

The

October 2019

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



Next Muster Friday October 4th, 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park
MC : Robert Gunn 0417 099 676 gunnpoet@hotmail.com

ATTENTION BUSH POETS!

Canning District RSL will have a service at the Sub Branch, cnr Wharf and George Streets Cannington, on Sunday 10th November 2019, followed by a light lunch and some wartime-themed bush poetry and songs. Any reciters and singers wishing to participate, please contact VP Pete Nettleton on 0407 770 053 or stinger@inet.net.au. (paid gig)

Cervantes competition

G'day Christine,
The entries for Cervantes (which I am judging this year) are only trickling in so far and the closing date is 4th October. Maybe this is because of Toodyay closing on the 5th.
The entry form link (which is used for all of the above) can be downloaded from the ABPA Events.

If you could give a reminder that would be wonderful and perhaps indicate that the only conditions applicable to Bush Poetry are that, for this competition, the organisers have said that poems must not have more than 40 lines, must not have won a first prize in an 'open' competition (novice is okay) and must be submitted electronically. The 16 pt. font is not a necessary prerequisite.

Thanks so much Christine. Hope to see lots more WA entries rolling in.

October Challenge

Remember the 16 line challenge for the October muster is The first time. Poems are to be a maximum of 16 lines, no restriction on syllables per line.

Do you want to be part of the National Scene — Then you might consider joining the Australian Bush Poets Assn

www.abpa.org.au



WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners

Act-Belong-Commit Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival

Fri 1st - Sun 3rd Nov 2019

**WA Bush Poetry
Performance Championships
Poetry Writing Workshop
Variety Concert Saturday Night**

FREE ENTRY TO ALL EVENTS

Proudly sponsored and supported by



Australian Bush Poets Assoc

For more information, visit

www.wabushpoets.asn.au

**Please not e there will be no
Muster in November...see you at
Toodyay**

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 October 2019



Congratulations to Peter O'Shaughnessy for winning both Humorous and Serious sections of the written competition at the recent Queensland State Championships. To win one section is great, to win both is absolutely outstanding and shows his incredible talent as a poet. Peter has also written several books including "The Figures on the Lake", a selection of poems, sketches and beautiful paintings of Menzies and Lake Ballard.

WA poets showed the way at Camooweal Drovers Camp Festival in both written and performance poetry. Meg won the poetry section, I won the overall Talent Award (by default as I was the only entrant in the yarnspinning). The written section attracted very strong competition. Congratulations to Chris Taylor for coming second with his brilliant poem "Swampy" and also Terry Piggott who was in third with "Coming Home".

These achievements in written events has prompted me to check the results of WA writers in other competitions so far this year. Chris Taylor won the Kembla Flame with "No more Letters Home", plus he and Terry were commended for poems in that comp. Then Peter was third at Corryong while Greg Joass won the poets brawl (against Victorians and with Victorian judges!). No prize winners in this year's Bronze Swagman, but our poets wrote 11 of the 52 poems considered worthy of inclusion in the 2019 book. Cobber and Terry have three each, Val Read two, and Peg Vickers, Peter and Chris made the final cut. Am I being too optimistic in hoping the "Silver Quill" stays in WA again this year?

Toodyay is fast approaching. 1st -3rd November are this year's dates. Entries close soon so please contact me or Rodger if you are not able to get an entry form off the website or recent Bullytin. The website is still a work in progress, but now that Meg and I are back from our travels I will be working with the webmaster to get it finalised. Meanwhile, coming events are kept up to date on the home page.

Unfortunately we will not be able to hold the November Muster as Toodyay clashes with the first Friday and Bentley Park is not available on the second Friday of the month. This has been an unfortunate clash of dates, but the good news is that next year the first Friday is the week after Toodyay. We do have other events in November with "Have a Go Day" on Wednesday 13th, then Donnybrook Poetry Picnic on Sunday 17th

Bill Gordon President

STOP PRESS G'day fellow poets

I realise that many of you will not be able to get to these events, indeed we do not necessarily need many at each gig. I want to keep everyone up to date with what's happening. Please contact me if you are able to be involved in any of these shows.
Some coming events that I am seeking poets for.

Sun 10th November: Back to Pickering Brook Heritage day. Two poets to perform 4.00 -5.30pm. Check their website pickeringbrookheritagegroup.com Should be an interesting day and we have been offered a few dollars for this gig.

Wed 13th Nov: Have a Go Day at Burswood. An opportunity to promote Bush Poetry with a couple of performance spots.

Jan - Feb 2020: Perth World Fringe Festival. This year we had two gigs on the Crystal Swan. Next year it will be four one hour shows and I have suggested to the manager (Peter Dinon) that we have three poets each night. That will give poets two 10 minute spots each night. This year we will be performing each Wednesday night for the festival (22, 29 Jan, 5 & 12 Feb). Early notice at this stage and I will not be working out who will be on each night until much later.

Just received notification that the Goldfields Bush Poetry Group meets on the FIRST Wednesday of the month. Other details are the same as far as I know.

Meanwhile I look forward to seeing most if not all at Toodyay. Catchya Bill

COMPETITIONS AROUND

AUSTRALIA

For more details and entry forms please go to the ABPA website
www.abpa.org.au



and Writing WA

Mundaring Poetry Competition

Submit a poem of up to 50 lines on the theme of "Wild Weeds and Windflowers". Entry is free. Closing date: Friday 4 October. For full entry conditions, please visit the Shire of Mundaring website.

5 October - Closing Date - WA Bush Poetry Championships Silver Quill written competition. Toodyay WA

NOVEMBER 2019

Submit to Griffith Review 68: Getting On

By 2060, the ratio of Australians aged over sixty-five will have passed one in four. *Griffith Review* seeks work that examines the ramifications of this shift in population, and explores the transformations of our later years. Submissions close: Friday 1 November. More info from the Griffith Review website.

30 November - Closing Date - Jackie's Spring Competition - adults who write for kids

DECEMBER 2019

9 December - Closing Date - Sutherland Shire Literary Competition, Sutherland NSW. Rhyming verse, Free verse, Short story, Themed short story.

FEBRUARY 2020

1 February - Closing Date - King of the Ranges Written Bush Poetry Competition, Cooranbong NSW.



THE BUNBURY BUSH POETS GROUP

Affiliates of the WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc.



Welcomes all to the second



DONNYBROOK POETS & PICNIC DAY



**Sunday 17th November 2019 – Gates
open at 11:30am**

Bring the family to this lovely setting, have a picnic,
be entertained with Traditional and Contemporary
Performances of Australian Bush Poetry
plus supporting Folk and Country Music

Follow signs off the South Western Highway turning left down
Irishtown Road just before Donnybrook (30 Km from Bunbury)

BYO - P!

ENTRY ONLY \$5.00 for adults, \$2.00 for teenagers, children under 12 free.

Tea or Coffee and Biscuits available - \$2.00 per cup.

For more information contact Alan Aitken 0400 249 243 or Norm Flynn 9721 4323

THE DROVERS CAMP FESTIVAL - CAMOOWEAL

'Bronze Spur Award' - Congratulations

1st Irene Dalgety Timpone *Soldier Number Five*

2nd Chris Taylor *Swampy*

3rd Terry Piggott *Coming Home*



Great free Poetry newsletter: especially good for Queensland events

eMuse: Independent Bush Poets Newsletter. 2000 plus subscribers (on-line free!) Australia-Wide! Through his free distribution of this most informative, 20 page *eMuse*, (An Independent Bush poetry newsletter) Editor: Wally "The Bear" Finch. P. O. Box 68, Morayfield, 4506, Qld.

Phone: (07) 54 955 110. E-Mail:

wmbear1@bigpond.com

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?"

Then 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; anywhere'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.

Correspondence

RE Dryblower Murphy

Hello Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners

Thanks Rodger, for our discussion the other day.

I mentioned that I am writing up the short stories

of Dryblower Murphy, as well as some new

poems I have unearthed. Hesperian Press will

publish a soft covers book of the best of these

stories as well as a number of reminiscences of

Dryblower's humour – his witticisms and his

practical jokes. In that regard, I am keen to

catch up with his grandson, Bob Murphy who I

believe is known to some of your WA Bush Poets

members.

Could I ask that you pass this on to whoever

that may be – with my contact details and mo-

bile number – 0403 328 933or

cholyday@bigpond.com

Hi Christine,

If you have space or know anyone who can help,

I would like to find the words to a joke poem

"The Woman Hater" that my father used to re-

cite (to the family's embarrassment) as his party

piece, wearing a sling and sporting a black

eye. It went something like this:

In the novels and in the pictures you

will very often see

A man who hates all women, well that applies

to me

I hate them all like poison, but alas I grieve to

state,

I started hating them too late!

....

A man who's stood ten years of it

And still lives with his wife

Should get a military medal

and be pensioned off for life.

Any help much appreciated.

Norm Flynn, Bunbury Group

97214323 0438638050

normflyn@bigpond.net.au

Great invitation...Thanks Bob.

Hi Christine,

I do regular campfire sessions at Discovery

Coolwaters Kinka Beach Queensland if any

of your poets are travelling and want to join

in just drop me a line. bobpaceybush-

poet@bigpond.com

Cheers Bob



Saltwater Ted by Jack Bock
Saltwater Ted from Knobby Head
Was fishing the seas for cray
It's a lonely life, away from the wife
Out on the boat all day

As he gazed at the drink, he often would think
"It's a wonderful life and yet
How nice it would be ^nd great company
If I had some sort of a pet"

But a goldfish or two jjist wouldn't do
And you can't take a cat out to sea
And a pink galah and a budgerigar
Don't bring out the lovin' in me

A thoroughbred steerf is too much to feed
And you can't take a shake for a jog
White rabbits I've found, like to live underground
I think I'll just stick to a dog

One day he was havin' a drink at the tavern
With a mate one Meginess Magee
When Ted expressed a wish to swap a crayfish
For a faithful and loving puppy

Meginess, he thought, perhaps, yes I ought...
At this cove I could have a dig
I doubt he would know a horse from a coe
Or a Pekinese pooch from a pig

"I've got just the mutt", Meginess said, but
First you must come with me
To cut out his capers I'll get you his papers
This one's got a stud pedigree"

So they all rounded up that Berkshire pup
With a grunt and a bark and a squeal
With obvious joy, like a kid with a toy
Old Ted was thrilled with the deal

Next morning, cold sober he looked his pet over
And found he'd been done like a dinner
"No worries," thought Ted, "I think rather, instead
This time I'm on to a winner"

Now it soon came to bear this unusual pair
Of the pig and Saltwater Ted
Would tour the land, this pig and his man
Were a legend around Knobby Head

He removed the back seat from his beaten up heap
And travelled around with his hog
People would say in utter dismay
"What a terribly ugly dog"

Burglars would flee clean into the sea
When they sauntered around in the dark
They just weren't in the hunt if they heard him
grunt
For his bite was far worse than his bark

I wish I could say he's living today
And walking around Knobby Head
All sleek and fat from a scratch and a pat
And a plateful of crayfish from Ted

However, the truth is often uncouth
In life and in love and in war
That poor little hog, what looked like a dog
Was sent to the pig's abattoir

Time Flies Mud Flies &



Bloody Blow Flies

A collection of Bush Poetry

By

Jack Bock

Jack, was bom in Kojonup, Western Australia, in 1940. He lived on the family farm in Kullkup and went to school in Wescliffe. When he was in his 20's, he left the farm and went shearing all over Australia and New Zealand. He took up anew land block in Pingrup in 1964.

Jack is married to Mary and they have 3 sons and 5 grandchildren. One of his grandsons has Cystic Fibrosis and Jack has dedicated the profits from this book towards the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation in their quest to find a cure.

Jack has enjoyed an appreciation of Banjo Paterson type poetry most of his life and this book is a collection of Jack's poems that he has written over the last thirty years.



Udating the website...are you on

G'day to all members and performers

Now that we are back from our travels I am liaising with our webmaster to get the outstanding matters addressed on the website. We would like to feature as many poets as possible on the "Performance Poets" page. This has not been updated for some time and many of the photos are quite small and scratchy. Our webmaster (Fleur Mead) would like to list poets on this page with a link each to a bio page for each poet, plus a bigger photo. We will be working on this next week.

Could performing poets, particularly those who are available for gigs, please send me a bio plus photo (jpeg preferred) asap.

Also, if you have any photos of groups of poets that would be suitable for the gallery they would be appreciated.

Catchya Bill

The Drover's Reunion Camooweal 2019

Very warm and sometimes windy weather greeted the visitors to Camooweal in far western Queensland for the Annual Drover's Reunion 2019. As well as the Talent Quest, run over three sections: Music, Poetry and Yarnspinning, Camooweal hosted the National Championships of the Bronco Branding. A Bush Poet's Breakfast was held on Sunday morning with walk ups and guest artists entertaining audiences throughout the weekend.

Tom Maxwell, well known country music artist hosted an evening at the local pub to get everybody in the mood for a good weekend. Local stations entered an auction for the vantage point (complete with drinks and food) to see the street parade of local groups. This event also incorporates a mail race, which involves teams picking up mail, calling into the pub for refreshments and then delivering the mail. All this is done by pushing members and mail bags along the street in a hand cart for about 600 metres and back. Very entertaining.

Bronco Branding is a team competition with each member co-operating to rope and hold calves for marking and branding as it was done on the stations prior to modern cattle handling facilities. All ropes are greenhide, no synthetics.

Whip cracking demonstrations were also a feature with a competition for the children. This event was won by a chap of about 8 who was from Sydney and has been travelling around Australia with his family for about three years.

Bill Gordon

'Bronze Spur Award' --

1st Irene Dalgety Timpone *Soldier Number Five*

2nd Chris Taylor *Swampy*

3rd Terry Piggott *Coming Home*



The Camooweal Drovers Camp Festival was held on the weekend 23rd-25th August 2019. The festival was very well attended. The crowds were a considerable increase on 2018 with a line-up of performers led by Tom Maxwell, Laura Downing, John O'Day, Tim Sheed, Christine Middleton, Bruce Lavender, Neville Anderson and Jack Drake.

At 7.30am on Sunday, the Poets Breakfast kicked off with Jack Drake MC, ably assisted by a number of poets including Noel Bull, Bill & Meg Gordon, Tim Sheed, Stumpy Adams and others.

The winning poem in the Bronze Spur written poetry competition was read to the crowd at the end of the breakfast with first place going to Irene Dalgety Timpone of Atherton, North Queensland for her wonderful poem "Soldier Number Five".

The Drovers Camp Talent Search was well patronised and judged by Tim Sheed and Christine Middleton.

The Poetry Section attracted six competitors and was taken out by Meg Gordon from WA with the poem "The Survey" by Peg Vickers.

The Ballad/Song Competition was won by Lynne Bennett from Boondoomba, QLD for her original composition "Track mates".

The Yarnspinning section was taken out by Bill Gordon from WA for his original yarn "Regulations" about the difficulty farmers (and others) have in complying with ever increasing regulation.

The overall feel of the meeting was festive and it was good to see nearly thirty of the old drovers still in attendance.

Our best wishes go to Larry Robinson from Dubbo who, after performing in the Bush Poetry Competition, was injured, in a freak accident in the Bronco Branding competition.

Tim Sheed

GREG AND HEATHER JOASS -ON THE WALLABY

G'day,
Heather and I are currently tripping around the country on long service leave and have managed to take in a few poetry events along the way.

We spent two wonderful afternoons with the fun folk of the Port Macquarie bush poets in NSW. They were a very welcoming, friendly, funny and talented group. They even have their own equivalent of Peg Vickers in a local lady named Bessie Jenkins. She has written a number of books of poetry and is a real live wire. If anyone is heading in that direction, make sure you catch up with them if you can. They love having visitors and meet on the 2nd & 4th Sunday afternoon of the month.

We also took part in the Queensland bush poetry state championships, from the 6th to 8th of September. The Friday night was a big night for West Australians. Peter Shaughnessy from the Bunbury group took out both the serious and humorous categories of the written competition. Both were judged independently by different people. They rang Peter with the news during their 'Meet and greet'. That night I also managed to win their one minute poem competition, which is very similar to our brawls. I have entered a lot of brawls over the years, but had to go all the way to Queensland to finally win one! They also gave all interstate contestants a lovely gift of the soldier's version of CJ Dennis's book 'Song of a sentimental bloke'.

Saturday was a full day of competition from 8am to 6:30pm with only a half hour break for lunch. The judges had to work overtime to keep up and poor Jack Drake heard towards the end, that his home town of Stanthorpe had lost a number of houses to a bushfire. He stayed to the end of the competition, but then had to race off to find out what was happening. We were unable to get any news of how he fared, but all our thoughts and best wishes went with him.

You will no doubt get a list of all the winners through the ABPA, so I won't repeat it here, but I will say that I actually picked both the male and female winners before the announcement, so fully concur with their choices.

Sunday was a wind down with a morning of entertaining stand ups at a historic village in Beenleigh. All in all it was a very enjoyable weekend and in the company of more familiar faces than we were expecting. I had forgotten that a bus load of Queenslanders came over to WA for the nationals a couple years back. The organisers and all the helpers are to be congratulated on an excellent and most enjoyable event.

I have attached a copy of my one minute poem entry (the original ran to two minutes and had to be pruned severely). The poems all had to contain the same five key words. I have my wife Heather to thank for wisely selecting the better of the two alternate versions and for leading the cheer squad on my behalf.

Hope all is going well over there in the West and the rain is absolutely bucketing down in our absence. They could use a bit of that over here as well.
Cheers Greg

BEENLEIGH RUM

It's older than coke, that's cola not
'caine

Though it comes from the cane as I
hope to explain

Cause in Queensland it seems you like to make rum

And the oldest of all, from Beenleigh has come

It's from sugar cane, which is pulped in the mills

Then a river of rum pours out from the stills

For a century or more in the bush and the town

The locals are happy to guzzle it down

Without giving a thought to the terrible cost

Of the headache next morning and brain cells they've
lost

For rum on it's own is just asking for trouble

You'll know what I mean when you start seeing dou-
ble

If you start drinking doubles your trouble quadruples

So best to go easy while you've still got some scru-
ples

So let wowsers stick to their water and wine

But good old fashioned sinners pick rum every time

Greg Joass

So lovely to hear from you and a big congratulations to you and Peter from the WA Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners. ED.



RoadWise

Toodyay :

Road Safety Commission

Poetry Competition

Theme for the Roadwise Challenge this year
is: SAFER VEHICLES

This topic is very open and it will be interesting
to see what angle poets take. Eg: Tyre blowouts,
defective lights, worn brake pads and (Bill's
take – the nut behind the wheel!

NB: There is a monetary reward. However, we
do send the poems to Road Safety Commission
to assist in their advertising. This is why we ob-
tain the grant from them.

Poems must be a maximum of 16 lines and be
presented by the author at the Toodyay compe-
titions.



The Mulga Cup.

It wasn't much, as race meets go, its only claim to fame was how a great disaster struck and how they saved the game.

A challenge race, for brumbies, that some thought a strange setup became a proper horse race and the outback's 'Mulga Cup.'

The locals soon decided on a place to hold the race the old track at Wiluna was the perfect racing place. They looked at lots of bush tracks, but the one they liked the most, a dirt track in the mulga even had a winning post.

They built a mulga shade house, with a tin roof, for a bar and floored it with some gravel and a little bit of tar. The bookies made a betting ring and then they had to vote to let the 'Country Women,' run a proper 'Tin Cup Tote.' The ladies from the stations all got out their fancy gear for most of them had dresses that they wore just once a year and women from the township wore, as country women must, the best of their regalia, with joggers, for the dust.

And stockmen, clad in satin shirts, who loved the hectic pace were, most of them, the riders, when they ran this out-back race. For though the jockeys worked out on the stations round about, the smarter ones, thought racing had, dumb rules that they could flout. When someone said, "They must be weighed," they heard the jockeys' wails until they found the stewards used, a set of bathroom scales. This didn't really matter much, as not one carried weights it only served to stop them, changing horses with their mates.

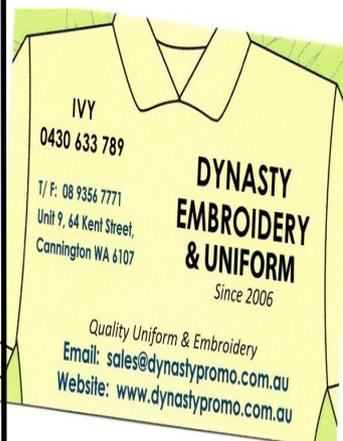
The start was in the mulga scrub, a half a mile away the starter, elevated, on a vintage bullock dray. A winning post was fenced right off, as such posts often are, to keep the punters off the track, as they came from the bar. Two stewards were located, just behind the finish line, one steward was a copper and the other ran the mine. These worthies made their judgments from an elevated stand constructed out of empty drums, half buried in the sand.

The starter had some problems with the field in disarray, for most of them were brumbies that they'd captured for the day. So when the horses settled and the starting band was set the punters in the shade house just had time to lay a bet, as then things got exciting, though nobody saw them jump, all hidden in the thick, red dust behind the mulga clump. With people cheering loudly, though they couldn't see a horse, the jockeys started fighting for positions on the course.

As jockeys traded punches and the crowd became engrossed the race became chaotic as they thundered past the post, so things were such a shambles, no one saw the stewards' fall and not one person noticed, no damned stewards there at all. A surging crowd had pushed against, the stewards' shaky stand and then before you knew it, both the stewards hit the sand. They both leapt up, and dusted off, with horror on each face because, from where they landed, they could never see the race.

But stewards aren't so stupid, so they made a quick ascent, though neither had the faintest clue who'd won the great event, 'til Bert, the senior steward said, "This next bit should be fun. We'll let the jockeys sort it out, I'm sure they'll know who won. First past the post will take his place, here, near the finish line we'll hoist the flag, to say OK, and things will turn out fine." This worked quite well, they weighed them all, then put up 'Correct Weight' 'Mine Host,' trained by the publican, stood by the winners' gate.

The mob rejoiced. Who cared who won? The jockeys all got drunk the winning punters had a ball, some losers did the bunk. All hit the bar and quickly got, as 'full' as they could get and most agreed this 'Mulga Cup', had been the best one yet. But still today, wild rumours float, around the outback pubs in shearing sheds and cattle yards and outback racing clubs, that even though the stewards put, the winning numbers up, the pair of them had never seen, the finish of 'The Cup'. Peter O'Shaughnessy (WA) Winner 2019 Queensland State Championship Humorous poetry section



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.

It is cheaper if you have more than one item printed.

A Dreamtime Breakaway.

Great rocky battlements disturb the sky
deserted now, but well we wonder why.
Did once these gloomy caves and crumbling walls,
bear witness to the dreamtime's haunted calls
and ancient songs with mournful, strange refrains?
Do spirits linger? Mystery remains
hid in dark cliffs, above grey mulga plains.

And down beneath the looming breakaway
where dark, red cliffs fade into sandy grey,
there, nestled in between great, jumbled blocks,
huge tumbled stones and massive, fallen rocks,
that's where the legends of the past once grew
from crumbling walls, where once, great eagles flew,
strange beings of the dreamtime lived here too.

Then, sunset on another desert day
highlights the ramparts of this breakaway.
The last light flicking through the mulga trees
paints moving shadows, in a ghostly frieze.
The music of the past, in mystic riffs
runs secret songlines down these rugged cliffs,
their dark caves hiding ancient hieroglyphs.

But even in the dark of desert night
these brooding, towered battlements alight
with flickers from a campfire down below
and these dark, cliffs reflect the eerie glow
that ancient peoples gazed upon in awe.
Had he been here, mad Hamlet surely saw
the vision, dark, of brooding Elsinore.

Nor could the castled hills of Europe see,
the dreaming that produced such mystery.
The spectres, the dark peaks, the crumbling walls,
dark caves, like halls, where daylight never falls,
for these dark, dungeon walls, hide desert lore,
the arcane marks of those who came before,
the dreamtime shades, of those who wrote the law.

But then, as golden daylight dares to chase
away the dark that hides this sacred place,
the gloomy cliffs and castle walls turn gold,
vast, crenulated walls and peaks unfold
the secrets of this place, in bold array
and dawn's new light, in glorious display,
unveils, in gold, this dreamtime breakaway.
Peter O'Shaughnessy (WA)

Winner 2019 Queensland State Championship Serious poetry



IT'S ALSO ABOUT TO HAPPEN IN TASMANIA

Cheryle Holmes has been organising an event to be held in the coastal area of Tassie known as Dodges Ferry (near Sorell) for some months now and is keen for all poets and travellers to know about it.

It combines a Bush Poet's Breakfast, Called Bush Dancing, and a Yarn Spinning Session to be held on 9th February 2020 featuring Jack Drake, Cobber Lethbridge and Gary Fogarty. A writer's workshop will be held on Thursday evening 6th February in the form of a pot luck supper.

A cold buffet luncheon is included between poets performances and the bush dance.

For more info check out the website and also for Side Trips available

<https://infododgesferrybbp.wixsite.com/mysite>

Events and meals need to be prebooked and paid (to help with catering).

Contact **Cheryle** on **0438881065** or **infododgesferrybbp@yahoo.com**

Follow on Facebook also **[@dodgestasmania](https://www.facebook.com/dodgesferry poets breakfast event)**

The ANZAC Game.

An agonising, sleepless, nervous wait
long hours of training have them at their prime
a muffled conversation with a mate
a few soft words, a shaken hand, *it's time.*

*The roaring crowd, the umpire's whistle's loud
then down the players race, as one, their side
will soak it up and stand before the crowd
Grand Final day and there they stand with pride.*

Another place, another nervous wait
long hours of training brought them to their prime
the same last conversation with a mate
the few soft words, the shaken hand, *it's time.*

*The roaring of the guns must sound the same
loud whistles sound, they charge into the night
their trench, the player's race, in all but name
they've soaked it up, but now they have to fight.*

Another place, another nervous wait
more hours of training to their nervous prime
the same last conversation with a mate
again soft words, a shaken hand, *it's time.*

*Beneath the roaring guns they pray in awe
then scramble from the battleship as one
to nervously approach the burning shore
the battle for Gallipoli's begun.*

The fear, the nervous wait, they'd seen before
these young men thought that war was just a game
but fame and death were also part of war
and as they died they forged the ANZAC's fame.
Peter O'Shaughnessy (WA)

Australian Novice Champion (Serious) Toodyay ,2017.



BUSH POETS MUSTER 6 Sep 2019

Performance Review by Jem and Bev Shorland

At 7.30 pm, **MC: ROB/BOB ASPLIN welcomed everyone,**
including a Square Dance Group, THE DIANELLA RANGERS.

Jack Matthews commenced the performances by congratulating Terry Piggott for his great effort of third place in the 2019 Cammoweal Poetry festival. Jack then recited Banjo Paterson's wonderful account of **Mulga Bill's Bicycle**. An entertaining tale of Mulga Bill's first ever ride on a bicycle.

Grace Williamson **Women of the West** **by Banjo Patterson**

This poem takes us back to the early settler days when the women follow their men to a hard and lonely life, living in makeshift homes in the bush as they settle our nation.

Alan Aitken brought greetings from **Bill and Meg Gordon**, who were presently situated just north of Alice Springs. WABP&Y's Chris Taylor was runner-up at Cammoweal.

Alan Aitken **Who Gives the Bride Away** **by Bob Magor**

A wonderful description of a country wedding where the father of the bride goes to great lengths discussing the costs involved in paying for his daughter's wedding.

Jem Shorland **A Political Life** **by Jem Shorland**

The recollections of a dying and corrupt, but very wealthy, politician.

Terry Piggott **Once We Were Heroes** **by Terry Piggott**

A man recalls what it was like to father a small girl, remembering special times, laughter, and tears, of a daughter growing up.

Nancy Coe **Click Go the Shears, Waltzing Matilda,** **Traditional**
and **The Rainbow Serpent** **by Nancy Coe**

What a joy to have her Nancy back after some absence.

Keith Lethbridge **An Old Master** **by C J Dennis**

A fully laden bullock wagon strikes deep mud and pot holes. Eighty eight year old Dad McGee lives close by'. Dad lends a hand proving he has not lost his skills and language as a former bullocky, and saves the day.

Bev Shorland **Reedy River** **by Henry Lawson**

A classic of picturesque beauty.

Frances Limb **Going With the Grey** **by Frances Limb**

A wonderful story of wild horses as they gallop through the Victorian ranges.

Group of our Visitors **Square Dancing** **Caller Cobber Lethbridge**

Delightful entertainment, and lovely to watch, as we consumed a sumptuous supper.

Tess Earnshaw **Wonder of Wonders** **Tess Earnshaw**

'Digital Phooey' Tess's poem about the ever changing Technology of media, radio, T.V., mobile phones, computers, and tablets.

Brian Langley **A Thousand Miles Away** **Brian Langley**

Fishing off the rocks at Quobba Station north of Carnarvon. A young man dreams of catching 'The Big One' off the rocks. A king wave washes him off the rocks. A sad but true tale, beautifully told.

Terry Piggott **Walking With Ghosts** **Terry Piggott**

Outback prospecting where others have been over many years searching for gold, we get the feeling we are walking with the ghosts of yesteryear.

Chris Sadler

Feeding Sheep

Chris Sadler

In order to feed lupins to the ewes, a young pup left in the Ute causes chaos on the day the driver steps out of the Ute the pup steps on the button locking the driver out.

Ted Jones (Dianella)

Clancy of the Overflow

Joe Wolf

A take-off of the classic, 'I had written him a text . . .'

Brian Langley

Driving the Outback

Brian Langley

On a lonely track, No cars around, until one decides to obey a call of nature . . .

Bev Shorland

Mulga Jill's Windsurfer

Jane Hindhaugh

A lady good at all water sports meets her match, and calls 'time' on wind surfing.

Keith Lethbridge

The Fire at Ross's Farm

Henry Lawson

(after great skills displayed by Cobber on his mouth organ), A Squatter quarrels with a small farmer who is growing wheat on part of the squatter's range and facing ruin.

Nancy Coe

**The FirstTime, I remember as a child, Nancy Coe
If I Should Die, A wonderful life Well Lived.**

Four classic poems of the future, written just this week, by Nancy.

Chris Sadler

Working the Sheep Yard

Chris Sadler

Hubbie forgets his wedding anniversary, so his bride plots her revenge by wearing her wedding dress while helping him draft sheep.

Loralie Tacoma

Advance Australia Fair

National Anthem

Third and fourth verses, highlighting their Anglophile antiquity,

Christine Middleton

Christine Middleton, the President of the Harpist Association of Australia will be in Perth for a conference on the 5th October. Christine will then be doing workshops in WA before accompanying her husband, Tim Sheed to Toodyay where Tim will be one of the judges at the WA Bush Poets & Yarn-spinners Association State Championships from 1st - 4th November.

Christine is an award winning Playwright, Musician, Storyteller, Performer and Writer of Life History Musical Theatre Productions that document real historical journeys of ordinary people living lives of adventure, joy, heartache and endeavour. Accompanying herself on the Celtic Harp, Christine sings and tells stories of love, journey, hope, adventure and survival.

Tim and Christine have travelled from their home town in the Riverina NSW up the eastern states and across the top end to WA. Tim has been entertaining as well with poetry and stories of the rich Australian landscape. These stories are brought to life in song by Christine evoking the passion they have for rural Australia.

Together they have released their first CD "Raining on The Plains", a collection of songs that hold strong images of far reaching plains, rivers, bushrangers and the people of the Outback. In 2012 they were the winners of the Victorian Bush Poetry & Music Association Award with their song "Mighty Murray River". Read more at: christinemiddleton.com.au

Christine Middleton giving Meg Gordon some points on playing the harp during the Drover's Festival at Camooweal.



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Rodger Kohn	Bully Tin Mail Out	93320876 0419666168	rodgershirley@bigpond.com

Regular Events

WA Bush Poets 1st Friday of each month Bentley Park Auditorium

Albany Bush Poetry group: 4th Tuesday of each month Peter 9844 6606

Bunbury Bush Poets: First Monday of every second month Alan Aitken 0400249243 Ian Farrell 0408212636
Rose Hotel cnr Wellington & Victoria Sts Bunbury

Geraldton Bush Poets: Second Tuesday of the month. Contacts: Roger & Jan Cracknell 0427 625 181
or Irene Conner 0429 652 155. 6pm at Recreation room, Belair caravan park, Geraldton. Bring and share snacks for tea.

Goldfields Bush Poetry Group: First Wednesday of the month. Contact Paul Browning 0416 171 809
Kalgoorlie Country Club, 108 Egan St. Kalgoorlie 6.30pm

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 www.bushverse.com

Address correspondence for the “Bully Tin” to: Bully Tin Editor, PO Box 364, Bentley 6982 or christineboulton7@bigpond.com

Address correspondence for the Secretary to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Box 364 Bentley 6982

Correspondence re monetary payments for Treasurer to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Box 364 Bentley 6982

Bank Transfer: Bendigo Bank BSB 633 000 A/C#158764837 Please notify treasurer of payment : treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au

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 website -Go to the “Performance Poets” page

Don't forget our website www.wabushpoets.asn.au

Please contact the Webmaster, if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.

Members' Poetic Products

Terry Piggott	Books	Frank Heffernan	Book	Arthur Leggett	Book
Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Christine Boulton	Book, CD	Keith Lethbridge	books
John Hayes	CDs books	Pete Stratford	Books	Val Read	books
Tim Heffernan	book	Roger Cracknell	Book, CD	Peg Vickers	books & CD
Brian Langley	CD's books	Bill Gordon	CD	Terry Bennetts	Music CDs
				Jach Bock	book