man than most,
but to do it for your family, you can have no
prouder boast.
So if they think I'm worthy when my final
race is run,
let them carve in letters deep and bold,
"Here lies a Snagger's Son."

*This poem is from Gary's book - Three Hats Later -
which can be purchased from www.garyfogarty.com*

The first Sunday in September is Fathers Day - a day to pay tribute to those special men who have shaped our lives, and helped make us the people we are today. Strangely, there are not a lot of bush poems readily available dedicated to fathers - if anyone has some that I didn't find, can you please email me a copy. And if anyone would like to take the time to write a tribute to their father in particular, or to fathers in general - I would be only too happy to publish them in the Bully Tin over the coming months.

A Snagger's Son

Gary Fogarty

If they care to make the tally, when the final race is run,
they'll find I've climbed the winners stand, a damn sight more than
some.

And though they've cheered me in their numbers, on the track and
field and court,
I doubt they'll guess the reasoning, or the price the victories
wrought.

For the courage that is forged and built out on a western run,
can march a body straight through hell and make it seem like fun.
And long hot days out in the sheds when hearts and backs might
break,
can lift a son a thousand times, when a father's name's at stake.

The times a challenge answered, brought the whole crowd to its
feet,
makes an audience much kinder than dust and flies and heat.
And the laurels and the plaudits, they have heaped where I have
roamed,
can't match the note of a battered ute as it climbs the track to
home.

And when defeat was closest to me, and the whole world thought
me done,
it was then that I most cherished it, what a father gave a son.
Could I once more find the courage, could I make that one last run,
could a battling cocky shearer mix it with the hardened gun?

Fathers/Grandfather

There are little eyes upon you
and they're watching night and day.
There are little ears that quickly
take in every word you say.
There are little hands all eager
to do anything you do;
and a little boy who's dreaming
of the day he'll be like you.

You're the little fellow's idol;
you're the wisest of the wise.
In his little mind about you
no suspicions ever rise.
He believes in you devoutly,
holds all you say and do;
he will say and do, in your way
when he's grown up just like you.

There's a wide-eyed little fellow
who believes you're always right;
and his eyes are always opened,
and he watches day and night.
You are setting an example
every day in all you do;
for the little boy who's waiting
to grow up just like you.

Author unknown

Next Musters

Friday 7th September 7.30pm
Bentley Park Auditorium.

Friday 5th October 7.30pm
RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley

**This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of
the office of Steve Irons, Federal Member for the seat of Swan and posted with the generous
assistance of Ben Wyatt, MLA - Member for Victoria Park.**

Notice of Annual General Meeting.

The 2012 Annual General Meeting of the W.A. Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners Assn Inc. will be held in the Auditorium, 26 Plantation Drive, Bentley Park on Friday, September 7th commencing at 6.30pm (immediately prior to the September Muster which will commence at 7.30pm .)

Agenda: (Members present to please sign the attendance sheet)

- Apologies:
- Reading of the Minutes of the 2011 Annual General Meeting held July 1st 2011
- Special Motion To approve the Associations action in having the Appointed Auditor for 2011/2012 reconcile the Books of Account of the Assn in order to determine an "Opening Balance" for the financial year 2011/2012
(This is considered necessary in order to correct some inconsistencies. The previous books were closed on June 7th 2011 and, as this financial year commenced July 1st 2011 there is a time period containing transactions which is unaccounted for.)
- Treasurers Report - Mr Robert Suann.
- President's Report – Mr John Hayes

Election of Management Committee:
 President
 Vice President
 Secretary
 Treasurer
 General Committee (minimum 4)

Non Committee Position – Ratification of Irene Conner as WA Rep. to the ABPA
 Determination of Bank signatories

Business Arising and other business of an Annual Nature.

Just a reminder that annual fees are now overdue. For those who have not yet paid, and who wish to have a say at the AGM, or continue to receive a Bully Tin, can you please ensure they are paid by the next muster?

PLEASE NOTE.....

A reminder to all those who perform at our musters...

Please remember to bring a short synopsis of your poem so we can include a description of the poem in our muster write up. This is to be given to the person writing up the muster notes.

Also, the musters are run on a strict timetable. Please ensure that you are aware of how much time you have to perform, and keep your poem and preamble within that time. If you do not keep to your time limit, you may need to be taken off the rest of the program for that night.

It is a difficult job for our MC's to do, trying to coordinate poets and time tables, and if we expect people to continue volunteering for this role, we need to do everything we can to make it easier for them.

Your co-operation on this matter is appreciated

You Can't Park There

Peg Vickers

I had to see a specialist
 and couldn't walk too far.
 I had to find an easy spot
 where I could park me car.
 Though I can't see all that good,
 I parked me car with care,
 But when I did, this bloke comes up
 and said, "**You can't park there.**"

"I've got arthritis real bad,"
 I ventured to explain.
 "And when I try to walk at all
 I suffer dreadful pain."
 He didn't seem to take it in,
 he didn't turn a hair –
 just shook his head and then replied,
 "**I said, you can't park there.**"

I did me block and told him off –
 I haven't lost me spark.
 No bureaucratic idiot
 can tell me where to park.
 He gave me such a funny look –
 a kind of crazy stare –
 "You're parking on the railway line.
I said you can't park there!"

<p>The Waradgery Tribe</p> <p>Harried we were, and spent, Broken and falling, 'ere as the cranes we went, Crying and calling.</p> <p>Summer shall see the bird</p>	<p>Backward returning; Never shall there be heard Those, who went yearning.</p> <p>Emptied of us the land; Ghostly our going; Fallen like spears the hand</p>	<p>Dropped in the throwing.</p> <p>We are the lost who went, Like the cranes, crying; Hunted, lonely and spent, Broken and dying.</p> <p>Dame Mary Gilmore</p>
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Anzac Day Poetry

For anyone interested in the ANZAC Day Centenary Poetry Project, please be aware that the project has had a name change. It is now called "100 years from Gallipoli" Poetry Project. The name change is to do with the protection of the 'ANZAC' name.

This 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 a 100 Years from Gallipoli Poetry Prize.

The objectives of the project are:

- ♦ to use new poetry written by today's poets to illustrate the diversity of current views about Australian & NZ commemorations and anniversaries of military history
- ♦ To contrast these modern views with those from the past

Full details and entry information are available from <http://www.ozzywriters.com/index.php/100-years-from-gallipoli> or by contacting the Co-ordinating Editor by phoning +61 (0)3 6362 4390, or emailing gallipoli-100@ozzywriters.com

Closing date is Remembrance Day, 11 November, 2013.

PRESBYT'RY DOG

John O'Brien

Now of all the old sinners in mischief immersed,
From the ages of Gog and Magog,
At the top of the list, from the last to the first,
And by every good soul in the parish accursed,
Is that scamp of a Presbyt'ry Dog.

He's a hairy old scoundrel as ugly as sin,
He's a demon that travels incog.
With a classical name, and an ignorant grin,
And a tail, by the way, that is scraggy and thin,
And the rest of him merely a dog.

He is like a young waster of fortune possessed,
As he rambles the town at a jog;
For he treats the whole world as a sort of a jest,
While the comp'ny he keeps - well, it must be confessed
It's unfit for a Presbyt'ry Dog.

He is out on the street at the sound of a fight,
With the eyes on him standing agog,
And the scut of a tail - well, bedad, it's a fright;
Faith, you'd give him a kick that would set him alight,
But you can't with the Presbyt'ry Dog.

His rotundity now to absurdity runs,
Like a blackfellow gone to the grog;
For the knowing old shaver the presbyt'ry shuns
When its time for a meal, and goes off to the nuns,
Who're deceived in the Presbyt'ry Dog.

When he follows the priest to the bush, there is war.
He inspects the whole place at a jog,
And he puts on great airs and fine antics galore,
While he chases the sheep till we're after his gore,
Though he may be the Presbyt'ry Dog.

'Twas last Sunday a dog in the church went ahead
With an ill-bred and loud monologue,
And the priest said some things that would shiver the dead,
And I'm with him in every last word that he said -
Ah, but wait - 'twas the Presbyt'ry Dog.

On the Boundary

Barcroft Henry Boake

I love the ancient boundary-fence,
that mouldering chock-and-log.
When I go ride the boundary
I let the old horse jog
and take his pleasure in and out
where the sandalwood grows dense,
and tender pines clasp hands across
the log that tops the fence.
'Tis pleasant on the boundary-fence,
these sultry summer days;
a mile away, outside the scrub,
the plain is all ablaze,
the sheep are panting on the camps,
the heat is so intense;
but here the shade is cool and sweet
along the boundary-fence.

I love to loaf along the fence,
so does my collie dog,
he often finds a spotted cat
hid in a hollow log;
he's very near as old as I
and ought to have more sense,
I've hammered him so many times
along the boundary-fence.

My mother says that boundary fence
must surely be bewitched;
the old man says that through that fence
the neighbours are enriched;
it's always down, and through the gaps
our stock all get them hence,
It takes me half my time to watch
the doings of that fence.

But should you seek the reason
you won't travel very far,
'tis there a mile away among
the murmuring Belar:
The Jones's block joins on to ours,
and so, in consequence,
it's part of Polly's work to ride
their side the boundary-fence.

President's Report - John Hayes

Presidents Report

Dear Members,

In my final report as president of the WABPYS for 2012, I would like to express my thanks to those of the committee and other helpers that have supported this club through a difficult year.

Some changes have taken place during the year and change is sometimes difficult to accept. To obtain support for our club events we are required to adhere to regulations set down by the local council and government bodies. It is also a important for us to adopt an efficient book keeping procedure as recommended by this years auditor. It has been proposed that committee members be connected for tele-conference by Skype and thus include our country committee members who play a vital role in promoting our club with their events and input of enterprising ideas.

We are hoping we are able to maintain our monthly musters but that does depend upon the support of our members and those who are willing to take on the work.

The Toodyay Festival Committee recently expressed their desire to become the Country Capital of Bush Poetry. Our committee were delighted with this proposal and the opportunity to hold our state championship titles for November 2013 , and also to hold further events for the promotion of bush poetry in the country.

Moondyne Festival feels that a new event is taking shape and therefore have adopted the appropriate email address of toodyaybushpoets@gmail.com

However this proposal is still in the early stages and it will be up to the new committee and our members to make the final decision.

For our next muster on Friday September 7th our MC will be Dot Langley.

It is a night for the Australian classics with Brian Langley presenting his script of "The Controversy" for the first half of the program.

A dress up in period costume would be appreciated if possible.

September 7 is also the date set down for our AGM and members are requested to be in attendance by 6.30 pm to enable us to elect a committee and conclude business matters for 2012.

With regards from
John and Anne

Walking Different Tracks

For anyone holidaying down Dwellingup way in October, the Nanga Music Festival is being held again on 12 - 14th October 2012.

The 2012 Nanga Music Festival continues its celebration of acoustic and folk music with an impressive line-up of artists

Cervantes Festival of Art WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION Cervantes Recreation Centre October 25th - 29th 2012

Entries close 11th October.

1st prize - \$250

Junior prize - \$100

Entry -\$5/poem Open, \$2/poem Junior

Please contact Irene Conner on 0429652155 or email iconner21@wn.com.au for entry form and details.

This is an open event for original poems that have good rhyme and metre - and that meet the criteria for Australian bush poetry.

Poems will be on display at the festival.

Tamworth Poetry Reading Group BLACKENED BILLY VERSE COMPETITION

The Blackened Billy Verse Competition is regarded as one of the most prestigious BUSH POETRY competitions in Australia.

Writers of Bush verse are invited to compete.

First prize is \$600 plus the famous BLACKENED BILLY TROPHY.

Second prize is \$300 and third \$200.

Entries close November 30 and the winners will be announced at the Tamworth Country Music Festival in January 2013.

Write to Jan Morris PO Box 3001, West Tamworth NSW 2340 or email janmorris33@bigpond.com

Little Folk presents FOLK IN THE FOREST FESTIVAL - DWELLINGUP Friday 16 to Sunday 18 November

Purchase before 30 September to avail of the early bird price of \$50 - after 30 September tickets are \$65.00

All proceeds to childrens cancer research.

Music and bush poetry. Accomodation available.

Bookings are open now and you can email folk-in-the-forest@gmail.com or you can email Connie at conniekenny@hotmail.com or phone Noel on 0402039954

Walking Different Tracks (cont)

gathered under the tall trees of Nanga Bush Camp near Dwellingup, WA.

The Nanga Music Festival is all things acoustic and an exciting adventure of styles and influences; from bush ballads to blues, from celtic to contemporary, to folk.

For further information, visit their website on www.nangamusic.org.au

BOOK LAUNCH - Frank Heffernan

It seems we are in the season of Book Launches with Terry Piggott last month and Christine Boulton a few months back.

Anyway with Mary's help and a lot of hard work and learning we self published my collection of verse and held a very successful Book Launch at the Narrogin Library on Thursday 9th of August in front of a crowd of around 80 people.

The book, 'Rhymes for our Times' is a collection of 40 original poems and 10 modern day Nursery rhymes about farming, social and political issues and some relationship situations that most people can relate to. Illustrations are by a former farm neighbour and talented artist Jane Orchard and we are selling the book for twenty dollars or twenty three posted. 220 books have sold in just ten weeks.

I am hoping you could include my name on the list of Members Poetic Products on the back page of The BullyTin please. We have missed quite a few Musters this year because of the book venture but are planning to be there in September.

Hope to catch up with you again soon

Kind regards

Frank Heffernan

Modern Nursery Rhymes

Hey diddle diddle, this is a riddle;
Who really jumped over the moon?
The cat, or the dog, or the cow.
Or was it the dish or the spoon?
The answer I think should be naught;
It was really the astronaut.

Old Billy and Sam
Lost their very best ram
And couldn't tell where to find him!
When he never came home
They got on the phone
And asked their friends to find him.

But two miles away
In a paddock of hay
With ten lovely ewes right behind him
Stood a happy young ram
On the bank of the dam
Hoping that no-one would find him!

**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**

What will our dollar do, today? By Frank Heffernan

What will our dollar do, today; will it rise or fall, or sink or stay?

This Global Village is new and strange; where our lives are ruled by the Stock Exchange.

At first we smile and then we frown, as markets see-saw up and down.

The price of oil is up, today; but our wheat is going the other way.

Another factory's closing down, and fifty jobs are leaving town.

Still, China's buying our iron ore; and BHP is mining more.

They say our currency is sound; far better than the English Pound.

But the Euro's lost its way a'gen; as smart investors shun the Yen.

And Wall Street's having a holiday; so what will our dollar do, today?

The Market's full of Bulls and Bears; dodgy deals and shonky shares.

Some folk go broke and some do well; depending when they buy and sell.

And Brokers sometimes look like fools; when market forces change the rules.

Advisors charge their hefty fee; and Bankers say, "Invest with me."

The worst advice is often free; and no one gives a guarantee.

The risks are high and of concern, when bigger rates you want to earn.

Why waste our time with manual work; when Super Funds are such a lurk?

The rich may have a life of ease; or travel when and where they please.

Or buy a mansion on a hill; and let their 'Super' pay the bill.

A lucky country to the end; bless all who get to buy and spend.

But morally it all seems sad; when more is good and less is bad.

How can our children understand? It's not the way that God had planned!

Wealth is held in the hands of few; but our rising debts are overdue.

Can inflation wipe it all away? Or are we the bunnies left to pay?

And will our 'Aussie Dollar' float; or tip us out, and sink the boat?

We've lost our sense of real need; in a land consumed by Corporate greed.

While millions starve in the world today; without a home, or a place to stay.

And it seems to me that no one cares; in a country governed by Stocks and Shares!

Poet Profile: Prospect Good (F.W. Ophel)

Information and poems obtained from the book "A Good Prospect" Compiled and edited by Chris Holyday, and produced by Hesperian Press in Carlisle. WA Copies of the book can be purchased from Hesperian Press, 65 Oats Street, Carlisle.

Francis William Ophel, who has written over the signature of 'Prospect Good' in the Sun (Kalgoorlie), The Spectator (Perth) and elsewhere, was born on Dec 3rd, 1871 in Point McLeay Mission Station, South Australia. Until recently, little was known about his life due to the fact that he was a loner virtually for his entire life, and died at the age of 40.

Researchers consider that Prospect Good produced some of the best work of his era, and his writing was therefore instrumental in helping to establish the legend of the western digger - the type of 'mate who could die for a mate.'

Australia

Prospect Good (F.W.Ophel)

She lies amid the seas
that wreath with surf her shores,
and come the old-world sons to ask
admittance at her doors.

They reach her ports from all the world,
across the sundering seas,
from each far clime, by each good ship,
that feels the southing breeze.

They seek for freedom and release –
that know oppression's weight –
to taste the new world's liberty
and cheat the chains of fate.

From old world strife and bitterness,
they ask of her fair peace,
from tribal hate, tradition taught,
they seek with her surcease.

And those to whom she welcome bids
they enter with content,
to live and love and die within
her island continent.

For many come but few depart,
the spell of her blue skies
is o'er them cast – and round their feet,
most wondrous woven lies.

Her strange meshed nets of many strands,
golden and opaline,
silver and green, and scented with
sweet eucalypt and pine.

She holds them close in freedom's thralls
and none would wish them free;

her nets inwoven are with love,
her gyves are liberty.

And all day long bush whispers come
to such as hear and heed,
that call the laden to her heart,
to comfort them at need.

And many come but few depart,
for love and life they find
in the deep quiet of her groves,
and know her good and kind.

She lies half-veiled in mystic haze,
the wide seas round her marge,
yet may bush-lovers understand
her tender heart and large.

Yet may they lift the veil and see
her loveliness undimmed,
and through the radiance of her youth,
a greater glory limn'd.

Published in Kalgoorlie Sun, 15th March 1903.

In the Future

Of what will the bush bards sing in time,
when the digging days are done,
when the roaring times have been sung in rhymes,
the yarns of the past all spun?
When there's no new field to rush and work
and never a camp fire gleams,
when the stamper's roar can be heard no more?
Oh, then they'll be short of themes.

Of what will the bards of the future sing
when the last slip rails are gone?
Will bush lovers wait at an iron gate
to kiss in the moonlight wan?
What when the boundary rider's line
is a thin, tin, crackling fence,
and minus a nag, will he strike a snag
and puncture his Dunlop's tense?

When the drover drives his mob per train,
and 'across the blacksoil plains'
the carrier's team is a thing of steam,
an engine instead of wains;
when the last wattle bloom is of yore
the gums are all ring-barked too,
oh, spirit of Boake, when the bush fires smoke,
What *will* all the poets do?

And when Yattendon's strain is forgot,
nor son of Reprieve be traced,
will the songs inspired be of wheels a-tyred,
and of records broken-paced?
Will they write the merits of motor cars,
the praise of each maker rave,
while Lawson looks out from the shades in doubt,
and 'Banjo' turns in his grave?

Kalgoorlie Sun, 9th February 1903

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir/Madam

The recitation of Baa Baa Blacksheep would, to my mind, qualify as performance of a bush poem, and the poem could well be cited as a classic.

However, many people who live in the bush in South Africa and Australia are well read, intelligent adults who appreciate poetic art that goes beyond 'Waltzing Matilda' and Harry Dale the Drover' (on horseback with packhorse by his side.)

Drought, starvation, hatred, wars, beauty and love are present in the African bush. Many Australians only experience the bush from the cloistered cabs of their large, expensive cars.

I will be riding off (by bus) to meet Perth Poets, who are broadminded enough to write and read poetry concerning the global village of the 21st century.

I have no desire to burn books, or be part of a censorious 'index'.

May we confront the ogres of the 21st century with open eyes and ears and courageous voices.

Yours sincerely
Owen Keane

2013 AUSTRALIAN BUSH LAUREATE AWARDS

Nominations are now open for the above competition.

Categories include Book of the Year, Album of the Year, Single Recorded Performance of the Year, Published Poem of the Year, Childrens Poem or Track of the Year and Recorded Australian Song Lyric of the Year.

The eligibility period is from October 1st 2011 to September 30, 2012 - nominations must have been released or published during this period.

The Committee also invite nominations for the Judith Hosi-er Heritage Award, which is for a lasting and significant contribution to Australian Bush poetry.

Results will be announced at the Town Hall in Tamworth, NSW during the January festival - on Tuesday 22nd January 2013 at 2pm.

Further information and nomination forms can be obtained either by emailing www.bushlaureate.com.au or phoning 02 67622993. Please leave your name and number if we do not answer.

Song of the Wheat

A.B. Paterson

We have sung the song of the droving days,
of the march of the travelling sheep;
by silent stages and lonely ways
thin, white battalions creep.
but the man who now by the land would thrive
must his spurs to a ploughshare beat.

Is there ever a man in the world alive
to sing the song of the Wheat?

It's west by south of the Great Divide
the grim grey plains run out,
where the old flock masters lived and died
in a ceaseless fight with drought.
Weary with waiting and hope deferred
they were ready to own defeat,
till at last they heard the master-word
and the master-word was Wheat.

Yarran and Myall and Box and Pine –
'twas axe and fire for all;
they scarce could tarry to blaze the line
or wait for the trees to fall,
'ere the team was yoked and the gates flung wide,
and the dust of the horses' feet
rose up like a pillar of smoke to guide
the wonderful march of Wheat.

Furrow by furrow, and fold by fold,
the soil is turned on the plain;
better than silver and better than gold
is the surface-mine of the grain.
Better than cattle and better than sheep
in the fight with the drought and heat.
For a streak of stubbornness wide and deep
lies hid in a grain of wheat.

When the stock is swept by the hand of fate,
deep down in his bed of clay
the brave brown Wheat will lie and wait
for the resurrection day:
lie hid while the whole world thinks him dead;
but the spring rain, soft and sweet,
will over the steaming paddocks spread
the first green flush of the Wheat.

Green and amber and gold it grows
when the sun sinks late in the west
and the breeze sweeps over the rippling rows
where the quail and the skylark nest.
Mountain or river or shining star,
there's never a sight can beat –
away to the skyline stretching far –
a sea of the ripening wheat.

When the burning harvest sun sinks low,
and the shadows stretch on the plain,
the roaring strippers come and go
like ships on a sea of grain;
till the lurching, groaning wagons bear
their tale of the load complete.
Of the world's great work he has done his share
who has gathered a crop of wheat.

Princes and Potentates and Czars,
they travel in regal state,
but old King Wheat has a thousand cars
for his trip to the water-gate;
and his thousand steamships breast the tide
and plough thro' the wind and sleet
to the lands where the teeming millions bide
that say, 'Thank God for Wheat!'

COLONIAL BOY GRASSMEN Colleen O'Grady

This is the story of three intrepid teenagers,
Who entered the world without advice of stagers.
In their early years learnt Aboriginal land knowledge
Of tracking and animals and all the land's foliage.
With gained bushmanship skills extraordinaire,
They moved through life alone with bravery and flair.

At 16 went Charles Harper riding out into the sun,
And his mother gave him horse and cart, salt pork and a
gun,
To ride the empty Midlands and the giant Nor' West,
To find his own life and build his own nest.
Harper his fortune beneath the sky he was seeking,
In the land that was parched where the summer was reek-
ing.

At 19 went exploring with the Dempster crew,
Not finding what he wanted but still seeking true,
By 24 in the Nor' West with its Spinifex and sand,
With his hands into pearling vessels and stations grand.
At 25, Roebourne Bay relief party to help those in distress,
When two vessels sank with their goods; and all in duress.
Travelled to Champion Bay, a rough, lonely great distance,
And on arrival, travelled back with tucker in an instance.
His mind ever busy he was an amateur of great skill;
A geologist, a grassman, inventor of wire fences and mill.
Introduced the seven-year bean to encourage good health
And forged ahead building up his own great wealth.
Founded Guildford Grammar, became a political party
member.
He led a great life in this new colony so tender.
Married and had kids, built his properties north and south,
And became a diligent advocate by urging with his mouth
Of all the good, don't rubbish ideas people had to offer,
Build up the state he cried and don't be a mocker.
Some people listened and put their backs into work,
Others ignored him, progress they did shirk.
Was honoured and revered, his name became known.
Over the years following his youth, his fame had grown.

At 17 Andrew Dempster with brothers and Harper as
young,
Rode eastwards of Northam into the burning land of sun.
Not finding what was suitable for their needs of farming,
Went further north with their innocent smiles disarming.
There they split and Andrew with brothers was sent
Far away down to Esperance Bay riding he went.
There Andrew was left all alone to build stations renown,
And very rarely if ever went north back to town.
But then news came and was delivered by a ship.
His sister! To marry! He moved lickety-split!
Aged 19 Andrew forked his trusty horse,
And also carrying his trusty rifle of course,
He pointed his nag towards the new town of Toodyay
And set off with nought else from Esperance Bay.
With courage a dare-devil ride of hundreds of miles,
To arrive at the home Buckland with happy smiles,
To mingle with family and witness his sister duly wed,
And catch up on the gossip while being adequately fed,
Before forking the horse and galloping overland,
Up north into newly explored areas north of Buckland.
Adventurous grassman he built in the Murchison a station
grand,

And he continued on seeking resources in his roving
overland.
Back to the Bight again to build Esperance and Frazer
Range,
Where he was doctor, dentist, chief boss, and even cap-
tain strange
Of a leaky vessel that was fraught with mutiny aboard,
He sailed it to Fremantle and the delighted people
roared.
Like his friends Harper and Maitland, separated and
apart
By many, many miles, further than the Dead Heart,
He also left a name not to be forgotten in this large
State,
Since the time he was 17 he worked, for a slacker he did
hate.

At 17 Maitland Brown in the Gascoyne and deserts best,
Travelled North West with Gregory and crew on a mighty
quest.
Crossing unknown rivers, leaving one bearing his name
He, Gregory and crew continued their journey game.
From the Murchison to the desert their horses were the
first,
The first to leave their hoofprints in this ancient earth.
The exploration of a huge colony for land that was need-
ed,
First DeGrey, then desert, then desperate with God
Gregory pleaded.
Maitland much troubled, life was at risk so he rose and
heeded that call,
To save the lives of his distressed companions one and
all.
On the surviving worn-out nag he rode to get to the Oa-
kover River,
The sky so brass, the sand so hot, that it seemed to
shiver,
Stripped the nag of everything the poor horse carried,
Maitland continued his journey bothered and somewhat
harried.
Gregory stumbled behind anxiously, noting all the dis-
card
Of saddle, guns, hobbles on the burning ground hard.
Anguished and many prayers about their devil's luck,
Gregory and crew staggered behind a boy with pluck.
The weary expedition was exhausted and followed slow,
Trusting to the instincts of a teen they didn't know.
Distraught they were and resorting to soundless prayer,
Their silent words dissipating into that hot, desert air.
But ahead, haggard and drawn was Maitland so young,
Moving swiftly, he hastened a return; for his quest was
done.
Arriving to gladsome cries with fresh horses and pre-
cious water,
He guided Gregory and crew safely from desert slaugh-
ter.
This timely rescue he considered then a matter not hard,
For he turned his nag desert-wards to collect the discard.
With muscles of steel, his strength and the toughest luck,
Rode this 17-year-old bushwhacker lad full of pluck.
At 19 as a grassman with his own station at Shark's Bay,
And devised a new stock route along the Aboriginal way,
He harvested the guano to make himself a quid
And sold it and food to whalers who were eager to bid.
Was first Resident Magistrate of Geraldton so new,

And served the people in government remaining true blue.
He never failed to help others when they tried to roam.
Determined to make this parched land be a home,
Like Harper and Dempster he married and had kids,
And did his best to rear straight and true billy-lids.
Like his friends he advocated for an independent new land,
Where life was very good and could even be grand.

These three Colonial boys of our very large State,
Have their names immortalised in stones that are like slate.
Walk down St George's Terrace and seek them out,
And give them mighty thanks that they had some clout.

The Graveyard of Old

Bob Magor

Forgotten it rests on a windswept hill
Where the weeds and grass grow tall.
The aimless cattle who blunder at will
Care not when the headstones fall.

Who lies asleep in these unkept plots
And feels not the ravage of time?
Who sees no wars and hears no shots?
Could they be kinfolk of mine?

There rests in peace one Johnathon Burke.
Over here is Mary Malone.
Was her lifetime filled with sorrowing work?
Did she die out here all alone?

Was the Campbell clan so stricken by fate
Back in eighteen sixty-two,
That three sons died aged five, six and eight
Struck down by some Asian flu?

Wind and rain and the passing of years
Have eroded the headstones away.
You'll see no more the falling of tears
For the memories have faded today.

These pioneers fought to tame this land
After crossing an unknown sea.
Are they doomed forever to lie in the sand,
Forgotten by you and me?

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
Too soon we'll all be gone,
But our heritage must be kept in trust
For those that follow on.

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**

I was looking for a poem to pay tribute to the courage and will of the competitors competing at the Paralympics in London. While not a bush poem as such, I thought I would include this tribute.

The **pantoum** is a form of poetry similar to a villanelle in that there are repeating lines throughout the poem. It is composed of a series of quatrains; the second and fourth lines of each stanza are repeated as the first and third lines of the next. This pattern continues for any number of stanzas, except for the final stanza, which differs in the repeating pattern. The first and third lines of the last stanza are the second and fourth of the penultimate; the first line of the poem is the last line of the final stanza, and the third line of the first stanza is the second of the final. Ideally, the meaning of lines shifts when they are repeated although the words remain exactly the same.

A four-stanza pantoum is common, and in the final stanza, you could simply repeat lines one and three from the first stanza, or write new lines.

Paralympic Pantoum

Edgar Guest

How great to be a champion!
You sprint and see the banners fly;
Display your medal now you've won.
The anthem plays; supporters cry.

You sprint and see the banners fly.
Your past now bears another view:
The anthem plays; supporters cry.
The boss said he'd no use for you.

Your past now bears another view.
You'd worked for him for seven years.
The boss said he'd no use for you
Since the crash. No crowds to cheer.

You'd worked for him for seven years.
You took your first steps down the ward
Since the crash. No crowds to cheer
Your months of sweat without reward.

You took your first steps down the ward;
Display your medal now you've won.
Your months of sweat without reward:
How great to be a champion.

*For the arrival of the Paralympic Flame to
Wisbech Museum, August 2012*

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.

August Muster.

Dave Smith from Collie was our MC for the evening a role which he relishes and does well and after a short introduction John Hayes recited a poem from his own collection titled "Cheque Mate" This tells the story of a shearer who carried large sums of money because he did not trust banks. Eventually his mates persuaded him to open a cheque account which soon become overdrawn or in the red for quite a large amount. He was summoned to appear at the bank but did not understand how he could be overdrawn if he still had some blank cheques. The manager tried desperately to enlighten him and the shearer said "no worries mate I'll write you out a cheque".

Brian Langley was next up with his own poem, 'The reason that I'm here.' This describes the first tentative steps of a person developing his skill as a writer and the daunting task of the first performance

So here I am up on stage my rhyming words to say
I hope that I can win a prize and take it home today
I've got the words all sorted out I know them off by heart???
But my mind has just gone total blank ---and I can't even start!!

Peter Nettleton all the way back from Broome and we hope he is here to stay Peter is an experienced writer and performer from the bush poets early years. His poem 'Freddy the Fleecer and Bale Filler Ben' was his own composition recited with humour and enthusiasm as always. They could shear three hundred sheep in a blink and surely you'd think it was time for a drink. It was difficult to remember a lot of the poem without a synopsis but I'm sure our audience enjoyed his performance.

Grace Williamson is a dedicated performer and I know she spends many hours practising her poems for a polished performance.

Tonight Grace recited "The Stockman's Tale' by "Anon" The story of two brothers who were in charge of a mob of cattle with three other stockman.. Ben had a problem with drink and was trying to abstain but Ned persuaded him to have "just one glass and that one glass led to glass after fatal glass." Then his frightened horse bolted after being spurred on and knocked poor Ben against a tree

Robert Gunn the recited Marco Gliori's (spelling???) "the Shopping Plate Stakes' A story of filling the trolleys at a hectic pace and recited in the manner of a race caller to reach the winning post at the checkout chick.

A satirical version of 'Clancy of The Overflow by Banjo Paterson was then recited by Dot Langley who finally declares.

It's more than just a fancy that I need to be with Clancy
Need to be his friend and sweetheart wherever he may go.
For I know that I would rather be wit my baby's father
than here alone without him---Clancy of the Overflow.

Terry Piggot is a talented writer and it was pleasing to hear him recite his own poem and we are hoping he will become a regular performer "Would you Say Hello to Dad" when the daughter of an old friend asked me to call on her father who had been a mate of mine long ago. She explained the reason why they'd moved back to town Her father was now paralysed a stroke had cut him down

I talked to him of old days and I saw his spirits rise
His eyes began to sparkle with the talk of dust and flies

His daughter walked me to my car and thanked me once again
I saw her eyes were glistening- life must have been a strain.
I told her I'd be close by and come to town each week.
And as she took my hand, a tiny tear rolled down her cheek.

Heather Denholm then recited "The Germ Chaser' written by C.J. Dennis in 1937
"and where she's sleeping soundly now,
the germs have got her anyhow.

Our first item in the second half was a reading from the classics. A poem by Jack Sorenson "How O'Leary broke the Drought" performed by Brian Langley

O'Leary could only procure one keg of rum to break the drought when the lugger berthed at Derby
But as he strode along the plankway with the barrel in his grip
The lurching of the lugger caused his hob nailed boot to slip
then shouting to Mc Sweeney, "Kindly throw a rope to me.
Tim O'Leary with the barrel took a header in the sea
Now they who sought the sandalwood still spread the tale about
how Tim, the blessed martyr, gave his life to break the drought.

John Hayes recited his own poem "The Wool Buyer"
The story of Jack Wende, who came to the farm each September and seemed to know exactly when the last bale
was branded. No doubt this was information he gleaned from the bush telegraph but he was always a welcome
sight.
For it was cash upon the knocker for the cocky or the squatter
as we battlers always need cash in hand
For taxes and deductions, for classin' freight and auctions
is blight to every man upon the land.

Robert Gunn on guitar then sang the Rudyard Kipling poem "If"
'If you can keep your head while everyone else is losing theirs"
Is there a message in this for us???

An original recording on tape of Dorothea MacKellar reciting her own poem
"My Country was presented by Dave Smith, then Dave recited his own poem
"At The first light Of Dawn" the walk to join others in the Anzac Dawn Service
Some youngsters I asked why they brave this cold and wet
They answered as one 'Mate, it's lest we forget

Terry Piggot read another of his own poem 'A Bushman's Farewell'
The first and last stanzas as follows—
His face is grey and haggard and his eyes are dulled with pain
Determination drives him as he heads out bush again
His wife and mates are with him to make sure his wish comes true
To touch again the red earth, out there near the :Famous Blue"

Beneath the brooding breakaways where stars were shining bright
A bushman lost his battle as his spirit now took flight.
While tears are flowing for a man they all will miss
A wife is quietly sobbing as she gives a farewell kiss.

Peter Nettleton then recited 'the Great Australian Adjective'

And I don't know the author.

A bloke is continuously overuses the adjective. His girlfriend uses the word but once in frustration and he de-
clares.

"no sheila's gunna marry me
If she's gunna bloody swear!

Written in 1928 "Scotty's Wild Stuff Stew" by Francis Huphris Brown
Was Dot Langley's second choice of the evening. (Some of the words have been changed in this to suit 2009)
The cause of all the trouble was McCabe the jackeroo
Who ordered what facetiously he'd christened "Wild Stuff Stew"
There was Ginger found a lizard it was quite a big one to
It was rather hard to handle but it softened in the stew
Someone found a dingo that a boundary rider shot
It was more or less fermented still, it went inside the pot.
when McCabe the Jackeroo ate it he got the dries and then the shakes
and we felt shaky too
We were thinkin' of the spider with the red spot in the stew.

Robert Gunn performed the final item of the evening with Mick Collis'
Grand Final Dream" when a fan barracks for both the Dockers and the Eagles
And the Grand Final is a draw.

I have always found it difficult to do the write up for the muster program especially without a synopsis. I can only
assume those who have done it can appreciate the problem. Next month I will do the write up for the last time as
they are all classics and Brian Langley has written the script. So who will volunteer to do it in future?

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

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Jack Matthews	Committee		
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

- ◆ Friday 7th September Muster. Bentley Park Auditorium at 7.30pm. 26 Plantation Drive. Bentley
- ◆ Friday 5th October Muster. RSL Hall. 1 Fred Bell Parade (off Hill View Tce) 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.
	Canning Bridge Markets	1st Sunday month 10-12md	John Hayes
West Kimberley Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Muster		1st Sunday of month—Broome RSL	Peter Nettleton
		(Stinger) on 0407770053	

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 or www.bushverse.com

Don't forget our website
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 www.wabushpoets.com Go to the "Performance Poets" page	Members' Poetic Products	Keith Lethbridge	books	
	Graham Armstrong	Book	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		
	John Hayes	CDs & books	"Terry & Jenny"	Music CDs
	Tim Heffernan	book	Terry Piggott	Book
	Brian Langley	books, CD	Frank Heffernan	Book
	Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography		

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