

BULLY TIN



Next Muster September 2nd, 2011 7.30pm MC Dave Smith
Poets Co-ordination: Ann Hayes hayseed1@optusnet.com.au PH: 9377 1238
Auditorium, Bentley Park, 26 Plantation Dve Bentley 6102,

THIS DAY IN HISTORY
Monday, September 1, 2011

Australian Explorers:

1846 - A camel shoots Australian explorer,
 John Ainsworth Horrocks

Australian History

1988—The Golden Wattle is officially pro-
 claimed as the floral emblem of Australia

1992 –Today is Australia's National Wattle
 Day

On 18th August, the heroic efforts of the Australian soldiers involved in the Battle of Long Tan were recognised with a gallantry citation. For all servicemen who fought in Vietnam, it was a moment of pride, and a long way from the disregard soldiers were held in when they returned from Vietnam.

This poem was read at the funeral of a former 5RAR serviceman from Jurien Bay recently, and was written by Paul La Forest.

Paul La Forest served in all positions of a rifle section, also in 5th Battalion (5RAR) – 'The Tigers' – during 1965/67 (with the last twelve months in Vietnam) Paul paints a poetic image of life through the eyes of our National Servicemen who had been sent to fight the Viet Cong, and his collection of poetry – 'Through a Tiger's Eyes' – can be found in the poetry section on the 5RAR website. It is with his permission that I reprint this poem.

Lest We Forget...Vietnam

© Paul La Forest

Another funeral of a mate today,
 in his prime, yet passed away.
 Five hundred stands the official score,
 though since that time, there's been lots more.
 An indifferent public can't understand
 all the side effectsof Vietnam.

Words from "The Ode" echo in my ears.
 I've heard them often throughout the years.
 Yet, behind my nation's blind salute,
 behind those promises that don't compute,
 there hides many who don't give a damn
 erasing the memory of Vietnam.

The positions of President and Vice President are still vacant.

If you feel you are able to take on one of these positions, please contact the secretary —

Teresa Rose on 9402 3912
tarose5@bigpond.com

It's an open wound that cannot heal,
 nerves stay shattered, yet still they feel;
 like old bones which never seem to set
 and minds that think, so can't forget.
 Their pain was spawned in a foreign land,
 the ultimate tragedy of Vietnam.

They recall, 'tis true, not everything,
 time compresses, expands like a spring.
 Guilt overtakes, plays upon some minds
 as the coiled past now unwinds.
 And some still fight as best they can,
 use lessons well learnedin Vietnam.

Politicians attempt to brush it all aside,
 yet thirty years won't cover those who lied.
 They place the very best of men
 like helpless Christians in the lion's den.
 They fed us war, but tied one hand,
 sent us to die for themin Vietnam.

Some memories faded by Time's tide
 although false history we can't abide.
 They've let the flotsam drift ashore,
 reject their own role, any blame ignore;
 dismiss all baggage from that contentious cause,
 still can't promise no moreVietnam wars.

And hidden symbolism lies in our flag,
 yet to some it's just a coloured rag.
 To view a coffin draped, share an athlete's dreams,
 some have no idea what all that means.
 And since they've never raised their hand,
 remain unaffected by Vietnam

Rewards are reaped from what is sown,
 some blind to truth, don't want it known.
 They close their eyes, shut each door
 to tired old men from a tired old war.
 Yet there are those who'll take a stand
 lest we ever forget Vietnam

NATIONAL WATTLE DAY—SEPTEMBER 1st

Prior to the federation of Australia's states, interest in the concept of a national symbol began to increase. The Golden Wattle gained favour with Australians after 1908, when noted ornithologist Archibald James Campbell proposed that the wattle become the national flower. Campbell was also instrumental in advocating a National Wattle Day, an idea that was taken up by several states in subsequent years.

The wattle was incorporated into the Australian coat of arms in 1912 and it continued to gain prominence as the national symbol through the years, but was not officially proclaimed Australia's national floral emblem. This only occurred on 1 September 1988, at a ceremony held at the Australian National Botanic Gardens, to mark Australia's bicentenary. The Minister for Home Affairs, Robert Ray, formally announced the adoption of the Golden wattle as Australia's national flower, and Mrs Hazel Hawke, wife of Prime Minister Robert Hawke, planted a Golden Wattle. Four years later, 1 September was formally declared 'National Wattle Day'.

The Wattle

Veronica Mason

The Bush was grey
a week today
Olive-green, and brown, and grey.
But now the Spring has come this way
with blossom for the wattle.

It seems to be
a Fairy-tree.
It dances to a melody,
and sings a little song to me -
the graceful, swaying wattle.

See how it weaves
its feathery sheaves!
Before the Wind a maze it weaves,
a misty whirl of powdery leaves -
the dainty curtsying wattle!

Its boughs uplift
an elfin gift,
a spray of yellow, downy drift,
through which the sunbeams shower and sift
their gold-dust o'er the wattle.

The Bush was grey
a week today
olive-green, and brown, and grey.
But now it's sunny all the way,
for Oh! the Spring has come to stay
with blossom for the wattle.

First published in "I Heard a Child Singing",
printed in The Public Instruction Gazette, Vol 5, 31 August
1911.

The Wattle

Henry Lawson

I saw it in the days gone by,
when the dead girl lay at rest,
and the wattle and the native rose
we placed upon her breast.

I saw it in the long ago
(And I've seen strong men die),
and who, to wear the wattle,
hath better right than I?

I've fought it through the world since then,
and seen the best and worst,
but always in the lands of men
I held Australia first.

I wrote for her, I fought for her,
and when at last I lie,
then who, to wear the wattle, has
a better right than I?



Upcoming Musters

★ **September 2nd** - No specific topic. MC, **Dave Smith**, however **Anne Hayes** will be coordinating the poets.

★ She can be contacted on:

★ Ph: 9377 1238

★ Email: hayseed1@optusnet.com.au

★ Can all members please try to remember to bring along small denomination notes/coins as the ladies at the door do not carry a lot of change.

★ **October** - NO MUSTER

★ **November**— Traditional Night. MC—Brian Langley.

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



Walking Different Tracks

Catherine McLernon featured briefly as a guest artist at the first Provincial Proverbz evening, held at the Provincial Hotel in Geraldton recently. Unfortunately, a previous engagement kept her appearance very short, but as it is hoped to make this a regular event, we may well see her up performing there again.

The evening was organized by Vanessa, who is hoping to establish a regular evening for presentation of lyrical art, poems and rhyme, and stories. While not focused on bush poetry, she encourages a wide variety of styles - from hip hop to rhyming toanything you want!!

The first event found people from all backgrounds, young and mature, experienced and amateur come together to share their favourite poems and rhymes.

If you happen to be in Geraldton at all, check out the

program at the Provincial—you just may find yourself there at the right time! A word of warning though - some language may offend.

Geoffrey Graham

Geoffrey Graham is a unique Australian entertainer who combines comedy, bush poetry and music, along with a swag of other genuine other Australian things such as whip cracking, to provide shows that appeal to a wide variety of audiences, and will be in WA at the end of Nov/early December.

Geoffrey's entertainment is aimed at the performance of specific titled shows, such as "A Taste of the Outback" or "Ratbags and Romantics", or a more general type of performance, including workshops for schools and adults.

If you are interested in organizing an event for your club, he can be contacted on 0412725470 or via his website www.dinkumoz.com.au

Last month, I included Louisa Lawsons poem, A Child's Question. Dave Smith kindly sent me the sequel to that, which I have included below.

A Mother's Answer

by [Louisa Lawson](#)

You ask me, dear child, why thus sadly I weep
For baby the angels have taken to keep;
Altho' she is safe, and for ever at rest,
A yearning to see her will rise in my breast.
I pray and endeavour to quell it in vain,
But stronger it comes and yet stronger again,
Till all the bright thoughts of her happier lot
Are lost in this one — my baby is not.
And while I thus yearn so intensely to see
This child that the angels are keeping for me,
I doubt for the time where her spirit has flown —
If the love e'en of angels can fully atone
For the loss of a mother's, mysterious and deep.
I own that thought sinful, yet owning it — weep

With Fathers day coming up this month, I thought I would include this poem by Will Ogilvie, as a tribute to the fathers of old.

Beyond Coolgardie

They are fighting beyond Coolgardie, dusty and worn and brown,
leading the outward legion from dawn till the sun goes down;
under their blue sky banner, standing true to their guns,
singly and shoulder to shoulder, brothers and sires and sons.

They are faint in the burning noonday and weary when day is dead;
they have never a thought of resting 'til hope from their hearts has fled;
they are toiling — some for a sweetheart, and some for a home and wife,
and many are striving for riches, and some are fighting for life!

They are dying beyond Coolgardie in sight of their untouched prize,
with no one to break Death's tidings, and no one to close their eyes.
They lie in the scrub and the sand-wreath, with never a stone to mark
the grave where the bush-crows gather and the dingo crosses at dark.

*They are reading the news by the slush-lamps and under the chandeliers,
and the words of the dazzling message are blurred with the readers' tears;
they are praying, away to the Eastward — mothers and daughters and wives —
asking no golden harvest, but only their loved one's lives*

A Friendly Reminder.....

that memberships are now well overdue.
No further Bully tins will be sent out to anyone not being a current financial member.
Membership subscriptions are:
Single \$15.00 Double \$20.00
Bully Tin Postage Levy \$3.0

Please Note: Email address must be included if not paying the postage levy.
The NAB has confirmed that any member can deposit Direct Credit into our account at any branch of NAB without incurring an associated transaction fee.
Our bank account details are as follows:
WA Bush Poets & Yarns Spinners
BSB Number 086-455 Account Number 82-428-4595
At lodgement, please ensure you endorse the deposit slip with your membership name & phone number.

How many of you have received directions that make absolutely no sense—until you actually follow them?

Directions

Janine Haig

He was in some far-off paddock doing something to a fence when he called up on the 2-way in a voice all tight and tense:

"I've got a punctured tyre and the spare is flat as well. It's hot, I'm out of water and my day has gone to Hell. I need another tyre – there's a couple in the shed, so look at them real careful; bring the one with the thickest tread.

Could you throw it in an old ute and bring it out to me? I know it's quite a bother – there's no other choice, you see.

If you go along the road across the creek heading east and follow it until you reach the carcass of a beast, then chuck a left along the track – it's rough but pretty straight – so take it easy as you go until you reach the gate. The gate's an old wire mongrel so undo it with great care (When I get the time it's on my list to be repaired). Head west along the fence-line 'till the big dam comes in sight, then when you reach the pig trap, spin the wheel and chuck a right.

Take care across the gully – it's better if you creep, put the ute in low range 'cos it's slippery and it's steep. When you reach the bore drain you will see it's pretty clogged, find second gear and give it some – or else you might get bogged. There's a stony ridge ahead then, where the road is hard to pick, but if you keep on heading northish where the mulga's pretty thick you'll come out on a grassy plain – where all the grass is dead, then you'll see some tangled wire and old fence posts up ahead. And over to your left you'll see a big old gidyea tree, and underneath it, red with rage, a bloke in shorts – that's me!!

Janine Haig is an award-winning poet who has produced two books of her own, and a third one in partnership with her daughter. They can be purchased via the internet.

Treasurers Report/Fundraising

In the absence of the usual "Scratchings" from Brian, and the muster write up, I am including the audited treasurers report presented at the AGM.

Although we are in a very stable position financially, (huge thanks goes to Brian for the grant money he has obtained to cover many expenses!) it is clear that we need to come up with new and innovative ideas on fundraising, given that we made no profit on paper this year, and that we have now reduced the musters - a very big part of our income.

Expenses continue to rise each year, and as an organization, we need to be looking at how we can ensure our income rises accordingly.

Anyone who has suggestions on increasing membership or income, or who wants to get involved in events that will generate income, please contact a member of your committee.

Here is one to read to your grandchildren!!

The Wattle Fairies
Christian Coutts

Some little yellow fairies
were swinging on a tree.
They were the dearest little things
that ever you could see.

The fluffy hair all round them
was soft as thistle down
but these wee fairies held on tight
to little stalks of brown.

They swayed about so gently
while softest breezes blew
and everyday, more fairies came
and so the family grew

'til all the trees were golden.
Yes, every tiny spray
and every little yellow elf
as happy as the day.

At night those little fairies
oft washed their hair with dew,
but when the morning sun got up,
he dried their hair right through.

Did winds blow round them roughly?
It was such jolly fun.
They swung up high and then down low
and laughed till it was done.

Now dears, I'll whisper softly,
who were those sprites so airy?
The tree, it was a wattle tree,
each blossom was a fairy.

W.A. BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS ASSOC. AUDITED FINANCIAL STATEMENT 2010 - 11

ASSETS

Liquid Assets (money in bank and cash)		13,456
Fixed assets (at cost)		
Electronic Equipment	7,475	
Outdoor & Misc Equipment	1,813	
Catering Equipment	404	
Trailer / Signage	2007	2,921
Library	336 (1)	
Badges	169	
Stamps, envelopes, Office equipment etc	50	
13,168 (2)		

Sub-Total **26,823**

LESS LIABILITIES

Unpresented Cheques, pre-committed monies **2,002**

Assoc Total Assets: at June 30th 2011 (Last Year \$21,519)

24,821

Note (1) This does not include the value of the many donated books

(2) Depreciated Value, approx 7,000

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE 2010 – 2011

INCOME

Membership fees	1,533
Muster Entry	3,334
Supper Payments	423
Donations	617
Grants	7025
Bank Interest	257
Other	885

TOTAL INCOME **14,082**

EXPENDITURE

Newsletter	2,023
Insurance	1,285
Venue Hire	1,080
Musters	261
Supper	312
Other	825
Australia Day	2,004
Poets in the Park	425
Other performances	360
Competition	1,304
Capital Equipment	3,011

TOTAL EXPENSES **12,890**

PROFIT / LOSS

Income as per Listing **14,082**

Less Expenditure per listing (including Capital) **12,890**

Gross Profit **1,192**

Plus Prepaid Web Fees (approx) **120**

Plus Interest on Fixed Deposit **257**

1,569

Less: Liabilities:

Trailer Registration re-imbursment owing	58
Pre-paid membership 11/12	242
Unspent Grant Allocation for Country Events	1,000
Unspent Capital Grant	505

1,805

Net Profit

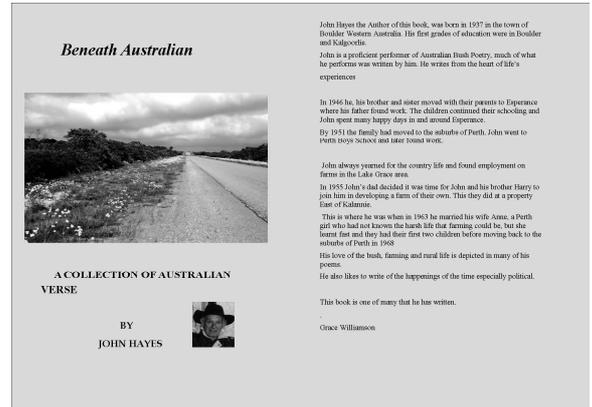
— 236

le for the year, the Assoc made a Net LOSS of \$236

Book Launch/Presentation

John Hayes has his new book almost ready to pick up from the printers, and will be presenting it at the September muster. The book, "Beneath Australian" is a 72 page book of poems, and will be available on the night of the muster for \$10.

John writes from the heart of life's experiences. His love of the bush, farming and rural life is depicted in many of his poems. He also likes to write of the happenings of the time, especially political.



Enough Is Enough

**Enough is enough, we have said it before
yet the number of deaths keep on growing.
It's a reason for gloom the booze we consume
the alcohol never stops flowing.
If we get a knock on our door then we won't ignore
the message comes home loud and clear.
That we've lost a loved one, a daughter or son
who was loved and cherished so dear.**

**Who is to blame for this senseless game?
binge drinking is our own self neglect.
You may think that it's cool to act like a fool
and to lose your own self respect.
You may be aware or perhaps you don't care
for the damage you inflict on another.
If you kill your best friend it could mean the end
for their father and mother.**

**There are people who care, but they wouldn't dare
intrude on your life, that's foolhardy
as you guzzle your way, every week any day
on Cruisers, beer and Bacardi.
You may stagger about but you haven't passed out
there's time for a more foolish deed
You get in your car because home is too far,
and soon you are moving at speed.**

**You are going alright till you run a red light
then a stop sign you choose to ignore,
the freeway's ahead and you'll soon be in bed
so you put your foot to the floor.
The front wheel gives a jolt you hit the kerb
then you make a split second decision
It's the wrong one again, there's no where to go
and you cause a head on collision.**

**It's the end of the road for someone we fear
but it was survival for you.
But you've killed some mans wife, he's sentenced for life
and children are motherless too
Enough is enough; it's time we got tough
with those who are flaunting the code.
Enough is enough and I'll say it again
we must obey the rules of the road.**

John Hayes

Knocking Around

Henry Lawson

Weary old wife, with the bucket and cow,
"How's your son Jack? And where is he now?"
Haggard old eyes that turn to the west –
"Boys will be boys, and he's gone with the rest!"
Grief without tears and grief without sound;
"Somewhere up-country, he's knocking around."

Knocking around with a vagabond crew,
does for himself what a mother would do;
maybe in trouble and maybe hard-up,
maybe in want of a bite or a sup;
dead of the fever, or lost in the drought,
lonely old mother! He's knocking about.

Wiry old man at the tail of the plough,
"Heard of Jack lately? And where is he now?"
Pauses a moment his forehead to wipe,
drops the rope reins while he feels for his pipe,
scratches his grey head in sorrow or doubt:
"Somewheres or others, he's knocking about."

Knocking about on the runs of the west,
holding his own with the worst and the best;
breaking in horses and risking his neck,
droving or shearing or making a cheque;
straight as a sapling – six foot and sound,
Jack is all right when he's knocking around.

Cervantes Written Poetry Competition

Don't forget to get your written poems in for the chance to win \$100.

Please contact Irene for further details—entries close 14th October.

Winners announced on opening night of Cervantes Arts Festival - 28th to 30th October.

Bush poets breakfast on Sunday 30th October.

Please let Irene know if you would like to participate.

WABP&YS AGM July 1 2011 Presidents Report - Brian Langley

We are right now at the crossroads of the future of the WA Bush Poets as it currently exists and must determine TONIGHT where we are going, but more about that shortly.

Numbers regularly attending musters continues to fall, last month being the lowest it has been for many years, just 36 people in total, including committee and workers. As muster attendance is our main internal source of income, the current numbers do not provide sufficient income to cover our expected costs.

Musters

We have again had a varied muster program with guest artists, short poetry competitions, theme nights, Our Traditional night as well as a WA writers night. Unfortunately, attendances at musters continues to gradually fall, even though each muster sees one or two new faces. Numbers have now reached the critical state where they are not providing the income required to keep the Assn running.

Regarding Suppers at musters – we tried a new method of supper provision but it did not work as well as hoped for we ended up with confusion and an excess of supper. We have now gone back to a single “manager” Maxine who has got the system streamlined. I would like to thank Maxine and all of the other “Supper” people for their ongoing efforts.

Membership:

Our numbers are also in decline, currently being around 120, country numbers are stable, but city is where the reduced membership is most apparent. As in past years, we continue to attract very few under 50s - As I have said in the past, -- I would love to see more younger people involved, not only at musters, but in the management of our Assn.

Junior Development

We have had no opportunities to engage in this in the past year,

Library

Only a few members take the opportunity to avail themselves of our now excellent library. We have been fortunate in that our Founder, Rusty Christensen donated many fine books for our library when he recently moved into a retirement village. We thank him for this generous gift. We also have been buying some new books as they become available using money from a Healthway grant. I wish to thank Jill Miller for her work in collating the library acquisitions and for bringing along a varied selection of books each month.

I would like to see all of our poets who have produced literature to donate a copy to our library

Events:

Promotions - This year we again set up our display tent at “Have a Go Day” where we also performed. We also had a presence at some events where members performed, The Kalamunda “Walk the Zig-Zag” (Brian Langley and John Hayes), The Perth Zoo “Grandfamilies” day (Brian Langley, Barry Higgins and Ralph Bradstreet) and the City of Melvillee “Multicultural Film Night” (Brian and Dot Langley). I would like to thank those members who came along and assisted.

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. This week, one of our members from “t’otherside” - Colleen O’Grady in Queensland - has submitted one of her poems along with her membership renewal. Thank you to Colleen and John for their poems - it is always great to have local content.

STATION KIDS

Three of them!
Short and tubby
With baby fat
Always grubby.

Mischievous eyes
Twinkling with
Daring-do
And ‘What if?’

They disappear!
Station panic!
Hunt is on!
Mothers manic!

Little footprints,
Red boot down
In the well.
Did they drown?

Searching here.
No! Over there!
Tiny footprints
Everywhere.

A cry is heard!
They’re found,
At the shed
Safe and sound.

What is this?
Sheep dip!
All poured out!
All flip!

Hundreds of quid
In the pit.
Kids are safe.
In a fit!

Its only March
Dipping well
in October.
Flippin’ hell!

Mothers gather
Little ones.
Relieved to know
Live sons.

Fathers savage
Belt them.
Three cherubs
smile at them.

Clean the dip!
Send an order!
Watch those kids!
Because we oughter.....

Colleen O’Grady
Queensland

