

# The

June 2013

# BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



**Next Muster Friday 7th June 7pm RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley  
MC Dot Langley 93613770 or 0428131094**

## THIS DAY IN HISTORY

### 3rd June

#### Australian Explorers:

1862 - John McKinlay, during his relief expedition to locate the missing Burke and Wills, loses a horse to snake bite.

#### Australian History:

1787 - the First Fleet arrives in Tenerife, in the Canary Islands, to take on extra supplies

1790 - The Lady Juliana is the first ship of the Second Fleet to arrive in Sydney Cove

#### World History:

1769 - Lieutenant James Cook observes the transit of Venus across the sun, on the trip during which he would chart Australia's eastern coast.

## CHANGE TO MUSTER VENUE!!

A reminder to all members that **AFTER** the June muster, which is at RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley, we will be returning to the Bentley Park Auditorium for the monthly musters, commencing at 7pm.

The first muster back at Bentley Park will be the July muster - Friday 5th July.

The move to the RSL Hall was on a trial basis only, and was done in an effort to attract more attendees at the musters. Unfortunately, this has not happened, and we are now not having the residents of Bentley Park attend as they used to.

There has been some ongoing issues with the security system, which has meant people waiting around outside while we waited for the RSL facility manager to arrive to de-activate the alarm. And it has also been difficult for committee members, or others, to find the time to interact or discuss issues, due to time constraints on when we needed to vacate the

premises.

But we would like to take the opportunity to thank Kelvin and Jackie Lid-diard for their prompt service to deactivate alarms, and for the support they have given us during our time at the hall. It has been very much appreciated.

### Behind The Shed

© Terry Piggott

Remember how we use to meet behind your fathers shed,  
out through the window down the tree so silently I sped.  
I'd sneak out through the shadows that were cast upon the ground,  
ignoring then the consequence if we were ever found.

You'd greet me with a clumsy kiss although still out of breath,  
I'd tell you that I loved you then, despite my fear of death.  
For if your father caught us, I was sure he'd blow his top,  
he may forgive his darling girl, but I'd be for the chop.

We'd whisper then of wedding plans in years that lay ahead,  
then giggle at this escapade and thoughts of being wed.  
I'd look into your lovely eyes, and you stare into mine,  
back in those days when I was ten and you had just turned nine.

### WANTED - MUSTER MC's

Dave Smith & Terry Piggott, our new Event Coordinators, are wanting members who would be willing to take on the role of MC for 1 Muster each. There are guidelines to work within, for those who are unsure as to what is required, and both Dave & Terry are available for help. Please see Dave or Terry

**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

June 5<sup>th</sup> will be our last muster at the R S L club. We will move back to Bentley Park on 7<sup>th</sup> July for the muster starting at 7pm.

The AGM will be held before the muster on 2<sup>nd</sup> August, with the meeting starting at 6.30 pm and the muster to follow. All committee positions become vacant at the AGM, and as some are not seeking re-election we need people to fill any vacancies, particularly that of treasurer.

Unfortunately, the WA Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners find themselves currently without a treasurer. It has been a difficult year on the treasury front as, during this financial year we have had 3 different people doing this role. This has created some confusion among members, and the current vacancy adds to this.

With the AGM due in August, now is not the time to try and find another person willing to take on this role on a temporary basis **unless it is a person with the necessary skills and availability who intends to nominate for the position for the coming year.** Unless this happens, the treasurer role will be shared by other available committee members. As this is also the time for membership renewal, the committee **seeks your understanding** that until we can get a full time treasurer, there will be some delays in some of the treasurer / registrar duties, ie paying moneys owed, receipts for membership payments, membership badges etc.

We are also seeking volunteers to assist with other roles within our association. Nancy is currently doing muster write-ups, but as she is our meet and greet person at the door she needs help. It is not necessary to be committed to committee meetings to take on some of these roles. Robert Gunn is currently looking after the sound equipment and Rhonda Hinkley the suppers. Both are invaluable help to the association without being committee members.

The WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners has an exciting year ahead, and the State Championships at Toodyay promises to be an excellent weekend of Bush Poetry and social activities not to be missed.

Bill Gordon  
President

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**Green Fingers**  
Philip Rush

Her garden was her pride and joy,  
the envy of her neighbours;  
She didn't anyone employ,  
'twas all from her own labours.  
I've seen the garden in its prime,  
but the memory that lingers,  
is not the trees and plants sublime,  
but that she had green fingers!

## Website and Library

Members are advised that the Library is now up and running, The Librarian, Trish Joyce (ph 9458 3056 ) now has the books. She will be taking a selection along to musters for members to borrow.

A full list of available titles is available from Trish, or by visiting our website. Should you require a particular book, please give Trish a ring so that she can have it available for you at the next muster. Books are lent for a period of 1 month (muster - muster)

There are still some books that have not been returned from considerable time ago - if you have any still sitting around home, can you please drop it to Trish at the next muster you attend.

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## The State of the Treasury!

**We are seeking a member to take on the treasurer / registrar position for the forthcoming year.** This person **MUST** have basic book-keeping skills with the ability to reconcile bank statements with monthly expenses and income, be prepared to follow time honoured procedures without trying to overcomplicate what should be a relatively simple job, and to ensure that all transactions are properly recorded immediately they happen, rather than trying to sort them out later. While computer literacy and ownership is not essential, it would certainly make life easier for all concerned if they were - in particular using basic features of MS Excel (We do have what is supposed to be a simple book keeping software package, but as yet, we've not commenced to use it )

In general, the treasurers job is not very demanding. Other than early in the financial year when memberships are paid, there are typically only about 6 transactions each month -

The treasurer is required to maintain an accurate record of financial matters and to submit a monthly report to the committee in which the transactions for the month are reconciled with our bank statement, The treasurer also generally takes on the role of maintaining a current membership list - this requires very little ongoing work, just amending the list from time to time.

Our Association **NEEDS** a treasurer - Are **YOU** the person for the job - There can be great satisfaction in knowing that you are part of a team who are following the aims of our Association in keeping Bush Poetry and Yarnspinning alive and thriving here in the West. - If **YOU** are willing and able to take on this most essential job - **PLEASE** contact either President Bill or Vice President Brian (contact details on the back of the Bully Tin)

## 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.

### Stitchin' Seams

by Carmel Boake (niece of Barcroft Boake) c. 1919

I sit close ter the winder pane. an stitch away at seams;  
The winder pane is cracked an broke, but still the sunlight  
streams

Across the sill and on my cheek ,its golden glory gleams -  
I hate it, cos' it makes me think when I am stitchin' seams.

I must not think I will not think, fer that's a silly game;  
The other girls, they laugh and joke I uster do the same,  
But now I stitch an' stitch an 'stitch, and bright the needle  
gleams;  
I've got no time fer silly thoughts, when I am stitchin' seams'

One day the soldiers all passed-by, home comin' from the war;  
I loved to see the soldiers once, but that was long before,  
They called ter me to see" them pass, and laughed an' cheered  
and cried-  
I couldn't see the seams that day, no matter how I tried.

Gawd! Work the treadle fast agin, the thoughts is comin' quicker  
I almost thought of im agen - oh! Gawd! they're crowdin 'thicker'  
Fast, fast the,treadle flies, an 'faster; bright the needle gleams'  
Thank gawd ,the thoughts are gone agen - for I am stitchin'  
seams.

The seam I've done, the seam I've stitched, they're mountin' up  
so high;  
I sometimes think, if I go on, they'll reach up to the sky,  
For all day long I stitch an' stitch and keep on stitchin' seams,  
And when at last the day is done, I stitch ' em in my dreams

My life has changed : 'Oh Gawd! it's queer I don't know what it  
means!  
I only know that -Bill is dead, and I am stifchin seams.

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### Little Black Dog

Elizabeth Gardner Reynolds

I wonder if Christ had a little black dog  
All curly and woolly like mine,  
With long silky ears and a nose round and wet  
And two beady eyes that shine.  
I am sure if He had, that that little black dog  
Knew right from the start, He was God.  
That he needed no proof that Christ was divine  
And worshipped the ground where He trod.  
I'm afraid He hadn't, because I have read  
How He prayed in the garden alone,  
For all of His friends and disciples had fled  
Even Peter, the one called a stone,  
And oh, I am sure, that that little black dog  
With a heart so gentle and calm  
Would never have left Him to suffer alone  
But, creeping right under His arm,  
Would have licked the fingers in agony clasped  
And counted all favours but loss  
When they took Him away, would have trotted  
And followed Him right to the Cross.

### Are You Catchin' Any, Mate?

Brian Langley

Each time that I go fishing,  
I rarely have to wait  
Before somebody comes and asks,  
"Are you catchin' any, mate?"

I could be on a jetty,  
Or standing on the beach,  
Or by some icy mountain stream  
That's almost out of reach.

No matter where I'm fishing,  
It seems to be my fate  
That someone always comes and asks,  
"Are you catchin' any, mate?"

It could be in the afternoon,  
Or in the dark of night;  
Or just before the sun gets up  
In dawn's first early light.

Sometimes I've only just arrived;  
Not yet put on my bait  
When someone comes along and asks,  
"Are you catchin' any, mate?"

They don't look in my bucket,  
They never stop to see.  
I think it's just because I'm there  
They're always askin' me

That boring bloody question;  
It makes me so irate,  
They sing out from ten yards away,  
"Are you catchin' any, mate?"

So folks, if you're out walking  
And you see me with my gear,  
Instead of asking questions  
Just bring along some beer

And sit and share a can or two,  
I think that would be great  
And then perhaps I'll tell you if  
I'm catchin any, mate.

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One for the kids

### Baby Echidnas

Karen Emmott

Do you know what an Echidna's baby's  
called?  
her baby's called a 'puggle',  
but because of all the prickly spines,  
I won't give it a cuddle!

It has the sweetest little face!  
It's really very cute,  
but hugging's not a good idea  
for it wears a prickle suit!

## I REMEMBER

Mabel Forrest

I sit by the fire, for the nights are cold,  
And the winter's hard when you're growing old.

Ah! . . . . I Remember,

A creek that rippled a whole day long  
And sang to the Dogwoods a mystic song,  
The sparse leaved gum, with its flowering crest,  
And the tunnelled banks where the sand-tits nest,  
And a wide warm stretch of a sun-kissed sward,  
Where pebbles glint in the shallow ford.

Ah! . . . . I Remember,

What it was to be young, and glad, and strong,  
By a creek that rippled that whole day long!

I heap more wood on the smouldering fire,  
That burns like age with its weak desire.

Ah! . . . . I Remember,

The Muster of cattle away Out Back,  
The Thunder of hoofs, and the stockwhip crack,  
The panting breaths on the warm sweet breeze,  
The tossing horns by Rosella Trees,  
And the whirl of dust, and the hot hides reek,  
When that red bull cornered me by the creek!

Ah! . . . . I Remember,

What a muscle I had for a stockwhip's crack,  
In the rollicking mustering days Out Back!

The wind blows chill from the range to-day,  
Blows chill from those blue peaks miles away . . .

Ah! . . . . I Remember,

The shivering sheep in the deep wash pool,  
The sunlight bleaching the scoured wool  
(That was white and pure as a boy's first years),  
And the ewes, just fresh from the ringers shears,  
Or patched here and there by the tar-pots shine,  
Where some novice's blade had clipped too fine!

Ah! . . . . I Remember.

The long, low shed, and the bales of wool.  
And the huddled sheep by the wide wash pool.

Now I crouch by the fire, the days are cold,  
And the nights are long, when you're growing old!

Ah! . . . . I remember,

How I reined my horse by the rough slip-rail,  
When a waning moon o'er the ridge rose pale,  
And in the hush of the scrub's still gloom,  
I saw the stars on clematis bloom;  
While from dusk of the lightwood tree,  
Out of the shadows she came to me . . . .

Ah! . . . . I remember,

And shall recall, till my senses fail,  
How I held her close, by the rough slip-rail.

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## WHERE THE DEAD MEN LIE

**Barcroft Boake**

Out on the wastes of the Never Never -  
That's where the dead men lie!  
There where the heat-waves dance forever -  
That's where the dead men lie!  
That's where the Earth's loved sons are keeping  
Endless tryst: not the west wind sweeping

Feverish pinions can wake their sleeping -  
Out where the dead men lie!

Where brown Summer and Death have mated -  
That's where the dead men lie!  
Loving with fiery lust unsated -  
That's where the dead men lie!  
Out where the grinning skulls bleach whitely  
Under the saltbush sparkling brightly;  
Out where the wild dogs chorus nightly -  
That's where the dead men lie!

Deep in the yellow, flowing river -  
That's where the dead men lie!  
Under the banks where the shadows quiver -  
That's where the dead men lie!  
Where the platypus twists and doubles,  
Leaving a train of tiny bubbles.  
Rid at last of their earthly troubles -  
That's where the dead men lie!

East and backward pale faces turning -  
That's how the dead men lie!  
Gaunt arms stretched with a voiceless yearning -  
That's how the dead men lie!  
Oft in the fragrant hush of nooning  
Hearing again their mother's crooning,  
Wrapt for aye in a dreamful swooning -  
That's how the dead men lie!

Only the hand of Night can free them -  
That's when the dead men fly!  
Only the frightened cattle see them -  
See the dead men go by!  
Cloven hoofs beating out one measure,  
Bidding the stockmen know no leisure -  
That's when the dead men take their pleasure!  
That's when the dead men fly!

Ask, too, the never-sleeping drover:  
He sees the dead pass by;  
Hearing them call to their friends - the plover,  
Hearing the dead men cry;  
Seeing their faces stealing, stealing,  
Hearing their laughter, pealing, pealing,  
Watching their grey forms wheeling, wheeling  
Round where the cattle lie!

Strangled by thirst and fierce privation -  
That's how the dead men die!  
Out on Moncygrub's farthest station -  
That's how the dead men die!  
Hard-faced greybeards, youngsters caflow;  
Some mounds cared for, some left fallow;  
Some deep down, yet others shallow.  
Some having but the sky.

Moncygrub, as he sips his claret,  
Looks with complacent eye  
Down at his watch-chain, eighteen carat -  
There, in his club, hard by:  
Recks not that every link is stamped with  
Names of the men whose limbs are cramped with  
Too long lying in grave-mould, cramped with  
Death where the dead men lie.

'Ard Tack

I'm a shearer, yes I am, and I've shorn 'em, sheep  
and lamb,  
From the Wheatbelt and to Esperance and back;  
And I've rung a shed or two when the fleece was  
tough as glue  
But I'll tell you where I struck the 'ardest tack.  
I was down round Wandering way, killin' time from  
day to day  
Till the big sheds started movin' further out,  
When I struck a bloke by chance that I summed up in  
a glance  
As a cocky from a vineyard round about.  
Now, it seems he picked me too, well, it wasn't 'ard  
to do  
'Cos I 'ad a 'and piece hanging from me hip;  
'I got a mob, he said, 'a mob about two hundred  
head,  
And I'd give some foldin' notes to have the clip.'  
I says, 'Right , I'll take the stand' (it meant gettin' in  
me 'and!)  
And be nine o'clock we'd rounded up the mob;  
In a shed stuck in the ground--- yeah, with wine  
casks all around!  
And that is where I started on me job

I goes easy for a bit, while me 'and was gettin' fit,  
And, by dinner time, I'd done some 'arf a score;  
With the cocky pickin' up and 'andin' me a cup  
Of pinkie, after every sheep I shore!  
The cocky 'ad to go away about the seventh day,  
After showin' me the kind a' casks to use;  
Then I'd do the pickin' up and manipulate the cup  
Strollin' round the wine casks, just to pick and  
choose!  
Then I'd stagger to the pen, grab a sheep and start  
again,  
With a noise between a hiccup and a sob;  
And sometimes I'd fall asleep with my arms around a  
sheep'  
Worn and weary from me over-arduous job!  
And so six weeks went by, with a drowsy sort of sigh,  
I pushed the last old cobbler through the door,  
Gathered in the cocky's pay, then staggered on me  
way  
From the 'ardest bloody shed I ever shore.

## SNOWY MOUNTAINS OF MUSIC Celebrates THE POETRY OF THE ALPS



### POETRY COMPETITIONS

Given the Snowy Mountains' connection with one of Australia's most famous poems, 'The Man From Snowy River', it's not surprising that poetry and verse will feature prominently in Perisher Snowy Mountains of Music festival on the June long weekend.

In recognition of the significance that verse and the spoken word has had in the region, the Snowy Mountains of Music will be holding a pre-festival open and junior poetry competition called the **Broken Ski Award** and the **Snowy Poetry Cup** which will be given to the best recited poem at the festival.

#### BROKEN SKI AWARD

If you would like to enter an original poem in the Broken Ski Award, please submit it electronically below. The Broken Ski Award will be awarded for the best submitted original verse in a number of categories as follows:

#### OPEN section

JUNIOR - High School Age - 12 to 18

JUNIOR - Primary School Age - Under 12

For entry forms and details, go to:

[http://snowymountainsofmusic.com.au/snowy\\_poetry\\_competition](http://snowymountainsofmusic.com.au/snowy_poetry_competition)

#### Applications close Tuesday 4 June 2013

#### SNOWY POETRY CUP (awarded at Festival)

The **Snowy Poetry Cup** will be awarded for the best recitation of an original or traditional poem. It will be decided at the festival. Check the festival programme (to be issued in May 2013) for venue and time.

You can enter the competition on the day and just need to be present to take part, and be a festival patron of course.

#### Granpa's Favour

Peg Vickers

One day as Grandpa drove his ute  
where he had seldom been,  
his eyes beheld with disbelief  
a most distressing scene.

A family sat beside the road -  
the unblessed lower class,  
wearing threadbare ragged clothes  
and all were eating grass.

Grandpa cried dramatically,  
"This is too bad indeed,  
Get on the ute, I'll take you home  
to have a proper feed."

"Thank you - thank you very much,  
this is so kind of you,  
However, we have other friends,  
Can they come with us too?"

'Of course they can,' Grandpa ex-  
claimed,

"If they are destitute,  
Come on, come on, do not delay,  
all jump up on the ute."

They cheered as Grandpa drove  
along  
for such a lovely favour,  
:The least that I can do," he said  
"My grass has much more fla-  
vour."

## 'THE KEMBLA FLAME'

Illawarra Breakfast Poets and South Coast Country Music Assn.

Written Poetry Competition

associated with the Country Music Festival 14th July 2013

Rules & Conditions:

\*Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

\*Entries will be numbered and authors name must not appear on the poem.

\*Poems must not have won a first place or have been published for profit

\*Entries must be the sole work of the entrant. Copyright remains with the author but permission is granted for the organisers to reproduce and/or distribute the same to promote or advertise the event.

\*Poems do not necessarily have to have a heritage or bush theme but they must be distinctly Australian and must have consistent rhyme, and metre. No line limit.

\*Poems with a humorous nature may be favoured.

\*Special condition: While members of Judging panel cannot enter this competition- other members of Illawarra Breakfast Poets may enter.

\*Closing date: 7th June 2013

\*Late entries cannot be accepted.

\*Entry fee is: \$6 for one poem - \$15 for three poems - no limit

\*Cheque or Money Order to be made to South Coast Country Music Assn.

Addressed to Comp Secretary: Po Box 5064, Wollongong NSW 2520

\*entries must be accompanied by entry fees

Information and entry forms from

[zondraeking@gmail.com](mailto:zondraeking@gmail.com) or the SCCMA through [BruceShepherd@gmail.com](mailto:BruceShepherd@gmail.com) .

1<sup>st</sup> June is National Whale Day – started by the International Fund for Animal Welfare. Launched in 2008, it is a celebration of the whales and dolphins that migrate to our coastlines annually and Australia's position as a world leader in whale conservation. It provides an opportunity to raise awareness of, and discuss solutions to, the threats facing whales and their environment.

I dug out this poem which, co-incidentally was written in 2008. It was written after a whale was found beached just up the coastline from Jurien Bay. There was a lot of local controversy at the time about the decision, after several days, to kill the whale with explosives as, that morning, it had turned itself around for the first time, and many thought it was getting ready to go back out to sea.

The Dying Whale  
29/09/08

Your destiny was freedom and your home, the deep blue sea  
but now our tears are falling as we hear your heartfelt plea.  
You wallow in the shallows as you draw each fading

breath,

and our hearts are filled with sorrow as you drift towards your death.

A juvenile they say you are, though fifteen tonne or more; you should have many years ahead to frolic and explore; to practice acrobatics as you breach, and lunge and roll and to sing your haunting whale song that reflects your gentle soul.

Nobody knows your story, why you've drifted here to die, your grace and beauty dimming, and I want to ask you why.

Your destiny was freedom in your home – the deep blue sea;

May you frolic in the heavens – always graceful, always free.

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The Bunbury Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners chapter is up and away!! Thanks to Adrian Egan, who takes the time to keep up informed of what is happening down there. Anyone who is down that way and looking for something to attend, please contact Adrian on [aregan2@bigpond.com](mailto:aregan2@bigpond.com) It is great to see another event happening.

### Bunbury Horse & Country Music Show - Bush Poetry

My sincere thanks to "Outback Paddy", Bill, Alan and Norm for their excellent contributions to the morning's Bush Poets program; the performances were great so it is a real pity we had only a small gathering to entertain (about 0.1 % of all Show attendees!!) before 10.30 am. I think for 2014 Show, we need to work to build our local BP&YSA supporting group (a dedicated large audience?) and also see how we can slot our Bush Poets into brackets over the full day on the Saturday, interspersing our poetry within the Country Music program. I'll be talking to the Boyup Brook group later in May and will take the opportunity to see what we can do to syndicate.

I look forward to the next Meeting of the BP&YSA's *Bunbury "Chapter and Verse"* in a month or so.

Adrian Egan

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### EDITORS NOTE:

One of the things that takes the most time in getting the Bully Tin out is firstly finding suitable poems, secondly, typing them out (despite the fact that I am quite a fast typist!!) And thirdly, getting them to 'fit' the spaces I have - many a time I have typed a poem for a small spot, then found it doesn't fit!!

I am trying to build up a collection of poems typed up and ready to go to make it easier each month, so if anyone out there would like to type up some poems that you enjoy - either your own, or someone else's (Australian) - and email them to me, I would very much appreciate it.

They would be especially appreciated at the moment, as my external drive has just died (temporarily, I hope!) with the collection I had already done!

Many thanks, Irene

## Black Harry's Team

Andrew Barton Paterson

No soft-skinned Durham steers are they,  
No Devons plump and red,  
But brindled, black and iron-grey  
That mark the mountain-bred;  
For mountain-bred and mountain-broke,  
With sullen eyes a gleam,  
No stranger's hand could put a yoke  
On old Black Harry's team.

Pull out, pull out, at break of morn  
The creeks are running white,  
And Tiger, Spot and Snailey-horn  
Must bend their bows by night;  
And axles, wheels, and flooring boards  
Are swept with flying spray  
As shoulder-deep, through mountain fords  
The leaders feel their way.

He needs no sign of cross or kirk  
To guide him as he goes,  
For every twist and every turn  
That old black leader knows.  
Up mountains steep they heave and strain  
Where never wheel has rolled,  
And what the toiling leaders gain  
The body-bullocks hold.

Where eagle-hawks their eyries make,  
On sidlings steep and blind,  
He rigs the good old-fashioned brake---  
A tree tied on behind.  
Up mountains, straining to the full,  
Each poler plays his part---  
The sullen, stubborn, bullock-pull  
That breaks a horse's heart.

Beyond the farthest bridle track  
His wheels have blazed the way;  
The forest giants, burnt and black,  
Are ear-marked by his dray.  
Through belts of scrub, where messmates grow  
His juggernaut has rolled,  
For stumps and saplings have to go  
When Harry's team takes hold.

On easy grade and rubber tyre  
The tourist car goes through,  
They halt a moment to admire  
The far-flung mountain view.  
The tourist folk would be amazed  
If they could get to know  
They take the track Black Harry blazed  
A Hundred years ago.

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## WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Website

Don't forget to check out our website for the large selection of old Western Australian poetry that Brian Langley has researched and posted on the site for your enjoyment, and to keep our history alive.

## Nancy of the Overtime

CHRISTINA HINDHAUGH

I had written her a letter which I had for want of better.  
Knowledge sent to where I met her in a city office clime,  
She was working when I knew her, so I sent the letter to her  
Just on spec, Addressed as follows: "Nancy of the Overtime."

And an answer came directed in a manner unexpected,  
(It was all computer printed -certainly not penned),  
The Staff Department wrote it and verbatim I will quote it:  
"Nancy's gone to Queensland flying: She's on a long weekend."

In my wild erratic fancy, Visions come to me of Nancy,  
Working just nine days a fortnight, and making lots of dough:  
In an office cool and gleaming, where she doesn't do the cleaning  
For the city life has leisure's That the rurals never know.

And at lunch there's friends to Meet her, and their worldly voices greet her  
in the murmur of the restaurant where gourmet food's the go.  
And around the vision splendid of arcades and shops extended  
And at night the wondrous glory of the concert and the show.

I am drenching in a rusty stifling woolshed, where  
a dusty stream of sunlight Sears fiercely down like fire on the wall:  
And the foetid air impure from the piles of fresh manure  
through the battens wafting spreads its odour over all.

And in place of cultured chatter, I can hear the fiendish clatter  
of the werthers and ewe weaners as the sheep dog gives them chase;  
And the language uninviting of my husband with them fighting –  
comes fitfully and loudly if I don't keep full the race.

And the hurrying hoggets haunt me and their daggy back-sides daunt me,  
As they poo on one another in their rush and nervous haste;  
For I jostle and I push them All day long rush them  
For a farmer has no time to rest, she has no lime to waste.

And I sometimes rather fancy that I'd like to change with Nancy,  
Like to taste some city living, while I'm still in my prime;  
"While she faced the fight infernal with the parasites internal  
But I doubt she'd suit the sheep yards, Nancy of the Overtime

\*\*\*\*\*

## Notice of Annual General Meeting.

The 2013 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, August 2nd 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 2012 Annual General Meeting held Sept. 7th 2012
- Financial Report
- President's Report – Mr Bill Gordon

Election of Management Committee:

President  
Vice President  
Secretary  
Treasurer / Registrar  
General Committee (minimum 4)

Non Committee Positions – Ratification of Irene Conner as WA Rep. to the ABPA

We are also seeking volunteers (does not have to be a committee member) for such positions as Muster Write up, catering, PA management and other ad hoc jobs

Business Arising and other business of an Annual Nature.

**Cut off and post to WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners, P.O. Box 364, Bentley**

**WA 6982**

**NOMINATION FORM** Nominations for the 2013 - 14 Management Committee Positions of the WABP&YSA

Members are invited to nominate for any of the above Management Committee Positions.

Notes:

- Elections will be held in the order above. If successful in one position, you will be ineligible for subsequent positions
- You MUST be a financial member to serve on the Management Committee (those members still unfinancial, (Fees were due on July 1<sup>st</sup>) can pay their fees upon entry on the night or submit them with this form)
- You can nominate yourself, or someone else (with their acceptance indicated on this form)
- The Committee would prefer if this nomination form were used and submitted to the Assn prior to July 26th, however, if you are attending the Annual General Meeting, you may nominate in person from the floor.
- Country Nominations are welcome as there is a high likelihood that future committee meeting will be held via the internet.

Do not nominate for any position if you consider that you do not have suitable skills or if you are not prepared to be available for most of the year

A copy of this notice, with a Nomination form accompanies the newsletter. If you did not receive it, please contact Brian Langley for a copy.

### 100 Years from Gallipoli Poetry Project

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.

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@ozziwriters.com](mailto:gallipoli-100@ozziwriters.com)

Closing date is Remembrance Day, 11 November, 2013.

## 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 pre-ambles 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

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**Thank you to Colin Thomas from Como, who wrote a lovely letter, to us, and admits that, like Alice in Wonderland, the time has come for his health to become a little 'wonky', but he still hopes to make it to 110 yrs, no matter what!! Colin included the following poem - thanks Colin. It is great to have local input!**

### **Oh, To Be In England**

Colin Thomas

With apologies to the author

Oh! To be in England  
now that April's there,  
for whoever wakes in England  
finds some ladies underwear  
scattered on the front porch,  
draped up all the stair!

It's quite an education  
when young eyes pop out and stare  
"No, my son, it's not a swing  
hanging on a tree!  
It's simply drying in the sun,  
away from you and me.

You're sister's irresponsible,  
forever in a rush –  
can't wait to join her latest beau  
and join this evening's crush.  
Where did she learn to swear like that  
when the shower ran dry?

Just turn the tap on slower, girl –  
at least, give it a try.  
Oh, April! Why so impatient?  
He'll wait as all friends do;  
even loving husbands wait  
for wives to turn up too!!!"

**Many thanks to Frank Heffernan, who, with Terry Piggot, responded to my call for poems. This is one of the ones Frank sent in, and it appears that the poem has been added to - firstly a verse by Anonymous, then a couple by Frank!!**

### **It Couldn't Be Done**

Edgar Albert Guest

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,  
But, he with a chuckle replied  
that 'maybe it couldn't,' but he would be one  
who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.  
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin  
on his face. If he worried he hid it.  
He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
that couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed; "Oh, you'll never do that;  
at least no one has done it."  
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,  
and the first thing we knew he'd begun it  
with a life of his chin and a bit of a grin,  
without any doubting or quidding.  
He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
that couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,  
there are thousands to prophesy failure;  
there are thousands to point out to you one by one,  
the dangers that wait to assail you.  
But just buckle it in with a bit of a grin,  
just take off your coat and go to it/  
Just start to sing as you tackle the thing  
that "couldn't be done," and you'll do it.

*Edgar Albert Guest*

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,  
But, he with a chuckle replied  
He wouldn't accept that it couldn't be done  
Till after he'd gone and tried.  
.So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin,  
By golly, he went right to it.  
He tackled the thing that couldn't be done,  
And he found out he couldn't do it.

*Anonymous*

That verse is much better when sung,  
So why did I simply say it?  
It needs all the sounds of music,  
From someone who knows how to play it.

But that song was my thing, that I couldn't have done,  
I wouldn't know where to begin it.  
'Cos I'm no Julie Andrews and  
I would never have dared to sing it.

*F D Heffernan*

**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**

## Muster Write up for May 2013

These notes were prepared by Nancy Coe and typed up by Dot Langley. Also some of the poets wrote a synopsis of their poems. This makes it very much easier to write up this note about the night's entertainment.

**POETS PLEASE NOTE** If you can do a brief write up of your poem it will save a lot of time for the writer on the night. It is not fair to the writer to be totally concentrating on the presented poem or afterwards at the keyboard having to READ the poem then try and FIND the words and descriptions that summarise the poem. So please help out us writers.

As Barry Higgins pointed out there were 5 Presidents of the Bush Poets attending this night. One present, Bill and 4 past President's, Rusty, Peter, Loralee and Brian. As their service covers the time of our Association it is great to see they are still involved in our Musters.

The night started off with a concern that the numbers were going to be down but at the last moment more people arrived and the evening got under way.

With Robert Gunn being held up there wasn't a sound system available, so Brian quickly "ran" home and bought up his own sound system. So our grateful thanks to him for hauling the equipment up that hill from our place. It is incredibly steep but from just looking at it it doesn't look too bad. Try it and see. As it is the hill that led to our children's school, in the past we have run or jogged up it but now it seems that we are only capable of a very slow walk with significant pauses.

Bill Gordon started the evening with the first poem in Terry Piggott's book. The poem, "The Call of the Outback" describes Terry's love of the wide open spaces where he spent most of his working life as a prospector. Whenever he went to the city he felt he was suffocating in a sea of stressed mankind and longed to get back to the bush.

**Brian Langley** is next on with one of his own poems called Mac Donald's Creek. It is about his Grandparents and their lifestyle at Mac Donald's Creek in South Australia. Jack and Polly were wed and the family grew year by year as Jack toiled out along the dog fence to bring the water up for the sheep. One night he didn't return and Polly found him caught in the cogs of the wheel of the pump. She rode a horse for 23 miles to get help but he had died when she returned with help. Thank you Brian for your great synopsis.

**Dot Note** 100 years later Brian and I returned to Mac Donald's Creek to find Grand dad Jack's grave. And on a lonely hill we found the place where they had laid him to rest and inscribed a plaque for others to read. We also found the cogs of the pump still left lying there when they took him off the wheels. The grave is listed in "The Lonely Graves".

**Roger Cracknell** from Geraldton is next on the performers list, and we welcome him and his wife Jan. The Bushman is by Roger. It's a lonely hard life on your own, "jack - of - all - trades" for everything needed on the station. A mate in the bush is a mate until death. In the bush a mate is made on the shake of a hand.

**Jack Matthews** is next with a poem from Robert Service, The Cremation of Sam McGee.

A poem of the Alaskan goldfields. Mushing their way across Alaska, Captain and Sam McGee. Old Sam told the Captain he was to die this trip coz he hated the cold. How Captain hated that body on his sledge. They then found an old derelict ship on the ice so Captain made a large fire in the boiler and shoved in Sam McGee. After a period of time Captain looked in and saw Sam sitting up saying "close the door, its nice and warm in here".

**Barry Higgins** without his performing partner **Kerry** (we wish Kerry well with her recovery from minor surgery) was left to his own performances from Syd Hopkinson. In love Your Dentist, one lady said "I'd rather have a baby than have a tooth out" replied the Dentist "well make up your mind because I will have to alter the chair".

In his second Bob the Battler, with his sales skills tried selling men's jocks in the Pilbara region. Most sales were for packs of seven (days of the week) but one customer wanted 12 (months of the year!)

**Rusty Christensen** is doing Banjo Pattersons The Bush Christening. The boy overheard the discussion about being christened and felt he was going to be branded. So he ran off to the bush to hide in a hollow log. He was prodded out with a stick and as he ran off a flask of McGuinness whiskey was flung at the youngsters head and the name McGuinness stuck.

**Lesley McAlpine** is to do a poem on shoes. The Thong, (the one you wear on your feet not the other one!) written by Blue the Shearer. She also quietly confided to all of the audience that she owns 80 pairs of shoes. **Dot**

**Note** See "Darling" there are others out there with the same problem as me with our many pairs of shoes!!! The Australian icon 'the thong' is marketed throughout the world as "Blues Designer Thong" and then all the things you can do with a thong. We could even make it into our National Anthem so sung to the tune of God Save the Queen just sing "God save our gracious thong, to keep our feet safe and strong" etc.

**Peter Nettleton** performed from Graham Jenkin, Paradise Gained and Lost or The Bushies Club. A young bushie yearns to gain membership of one of the most exclusive clubs in Australia. He manages to pass the entrance tasks which call upon an almost superhuman level of achievement of bushie skills. The final test requires the telling of convincing lies. He does his best to pass, but is finally found out to be too truthful for his own good. Thank you Peter for your synopsis

**Alan Aitken** from Bunbury recited Jack Drakes The Cattle Dogs Revenge. Jack was born in New Zealand in 1950. He is a naturalised Australian. This poem tells of the problem of taking a city bred dog onto a working farm where it causes all sorts of problems until a farm working dog sorts the city dog out. Thank you Alan for your great synopsis.

**Robert Gunn** had a 'red neck' love poem. By anon? Poor Susy couldn't marry whom she wanted because her Father said they were all her brothers. Until she spoke to her Mother who soon put her right, be telling her that Susy wasn't her father's daughter!!

For his second The Huntsman, a spidery tale, the wife took to the huntsman with a straw broom and all hell broke loose in the house.

Whilst having our supper break we organised the first shirts to be embroidered with our logo and name etc across the back. With 11 shirts to be done it was enough to take out to the embroiderer and they will be ready before next muster. If any one else wants to have a shirt/s embroidered please see Dot or Brian and we can organise another batch. They won't want to do individual ones so it's better to get at least 5 to 10 at a time.

### **Second part of the night**

Bill started the second session with one of Banjo Patterson's classics, "We're All Australians Now". Patterson wrote this as an open letter to the troops in 1915. Men from every state and territory fought side by side as Australians, regardless of class or creed or national background. Australia was now recognized as a nation in it's own right.

**Brian Langley** with another one of his writings. Born and raised in Pemberton and with a tribute to his father 'the bush carpenter' he wrote about The Day They Moved the Rake. This poem is about life in a little southern mill town where the simple tools were an axe, an adze and a saw. The string of railway jinkers know as the rake was the bush carpenters responsibility and the only time he could service them was on a Saturday when they weren't needed to haul the logs. He was underneath when a 'city' engineer moved the train and badly injured the bush carpenter. The early retirement to Perth and subsequent ill health played a very small part of the enquiry that was held.

Thank you Brian for your great synopsis.

**Roger Cracknell** is back again and he is going to do a Henry Lawson, The Bush Fire written in 1893. Bill and Jim riding out with many others to fight the bush fire as the farmers worry about the wheat and the sheep. Pat Murphy and his wife and kids were caught by the bush fire so the men rode out to rescue them. When they are Bill and Jim were thought to be lost they were rescued after taking shelter in an old water tank and were safe.

**Jack Matthews** has Stanley and Louisa written by Bill Cairns. Stanley and Louisa fell in love. As they were both very fond of body piercings and such when they got into a bit of a passionate embrace their piercings got all entangled and caught up. They had to be cut apart. A very funny romance.

**Barry Higgins** from the pen of Syd Hopkinson, The Illiterate Stockman. Old Ernie was a stockman from Cue who worked hard but when he was asked to be the Dunny Cart Man it was found that he couldn't read or write so reluctantly he left and came to the big smoke. He had a wallet filled with money and when a shopgirl was nervous a policeman was called. He took Ernie to a bank to deposit the money. They were surprised by his wealth accumulation.

**Rusty Christensen** is going to give us The Geebung Polo Club written by Banjo. The Geebung polo club members were very rough and ready whereas the Collars and Cuff team from the city rode natty little ponies and wore bright shiny boots. They played until not a man was standing and even today the ghosts can still be heard playing that game of polo.

**Peter Nettleton** with O'Hara JP tells of the moral tale of a self righteous country Justice of the Peace. He decides to conduct a on man crusade against what he sees as immorality and corruption in his town. Alas, O'Hara is only human and when the lover order place temptation in his way, he succumbs to the pleasures of the flesh. Thank you Peter for your great synopsis

**Lesley McAlpine** in a more modern type of poem from the pen of Veronica Weal we hear about The spirits of the Outback. Because we experienced the awful devastation of the September bombings this then made people nervous about going anywhere overseas. Why not experience the wide horizons of the Australian outback. Go and see the beauty and leave the comfort of home behind. This poem has very beautiful word pictures painted in this and it was lovely to listen to.

**Robert Gunn** was our last man for the night and with one from Mick Collis we hear about Always Love Your Mum. A poem he made up from 30 words or short statements submitted by phone in to him through a radio station. He started early one Mother's Day morning and later on went on air to present the poem made up with all the phrases. A remarkable poem written under great tension but very cleverly put together to come out so well.

**Another Dot Note** there was only ONE Lady performer tonight!! Amongst the blokes Lesley shone!!!

So ladies how about giving it a go and getting up and presenting an item. Whilst the blokes do a fantastic job we can not let them have ALL the applause can we??? Or can we????

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

Bill Gordon	President	97651098	northlands@wn.com.au
Brian Langley	Vice President	9361 3770	briandot@tpg.com.au
	Webmaster		
	Publicity/promotions		
Irene Conner	Secretary	0429652155	iconner21@wn.com.au
	Newsletter Editor		
	State Rep ABPA		
	Treasurer		
Heather Denholm	Committee	9405 6307	h.e.denholm@gmail.com
Maxine Richter	Bullytin Distributor	9361 2365	maxine.richter@bigpond.com
Terry Piggott	Events Co-Ord	94588887	terrence.piggott@bigpond.com
Dave Smith	Events Co-Ord	0438341256	daveandelainesmith1@bigpond.com
Trish Joyce	Library	94583056	
Nancy Coe	Muster Meet/greet	94725303	

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

Robert Gunn	Sound gear set up	0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Rhonda	Supper	0417099676	

### 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 June 7pm - June Muster. RSL Hall, 1 Fred Bell Parade, Bentley.
- ◆ Friday 5th July 7 pm - July Muster. Bentley Park Auditorium. Bentley

### Regular events

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
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**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> Graham Armstrong Book Victoria Brown CD Peter Blyth CDs, books Rusty Christensen CDs Brian Gale CD & books John Hayes CDs & books Tim Heffernan book Brian Langley books, CD Arthur Leggett books, inc autobiography	Keith Lethbridge books Corin Linch books Val Read books Caroline Sambridge book Peg Vickers books & CD "Terry & Jenny" Music CDs Terry Piggott Book Frank Heffernan Book
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Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The Editor "Bully Tin" PO Box 584, Jurien Bay 6516 e-mail <a href="mailto:iconner21@wn.com.au">iconner21@wn.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
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