

# BULLY TIN



**The August muster will be on Zoom  
Please see instructions on Page 5**

**Adelaide Plains Poets Poetry Competition  
2020 - VISION  
CONGRATULATIONS - Peter O'Shaughnessy  
Third Place: A Vision of Hell**



Submitted by Greg Joass

It's not a poem this time, but something to ponder on. Apparently the Oxford dictionary does not have a collective noun for a group of poets. This seems a shameful lack as even crows occur in murders and rhinoceros in crashes, so why should poets be left out. There have been various attempts over the years by different groups and individuals to come up with something suitable. Suggestions include things like a stanza of poets, a prose of poets, a metre of poets, a declamation of poets etc. There is even a poem about the need for a collective noun for poets (by Alice Jane-Marie Massa), which recommended an exclamation of poets.

We are a distinct subspecies of the family of poets, so I think we should have our own collective noun, something suitable for a group of bush poets. I would like to suggest the following possibilities:

A brawl of bush poets

An oration of bush poets

A ballad of bush poets

## TOODYAY BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL

With the easing of Covid restrictions,  
It is anticipated that the  
**TOODYAY BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL**  
will go ahead as planned on  
**October 30, 31 and November 1, 2020.**

### TOODYAY BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL 2020 PROGRAM OF EVENTS

#### Friday 30th October CWA rooms Toodyay

- 9.00am – Set up Memorial Hall
- 1.00pm – 4.00pm Song writing and poetry workshop  
with **Terry Bennetts**
- 6.00pm – Meet and Greet, dinner at Freemasons Hotel

#### Saturday 31st October Memorial Hall, Toodyay

- 9.00am – Junior Original, Junior Other Walk ups
- 10.00am – Novice Original, Novice Other Walk ups
- 11.00am – Yarnspinning
- 12.00pm – Lunch
- 12.50pm – Official Opening.  
Toodyay Shire representative
- 1.00pm – State Championship - Traditional
- 3.00pm – State Championship – Modern
- 5.00pm – Finish
- 7.00pm – 10.00pm – Evening Entertainment.  
**Terry Bennetts** plus WA performers  
Winners of Written Competition  
(Silver Quill) announced.

#### Sunday 1st November Memorial Hall, Toodyay

- 7.30am – Bush Poet's Breakfast  
(Lions Club catering) Walk-ups
- 9.00am – Poets Brawl
- 9.30am – State Championship – Original Serious
- 11.30am – Roadwise challenge poems
- 1.00pm – State Championship – Original Humorous
- 3.00pm – Judges Performance
- 4.00pm – Presentation of awards to  
Performance Winners

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and posted with the generous assistance of BEN WYATT, MLA - Member for Victoria Park.  
Thanks to Greg Roberts for doing our printing.**

# President's Preamble September 2020



President's Preamble, September 2020

It seems surreal to be living life almost normal here in WA while the east coast of Australia and now New Zealand endure the ravages of Covid 19. Meanwhile our only restriction is not being able to meet for our regular musters because of the ultra-cautious approach by the management of Swan Care. I must say that I fully endorse their conservative approach.

Meg and I are currently taking advantage of the WA liberties and are now at Bullara Station, near Coral Bay. Travelling with us are Jem and Bev plus Maxine and Christine. Tony and Sue are somewhere further north as are Terry and Virginia Bennetts. We hope to catch them in Broome shortly. This week we did our first gig since Boyup Brook and the March muster. I guess it is not surprising that the rust has set in. We now have plenty of homework to do to relearn our poems. It makes me realise how much it means to us to be able to stand in front of an appreciative audience.

We are making progress with the website and now have more poets who have updated their posts. If yours is not up to date send me your bio (50 to 300 words) plus a high resolution photo. Make sure you include your contact phone number and email so anyone looking for a poet can contact you directly. At the moment most enquiries are directed through me, a task I do not relish.

As I mentioned last month, Toodyay and Nambung are both going ahead although it seems unlikely that we will be able to get judges from the east and Nambung might have to be a WA only event. The program for Toodyay can be found elsewhere in this Bullytin. Entries are also open for the Silver Quill so it is time to enter some of the many poems you have written while we have been restricted from performing.

Bill Gordon President.

## "Another Economic Riddle"

by C. J. Dennis

I venerate economists  
As very learned blokes,  
But when in paradox they speak  
Their meaning oft I vainly seek,  
Suspecting subtle jokes.  
They say the whole world's down and out;  
But here's what I can't see:  
If every land, beyond all doubt,  
In all the world is up the spout –  
Then who's the mortgagee?

Do we owe money in the moon,  
Or some celestial land?  
Or have we creditors in Mars,  
Or other fixed and unfixed stars,  
Who hold our notes of hand?  
If not, why all the fuss and fret?  
I've conned it o'er and o'er,  
And find no clear solution yet.  
If all the earth is deep in debt,  
Who is the creditor?

When men go into bankruptcy  
The case is plain as day:  
What is not in the dear wife's name  
Grim creditors will promptly claim,  
And assets melt away.  
But when a whole wide world's in soak  
And cannot raise the tin,  
Here's where I half suspect a joke:  
When all the earth goes stoney broke,  
Who puts the bailiffs in?



**Clarence  
Michael  
James  
Stanislaus  
Dennis**

**better known  
as**

**C. J. Dennis  
Born  
7th Sept  
1876**



## "March Flies" by C. J. Dennis

Now comes the time when we douse flies  
With various kinds of sprays  
The sand flies, and the house flies,  
And the flies with furtive ways.  
But I keep my hate for the large flies  
That come for the tree-lined creek  
Those arch flies, the March flies  
With a crosscut saw for a beak.

Now, most flies rouse in the autumn  
From the summer's drowsy daze,  
And they bite as nature taught 'em,  
In various styles and ways.  
They nip, or they stab or they burrow;  
But the fly that knocks me out  
Is the March fly, with the dull, dead eye  
And a crosscut saw for a snout.

Now the house flies come to the table  
Or busily play on the pane;  
And our rage and heat they calmly treat  
With the uttermost disdain.  
And the buzz-flies buzz and blunder,  
And the sandflies dig right in;  
But my whole soul shrinks when the March fly sinks  
His crosscut under my skin.

He's a sneak and an arrant coward,  
And the lowest of low-down cows,  
By nature ghoulishly dowered  
With a weapon no law allows.  
And it isn't the pain he gives me  
Nor the blood he may chance to draw,  
It's the loathsome way that he makes foul play  
With his really terrible,  
Most unbearable,  
Horrible crosscut saw.

## ***There will never be another Johnny James***

**Johnny James (1949-2003)**

(Barefoot cattleman, self-confessed juvenile poddy dodger, drover, horse breaker, wild bull wrangler, yard builder, speedway enthusiast, bush poet and a bloody top bloke)

***Where has the Aussie bushman gone,***

***T'was once upon this land,***

***Proud, staunch and honest men,***

***Who would always lend a hand,***

***They would rather lose their life,***

***Than lose a mate or friend.***

***Worry, Johnny James 2002***

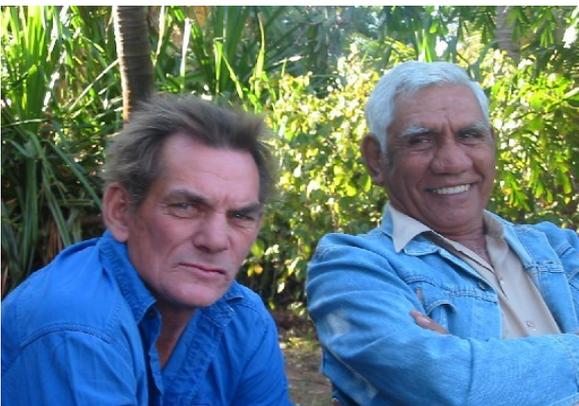
A fitting epitaph for a Kimberley legend, taken well before his time in a helicopter crash whilst mustering on his beloved Yakka Munga the following year.

Born in Brisbane, James claims he began his cattleman's career at the grand old age of 10, when he would relieve cattle yards of poddies, carry them home on his bicycle and feed them on milk, acquired during early morning paper deliveries.

Leaving home at 16, he headed north to fulfil his dream of sometime owning his own cattle station.

*So John perused the paper  
For offers to recruit  
The paper had an ad  
For stockmen wanted  
At a station in the north  
Experience no prob  
We'll teach you on the job*

He realised his dream in 1979, after 15 years of hard slog and dogged persistence, when he finally acquired a station called Manguel which he renamed Yakka Munga. Ironically he wanted his beloved Yakka Munga to remain in his family's hands forever; however it was not to be, due to his untimely death and a 1989 will. The fate of the station was determined by the court and is now owned by the Chinese.



*Johnny James with Sam Lovell at the  
2002 Derby Bush Poets' Breakfast.*

### **PIKA BULLOCK**

I was yarded on the setting sun  
Along with my Mum  
I was roped and tugged to the panel  
Cut, dehorned and branded  
And let go with the mob  
The mob was soon let out of the yard  
And taken along for coachers  
As the mob soon grew  
And cleanskin cattle  
Were cut and left our paces  
I'll never forget of a man and a horse  
Before I knew what was in store  
The following year I was old and wiser  
And didn't have Mum at all  
Once I saw the horsemen in sight  
I left my mates in full flight  
And headed for the gullies and scrub  
And dropped right out of sight  
I lay on my guts and didn't move  
Just nostril flared and smelling the air  
The horse and man to fear  
I stayed there till night  
Then drifted to the pastures to feed  
I grew old and wise  
And knew where to hide  
But the years took their toll all the same  
I grew shelly and weak  
And could hardly eat  
All my teeth have gone by  
I walked to drink from an old billabong  
Which I knew from many a year  
But the season was light  
And slush I had to fight  
In vain I shed a tear  
But one thing I'll say  
I had my day  
I beat 'em right to the end  
No meatworks that I did arrive  
No parting of hide  
Or boning, or tallow or byes.

## Change

I drifted to the Kimberleys in 1965,  
I knew this was the country that had potential to  
provide,  
The work was in abundance and stations just galore,  
Of ringers and mustering camps and drovers by the score,  
The blacks were proud and happy men,  
What happened to them all?  
They were taken from the stations for political reasons  
which they don't understand,  
They were told to drink alcohol just like white men  
Which they were never accustomed to,  
So trouble then began,  
Tis not the old black fellas fault,  
Tis done by the white man's hand,  
The ones that live in the city,  
The ones that don't understand,  
The old cattleman of the land were proud of his blacks  
They would always boast of the boys,  
Of the horses they rode and the horses they  
threwed  
But now of today they give them land,  
And money just galore,  
And they are told to sit and don't do a thing,  
Or else they will get no more,  
Tis not the way to make them proud,  
Just dishing out the coin,  
They must be made to stand on their feet,  
To work and produce from this land,  
To keep their country fresh and clean,  
Just like before the white man came,  
So it's up to them to make the change,  
Once more to be proud of their land

Speak to old timers (and a lot of not-so-old ones) everyone who knew Johnny James has a story to tell about him.

*People who may read this  
And knew the man concerned  
Could add a dozen stories  
'Bout things from John we've learned*

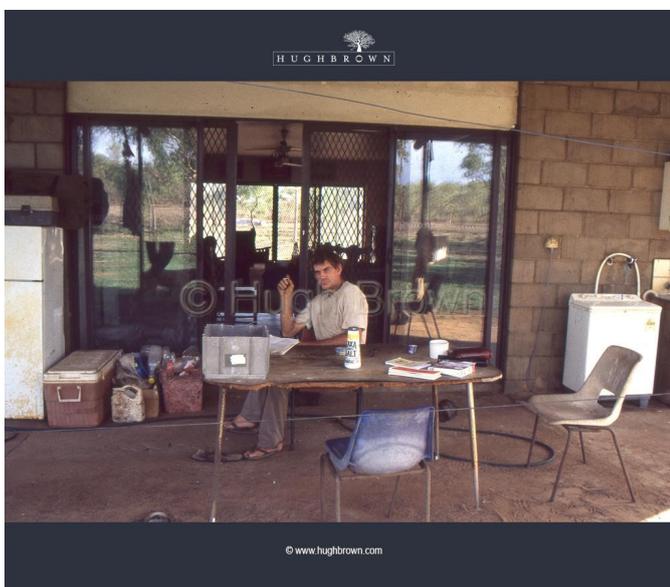
James' life and times were the basis of a number of poems delivered with passion over the years at Derby Bush Poets' Breakfasts. His own poetry was as rough and passionate as the man himself. No fancy anthologies, just jottings on the back of old bills and anything else near at hand. Keith Lethbridge, winner of the Elder's Bush Poetry Prize with *Yakka Munga Man* at the 2005 Derby Bush Poets' Breakfast aptly describes his work

*He couldn't match the masters with his rhythm or his rhyme,  
And his onomatopoeia didn't matter half the time,  
He held some strong opinions and he wrote the way he spoke,*

And the final verse of *Yakka Munga Man* sums up the life and times of the man:

*So now he's with his maker, "shuffled off his mortal coil",  
No more he'll roll a scrubber, nor watch the billy boil,  
No more he'll work from dawn to dusk then half way through the night,  
To muster one more gully run or set a windmill right,  
No more he'll stir an audience with passion in his eyes.  
His spruiking days are over, but a legend never dies,  
And for all your great bush poets and those fancy, famous names,*

*There'll never be another Johnny James.*



Special thanks to Dave Morrell and Keith Lethbridge for allowing me to plunder their poems— *Johnny James and Yakka Munga Man* respectively. Dave Morrell is in the process of putting an anthology together and I look forward to profiling him and his work in the near future.

Re the poems, *Pika Bullock* was transcribed by Dave from the 2004 Derby Bush Poets' Breakfast CD. *Change* and the photo to the left is courtesy of Hugh Brown, documentary photographer, who spent a memorable night in 1999, camping on Johnny James' doorstep, in front of where he is sitting, after a few rums of course. See more of Hugh's work at <https://www.hughbrown.com/>

Robyn Bowcock, August 2020.

## The waves are mounting

Sad numbers are growing, the graphs show it clear.  
The borders are closing; resurgence of fear.  
Some cities are quiet, new permits are penned.  
All hopes pinned on wresting this wave; flatten bend.

There's so many numpty's ignoring the rules.  
They've no thought for others, they're acting like fools.  
Restrictions are taxing there's none can deny  
But risk is so massive, could all please comply?

Again thoughts are brewing food stocks may run low.  
Suppliers and transport reset, on go slow.  
Effects like a ripple 'cross our country wide  
Brings damage to all; spreading like a black tide.

But trouble's compounded as world issues loom.  
This year each day fosters fresh feelings of doom.  
Along with the memory of past strife exhumed  
We teeter on knives edge with dark thoughts consumed.

What could we be facing, what new nasty thorn?  
There's many an issue that darkens each dawn.  
All battle their demons, some strike out in fright  
Like fearful small children alone in the night.

It's not time to quarrel, apportion the blame.  
We're all of us players in this tragic game.  
It's time to make treaties bring forward some peace  
With more understanding, reverse man's caprice.

This world is in peril 'gainst threats many fold.  
In history's pages what tales shall be told  
Or will this be fatal for all human kind?  
We seem to be looking with eyes that are blind.

It's hard to be hopeful when facing our foe  
Find ways we can triumph world's future not blow.  
Each day new sun rises, we listen and wait  
For good news to surface some threats to abate.

© DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire) – 7<sup>th</sup> Aug 2020

## Updating 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

**Is your membership current?  
Are your contact details up-to-date?  
Please contact Sue Hill - Treasurer  
suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com  
0418 941 016**

## **MUSTER VIA ZOOM!!**

Technology is booming and in an endeavour to keep pace and stay connected, the WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners will be conducting a **zoom muster on 4th September**, which is our normal muster date.

**Everyone is invited to attend.** To do so you will need to download zoom onto your computer which is very simple.

Just go to **zoom.us/download**. Wait for download to finish and then it should appear somewhere on your desk top. If not type zoom into your search bar.

**Please be aware not to go to** zoom.com as you will be inundated with so called free sites but they are not free and going down the path they require will leave you frustrated and weary.

Once you have done that forward your email to me at: [meggordon4@bigpond.com.au](mailto:meggordon4@bigpond.com.au) and I will schedule the time of the meeting and send you a link. Simply **open zoom** from your desk top or search bar and **click on the link in your email** and you will come to a page with a prompt **JOIN MEETING** which you can click on and immediately join the meeting. (Note: this will not happen if you haven't downloaded zoom and opened it first!)

Please have your computer **microphone on maximum audio** and if you don't want to be seen or your connection is weak, please turn **OFF** your video. This icon is on the bottom of your screen along with the mute button (make sure this icon is unmuted as well or we won't be able to hear you)

It is very simple and I hope you will join us, particularly if you want to perform a new poem. Just being able to say hello or listen is great too.

This is going to be a trial run and if successful we will be conducting our AGM in July in this way as it is not likely that we can go back to Bentley for some time yet.

If anyone is having difficulty with this technology please give me a ring **(0404075108)** and I can talk you through the process, believe me you will be pleased to be a part of this new muster! There will be no rugging up to go out and brave the elements.

Also the Committee is pressing on with plans for Toodyay in the hope that we can still have a festival or gathering in November. However it will have to be local involvement only.

Meg Gordon

## September's topic -

### 'Bloody Technology'

#### Mobile madness

That sheila at the Telstra shop's a female Al Capone,  
She took me to the cleaners with a useless mobile phone,  
I thought I'd get that new 'Next G' and dump CDMA,  
'Cause out here in the bush, that means Can't Do Much Anyway.

She fairly bashed me eardrums with this new technology,  
But all those fancy phrases really meant stuff all to me.  
She reckons it takes photographs, and emails them afar,  
Then gives you all the gossip on some fancy movie star.

It lets you check the weather map and sell your shares as well,  
Jump-starts the bloody tractor too, as far as I could tell.  
There's music you can download and a million games to play,  
As if a man had bugger all to occupy his day.

I said, "I've got a watch that lets me know the time and date,  
I only want a phone so I can ring me bloody mate,  
A phone that won't keep dropping off, but comes through loud and clear,  
Without some teenage 'Rapper' excavating in me ear."

She offered me a special plan that quite appealed to me,  
Calls cost three fifths of bugger all; the phone itself was free.  
But when I got that mobile home, I knew without a doubt,  
That bloody sheila conned me mate, it won't ring in or out.

I've never used the stupid thing; I doubt I ever will,  
While Telstra keeps reminding me to pay another bill,  
It's costing me a fortune for that useless mobile phone,  
And all because of Telstra and that female Al Capone.

© P Blyth 2007

#### Another kind of courage

She'd never guessed how this could end; she'd been a little  
fool;  
it started all those years ago when she was still at school.  
Addiction was a curse for those who fell beneath its spell;  
she rued her youthful weakness; was regretful you could tell.

She knew it would take courage to be rid now of this curse,  
there'd be a price to pay; withdrawal symptoms may be worse.  
Two days then passed without a fix; somehow she had stayed strong -  
ignored the ringing in her head and proved the experts wrong.

Today would be the starting point to once more gain control,  
she'd leave behind her foolishness and cleanse her weary soul.  
She paused there for a moment just to clear her tortured mind,  
then walked out through the door and left her mobile phone behind.

© T.E. Piggott

#### What's in a name

Technology's tools known by acronym name;  
Keeps knowledge well-hidden and drives one insane .  
But this is a practice long used by so many  
To make them unique and charge a big penny.  
As lawyers and doctors, accountants all do  
Use language exclusive, chaotic to view.  
Devoid of right insight we battle to read;  
The meaning so hidden that most will concede  
To power and privilege of this trick of speech.  
But do not roll over, don't fear, I beseech.  
The day I found out the term **TWAIN** was so bland  
It filled me with hope that I would understand  
That working in IT was not a false dream.  
By learning the terms I'd be part of tech team;  
For **TWAIN** is so simple they should feel great shame.  
It's *Technology Without An Interesting Name*.  
I'm kidding you not, I'm not telling a lie.  
Is writ in tech history; use Google to spy.

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#### Computer Blues by Frank Heffernan Oct. 2013

I love our new computer for the clever things we do;  
It saves me lots of pencils that I used to sit and chew.  
But even though I love it; ..... it annoys me even worse!  
It makes me so frustrated that I want to swear and curse.  
I've had a hundred emails all gone without a trace,  
Consigned to distant galaxies somewhere in cyber space.  
I've called the god of internet to demand he tell me why?  
But the rotten sod won't answer and it makes me want to cry.

But if I get computer skills, they said would be a perk;  
So I could be an office Jock and never have to work.  
The sales pitch and the lies they told will never yet be true,  
'Cos they always shift the goal posts to give us something new.  
Once, I used to end my working day with a cosy night in bed;  
Now I'm curled up in a chair playing stupid games instead.  
I think I've caught that virus called the new 'Computer Blues';  
I've googled all the Nursing Homes wondering which to choose.  
But I've come to this conclusion; it's an utter waste of time,  
To own a smart computer while I'm dreaming silly rhyme!

## WA POETS ON THE MOVE

A convoy of WA Bush Poets left the cold southern regions of WA just before the August Muster. Bill and Meg Gordon joined Christine Boulton, Maxine Richter, Jem and Bev Shorland and set up camp at the home of Irene and Roy Conner in Jurien Bay. Jem, Bev and Christine visited the Jurien Bay senior citizens and performed at their morning tea. Back at Irene's pots of home made soup and barbecues were enjoyed in Roy's man cave while watching some entertaining football by the fire.



**The Zoom Muster** was set up in the dining room. Eight poets and one dog participated in the evening and there were about five other members who listened in. Some new poems were heard as well as some of the old favourites. It would be lovely to see more members at these meetings until we can meet face to face again.



*Rob Gunn, Maxine Richter, Bill Gordon, Bob Brackenbury, Heather Denham MC, Greg Joass, Nancy Coe*



Meg Gordon, Bill Gordon and Christine Boulton were *deckies* for boat owner Derek on a fishing excursion off Jurien Bay. The main excitement of the day was seeing the giant sea lions on Essex Rock and catching one fish, not a big enough feed for 10! We kissed it and threw it back! Jem and Bev were in Roy's boat eating ginger biscuits. They didn't catch any fish!



*Maxine Richter, Bill Gordon and Roger Cracknell*

On leaving Jurien Bay the poets moved on to Geraldton to visit another poet Roger Cracknell and his wife Jan. Another barbecue and more poetry was enjoyed before we headed further north into the path of a wild cold front, which meant we couldn't visit the station country just yet. We bunkered down just off the highway and enjoyed a couple of days of poetry and music and walks in the bush.



*Christine Boulton and Jan Cracknell holding Hetty*



**ZOOM BUSH POETS MUSTER**  
**Muster Write-up 7<sup>th</sup> August 2020**



**MC Heather Denham** welcomed everyone with a poem that she had written out the back of Bourke in a caravan park.

**Meg Gordon** – “The Ostrich and The Dove” (Tess Earnshaw) An ill matched pair fall in love and marry. Opposites might attract but this pair didn’t quite make it.

**Rob Gunn** – “Australia” (Mick Colliss) I love this place Australia, there is so many things to love, the people from every nation, the cricket, the footy and the beer.

**Christine Boulton** – “The Ring” (Christine Boulton) A man’s wife lost her wedding ring. Searching the beach, it was important to find the ring a symbol of true love and dreams.

**Bill Gordon** – “The Cattle Dog’s Revenge” (Jack Drake) The visitors from hell. City folks brought their useless dog, who ran amok till Woody the cattle dog put him straight.

**Peter Nettleton** – “Rain From Nowhere” (Murray Hartin) A farmer looking at the reality of a bad drought and dying cattle sees the difficulties. Will it be the end of his farm and his life? Till a letter arrived from his Dad and his perspective of life was changed.

**Bev Shorland** – “Reedy River” (Henry Lawson) A beautiful descriptive romantic poem.

**Greg Joass** – “The Tale of A Shaggy Dog” (Greg Joass). Bruce, a big beer drinker arrives home very drunk, wakes in the middle of the night terrified by the sight of a vicious shaggy dog, which turns out to be a table in the morning light.

**Lesley McAlpine** – “Instructions” (Pete Stratford) Having read the instructions first, he is now driving the tractor alone down a country track, an interesting experience for a 10 year old!

**Heather Denham** – Advice from the Real Estate Agent about reading between the lines of advertisements.

**Meg Gordon** – “The Oldest Mum” (Peg Vickers) The 86yo Mum gave birth to a baby boy. She is entertaining friends with biscuits and tea and has forgotten where she left the baby.

**Rob Gunn** – “Today To Morrow” (Based on a poem by Bob Gibson) Buying a train ticket to Morrow was the hardest thing to do so he went back to the pub.

**Christine Boulton** – “Sticking To Bill” (Henry Lawson) A woman who waits by the prison gates is waiting for her Bill.

**Lesley McAlpine** – “Stepping Stones” (Joan Strange) An elderly lady about to go into aged care, helpers are preparing to throw away her stone collection. Each holds a memory, they mean much to her and her grandson.

**Heather Denham** – Recalled visiting a resident in a village. She could only have one family photo in her room so she displayed the biggest photo collage of her family on her wall.

**Greg Joass** – “Charlie’s Swim” (Greg Joass) A country lad went fishing at the coast. Never having seen the sea before Charlie is swept over by a large wave.

**Peter Nettleton** – Studying poetry at university, comparing Keats and Patterson as romantic poets.

**Heather Denham** – “This Year 2020” (Heather Denham) This year is like no other. Cancelling travels, being alone etc

**Lesley McAlpine** – “Hugging” (Dean Wally) Describes the best things about hugging.

**Bill Gordon** – “The Useless Kelpie Sheep Dog” (Peg Vickers) Andy Watson kicks the winning goal. How did he do it? It was all because of his useless kelpie sheep dog.

**Meeting Closed 8.25pm**

**Next Muster via  due 4th Sept 2020**

## COMPETITIONS AROUND

### AUSTRALIA 2020

For more details and entry forms please go to the ABPA website [www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au)

and [www.writingwa.org](http://www.writingwa.org)

WRITTEN EVENTS are in RED



### AUGUST

**1 August - Closing Date**

- **Logan Bush Poetry Competition**, Logan Queensland.

**28 August - Closing Date - Logan Bush Poets Annual Bush Poetry Competition (performance)**, Logan Queensland.

**31 August - Closing Date**

- **Betty Olle Poetry Award**, Kyabram Victoria.

### SEPTEMBER

**1 September - Closing Date**

- **C J Dennis Poetry Competition**.

Toolangi, Victoria.

**11-13 September**

- **Logan Bush Poets Annual Bush Poetry Competition**. Performance and written.

Logan Queensland.

See 28 August closing date (performance) and

**1 August closing date (written)**.

### OCTOBER

**2 October - Closing Date**

- **Silver Quill Written Competition** in conjunction with WA Stat Championships

**30 October - 1 November**

- **WA State Championships**. Performance and **Silver Quill written**. Toodyay WA.

See 2 October closing date for **Silver Quill written competition**.

Road Wise Poem Competition (for Toodyay 2020):

.This year's topic is "Towards Zero".

### NOVEMBER

**1 November (from 30 October)**

- **WA State Championships**. Performance and **Silver Quill written**. Toodyay WA.

**30 November - Closing Date**

- **Dusty Swag Awards**. Poetry, short stories; adults and children; online or mailed.

Portarlinton Victoria.

### APRIL

**30 April 2021 - Closing Date**

- **50th Bronze Swagman Award for Bush Verse**.

Winton, Queensland.

## Adelaide Plains Poets Poetry Competition

**2020 - VISION** *extract from Judge's Report*

*First Place: Outside, Looking In - David Campbell*

*Second Place: Sentinels of Stone - Jim Kent .*

*Third Place: A Vision of Hell - Peter O'Shaughnessy*

*Highly Commended: Seer - Shaine Melrose*

*Commended* which are listed below, but not in any order of merit.

**Breaksea Light - Janice Williams**

**Reading Between the Lines - Kerry Harte .**

**Water Journey - Janice Williams**

**Octopus Eyes - Gordon McPherson**

**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.

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## The BT Editor's monthly call

I'm editor, compiler so I am on the trail;  
Each month to track down poems, set sight on quirky tale  
Of days of old and current times some good or sometimes grim.  
For members all sat waiting to read next Bully Tin.

I'm editor, compiler please send me an email  
Your efforts on computer; perhaps use old snail mail.  
There's little point me poaching old words just off a 'page'  
This information munching in time will show its age.

I'm editor, compiler, I'm at your beck and call.  
Please save me from the danger of hitting head on wall.  
Write some verse, send it in by 'puter or postie's bike  
Poems past and present: Aussie bush style that we like.

© DM-In Verse (Deb McQuire) – 21<sup>st</sup> July 2020

**Bully Tin monthly writing theme:**

**October's topic I've selected 'Love it or hate it'**

**This is only a suggested title but speaks to the theme of the poem.**

**Please submit a poem of 8 - 20 lines for inclusion in**

**Octobers Bully Tin - no prizes just for fun.**

**(available space being a limiting factor).**

Do you want to be part of the  
National Scene —  
Then you might consider  
joining the  
Australian Bush Poets Assn  
[www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au)

**Stay up to date with events  
and competitions right across  
Australia**

**Lots of great information on their  
website, winning poems, a writing  
forum, tips for writing and reciting,  
competition dates....**



## Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2019- 2020

<b>President</b>	Bill Gordon	0428 651 098	northlands@wn.com.au
<b>Vice President</b>	Peter “Stinger” Nettleton	0407 7700 53	stinger@iinet.net.au
<b>Secretary</b>	Rodger Kohn - <i>Bully Tin Mail Out</i>	0419 666 168	rodgershirley@bigpond.com
<b>Treasurer</b>	Sue Hill	0418 941 016	suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com

### **Committee**

Irene Conner	- <i>State Rep APBA</i>	0429 652 155	iconner21@wn.com.au
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Bev Shorland		0487 764 897	shorland@iinet.net.au
Bob Brackenbury		0418 918 884	brack123@gmail.com
Robert Gunn	- <i>Sound gear set up</i>	0417 099 676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Rhonda Hinkley	- <i>Librarian</i>	0417 099 676	gun.hink@hotmail.com

### **Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:**

Deb McQuire	- <i>Bully Tin editor</i>	0428 988 315	deb.mcquire@bigpond.com
Tony Hill	- <i>Supper &amp; BT Mail out</i>	0418 929 493	suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com
Fleur Mead	- <i>Web Master contact c/- Pres</i>	0428 651 098	northlands@wn.com.au

## **Regular Events**

<b>WA Bush Poets:</b>	1st Friday each month	<u>MC for Sept</u>	Ph. Robert Asplin 0448 150 757
	- 7pm Bentley Park Auditorium 26 Plantation Dr, Bentley		
<b>Albany Bush Poetry group:</b>	Last Tuesday each month		Ph. Peter Blyth - 9844 6606
	- 7.30pm 1426 Lower Denmark Rd, Elleker		
<b>Bunbury Bush Poets:</b>	1st Monday every 2nd month		Ph. Alan Aitken - 0400 249 243
	- Rose Hotel Cnr. Wellington & Victoria St Bunbury or Ian Farrell 0408 212 636		
<b>Geraldton Bush Poets:</b>	2nd Tuesday each month		Ph. Roger & Jan Cracknell - 0427 625 181
	- 6pm Rec. Rm, Belair Caravan Park, Geraldton. or Irene Conner - 0429 652 155.		
	* Bring and share snacks for tea.		
<b>Goldfields Bush Poetry Group:</b>	1st Wednesday each month.		Ph. Paul Browning - 0416 171 809

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](http://www.abpa.org.au) or [www.bushverse.com](http://www.bushverse.com)

Address correspondence for the “Bully Tin” to: Bully Tin Editor, PO Box 364, Bentley 6982 or [deb.mcquire@bigpond.com](mailto:deb.mcquire@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

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](http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au)**

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

<b>Members' Poetic Products</b>					
Terry Piggott	Books		Arthur Leggett	Book	
Peter Blyth	Books, CDs		Keith Lethbridge	Books	
John Hayes	Books, CDs	Christine Boulton	Book, CD	Val Read	Books
Tim Heffernan	Book	Pete Stratford	Books	Peg Vickers	Books, CD
Brian Langley	Books, CDs	Roger Cracknell	Book, CD	Terry Bennetts	Music, CDs
Frank Heffernan	Book	Bill Gordon	CD	Jack Bock	Book