

The

December 2023

BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

Next Muster: 1st December at 7.00 pm, at the Auditorium,
Swan Care, Plantation Drive, Bentley
Robert Gunn 0417 099 676 gunnpoet@hotmail.com
Christmas poems if possible first half.

Don't forget your 8 line challenge - 'Christmas Decorations'

Christmas cake and port..... (masks not mandatory)

Reminder to bring along \$10 Secret Santa gift

1 per person attending.

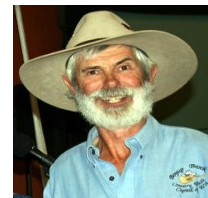
Merry Christmas



Happy New Year

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of the office of KATE DOUST MLC

President's Preamble December 2023



President's Ramblings

With the fallout from Covid at Toodyay, there were not many poets able to attend Have a Go Day. Again we shared a stage with a dance group which gave plenty of opportunity to promote Bush Poetry and our Australia Day Showcase at Wireless Hill. We did accept their invitation to join in one of their dances. Meg and Heather fitted in well but I had best stick to poetry. Thank you to Christine, Heather and Meg for manning the stall (no, that is not gender correct language these days, for personing the stall) and capably filling our performance spots on the main stage as well as the dance floor.

Cobber led a group of poets who performed last weekend at Cervantes. The town was celebrating 60 years since it grew from a collection of fishing shacks to the vibrant community hub it is today. Alan Aitken was MC for the poets supported by Irene, Stinger, Meg and me. There is no doubt that a good audience lifts one's performance. That was definitely the case on Sunday morning. Cobber also gave an excellent performance on the Clarinet while Stinger entertained with ukulele and song during the walk-ups.

Beth Green caught up with us at Have a go Day. Since her partner, George Thomas, passed away Beth has not been able to attend our musters due to lack of transport. Her situation has alerted us to the fact that we have other members as well who are in a similar situation. Maybe you or someone you know can offer a lift. Please contact any member of our committee if you can help.

Sadly I report the recent passing of Jack Matthews. I only knew Jack as a resident of Swancare and a member of our association who loved to attend musters and read a poem or two of Bill Kearns. But Jack was a bushie and stockman of the old school. This came to the fore when he would bring us Tom Quilty's poem "The Drover's Cook". Visions come to mind of Jack in his younger days round the stock camp and yards as a larger than life member of the team.

Our Christmas muster is on Friday 1st December. Port, Pies and Poetry including poems with a Christmas theme. Don't forget to bring a present (to the value of \$10) for each person attending. If your gift is gender specific you might wrap it in pink or blue paper accordingly to ensure the recipient gets it right. This is a great night to bring a guest to our muster but please remember to get them to bring a gift for the gift draw. To our members who cannot attend the muster I take this opportunity to wish you all a happy and safe Christmas and New Year.

Bill Gordon President



EUCALYPTUS on my mind

I sit here now so far away - another place another day,
yet memories so precious still, will always touch my heart.
With visions of our camps and you and thinking of the life we knew.
when that contentment found out there had touched us from the start.

How can I now explain those days or of the peaceful outback ways
and what that country meant to us throughout the years ahead
The solitude had suited us, so restful too and free of fuss,
just Val and I now free to roam wherever fancy led.

The shanty town by then long gone, just ghosts remain the rest moved on
and though those days and times were past some magic still survived.
We'd feel it by the fire each night while bathed in cooling starlit light,
as creatures of the night would sing once darkness had arrived

A true oasis all agree then arid far as you can see,
yet once inside that sheltered place a whole new world awaits.
Here groves of Gimlet offered shade, a place the good lord surely made,
with River Gums where creeks run underground as need dictates.

Small breakaways there overlook, a scene right from a picture book
and though there's man made changes too, the beauty still remains.
With green along old waterways where water runs but never stays,
but leaves a bud or two as passing gifts from recent rains.

So here I sit with thoughts anew and dream of here, but mostly you
and knowing now that chances such as this are rare to find.
You only get one chance I'm told, there's no repeats, you must be bold
and grasp it when it comes, before your dreams are left behind.

© T.E. Piggott



A Bush Christmas

The sun burns hotly thro' the gums
As down the road old Rogan comes -
The hatter from the lonely hut
Beside the track to Woollybutt.
He likes to spend his Christmas with us here.
He says a man gets sort of strange
Living alone without a change,
Gets sort of settled in his way;
And so he comes each Christmas day
To share a bite of tucker and a beer.

Dad and the boys have nought to do,
Except a stray odd job or two.
Along the fence or in the yard,
"It ain't a day for workin' hard."
Says Dad. "One day a year don't matter much."
And then dishevelled, hot and red,
Mum, thro' the doorway puts her head
And says, "This Christmas cooking, My!
The sun's near fit for cooking by."
Upon her word she never did see such.

"Your fault," says Dad, "you know it is.
Plum puddin'! on a day like this,
And roasted turkeys! Spare me days,
I can't get over women's ways.
In climates such as this the thing's all wrong.
A bit of cold corned beef an' bread
Would do us very well instead."
Then Rogan said, "You're right; it's hot.
It makes a feller drink a lot."
And Dad gets up and says, "Well, come along."

The dinner's served - full bite and sup.
"Come on," says Mum, "Now all sit up."
The meal takes on a festive air;
And even father eats his share
And passes up his plate to have some more.
He laughs and says it's Christmas time,
"That's cookin', Mum. The stuffin's prime."
But Rogan pauses once to praise,
Then eats as tho' he'd starved for days.
And pitches turkey bones outside the door.

The sun burns hotly thro' the gums,
The chirping of the locusts comes
Across the paddocks, parched and grey.
"Whew!" wheezes Father. "What a day!"
And sheds his vest. For coats no man had need.
Then Rogan shoves his plate aside
And sighs, as sated men have sighed,
At many boards in many climes
On many other Christmas times.
"By gum!" he says, "That was a slap-up feed!"

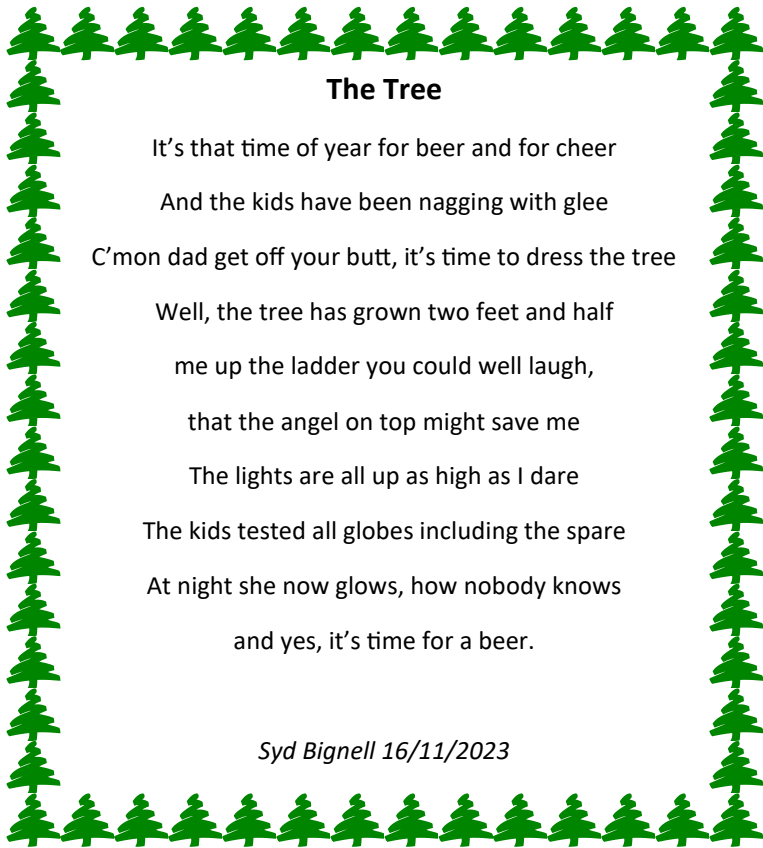


Then, with his black pipe well alight,
Old Rogan brings the kids delight
By telling o'er again his yarns
Of Christmas tide 'mid English barns
When he was, long ago, a farmer's boy.
His old eyes glisten as he sees
Half glimpses of old memories,
Of whitened fields and winter snows,
And yuletide logs and mistletoes,
And all that half-forgotten, hallowed joy.

The children listen, mouths agape,
And see a land with no escape
Fro biting cold and snow and frost -
A land to all earth's brightness lost,
A strange and freakish Christmas land to them.
But Rogan, with his dim old eyes
Grown far away and strangely wise
Talks on; and pauses but to ask
"Ain't there a drop more in that cask?"
And father nods; but Mother says "Ahem!"

The sun slants redly thro' the gums
As quietly the evening comes,
And Rogan gets his old grey mare,
That matches well his own grey hair,
And rides away into the setting sun.
"Ah, well," says Dad. "I got to say
I never spent a lazier day.
We ought to get that top fence wired."
"My!" sighs poor Mum. "But I am tired!
An' all that washing up still to be done."

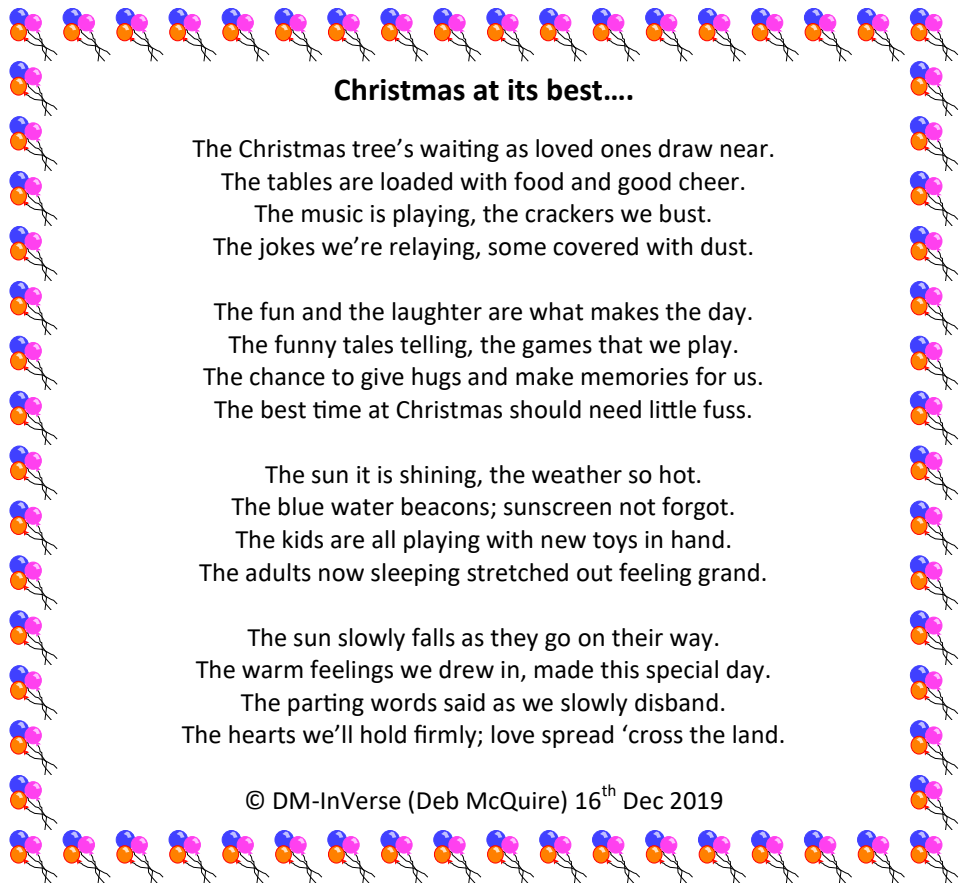
C J Dennis



The Tree

It's that time of year for beer and for cheer
 And the kids have been nagging with glee
 C'mon dad get off your butt, it's time to dress the tree
 Well, the tree has grown two feet and half
 me up the ladder you could well laugh,
 that the angel on top might save me
 The lights are all up as high as I dare
 The kids tested all globes including the spare
 At night she now glows, how nobody knows
 and yes, it's time for a beer.

Syd Bignell 16/11/2023



Christmas at its best....

The Christmas tree's waiting as loved ones draw near.
 The tables are loaded with food and good cheer.
 The music is playing, the crackers we bust.
 The jokes we're relaying, some covered with dust.

The fun and the laughter are what makes the day.
 The funny tales telling, the games that we play.
 The chance to give hugs and make memories for us.
 The best time at Christmas should need little fuss.

The sun it is shining, the weather so hot.
 The blue water beacons; sunscreen not forgot.
 The kids are all playing with new toys in hand.
 The adults now sleeping stretched out feeling grand.

The sun slowly falls as they go on their way.
 The warm feelings we drew in, made this special day.
 The parting words said as we slowly disband.
 The hearts we'll hold firmly; love spread 'cross the land.

© DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire) 16th Dec 2019



WA Bush Poets -

Back row -Bill Gordon, Meg Gordon Alan Aitken, Irene Connor.

Front row -Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge, Peter 'Stinger' Nettleton

helping Cervantes Celebrate

(Photos courtesy Jane Cochrane)



Last afternoon celebrations for Cervantes 60th Birthday since it was gazetted

Muster roster for 2024 updated November 2023

Please contact Christine Boulton if you are unable to act as MC on the dates indicated

Christine - 9364 8784 or christineboulton7@bigpond.com

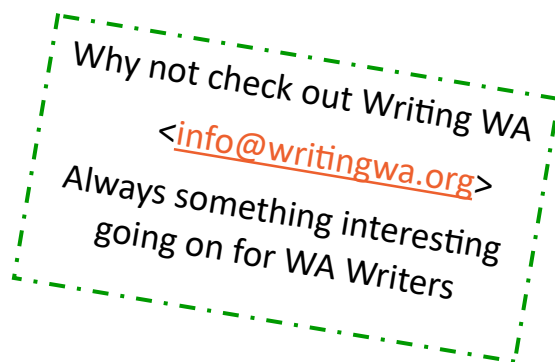
Date 2024	Master/mistress of ceremonies	Reader from the classics.....	Extra information
January 2024	Lorraine Broun 0411 877 551		8 line poem: Topic: I'd like to..
February	Ray Jackson 0419 902 116 rayjacksonperth@hotmail.com	Anne Hayes	Banjo Paterson's birthday Recite a poem for Banjo during the first half of the muster.
March	Bev Shorland 0438 764 897 shorland@inet.net.au	Lorraine Broun	16 line poem: The Wheels Go Around
April	Heather Denholm 0429 052 900 h.e.dehom@gmail.com		
May		Heather Denholm	
June		Ray Jackson 0419 902 116 rayjacksonperth@hotmail.com	WA poets –past and present Poets bring in your books/CDs to sell Poems for Henry Lawson's birthday (17 th June)
July	Peter Nettleton 0407 770 053 stinger@inet.net.au	Deb McQuire	
August	Christine Boulton Christineboulton7@bigpond.com 0438 995 609		
September	Robert Asplin 0448 150 757 roba58@bigpond.com		Traditional night/CJ Dennis's birthday AGM :7pm Half hour only, then normal muster
October	Anne Hayes 0428 542 418 hayseed1@optusnet.com.au		16 line challenge: This time
November			
December 2023/2024	Robert Gunn 0417 099 676 gunnpoet@hotmail.com		Christmas poems if possible..first half. Christmas cake and port. 8 line challenge: Christmas Decorations
	Stand by; Rob Gunn, Heather Denholm, Grace Williamson, Bill Gordon, Meg Gordon		

COMPETITIONS AND EVENTS AROUND AUSTRALIA

WRITTEN EVENTS are in PURPLE

For more details and entry forms please go to the ABPA website

www.abpa.org.au and www.writingwa.org



FEBRUARY 2024

12 February — Closing Date — Banjo Paterson Poetry Festival original poetry performance competition, Orange, NSW. .

17-25 February — Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival. Several events, walk-ups and original performance competition on Friday 23 February – students, novice and open (see 12 February closing date), Orange, NSW.

29 February — Closing Date — Man from Snowy River Bush Festival, performance and written competitions, Corryong, Victoria

APRIL 2024

11-14 April — Man from Snowy River Bush Festival (incorporating the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships). Performance and written competitions, Corryong, Victoria. See 29 February closing date.

Reminder: Could everyone who performs at Musters please have a synopsis available on the night or send one via email to shorland@iinet.net.au for the Muster write up.
Thanks in advance Bev

**Next Muster 2024:
5th January 2024 at 7.00 pm, at the Auditorium,
Swan Care, Plantation Drive, Bentley
Loraine Broun Ph. 0411 877 557
Writing Challenge 8 lines - *I'd like to***



Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2023-24

President	Bill Gordon	0428 651 098	billgordon1948@gmail.com
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Treasurer	Sue Hill	0418 941 016	suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com

Committee

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Deb McQuire	- <i>Bully Tin editor</i>	0428 988 315	deb.mcquire@bigpond.com
Irene Conner	- <i>State Rep APBA</i>	0429 652 155	iconner21@wn.com.au

Regular Events

WA Bush Poets: 1st Friday each month *MC details see front page*
- 7pm Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park WA

Bunbury Bush Poets: 1st Monday every ‘even’ month
- The Parade Hotel,
1 Austral Parade, East Bunbury. Ph. Alan Aitken - 0400 249 243
or Ian Farrell 0408 212 636

Goldfields Bush Poetry Group: 1st Wednesday each month.
- 7.30pm 809 Kalgoorlie Country Club,
108 Egan St. Kalgoorlie Ph. Ken Ball - 0419 94 3376

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

Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list
Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit website - Go to the “Performance Poets” page
Don’t forget our website www.wabushpoets.asn.au
Please contact the Webmaster, if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.