

## **Lunn Family**

Welshman, **Griff Lunn** and wife arrived in Pemberton as Group Settlers to Group 65 in 1920's. Griff became a Bush Boss and trained bullocks for their teams as he had worked with pit ponies in the Welsh mines. Daughter, Gwen married Robbie Graham

When the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester visited the Pemberton Bush crew, Griff Lunn had been the bush foreman for many years. The article below records a humorous story.

# All dressed up — the bullocks wouldn't go

Of course it had to happen when the Prince of Wales was there.

The bullocky glared at the bullocks and the bullocks glared at the bullocky but the huge karri log just lay there and the obstinate beasts didn't look like doing anything about it.

Not even for a Prince of Wales.

Just one of those royal occasions when things seem to come unstuck.

And the bullocky glared at the bullocks and . . . .

Then someone got a brainwave. He whispered in the angry bullocky's ear.

Hope dawned anew. Hurriedly and tactfully they took the Prince a hundred yards or so away to "get a better view."

At the bullocky ripped off his best clothes, curled his whip, uncurled his tongue and blistered those bullocks with a biting lash and a storm of atomic language that echoed through the forest and, in fear, rumbled round the ears of the young Prince.

THAT did the trick. The bullocks started to pull. The log started to move. The cracking lash and the roaring voice made the forest ring. And the smiling Prince saw at last many tons of a mighty karri log being dragged away by the sweating, struggling mass of bullpower.

The day was saved. And all so simply.

What had happened was that for the royal occasion the bullocky had left his old clothes at home and the bullocks didn't recognise this well-dressed man with the gentle voice and not even a whisper

of profanity. Yarns like this were being told by the timber men at lunch time out in the bush, about 23 miles from Pemberton.

And there was the time when the Duke of Gloucester lay on his back on a rug to watch an intrepid forester scale the 200 odd feet of the tree that now bears the Duke's name.

They had been using an auger to bore holes in tree trunks to take the "steps" and the Duke said: Yes, he'd like to try boring a hole too.

As he turned the auger he remarked, "Really quite easy isn't it?"

"Like bloody hell it is," retorted one of the group.

ing to roar again, dragging the logs through a cloud of choking dust to the landing.

And the parting voice of the winch starts up again as the tractor driver uses his bulldozer blade to nudge a great log into place as deftly as though it were a piece of 3 by 2

## £16,000 Tractor

Following in the wake of the tractors—one of them a £16,000 job with tyres that cost nearly £400 each—I had a fill from the booming voice of that genial Welshman Griff Lunn, the bush foreman.

You'd like Griff a man who spends every day out in the bush, and certainly

Tommy Everett, starting well that would have been something.

THERE'S a creak and a crack. The saw slows. The two fallers jump down. And in the momentary hush you can hear visitor Ron Halcombe's sprightly young son Rodney saying to his dad: "Tell 'em your name's Ron Halcombe and they're sure to drop the tree on you."

Ron doesn't reply or perhaps the crashing, tumbling roar of the falling tree drowns his words.

I've seen many great ka'is fall but the fascination is never lost.

And incidentally, they

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Article courtesy of Kaz Bradbury.