

# The

June 2018

W.A. Bush Poets

# BULLY TIN

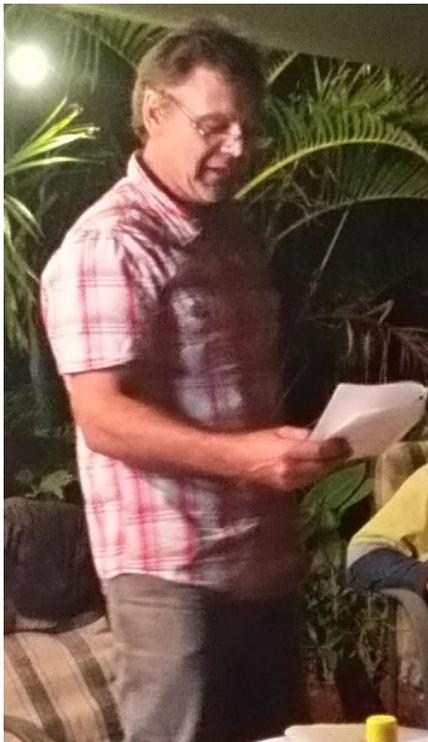
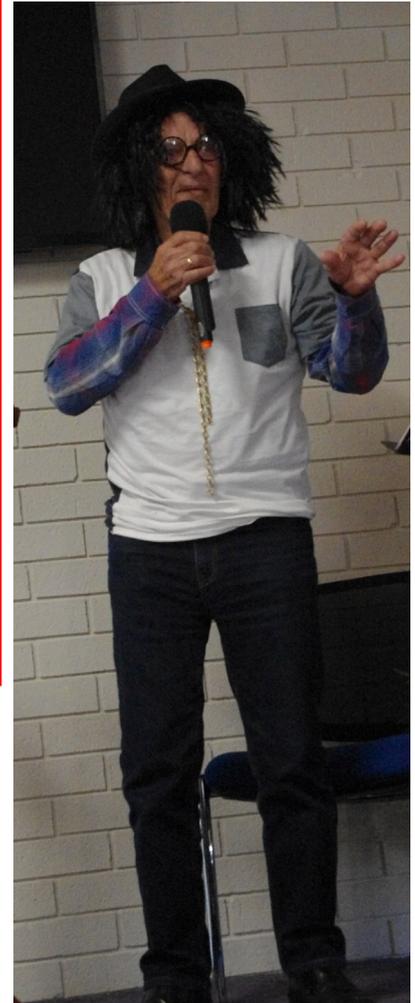
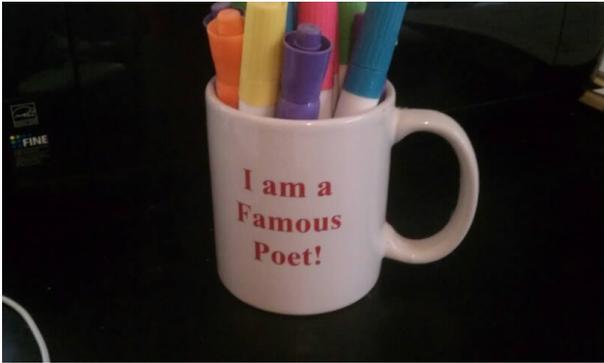


**Next Muster Friday June 1st, 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park**

**MC :** Robert Gunn 0417 099 676 [gunnpoet@hotmail.com](mailto:gunnpoet@hotmail.com)

### **BYO Cup**

Hi Members , we are formally asking you to bring your own cup to the musters. This is a way to assist us in using less Styrofoam to send to landfill and we don't want to create yet another job ( washing up) . It also means you can reuse your Toodyay cup from the festival or bring your favourite one from home. I keep one in my car and take it to other venues as well as Bush Poets. We will, of course, have disposable cups for the times when you forget.



Left: Geraldton bush poet's muster.

Above: A rapper looking like a relation of John Hayes at Port Bouvard.

**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 2018



It is pleasing to see some new faces at the musters over recent months, and I have had many comments about the quality of poetry being presented. Great to have Nancy back with us and looking so well. She is even writing new poems. Her son Andy is obviously taking good care of her and she is thriving on his attention. Roger Cracknell does not get down from Geraldton very often and was a welcome addition to the poets on the night.

Moondyne Festival at Toodyay was the best yet and I have just received compliments from the organisers for our contribution to the day. With six poets present we were able to perform on several stages to appreciative audiences. Terry Bennetts returned and was joined by Lex H from Queensland and Mary Myfanwy from Bridgetown. It is always a challenge to attract and hold an audience at such events but all our performers did it well.

Mandurah Bush Poetry morning was again a success with 100 people enjoying a hearty breakfast put on by the Lions Club before being entertained by a quality lineup of poets, including a few walk-ups. Congratulations to Chris Taylor for taking the quinella in the competition with two great poems. A close third was last year's winner, Craig Waterman.

Condolences to three of our members who have suffered bereavement recently. Leslie McAlpine's mother, Ena Riechard who was a member of WAPPYS for many years, Elaine Smith's brother and Alan Aitken's mother have all passed during the last month. Sincere sympathy to each in your sad loss.



Our AGM is coming up on 6<sup>th</sup> July at 6.30pm with the muster starting at 7pm. All positions will be declared vacant and we would welcome some new blood on the committee. That doesn't sound very good does it! We have a harmonious committee little blood is spilt at our meetings. Why not join the committee and see for yourself. The president will gladly stand aside.

Bill Gordon, President



Port Bouvard winners: Steve Taylor (1st and 2nd) and Greg Maughn on their winning entries. Emphasis was placed on recitation, rather than reading. Congratulations to all participants and winners. Port Bouvard photos by Anne Hayes

Some of the WABP & Yarnspinners attending Port Bouvard. A special thanks to Rob Gunn for his assistance organising this event.

## **The Song Of The frogs**

The old camp was a welcome sight with summer heat now at its height,  
this scrawny bunch of mulga trees at least would offer filtered shade.  
No greenhouse signs out this way yet; more droughts are likely what  
we'll get;  
they're mostly sceptics in the bush, from all the comments I hear made.

This arid place I know it well, there's little shade and hot as hell,  
the only life you see out here, are flies and ants, and lizards too.  
The grounds as hard as concrete now yet scattered trees survive some-  
how,  
you'd wonder why my wife and I still come as often as we do.

Despite the harshness of this place - its solitude that we embrace,  
the nearest town is far from here and few will venture out this way.  
There's always gold here to be found - it's scattered over all this ground,  
we love this place and always will - out here where tiny nuggets lay.

The weather man had promised rain; a promise often made in vain  
and looked unlikely this time too, with noonday skies still clear and blue.  
There's not a single cloud in view, which shows just what the experts  
knew,  
yet still I glanced towards northwest in hope, as knowing bushies do.

At dusk while dragging in a log, I could have sworn I heard a frog;  
impossible I told myself, a frog can't live in sun baked ground.  
It hadn't rained since months before, and even then, a drop, no more;  
but then I heard that frog again, soon joined by others all around.

Then like a choir they had sung, sang in their croaking frog like tongue,  
they sung for rain of that I'm sure, although there's not a cloud in sight.  
Their songs were pleasing on our ears; the first time sung I'm sure for  
years  
and echoed through the stillness of a dark and balmy outback night.

Then serenaded by their song we slept through croaks still loud and  
strong,  
till woken by the patter of the first few drops of precious rain.  
No doubt the frogs had sensed this change with mating rights to soon ar-  
range,  
for many years would likely pass, before the frogs would sing again.  
© T.E. Piggott

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## **The Warrigal's Song**

I'm woken by a wild dog's cry that seems quite near at hand,  
no doubt it's on a nearby hill that overlooks this land.  
It echoes through the granites where the spirit people dwell;  
it's chilling and primeval yet so beautiful as well.  
An answer is soon coming from a place that's far away,  
to greet the first faint flush of dawn - so starts another day.

I rise at last and stir the coals and put the billy on  
and huddle near the dancing flames until the chill is gone.  
Then listen to their distant cries that seem now all around  
and marvel at their numbers here where little water's found  
Their calls begin to fade away as daylight now takes hold;  
the last stars fade away - the eastern sky is tinged with gold  
© T.E. Piggott

**Do you want to be  
part of the National  
Scene — Then you  
might consider  
joining the Australi-  
an Bush Poets Assn  
[www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au)**

**Stay up to date  
with events and  
competitions right  
across Australia**

**Lots of great infor-  
mation on their  
website, winning  
poems, a writing  
forum, tips for writ-  
ing and reciting ,  
competition  
dates....**



## **The Mirror on the Wall**

Mirror mirror on the wall....  
No!  
I must not ask that question  
The last time that I asked it  
I got a strange reaction

For standing there before me  
In the mirror on the wall  
Was someone I knew a while  
ago  
Someone whom I recall

The reflection was distorted  
And I was feeling strange  
But I looked twice to check  
my eyes  
The reflection didn't change

Oh no it can't it isn't  
a person short and small  
You see I saw my father  
in the mirror on the wall

Heather Denholm

St Margaret's Anglican Church and Rose & Wattle Dance invite you to a:

# Regency/Colonial Ball

Including 17th-20th century favourites and selections of Australian Colonial dances

With live music from the Rose & Wattle Dance Orchestra

**6:30-10pm**  
**Saturday June 16th**

St Margaret's Church Hall, 58 Tyrell, Nedlands  
\$15



Bring a plate of finger food to share  
Period costume encouraged!

Advanced booking requested



Dancing starts promptly at 6:30pm,  
then a short supper break at 8pm,  
and the evening concludes at 10pm

Contact Steven for details on 0422 718 220  
[steven.janowiecki@gmail.com](mailto:steven.janowiecki@gmail.com)  
[www.facebook.com/RoseWattlePerth/](http://www.facebook.com/RoseWattlePerth/)

Practice opportunities at regular 2nd, 4th, 5th Wed R&W dances:  
May 23rd & 30th, June 13th 7-9pm, 117 Monash Ave, Nedlands

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## The Mirror on the Wall

I approached to it with caution  
I quietly tried to sneak  
But every time it happened  
It always seemed to peek

She always saw me coming  
And would catch me every time  
But if the dog walked past here  
every thing was fine

I swear she waited hidden  
Until I would wander past  
Then jump out and try to scare me  
And play havoc with my heart

I am young and sprightly  
I'll run careful not to fall  
The old lady there and scares me  
In the mirror on the wall.  
Heather Denholm

## Mirror on the wall by Frank Heffernan

Mirror, Mirror, on the wall, who is the greatest horse of all?

This magic mirror that talks and thinks and speculates, "It could be Winx-- Of all the horses live or dead, of course she'll win by half a head."

Mirror, Mirror on the wall, which poet-man is best of all?

"Henry is the king "you say, but some will claim it is C.J.

Both were giants of their day.

Each had different styles and rhymes; and both were great at different times.

Mirror, Mirror, on the wall, who is the fairest maid of all?

"Well, if you value limb and life; You should declare it is your wife! And this advice I leave with you; It's best you think that this is true!"



Mirror, Mirror, on the wall, bless you for your wisdom call.

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## Driving Lessons

Remembering instructions  
before the motor roared to life  
I tried to do things properly  
lest getting into strife.  
Press *hard* down on that pedal  
then pull that lever back  
now lift your foot up..."SLOWLY!"  
and steer along the track.  
Oh wow! we're moving forwards  
and I am in control  
"watch out where you're going  
you're heading for that pole!"  
The steering wheel is heavy  
and takes near all my strength  
to steer us back along the track  
and not into the fence.  
Elation surges through me  
though mixed with nervous fear  
as I drive this massive tractor  
and I'm ten years old...next year.

Pete. Stratford. 9.5.18



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# MUSIC VARIETY CONCERT

Presented for your enjoyment by Phil Paddon & Terry Bennetts Music



**BRIAN LETTON**  
One of Australia's most popular and awarded  
country singer/songwriters



**SARAH BROOME**  
Popular WA Country Singer/Songwriter



**TERRY BENNETTS**  
Multi award winning Bush Balladeer and  
Instrumentalist



**MOIRA SCOTT**  
Patsy Cline Tribute Show

ALSO APPEARING  
KEVIN BENNETT, MARK DONOHOE,  
TIM COUNT, PEG VICKERS & MORE TO BE ANNOUNCED!!

TICKETS \$30 FROM HAVE A GO NEWS 9277 8283  
SENIORS REC. COUNCIL WA 94929771  
NO DOOR SALES | REFRESHMENTS AT INTERVAL  
MORLEY SPORT & RECREATION CENTRE  
CNR WELLINGTON ROAD & MANGINI STREET  
SATURDAY 9th JUNE 2018 | 12:30pm - 5:00pm

## What's on around Australia/competitions 7-11 June - Henry Lawson Festival Grenfell.

**6 July - Closing Date - Adelaide Plains Poets Poetry Competition, Redbanks SA.**

**31 August - Closing Date - Betty Olle Award Poetry Award. Kyabram Victoria.**

For more information and entry forms please go to the ABPA website



Lots of fun and a great roll up of poets at the Toodyay Moondyne Joe festival. Three venues saw bush poetry, assisted by Terry Bennett and friends, happening at almost every moment. Photos by Jan Cracknell

## THE MIRROR ON THE WALL

Years ago when I was young, and also very small, within our house there always was a mirror on the wall

For hours I used to stand and look and hoped that I would see, a vision of the future man that I would grow to be.

Would I be short or even tall just like my Mum or Dad, or even what was the colour of the hair I maybe had

Would I be rich and famous too and still live in this place, or may be gone so far away no one would know my face

I left that home and travelled wide and did so many things, I never gave much thought to what ones future and fate brings

As years passed by when I was home and walking through that hall, I still would stop and gaze upon the mirror on the wall

My thoughts were always much the same as every decade passed, and each new year also bought more questions than the last

My life has some ups and downs and though it may sound strange, looking back there really is no things that I would change.

We cannot change the one we are, nor should we even try, but accept our lot and make the best of the years that pass on by

Some people pass on through our life and other people stay, to enrich and share with us with their presence every day

Some of them look just like me and may be a reflection of what I saw those years ago while seeking my direction

These men, my sons and their sons too, are what I saw back then and now like me have grown from small boys into men

So will they enter in that house and stand where I once stood, and think what life may bring to them and know that life is good

And now I know I'm not so tall and yes my hair is grey, but also I am thankful for the health I have each day

To stand here looking in the glass now faded in the hall of that old house where it still remains, that mirror on the wall

Its only now I see the man I thought that I would be, and realize for all those years I simply was just me.

Ray Jackson  
4/5/2018.



## Conditions of Entry - Written Competition

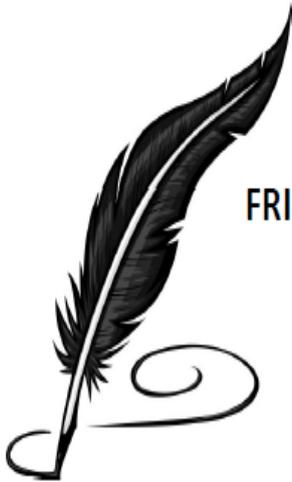
1. Entry fee per poem: Adults: \$10.00; Juniors: Free; No refunds if disqualified. If a detailed critique from the judges is required, please add an extra \$5 per poem plus a SSAE with \$2 postage.
2. No limit to number of entries and no line limit to poems
3. Entries must be the original work of the entrant and must not have been previously published for the profit of the author
4. Previous first-prize winning poems in any open written competition category are not permitted. If a poem should win one competition prior to the closing date of another competition in which the same poem is entered, the onus is on the author to notify the second competition organisers that his/her poem has become ineligible due to the contravention of entry conditions.
5. Entries must have very good rhyme and meter and be original with an Australian theme
6. A poem which has previously won any written competition cannot be entered
7. Poem, which in the opinion of the judge contain offensive material, will be disqualified
8. Poems must be typed (or electronically printed) on white A4 size paper, with black printing in a plain font, size 10-12
9. Four copies of each poem must be provided
10. The entrant's name or any identifying information **MUST NOT** appear on the poem/s – **ONLY** on this entry form
11. The poem's name must appear on the top of the page. If more than one page, the poem's name must appear at the top of each page, and pages must be numbered and stapled
12. The competition is conducted in accordance with ABPA guideline recommendations (refer to [www.abpa.org.au/competitions](http://www.abpa.org.au/competitions))
13. Judging will be by judges approved by the ABPA
14. The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into
15. Entries may be displayed at the State Championships at Toodyay (Friday 2nd November – Sunday 4<sup>th</sup> November 2018 and may be published in the WA Bush Poets monthly newsletter “The Bully Tin” and the ABPA Magazine and I hereby give my permission for such display and/or publication

(Note: to assist in facilitating such publication, entrants are requested to email their poem/s to Rodger Kohn at the following address: [rodgershirley@bigpond.com](mailto:rodgershirley@bigpond.com)

### Prizes

Monetary prizes will be awarded for the best poem in each of the 6 categories

Each winner, as well as those judged 'Highly Commended' or 'Commended', will receive a Certificate.



WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Association

# SILVER QUILL WRITTEN COMPETITION

*Conducted in conjunction with WA State Championships*

FRIDAY 2nd NOVEMBER– SUNDAY 4th NOVEMBER 2018

TOODYAY WA

## WRITTEN COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

Entries Close Friday 5th Oct 2018

### W.A. Bush Poets



### & Yarnspinners Assn.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_

.....  
**Categories—please tick categories entered**

- 1. **Open Serious** }
- 2. **Open Humorous** } The Overall Champion Poet will be judged across these 2 categories
- 3. **Novice** Only for poets who have never won a Bush Poetry Written Competition
- 4. **Junior** 5 – 12 years old
- 5. **Junior** 13 -17 years old
- 6. **Local** The best poem by a resident of the Avon Valley

Title/s of Poem/s	Category Entered	Critique Required	Entry Fee
1. _____	_____	_____	_____
2. _____	_____	_____	_____
3. _____	_____	_____	_____
4. _____	_____	_____	_____
5. _____	_____	_____	_____

## Aussie Bush Entertainment

### Muster

Friday 12<sup>th</sup> - Sunday 14<sup>th</sup> October  
2018

Benalla Bowls Club, Arundel  
Street, Benalla.

A fun weekend of drunken-songs,  
bush  
poetry, and yarns. A friendly Annual  
gathering; for musicians and bush  
poet and  
their friends. Poets Breakfasts,  
workshops and  
concerts.

Vic. Song Championships and  
Novice poet  
comp.

**Friday night;** Aussie Bush Con-  
cert, with

Euroa Uke group sing-along.

**Sat. night;** Aussie Sea-themed  
Concert

(calling all 'old salts' to open their  
sea-trunks,  
don your life-jackets, slip on your  
Wellington's and dust-off those sea  
shanties  
and come-along and participate, en-  
joy the  
camaraderie of like minded poets  
and  
musicians., Incl. Song Champion-  
ship



## The Price of Water

**John Hayes**



"Two dollars a litre for water says  
I.

I thought water was free as it fell  
from the sky".

"That's much dearer than petrol or  
diesel", I said

"no wonder folks prefer to drink beer instead".

"This water's fresh sir, from an underground spring,  
it has minerals and salts it has everything  
It is best for human consumption they say  
and each person should drink three litres a day."

"Three litres a day," said I as I frowned.

"If I drank three litres I'd surely be drowned

So if a family of six drink three litres a day  
how can a man afford all that money to pay"

I was so stunned that I barely could speak.

"That's one hundred and twenty six dollars a week  
which is more than six thousand dollars a year,  
we really can not afford to drink water I fear"

"But sir, the water itself cost only five cents  
the containers though are quite an expense  
Then marketing, freight, and also impost  
is the hidden outlay that drives up the cost".

"When bottles are empty, asked I, where do they  
go?"

And he freely admitted that he didn't know.

"It didn't matter," said he and why should he care,  
he supposed they could end up just anywhere.

He was right; any where's the place things seem to  
go  
when disposed of, and there's few who want to know  
or care about earth and our world wide pollution  
So there's an urgent need now to find a solution.

Seven litres of water it takes to make one bottle I  
fear  
and three million tons of plastic we are using each  
year  
Just ten per cent is recycled and that's not enough;  
Is there no way to safely dispose of this stuff?

Some is dumped in the ocean, or for filling in land  
It's microscopic pollution, folks don't understand  
It will choke fish and dolphins, get in the food chain.  
it's noxious to humans and could damage our brain.

Ban plastic bottles I say let's not make any more,  
go back the waterbags that we used before.  
When it is empty, fill it time and time again  
from your kitchen tap or a tank-full of rain.

**MIRROR ON THE WALL**  
**" The Journey"**

It was with the families' luggage when to  
Australia they all came  
He was the Governor General, she was his  
lovely Dame  
Kept in a den 'til the home was built with  
convict skill  
The day came when all could be moved to  
the home upon the hill  
The chairs, the tables the beds, the mats  
all had a place to be  
The walls so bare until family portraits  
were hung for all to see.  
Now one more thing in a gilded frame, that  
had to be done  
It's a **mirror on the wall** to be seen by  
everyone.  
It witnessed the speeches, the secrets that  
were held in the room  
It saw how those that were found wanting  
were sent to their doom.  
It looked down on them all, this **mirror**  
**on the wall** and witnessed the changes  
that came  
The manners of the ladies and Lords were  
never to be the same  
Over the years it served its time well, see-  
ing movements of the day  
when the folks could vote for changes and  
all have their say.  
Two hundred years have passed, the man-  
sion is old and decaying  
But **still** hangs the **Mirror on the wall**  
with all its edges fraying.....  
Grace Williamson

**DOG DAYS**

"Oh Doctor, help" cried Murphy  
I think I must be crook.  
I think I am a puppy dog,  
So won't you have a look.

Are you Rottweiler or Poodle  
The smiling doctor said.  
A Shitzu or a Doberman  
Or a cattle dog that's red?

Well the Doctor looked at Murphy  
And checked him thru and thru  
Then said: with all the problems that you have  
I don't know what to do.

You've got Rabies and Distemper  
And ticks and worms and fleas  
Scaroptic Mange and eczma  
I can't cure them with ease.

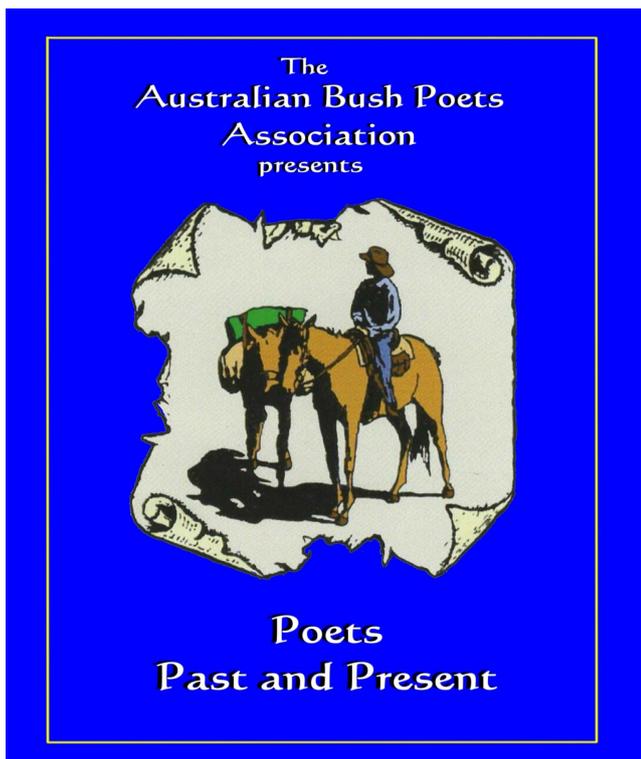
He prescribed some creams and tablets  
And a Rabies shot or two  
Take these and come and see me  
In another week or two.

But, you'll have to stop your scratching  
And pee-ing on the floor  
And humping dogs out on the street  
That'll have to stop for sure.

So Murphy took the tablets  
And rubbed on all the cream  
And when he went for walkies  
His manners were supreme.

When Murphy went back to the Quack  
He said: I have taken all of those  
It looks like you have cured me  
Just feel my cold wet nose.

Ed Mahon 22/5/18



**OUT NOW**

As promised.....Our very own'Who's Who' of  
Modern BushPoetryfrom our winning  
Poets' archives since ABPArecords began.  
A 'must have' of62 poets, 118pages of poet-  
ry,total of 192 pages.'Evocative'  
Thanks to Editor Will Moody and to contribu-  
tors,archivists, proof reader, helpers. Profits to  
ABPA.\$28.00 per book posted. To order: post  
cheque with  
details to The Treasurer, P.O. Box 644, Glad-  
stone.Qld. 4680, or direct bank deposit: ABPA.  
BSB:633000. A/c:154842108 plus details, email  
or post.

**Muster Write Up 4<sup>th</sup> May 2018 by Meg Gordon**

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

MC for the evening was **Anne Hayes** and it was started at 7pm.

President **Bill Gordon** brought us the news that Elaine Smith's brother, Lesley McAlpine's mother and Allan Aitken's mother had all passed away recently.

He reported on his tandem Sky Dive (70<sup>th</sup> Birthday present from his son's) – Fantastic!!

Any Poets and friends who were concerned about using disposable cups were invited to bring their own cups for supper.

A call went out for a new webmaster and we need to have a register of poets willing to travel and provide entertainment for enquiring organisations.

Falcon and Hall's Head schools have been using Jack Drake's teaching packages and Bill Gordon and Rob Gunn will be visiting these schools to do some workshops encouraging children to write and appreciate the written verse. They have been using Tim Heffernan's poem "Big Bad Billy Benson" as a way of illustrating how a topic familiar with children (bullying) could be used in a poem effectively.

**The "One Liner Challenge" gave 8 poets the opportunity to see what they could do with "Mirror On The Wall"**

**Grace Williamson** – her poem depicted images of a great house.

**Heather Denholm** – reflected on her father in one poem and an "old" lady in the mirror in another

**Ray Jackson** – what will this image become?

**Deb McQuire** – reflections on everything

**Nancy Coe** – reflections on change

Christine read a contribution from **Frank Heffernan** – Who has the wisdom?

**John Hayes** didn't like the image presented

**Rob Gunn** – Are you happy with what you see?

Well done to those who found so many varied images to describe in verse.

**Grace Williamson** - "One By One" (John O'Brien). This poem is of a mother of nine children – the author reminisces and asks even though "they loved her well they could have loved her more" she is now "a memory crowned with milk-white hair we carried one by one".

**John Hayes** – "Wheat Wheat" (CJ Dennis) A poem about the joy of useful labour that makes life sweet.

**Nancy Coe** - "The Rainbow Serpent" Her thoughts on life and how we should live it.

**Roger Cracknell** - "The Bush Fire" (Henry Lawson) Disaster comes to the country but usual enemies become united to rescue trapped neighbours.

**Lorraine Broun** - "Seniors Card" With apologies to Hamlet, Lorraine describes the difficulties of filling out an application for a senior's card.

**Christine Boulton** - "Sticking To Bill" (Henry Lawson)

**Rob Gunn** - "Swiftly Sucking Stubbies" (Bobby Miller) Bobby drank too much, fell asleep and had a dream about Martians arriving. On waking he found out that it was the family dog that was licking him, and not beautiful women. The empty subbies scattered around had led to this disgrace.

**Anne Hayes** - "When the Sun's Behind The Hill" (CJ Dennis) This poem tells about a farmer's life as he talks about his family and feelings.

After **Supper** the Classic Reading was presented by **Tess Earnshaw**. The story of John O'Brien (Patrick Hartigan) was told and Tess read his poem "The Little Irish Mother" as a tribute to mothers celebrating Mother's Day.

**Nancy Coe** - "The Finger of Suspicion" Nancy depicts the consequences when doubt and suspicion creep into family situations. Best thing is to push that finger away.

Nancy also presented an anonymous poem "I'm Fine Thank You" which tells about all the things that can go wrong as we age but it is better to say 'I'm fine thank you' than to explain.

**Jack Matthews** - presented Bill Kearns poem "Senior Citizen's Meat Raffle" A very humorous story that describes the chaos when raffle tickets of the same colour and number are sold at the Citizen's Centre.

**Lorraine Broun** - "A Night To Remember" Birthdays can be remembered for all sorts of reasons.

**Roger Cracknell** - "Rodeo Clown" His own poem about an itinerant drifter who gets caught up in the rodeo to earn a few extra dollars but decides a better job description is needed before he takes on such a job as this.

He also presented his own poem "Our Country" in a tribute to ANZACS.

**Christine Boulton** - (a Bill Kearns poem "The Golden Loo" and "The Man From Ironbark" (Banjo Paterson)

**Rob Gunn** - "Mother's Day" (Mick Collis) A tribute to mothers that was written as a result of a challenge put out by radio station 6PR. A series of thoughts were put together by Mick with the line "you will never know her value till you see her empty chair" the final and poignant message.

**John Hayes** - "One Day in Paradise" His own poem written while camped on the banks of King Edward River in the Kimberly. The poem is about nature and watching the sunrise, listening to the birds from his tent, asking people to take time out to see and hear nature.

**Tess Earnshaw** - "The Actress" Her poem about her younger days on the stage and asking the question 'Why can't I play younger parts?'

**Heather Denholm** - "Down Our Lane" Memories of her days living in North Melbourne.

**Bill Gordon** finished the evening by thanking Anne and presenting "In Flanders Fields" ( Lt Col John McRae). McRae was a Canadian surgeon who wrote the poem after presiding over the funeral of a friend who was killed in battle at Ypres in 1915. The red poppy that grew over the graves on the Western Front has become the world's most recognised memorial symbol for soldiers who have died in conflict.

Meeting closed at 9.35pm



### **Shirt Logos**

**If you would like to have your shirt printed this is where to go.**

Just take in what you would like embroidered and ask for your colour. Try not to have too busy a pattern or the embroidery doesn't always show up. Ring and check the price. You may have both the front or back embroidered or a single logo.

