

The

March 2026

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



Next Muster: 6th Mar 2026 at 7pm Plantation Drive, Swan Centre, Bentley

MC: MC: Meg Gordon - 0404 075 108, meggordon4@bigpond.com

Reader from the classics: Lorraine Broun

16-line poem: Topic - Messages from above

Autumn

Now comes the time when quiet showers soothe
The wounds of Summer's too intense embrace,
And gentle hands reach down softly to smooth
The wrinkles from the garden's sun-seared face;
Quick little breezes race
Down thro' the forest; swell, and die again,
And saplings toss like merry boys at play,
And tall, time-roughened trees, like grave old men,
Forgetting that the years have made them grey,
Laugh with the laughing day.

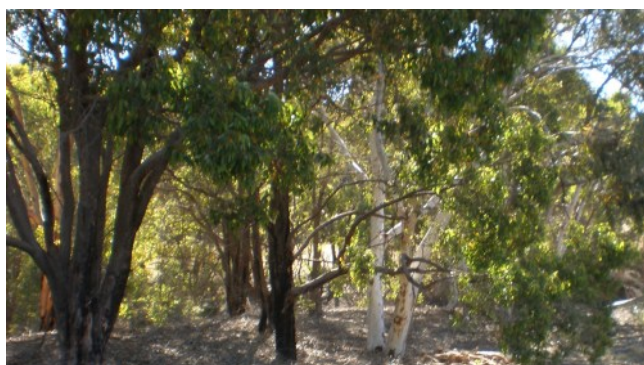
The adolescent gaiety of Spring
Long since has gone; the nestling birds have flown
Upon their own affairs on practised wing,
Soon to devise housekeeping of their own;
The garden's guise has grown
Sedate, yet, waxing in maturity,
Waxes in loveliness. No longer frail,
Brighter and sturdier blossoms tempt the bee
For yet a space, before they droop and fail
'Neath Winter's bitter flail.

Then flit about this fragrant countryside
Exotic elves who ride the scented breeze:
Exiled but merry artists, ranging wide
This land, to deck their lovely English trees
In Autumn's harmonies.
Her mellow mood has laughed out Summer's pride;
And her gay henchmen, not to be denied,
Yet riot as they please.

Past wattles dreaming of Spring's coming song,
About the land these gay elves peer and peek;
Past blackwood, Christmas-bush and kurrajong,
Past grave old gums that mark the dwindling creek,
For canvases they seek.
And in this clearing, sown these summers long
With ash and sumach, birch and poplar strong,
They make one merry week.

Now in my garden, as each morning comes,
In waxing beauty is the picture spread:
Before green backgrounds of the sober gums
Dawn purple, russet-brown and gold and red;
The tenderer green has fled.
And while grim Winter rolls advancing drums,
In splendid motley, as each leaf succumbs,
Cool earth is carpeted.

Red glows the sumach by the poplar's gold;
Translucent amber, burning bright and clear,
Like hope aflame, and tints a thousandfold
Marching in glorious pageantry appear.
High festival is here
That laughs at death — a wonder to behold . . .
"Now," sigh the trees, "we sleep; for we are cold.
Call us when Spring is near."



**This Bully Tin has been printed and postage provided with the generous assistance
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President's Ramblings March 2026



Boyup Brook is done and dusted for another year with our WA Bush Poetry family sharing five days of fellowship and poetry at Northlands and in various venues around town. Audience numbers were down slightly which reflected the reduction in grey nomads attending the festival. Nevertheless, bush poetry is still very much an integral part of the overall program and the highlight for the schools. Mick Martin bought a new approach to the school workshops helping the students in each year group write a poem and then using AI (yes, that modern technology we shun) to put music to each poem. The results were amazing and I received many enthusiastic comments from students and parents alike. It was great to have a group of students from St Mary's come to the main stage on Sunday morning and recite a poem they wrote recently on what is so good about growing up as a kid in Boyup Brook.

It was a pleasure to have Terry Piggott back after many years. Terry shared his writing expertise with several of our newer writers taking advantage of having the time to learn from one of the true masters of our craft. New member Rick Yeates regaled us with exploits of the Middle Island fishing club and Tim Heffernan made a valuable contribution with his poems which included an almost true account of the superhuman efforts of your president. Dave Morrell also made a superhuman effort, driving from Perth on the Sunday morning to deliver his poems and then driving straight back to resume his vet duties with export cattle. Add our regular poets everyone combined to present a good program of bush poetry over five separate events at the festival. Mick was in awe at the standard of poetry from our members and then when Mr Whippy (aka Tony Pratico) arrived to give ice creams to everyone at our windup BBQ on Sunday night he was absolutely blown away. "You don't get this anywhere in Queensland".

Did you know that WA Bush Poets has a YouTube channel? Julian Illich has been adding some poems he recorded at Boyup Brook last weekend. It also features the Chris Taylor Tribute Show we did at the muster shortly after his passing. We want to get more videos on YouTube and use this platform to promote Bush Poetry to a younger audience. Contact Julian or me if you have any videos that might be suitable to post.

Coming events for WA Bush Poets in March are Nannup Music Festival this weekend and Downunder Country Music on 20 – 22nd in Bridgetown. And of course the Muster at Bentley Park on Friday 6th.

Bill Gordon
President.

NANNUP MUSIC FESTIVAL 28th February and 1st MARCH 2025

I have again been asked to MC the Poetry at Nannup Music Festival this year. There are 2 x 2 hour time slots, Saturday from 08:30 to 10:30am and Sunday from 08:30 to 10:30 at the Playground Stage. I am looking for poets to perform during one or both of these sections. This stage is outside the main event area and there will be no tickets issued to enter the event area. People wishing to go into the main event area will need to purchase a ticket on line. There will also be no moneys for performers at this event. For those that attend but do not wish to purchase a ticket there are some areas of entertainment that you can still access, The Playground Stage, The Nannup Hotel, The Nannup Brewing Company and my favourite, the veranda at The Bowling Club.

Cheers Alan Aitken

EMILY MARY BARTON

(article courtesy of Meg Gordon)

Most people know that Banjo Patterson was born at Narambla in Orange NSW but many do not know that he spent the first seven years of his life on a property (Buckinbah) that became the town of Yeoval and a Banjo enthusiast there has opened a museum with some little-known history of the Bard and his family.

Amongst the memorabilia was a book of verse written by Banjo's maternal grandmother.

Emily Mary Darvall was born in 1817 and was educated in England and France. She was fluent in French and Latin and was very proficient in art, music and poetry. In 1839 she came out to this country with her parents, Major Edward and Mrs Emily (nee Johnson) Darvall and three siblings. She was instrumental in producing a shipboard newspaper. This brought her to the attention of a fellow passenger, Robert Johnstone Barton a retired Naval Officer of the East India Company. The following year she married Robert Barton who was now a grazier, whose station of 66,000 acres, Boree Nyranng (near Molong which is about 30kms from Orange) was her home for about 25 years. She was related to the first Prime Minister of Australia, Sir Edmund Barton. She was the mother of six children, one becoming Banjo's mother, Rose Isabella, born in December 1844.

Her power of imparting knowledge was abundantly in evidence. Everyone in her large family (some who ended up living with her on the deaths of two sons-in-law, John Paterson (Emily's husband) and Andrew Paterson (Rose's husband) obtained from her practically all the education they received and in a moral sense, no family had a better training. One of her professors described her as having a remarkably active, clever, practical and critical brain, ambitious to excel and wonderfully persevering.

She saw the first Australian Parliament elected, her brother Sir John Bayley Darvall being in the Ministry; saw the nation divided into states and the first Australian railway built. She saw the depletion of workmen and servants to run the station during the Gold Rush days of 1851 and had some not so thrilling encounters with feuding aboriginal tribes.

When Robert died of pneumonia in Oct 1863, Emily sold Boree Nyranng and moved to Gladesville in Sydney.

It was not until Emily was well advanced in years that poetry, long submerged in her heart, found vent and was able to assert its power. Her first book of Children's Verse was published in 1885.

She was very influential in Banjo's life as he lived with her in Sydney in the 1870's when he went there to finish his schooling. Most of her poems were written after she was 60 years of age, and she wrote practically up to the day of her death in August 1909, when she was almost 92 years of age. She wrote hoping her verses would be read and appreciated by women in their far away bush homes, so making their lives more noble and happy.

This poem was written about 1877. It describes how Emily must have wanted to write all her life but other pressures interceded.

“Pen” 60th Birthday

From youth to age, in calm and storm, in fine and cloudy weather,
My harmless little pen and I have safely jogged together.
When first I grasped his little staff, one Christmas long ago,
He lisped: “Come let us make a rhyme about the frost and snow.”
“Ah, foolish babes!” the nurse cried out, and snatched his tiny wing;
“The world is full of sweeter songs than you can write or sing.

At school he was a sturdy weight, although I held him badly,
And many a page of classic prose we cantered over gladly;
In leisure hours on sunny days, he whispered in my ear;
“O let us sing of all that's bright and beautiful and dear.”
“Write not, sing not, misguided pen,” the teacher wise exclaimed,
“Or write me but the names of those whose poetry is famed.”

Then for a long time, he frisked about, in incoherent fashion,
Longing to tell a tragic tale of hopeless love and passion;
“Wait yet,” I cried, “till time shall show if love be sweet or bitter.”
Poor pen (he lost his feathers then) gave but a mournful twitter.
Love, when he came, was sweet and shy and would not be portrayed;
He brought his own low melodies and sang them in the shade.

Then Pen began a diary of household joy and sorrow,
And, steel clad, plodded on his way for many a busy morrow.
From lists and bills he sometimes turned, at evening, with regret,
To say: “The poetry of life is hanging round me yet.”
“Put down that pen,” the babes cry out; “O, Mother, do not write,
But sing us just one little song before we say 'Goodnight.'”

The babes grew up, and faithful Pen, their copies duly set,
And we, for daughters' eyes retraced the lines where first we met;
Ere the first brood had taken wing, another race began,
And Pen and I forgot the verse while teaching boys to “scan”.
So let it be we acquiesced. “More useful we have been
Then had our verses lived and died in 'Frazer's Magazine'.”

And yet not so; we linger still; the gentle hand of age
Has swept across the blotted book, and turned another page;
A blessed blank for Pen, who still delights in rhyme and jingle;
No worldly cares need now intrude; no household duties mingle;
The eye is dim, the ear is dull, the limbs on sofa prone,
But Conscience whispers with a smile, “Our time is now our own.”

The mental stream through flow'ry meads delights no more to flow,
But, filtered through the ash of life, its drops are clear and slow;
Baptised in these to higher aims, and willing to the end,
Pen yet, may take a prize or two to help a needy friend.
For nights of rest and peaceful days a weak thanksgiving raise,
And may his latest struggle be an humble song of praise.

EMILY MARY BARTON



BOYUP BROOK COUNTRY MUSIC MUSTER 2026

The warm summer weather with cloudless skies was a perfect setting for the **WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc.** to hold another successful and welcome edition to the program of the **Boyup Brook Country Music Muster of 2026.**

Special guest poet, **Mick Martin** from Queensland was joined by 14 WA poets who gathered in Boyup Brook, all staying at the property of Bill and Meg Gordon.

As well as entertaining us with his unique poetry, Mick spoke about his charity **Mates At The Gate** during the weekend for which he received much support.

The main aim of this charity is to assist farmers who have fallen on hard times as a result of drought, flood or fire and the mental stress that is associated with these disasters. Periods of respite are offered to these farmers and their wives, as well as long overdue maintenance needed on station properties by a team of tradies only too willing to contribute their time and expertise. All sales of Mick's poetry book went to this charity.

Mick was joined by Bill Gordon and Leslie Horne for workshops at the local primary and secondary schools. The students were encouraged to write a class poem and then Mick put it to music. One of the classes (Yr 4-5 from St. Mary's Catholic school) came to the Bush Poet's Breakfast on Sunday morning and presented a poem on the main stage that they had prepared earlier from last year's workshop.

The poets had a great mix of music and social activities over the four days of the Muster. This year we had two lunchtime pub sessions, a breakfast at the Tennis club, breakfast at the pub and the usual breakfast in the Music Park on Sunday.

Year 4-5 St Mary's
Catholic School
Boyup Brook
With Bill Gordon after
their performance on
the main stage at
Boyup Brook Country
Music Muster



Poets performing at Boyup Brook Tennis Club



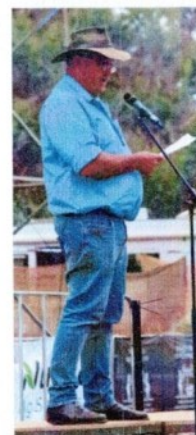
Leslie Horne



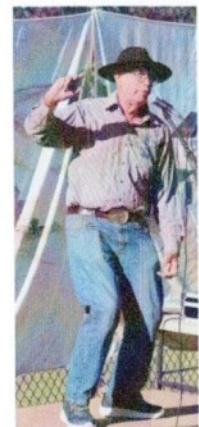
Peter Rudolf



Mick Martin in action with students at Boyup Brook Primary School



Rick Yeates



Alan Aitkin

Poets performing on the main stage at Boyup Brook Country Music Muster 2026



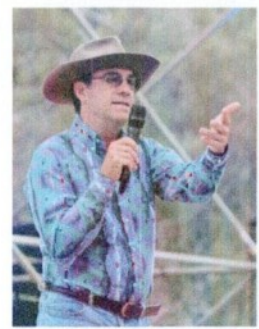
Dave Morrell



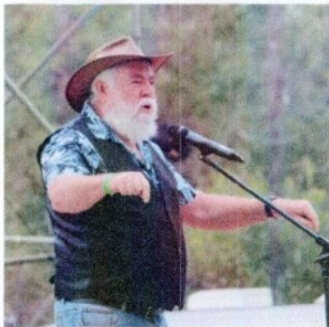
Tim Heffernan



Julian Ilich



Daniel Avery



Greg Joass



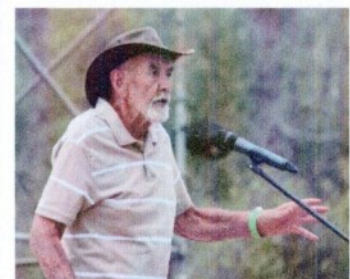
Mick Martin



Bev Shorland



Rob Gunn



Roger Cracknell

Poets at the Boyup Brook Pub



Tim Heffernan, Bill Gordon, Daniel Avery, Roger Cracknell, Greg Joass, Peter Rudolf, Terry Piggott, Bev Shorland, Heather Denholm, Christine Boulton, Meg Gordon, Leslie Horn, Mick Martin



Socialising is an important part of our four day Muster weekend at Northlands and music plays a big part in our fun activities. Playing ukes and singing accompanied by percussion in the form of spoons brings out more talent than just poetry.

Heather Denham, Heather Joass, Bev Shorland, Meg Gordon, Christine Boulton and Ellen McKenzie

(Photos courtesy Greg and Heather Joass)

Cleanup required in isle 49

Cleanup required in isle 49,
Alarms were ringing and flashing the sign,
Security staff quickly fell into line,
Checking each corridor one at a time.

Phones started ringing, there must be a leak,
Unless they can find it things could get bleak,
Some people hid, far too frightened to speak,
Others took leave for the rest of the week.

Cleaning staff trembled, they all knew the score,
Hating the thought of the blood on the floor,
Why is this happening, what is it for?
Is this the start of a new urban war?

The media pack turned up to impress
This was an issue we had to address,
But nobody wanted to clean up the mess,
A spill in the Liberal Party, never the less.

*Tim Heffernan 2026
(winner Boyup Brook 1 minute poem)*

Behind The Shed

Remember how we use to meet behind your fathers shed,
out through the window down the tree so silently I sped.
I'd sneak out through the shadows that were cast upon the ground,
ignoring then the consequence if we were ever found.

You'd greet me with a clumsy kiss although still out of breath,
I'd tell you that I loved you then, despite my fear of death.
For if your father caught us, I was sure he'd blow his top,
he may forgive his darling girl, but I'd be for the chop.

We'd whisper then of wedding plans in years that lay ahead,
then giggle at this escapade and thoughts of
being wed.
I'd look into your lovely eyes, and you stare
into mine,
back in those days when I was ten and you
had just turned nine.

© T.E. Piggott

BERTIE ON THE PHONE

Why hello Jenny darling this is Bertie don't you know,
extending invitations to our pukka poets show.
It's for the literati and a real poetic treat
and anyone who's anyone is sure to book a seat.

They say we're nearly booked out - there'll be twenty there at least,
and after entertainment, we're to have a smashing feast.
There's cucumber sandwiches, with the crusts removed of course
and lots of lovely champers; Pater has a useful source.

No Mater won't be coming – poor old dear has lost the plot.
this morning as I practiced, she insisted it was rot.
Some cretin bushy poet --- yes the ones that always rhyme,
has turned her to the dark side – which I'm sure must be a crime.

© T.E. Piggott 20/3/2011

A Year in Review — Goldfields Bush Poetry Group

Hello to all bush poetry enthusiasts,

Another year has passed for the Goldfields Bush Poetry Group, and we're pleased to say it has been a good one. While we may not be a large gathering, the members and supporters who do attend always bring enthusiasm, thoughtful input, and a genuine love of bush poetry.

During the year, our group held special poetry nights celebrating the birthdays of two of Australia's most iconic poets — Andrew "Banjo" Paterson and Henry Lawson. On both occasions, a wide range of their works was read and recited, showcasing the depth, humour, and enduring relevance of these great writers. Both nights were thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

With our smaller group, much of the poetry shared throughout the year has come from modern-day poets, along with some heartfelt recitations of poetry written by family members or close friends. These personal connections always add something special to our evenings and remind us that bush poetry continues to live and grow through everyday voices.

Unfortunately, we did not have any visiting poets join us during 2025, but we are hopeful this will change in 2026.

As we look ahead, we would like to wish everyone all the very best for the coming year. We also take this opportunity to extend a warm invitation to anyone visiting Kalgoorlie to join us at one of our meetings.

The Goldfields Bush Poetry Group meets on the first Wednesday of each month at 7:30 pm at the Kalgoorlie Country Club, 108 Egan Street.

For further information, please contact
Ken Ball — 0419 943 376
Kal.stoneman@gmail.com

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IS SEARCHING FOR **STARS** of the **SOUTH**

\$10,000 In Prizes

If you can cook, we wanna taste it.
You a poet, we wanna read it.
You an artist, we wanna see it.
You a muso, we wanna hear it.

SCAN THE CODE TO CONTACT US TO FIND OUT MORE

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Eastwood/Hills Fellowship of Australian Writers

Literary Competition 2026

All Categories Open Theme

- Category 1 **Flash Fiction** – Max 500 words (excluding title)
First Prize \$150, Second Prize \$50
- Category 2 **Philippa Holland Award for Poetry** - Includes all forms of poetry except Bush Poetry*.
Max 80 lines per poem (excluding title).
First Prize \$150, Second Prize \$50
*See separate flyer for Boree Log Bush Poetry Competition
- Category 3 **Alan Russell Award for Memoir** – Max 1,500 words (excluding title)
First Prize \$150, Second Prize \$50
NB: For the purpose of this competition, memoir means an incident from one's own life and experiences
- Category 4 **Short Story** – Max 1,500 words (excluding title)
First Prize \$150, Second Prize \$50

Closing Date: **Friday 15th May, 2026** (entries must be post marked on or before this date)

Entry Fee: **\$8 per entry or \$30 for 4 entries**
Cheques or money orders payable to: **Fellowship of Australian Writers**
or direct deposit to our Westpac account: BSB 032180, Account: 360308
Please include your **Surname Initial LC** in remitter/description line.
Do not send cash in the mail. No receipts will be sent.

Email to: hillsfawcomp@gmail.com Email submissions must be sent as a Microsoft Word file (.doc or docx). A separate scanned entry form must be included with email submissions

or Post to: **Competition Secretary, Eastwood/Hills FAW**
PO Box 4663, North Rocks, NSW 2151

Enquiries: Carolyn Alfonzetti, email: carolyn.alfonzetti@me.com

(See Conditions of Entry)

Literary Competition 2026

Conditions of Entry

Please note: Entries not meeting all conditions will not be judged, nor will entry fee be refunded. It is always a shame when quality writing must be disqualified. Before submission, please tick boxes to ensure your entry complies (but **do not** submit this page).



1. Entries to be in **English**, the **original** and **unpublished** work of the entrant and **not to have won a monetary prize** in another competition
2. Each entry must be accompanied by a **separate signed entry form** e.g. 3 poems = 3 forms
3. An individual story/poem/memoir can only be entered in **one category**
4. **No entrant name to appear on manuscript** (only on entry form)
5. **Prose** (flash fiction, short stories and memoirs) to be **DOUBLE-SPACED**
Poetry can be **SINGLE-SPACED**.
6. Entries to be typed on **one side of A4 paper**
7. **Page number** and **title** to be on top or bottom of **each page** (including one-page entries)
8. **For entry fee paid by EFT, please attach a copy of your receipt**
9. **For posted entries, TWO copies** of each entry are required
10. Where a posted entry is **more than one page**, all pages must be **stapled** together

The decisions of the judges are final. Shortlisted entrants will be notified by email and will be invited to our Prize Presentation held via ZOOM on **Saturday 1st August, 2026**.

Results and Judges' comments will be published on our website as soon as possible after Presentation <http://hillsfaw.wordpress.com/>. Results will also be announced in the fellowship's bulletin *Writers Voice*. Entries will be destroyed after prize presentation.

Eastwood/Hills Fellowship of Australian Writers
Literary Competition 2026

ENTRY FORM
(One entry form for each entry. Category number, title and word count/lines must be clearly indicated)

Entrant Name: _____

Postcode: _____

Email: _____

Phone (if no email): _____

Entry Title: _____

Category Number: _____

Exact wordcount (prose) or **Lines** (poetry): _____ (both excluding title)

Payment Method: (please tick)

Cheque

Money Order

Electronic Funds Transfer (**please attach copy of receipt**)
(multiple entries may be covered by one cheque, MO or EFT)

Total Amount Paid:

Declaration:

- I have read the conditions of entry into this competition and agree to abide by them.
- **This entry is my own original work and has NOT been composed with the help of AI.**
- My entry has **NOT won a monetary prize in any previous competition** and has **NOT been published in print, online or on social media.**
- My entry will **NOT be entered into another competition until after the close of this competition.**
- I understand that copyright of my entry will remain with me at all times.

Please cross box if you'd prefer **not** to be reminded about this competition via email next year.

Signed _____ **Date** _____

Eastwood/Hills Fellowship of Australian Writers
Boree Log Award for Bush Verse 2026



First Prize: \$100 plus a trophy and certificate

Highly Commended and Commended certificates awarded at judge's discretion

for ballads maximum 80 lines (excluding title) written in **rhyme and metre**
and with an **Australian bush theme**

Father Patrick Hartigan (1872-1952) was ordained in 1903 and served in various positions, including twenty-seven years as parish priest at Narrandera. Writing under the pseudonym John O'Brien he published two volumes of poetry: *Around the Boree Log* in 1921, and, posthumously, *The Church at St Mel's*. He is fondly remembered for poems such as 'Said Hanrahan' and 'The Old Bush School'. He is buried in North Rocks near Parramatta.

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Cheques or money orders payable to: **Fellowship of Australian Writers**
or direct deposit to our Westpac account: BSB 032180, Account: 360308
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North Rocks, NSW 2151

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Eastwood/Hills Fellowship of Australian Writers

Boree Log Award for Bush Verse 2026

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1. Entries to be in **English**, the **original** and **unpublished** work of the entrant and **not to have won a monetary prize** in another competition
2. Ballad to be in **perfect rhyme and metre**, with **maximum 80 lines (excluding title)** and an **Australian bush theme**
3. Each entry must be accompanied by a **separate signed entry form** e.g. 3 poems = 3 forms
4. **No more than 4 entries per person**
5. **No entrant name to appear on manuscript** (only on entry form)
6. Entries to be typed on **one side of A4 paper** in **double or 1.5 line spacing**.
7. **Page number** and **title** to be on top or bottom of **each** page (including one-page entries)
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Eastwood/Hills Fellowship of Australian Writers

Boree Log Award for Bush Verse 2026

ENTRY FORM

(One entry form for each entry. Title and exact line count must be clearly indicated)

Entrant Name: _____

Postcode: _____

Email: _____

Phone (if no email): _____

Entry Title: _____

Category: **Boree Log** _____

Exact Number of Lines: _____ (excluding title)

Payment Method: (please tick)

- Cheque
- Money Order
- Electronic Funds Transfer (**please attach copy of receipt**)
(multiple entries may be covered by one cheque, MO or EFT)

Total Amount Paid:

Declaration:

- I have read the conditions of entry into this competition and agree to abide by them.
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Please cross box if you'd prefer **not** to be reminded about this competition via email next year.

Signed _____ Date _____

Bush Poets Muster Write Up 6th Feb courtesy of Bev Shorland

MC Heather Denholm welcomed everyone present and introduced the theme for the first half of the evening's entertainment. Poems by AB 'Banjo' Patterson to mark his birthday.

John Hayes *G Bung Polo Club* *by AB Patterson*

A rough and ready crew and their hardy working horses

Bev Shorland *Mulga Jill's Windsurfer* *(apologies to Banjo)*

Windsurfing down the Swan and onto Rottnest, terrifying for a first-time windsurfer.

David Sears *Saltbush Bill of the Overland* *by AB Patterson*

Travelling with sheep they must stick to the ½ mile track; the squatters move them on so the travelling sheep won't eat all their grass. Saltbush Bill spread the sheep out onto the fine grass of the Squatters run. The squatter's man and Saltbush fought – the dog he lost the fight.

Terry Piggott *Remember Mate* *by Terry Piggott*

Visiting his old mate at the Nursing Home he asks 'remember mate' the times we had on the track. When we went gold prospecting; the cold nights and beautiful sunrises. The hot summer days and the flies. 'Remember mate'.

Greg Pastoll *The Slang Police* *by Greg Pastoll*

Inspector Mordici hoping to catch out anyone who used slang or bad language would be severely fined or even a night in jail. Mordici dressed in a disguise in order to catch those who would dare to use slang. It didn't work very well as he was recognised and no one used slang or bad words were ever Mordici went

Lorraine Broun *Christmas Lunch* *by Lorraine Broun*

Starting the day with party games beginning with frozen peas and chopsticks, next a game with balloons then onto riddles – there was lots of laughter and then more drinks.

Daniel Avery *Three Turns and a Gallop* *by Daniel Avery*

A beautiful story about Daniel's love for horse. Now he owns a horse named Bailey and they enter Barrel races. Its fast and the turns require a good seat and strong grip, courage and skill.

Bill Gordon *Johnson's Antidote* *by AB Patterson*

Amid the deadly creatures of the outback Johnson thought he should create a snake bite antidote – he follows a goanna as it seems it has the answer to his quest.

Mick Martin *Shearing at Castlereagh* *by AB Patterson*

Extract - The youngsters picking up the fleece enjoy the merry din,
They throw the classer up the fleece, he throws it to the bin;
The pressers standing by the rack are watching for the wool,
There's room for just a couple more, the press is nearly full;
Now jump upon the lever, lads, and heave and heave away,
Another bale of golden fleece is branded "'Castlereagh.'

Supper

Reading from the Classics present by Meg Gordon (see article on page 3-4) Story of Banjo's grandmother, Emily Mary Barton (nee Darville) who married Robert Barton. Meg then presented the poem "Pen" by Emily Mary Barton.

Deb McQuire *My Father's Cotton Hankie* *by Deb McQuire*

The tale of her father's practical uses for his much-favoured cotton handkerchief, both in his professional life and while working at his hobbies, handyman efforts and family support. Deb shared this poem in memory of her father on what would have been his 100th birthday.

Deb McQuire *Ruled by Clown*

by Deb McQuire

A take on current world disharmony and how certain a 'leader's' actions and attitudes are affecting the situations that present.

Adrian Egan *A Tribute to Banjo*

Horseman, bush jockey, never just a poet he told of many stories of city and bush, and a war correspondent.

John Hayes *The Road to Danahey's*

by John O'Brien

A winding road – just keep going straight ahead – you know by the pepper tree that grows by the house door.

Rick Yeates *A Piscatorial Tale*

by Rick Yeates

The Middle Island Fishing Boy's tale of a buck party on Middle Island off Esperance, when the wedding ring was swallowed by a giant fish telling of the ongoing competition to catch the fish and recover the ring.

David Sears *The Man from Marble Bar*

by Victor Corrigan

A short poem about Australia's hottest town, Marble Bar, in 1924 they recorded 161 consecutive days over 100 degrees F, the hottest day recorded was 120.6 F

Daniel Avery *Samantha*

by Daniel Avery

Samantha was a wheelie she had spina bifida but she had a clever mind. She got her master's degree in Education and a PhD. She loved the outdoors; a very talented young woman.

Lorraine Broun *The Gym*

by Lorraine Broun

Time spent at the gym quite a tortuous experience with the closing line ...
And limp with limbs adraggin' towards the far-off exit door.

Jadwiga Poulson *Our First Morning Coffee Date*

by Jadwiga Poulson

Feeling a bit nervous – should I be early or should I be late? He was waiting at the station I was waiting at the mall

Terry Piggott *A Step too Far*

by Terry Piggott

What remains of old Joe's shack It was old and weathered, but it was his home. A well meaning do-gooder convinced him to move into town; he only lasted a couple of months. Those days are gone forever as I remember the stories told by the fireside.

Heather Denholm *Left Handers*

by Philly's.....

Forcefully encouraged to use the other hand the stress is caused Molly

Bill Gordon *The Women of the West*

by George Essex Evans

For love they faced the wilderness, the women of the west.

Mick Martin *The Eulo Love Poem*

by Mick Martin

She waited for her true match

The evening ended at 9.30

Next Muster: 3rd April 2026 at 7pm Plantation Drive, Swan Centre, Bentley

MC: Brian Coogan - 0417 171 092 - briancoogan@briancoogan.com

Theme: Anzac Day, Easter. Yarnspinning 2nd half

Submissions for April's Bully Tin due 23rd Mar 2026

Reminder: Could everyone who performs at Musters please have a synopsis available on the night for our scribe or send one via email to deb.mcquire@bigpond.com for the Muster Write Up. Thank you in advance

COMPETITIONS AND EVENTS AROUND AUSTRALIA

WRITTEN EVENTS are in PURPLE

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

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March 2026

4-7 March — Verse in the Valley NSW Performance Championships, daily walkups & open mic, workshops and music, Gloucester, NSW. See 27 February closing date

6 March — Closing Date — Logan Muddy River Performance Poetry Competition, Beenleigh, Queensland.

14 March — Logan Muddy River Performance Poetry Competition, Beenleigh, Queensland.
See 6 March closing date.

April 2026

16-19 April — Man from Snowy River Bush Festival

(incorporating the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships), Corryong, Victoria. Performance & **Written competitions**. See 27 February closing date.

May 2026

3 May — Closing Date — Grenfell Henry Lawson Festival Poetry and Short Story Prize, Grenfell, NSW.
ENTRY FORM (online)



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