

The

MARCH 2025

BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



Next Muster: 7th March 2025 at 7.00 pm in building 16 as shown on map below.

Car access via Aide Crt then left on Wootliff Way

There is parking adjacent. Swan Care, Bentley

MCs Rod and Kerry Lee 0429 9704

Theme: Socks Reading from the Classics - Lorraine Broun

16 line poem: There's a hole in it

Building 16



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President's Ramblings March 2025



It seems that all too often I have to report on the passing of one of our members.

This time it is Colin Tyler we say good bye to. Colin was a very keen member and seldom missed a muster until recent times when health issues prevailed. He served the supper for some time until caring for Wendy dictated he had to retire from this duty. Colin's funeral will be held at East Chapel, Pinnaroo at 10.00 am Friday 7th March with a wake to follow at Mt Lawley District Cricket Club, Breckler Park, Cornwall St, Dianella. Please let me know if you intend to attend so I can advise the caterers, and bring a colourful flower to place on the coffin during the time of reflection. Colin requested we wear bright colours to celebrate his life rather than be sad. If you want to view the livestream email Colin jnr. at discocol@hotmail.com

Artificial Intelligence is with us whether we like it or not. At the February muster former member Rod Williams demonstrated how easy it is to generate a poem using AI and warned of possible consequences emanating from such practices. Far from encouraging its use, he was making us aware of the implications of its use in written poetry competitions and such like. There are a host of AI detector programs out now which can help to identify its use. I don't understand how all this works and I am not suggesting any of us try it with our writing. Artificial Intelligence does have its place in the modern world. Google Maps is one such example. I am not about to embark on a study of the use and implications of AI but we all need to be aware of its existence.

Boyup Brook was another successful weekend for Bush Poetry with the highlight being the presence of our two fabulous friends Melanie Hall and Susan Carcary. Back in Boyup for the fourth time, these two captivate audiences everywhere they go including their home base in Lightning Ridge. Their school workshops were well received by the students and the Memory Workshop for adults was excellent. Local poets were not as plentiful as in previous years but all poets kept the audiences well entertained throughout. Lunchtime performances in the pub drew a full house each day. John Matthews, the new publican, has done a great job getting the old pub up and running again. It is good to be able to attract more customers in to his business.

Alan Aitken is managing poetry sessions at Nannup Folk Festival on the long weekend and then at Downunder Country Music in Bridgetown on March 14 -16. David and Therese Higginson have been very keen supporters of Bush Poetry for many years and always make room for us at their shows.

We have been asked to perform again at the Moondyne Festival in Toodyay on Sunday 4th May. We will once again be at the Anglican Church. The ladies on their white elephant stall appreciate us if their sales are going slow. Kevin Bennett will be sharing his songs in between poetry brackets.

Please note the venue change for the March Muster. As the auditorium is being used for the election on Saturday we will be over the road. Signs will be up for directions but note the map in this Bullytin.

Meg and I are heading for Corryong to attend the Man From Snowy River Festival immediately after Downunder. We are looking forward to catching up with some of our Victorian poetry friends while over there. We will remind them of their poetry cousins in the west.

Bill Gordon President

SCRUFFY

I don't know where he came from and I never caught his name,
But judging by his clobber he was in the tramping game.
I think of him as "Scruffy" and he looked a sorry sight,
But somewhere in the great out-back
I hope he's on a better track
Than I was, on that night.

I don't know how it happened – well to tell the truth, I do,
But I'll skip the lurid detail if it's all the same to you.
One pay-day in the Murchison, after a quiet drink
Events began to escalate
Until the fickle hand of fate
Consigned me to the clink.

A man can get despondent in an unfamiliar scene,
I sort of dropped me bundle, if you follow what I mean.
The lock-up was a darkened cell, the worst I've ever known.
I had to readjust me eyes,
Then slowly came to realise
I wasn't there alone!

Old Scruffy sat in silence, on a kero tin I think.
It didn't take a genius to guess he liked a drink.
A weather-beaten warrior - the liquor I suppose;
A busted battler from the bush,
With woolly whiskers on his mush
And slightly 'on the nose'.

He sat there for a solid hour and never blunk an eye;
Have you ever had that feeling that you're far too young to die?
So a wave of panic struck me but I had no place to run.
Perhaps I was about to croak,
When finally the spectre spoke:
"Now don't you worry, son."

With super-human effort, Scruffy scrambled to his feet;
I blurted out a few choice words I'd rather not repeat,
But Scruffy sadly shook his head: *"Now don't you worry sport;
You're safe enough in here with me;
Tomorrow mornin' you'll be free -
Directly after court."*

SCRUFFY cont.

He placed his hand upon my arm; a calloused hand and yet,
That touch of human kindness was an act I won't forget,
Then he shuffled to his corner with a blanket for a bed,
And just before he settled down,
He turned his woolly head around:
"Don't worry son", he said.

A man without experience can either rise or fall,
But a man without compassion – well he's not a man at all.
And so I learnt a lesson from that dusty diplomat:
A few kind words of sympathy
Can set the human spirit free.
Old Scruffy taught me that!

* * *

I don't know where he came from and I still don't know his name,
But after meeting Scruffy, things were never quite the same.
I like to think he's doing fine - most probably he ain't,
But somewhere in the great out-back,
Along some Godforsaken track
With pannikin and gunny-sack
And mutton biltong in his pack...
There walks a scruffy saint!

*Of course I was only a young bloke when this happened, but I only
wrote the poem a few years ago. It was good to find helpful,
understanding people in so many different circumstances. Even in
a lock-up!*

Kieth 'Cobber' Lethbridge

Boyup Brook 2025 *write up and photos courtesy of Greg Joass*

The crowd numbers at Boyup Brook were visibly down on most previous years, however those who came along to the bush poetry were as appreciative as ever. We kicked off with a 'Meet and Greet' at Bill and Meg's on Wednesday night, where we got to meet our two special guests from Lightning Ridge, Melanie Hall and Susan Carcary. They are also known as the 'Two Short Sheilas', at least by Bill, though the two Heathers didn't agree.

A new innovation this year were two sessions of 'Poets in the Pub' hosted by John Matthews at the Boyup Brook hotel. On the very cold Thursday night we were entertained by the Balladeers show, a mix of bush poetry and music. During Cobber's bracket he explained how once, back in his youth, he had carried on a show after a power failure. Whether he jinxed that night's show, or was just being prophetic will never be known, but later that night Mel and Susie had to deal with the exact same issue when the power died early in their performance.

We worked the Two Short Sheilas extra hard on the Friday, kicking off with a poet's breakfast at the Tennis club, they then did a school visit with Bill, before turning up at the Poets in the Pub and winding up with a 'Memory workshop' in the afternoon. It was very entertaining and informative, I think, well the bits I remember anyway. Must have coincided with a low point in my biorhythms, or something.

On Saturday morning we had another great show at the Bowling club, concluding with the poet's brawl. Encouragingly we had quite a few entries from first timers and non-performers. It was eventually won by Irene Connors, who still maintains she can't write humour. Yeah, right!

On Sunday we had the main performance on the big stage. Again, the crowd numbers were visibly down on previous years, though still fairly respectable for an early morning gig, on the last day of a long festival. Those that had come along were glad they had made the effort, I know, because some of them told me so. They were treated to a very enjoyable couple of hours from all the bush poets and especially the two special guests. If you have ever heard 'Advance Australia Fair' sung to the tune of 'Ghost riders in the sky' you would instantly want to vote for it to become our new national anthem.

As usual we concluded the weekend with a wind-up BBQ back at Bill and Meg's and a visit from the ice cream van. Thanks Tony.

Greg Joass

Bill Gordon



Heather Denholm

Meg Gordon





Robert Gunn



Daniel Avery



Lesley Horn



Dave Morrell



Peter Rudolph



Allan Atkin

VALENTINE'S DAY

I love the idea of Valentine's Day, a day just for romance.
I love the very concept, cause it gives a bloke a chance
To shower his wife with presents and with kisses by the score,
And make up for his behaviour the other three hundred and sixty four.

*Greg Joass
Date: 14/02/2025*

*(Written on Valentine's day, at Boyup Brook,
in the half hour between events.)*



Melanie Hall and Susan Carcary &
Boyup Brook local Peter Jennings

Greg Joass & the two special guests



Melanie Hall and Susan Carcary,
the two special guests from over east.



Muster Write-up 7th February 2025

Bill Gordon greeted everyone and expressed Maxine Richter's apologies that she was unable to attend tonight he then introduced Brian Cogan our MC for the evening and thanked Rod Williams in advance for a special presentation to be done later in the evenings program.

Anne Hayes shared some background information about Patrick Hartigan (1878-1952) and then presented the reading from the classics and spoke of his background (Patrick Hartigan) - **John O'Brien** and present 'Around the Boree Log'

Heather Denholm – presented the original version of waltzing Matilda and then performed her poem *Dust the final ending*. I had attended a funeral when I was young and hear the whorls ashes to ashes dust to dust, when I got home I was looking for something and found a dust pile in the corner thought it must have been the man that had just been buried so I tried talking to him that got me into trouble with mum so I have decided I don't want to be dust just cremate me please.

Rod Lee – Bush Christening by Banjo Patterson the story of a reluctant youngster by the Rev. MacGinty - McGuinness Macgee

John Hayes – The Man from Iron Bark by Banjo. The tale of a ruthless barber shaving the man from iron bark.

Kerry Lee – Mongrel Grey – Banjo. Very topical with all the floods in Qld currently. The story of a rough old horse and how he rescued a young child and his father from a sudden flood.

David Sears – presented *Our Own Flag* by Banjo. An antiwar poem where the lyrics deliver a message of independence and nationalism.

Deb McQuire - shared her poem *My Father's Cotton Hankie* in remembrance of her Dad who would have turned 100 today.

Adrian Egan performed - *Darcy of the FIFO* his poem which is a take off from Banjo's Clancy, telling of a teacher who went North to the iron ore mines to move up financially...would he fit?
Also his poem *Feral Undertaking*, a shooter retained to kill feral predators takes of for a mission in Canberra.

Bill Gordon then introduced – Rod Williams with his special presentation on AI and spoke of the potential impacts on original works of poetry. Not having the skills to write poetry himself but appreciating greatly the writings of others but now with AI he could generate a poem. He then spoke on how it could have an impact on original works. He took prompts from the audience put into gpchat - bushrangers, coaches, guns, horses in banjo Patterson style. He then read out a the poem that was produced, and although not a prize winner showed the elements of bush verse.

Supper

Kieth 'Cobber' Lethbridge – delighted us with a melody on his mouth organ tune (with bones) was "Kelly, the boy from Killain".

The first poem I recited was "Scruffy". This told of a night spent locked up, as a young bloke, with a rough-looking old prisoner, in a nor-west jail. It was very scary for me, but the old fella turned out to be wiser and more friendly than he looked. He assured me that I would be okay, just had to face the magistrate next day, after which I would be free to go. He proved to be correct. It was a lesson to me. Even in his own difficult circumstances, "Scruffy showed support and compassion to a complete stranger."

Terry Piggott – performed his own poem - *The Best Mate Of Them All* - This is a poem about a chap thinking of the years he's spent out Bush. Recalling faces and the places throughout his time out there. And the love of that lifestyle, and especially the best mate of them all.

Shelley – 'Coz I can. Her original yarn/story about the burdens that we carry that are useless and should be put aside so we can ease our loads and move forward in life.

Muster Write Up cont.....

Rob Lee – *The Blower Vac* written about when his wife bought the dreaded blower vac that ended up bringing on finishing rain.

Kerry Lee – performed *The Chestnut Mare* written by Veronica Beal

Deb – her poem - *We're Tired of Feeling Guilty* a commentary on how society puts pressure on everyone to conform to set a set of 'imposed norms', and the changing dietary regimes that come and go according to the fashion of the day.

John Hayes – entertained us with his poem - *The Gourmet Bunny*. John told us the story - relating that the shop on the corner of Walter Rd and Beechboro Rd had been there more than 50 years and usually stocked rabbit, a favourite of his father. The shop had begun as a small family business but is now a supermarket with a vast range of small good and all types of meat. So when his Dad came down from the bush, he (John) walked with his father to the Walter Rd shop but they were in for a surprise.

Bill Gordon recited Jack Drake's poem *The Saga of the Sexual Saddle* - The suggestive sales pitch by the local saddler, Windy and Dick still dateless and the saddler made a hundred dollars.

Heather Denholm this poem was written for a competition to include the words *Where Has all the Money Gone* - I had put lots of 1 shillings coins in a jar and one day the jar was empty so I stomped my feet and said shit and once again got into trouble.

Adrian Egan presented his poem *Glenorchy Square Dance*, describing the time when a Caller tries to assemble a motley bunch of farm folk at a Saturday dance night at the local Hall.

David Sears - performed *Entrapment*. A story penned by *Billy Kearns*. Tells of Trevor and his mate Ken, who get into strife with a plastic stacker testicles.

Kieth 'Cobber' Lethbridge - further entertained us with his poem "The Legend of Mother McQ", the story of a football grand final at a paddock of Minder Station in 1968. The substitute cook, a woman, filled a vacant back-pocket position and, after much derision from the opposition, kicked the winning goal.

Adrian Egan- *Clancy of the Overflow* by Banjo AB Patterson, a well known favourite of everyone.

Deb reminded those who perform at musters to give her or send through a synopsis from the night to ensure details are

Bill Gordon closed the evening and reminded all present that next month's muster is to be held in Building 16 due the usual venue being set up for voting purposed for the Election the next day

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

Next Muster: 4th April 2025 at 7.00 pm, at the Auditorium, Swan Care, Plantation Drive, Bentley

MC - Lorraine Broun 0411 877 551

Reading from the Classics - Heather Denholm

8 line poem: Changes

Deadline for submissions for April's Bully Tin 25th March 2025

Oh there once was a swagman camped in the billabong,
Under the shade of a Coolibah tree;
And he sang as he looked at the old billy boiling
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, my darling.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
Waltzing Matilda and leading a water-bag.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the waterhole,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee;
And he sang as he stowed him away in his tucker-bag,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."


Down came the squatter a-riding his thoroughbred;
Up came the policeman - one, two, and three.
"Whose is the jumbuck you've got in the tucker-bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

But the swagman he upped and he jumped in the waterhole,
Drowning himself by the Coolibah tree;
And his ghost may be heard as it sings in the billabong,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, my darling.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
Waltzing Matilda and leading a water-bag.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Heather

The poem "Waltzing Matilda" was written by the Australian poet **Andrew Barton 'Banjo' Paterson** in **1895**. Paterson composed the lyrics while staying at Dagworth Station in outback Queensland, and the melody is attributed to Christina Macpherson, whose family owned the property.



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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

Why not check out Writing WA
<info@writingwa.org>
Always something interesting
going on for WA Writers

March

8 March — Milton Agricultural Show Bush Poetry Speaking Competition - children and adults, Milton NSW. See 7 February Closing Date.

7-8 March — NSW State Championships at Verse in the Valley Festival, Gloucester, NSW.
See 28 February Closing Date. For more information contact Tom McIlveen: phone 0417 251 287,
email portalarms@gmail.com .

April

10-13 April — Man from Snowy River Bush Festival (incorporating the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships). Performance & Written Competitions. Corryong, Victoria. See 28 February Closing Date.

30 April — Closing Date — Silver Swagman (Bronze Swagman special one-off) written bush poetry award, Winton, Queensland.

May

4 May — Closing Date — Grenfell Henry Lawson Poetry and Short Story Prize, Grenfell, NSW.

15 May — Closing Date — Eastwood/Hills FAW Literary Competition Boree Log, Eastwood, NSW.



Committee Members - WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2025			
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Greg Joass		0429 345 150	gjoass@gmail.com
Deb McQuire	- <i>Bully Tin editor</i>	0428 988 315	deb.mcquire@bigpond.com

Regular Events

WA Bush Poets:	1st Friday each month <u>MC details see front page</u> - 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
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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.