

## BULLY TIN



Next Muster Friday 3rd Dec 2021 at 7pm at [Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park](#)  
 December Muster MC Robert Gunn 0417 099 676 [gunnpoet@hotmail.com](mailto:gunnpoet@hotmail.com)  
 Christmas poems if possible...first half. Christmas cake and port.

### The Ultimate Test - by Mick Collis

Dear Dad

Remember the day that you took me to town  
 And we went to the S.C.G?  
 You bought me a flag and we stood on the hill  
 And I sat on your shoulders to see.  
 And remember my words when the game reached its end  
 How I said what I wanted to do?  
 I said "That was great, dad and when I grow up,  
 I'll play for Australia, too."

Well here I am dad, I've stayed true to my word  
 But it's not how I hoped it would be.  
 The crowds have all gone and the ground is a mess  
 And there's nobody cheering for me.  
 I'm hungry and cold but I'm starting to sweat  
 Mere words can't describe how I feel.  
 I'm not in a jersey, I'm not wearing shorts  
 And my first cap is mad out of steel.

My guts in a knot and I almost feel sick  
 I've gone two whole days without sleep.  
 My feet are quite damp for we walked 'most the night  
 Through mud that was six inches deep.  
 I'm nervous as hell and I can't settle down  
 I keep wondering how well I'll do,  
 But I guess that's just normal and how it should be  
 On the eve of my national debut.

The waiting's the worst thing, we just sit around.  
 What happens is out of our hands.  
 We all feel like pawns in a big game of chess  
 Swapping lives for a small stretch of land.  
 So many have fallen, it seems such a waste  
 To say it's a lark is a lie.  
 I'll do what I'm told and I'll keep my head down  
 And I'll pray that the Lords on my side.

Well dad, I must go for we're ready to start  
 It seems we've been given the word.  
 The silence is eerie, the boys are all quiet  
 Our heartbeat's the only sound heard.  
 We'll stick with each other, we'll fight till we drop  
 We'll each give far more than our best.  
 Tell mum I am happy, I ask for no more  
 For this is the ultimate test.

Your son.



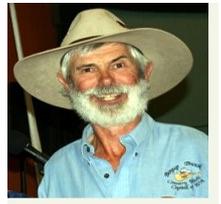
### A Poem for Remembrance Day

Why are they selling poppies, Mummy?  
 Selling poppies in town today.  
 The poppies, child, are flowers of love  
 For the men who marched away.  
 But why have they chosen a poppy, Mummy?  
 Why not a beautiful rose?  
 Because my child, men fought and died  
 In the fields where the poppies grow.  
 But why are the poppies so red, Mummy?  
 Red is the colour of blood, my child.  
 The blood that our soldiers shed  
 The heart of the poppy is black, Mummy  
 Why does it have to be black?  
 Black my child is the symbol of grief  
 For the men who never came back.  
 But why mummy are you crying so?  
 Your tears are giving you pain.  
 My tears are my fears for you my child.  
 For the world is forgetting again.

Anonymous

This Bully Tin has been printed and postage provided by the generous assistance  
 of the office of KATE DOUST MLC

## President's Preamble December 2021



A good number of members of WABPYS travelled to Bunbury for the funeral for Elaine Smith. Elaine was a great supporter of WA Bush Poets along with her late husband Dave who left us almost three years ago. Both were valued members of our association and of the team that ran the Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival. Her warm welcoming smile will be sadly missed by her many friends in our association.

Toodyay is done and dusted for another year. Congratulations to Michael Darby and Peter Nettleton, winners of the poetry and yarnspinning respectively. The competition among the poets was particularly strong as evidenced by the fact that we had four separate winners in the four sections of competition. Christine Boulton was second overall and Roger Cracknell third. I was pleased to see Chris Taylor win the original humorous category. Chris has been a writer of note for some time and it is good to see him emerge as a performer as well.

Mick Colliss presented a very different workshop at Toodyay. Mick came to prominence with his "Poem in an Hour" on 6PR breakfast show a few years ago. His informal talk on what he has done and where poetry has taken him was both interesting and inspiring. His challenge to all participants to write a poem in an hour with the title "My Name is Cleo" and a selection of words to be included produced some varied results.

It takes a considerable effort to stage the Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival. Thank you to all members who contributed to the planning and running of the weekend. Thanks also to the poets who supported Nambung and Have a Go Day.

Terry Bennetts is enjoying more success, this time winning the humorous song at the Gidgee Coal Awards. His song "Welcome to Australia" is a reminder of all the creatures we have that make overseas visitors reluctant to explore our countryside and play with the wildlife.

Our last gathering for this year will be the December Muster comprising of Port, Pies and Poetry. Please bring a present (value \$10) for the Secret Santa. Bring a friend and enjoy a great night and some Christmas cheer.

I wish all our members a safe and Happy Christmas and look forward to catching up in the New Year.

Bill Gordon - President



Group photo of performers and officials at Toodyay's Bush Poetry Festival 2021

Arthur Leggett reciting  
'In The Driving Days'  
and 'Rose Marie'

**WA BUSH POETS & YASRNSPINNERS ASSOC**

**2021 PERFORMANCE COMPETITION**

**RESULTS**

**WINNER—Michael Darby**

2nd Place—Christine Boulton

3rd Place—Roger Cracknell

Category Winners

**ORIGINAL HUMOROUS**

1st Place—Chris Taylor—How To Build A Billycart

2nd Place—John Hayes—Gone Fishing

3rd Place—Michael Darby—The Radioactive Kangaroo

**ORIGINAL SERIOUS**

1st Place—Roger Cracknell—Old Silver

2nd Place—Christine Boulton—Keith's Souvenir

3rd Place—John Hayes—The Kalgoorlie Woodlines

**MODERN**

1st Place—Christine Boulton—The Rain Man (Bob Magor)

2nd Place—Michael Darby—The Pontiff's Eyes (C. Marshall)

3rd Place—John Hayes—Mulligan's Mob (G. Scott)

**TRADITIONAL**

1st Place—Michael Darby—The Play (C.J. Dennis)

2nd Place—Roger Cracknell—Outback (Henry Lawson)

3rd Place - Christine Boulton—A Bush Christening (A.B. Paterson)

**YARNSPINNING**

1st Place—Peter Nettleton—G'Day Mick

2nd Place—Bill Gordon—To Vax or Not To Vax

3rd Place - Peter Rudolf—Our Language

**NOVICE ORIGINAL**

1st Place—Heather Denham—Avid Aussie

2nd Place—Peter Rudolf—Tennis Court

3rd Place—Deb McQuire—Grief



**Overall State Winners 2021**

(L-R) 2nd - Christine Boulton, 1st - Michael Darby, 3rd - Roger Cracknell, Toodyay CEO Suzie Haslehurst and Bill and Meg Gordon.



**Overall winner Michael Darby & Yarnspinner Champion Peter Nettleton**



**Roadwise Competition Winner Chris Taylor** (R centre)  
Equal second place (L) Christine Boulton and (R) Roger Cracknell.



**Judges WA State Championships**  
(L-R) Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge, Terry Piggott and Bernard Carney with Toodyay's CEO Suzie Haslehurst



**Left - Winners Original Serious**  
(L-R) 3rd - John Hayes, 2nd Christine Boulton, 1st - Roger Cracknell with Toodyay's CEO Suzie Haslehurst



**Left Winners Original Serious**  
(L-R) 1st - John Hayes, 3rd Christine Boulton, 2nd - Roger Cracknell with Toodyay's CEO Suzie Haslehurst and WABP Pres. Bill Gordon



**Left - Winners Original Humorous**  
(L-R) 3rd - Michael Darby, 2nd - John Hayes, 1st - Chris Taylor with Toodyay's CEO Suzie Haslehurst



**Above (L-R) Daniel Avery, 3rd Deb McQuire, 2nd Peter Rudolph, 1st Heather Denholm, with Toodyay's CEO Suzie Haslehurst and WABP Pres. Bill Gordon**

SILVER QUILL WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION 2021 Results

WINNER – CATHERINE LEE—Mona Vale NSW - “Stolen Heritage”

Runner Up – Bob Magor - Myponga SA – “Cat-astrophic”

OPEN SERIOUS

WINNER - Catherine Lee – Mona Vale NSW—“Stolen Heritage”

Equal 2<sup>nd</sup> – David Judge - Bendigo Vic – “I Am Who They Have Been”

Brenda Joy - Charters Towers Qld – “Imitation Eagles”

Highly Commended – Peter O’Shaughnessy—Eaton WA – “Paradise Lost”

Commended – David Judge - Bendigo Vic – “Henry”

OPEN HUMOROUS

WINNER –Bob Magor – Myponga SA – “Cat-astrophic”

2nd Place –Brenda Joy – Charters Towers Qld – “What Can I Use This For”

3rd Place – Peter O’Shaughnessy – Eaton WA – “An Ancient Tiger”

Highly Commended –Keith Lethbridge –Armidale WA – The Frustratom atic”

Commended –Brenda Joy – Charters Towers Qld—“A Musing”

NOVICE

EQUAL WINNERS – Stephen D’Arcey –Belgrave Vic— “Banjo Tunes”

Bill Gordon -Boyup Brook WA – “Farewell Dear Friend”

3<sup>rd</sup> Place – Peter White - Eagleby Qld – “The Armchair Athlete”

Highly Commended – Peter White –Eagleby - “Australia’s Wildlife Wonders”

JUNIOR UPPER

Winner—Grace Gordon—Joondanna WA—“A Town Called Boyup Brook”

2nd Place—Eleni Chapman—Ascot WA—“The Virus From Wuhan”

3rd Place—Elizaveta Fedotova—Mt Lawley WA—The Story Of An Unborn Child

JUNIOR LOWER

Winner – Clem Chapman – Ascot WA – “Worst Camping Trip Ever”

2<sup>nd</sup> Place – Tide Robinson – Bicton WA—“The Farm”

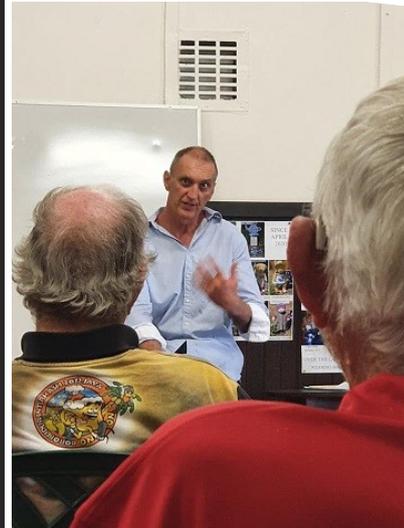
3<sup>rd</sup> Place – Zarah Soosaipillai – Reservoir Vic—“The Seizure”

Highly Commended – Erin Chew –Bull Creek WA – “Colours Of Nature”

Highly Commended – Annabelle Woo - Wollie Creek NSW – “Clever Cockatoo”

Commended—Mikhail Fedotova—Mt Lawley WA—“My Many Coloured Days”

Winner 2021  
Poets Brawl  
Roger Cracknell  
2nd - Christine Boulton



Friday's  
Writing  
workshop  
with Mick  
Collis

Feedback from a newcomer who was there:-  
I attended the writing workshop with Mick Collis as a novice poet and newcomer to the bush poets group. It was a very enjoyable afternoon as Mick was such an engaging speaker. The group was welcoming and I'd like to thanks everyone who said hello to me. See you at more events soon! Thanks, Tina Astbury



Saturday Night's  
Entertainment in  
Toodyay Hall

**WA BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS ASSOCIATION**

**SILVER QUILL BUSH POETRY WRITTEN VERSE 2021**

**WINNER — Catherine Lee (Mona Vale NSW)**



**Stolen Heritage**

On the streets of Marboo there's a didgeridoo that's producing a sorrowful tune.  
With each echoing part speaking straight to the heart, there is no-one who stands there immune.  
So I pause on the track, but then turn to walk back, for the mystical music enthrals—  
like a magnet attracts as it soars and retracts and becomes like a siren that calls.

It's a wizened old man playing hard as he can while the moisture makes trails down his cheeks,  
and the resonant wail reveals such a sad tale as the instrument wordlessly speaks.  
I am drawn by this dirge and like others converge on the source of its ghostly refrain,  
for he's been there for years and the numerous tears he has shed expose deep-seated pain.

He is one who was lost, and he still counts the cost of a family long gone away—  
how his poor mother cried as removed from her side, he was stolen one terrible day;  
and he cannot forget that unspeakable debt as he thinks of how life was before,  
with a faint memory of his grandfather's knee where he'd listened to wisdom and lore.

Now the drawings on walls he just dimly recalls as reminders of hope exorcised—  
when the bush tucker fare was delicious and rare, and the Dreaming respected and prized,  
when the core of each man in a warrior clan was intrepid and skilful and true—  
and his grief comes in waves as he pointlessly craves for that magical time he once knew.

You can see as he blows the emotion he shows as he weeps for those wide-open plains,  
where the spinifex rolls and the buffalo strolls and the silence and majesty reigns,  
where the land's beating heart is a permanent part of the emptiness deep in his soul—  
yet its numinous force steers his spirit on course, where tradition continues to roll.

I can sense how he dreams while the boy inside screams at the world he was forced to embrace,  
see the lines and the scars of some time behind bars charted out on his wrinkled old face—  
feel how heritage dwells in the music that swells, ancient stories sigh soft in his ear  
of the centuries past, which he knows will outlast the reality forced on him here.

Now the didge becomes still, and its player looks ill as he mutters his woes to the earth,  
while some tourists despise in the depths of their eyes as they give him a very wide berth.  
For he's been to the brink, become slave to the drink, and the sight is not pretty he knows,  
so he wryly resumes, and the rhythm consumes once again as it rises and flows.

When the eerie sound dies, heaving numerous sighs he then picks up his ancient glass jar,  
shakes the coins in his hands, tips his hat as he stands and then staggers to Rafferty's Bar,  
where he orders a gin and with cynical grin empties tumbler of translucent fire—  
for the life which he yearns the mere pittance he earns cannot pay for his deepest desire.

# Bush Poetry on the Swan

One hour show starting at 4.30pm  
on board the 'Crystal Swan', Perth's floating function venue  
Barrack Street Jetty



**Four Shows Only**

**Friday 28 January**

**Sunday 30 January**

**Thursday 3 February**

**Sunday 6 February**



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## WA BUSH POETS

Present the

**27th Annual**

# Bush Poetry Showcase

With Traditional & Contemporary Performances,  
by W.A.'s top Bush Poets  
Plus music by

**Green Herring**

## AUSTRALIA DAY

**Wednesday 26<sup>th</sup> Jan 2022**

**Wireless Hill Park, Ardross**

**Commencing 1.00pm**

Enjoy the best Oz family entertainment this side the Rabbit Proof Fence  
on Wonderful Wireless Hill under the trees with its panoramic views

**FREE ENTRY - DONATIONS MUCH APPRECIATED**

Bring your family & friends, a chair or blanket to sit on, sun protection  
some refreshments and then sit back and enjoy the show

WABP&YS Information can be found at [www.wabushpoets.asn.au](http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au)  
or Phone Rodger 0419 666 168 or 9332 0876 or Peter 0407770053

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## November Muster Write Up by Deb McQuire

**Bill Gordon** started the evening off by greeting everyone present noting that the smaller numbers attending was probably due to event downstairs. He then went on to say how the competition at the Toodyay Festival was a very close contest between the top three and with John running a very close fourth. He highlighted that there were four different winners for the four sections, he felt this was an interesting statistic and showed the strength within the association. He then paid tribute to Elaine Smith who passed away last Saturday week; a great supporter of bush poetry and her husband Dave.

**Meg Gordon** then read a tribute poem - *'Elaine' written by Roger Cracknell*. Meg added her own tribute commenting on what great help Elaine provided to WABP over the years.

Bill then introduced our **MC Alan Aitkin** who welcomed everyone he commented that Nambung was a success, noting that all the money that was raised goes to charity. \$25,000 this year and collective total of \$100,000 over the years. He noted that *Have a go day* was a little less successful this year with only 25 mins 'stage time' allocated to WABP, however, a lot of pamphlets were handed out.

**Allan** then read *Henry Lawson's poem - 'Waratah and Wattle'* – the poem spoke about Australia and the significance of the waratah. And the strength of the people. Talking about our love of Australia and about immigration from Great Britain. The last verse talks about the protection of Australia if it ever was required.

**Rodger Kohn** – found a new poem about yesterday's remembrance day. Perhaps written between WW1 and WW2 *'A Poem for Remembrance Day' by Anon.* which spoke of the meaning of the poppy.

**Daniel Avery** - Introduced and recited his own poem *'Daniel'* Talking about Cerebral Palsy and of his personal pursuit was to work and live a good life and his joy for riding his horse.

**Grace Williamson** – recited *'Our Corrugated Iron Tank' by James Hackston*. The poem tells of the despair of running out of the only supply of water in the rainwater tank and the joy when it rained again and refilled the tank.

**Lorraine Broun** presented 2 of her poems based on nursing stories *'A Man in White'*, a tale of revenge visited onto a rude Doctor by 2 nurses and *'A Staff Nurse'*. – Alt title - *'Pride comes before a fall'* about a ruthless staff nurse and her tyrannical treatment of her junior nursing staff. With the nurses plotting their revenge with a dose of laxatives in her dinner.

**John Hayes** – a story from about 70 yrs ago at Lake Grace about a farmer who loved his bacon *'The Whole Hog'* about a young man enjoying a working holiday earning his tucker' and his boasts of what he did. The tale detailing all the different ways he was served pork and bacon. The final being coffee made with bore water, no waste of the pig.

**Ray Jackson** - read a couple of new poems he's written recently *Death of a Bushman*. A story about the death of one of three who rode out but only 2 returned due to a fierce storm that struck them and how a lightning strike struck his brother Adam Bruce and horse. And *'A Challenging Land'* telling the story of life on the land with all its challenges.

**Tess Earnshaw** – spoke of how so many in her family are born in November and presented her poem *'Novembers Children'* born into spring time.

**Deb McQuire** read her poem for Jacinta, her young cousin, who has faced many health challenges and is currently facing Year 12 exams – *'A Note for those facing Tests and Exams'*.

**Christine Boulton** – a *Henry Lawson poem 'Sticking to Bill'* a story of a wife sticking by her husband despite his incarceration in jail and her preparations for his return.

**Nancy Coe** – happy to be back after an absence to recite; after having rather a tough year she read the first poem she had written *'On the Road to Boyup Brook'* – the story of her adventure trip to the Boyup Brook Festival and her reminiscing about the eight days of fun and experiences during her time at Boyup Brook.

**Bill Gordon** – remarked that yesterday was Remembrance Day and presented Banjo Patterson's open letter to the Troops written Nov 1915 – *'We're all Australians Now'* - how the battles they faced brought them all into focus of the world as one identity as Australians. Symbolised by the Australian flag and a spray of wattle.

**Break...**

**Christine Boulton** - rose to the challenge and presented her Haiku poem on the theme - Poetry

## November Muster Write Up cont.

**Grace Williamson** reading from the classics – *'The Wild Horses' Dame Mary Gilmore*. Tells of the wild ride of mountain horses following and following on hardly able to breathe through brush and branches climbing high into the rough mountain climb. Grace also gave us a very interesting account of Dame Mary Gilmore's own story.

**Bernie Gilroy** – first time at the mike presented his poem about a guy we may all be familiar with - Slim Dusty written shortly after this performers death. *'The Hub with No Beer'* story celebrating and farewelling David Kilpatrick - Slim Dusty.

**Lorraine Broun** - read her poem *'The Old Man'* - life sometimes throws us a curve ball with the sadness for those affected by dementia, but sometimes lighter moments can arise.

**John Hayes** – recited *Henry Lawson's 'Faces in the Street'* his observations of sad and weary faces passing on the street in the city as they hurrying wearily on their way with all the stories untold of the poor etc.

**Ray Jackson** his own poem *'A challenging lane'* a story of drought and tough times in the life of a woman with loss of her loved ones.

**Meg Gordon** – read from a book written by Mick Collis following his workshop held at Toodyay on Friday. *'The Ultimate Test' by Mick*, The first recorded use of the word 'test' in relation to sport dates back to 1861, when journalists used it to describe the most important games played by an unofficial English cricket team touring Australia. Overtime the word was used exclusively to reference fixtures played between competing international teams. But Mick Collis when writing this poem says that the title belongs to the brave men and women who fought for their country. Losing a match doesn't come close to losing a life. It's about a young man in the first world war who always dreamed of representing his country, but hoped it would be on the sporting field, not the battle field.

**Tess Earnshaw** – her poem talks about her time as a medical typist and the difficulty experienced when trying to type up doctors notes with pronunciation errors, poor diction and difficulty hearing what has been recorded – *'The typist Lament'*

**Nancy Coe** – initially talked about her days in the Atherton tablelands and her desire to now return there shortly. Then read her poem *'Procrastination'*. She then talked about her battles with Leukaemia and how she has beaten the odds and the Doctors expectations and is now going to travel back to her favourite places.

**Michel Darby** recited *Henry Lawson's - 'Scot's of the Riverina'*

**Bernie Gilroy** – his own poem about his father who fought in Tobruk and PNG *'Five bob a week and all you can keep'* describing the job and life of a soldier during the war faced on several battle fronts.

**Alan Atkin** – Terry Bennetts does this as a ballad. Written by Slim Jones *'Unsuitably dressed'* a story about a barman's reaction to a bush man's dress standard when he sat up to the bar. The bushman then describes his dress as all being made in Aus as opposed to the barman's dress all made OS.

**Michael Darby** – thanked everyone who worked so hard on the event at Toodyay. He then recited a poem written by his father about war.

**Bill Gordon** rounded off the night off reminding everyone about Fringe Festival in January that bush poets will be involved on the Crystal Swan. He noted that Arthur Leggett was interviewed on 6PR. He also paid respects to Dave Proust who passed away recently. Next muster 7th Dec when all who attend can enjoy Pork Pies and Poetry; Bill noted that everyone who comes is to bring a \$10 present to go in the pot and be drawn by ticket. He then recited a poem *by Jim Haynes poem 'Remember the Waltzing'* about WW2, closing the muster for another month.

**Reminder:** Could everyone who performs at Musters please have a synopsis available on the night or send one via email [h.e.denholm@gmail.com](mailto:h.e.denholm@gmail.com) or [deb.mcquire@bigpond.com](mailto:deb.mcquire@bigpond.com) for the Muster write up. Thanks in advance Heather and Deb.

**7th January 2022 Muster MC Lorraine Broun 0411 877 551**

**Reader from the Classics Michael Darby**

**Challenge: 8 line poem Topic - Time flies**

**Deadline for Jan's Bully Tin Submissions 20th Dec 2021**

**Please get them in as early as possible as its leading into the holiday season.**

## I WISH I WAS A COUNTRY BOY by Rodger Kohn

Born and raised in the urban sprawl,  
a city boy through and through,  
houses and shops and motor cars,  
fences and walls and windows with bars,  
and streets and highways that stretched so far,  
filled my world, to name just a few.

For a while I was happy in the big smoke,  
along with my friends and all,  
how could I know there was some other place,  
away from the crowds and their furious pace,  
where people were not in some kind of race,  
outside of those big city walls.

Oh I wish I'd been born In the country  
in the land of those long rolling plains,  
with horses and sheep and all types of cows,  
and chooks and piglets and big fat sows,  
I'd spend every one of my waking hours,  
and there I would gladly remain.

I used to think that milk and eggs  
began in bottles and cartons,  
but no, they come from creatures on farms  
in big open fields or in sheds or in barns,  
and my jumper from sheep with coats of yarn,  
I certainly wasn't a smart one !

And I didn't know that our Sunday roasts  
started out as real live chooks,  
I thought they were made in the butcher's shop  
then hung above the steaks and the chops,  
and brought home to us by Mum or by Pop  
'cos I'd only seen them on hooks !

Oh I wish I'd been born in the country,  
in the land of those acres of crops,  
with cows and pigs and rams and ewes,  
and the yellow canola – those beautiful views,  
it's the life that I would certainly choose,  
and there I would slow down or flop

I mounted my first horse when I was twenty,  
but failed to stay on board;  
I'm sure that the creature must have known  
that the guy on his back wasn't country grown,  
so out of the saddle I was soon thrown,  
and over the fence-post I soared.

When I shot my first rabbit I felt quite proud  
and glad to be alive  
but although I thought I had done real fine,  
bragging rights – they weren't really mine,  
I'd been beaten by the passage of time,  
'cos by then I was thirty-five !

Yes I wish I'd been born in the country,  
in the land of wild emus and roos,  
where the sheep often walk in single file,  
and the fences go on for miles and miles,  
weathered hats and boots are quite the style.  
That's where my cares would be few.

While my country life was not to be,  
at least I will look my best,  
an Akubra Cattleman felt hat on top,  
Ringer jeans, Drover belt, from RM Williams' shop,  
and those Zip-up boots, what looks I'll cop,  
and of course - a cool Suede Rider vest.



## Hard Way To Make A Crust

We're getting a new header, a bloody big one  
I dunno what colour, but we'll take off two tonne  
I want to be able to take it off fast  
I'm scared to death this dream won't last  
I've been chasing a crop like this since I started  
when seeding new land wasn't for the faint hearted  
Stumps and droughts and tight fist ed banks  
and promising seasons that just fired blanks

Now we are ready to head for the bin  
we've beaten the odds of the crop cycle spin  
The rain came on time, and the frost passed us by  
and even the spring-time wasn't too dry  
We avoided the beetles and hoppers and rust  
and bloody diseases that turn crops to dust  
So now we can turn to buying a harvester  
the last time we bought one it was a disaster

It was pulled by our tractor and cut just twelve feet  
To finish by Christmas - that would be a treat  
It'll be self propelled and cut at fast pace  
a Claas, or New Holland, John Deere or Case?  
I think I like blue though the missus likes yellow  
so I'll grant her wish - make myself a good fellow.  
I'll go see the dealer and get him to quote  
and then to the bank to get a bank note

Agent gave me the numbers, I nearly passed out  
farming was cheaper when we were in drought  
It cost us nothing to take bugger-all off  
we had no such worries when down in a trough  
So I took out the Inter with the old PTO  
cranked up the Chamberlain - started first go  
I'd better get going, get this grain in the bin  
and stop the half million going to him.

I might not be finished till early next year  
but I'll keep on driving this trusty old gear  
With the money I've saved I'll be able to sleep  
and keep all the income from the grain I will reap  
and not worry about paying back the bank loan  
that would have left me broke and flyblown  
With grain in the bin and no extra debt  
and sleeping at night without the bank threat

I might think about the new header next year  
or I might not, coz they're bloody dear.

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## **COMPETITIONS AND EVENTS AROUND AUSTRALIA 2021**

### **WRITTEN EVENTS are in RED**

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)

### **DECEMBER 2021**

**24 December - Closing Date - Kembla Flame Written Bush Poetry Competition, East Corrimal NSW. a video.**

### **2022**

### **JANUARY**

**7 January - Closing Date - Golden Damper Bush Poetry Competition, Tamworth Country Music Festival, Tamworth NSW.**

**14-23 January - Tamworth Country Music Festival.**

**18-20 January - Golden Damper Bush Poetry Competition , Tamworth NSW.  
See 7 January Closing Date.**

### **FEBRUARY**

**1 February - Closing Date - Silver Tree Poetry Competition, Broken Hill NSW.**

**7 February - Closing Date - Milton Show Bush Poetry Performance Competition, Milton NSW.**

**12-20 February - Banjo Paterson Australian Bush Poetry Festival and ABPA National Championships, Ex-Services Club, Orange NSW.**

### **MARCH**

**5 March - Milton Show Bush Poetry Performance Competition, Milton NSW. See 7 February Closing Date.**

*Please Note:  
These upcoming events may be altered due to ongoing Covid Restrictions across Australia, please check with on relevant websites and with contacts for confirmation as the year progresses*

## Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2021 - 2022

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## Regular Events

<b>WA Bush Poets:</b>	1st Friday each month <u><i>MC for Dec see front page</i></u> - 7pm Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park WA	
<b>Albany Bush Poetry group:</b>	Last Tuesday each month - 7.30pm 1426 Lower Denmark Rd, Elleker	Ph. Peter Blyth - 9844 6606
<b>Bunbury Bush Poets:</b>	1st Monday every 'even' month - The Parade Hotel, 1 Austral Parade, East Bunbury.or Ian Farrell 0408 212 636	Ph. Alan Aitken - 0400 249 243
<b>Goldfields Bush Poetry Group:</b>	1st Wednesday each month. - 6.30pm 809 Kalgoorlie Country Club, 108 Egan St. Kalgoorlie	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)  
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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](mailto: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](http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au)**  
Please contact the Webmaster, if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.