

The

November 2017

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



Next Muster Friday November, 10th 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park

MC : Bill Gordon 9765 1098 0428 651 098 northlands@wn.com.au



WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners



Act-Belong-Commit Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival

Hosting the
*Australian Bush Poetry
Championships*

Fri 3rd - Sun 5th Nov 2017

Proudly sponsored and supported by



For entry forms and more information, visit
www.wabushpoets.asn.au

or contact Bill Gordon 0428 651 098
president@wabushpoets.asn.au

CALLING ALL BUSH POETS

Following our very successful performance on Anzac Day this year, the Canning Districts RSL has invited us back to again regale them with our high standard wartime-themed bush poetry to acknowledge Remembrance day on Sunday 12th November 2017. (They will all be busy selling poppies on 11th).

Suggested time: 1 pm, following the sausage sizzle.

Anyone interested in participating, please contact Stinger Nettleton on 0407770053 or

stinger@inet.net.au by Friday 3rd November.

FREE ENTERTAINMENT

Toodyay Memorial Hall

**Pat Drummond
in concert**

**Fri 3 Nov 2017
7.00 - 9.30pm**

Multi-award winning singer, songwriter, poet and storyteller Pat Drummond shares songs reflecting the lives of just about every Australian, from the sophisticated urbanites of the Double Bay social set to the no-nonsense bush people of the Outback.



Bush Dance featuring
Loaded Dog



**Sat 4 Nov 2017
7.00 - 10.00pm**



**Act-Belong-Commit
Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival**
www.wabushpoets.asn.au

ACCOMMODATION FOR NATIONALS

TOODYAY

We have secured Bed & Breakfast accommodation at the Priory (part of the former catholic boarding school) in Toodyay for the festival in November. This is within walking distance of the Memorial Hall, and consists of twin and single rooms with shared bathrooms. Very reasonable price.

For more information please contact Meg on 0404075108

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.



It has been two years in the planning, and now the Australian Bush Poetry Championships is upon us. The unexpected bonuses that have turned up in that time give us confidence that this will be an event to be remembered.

One such incident occurred in Tamworth this year. I was promoting our festival at the ABPA meeting and Pat Drummond was present. He told me he would be in the west at the time and offered to do a show for us. Pat has made a name for himself in the entertainment industry over the last 40 years, including as a member of the infamous "Naked Poets". I am looking forward to Pat's performance on the Friday night. There has been a lot of interest as a result of his brochures being distributed.

We have good entries in the championship categories and Yarnspinning although we hoped for more novices and juniors. The written comp, the "Silver Quill" is amongst the biggest in the country. Accommodation in Toodyay is at a premium, and still the phone keeps ringing! We have had great support from the State Government through Healthway and Lotterywest. The Toodyay Shire and community have supported us as well and are looking forward to the many visitors to their town. Two months ago we were looking at a considerable shortfall. The Poetry Gods are smiling on us!

One of the groups that have supported us is the Toodyay Miniature Railway. Situated in Duidgee Park, they have a 1.1 Km track and will be running their train rides on Friday and Sunday during our festival. They have given us a challenge to recite a poem with a railway theme. This will happen at the turntable near their railway station on Friday 11.30 to 12.30 (after the workshop and before the competition poetry begins). So start writing if you do not already have a railway poem in your repertoire and get a free ride on the train. Even if you do not have a poem, come down and enjoy your lunch in the beautiful setting at the Miniature Railway.

Bill Gordon President

COMPETITIONS

23-27 January - Golden Damper Awards for Performance Bush Poetry, Tamworth NSW.

7 February - Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Competition, Orange NSW. See 7 February closing date.

8 February - Closing Date - Milton Show Poetry Competition, Junior and senior performance and a written section. Milton NSW.

3 March - Milton Show Poetry Competition, Milton NSW. See 8 February closing date.

1-4 March - Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival, Dunedoo NSW.

30 April - Closing Date - Bronze Swagman Award for Bush Poetry, Winton Qld.

For more information and entry forms check out the Australian Bush Poets Assn website



Do you want to be part of the National Scene — Then you might consider joining the Australian Bush Poets Assn
www.abpa.org.au

Stay up to date with events and competitions right across Australia

Lots of great information on their website, winning poems, a writing forum, tips for writing and reciting, competition dates....



Train Poems for Toodyay

Bring a poem to perform at Duidgee Park Friday 11.30 to 12.30.

The theme is railways so you can write one or use one that you know. Henry Lawson's **Second Class Wait Here** springs to mind (John Hayes where are you?)

Toodyay Miniature Railway. Situated in Duidgee Park, they have a 1.1 Km track and will be running their train rides on Friday and Sunday during our festival. They have given us a challenge to recite a poem with a railway theme. This will happen at the turntable near their railway station on Friday 11.30 to 12.30 (after the workshop and before the competition poetry begins). So start writing if you do not already have a railway poem in your repertoire and get a free ride on the train. Even if you do not have a poem, come down and enjoy your lunch in the beautiful setting at the Miniature Railway. Bill Gordon

THANK YOU

The WA Bush Poets and Yarn-spinners would like to sincerely thank all of the sponsors, participants , organisers and audience associated with the **Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival and Australian Bush Poetry Championships, 2017**

THE BATTLER'S BALLAD

You are just a lonely battler,
And you're waiting for a rattler,
And you wish to heaven you were never born;
For you ran to dodge a copper
And you came a dreadful cropper,
And the skin on both your hands, is cut and torn.
You are tired and you are weary
With your eyes bloodshot and bleary,
And the soles of both your shoes are worn right through;
Your heart is sore and aching
And your back is nearly breaking,
And your coat and shirt and pants have had it too.

So hey-ho hobo, you are just a rolling stone,
Even though you're stony broke,
If you can still laugh and joke,
You're as good as any king upon his throne.

With fury you are boiling
But your muscles need no oiling,
As you duck to dodge the headlight's brilliant glare;
For you've seen the copper's wood-heap
And you know he's got a good heap
And you know the tucker's not the best in there,
Then the engine gives a whistle
And you step upon a thistle,
And get tangled up in signal wires and points;
Next you blunder in a gutter
And angrily you mutter,
Strike me lucky, well of all the joints!

So he-ho hobo, you are just a rolling stone,
Though your pants are wearing thin,
If you still can raise a grin,
You're as good as any king upon his throne.

Then you see the green light flashing'
An' you hear the bumpers crashin'
And you see the great big engine rushing by;
With your swag held at the ready
Your nerves are not so steady,
For you know you've got to take her on the fly.
Then your swag you try to throw in
But the flamin' thing won't go in,
Bounces off the truck and hits you as you fall;
Pick the remnants of your swag up
Pick your billycan and bag up,
And you say, I missed the bastard after all!

So he-ho hobo, you are just a rolling stone,
Though the skies are mighty grey,
There will surely come a day,
When you'll own a bloody railway of your own.

(by Jack Weight, Coogee, NSW)

From **Australian Railway Songs**, Mark Gregory and Brian Dunnetts online research archive

GOPHER

I pulled up in the carpark thinkin'
I just gotta take a look at this
A huge new Masters Hardware store
In the town of Bal..di..vis

I parked in the Disability bay
Cos I've got an ACCROD sticker
And Masters have free Gophers to ride
To make my shopping quicker

I thought "Now 'eres a a way to ave a lark,"
"I'll borrow one of them set of wheels"
"An take a spin around the shop",
"Just to find out how it feels"

The lass took the name and number,
Of my Drivers licence to ensure
That if I rode their free Gopher,
I wouldn't take off through the door

She showed me the speed marks on the dial,
To control the thing as you ride
But the thought of being a "turtle", I felt,
Was an insult to my pride

With a dash of bravado I fired it up,
And took off down the aisle
I headed for the Plant Section,
With "rabbit" on the dial

Well I can tell you, Master's store,
Is at least a kilometres length
So there I was haring down the aisle,
Conserving all my strength

Finally I made it to the greenery,
Where I decided to do a turn
And go down the aisle of blooming roses
To check out the Maiden Hair fern

Between tin chooks, and garden geckos,
Past garden ponds, with bubbling water
I blithely travelled comfortably,
Unaware of impending slaughter

Well don't blame me, I don't know what happened,
Something caused a violent sneeze
That doubled me up, and jerked me forward,
So I almost head butted me knees

That Gopher malfunctioned, it wasn't my fault,
It really wasn't my error
Somethin' must've shorted, or wires got crossed,
And it became a thing of terror

I shot past the fern trees, knocked over some cans,
Left weed killer puddles, on the floor
As a frantic staffer dashed in front of me,
Flinging open, the big glass door

Next thing I knew I was dodging bathtubs,
Taking tight turns round laundry troughs
As refrigerators and Kitchen stoves flashed past,
I mused, what happens if a driver coughs?

I passed plastic containers and kitchen bins,
Epsom salts and washing powder
And the grinding roar of the Gopher engine,
Was getting louder and louder

Somebody started yelling on the stores P.A. system
To warn all the shoppers ahead
I was entering the hardware section,
And the store was on Code Red

I passed an aluminium ladder display
Where one fell on top of me
I almost choked, as it spun around,
For a moment, I couldn't see

Screws and bolts went flying,
As the ladder struck, it made a total wreck
Of the hardware shelves, as I sped along
With a ladder, wrapped round me neck

Glass mirrors smashed, and door frames crashed,
Flyscreens tore apart
As I zoomed on, down another aisle
With one hand, on me pounding heart

Oh bloody hell I can't believe,
I'm now in the building area
The gopher chased a forklift, down the shed,
Like one determined terrier

No matter how hard I tried to stop,
The gopher just went faster
It slammed into the forklift, which,
Then dropped it's load of plaster

I thought when I saw disaster looming,
That the impact would be the worst
But nothing prepared me for the effect,
Of the plaster bags that burst

I was totally covered, in a cloud,
Of white, and choking powder
And all the while, that bloody gopher,
Went faster, and sounded louder

Apparently a big shelf of piping,
Had crashed down on the floor
The demented gopher skidded over the pipes,
Then shot out the Exit door

The piping rolled across the car park
With me on top of it all
We skidded downhill, and across the road,
Into the Baldivis Mall

I heard the store music, that's when I knew,
The situation had changed
As I raced along, in a cloud of white,
Riding the beast deranged

They say I came in through the big front door,
All covered in white paste
And sped on down to Woolworths with,
The ladder, now tight round me waist

Screaming shoppers fled, trolleys swept along,
As I zoomed to the Checkout bay
And if not for that ladder, I truly think,
I'd still be speeding, to this very day

But the ladder struck the Checkout chick's booths,
And jammed me between two tills
When the drawers flew open, the air was filled,
With flying coins and bills

The gopher roared and spun it's wheels,
They screeched out clouds of smoke
The Security guard ran up to me
Shouting "Lady, this aint no joke"!

He grabbed the key, and turned it off,
As I surveyed, the trail of so many disasters
And vowed I'd never again ride a gopher,
Or visit a store called Master's

By Zoe Stewart



Bush Poetry



I hear on the grapevine from
someone who'd know it
That you've got ambitions to
be a bush poet.

Now if this is true, there's advice you'll be
needing
'Bout rhythm and rhyming. I'll not be mis-
leading,
It's not at all easy, it's quite hard to do it;
To aim at perfection, or something near to it.
You must be consistent, with patterns of
stresses
And syllables counted as each verse progress-
es.

There's some people find that it's easy to do it
But most of us struggle to find our way
through it
But when it is right, there is nothing sounds
sweeter.
The words you are using all fit to the metre.
But often the emphasis, metre and rhythm,
They've gone quite astray and there's prob-
lems there with 'em;
They don't seem to fit to the patterns you're
needing;
There's things have gone wrong, you are far
from succeeding.

There's stresses all mixed up, wrong words in
wrong places
And commas and dashes show incorrect spac-
es.
There's syllables missing, there's rhymes in-
completed,
The story gets lost and there's words get re-
peated.
So if this should happen, and happen it's sure
to
You've only one option and you really ought
to
Go back to the start; every stanza, review it,
Look close at its structure, you've just got to
do it.

It may take you minutes, it may take forever;
It's not education determines endeavour.
It's somehow just in you, inside your genetics
That says how much problem you'll have with
phonetics.
For if your upbringing was here in Australia,
And you while at school, weren't an absolute
failure
And English was spoke by your father and
mother
And you like your parents had known no oth-
er;

You've got in your background, although you
don't know it
The knowledge you're needing; (your face
doesn't show it),
But it's deep inside you, this rhyth'm-ic speak-
ing,
But not if your birthplace was Athens or Peking.
For folk from such places, their speech pattern's
differ
From those of the British - some words are
much stiffer
And stresses are diff'rent, they're rather erratic:
There's some country's speaking is mono-
emphatic.

So people from places like Mumbai or Kabul
Might put their em-phar-sis on the wrong syll-ar-
-ble.
So you must beware of such problems in
rhythm
You cannot ignore them, you've got to go with
'em:
The syllables, stresses, the rhythm and rhyming
The pauses, the wordage, the story, the timing;
Each one of these features of Bush Poets verses
If done incorrectly will cause lots of curses.

So now that you know this advice you'll be
needing
Consider it well if you've hopes of succeeding.
For getting it wrong will cause nothing but fail-
ure
Reciting or writing these poems of Australia

© Brian Langley 24 May 2010

Thanks Brian.

Brian has sent in this poem as a response to our
writing group..lots of fun and very useful...ED



The best
letterbox
on the
street
award
goes to
our won-
derful
treasurer
and
Toodyay
organis-
er: Jem
and Bev
Shorland.

My Literary Friend

by Henry Lawson

ONCE I wrote a little poem which I thought was very fine,
And I showed the printer's copy to a critic friend of mine,
First he praised the thing a little, then he found a little
fault;

'The ideas are good,' he muttered, 'but the rhythm seems
to halt.'

So I straighten'd up the rhythm where he marked it with
his pen,

And I copied it and showed it to my clever friend again.

'You've improved the metre greatly, but the rhymes are
bad,' he said,

As he read it slowly, scratching surplus wisdom from his
head.

So I worked as he suggested (I believe in taking time),

And I burnt the 'midnight taper' while I straightened up
the rhyme.

'It is better now,' he muttered, 'you go on and you'll suc-
ceed,

'It has got a ring about it — the ideas are what you
need.'

So I worked for hours upon it (I go on when I com-
mence),

And I kept in view the rhythm and the jingle and the
sense,

And I copied it and took it to my solemn friend once more
—

It reminded him of something he had somewhere read
before.

Now the people say I'd never put such horrors into print
If I wasn't too conceited to accept a friendly hint,
And my dearest friends are certain that I'd profit in the
end

If I'd always show my copy to a literary friend.

MOUSE

My Mum drives a Dump truck
Shifting tons of ore
But she lost her wits
And had "Pink fits"
When a mouse ran in the door



My Mum drives a Dump truck
She has tatts' on her arms and
belly
But when she saw the mouse
Invade our house
She turned to quaking jelly

My Mum drives a Dump truck
She's not scared of any fella
But a teensy mouse
Scampered through our house
And Mum turned awful "yella"

My Mum drives a dump truck
She never wears a frock
But that tiny grey
Little mouse today
Gave her an major shock

Yes my Mum drives a Dump truck
With wheels as high as a house
She's awfully tough
But not enough
To deal with a little mouse!\nBy Zoe Stewart

Stone the Crows

We got new neighbours in the street
At first they seemed quite nice
A coupl'a young fellows on their own
Till their friends called, once or twice

The music boomed, across the town,
They yelled and shouted, well past ten
We thought they'd stopped, but..false alarm
They started up again!

Bloody big utes with screeching tyres
Rippin up the grass
An some Sheila shoutin at the top of her lungs,
"Go stick it up yer*****"

The base was thumpin, BOOM BOOM BOOM
None of us could sleep
Some other Sheila's screamin now,
"Shane you're a bloody creep!"

Bottles broke, we heard
the noise
Doors slammed, and en-
gines revved
They giggled, and cack-
led, half the night
Like they'd all gorn off
their head



The crows, came down in the morning,
To raid the barbie scraps,
An Bluey said ter me, and Dulce,
"Hey look at that, you chaps!"

Croakin like a mob of frogs
The crows began staggerin about,
Some flew, loop the loops, then fergot ter flap
An two of em, knocked themselves out!

The biggest crow, flew to the power lines
And hung upside down, by one leg
While another crow on the washing line,
Was tryin to romance a peg!!

The rest of the crows, staggered like drunkards!
Eatin cookies off the table.
Some fell over, and rolled about,
Their legs weren't very stable.

"Well stone the crows" said Bluey
Scratchin his head, as he took off 'is hat
"I seen lotsa things, in my lifetime mate",
"But I aint never, seen nothing, like that!"
By Zoe Stewart

Hi Christine,
Here are a few poems that I thought might give
a chuckle to the readers. Based totally on my im-
agination of "what if?"
Please note: The Baldivis Masters store did not
shut down due to a catastrophic event with a go-
pher, despite any rumours circulating.
Zoe Stewart

ARENAarts presents

COMEDY CABARET

a double-barrel show featuring
PERTH LAUGHS Best Comedians
 plus the hilarious one-act play by David Tristram
THE FAT LADY SINGS IN LITTLE GRIMLEY

add to this a complimentary cheese platter to enhance
 a great beverage (available for purchase from the bar) and you've got
 a fantastic night out of fun and frivolity and giggles and guffaws!

7.30 pm
SATURDAY 11th NOVEMBER, 2017
 LC THEATRE, 20 Cleaver Tce, Belmont

\$22 FULL \$18 CONCESSION/GROUPS 10+

BOOKINGS www.trybooking/SHGR

ph : 0417 922 732 email : arenaarts@hotmail.com.au

Hi Christine,

This is the show I mentioned. I'm in the play. It's a 4-hander (2 men, 2 women) British comedy Very funny.

I believe the address of the theatre is **60** Cleaver Tce, not 20.

Cheers,

Pete (Peter Nettleton 0407770053)

Lots of fun I'm sure and always good to see and support

From a Railway Carriage

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
 Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
 And charging along like troops in a battle
 All through the meadows the horses and cat-
 tle:

All of the sights of the hill and the plain
 Fly as thick as driving rain;
 And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
 Painted stations whistle by.
 Here is a child who clammers and scrambles,
 All by himself and gathering brambles;
 Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
 And here is the green for stringing the daisies!
 Here is a cart runaway in the road
 Lumping along with man and load;
 And here is a mill, and there is a river:
 Each a glimpse and gone forever!

Robert Louis Stevenson

Looking Back 2

My mind keep drifting back these days, to years
 I spent outback,
 as in my dreams I wander yet along life's fading
 track.

I clearly see that country now, as though I'm
 there to-day,
 still camped beneath a shady tree out
 Yundramindra way.

Remembering the many camps, and mates that
 I once knew;
 I see again their faces - back when they were
 young blokes too.
 Oh! we were full of daring then, prepared to
 have a go,
 and tried our hands at many things, . . . in days
 long, long ago.

I've seen the early sunrise, way out on the gib-
 ber plain,
 and dug for precious opal on a Coober Pedy
 claim.
 Then held those sparkling gemstones as they
 flashed there in my hand,
 and marvelled that such beauty, could lie hidden
 in this land.

Those memories keep drifting back to days of
 yesteryear,
 the places and the faces - I can see then now so
 clear.
 One special face I'll not forget still lingers in my
 heart,
 ten years you shared that lonely life and loved it
 from the start.

I think again about those days and miss it still
 today,
 that special place may touch you too, if you
 should pass that way.
 I searched for gold but gained much more and
 loved the freedom found;
 a part of me will always be, out in that deep red
 ground.

I've seen it in the best of times - I've seen it at
 its worst,
 I've seen that country flooded, and I've seen
 stock die of thirst.
 Despite the deadly pathways then, that nature
 sometimes took;
 there's beauty in its harshness too, for those
 who care to look.

© T. E. Piggott

Muster Writeup Friday 6th October 2017 by Meg Gordon

MC for the evening was **Dot Langley** who started at 7pm and welcomed Arthur Leggett who had just celebrated his 99th birthday and it was Brian's birthday also.

Bev Shorland asked for assistance on rosters for kitchen and foyer at Toodyay.

Meg Gordon invited members to participate in Chook Raffle for ABPA as they were assisting us with funds to run the Nationals.

Rob Gunn – presented his poem in the “Kiss It Goodbye”

Grace Williamson – presented her poem in the “Kiss It Goodbye” challenge

Brian Langley – presented his poems in the “Kiss It Goodbye” challenge

Arthur Leggett – has just written a new poem “Springtime” which proved that one is never too old to write beautiful verse. He also gave a resounding performance of “The Man From Snowy River” (Banjo) for which he received a standing ovation.

Dave Smith – Mrs Micky's Menus” (Zondrae King) A delightful tale about dealing with the pests found in the kitchen.

Grace Williamson - “The Little Worn Out Pony” (Anon) This poem tells the story of how little worn out pony once saved the life of a little child from a stampeding herd of cattle.

Lesley McAlpine - “Old Age” (Anon) When your get up and go has got up and went. Also “I Wasn't Asked” (?) Politicians of all persuasions have dictated our lives to us regardless of our wishes or opinions since time began.

John Hayes - “ANZAC Cottage” There is a remarkable story of a house at 38 Kalgoorlie Street in Mt Hawthorn that was built in one day by the local community for the first wounded ANZAC who returned home from war. This was the first monument built to commemorate the Great War of 1914-18. It was built on the 12th February 1916 and last year (2016) was the centenary celebration and John wrote a poem for the occasion.

David Ellis – presented different styles of Limericks

Barry Higgins - “Local Government” (Blue The Shearer aka Colin Wilson)

Tess Earnshaw - “Nancy” her own poem about a 'professional' lady.

After Supper – **Brian Langley** presented the story of Jack Sorenson. He had many trades before he became a journalist. He was shy but became a boxer and ended up the WA Champion. War beckoned and after he was discharged he became melancholic and decided to head north but was found dead on the ship. His epitaph read “Weaver Of Dreams”. Mary Durack collected his poems and published them in a book. Dingo's breakfast, a local band, has put a lot of his poems to music in a CD entitled 'Weaver of Dreams'. His poem “The Ghosts of Bayley Street” is written in memory of the more than 1000 men under the age of 26 who are buried in the Coolgardie Cemetery.

Dot Langley – read “The Sherlock Train” which Dingo's Breakfast has put to music.

David Ellis – presented some of own limericks about camping companions.

Arthur Leggett - “The Swagman” (CJ Dennis) and his own poem “The Summer Ideal”

Lesley McAlpine - “Stepping Stones” (Joan Strange). Precious stones had been collected from special places and were reminders of special memories.

John Hayes - “One Day in Paradise” Another of John's own poems about memories of time on the land.

Rob Gunn - “Blue The Dog” (Bob Magor). A dog always likes to get his prize home.

Barry Higgins - “The Unlikely Bedmates” (Betsy Chape) A tale of a Jew an Indian and a Politician and a pig and a jersey cow.

Grace Williamson - “Lost” (Banjo Paterson) The poem tells of a young boy who did not come home from a horse ride, and the anguish of his mother as she searched for him.

Cobber Lethbridge – Musical item on his harmonica “Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White” and then “Australians Don't Forget” his poem put to music on the guitar. This is a tribute to those who fought in the Australian Armed Forces, those who returned and those who didn't.

COPY WRITER'S POST SCRIPT – President Bill Gordon hopes to see everyone at Toodyay. The Festival has proved very popular with over 100 entries being received for the Silver Quill Written Verse competition and Yarnspinning, Traditional, Modern, Original Serious and Original Humorous sections of the Performance Competition are filling up fast. Toodyay residents are looking forward to all the visitors to their town. Cheers, Meg

Found at the muster

If you are missing a calico bag printed with fish(contents a grey jumper and a pair of glasses in an elephant motif case). Please ring or email Meg: 0404075108 meggordon4@bigpond.com.au



Our Railway Men

Our Railway Men by W. Cornford, Junior, Perway Department, Goulburn.
NSW Railway and Tramway Review.

Take from our officials, who manage all affairs
Right down to the platelayer, who spikes the iron chairs
As each and every one, are railway servants true
For as the dawn of day breaks forth, they must their duty do
Take first our sub-inspectors, who travel o'er the road
And then the operators, who must thoroughly learn their code
And now the loco pumper, who supplies the engines' water
The one who handles samples, for on his cap see 'Porter'

Working on the platform are the junior and the Pro.
And the worthy S.M., who them their duties show
They examine carriages, and punch the ticket too
If you ask the reason, 'It's just to pass you through'
The man who drives the engine, in his hands are lives
The guard, he watches careful over husbands and their wives
With parcels and their luggage his brake it is well stacked
When running cheap excursions his carriages are packed

Now let us think of fettlers out in the rain and snow
They have to watch the road, to let the traffic go
Next we take the shop hands, always on repairs
The booking clerk he issues the tickets for the fares
Temperance should exist in us, great and small
Punctuality is a thing we should not forget at all
Civility, the masterpiece, it makes a railway man
Gives joy to the travelling public - exercise it all you can



On the Queensland Railway Lines

On the Queensland railway lines
There are stations where one dines
Private individuals
Also run refreshment rooms

CHORUS

Bogan-Tungan, Rollingsstone,
Mungar, Murgon, Marathone,
Guthalungra, Pinkenba,
Wanko, Yaamba, - ha, ha, ha!

Males and females, high and dry,
Hang around at Durikai,
Boora-Mugga, Djarawong,
Giligulul, Wonglepong.

Pies and coffee, baths and showers
Are supplied at Charters Towers;
At Mackay the rule prevails
Of restricting showers to males.

Iron rations come in handy,
On the way to Dirranbandi,
Passengers have died of hunger
During halts at Garradunga,

Let us toast, before we part,
Those who travel, stout of heart,
Drunk or sober, rain or shine,
On a Queensland railway line

This parody of a German folk song was written by The Brisbane Realist Writers' Group in 1959. Printed in *The Queensland Centenary Pocket Songbook*.

