



Next Muster July 6th 7.30pm Bentley Park Auditorium

MC Madeleine Suann - but contact John Hayes on 93771238

**THIS DAY IN HISTORY
Sunday 1st July 2012**

Australian Explorers Australian Explorers

1836 - Australian explorer Sir Thomas Mitchell discovers the Loddon River in Victoria.

Australian History Australian History

1851 - Victoria separates from New South Wales.

2000 - Australian PM John Howard introduces the GST. |

World History World History

1937 - England implements the world's first telephone emergency system

THE LITTLE IRISH MOTHER
John O'Brien

Have you seen the tidy cottage in the straggling, dusty street,
Where the roses swing their censers by the door?
Have you heard the happy prattle and the tramp of tiny feet
As the sturdy youngsters romp around the floor?
Did you wonder why the wiree comes to sing his sweetest song?
Did the subtle charm of home upon you fall?
Did you puzzle why it haunted you the while you passed along? -
There's a Little Irish Mother there; that's all.

When you watched the children toiling at their lessons in the school,
Did you pick a winsome girleen from the rest,
With her wealth of curl a-cluster as she smiled upon the stool,
In a simple Monday-morning neatness dressed?
Did you mark the manly bearing of a healthy-hearted boy
As he stood erect his well-conned task to tell?
Did you revel in the freshness with a pulse of wholesome joy? -
There's a Little Irish Mother there as well.

There's a Little Irish Mother that a lonely vigil keeps
In the settler's hut where seldom stranger comes,
Watching by the home-made cradle where one more Australian sleeps
While the breezes whisper weird things to the gums,
Where the settlers battle gamely, beaten down to rise again,
And the brave bush wives the toil and silence share,
Where the nation is a-building in the hearts of splendid men
There's a Little Irish Mother always there.

There's a Little Irish Mother - and her head is bowed and gray.

And she's lonesome when the evening shadows fall;
Near the fire she "do be thinkin'," all the "childer" are away,

And their silent pictures watch her from the wall.
For the world has claimed them from her; they are men and women now,

In their thinning hair the tell-tale silver gleams;
But she runs her fingers, dozing, o'er a tousled baby brow -

It is "little Con" or "Bridgie" in her dreams.

There's a Little Irish Mother sleeping softly now at last
Where the tangled grass is creeping all around;
And the shades of unsung heroes troop about her from the past

While the moonlights scatters diamonds on the mound.
And a good Australian's toiling in the world of busy men

Where the strife and sordid grinding cramp and kill;
But his eyes are sometimes misted, and his heart grows brave again -

She's the Little Irish Mother to him still.

When at last the books are balanced in the settling-up to be,

And our idols on the rubbish-heap are hurled,
Then the judge shall call to honour - not the "stars," it seems to me,

Who have posed behind the footlights of the world;
But the king shall doff his purple, and the queen lay by her crown,

And the great ones of the earth shall stand aside
While a Little Irish Mother in her tattered, faded gown
Shall receive the crown too long to her denied.

The "wiree" is also known as the Chocloate Wiree (pronounced "wiry"): a very fine songster, called by ornithologist "Rufous-breasted Whistler".

Next Musters

Friday 6th July 7.30pm
Bentley Park Auditorium.

Friday 3rd August 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 - Victoria Park.

July 29th is National Tree Day - organised by Planet Ark. Planet Ark is calling for people to connect with nature by getting involved in National Tree Day, Australia's largest tree-planting and nature care event.

Celebrating its 17th year in 2012, National Tree Day, proudly sponsored by Toyota, sees communities work together to protect their natural environment by planting and caring for native trees and shrubs.

This poem by David Campbell captures so clearly what Planet Ark are trying to make us aware of.

The Last Red Gum

We are children of the river, the meander, and the creek,
of the floodplain and the gully and the stream.
We are symbols of a landscape once abundant and unique
that now threatens to be no more than a dream.

We have known the hand of hunters as they shaped their
swift canoe,
when the sap was running early in the Spring,
and we've watched the wiry stockmen as they're boiling up
a brew
while the pelicans greet sunrise on the wing.

We have listened in the evening to the thunder on the
range
that foretells to all the coming of the rain,
with the air alive and crackling in the lull before the
change...
and the flood comes down the Murray to the plain.

We have stood here by the river since before the white
man came,
through the years of surging flood and searing drought,
but our lives have all been altered, they can never be the
same...
with the levee-banks our future is in doubt.

It will only take a moment in the history of time
and we'll reach that final point of no return.
We'll be victims of a cancer, of a slow and silent crime,
of the failure of mankind to look and learn.

Take a step into the future, to a bleak and barren place,
where the floods are but a memory from the past,
and there's nothing to be seen now but an empty, arid
space
as the mighty river red gums breathe their last.

For the water has long vanished as the dry leaves turn to
dust,
irrigation is the law that rules the land,
and the Murray-Darling Basin has betrayed an ancient trust
that the world of men could never understand.

At Mulwala and Chowilla there are remnants of our kind
in a place where verdant floodplains used to be.
Now a ghostly red gum graveyard is the only thing you'll
find
and a desert is the only sight you'll see.

In the Warrego and Paroo all the waterholes are dry
and the billabongs and swamps have turned to sand,
while the sun burns ever hotter in a blue, remorseless
sky,
and the drought grips all in cracked and withered
hand.

It's the same down in the Coorong where the birds
once lived and bred,
for salinity keeps getting worse each year.
All the egrets and the ibis and the cormorants have
fled,
while the Murray cray and blackfish disappear.

We are dying, slowly dying, as the salt begins to rise,
and erosion strips the land of all that's green.
For the wind blasts all the topsoil in a dust storm
through the skies,
and the earth is left a carcass that's picked clean.

So we stand, me and my brothers, just the bones of
ancient trees
that have lined the riverbank since time began.
In a bare and barren landscape, fed by red dust on
the breeze,
we've been ravaged by the careless hand of man.

© David Campbell, Vic., 2005

David can be contacted via the ABPA website -
www.abpa.org.au - in the poetry_Poets register sec-
tion if you are interested in other poems of his.

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 co-
ordinate poets and time tables, and if we expect peo-
ple 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

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.



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.ozywriters.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

Closing date is Remembrance Day, 11 November, 2013.

WABP&YS member, Maxine Richter, along with the bush poetry community, is mourning the loss of a dear friend, and a clever poet. This is an excerpt from the Daily Examiner article.

Don Lloyd (self-described as the Mongrel from Pillar Valley) - formerly of Pillar Valley, and late of Grafton, passed away on 10th June, 2012.

Don Lloyd was a most unlikely wordsmith on the surface. Dressed in his tracky dacks, t-shirt and thongs, Don, who left school at 14, would leap over social boundaries with a cutting wit and a deeply observant mind.

Don was widely known and respected for his insightful and funny bush poetry, and those who saw him perform live also knew him as a side-splitting stand-up comedian who kept audiences on their toes as they awaited a punch line that was certain but unpredictable.

Some of Don's stand-out poems include Teddy Bear, Dances with Hippies and The Flag.

His first collection of first poems was "A Dog That Pees on Wheels and Other Doggerel".

DANCES WITH HIPPIES

Don Lloyd

I've met some friendly hippies that were at the local shop,
 They were driving a beat up Kombi that snorted to a stop.
 The man told me where they're staying and said come out for a feed,
 We'll cook up a bit of food and afterwards smoke some weed.
 Well I was astounded, just imagine people so damn poor
 They're smoking weeds and can't afford tobacco any more.
 So I bought two packs of Winnies and shoved them in my jeans,
 Thinking, "The tucker won't be flash, I'll be lucky if it's beans."
 They said, 'Lemon grass or chamomile?' as they offered me some tea.
 I said, 'If it's hot and in a pot it's all the same to me.'
 Me, I had nothing but pity for them making tea from straw,
 And having to smoke weeds, struth it's awful being poor
 He broke up some Winnies and mixed some green stuff in,
 That would be the weed I reckon then some black gunk from a tin.

I asked him what it was, he said, "Hashish." So I said, "God bless you."

Thinking hippies are unhealthy, this poor bugger's got the flu.

As we passed the smoke around he put some blotting paper in my tea,

I asked him what it was and he said, "It's LSD."

That's when I realized that this bloke's a little slow, He 'd misunderstood the question, we went decimal years ago.

Anyway, I forced down the mung beans and drank that awful tea.

They tried to give me more but I said, "One's enough for me."

My head was feeling strange but I thought "Some air will put it right."

But when I tried to get up I saw the strangest flaming sights.

My hat turned into a turtle and then walked off the chair,

I tried to focus on the hippie but he was no longer there.

He'd been replaced by a monkey I thought a pinch will make me wake,

But when I moved my arm it suddenly became a tiger snake.

There was rainbows on the walls, I couldn't find the door

I saw green grass and flowers where there had been a floor.

A calendar was calling out the months and finished with November

Then everything spun in circles, that's the last thing I remember.

Well that hippie woke me next morning and he really is a drip,

He knew I hadn't left the house but said, "Did you like the trip?"

Anyway I'm going back on Saturday but I've swore off that weed,

But I think we're going driving, he said we're gonna do some speed.

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

President's Report - John Hayes

Dear Members,

Well it seems that our trial run at the RSL was successful as we had an audience of forty eight which is an encouragement for us to hold the Muster again in August.

In providing the monthly muster we do require more help from our club members.

Firstly we require a secretary or someone who is willing to record the minutes of our committee meetings. At the moment these are being recorded, then sent to Irene Conner who collates and types them for the following meeting.

We also a seeking a person for our amenities to organise the supper and cater for food or drinks at our events. Maxine Richter is away for a couple of months and Lorelie Tacoma has offered to organise the supper but she will need some willing hands to help her. Lorelie's help is on a temporary basis so we do need someone to fill this position as Maxine has indicated she would like to retire from her position in September.

We would also like someone to take notes at our muster for the Bullytin write up. Recently John Turnbull and I have being recording some of the program and I have been doing the write up. I will not be doing any more recordings as last month I dropped my camera and it's now kaput. There were only four performers who provided a synopsis of their poem which makes the task more difficult, if you do not provide this information you cannot expect to be included in the write up.

Jim Riches recently indicated his disappointment at some of the material being presented by our members and how easily subtle suggestion and comedy can become smutty and of no literary or entertainment value.

I have also noted that if a program begins with such an item it appears to give licence for those who follow to push the boundaries a bit further until it becomes a competition.

There will be a Bush Poets Breakfast held at Toodyay on the 4th November from 8am to 11am. by the Moodyne Festival Committee. Members who are interested should contact the Committee or the President.

The Canning Market recitals did not receive enough support for us to hold any further performances but I would like to thank all those who did make an effort to promote our poetry.

If any one is interested we could try again later in the year

Our MC for the July muster will be Madeline Suann. However Madeline will be away until the 25th of June therefore those who wish to perform can phone me on 9377-1238 so I can help to prepare a list for her.

Our Classic Reader will be Rita Paul.

Today Anne and I have been married for forty nine years so it's time to take my girl to dinner.

So until next month

It's cheerio from

John and Anne

Almost daily, we hear so many promises and 'words of wisdom' from the mouth of our politicians. John Hayes has his own words of wisdom for them.

Funds For The Future? Not the Christian Thing to Do

John Hayes

I confess Mister Porter that I'm rather stunned by your proposed plan for a new future fund
If those of the present must suffer I fear
future funds may not be a prudent idea

Electricity charges have risen once more
a five percent hike or perhaps it was four
When the levy on carbon has been clarified
there'll be shocks to the system not visualised

An eight percent hike for our gas and it's clear
it's a rort for a resource that we produce here
Rates for our water will soon send us broke
A fund for the future? Good grief, what a joke!

Our accounts must be paid they can't be deferred
so further funds for today would be preferred
The future for seniors won't be very bright
if they turn down the gas or switch off the light

If funds of the past have been squandered I fear
the days of recession may be drawing near
Oh! Mister Porter I must strongly protest
A fund for the present would surely be best

A fund for the future is of no use to me
because Mister Porter I'm now eighty three
But a nest egg for you, now that does make sense
So you see Mister Porter, we seniors aren't dense.

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 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, showcased by a collection of WA's finest emerging artists balanced with an exciting mix of interstate performers. These include The Borderers, Fred Smith, Kavish Mazzella, Nick & Liesl, Doris, Justin Walshe, Louise & Scott Wise, The Mitch Becker Trio, Summerhouse, and Loren Kate.

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

POETS by C.J. Dennis

Each poet that I know (he said)
Has something funny in his head,
Some wandering growth or queer disease
That gives to him strange unease.
If such a thing he hasn't got,
What makes him write his silly rot?
All poets' brains, so I have found,
Go, like the music, round and round.

Why they are suffered e'er to tread
This sane man's earth seems strange (he said).
I've never met a poet yet,
A rhymster I have never met
Who could talk sense like any man -
Like I, or even you, say, can.
They make me sick! The time seems ripe
To clean them up and all their tripe.

And yet (he stopped and felt his head)
I met a poet once (he said)
Who, when I said he made me sick
Hit me a punch like a mule's kick.
That only goes to prove again
The theory that I maintain:
A man who can't gauge that crazy bunch;
No poet ought to pack a punch.

Of all the poetry I've read
I've never yet seen one (he said)
That couldn't be, far as it goes,
Much better written out in prose.
It's what we eat, I often think;
Or, yet more likely, what they drink.
Aw, poets! All the tribe, by heck,
Give me a swift pain in the neck.
First published in *The Herald*, 22 December 1936

New Event on the WABP&YS Calendar

Hello Compatriots,

Today 1000 at Broome RSL we had the inaugural muster of the West Kimberley Bush Poets & Yarn-spinners. As expected, it was a *mild* success (with significant indigenous involvement) and we plan to repeat it regularly on the first Sunday of the month for the duration.

It is now our intention to become a point of call on the national BP&Y circuit, particularly during the coming 'dry' season.

I would greatly appreciate your advice and suggestions to assist us in this, including but not limited to any websites, organisational contacts, names, email addresses, phone numbers etc.

It would also be great to have you as our guest performer should you chance to pay us a visit some time.

Your old mate,
stinger

I have been enjoying browsing through poetry sites and old news articles on the internet!!

THE EDITORS REGRETS

Norman Campbell

Although we're quite respectable,
And virtuous, and old,
We love a lie, delectable,
If it's discreetly told.
A libel that is hot with spite
Affords us infinite delight.

But, oh! the Law's severity
Holds as an iron band;
It curbs our wild temerity,
And stays our dauntless hand.
Much defamation we would dare,
But Damages make us forbear.

Our duty to society
Is ever in our mind;
We stand for strict propriety -
For fear we should be fined.
We keep our sheet from libels free
Because it pays us best, you see.

We ever strive to stimulate
An arctic air of probity,
And virtues oft we fabricate
From nauseous necessity;
The pen is greater than the sword -
But Costs are things we can't afford.

First published in *The Bulletin*, 13 May 1915

Are you looking for Bush Poetry books or CDs—there is a website selling a range of these, along with other “self published” music etc you can also sell through them, Go to www.tradandnow.com It's an Australian group, based in Woy Woy, NSW

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

Country Poets

Coming to the City? - City lights are fine, but 1st Fridays could see **you** shine at our Muster. If you are coming to the big smoke on a muster night why not come along and be part of our get together.

Give us a bit of notice and you might even find yourself being star act (but only if you want to be). This applies also to Bush Poets from other places and those past member poets whose lives have now gone in different directions.

Poet Profile - Jack Mathieu

Many thanks to Colleen O'Grady - Jack's great, great niece for submitting the following information.

Biography of Blind Jack Mathieu

Jean Baptiste Mathieu, born 1871 in Rushworth, Victoria, the youngest son of French immigrant James Augustine Mathieu and his wife of Irish background, Mary Jane McNamara, and my great grand uncle. He was also known as John Mathieu, or as in his poetry, Jack Mathieu or Blind Jack Mathieu, for he was blind. Jean Baptiste Mathieu married Agnes Willett about 1902. He was a tea agent. He was apparently, a prolific poetry writer and a 1924 poetry volume of Queensland Verse, with poems chosen by J.J. Stable and A.E.M. Kirward and published by the Queensland Book Depot in Brisbane during 1924, had this to say about him and other poets: During the eighties and early nineties (1880s/1890s) a number of men, then in their early youth, were encouraged to practice the art of poetry, and have since contributed a considerable amount of occasional verse to Australian periodicals...' Among the names listed was Jack Mathieu's. A poem of Blind Jack's was also published in the Australian Classics; Australian Bush Ballads, edited by Douglas Stewart and Nancy Keesing, and published by Angus & Robertson in 1955. The note of this book tells that the poems collected and edited were the ones most loved and popular verse of Australians. The editors reported that Jack Mathieu was a balladist and with this creation, influenced by American writer's of the Bulletin to write 'The Day At Boiling Downs'. It was possibly written during the 1890s. Great Grand Uncle Jack's poem, is found on page 263. In this publication, he was rubbing shoulders with the great Banjo Patterson, Henry Lawson, Adam Lindsay Gordon, Will Olgivie, C.J. Dennis and many other popular early poets. Then a discovery was made of a little book of poems and comprising 58 pages, titled Backblock Ballads and Lignum Lyrics that he had published. There are three dates listed for publication; 1920, 1928 and 1934, all in Brisbane. According to the State Library of Victoria, who holds the book and has to be contacted for reproduction, a Morris Miller dates that volume as 1934.

THAT DAY AT BOILING DOWNS

Jack Mathieu

He was driving Irish tandem, but perhaps I talk at random –
I'd forgotten for a moment you are not all mulga bred;
What I mean's he had his swag up through having knocked
his nag up;
He had come in off the Cooper – anyhow that's what he said.

And he looked as full of knowledge as a thirty-acre college
As he answered to the question – "How's things look the way
you come?"
"Well, they were a trifle willing for a bit. There's been some
killing;
In fact, I'm the sole survivor of the district...mine's a rum!"

Then we all got interested in the chap as he divested
Himself of a fat puppy that he carried in his shirt;
But he said no more until he had put down his swag and billy,
And had taken off his bluchers just to empty out the dirt.

Bits of cork were tied with laces round his hat in many places,
Out of which he gave the puppy some refreshment, and began –
"Sammy Suds was boundary-riding, quite content and law-abiding,
Till he bought some reading-matter one day off a hawker
man.

"Then he started to go ratty, and began to fancy that he
Was an Injun on the warpath; so he plaited a lasso,
Shaved and smeared his face with raddle, and knocked up a
greenhide saddle,
After creeping on his belly through the grass a mile or two.

"Then he decked himself in feathers, and went out and
scalped some wethers –
Just to give himself a lesson in the sanguinary art;
Sammy then dug up the hatchet, chased a snake but couldn't
catch it,
Killed his dog, lassoed a turkey, scalped the cat and made a
start.

"And he caused a great sensation when he landed at the station;
And the boss said, 'Hullo! Sammy, what the devil's up with
you?'
'I am Slimy Snake the Snorter, Wretched pale-face, crave not
quarter!'
He replied, and with the shot-gun nearly blew the boss in two.

"Next, the wood-and-water joey fell a victim to his bowie,
And the boss's weeping widow got a gash from ear to ear;
And you should have seen his guiver when he scalped the
bullock-driver
And made openings for a horse-boy, servant-maid, and overseer.

"Counting jackeroos and niggers, he had put up double figures,
When ensued his awful combat with a party of new-chums,
All agog to do their duty, with no thought of home or beauty –
But he rubbed them out as rapid as a schoolboy would his
sums.

"Out across the silent river, with some duck-shot in his liver,
Went the store-man, and a lassoed lady left in the same boat.
Sam then solved the Chinese question – or at least made a suggestion
For he dragged one from the barrel by the tail and cut his throat

"But, with thus the job completed, Sammy he got overheated
And dropped dead of apoplexy: I felt better when he did!
For I'd got an awful singeing while I watched this mulga engine
Doing all that I've related – through a cracked brick oven lid.

"And when now I find men strangled, or I come across the mangled
Corpses of a crowd of people or depopulated towns,
Or even a blood-stained river, I can scarce repress a shiver,
For my nerves were much affected that day out on Boiling Downs."

Lex McLennan was born on 27th May 1909 at Taree, NSW. After a time in the Hastings River area, his family shifted to Thangool, Queensland in 1924 where he spent the rest of his life. Lex was, for many years, a 'freelance writer'. He had published, in 1944 a booklet of verse, *The Spirit of the West and Ballads of Cattleland*. He differed from contemporaries like Lawson, Paterson and Ogilvie in that his ballads were relatively localized. Some of his verse is in the anthology 'This Land', which was used as a text book for Grad 8 & 9 students. Hesperian Press in Perth put out a book of his poems called *McLennan's Way*

The Killer

Lex McLennan

Slowly the years have drifted, on tides of time aflow,
Since from the river you broke that morning long ago;
Your mates had churned the water to sullen yellow foam,
Far and blue were the hills your giant heart called home.
And when they rode to head you, to turn you to the herd,
All of the hills' wild spirit that lived within you stirred;

For when they reached your white flank you swung as swivels swing,
Five hundred heads were lifted to hear your challenge ring;
With wide white long horns gleaming, and mad with lust and hate
You caught the black horse broadside - the bay mare swerved too late;
Three cruel times you gored her, and while the good mare bled,
away towards the foothills in headlong flight you sped.

We knew you roamed the hills where longhorns reigned as kings,
Grazing in hidden valleys and drinking at foam-fed springs,
Till after three long years you left the scrub again
That day the best of stockmen was with us on the plain.
He rode to give you battle, his place was in the lead
When from the camp at midnight thundered the mad stampede.

The big horse raced beside you. He stooped to grasp your tail -
you turned as lightning flickers - we heard the chestnut wail,
An awful scream that echoed across the ridge and plain
As the horse in mortal terror screamed out its life in pain.
Then crashing through the timber with long-horns dripping red,
Again towards the ranges you galloped from the dead.

Deep in the hills we shot you, and there your bleached bones lie,
Wide to the wind and weather beneath the impartial sky;
But when upon the midnight the white mist wreathes and clings,
Still on memory's ranges your savage challenge rings.

POSITION VACANT !!

We are looking for a person interested in serving and preparing supper for our musters.

It is not necessary to be on the committee!!

Duties include:

Fill and set the Urn

Place 2 trays on server - 25 cups on each

Put out Tea Pots and jugs for hot water

Tea bags, coffee and milk,

Set 2 small tables with sugar and tea-spoons

It is your choice as to what you serve for EATS - just biscuits is fine.

All our supper requirements are stored on site.

REMEMBER TO PACK UP AND LEAVE KITCHEN CLEAN!

At present, the larder is full!! Ready to Go!!.

Enquiries Maxine Richter (Committee Person)

SECRETARY NEEDED

The position of secretary is also vacant.

If you feel you are able to fill this very important role in our organization, please contact

John Hayes, President.

Lament of a Pensioner
Tom Quilty

Farewell to all my working mates,
I've now reached sixty five;
They tell me I am past my usefulness
In the whirling business hive.
The law says I must now retire;
I've reached that galling stage,
When I step down for other men,
For no reason but my age.
I know my job from A to Z;
But knowledge has no place;
I've reached the stage, I'm culled for age,
So I guess I've run my race.

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.

LETTERS

This letter/poem was passed on to me from Robert Suann - it was received by the committee from one of our newer members.

Hi to all.

My name is Ken Ball, I am a born and bred Kalgoorlie resident.

It was my privilege to be invited to perform with the WABP&YS last November in Kalgoorlie at the Australian Campervan Motorhome Club. It was a great time for me personally as it was the first time I had done anything of this magnitude.

I would like you to pass on a big Hello and thank you to all the poets and members who made me a part of the weeks entertainment, and looked after me. I hope to be able to join in one of the musters when it coincides with my visiting the city.

I just thought I might send in this poem I wrote about my friend I grew up with in Kalgoorlie. He won the heavy weight boxing championship of WA in 1969, and wrote his autobiography last year. He titled the book 'The Will to Win' – hence the poem to help promote his book.

Please pass on a big thank you to Maxine for her help in helping me to become a member of WABP&YS – I look forward to meeting more of its members.

Regards to all,

Ken

04.05.12

The Will To Win

Ken Ball

Let me tell you a story
about a boy named John.

He came from a faraway country,
timid in those day, not very strong.

He was bullied and beaten
trying to learn, trying to understand.
It was hard growing up
in this foreign land.

Then in 1969, he stepped
into a boxing ring.
They saw he had poise
and they saw he had sting.

After the victory
something came from within.
He had faced life's challenges
and had learnt the will to win.

Now John, throughout lifes travels
has earned the respect of his peers.
It's not about right or wrong
or protecting yourself against sneers.

It's a time to move forward
when faced with knocks on the chin –
a lesson we all need to learn,
humility and 'The Will to Win'.

And from Kerry Thomas re Gordon Thomas.

Hi

Gordon has decided to become a poet finally, he is travelling to Darwin in his ute and swag, but has asked me to send these to you.

Henry is his Jack Russell pup who he loves.

Mike is a friend that has just become an Aussie.

Kerry

(Due to space restrictions, I could only print one poem this month - I chose this one as it seems t be topical!))

It is To Australia You Have Come

Gordon Thomas

So Mike it is to Australia you have come
And now it is a proud Aussie you have become.
You have traded white snow for white beach sand;
No more blizzards, weather that can freeze a man

The world has many opportunities, of this I am sure
you have seen

And in your many travels, I am sure that you have
been

An asset to your born country, our gain is their loss
To make a new life, in the land down under the South-
ern Cross

We welcome you Mike, an addition you will surely be
You have given to Australia, a wife and family
So Mike, I could say much more, but never, ever hesi-
tate

To look the world in the eye and say, G'DAY, I'M AN
AUSSIE NOW MATE

Gordon's Grave

Francis William Lauderdale Adams.

All the heat and the glow and the hush
of the summer afternoon;
the scent of the sweet-briar bush
over bowing grass-blades and broom;

the birds that flit and pass;
singing the song he knows,
the grass-hopper in the grass;
the voice of the she-oak boughs.

Ah, and the shattered column
crowned with the poet's wreath.
Who, who keeps silent and solemn
his passing place beneath?

~This was a poet that loved God's breath;
his life was a passionate quest;
he looked down deep in the wells of death,
and now he is taking his rest.

Please Note.....

Anyone wishing to join a Yahoo group attached to our website, please contact Brian Langley for further details. It is basically a bulletin board, on which you can post informations/discussions for other members of the group to read.

[The Golden Vein by C.G.A. Colles](#)

Some sing the songs of the storied past, and some of the
lights-o'-love;
Some chant refrains of the underworld, and some of the
world above,
Let each man sing of the things he feels in a voice that is
clear and strong,
That each shall achieve the work of his heart and add to his
nation's song.

For there's often a twist of the master-hand in the build of a
hodman's brain
That his fellows may fail to understand if he speak not the
trite and plain;
And an inexpensive and puerile wit may gird at the thought
in rhyme,
Unaware of the message enwrapped in it, addressed to a
broader time.

For many a body is like a hearse -- its passenger dead
within;
And there's many a mouth to gibe at a verse with a sneer-
ing, cynical grin,
While its fellow, bred on the same coarse fare, must suffer
the jeers inane,
For beneath the grime of his sordid life is a shoot of the
golden vein.

Yea, a man may stand in a dingy bar and traffic in beer and
rum,
And the soul of the man go wand'ring far -- though the voice
of his soul be dumb --
Apart from the barman's meaner self, a thing of another
sphere,
Abhorring the stale tobacco smoke, and loathing the smell
of beer.

For there's many a good sea-song been writ in a city garret
bare;
And some have scaled the Olympian heights at the head of
a creaky stair;
And some have sat on an office stool and dreamed of the
deeper things,
While the chrysalis-soul of the man's desire bides ever with
folded wings.

Let each man sing of the things he feels, in a voice that is
sure and strong,
That each shall achieve the work of his heart, and add to
his nation's song;
That the dream of a miner touch the stars, and a barman
hear the bees,
And the cabman's soul go out to the bush, and the pawn-
broker's to the seas!

First published in *The Bulletin*, 16 January 1908

Author: Little is known about the author C.G.A. Colles,
other than he lived in Hawthorn, Victoria where he was a
local bank manager for a number of years.

The Halcyon Days
Terry Piggott

The old chap was quietly dreaming of fishing days
long past,
of when the streams ran pure and clean and creeks
flowed deep and fast.
Where trout were fat and fighting fit as wild trout
always are,
and those that dwelt in forest streams the sweetest
fish by far.

With Karri forest still pristine; (clear felling yet to
come),
he now recalls the big fish pool down by the old
Red Gum.
And sees the creek come tumbling down to kiss the
pool below,
and there he watched his speckled friends those
many years ago.

His daydreams grow more vivid as the hours drift
slowly by;
he dreams he walks the streams again with trusty
rod and fly.
And soon his dream has come alive with summer
in the air;
the heady smell of eucalypt now wafts from every-
where.

Cicada's sing their noisy song with summer on the
way,
the forests now seem full of life, out on this balmy
day.
The birds are singing in the trees while insects
buzz about,
and it was good to be alive to seek the wily trout.

He hears the forest whisper as the wind now stirs
the trees,
and high up in the canopy the constant hum of
bees.
The gentle trickling of the brook is music to his
ears,
as in his dreams he lives again those happy care-
free years.

She looks down fondly at him, as tears glisten in
her eye,
recalling him in younger days when he was fit and
spry.
when he had been her hero; to protect her come
what may,
until old age diminished him to what he is today.

Awakened from his day dreams by his daughter
gentle touch,
a tender kiss upon his cheek; a look that tells him
much.
He tells her not to worry, things are not as they
may seem,
although he can no longer walk, he still knows how
to dream

Muster Write up - 1st June 2012.

For our first Muster at the RSL Hall Anne Hayes was our MC for the evening. Suitably attired in period costume for our Foundation Day (Now Western Australia Day)

Anne launched the program with a short preamble of the first ships to explore our coastline.

Our first artist for the evening was Grace Williamson who always chooses a poem to suit the occasion and such was the case with The Roaring Days by Henry Lawson.

The reminiscences of the early discovery of gold and when it ran out they tramped to other grounds. These were the lion hearted people who gave our country birth.

Owen Keene gave us two short of his own poems the first titled 'Concentration Camp' followed by the moon in June. Owen has to catch buses to attend our Musters which means he cannot stay for the full program.

Christine Boulton has been making more regular appearances and being a writer as well as performer gives some welcome variations to our program.

For this evening she chose a John O'Brien poem "Six Brown Boxer Hats"

Six upturned ugly stovepipes worn by ones unfortunate children who were teased and taunted by other children until they became six brown battered boxer hats

Cobber Lethbridge was on next and gave us a demonstration of a poor mans didgeridoo which was a length of PVC piping with a couple of sockets for extension and variation of tone. He then gave a rendition of his own work "Mildew the Shearers Cook" with his recipe for guts- ache soup from the entrails of a rat was not appreciated by one and all, but if they complain the solution is to "Let the bastards starve"

It was great to see Rusty Christensen make one of his rare appearances but his skill as a performer still gives a lift to our classics.

Rusty's choice for this evening was Banjo Paterson's "The Man From Ironbark"

It's a well known poem of a bushy who comes to Sydney to have his beard and whiskers shaved and after his experience- "flowing beards are all there go up home in Ironbark"

Dave Smith from Collie is one of our most enthusiastic and much improved performer usually escorted to the city by one of his family. Dave selected a Philip Rush poem "The Old Bedford Truck" "The diffs got a rattle the pedals are bare the glass in the headlights is no longer there" No doubt there are many of us of our generation who could relate to such a vehicle.

Heather Denholm "Speaking The Kings English" was her own story of how mother preferred her to speak posh but she's an Aussie and prefers to speak "Strine"

Brian Langley recited his own poem "There's a Girl I Used to Know" which depicts the awkwardness of youth with the stupid grins and stutters that we all must overcome in our quest to win a girls heart. The girl he used to know is still his girl.

John Hayes recited "Ernie's Pipe Dream" which was a proposal by Ernie Bridge our Minister for the Kimberley in 1998 to bring water from the Ord River to the city and perhaps other states might be interested. "Then we can supply the nation by pump and gravitation with water all the way from up the Ord"

Colin Thomas presented his own poem "Lookout" which tells you to look out where you're walking, lookout from a hill, look out for buses, look out for people and if Colin should enter the toilet who would look out for him.

Nancy Coe concluded the first half of the program with a medley of tunes suitable for the occasion which included "I Love a Sunburnt Country" the Wild Colonial Boy, "Keep the Home Fires Burning" "the Murray Moon" and several others well known by past generations. I am sure everyone enjoyed Nancy's music and singing.

Our Classic reader this evening was Kerry Bowe who chose "My Hat" by Will Ogilvie. This tells the tale of all that a man could use his hat for, collecting eggs, a drink for the dog, slapping a horse, shooing the sheep and of course to keeping our head cool or dry.

Colin Thomas was next with "The Queens Visit" This was a barbecue by the river "A western barbecue with all that lovely meat and the smell that's hard to beat.

Someone heard our lady say they're free and on the house so tuck some up your kilt or keep them in your sporran.

Carolyn Sambridge had two poems of her own the first was "Barbie's Trip to outer Space" she wanted to go to the moon to sing rock and roll though when she did travel to space she had the oxygen sucked out of her face. Her second poem Magical Golden Oil bought for aisle four in the supermarket store extra virgin olive oil from Persia (or Iran) which contained a leprechaun.

John Hayes read his new poem "The Future Fund" which reminds the State Treasurer that Seniors are still watching the pollies. This poem will be sent to editor for our Bullytin.

Brian Langley returned to the microphone with a devious description of Knockers which conjures up different views in our mind, though only a few people may have realised that Brian was in fact referring to Brass Knockers for his front door.

Her own poem "Dust" by Heather Denholm was something to ponder on where we all end up. I suppose dust is where we come from and dust is where we go when our time expires into the earth we go.

Barry Higgins has a good range of poems many of which are from his favourite poet Syd Hopkins. Barry gave us a couple of anecdotes followed by two short poems tonight "Tender Loving Care" when the nurse was told to prick a patients boil but failed to get the treatment right. This was followed by Mongolian V.D. which is cured by doing nothing.

Cobber Lethbridge played "The Indian Pacific" on mouth organ then followed with His own poem at Mindaroo station on the Ashburton River in 1968 and "The Flag that Was Won by Mother Mc Kew" Which leaves nothing to the imagination or the truth of the matter.

Grace Williamson took us back to the pioneering days reminding us of the women that supported their menfolk as explorers, miners and landholders usually without recognition the unsung heroes, The Women of The West by George Essex Evans.

Mrs Mickey's Menu by Zondrae King was Dave Smiths second choice for the evening there were a few cockroach legs that fell in the recipe and the sugar ants were free.

Christine Boults second poem for he evening was the Sandy Hollow Line by Duke Tritton is a poem I had not heard before but it is pleasing to have something different for our program.

Rusty Christenson was our final poetry recital with Henry Lawson's classic "Second Class Wait Here." Finally we are all equal for 'There's a train with death for driver is always going past and there'll be no class compartments and we all must go at last.

To the long white jasper platform with an Eden in the rear and there wont be any signboards saying "Second Class Wait Here"

Nancy Coe closed our evening with some good old sing along Aussie songs Waltzing Matilda, The Overlander Trail, Drovers Dream and finally "Australia"

<p>George Herbert Gibson (28 August 1846 – 18 June 1921) was an Anglo-Australian writer of humorous ballads and verse. He is better known by his pen name, Ironbark. Gibson was born in Plymouth, England, where his father was a solicitor. Gibson also qualified as a solicitor in 1868 but the next year he decided to emigrate to New Zealand, soon crossing the Tasman to settle in New South Wales, where he had experience on the land for some years. His best work appeared in The Bulletin.</p>	<p>THE POLITICIAN 153 George Herbert Gibson</p> <p>To be insincere and specious, And to be a bit facetious When you're cornered, is an excellent device ; You must have the serpent's flyness, But the innocence and shyness Of the dove you musn't have at any price.</p> <p>There are lots of ways of showing, And a hundred ways of knowing If you're fit to join the Legislative's band, In the service of the nation, But the surest indication (cont)</p>	<p>Is an itching in the hollow of your hand ;</p> <p>And, if any doubt should linger Re the pointing of Fate's finger, And your mission, oh ! be comforted and calm ; It's the best sign in creation That you're called to serve the nation, If you feel a titillation in your palm.</p> <p>There, we've had our little flutter, And we hope that what we utter Won't be causing any seasoned M.L.A., Any conscientious twinges, For we've only touched the fringes Of the subject in a desultory way.</p>
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Upcoming Events

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

- ◆ Friday 6th July Muster. Bentley Park Auditorium at 7.30pm. 26 Plantation Drive. Bentley
- ◆ 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	Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography
	Graham Armstrong Book	Keith Lethbridge	books
	Victoria Brown CD	Corin Linch	books
	Peter Blyth CDs, books	Val Read	books
	Rusty Christensen CDs	Caroline Sambridge	book
	Brian Gale CD & books	Peg Vickers	books & CD
	John Hayes CDs & books	"Terry & Jenny"	Music CDs
	Tim Heffernan book		
	Brian Langley books, CD		

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