

The

July 2014

BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

Next Muster :July 4th, 7pm, Bentley Park Auditorium, 26Plantation Drive, Bentley

MC: Bob Brackenbury oddjobbob@bigpond.com 0418 918 884

AGM: July 4th

I'm Proud to be Australian By Brian Langley

I'm proud to be Australian,
I wear the Aussie gear;
I wear it on Australia Day
And sometimes through the year;

The hat, the vest, the rubber thongs
and shorts that show me knees:
There's just one little problem —
They're all made overseas.

As if that isn't bad enough
They also make the toys;
Those cuddly Aussie animals
We give to girls and boys.

There's Chinese Platypuses;
Koalas from Taiwan;
Kangaroos from Bangladesh;
And wombats from Ceylon.

And what about the souvenirs,
The ones the traveler buys;
Reminders of Australia,
The beaches, sun and flies:

The tea towels, spoons and postcards
That show the Harbour Bridge;
You'd think that they'd be made right here
That they'd be ridgey didge;

But no, just like my clothing,
Most other Aussie gear
Is made in places overseas —
It should be made right here.

It should be true blue, dinkum stuff,
There ought to be some laws
That says our Aussie Icons must
Be made here on **our** shores



AGM

Our AGM will be held on July 4th, 6.30pm. It will be held immediately before the July muster. Membership will be due by that date. All committee positions become vacant and there will be several key vacancies to be filled. New blood is always needed and welcome .



Be there or
be square

MEMBERSHIPS

Just a gentle reminder that all memberships are due on the 1st July. If you could pay on the July muster night (AGM), it would be appreciated.



Derby Poet's Breakfast

Hi Brian

Apologies for the lateness of this as we have only recently decided to go ahead with the 2014 event.

It will be on Sunday June 29th at the CWA Cottage Grounds, Clarendon Street Derby. Breakfast starts at 7am and the show 7.45. Peter (Stinger) Nettleton is the compere. Contacts: email fatesbe@aapt.net.au or 0417918862. Could you please update the website re these dates. Not sure who I have to send the info to re the Bully Tin, so if you could pass it on that would be great. Thanks a heap
Robyn

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 -



No preamble from Bill this month. He is reported as "missing in action on the tractor," well go factor". Let's hope the farming is doing all the right things. At least we've had rain.

On the other hand I know what he would like to say is "Please come to the AGM", several people are downsizing their jobs so it leaves more to go around.

We might find Bill by the next muster.

See you there.

Ed.



In early colonial times, vast tracts of land had been granted to "men of means", (who were often termed "squatters") largely for the purpose of growing wool. In NSW in the 1860s, it was considered that , due to this, there were insufficient small farmers to sustain the colony and the Government made a decision to resume approximately 10% of these properties and break them up in small farms, typically 50 acres for "selection" by people wishing to take up a life on the land. The scheme was not very successful. Other colonies in Australia also offered various "selection" schemes, these met with mixed success.

Fifty Acres

"A man can do a lot with fifty acres,
He can raise a family, really get ahead,
Give up the daily struggle of the city,
And become a man of property instead."

The advert in the paper was inviting;
"Make your selection now", the paper said;
"Crown land that used to be the wealthy squatters" -
But there was much the papers left unsaid.

Indeed, the land was there to be selected;
Unsurveyed, just a mark upon a map.
The intention was to have more agriculture
Fifty acres was enough for any chap.

A chap who had ambition (and deposit),
Was strong of arm and had a horse or two;
Experience not needed - There's a booklet,
Tells everything a man will need to do.

But the booklet didn't say that these selections
Were often land the squatter didn't need.
The poorer land that he could be well rid of;
Unlikely, such selections could succeed

Rocky outcrops perched up high upon a hillside,
No water `cept at times the rains come down
Or perhaps the boggy swampland, inundated,
Where a man, his horse and family all might drown.

o o o o o

A man can't do a lot with fifty acres,
That sees him, harder worked than any slave;
But fifty acres, it is just enough for one thing,
Its enough to take him to an early grave

Brian Langley

The Flood

John Hayes ©

Clouds crept in with a purpose sullen and sultry they
furled.

thunder growled from the darkness lightning at the
earth hurled.

Rivers a torrent of terror threatened both city and
town

cries of alarm were muffled by the roar as water came
down.

Surging through Lockyer Valley eight metres high at its
peak,

then through Withcott and Grantham where havoc on
all it did wreak

It crumpled buildings and bridges caught in the rip of
its tide,

clawed at the earth as its fury swept banks and levees
aside,

As families fled from the peril dread and despair
clutched their heart

the Fitzroy raged through Rockhampton tearing that
city apart

The Burnett was eighteen plus metres the Condamine
threatened its town

the McIntyre near Goondiwindi was a crisis as it roared
down.

Yet in the face of this danger there were those who
rushed to give aid.

ignoring their personal safety to ensure that others
were saved.

In muddy torrents they battled to rescue some through
the night.

a glimmer of hope for the stranded in darkness they
were the light.

When night surrendered to daylight floodwaters encom-
passed the plain

for those swept away in the tempest loved ones for
them wept in vain

Cold light woke to a morning now riven with dread and
dismay.

as homes and hearts were shattered with dreams and
lives washed away.

But the vast inland was stricken beneath the suns
dreadful glare,

till channels and creeks surging southward invaded
barren Lake Eyre

The drought of a decade was broken smothered by
grass to behold

as this warm hearted country we cherish rewarded our
courage threefold

Proud and ancient our country besieged by no other
land

yet those who do not embrace her could fail to make a
brave stand

or hold fast with faith that is wilful when lightning strikes
down again

while the land is reborn or is ravaged by fire or flooding
of rain

EUREKA by John Hayes

The auction they held in the Boulder Town Hall was a charity sale I tend to recall, when a five gallon keg a rare lot in fact was placed on the block with its contents intact.

When offered first up by the young auctioneer he inquired with a grin, "What do we have here?" "Five gallons of woe or a barrel of fun who will give me ten bucks to kick off this one?"

"Thank you! Ten bucks we have and twelve now I'm bid just make me an offer by dipping your lid. Its five gallons of Hannans we have been told the brew of Kalgoorlie they call liquid gold."

The old keg was battered and covered in dust, the steel bands around it were ribbons of rust. No one was permitted to shake it in case the keg and its contents blew up in their face.

Although Paddy's been dead for many a year they made him immortal with Hannans brewed beer. Old timers all say it's a drink you can trust to drown all your troubles and flush out the dust.

The keg was unearthed when a quake hit the town and the Metropole pub was last to come down, when its cellar caved in from ceiling to floor then this five gallon keg rolled out of the door.

Some say that the spectres who dwell down below created the quake with their April Fool show. With a gelignite charge and fast running fuse they made the headlines and the nine o'clock news.

There are plenty of stories bandied about but sooner or later the truth must come out. As a mark of respect I thought I should pay for my kinfolk buried in Kalgoorlie clay.

As silence hung over the crowd gathered there I cried, "twenty bucks" with my hand in the air. Then down came the gavel before I could blink. "Five gallons good sir, you have purchased to drink".

With caution I loaded the keg and drove round to my Grandpas old house and that's where I found, his favourite pot to toast the old timers who built the twin towns as traders and miners.

But the keg it was tough and it became clear I'd have to work hard if I wanted a beer. I thought then perhaps a small hole I could drill then a I a beer I could tap whenever at will.

But the drill wouldn't pierce this wood petrified it smouldered white hot until it liquefied. I was losing my cool that surely was clear but then I thought of a brighter idea.

So I tapped it once with a mallet instead but the mallet bounced back and bounced off my head. I waved my arms in a frustrated manner then whacked it hard, with a rusty sledge hammer.

Well, that did the trick it was such a surprise what lay all around me a sight for sore eyes that sprung from the confines of that shattered keg, a hundred gold nuggets, each big as an egg.

I think it quite strange how it all came about, how the Boulder earthquake spewed my fortune out. I believe it belonged to ghosts of the past who stashed it to pay for a Saturday blast.

Note: News report- April 20, 2010 A magnitude five earthquake hit the mining towns of Kalgoorlie-Boulder just after 8 am.

UPCOMING MUSTERS:

Dear Members,

Thank you to all the volunteers who put their names down to MC and read from the classics.

Please make sure you ring the MC if you wish to perform.

MCs can you please make contact with Colin so he knows when to put the tea out.

July

MC: Bob Brackenbury oddjobbob@bigpond.com
0418 918 884
Reader from the classics: Rob Aslin

August

MC : Rob Gunn gun.hink@hotmail.com
0417 099 676
Reader from the classics: Rhonda Hink

September

MC : Peter Nettleton stinger@iinet.net.au
0407 770 053
Reader from the classics: Dave Smith

October

MC : Nancy Coe 9472 5303
Reader from the classics: Catherine MacAllan

November

MC : Terry Piggott terrence.piggott@bigpond.com 9458 8887
Reader from the classics: Is this you?

December

MC : Grace Williamson grace.wil@bigpond.com
9361 4265

Reader from the classics: Is this you?

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

SIX BROWN BOXER HATS

by John O'Brien



The hawker with his tilted cart pulled
up beside the fence,
And opened out his wondrous mart with startling
eloquence;
All sorts of toys for girls and boys upon the grass
he spread,
And dolls, dirt-cheap, that went to sleep when
stood upon their head;
But our male hearts were beating high for balls
and cricket-bats
When mother, with the business eye, bought six
brown boxer hats.

Six out-of-date extinguishers that fitted us too
soon -
Six ugly, upturned canisters -but through the af-
ternoon
Our rage and scorn were overborne to see swift
fingers flit
With pad and trim, around the rim, to make the
stove-pipes fit.
So Monday morning came, and six "ungrateful
young kanats"
Went off to school like lunatics in six brown boxer
hats.

Then friends at every meeting showed an interest
all too rare
Or chilled our faltered greetings with the silence
of a stare;
And comrades who, we thought, were true in-
dulged in vulgar jeers,
While willing fists of humourists slam banged
them round our ears
But worst of all the social smart from taunting
plutocrats -
"Yez pinched them from the hawker's cart, them
six brown boxer hats."

(Dress how we will, we feel it still, when friends
will stop to chat,
To see a broad good-humoured smile is trained
upon the hat.)
We could not fight with wonted might, for bitter
black distress
Was in our souls, and on our polls the hateful ug-
liness.
We faced a fine barrage of sticks; and six "broke-
up" kanats
Went home to meet the storm in six brown bat-
tered boxer hats.

HAVE A GO DAY

If anyone is interested in reciting at Have-a-Go
Day on Wednesday the 13th of November can
you please contact John Hayes. 9377 1238 or
0428 542 418 or
hayseed1@optusnet.com.au .
We will include more details in the August
newsletter.

Poetry Lesson in Poetry

By John Hayes ©

We are gathered here today my friends to
study poetry
to create words from syllables is quite easy you
will see
Now a syllable's a single sound as most people
know
and by stitching them together the words
begin to flow.

When we begin a story we must assemble in-
formation
the how, where, why, who and what of any sit-
uation
then using our five senses of sight, sound,
smell, with taste and touch
in the positive and negative, may prove to be
too much

The first line that you write begins the rhythm
and the theme
line two will make a couplet with the rhyming
words you scheme
words of rhyming must be perfect no half
rhymes if you please
and once you get the hang of it you'll move
along with ease.

Expression is important to develop the right
tone
requiring some words to be stressed and others
left alone
for the reader or performer must define your
every word
then read or recite it, in the way it should be
heard

The poetry that we study will be narrative to-
day
that is story telling in our most expressive way.
It can be serious or funny the choice is up to
you
It can be fact or fiction the group of verses that
you do

There are other forms of poetry such as lyric
and dramatic
but by using the same formula it's almost au-
tomatic.

Your verses should be graphic, not only tell,
but show
then you'll conjure up a picture within the sto-
ry flow

Quote

Arts are not the frill on the dress they are the
fabric from which it is made.



WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners AGM, July 4th, 6.30pm

CROCODILE.

**I met a man the other day
He passed me by, as on his way
He wandered through his misty day.**

**Not quite in touch, and not quite there
He wandered here, and puzzled "where?".
For stanzas, rhyming, had no care.**

**To horror's home he came unbid
The danger from his mind was hid,
He'd no idea of what he did.**

**But, by good fortune he was blessed,
The creature was in winter's rest.
In blood and pain he stood the test.**

**No ticket to another place,
Confusion locked within his face,
His rhythm never in the race.**

**Of goods bereft, an empty hole,
His mind an empty swirling bowl
Of Daemons gnawing at his soul.**

**Remembers none of what he's lost,
No care for weather, rain or frost,
No riches ever match the cost.**

**We spoke together, he and I,
Our conversations passing by
But rarely touching, 'tho we try.**

**And how am I worth more than he,
Whom fear sends yelling at a tree,
To him less danger than at me.**

**So laugh or cry as best you can,
For he is just another man,
Tho' to the world an "also ran".**

**Now, Michael Newman's gone away
He'll not be coming back this way,
So Fatso waits another day.**

*Ed Mahon, 17 July 2010
Dedicated to Michael Newman
Aka Crocodile
Dumbdee;
And Fatso, a
700kg saltwater*



Billy Tea By Brian Langley

Why would you stir your cup of tea
With a stick, from an old gum tree?
There's just one answer comes to mind
The teaspoon - it got left behind



THANKS MUM

When I started off of writing down,
This poem for to tackle,
I wondered where you get the words to
rhyme
With Roast Pork, and with Crackle.

On Sundays, as a kid, you know, we'd al-
ways have a roast.
A leg of lamb, sometimes a chook, that
could no longer cackle
But best of all, a leg of pork, and all that
lovely crackle.

I used to love to chop the wood,
and cut up lots of kindling.
I'd light the fire, and bank it up,
And Mum would finally stick the leg of pig
in.

The smell, it wafted through the house,
We kids would stand around
and drool and fight,
And the pork, it always came out right.

Now, with the lamb, there'd be mint
sauce,
And with the chook, the stuffing.
But of the Pork, and crispy skin,
You couldn't fit enough in.

The gravy and the roasted spuds,
Mint peas and fresh baked pumpkin,
The crispy, salty crackle in your mouth,
Now that was really something.

So, thank you, Mum, for all you taught
As life you showed us how to tackle.
And how to cook the sweet roast pork
And all that lovely, crispy crackle.

Ed Mahon 1998

Unnamed Ditty

By Brian Langley

I hear a few snickers
When I wear my tight
knickers
And the ladies all give
me a glance

I hope they're not
thinkin'
Of bits that are ...
sinkin'
But of lust and desire
and romance

WA BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS ASSOC.

ANNUAL/NEW MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

First Name/s _____
 Surname _____
 Address _____

 Suburb _____
 State _____ P/Code _____
 Phone _____
 Mobile _____
 E Mail _____
 Signature _____
 Date _____

Please tick appropriate boxes below and fill in total owing
 Return this form with your subscription fee

Family	\$20.00	5
Single	\$15.00	5
Postage for Bully Tin	\$ 3.00	5
(Snail Mail)		
TOTAL Owing	\$ _____	

To a committee member at the muster or post to
 The Treasurer
 WA BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS ASSOC.
 P.O. Box 364
 BENTLEY, 6982
 Or by Direct Bank Transfer (see Column 3)

If you have not received your membership card and receipt within 4 weeks please contact the Treasurer on 0400 249 243

**WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners
 Assoc. Inc**



Aims of the Association:

To Conserve Traditional Australian Bush Poetry
 To keep Australian People in touch with their heritage
 To maintain the Australian Idiom
 To Promote Bush Poetry and Yarnspinning writing and performance in the wider community

Public meetings / Performances (Musters)

Are held Monthly on the 1st Friday
 7.00 - 9.30pm at:

Auditorium
 Bentley Park Retirement Village
 26 Plantation Dve.
 Bentley 6102

Enquiries
 Bill 0428 651 098 or
 Brian 9361 3770

Come along and be a part of a great night of Performance and entertainment.
 New members Welcome

Internet wabushpoets.com

**WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners
 Assoc. Inc.**

You should receive your personal copy of the Monthly Newsletter "The Bully Tin" a few days prior to the first Friday.

Muster entry prices:
 Members \$6, Public \$8
 Supper \$1



Dated / / 201

I applied for Membership, and paid my dues to the above Assoc.

I paid \$ by _____

Page

- NOTE -
 Membership fees can be paid by direct
 Bank Transfer to NAB
 BSB 086 455 A/C # 824284595
 Name - WA Bush Poets

Please
 Email notification of payment to treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au

Or post to

The Treasurer
 WA BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS ASSOC.
 P.O. Box 364
 BENTLEY, 6982

Old Wooden Clock

Sitting central on her mantel piece
Granny had a wooden clock
with its heartbeat quite uneven,
it went tick-tick-tick-tick- tock.
Gran said that it had been a gift
they'd received the day they wed
and for her it held fond memories
since Grandpa was long dead.
I didn't really understand
back when I was still a kid
and thought it just an old clock
that looked like old clocks did.
It never kept the right time
and should have been repaired
but the chimes still sounded lovely
and that was all that Granny cared.
She said they spoke a message
from loved voices long ago
but that passed my understanding
and I didn't want to know.
To me it was just an old clock,
and only years later became mine.
I was taken by its sense of history
but wanted it to keep good time.
The man who did the overhaul
(as old as the clock himself)
told me it was a beauty
and he'd love it on his shelf,
but did I know about the envelope
he'd found tucked up inside?
Well I knew nothing of it
the clock was stored since Granny died.
He'd found inside the casing
all frayed from reading many times
a love letter sent from Grandpa
was tucked in behind the chimes.
Then suddenly I realised
how those voices Granny heard
were coming softly to her
though I'd thought it was absurd.
But now I fully empathise
for I could so clearly see
those voices must have been like hers
that come from that clock to me.
© Pete. Stratford. 22.5.14



Clean Up Australia

By Brian Langley

I'm finding rubbish here and there;
I'm finding rubbish everywhere.
Cans that once held Coke or beer,
I find them every day each year;
tossed from cars, no further use;
their contents now bereft of juice;
and bits of clothes, no longer worn,
I see them there upon my lawn
When I get up — I also find,
assorted rubbish, every kind
of junk that is no use to man,
bits of glass, a broken fan,
a hubcap that's come off a car,
a compact disk, an empty jar,
a shopping trolley, all forlorn,
its basket broke, its wheels *gorn*.
It's there for months - perhaps just days,
the rubbish of our modern ways.
And then it's gone, it's whisked away,
when comes "Clean Up Australia Day."

On the first Sunday of March, each year, communities all round Australia make a concerted effort to clean up any rubbish left around by uncaring people

Vale Windows XP

I've now got Windows 7 installed on my p.c.
it's working very well, though I miss my old XP.
They've gone and altered things that they
didn't oughta do
now tasks that were so easy I find I struggle
through.
Some of the format's different, some things
have got new names
everything's quite strange and I've lost my
favourite games.
They've gone and done upgrading, though
goodness knows what for,
I was so happy with the way my XP worked
before.
No doubt I'll get accustomed to once more
think it's heaven
and grumble and complain like hell when
they upgrade Windows 7
© **Pete. Stratford. 23.5.14**

Post script

Technology has beaten me, already I'm too
late
I've not yet mastered seven and they're
selling Windows 8
Yet that too is superseded since these lines
first begun
so the newest version now is called their
eight point one.

June Muster Writeup – Meg Gordon

MC Jem Shorland started the evening at 7pm by welcoming members and friends. President Bill Gordon gave an update on Toodyay Festival. A good crowd supported this event and some PR work was done by members for the State Championships in November.

Jem Shorland – After reading “Male Statement” (taken from the internet) he recited his own poem “The Bride's Response”. A very fitting reply to a male chauvinist!

John Hayes - “Sari Blair” (CJ Dennis). John did a splendid job of reciting this poem in the typical CJ Dennis style. It was another ill fated tale of a battle against the Turkish Army during the war that left many men realising that they were no longer boys on an adventure.

Jem Shorland - “A Just Cause”. His own composition on the futility of fighting for 'a just cause'.

Christine Boulton - “Six Brown Boxer Hats” (John O'Brien). Tells the story of six boys who have to wear new hats of their mother's choice, when the boys would prefer new balls and cricket bats.

Narrandera, in the heart of the NSW Riverina has been for the last decade celebrating the life and work of a very special Australian the local community remembers as Father Patrick Hartigan.

The annual John O'Brien Bush Festival celebrates the Catholic Priest who served the pioneering farming community surrounding Narrandera from 1917 to 1944, and during that time published a collection of poetry entitled Around the Boree Log.

Father Hartigan chose the nom de plume John O'Brien under which to publish his work. It had been the name of a milkman reputed to water down his milk. Father Hartigan argued with humility, that his poems were also watered down works.

Don Watson - “Anzac on The Wall” (Jim Brown) A tale of the discovery of letters hidden in the frame of a photo of a digger at an antique shop. The story behind the photo was very moving.

Caroline Stanbridge - “Nellie was a Star”. Her own poem about an anorexic elephant. “A Weird Event” a true story about a memorable Monday night on Midland Station.

Jem Shorland - “Horses Doovers” . It pays to brush up on French lessons before ordering hors d'oeuvres from the menu.

Bill Gordon - “Bungee Jumping”. He thought he was fairly good at jumping, but didn't realize what was involved in jumping bungees. He then gave us “The Super Stirrer”. A farmer had to aerate polluted water to prevent it becoming toxic, but things did not go as planned when he used his boat to stir the dam full of water.

Jem Shorland - “Multicultural Lament”. Those who try to integrate should do so without trying to change our rules.

Brian Langley - “Australia's Wildlife – What Hope?” Written for the Kanyana Wildlife Rescue Service's Open Day. The poem looks at the demise of Australia's wildlife since the white man came bringing with him axe and hoe, his foreign animals and diseases. Very rapidly, many species have reduced in numbers almost to the point of extinction. With this in mind, the volunteers at Kanyana try and save every possible injured or orphaned Aussie creature for each individual life is so precious.

AGM

Our AGM will be held on July 4th, 6.30pm. It will be held immediately before the July muster. Membership will be due by that date. All committee positions become vacant and there will be several key vacancies to be filled. New blood is always needed and welcome .

After supper President Bill reminded us of the AGM which will be held before the July Muster.

Rusty Christensen - "Caravanning Bliss" (Bob Magor). The early morning circus as the caravaners hook up their rigs in order to make it to the next park before everyone else.

Nancy Coe - "Ballad of the Drover" (Henry Lawson). The often repeated story of the drovers who lost their lives as they went about their job.

"Hist" (CJ Dennis). It doesn't pay to get home after dark.

Jack Matthews - A reading from the classics. "Saltbush Bill's Second Fight" (Banjo Patterson). Australia, according to Dorothea Mackellar is a place of droughts and flooding rains. In Banjo's ballad, during a bad drought some sheep had to be moved off a bare station to find grass on the stock route with Saltbush Bill in charge. Bill was noted as being a drover who would do anything to get his sheep a decent feed in order to have them in reasonable condition for delivery at the end of the trip, including arguing with the squatter about the width of the stock route, which was normally a half mile wide, or cut the squatters fence when he wasn't looking to get a better spread and a decent feed for his sheep. He was even prepared to fight if the squatter disagreed.

Jem Shorland - "Financial Report". The treasurer's report for The Men's Shed.

Caroline Stanbridge - More of her amusing tales. "When Lightning Hit" Not a good experience. "Don't Upset the Elephants" by wearing Chanel 5 perfume at the zoo.

Alan Aitken - "Mr Whippy Ripoff" (Marco Gliori). Always check change properly being accusing people of short changing you.

Jem Shorland - "The Lift". His own poem about when it is not a good idea to lend a hand to a mate.

John Hayes - "The Widow Maker". A particular machine that was notorious for taking the lives of miners.

Brian Langley - "Where the Light and Shadows Lie" (John Phillip "Bluebush" Bourke). Miners remembering their loved ones at home.

Dot Langley - "A Little Bugger" (Brenda Joy). The flu bug is on the move.

Bill Gordon - Thanks was expressed to Jem for his first attempt at MC and then Bill recited "Triantiwontigongolope" (CJ Dennis). A tale of a little known insect.

The Old Farm

No farmer now, the stock long gone
There's not much left to see.
Just a pile of stone and roofing iron
Where the farmhouse used to be.

An ancient, broken windmill
It makes no mournful sound
It's many years since last it turned
Above this arid ground.

And underneath an old gum tree
There's a rusty iron bed
And 4 small crosses mark the place
The farmer laid his dead.

Here, on this windswept red dirt plain.
Where dreams once filled the air
The ghosts of battlers, long ago
Are with you, — everywhere.

©B. Langley Oct 5th 2003

My True Blue Kulcha

No Cookies or Candy in my house,
I don't wear my cap back to front
I'll say "Bloody Hell" if I want to.
My language is sometimes quite blunt.
No friends of mine wear a burqa,
I spend quite a time on the beach
As for p'litical c'rrectness,
It's something my kids I don't teach
I don't have much time for religion,
My God lives in forest and stream
I'd like ALL to be "True Blue" and "Dinkum" -
That is MY great Aussie dream.

By Brian Langley



Bill Gordon	President	97651098 0428651098	northlands@wn.com.au
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	Webmaster		
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	State Rep ABPA		
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Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:

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Colin Tyler	Tea and biscuits		
Christine Boulton	Bully Tin Editor	9364 8784	christineboulton7@bigpond.com
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Membership fees may be paid by direct debit:
Bank Transfer to NAB BSB 086455 A/C#824284595
Name.....WA Bush Poets.

Please email notification of payment to: treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au

Upcoming Events

Next Muster :July 4th, 7pm, Bentley Park Auditorium, 26Plantation Drive, Bentley

MC: Bob Brackenbury oddjobbob@bigpond.com 0418 918 884

Derby Poet's Breakfast Sunday June 29th at the CWA Cottage Grounds, Clarendon Street Derby. Breakfast starts at 7am Contacts: email fatesbe@aapt.net.au or 0417918862.

Regular events Bunbury: Contact Alan Aitken

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets	To be confirmed	Alan Aitken 0400 249 243

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

Don't forget our website
www.wabushpoets.asn.au or 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	Corin Linch	books	
	Victoria Brown	CD	Val Read	books
	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Caroline Sambridge	book
	Rusty Christensen	CDs	Peg Vickers	books & CD
	Brian Gale	CD & books	"Terry & Jenny"	Music CDs
	John Hayes	CDs & books	Terry Piggott	Book
	Tim Heffernan	book	Frank Heffernan	Book
	Brian Langley	books, CD	Christine Boulton	Book, CD
	Arthur Leggett	books,	Pete Stratford	CD
	Keith Lethbridge	inc autobiography books	Roger Cracknell	CDs, Book

Address correspondence for the Bully Tin to: The "Bully Tin" Editor Box 364, Bentley WA 6982 e-mail christineboulton7@bigpond.com	Address all other correspondence to The Secretary WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Box 364, Bentley WA 6982	Address Monetary payments to: The Treasurer WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn Box 364, Bentley. WA 6982
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