

The

August 2020

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



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

The Octogenarians

They gather there six times a week, they're old and grey, almost antique,
and they have seen the world and know the score, to answers you may seek.
They study all the printed news and freely give their learned views,
and frown at those who question any of their well thought out critique

For wisdom drips from every word although at times their facts seem blurred,
but still insist they have it right, and who are we to disagree.

They tolerate the odd blow in, young whippersnappers, even kin,
but still the pecking order is observed the way it needs to be.



They lubricate their inner parts to help kick start their ancient hearts,
then gather at their chosen spot to dissect recent world events.

Good coffee is their favoured brew for which they sometimes have to queue,
before they settle down once more to savage certain news segments.

©T.E. Piggott



With His Dying Breath

They stood quietly around his bed
for what else could they do?

All there knew he was dying
and the old chap knew it too.

Just another worn out prospector
who'd now run his final race,
but he'd been a successful one
and found gold's hiding place.

Though many hunted for his diggings
no matter how they'd tried
all these years he'd kept it hidden.

Would he speak before he died?

Then as his lips began to quiver
ears strained to what he'd say
and he mumbled that old Barney
had been his mate for many a day

With him he'd shared the secret
of a seam that was gold bearing
then he gasped his final breath
so he didn't hear them swearing.

For old Barney was a drunkard
well known to all the miners
and even worse, for many years
he'd suffered from Alzheimer's!

Pete Stratford. 18.6.20



**This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of KATE DOUST MLC
and posted with the generous assistance of BEN WYATT, MLA - Member for Victoria Park.
Thanks to Greg Roberts for doing our printing.**

President's Preamble August 2020



Twenty one members logged into Zoom for our AGM and Muster last month. That made it very worthwhile and Zoom has made it possible for us to continue our regular gatherings even though we are not yet allowed back into Bentley Park. It is anybody's guess how long that will be the case. We are fortunate to live in WA but the outbreaks in Victoria and NSW are a grim reminder that we cannot ignore the ever-present threat of Covid 19.

There were no great surprises at the AGM. The committee was re-elected unchanged and with the welcome addition of our new editor Deb McQuire. My personal thanks to all who willingly agreed to fill this important role. We might be a small Association but this is an indication of the strength of WA Bush Poets, as is our sound financial position.

I have recently had confirmation from the shire that we are able to go ahead with the Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival. Being on the weekend of the first Sunday in November, dates this year are 30th, 31st October and 1st November. With interstate travel being restricted, it is most likely we will not be able to import judges this year. The good news is that we are not short of locals to capably fill this role. Details of the program will be discussed at the next committee meeting and will be posted on the website soon after. Meanwhile, entries are now open for the Silver Quill written competition and forms are on our website as well as on the ABPA website.

Nambung Country Music Muster is confirmed to go ahead this year as well. This will again be the weekend before Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival and we have been invited to be included in the program. Cobber is the main man, not surprisingly considering the success Terry Bennetts has been having putting music to Cobber's poems. Sue and Tony are enjoying Terry's shows as they head north to warmer parts. Meg and I are planning to chase them up in early August, but will be back in plenty of time for Nambung and Toodyay.

Our next muster will be on Friday 7th August at 7pm on Zoom. Thank you Heather Denholm for volunteering to MC as Frank and Mary do not have the necessary to connect on Zoom although they regularly connect and listen in. If you have not come on line for a Zoom muster check out last month's Bully Tin for details how to join in.

Bill Gordon President

The Lost Shanty by Jack Sorensen

They closed the little shanty by the crossing, years ago,
For the motor trucks are speedy and the camel teams are slow,
The bar-room door is open as it was in the days gone by,
But the roof that rang when bushmen sang no more shuts out the sky.

The teamsters and the drovers, when the inland night came down,
Would shelter at the shanty, six days journey out from town,
And tired and thirsty bladesmen when the weeks of toil were o'er,
With keen delight would hail the sight of its wide welcome door.

They've closed the crossing shanty and the shanty keeper's dead,
The ruin stands forsaken by the river's sandy bed.
The modern shearers pass it in their modern motors fast.
And chip at it with tawdry wit, that relic of the past.

Tis said that in the moonlight when the shapeless shadows creep,
The shanty keeper wakens from his never-ending sleep,
And gliding' to the bar-room door with his complaisant grin,
He takes his stand to wave a hand and beckon bush-men in.

But now and then with creak of wheels and clink of harness chain,
A camel team comes swaying down the inland track again,
And while the puncher's dreaming, oft enough the leader's lag.
So he cracks his whip and takes a sip from out his water bag.

And sometimes in the twilight weary stockmen pass that way,
Old veterans of the inland living in a yesterday,
The shanty brings a memory of the good old times long gone,
So they pause a while to sigh and smile, and smiling, journey on

Jack (John Alfred) Sorenson

Born 21st Aug 1907, Kalgoorlie WA.

Shemlock Train by Jack Sorensen

I dreamed last night that the Shemlock train
Came down its rusting right-o'-way,
Clanging across the mulga plain,
Running against the break of day.
It was a frenzied thing of steel
Spraying the murk with lurid light,
Rending the hush with siren peal,
Shemlock bound at dead of night.

Kerbing stones where the streets went down
And pepper trees in a long straight row,
Are all that's left of Shemlock town
That flourished fifty years ago.
Poppet head on the wind swept rise,
Sentinel each forsaken mine.
And only the flooding moonlight lies
In the lanes where lost lamps used to shine.

But reborn of a memory,
Out of the halcyoned yesterday,
The Shemlock train comes back to me
Down its forsaken right-o'-way
Rending the hush with throttle wide,
Spraying the murk with lurid light,
Ringing across the countryside,
Shemlock bound at dead of night.

A Voice from the North

CJ Kelly (1908-1990)

(Drover, fruit picker, woodcutter, horse breaker, dingo shooter, stockman, husband, uncle, sheep and cattle farmer, station manager, race horse trainer, coast watcher, moonlighter, mailman, saddler and bush poet)

When Christine suggested I might make a monthly contribution to the Bully Tin from the Kimberley, I decided to do a series on Kimberley bush poets, both past and present. The obvious starting point was Cecil James (aka Jim) Kelly, the Kimberley saddler, whose anthology *The Voice of the North: the Collected Verse of Cecil James (Jim) Kelly* is still available. Jim was a prolific writer with 62 published works including poetry, short stories and prose (*Coast Patrol*). His first anthology, *Australian Sons and Other Verses* (1941) can be downloaded free from the web. Most of his works are held at the State Library of Western Australia.

Like all good bush poets, Jim led an adventurous life with varied careers. A number of Kimberley mates are still alive who fondly remember him and love to yarn. One of whom is Sam Lovell, so Sam was the obvious person to go to, to find out about Jim Kelly.

Jim Kelly was born at Kajabbi (near Cloncurry) on the banks of Leichardt River in a teamster's camp. He was the eldest of 10 children. He left home at the age of 14 and walked to Camoo-weal, where drovers spelled their horses, and joined a droving team. He worked in the Northern Territory before returning home when he heard his mother was ill. The reunion was short as his father threw him out and told him never to '*darken my door any more.*'

Jim rode a Malvern Star pushbike down the Georgina to Adelaide and from there across the Nullarbor to Kalgoorlie. This was during the Depression. He picked up work along the way. His pushbike took him to Wiluna, Meekatharra, Nullagine, Marble Bar, De Grey, Wallal and finally to Nillibubba where the bike finally collapsed (they obviously don't make them like that any more) and he had to walk to a Roads' Board camp at Pandanas Park.

This was 1930 and he had finally made it to the Kimberley where he spent most of the next 45 years before ill-health forced a move to Perth.

For many of those years he worked on and for most of the cattle and sheep stations between Halls Creek and Derby both as a stockman and drover. In 1934, whilst working on Gogo he met and fell in love with Ellie McKeand. They married in 1936. As Ellie was also a good stockwoman, (and *one pretty tough lady*, according to Sam) they worked together as a team.

Voice of the North

Have you heard when the North winds are sweeping
with warm breath the far reaching plains

Soft voices that set your pulse leaping and stirs the red
blood in your veins

'tis the voice of the Northland speaking and it appears
from the distance afar

If you romance and adventure be seeking come follow
my bright beckoning star.

Can you hear where the waving grass
dances like strings of softly played Lyres,
Sweet music that somehow enhances a
vision of northern camp fires.

And perhaps maybe it perchances you've a restless
spirit and bold

Then you'll earn in the northlands fair
glances a wealth not counted in gold.

Oh follow the voice that seems urging like the call of a
lonely lost child

And go while the hot blood is surging through veins
tumultuous and wild

For in the soft sweet music that sighing midst the
moons mystic curtains of light

'tis the voice of the North that is crying in the breeze
that whispers tonight.



C.J. Kelly working as itinerant saddler on Gogo Station. (1930).
Cecil James Kelly collection of photographs.
State Library of Western Australia Image number 066809PD

Old Bill

I watched you stumble and fall old son, when the
dawn light hit the sky

And I knew then your race was run as I glanced at
your glazing eyes

And as the stars faded one by one from the dusky
dome on high.

Muzzling my hand as you've always done, you softly
whinny and die.

You were just an ordinary stock horse, Bill—meant
not for fancy shows,

Yet you held your own by plain or hill where the
northern zephyr blows.

You were always there if wanted Bill, be it a night
watch on the plain,

Or a flooded creek where the waters spill, down the
hills from the tropic rains.

'Tween the saddle rail and campfire light and in the
glow of its orange gleam,

Down your satin coat with dew-drops bright, the
damp cold sweat had streamed.

Then as the last grey shades of night, swept west
ward with the night.

You fought and lost your stiffest fight, with the

The Kellys tried their hands at a number of ventures. They bought a partnership on Oobagooma Station and stocked it with sheep, but had no affinity for them. The dingoes ate most of the sheep so it was back to droving for them. They also did the mail run with packhorses from Derby to Mount House. Jim did a lot of saddling and used to fly to stations over the *wet*.

Kelly joined the army in 1942 and became a corporal in the 101 North Australian Field Security Section. This was his time in the coast watch where his bushcraft and knowledge of the Kimberley came to the fore. He was discharged when the threat of invasion receded.

Jim had a forced stint in the Northern Territory during the mid-forties after he was dobbed in for moonlighting and escaped the hand of the law by going interstate. He returned and gave himself up when he got word that Ellie had been arrested. Their case was heard in Broome and they were fined £50 each. The police were not too happy with the verdict (felt seven years was more appropriate!), and kept a close eye on them in subsequent years. As he occasionally '*borrowed*' horses, this was probably justified.

They moved to Derby as Ella got increasing ill with cancer. Jim continued droving, but trucks were beginning to make their mark. Ella passed away in 1959 and Jim remarried her nurse, Myrtle 15 months later. Ill health forced them to move to Perth in 1975. Jim passed away in 1990. So when did he find all the time to write his poetry, prose and short stories? As Sam tells it and he would know being one himself, drovers' spend a lot of time sitting around the campfire, some play music, Jim Kelly wrote.

Special thanks to Sam Lovell and Lindsay Le Lievre for their input and access to some of Jim's work and photos.

Reference is also made to Michael Adam's Introduction in *The Voice of the North: the Collected Verse of Cecil James (Jim) Kelly* and what information I could find on the web —tho' Sam's story telling was much more entertaining.

Re the poems, *The Voice of the North* is probably the poem most remembered as the anthology is still available; however *Old Bill* is my favourite. Next month I will try and do Johnny James' (Keith's *Yakamunga Man*) justice.

Regards Robyn Bowcock, Derby WA



Myrtle, Paddy Le Lievre and Jim with their caravan at Kimberley Downs around 1961

Faded Fishing Fantasies

Though knowing little about angling he thought he'd try it out to catch a nice fat mullet or even a plump sea trout. So going into a sports store he was sold a rod and a reel plus many other gadgets and for his catch, a wicker creel that would hold so many fish (for this was his high hope) he's need some help to carry it for alone he wouldn't cope.

His fishing day was very busy attaching lures, sinkers, and bait but no matter what he used it just wasn't what they ate. Yet no matter what bait he used it vanished down below though not a nibble did he feel so where it went he didn't know. At end of day he squelched back home for both gumboots had sprung leaks his feet were cold, his fingers sore hot sunburn on both cheeks.

That fine cane creel he'd carried he'd sat on throughout the day but finally it had collapsed when the sides had given way. Dreams of a juicy fillet fried or a nice thick salmon steak had all evaporated then and he'd had all he could take. So in the grass outside the shed lies a rod and rusting reel while there inside his little shack he's cooking up his meal.

Not fillets or a salmon steak washed down with a fine wine for the urge to be a fisherman had faded by that time. His menu now is more mundane maybe best described as plain but seems to fill his stomach up it's baked beans on toast.....again!

Pete. Stratford. 10.7.20

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**

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 7th August**, 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 desktop. 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 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

Bush Poetry

I hear on the grapevine from someone who'd know it
That you've got ambitions to be a bush poet.
Now if this is true, there's advice you'll be needing
'Bout rhythm and rhyming. I'll not be misleading,
It's not at all easy, it's quite hard to do it;
To aim at perfection, or something near to it.
You must be consistent, with patterns of stresses
And syllables counted as each verse progresses.

There's some people find that it's easy to do it
But most of us struggle to find our way through it
But when it is right, there is nothing sounds sweeter.
The words you are using all fit to the metre.
But often the emphasis, metre and rhythm,
They've gone quite astray and there's problems there with 'em;
They don't seem to fit to the patterns you're needing;
There's things have gone wrong, you are far from succeeding.

There's stresses all mixed up, wrong words in wrong places
And commas and dashes show incorrect spaces.
There's syllables missing, there's rhymes incompleated,
The story gets lost and there's words get repeated.
So if this should happen, and happen it's sure to
You've only one option and you really ought to
Go back to the start; every stanza, review it,
Look close at its structure, you've just got to do it.

It may take you minutes, it may take forever;
It's not education determines endeavour.
It's somehow just in you, inside your genetics
That says how much problem you'll have with phonetics.
For if your upbringing was here in Australia,
And you while at school, weren't an absolute failure
And English was spoke by your father and mother
And you like your parents had known no other;

You've got in your background, although you don't know it
The knowledge you're needing; (your face doesn't show it),
But it's deep inside you, this rhythmic speaking,
But not if your birthplace was Athens or Peking.
For folk from such places, their speech pattern's differ
From those of the British - some words are much stiffer
And stresses are different, they're rather erratic:
There's some country's speaking is mono-emphatic.

So people from places like Mumbai or Kabul
Might put their em-phar-sis on the wrong syll-ar-ble.
So you must beware of such problems in rhythm
You cannot ignore them, you've got to go with 'em:
The syllables, stresses, the rhythm and rhyming
The pauses, the wordage, the story, the timing;
Each one of these features of Bush Poets verses
If done incorrectly will cause lots of curses.

So now that you know this advice you'll be needing
Consider it well if you've hopes of succeeding.
For getting it wrong will cause nothing but failure
Reciting or writing these poems of Australia

Fur and Feathers

The emus formed a football team
Up Walgett way;
Their dark-brown sweaters were a dream
But kangaroos would sit and scream
To watch them play.

"Now, butterfingers," they would call,
And such-like names;
The emus couldn't hold the ball
- They had no hands - but hands aren't all
In football games.

A match against the kangaroos
They played one day.
The kangaroos were forced to choose
Some wallabies and wallaroos
That played in grey.

The rules that in the West prevail
Would shock the town;
For when a kangaroo set sail
An emu jumped upon his tail
And fetched him down.

A whistler duck as referee
Was not admired.
He whistled so incessantly
The teams rebelled, and up a tree
He soon retired.

The old marsupial captain said,
"It's do or die!"
So down the ground like fire he fled
And leaped above an emu's head
And scored a try.

Then shouting, "Keep it on the toes!"
The emus came.
Fierce as the flooded Bogan flows
They laid their foemen out in rows
And saved the game.

On native pear and Darling pea
They dined that night:
But one man was an absentee:
The whistler duck - their referee -
Had taken flight.

Banjo Patterson





ZOOM BUSH POETS MUSTER
Performance Review 3 July 2020



The Muster started at 7.30 pm by MC **Peter Nettleton** he welcomed everyone

Bill Gordon ‘**Why We Play the Game**’ **by Bill Gordon**

A look back at how the body now suffers the aches and pains after having endured the rough and tumble of playing football, and asks “Why the hell did we play the game?”

Heather Denham ‘**The Hollow Winds Began to Blow**’ **by Heather Denham**

Written by Heather when she was a ten year old schoolgirl, an excellent poem written based on using a first line supplied by her teacher, about the effects of a strong breeze on a crop of corn. Heather was obviously a very bright and capable schoolgirl.

Rob Gunn ‘**Sore As**’ **by Linus Frederick**

A discussion on how his mum could treat red bums on baboons, babies, and human-beans.

Barry Higgins ‘**GST**’ **by Sid Hopkins**

A Busker swallows a coin which sticks in his throat. A stranger displays great skill removing the coin, using his experience learned in a lifetime employed as a GST tax extractor.

Jem Shorland ‘**At the Pearly Gates**’ **from the Internet.**

A yarn of a WA Drover arriving at the Pearly Gates, being confronted by St Peter, and (successfully) talking his way inside by telling St Pete about his (unsuccessful) attempt to rescue a young lady from a gang of Bikies.

Roger Cracknell ‘**Reflections**’ **by Roger Cracknell**

Roger shared his latest poem with us. Of his thoughts and memories of happier times. Away from Covid and lock-downs. Do we care any more? Will the world recover and return to happier, more respectful times? Will Roger regain his mojo?

Peter Nettleton ‘**A Song**’ **by Peter Nettleton**

A bush man cannot stand living and working in the city. He dreams of open plains, the bush, and clear skies. Does anyone care any more?

Terry Piggott ‘**Faded Memories**’ **by Terry Piggott**

Fading memories of the old Bush Hall. The dances and music have all gone now. They will never return. They have been replaced by silence. It is a ghost town now, after the cream of our youth signed up to go to war – a generation lost.

Greg Joass ‘**The Multenous Crocodile**’ **by Greg Joass**

Based on a true story, of a dirty, muddy old creek, a hot day, and a swim beckoning. After a hot and hard days work, the men decide to risk it and go for a cooling swim. Was it a very large crocodile they encountered, or was the wound on our hero's toe simply the calling card of a non-lethal yabby with very poor eye-sight?

Paul Browning ‘**Around the Boree Log**’ **by John O'Brien**

Meeting friends and strangers, a welcome place to meet and tell tales and yarns around the Boree Log.

Performance Review 3 July 2020 (cont..)

Peter Blyth 'Living next door to Superman' **by Peter Blyth**

According to his wife what ever he did was never as good as the bloke next door!

Rob Gunn 'The Fathers Call' **by Noel Stellard**

The dad calls his son to tell him he and his mother are splitting up, the result both the son and daughter are catching the next plane, and paying their own way....that's one way to get to see the kids!

Lesley McAlpine 'The Computer swallowed Grandma' **By Anon**

I've checked the in box, the outbox, the recycle, the archive, but I cannot find Grandma, she's been swallowed by the computer!

Roger Cracknell 'The Bushranger's Plight' **by Roger Cracknell**

He held up the Mail Coach, and shot the coachman, and is pursued. A good yarn.

Jem Shorland 'A Gentle Hint' **by Ted Harrington**

An unkempt swaggie arrives in town, tries several times to go into the local dance hoping for a feed but is thrown out each time.. he can take a hint.

Peter Nettleton 'Bloody Shielas!' **by Rob Charlton**

With an average of two 'bloodies' in every sentence he utters, our hero meets a likely lass. Before taking her home to introduce her to his mother, he tries to impress her, but decides against showing her to his mum. The reason? She swears a lot!

Terry Piggott 'Remember, Mate' **by Terry Piggott**

Remembering with a mate, those bright, cold nights, the camp fires, the prospecting for gold, the dreams of sudden wealth, remember mate?

Paul Browning 'The Carrigan Boys' **by Ted Harrington**

Sixteen years since the old man died, he left a fortune to the boys, but they had frittered it away, getting mixed up in the racing game, gambling, and grog.

Greg Joass 'The Mighty Land Cruiser' **by Greg Joass**

The mighty Land Cruiser was the only vehicle to drive where there were no roads. They are not water-proof! But Greg believes they were the only vehicle to drive and survive in the outback. .

Peter Blyth 'The Hungry Rouseabout' **by Peter Blyth**

Peter had plenty of rouse-about in his shearing shed, but this skinny kid was one out of the box. He worked hard, but was always so bloody hungry. He ate everything and anything that was put in front of him.

Bill Gordon 'Bucket List' **by Bill Gordon**

Bill reminisced about his Bucket List, and how Bungee Jumping had been on the list. After Bill tried to do a Bungee Jump, he removed it from his list.

The meeting closed at 9.15 pm (WA Time).



Next  muster will be 7th August

zoom

COMPETITIONS AROUND

AUSTRALIA 2020

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

WRITTEN EVENTS are in RED



JULY

30 July - Closing Date

- **Nandewar Poetry Competition**,

Narrabri NSW.

31 July - Closing Date

- **Ipswich Poetry Feast Writing Competition**.

Children and adults.

Ipswich Queensland.

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

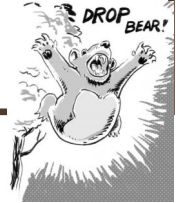
- **Dusty Swag Awards**. Poetry, short stories; adults and children; online or mailed. Portarlington Victoria.

Great free Poetry newsletter: - especially good for Queensland events

eMuse: Independent Bush Poets Newsletter. 2000 plus subscribers (on-line free!) Australia-Wide! Through his free distribution of this most informative, 20 page *eMuse*, (*An Independent Bush poetry newsletter*)

Editor: Wally "The Bear" Finch. P. O. Box 68, Morayfield, 4506, Qld. Phone: (07) 54 955 110.

E-Mail: wmbear1@bigpond.com



The 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) – 21st July 2020

Bully Tin monthly writing theme: I would like to run with a theme for each month's Bully Tin.

For Sept I'm kicking it off with **'Bloody Technology'**
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
Sept's Bully Tin

(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

**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

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

Committee

Irene Conner	- <i>State Rep APBA</i>	0429 652 155	iconner21@wn.com.au
Meg Gordon	- <i>Toodyay Festival Sec.</i> - <i>ABPA committee</i>	0404 075 108	meggordon4@bigpond.com
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 & 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

WA Bush Poets:	1st Friday each month - 7pm Bentley Park Auditorium 26 Plantation Dr, Bentley	<u>MC for Aug</u>	Ph. Heather Denholm - 0429 052 900
Albany Bush Poetry group:	Last Tuesday each month - 7.30pm 1426 Lower Denmark Rd, Elleker		Ph. Peter Blyth - 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets:	1st Monday every 2nd month - Rose Hotel Cnr. Wellington & Victoria St Bunbury or Ian Farrell 0408 212 636		Ph. Alan Aitken - 0400 249 243
Geraldton Bush Poets:	2nd Tuesday each month - 6pm Rec. Rm, Belair Caravan Park, Geraldton. * Bring and share snacks for tea.		Ph. Roger & Jan Cracknell - 0427 625 181 or Irene Conner - 0429 652 155.
Goldfields Bush Poetry Group:	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 or www.bushverse.com

Address correspondence for the “Bully Tin” to: Bully Tin Editor, PO Box 364, Bentley 6982 or 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

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

		Members' Poetic Products			
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