

The

NOVEMBER 2021

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



Next Muster Friday 12th Nov 2021 at 7pm at [Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park](#)

Please note: we are in an upstairs room this month.

November Muster MC Alan Aitken - 0400 249 243 aitken@live.com.au

Reading from the Classics: Grace Williamson

November's Challenge: write a Haiku titled 'Poetry'

Haiku (or hokku) A Japanese verse form most often composed, in English versions, of three unrhymed lines of five, seven, and five syllables. A haiku often features an image, or a pair of images, meant to depict the essence of a specific moment in time. (Ref: Poetry Foundation)



**WA Bush Poets
& Yarnspinners**

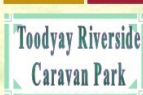
Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival

Fri 5th - Sun 7th Nov 2021

WA Bush Poetry
Performance Championships
Poetry Writing Workshop
Variety Concert Saturday Night

FREE ENTRY TO ALL EVENTS

Proudly sponsored and supported by



For more information, visit

www.wabushpoets.asn.au



RoadWise



WALGA

2021 ROAD WISE POEM

THEME

This years focus is "Speeding" 14 line max

Every year the statistics have details of deaths and injuries due to excess speed. This past year has seen a number of vehicles colliding with trees and other inanimate roadside objects, resulting in death and carnage on our roads.

POET'S ALERT

WA BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS ASSOC
TOODYAY BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL
2021 STATE PERFORMANCE CHAMPIONSHIPS
FRIDAY 5TH – SUNDAY 7TH NOVEMBER

The Entry Form available on the website:
www.wabushpoets.asn.au

Please encourage entries from any
Juniors and budding young writers/performers.

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

President's Preamble November 2021



Christmas is coming and with it the "Silly Season".

I always feel that the Silly Season for Bush Poets is with us already. We have just returned from a marvellous four days at Nambung Country Music Muster where we hear the cream of WA country music artists, many of whom have been recognised nationally and internationally for their outstanding talent and contribution to the industry. I feel privileged to be able to spend time with these people and to consider them as friends. We Bush Poets are given full recognition as artists at Nambung and our performances are appreciated by organisers and patrons alike.

Close after Nambung we gather at Toodyay for our annual Bush Poetry Festival and State Championships. This year we will be treated to a workshop by Mick Colliss of radio fame. Mick has a great ability to turn out a poem from a random list of words, a skill he regularly demonstrates on 6PR. I hope some of this will rub off on me as I struggle to plait words into a poem.

Another celebrity to appear at Toodyay this year is Bernard Carney. Bernard has a long and illustrious career as a folk musician and he will be judging the performance competition along with our own Cobber and Terry Piggott.

WA writers are again making their mark in recent written competitions. Congratulations to Terry Piggott winning the Betty Ollie Poetry Award. (Kyabram, Vic) with "Top Camp". Terry also received a Commended in this competition from a star studded field of writers. (What is the collective word for writers of bush poetry?) Not to be left out, Peter O'Shaughnessy collected Highly Commended for two poems in this competition and won the Bronze Spur (Camooweal Drovers Camp) with "Where Even Windmills Die".

Have a Go Day is on Wednesday 10th November at Burswood. Once again we have a stall near the main stage as well as performance time on the stage. This gives us a chance to promote our association and some of the events we run, particularly Crystal Swan and Wireless Hill.

I am pleased to report that Peg is making daily progress in her recovery from a recent stroke. She is now living with her daughter in Albany and working toward reclaiming her independence. She will be missed this year at Toodyay. The Poet's Brawl just won't be the same.

Because of clash of dates with Toodyay the November muster will be on Friday 12th at Bentley Park but in one of the upstairs rooms as the auditorium is being used for another event for residents.

Bill Gordon President

Have a Go News SENIORS WEEK 7 - 14 November 2021

Have a Go Day

Wednesday 10th November at Burswood

WABP at Site # 96

TOODYAY BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL 2021

PROGRAM OF EVENTS

Friday 5th October at CWA rooms Toodyay

9.00 – Set up Memorial Hall

1.30 – 4.00 Poetry writing and poetry workshop with Mick Colliss

6.00 – Meet and Greet, dinner at Freemasons Hotel

Saturday 6th November at Memorial Hall, Toodyay

9.00 – Junior Original, Junior Other

Walk ups

10.00 – Novice Original, Novice Other

Walk ups

11.00 – Yarnspinning

12.00 – *Lunch*

12.50 – Official Opening. Toodyay Shire representative

1.00 – State Championship - Traditional

3.00 – State Championship – Modern

5.00 – *Finish*

7.00 – 9.30 – Evening Entertainment. **Bernard Carney** plus WA performers
Winners of Written Competition (Silver Quill) announced.

Sunday 7th November at Memorial Hall, Toodyay

7.30 – Bush Poet's Breakfast (Lions Club catering)

Walk-ups

9.00 – Poets Brawl

9.30 – State Championship – Original Serious

11.30 – Roadwise challenge poems

12.00 – *Lunch*

1.00 – State Championship – Original Humorous

3.00 – Judges Performance

4.00pm – Presentation of awards to Performance Winners

2021/2022 Muster roster Current – Hi Folks can you please let me know if you would like to be deleted/included/date changed...

Cheers Christine 9364 8784 christineboul7@bigpond.com) or contact me at Toodyay

Date 2021/2022	Master/mistress of ceremonies	Reader from the classics.....	Extra information
January 2022	Lorraine Broun 0411 877 551	Michael Darby mrmichaeldarby@hotmail.com 0402 558 947	8 line poem: Topic: Time flies
February	Tess Earnshaw 0407 385 872 fmlady@westnet.com	Lorraine Broun	Banjo Paterson's birthday
March	Lorelie Tacoma 9365 2277 tlorelie@gmail.com	Ann Hayes	
April	Rodger Kohn 0419 666 168 rodgershirley@bigpond.com	Bev Shorland	16 line poem: Chaos reigned
May	Robert Gunn 0417 099 676 gunnpoet@hotmail.com	Heather Denholm	
June	Terry Piggott ter- rence.piggott@bigpond.com 9458 8887	Ray Jackson 0419 902 116	WA poets –past and present Poets bring in your books/ CDs to sell Poems from Henry Law- son's birthday (17 th June)
July	Peter Nettleton 0407 770 053 stinger@inet.net.au	No reading from the classics	AGM :6.30 meeting first and muster to start at 7.30pm
August	Frank and Mary Heffernan 9881 6652 muffenburg@westnet.com.au	Frank and Mary Heffernan	
September	Robert Asplin 0448 150 757 robert.47@optusnet.com.au	Deb McQuire	Traditional night/CJ Den- nis's birthday
October	Anne Hayes 0428 542 418 hayseed1@optusnet.com.au	Tess Earnshaw	16 line challenge: Here we go again
November 2021	Alan Aitken 0400 249 243 aaitken@live.com.au	Brian Langley -2022 Grace Williamson - 2021	Haiku challenge: Poetry
December 2021	Robert Gunn 0417 099 676 gunnpoet@hotmail.com		Christmas poems if possi- ble..first half. Christmas cake and port.
	Stand by Rob Gunn, Heather Denholm, Terry Piggott, Grace Williamson		

Bush Poetry at the Nambung Country Music Muster, October 2021

Article written by Christine Boulton originally for publication in Trad 'n Now (shared with permission)

This Muster is held just 2 hours north of Perth at Nambung Station, a working sheep and cattle station. The station has heaps of room for caravans and there were several paddocks full of caravans and motor homes. This was quite a sight after driving 22km through the Badgingarra National Park, on an excellent dirt road. However, there were still many people opting for the traditional rolled out swag as well as pitched tent campsites. This was a dog friendly event but dogs were banned from the performance festival area. The 1200 tickets were pre-sold online and the festival had sold out by early July.

Facilities were excellent with plenty of spotless portaloos. We take our hats off to the cleaners who were cheery and diligent.

The programme ran from Thursday to Sunday with four full days of entertainment programmed by Terry Bennetts. There were several hours of walk ups on the Thursday and Friday mornings with booked guests in the afternoon. However, Saturday and Sunday were given over to booked artists.

The stage was alongside of the shearing shed so you were able to get an occasional whiff of sheep. This was a strictly bring your own chair event. Most country music festivals run on this basis. At some you can set up your chair for the whole festival but Nambung punters were required to clear them at night and return them in the morning. This was to give people a chance to secure better positions. Shade was at a premium and if chairs were vacant in the shade people would borrow them until their owners returned. There was a call out for enthusiastic audience members not to arrive at three in the morning, as they were waking up the food vendors.

Another feature of this festival was the enthusiastic dancing. Every space around the stage was full of line dancers or old time dancers. There was a line dancing workshop on Thursday morning but throughout the festival people would lead and others follow. So the whole experience became one of teaching, learning and enjoying the dance.

Saturday evening dance with David and Therese from Campfire Country really saw the old time dancing come to the fore. There was the Pride of Erin, the Maxina, the Country Stomp and many more. Again not much calling involved, many highly proficient dancers and the beginners watching and following for all their worth. Late nights saw bigger bands including The Red Ochre band from Geraldton.

The music was country with no interstate artists as again Covid presented challenges. However, entertainers included Connie Kis Anderson, Kathy Calver, Tony McKenna, Mike Kerin, Rodney Vincent, Moira Scott, Wayne Pride, Kevin Sullivan and many more. Many of the artists had changed national and international touring circumstances because of Covid. However, we were grateful to have them at Nambung in WA. There will be a big party at Tamworth in 2022.

The highlight for me was the Songs and Stories of the Kimberley presented by Terry Bennetts with Sam Lovell, Ginger Cox, Fred Russ, Lee Foster and Mark Donahue. Terry interviewed Sam, an 87 year old Aboriginal elder from Derby who began life working on stock camps and later became involved in tourism. He is respected mentor of young aborigines. His stories of walking and later riding around fences, waiting for the tide to come in to load cattle....were mesmerising. Terry had written many songs about the Derby and Broome area that also reflected Sam's experiences. Ginger Cox from Beagle Bay (The Kimberley Guitar Man) is a stunning instrumentalist and with Lee Forster from Kalbarri and Mark Donohue on bass we were treated to some outstanding music.

Sam and Ginger would be great to have at the National Festival at the National Library's interviews of National Treasures. Although we class them as country Sam's stories and songs fit just as easily into the folk genre.

Another feature of this festival was the younger performers coming through. Granddaughters, daughters, son and many others fostered by WA Country Music and the awards at Boyup Brook. Most notable was the Lansdell family with a teenage bass player and the young Kate singing beautifully, Dad was the drummer for the house band. Kevin Sullivan had three of his children singing with him onstage. Billy Higginson's son was the sound man, plied by Dad with food and beverages from the vendors...

Band: From Left to right Terry Bennetts,
Lee Forster, Warren Trant, Mark
Donohoe





Poets at Nambung 2021

L-R (front row) Peter 'Stinger' Nettleton, Christine Boulton, Ben Shorland, Meg Gordon, Rob 'Gunny' Gunn, Peter Rudolph
 L-R (back row) Vic from Dowerin, Bill Gordon, Ray Jackson.

Perhaps it's time I mentioned the poetry. Alan Aitken volunteers at Nambung so we have a baling twine area labelled Poet's Corner that's fairly close to some toilets and the stage. Over ten bush poets from The Perth area and the south-west of WA attended.. There were a couple of half-hour shared brackets On Thursday and Friday and then the three hour breakfast on Sunday morning. The shaded areas filled up to full capacity as the morning progressed. The breakfast had to be booked and was sold out along with the online tickets.

One issue did come up and that was one of copyright. An iron worker was talking about using our WA Bush Poet's logo as a gate design. Of course, it is copyright to our association and I think this was discussed with the artisan concerned. It did raise the subject of audience member videoing the performances of both musicians and poets. What do they do with the tapes? Are they going to put them on social media or , transcribe and use them? This was discussed with one walk up reciter in mind who wasn't crediting poems and known by someone to transcribe works and use them with no acknowledgement.

The WA Bush Poets request that if possible, we email or ring writers and ask for permission to recite their works. We must always acknowledge the author of the work.

However, do we request that people don't take videos of performances as a matter of course? Many audience members consider it their right and then play and share their recordings. For some performers this is their bread and butter and could mean that some people would see no reason to buy CDs.or USBs.

I do think it's a matter for consideration. Theatres request that no filming or photos take place during performances. Do we do the same at music and poetry concerts? I would love some debate and information on this matter.

However, I digress. If you are in WA and would like a week-end filled with friendship, great music and poetry then Nambung, in the Dandaragan Shire is the place for you. Thanks to Brian and Gloria White for opening their station and running the festival and to Terry Bennetts for organising the performers and programming. Profits from the weekend go to a range of charities.

See you at Nambung next year.



IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS

I have followed in their footsteps from the Gulf down to the Bight,
over miles of sunburnt country with fierce summers at their height.
And I've seen the sad old ruins where so many dreams were crushed
and the now abandoned goldfields where the hopeful had once rushed.

I have trekked that rugged landscape where the daring chose to go,
through a hot and arid vastness in those days of long ago.
It was here that many perished in this harshest of all lands
and I swear I've heard their voices in the songs of singing sands.

I have shed a tear while standing by an infant's grave outback,
just another sad reminder by a near forgotten track.
Where our pioneers had ventured as they sought to work this land,
but had paid the price in heartaches that so few now understand.

And I've viewed the ghostly remnants where the old towns used to be,
now abandoned to the wilderness with little left to see.
There's an eerie feel about them, though there's not a thing in sight,
just a whisper in the silence of an outback summers night.

There's a sense of sadness always when you think about the past,
as you view the scattered remnants of old dreams that didn't last.
For although these towns had thrived once they were doomed right from the start,
way back in those days when boom and bust were never far apart.

I have also seen those dust bowls writhing in the grip of drought,
where the settlers faced starvation as they tried to last it out.
Fighting daily to survive with not a penny left to spare,
watching dying stock and withered crops and no one seemed to care.

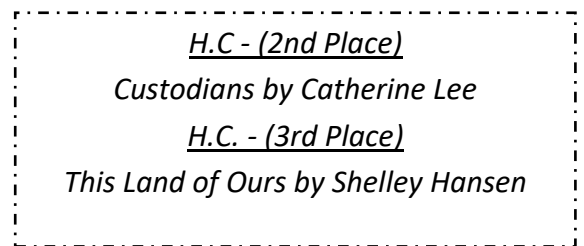
Yet despite the disappointments they had found the strength you need,
as they fought back from adversity determined to succeed.
Dreaming still about a future that they hoped one day to share,
while their women somehow kept them fed with cupboards all but bare.

I have thought about the sorrow felt for fallen sons in wars,
when so many young men lost their lives on distant foreign shores.
Leaving families to grieve for them throughout the years ahead,
as despair had swept this country and so many hearts had bled.

For I've seen the scrolls of honour that adorn each country hall
and have felt a stab of sadness for those men who gave their all.
love of country and its people saw them join up for the fight
and they gave their lives while fighting for a cause they knew was right.

IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS

Never now forget the lengths to which our pioneers had gone,
as they worked to build a future that one day they could pass on.
They had faced up to the challenge in this land of drought and flood
and have fought to keep us free, in battles soaked with Aussie blood.





TOP CAMP – ‘Up in the Devil’s Lair’

by Terence Piggott

Where the stony creeks meander and the schist clad hills rise high,
you can feel your heart beat faster as you near where nuggets lie.
Yet this country can be treacherous for those who don’t take care,
death has long since cast its shadow here up in the devil’s lair.

There’s a lonely grave that greets you where the ghost gums line the
creeks
and it’s here he’d sought his fortune once amid these crumbling peaks.
There’s a worn-out pick and shovel there and boulders still lay strewn
and you hear the dingo’s howling with the rising of the moon.

On a termite ridden tree trunk is a rusty frying pan,
where his mates had scratched the name once of this long-forgotten man.
But the words have disappeared now, so there’s just a stone lined grave,
that’s a poignant last reminder of a mate they could not save.

Far out in this wilderness his friends could only hope and wait,
praying for a miracle to somehow save a dying mate.
Though by then their hearts were hardened to the perils faced outback;
death no longer was a stranger to those men who blazed the track.

When you look down at his grave, you think of how it was that day
and you wonder at the heartache of a mother far away.
Then you think about a sweetheart and the life they’d hoped to share
and you feel a tinge of sadness here up in the devil’s lair.

Time has silenced all the voices now of those who’d been his mate
and there’s little still remembered of the way he met his fate.
With no comrades left to mourn him and no lover to shed tears,
he has rested here forgotten for one hundred dreary years.

Yet this country holds him to its breast and guards his resting place,
while the changing seasons come and go at their unhurried pace.
When the summer storms arrive each year to swell the creek once more,
you can hear the boulders crashing and the raging river roar.

At a waterhole that fills here after cyclones have passed through,
there are signs he may have camped there to enjoy the peaceful view.
As the nighttime shadows gathered and the sun began to sink,
he could watch the country stir again as creatures came to drink.

There’s a haunting feel about this place when stars are shining bright
and you sense you’re not alone, although there’s not a soul in sight.
As the nighttime breezes stir the leaves they whisper as they go
and it sounds just like his voice at times around this old-time show.

As you daydream by your campfire at the closing of each day,
you imagine he’s there with you pointing out where nuggets lay.
For it’s easy to believe now that his spirit roams here still
and he guards these creeks and gullies from his grave up on the hill.

There’s a nagging urge to come here, though I never stay for long,
yet I find it hard to leave at times; the lure of gold is strong.
It’s remote and inhospitable when summers in the air,
but again, that sense of sadness as you leave the Devils’ lair.

THE BETTY OLLE POETRY AWARD 2021 – RESULTS

FIRST PRIZE

Terry Piggott Lynwood W.A.
‘Top Camp’

RUNNER-UP

Brenda Joy Charters Towers QLD
‘Reflections of the Kimberley – Circa 1950’

HIGHLY COMMENDED

Peter O’Shaughnessy Eaton W.A.
‘The Last Mob Down the Canning’

HIGHLY COMMENDED

Max Merckenschlager Murray Bridge S.A.
‘Follow Me Home’

HIGHLY COMMENDED

Jan Facey Bargara QLD.
‘On ‘olidee Wiv C. J. Dennis’

HIGHLY COMMENDED

Peter O’Shaughnessy Eaton W.A.
‘It Wasn’t Silicosis’

HIGHLY COMMENDED

Heather Knight Wentworth Falls NSW
‘A Single Blackened Post’

HIGHLY COMMENDED

David Judge Strathfieldsaye VIC.
‘Extracted or Polluted or Extinct’

COMMENDED

Catherine Lee Mona Vale NSW
‘Shameful Home Stretch’

COMMENDED

Ross Rolley Bayview Heights QLD.
‘Her Dog Had Not Been Missed’

COMMENDED

Irene Dalgety Timpone Atherton QLD.
‘If Only’

COMMENDED

David Campbell Aireys Inlet VIC.
‘A Poet’s Voice’

COMMENDED

Terry Piggott Lynwood W.A.
‘True Matanship’

COMMENDED

Shelley Hansen Maryborough QLD.
‘The Old Bush Hall’

THE BETTY OLLE JUNIOR POETRY AWARD RESULTS

2021

FIRST PRIZE

Layne Warde Kyabram VIC.
‘A Quiet Place’

RUNNER-UP

Methuki Bogatapitiya Cranbourne West VIC.
‘Nature’s Secrets’

COMMENDED

Aubrey Thistlethwaite Ky Valley VIC.
‘Aussie Bush’

COMMENDED

Madison Saunders Girgarre VIC.
‘Camping in the Aussie Bush’

COMMENDED

Imogen Chew Carindale QLD.
‘Brownies’

It Wasn't Silicosis

My old mate was a miner so it came as no surprise to hear the old bloke cough a bit and pain show in his eyes. He'd worked in all the big mines – half a mile below the ground and coughing was a symptom that the miners often found. He'd worked a roaring air-leg drill, in clouds of lethal dust, but damped it down with water to control each dusty gust. He said, "This stuff won't get 'me' mate. Us mining blokes is tough. I must say though, that just today, I'm feelin' a bit rough.

It's just a little cough," he said, "It doesn't worry me – it's just a thing you get from dust, a miner's thing you see. I think you'll find the blokes that earns their livin' on the drills will end up coughin' – just like me. That's why they take the pills." The old bloke scoffed a couple. It just made his coughing worse. And then a chap he worked with said, "He's got the miner's curse. It's 'sili-bloody-cosis' mate. It takes away yer breath. Me old man got it up in Kal. and coughed his-self ter death."

Old Bert just laughed, then coughed a bit and said, "I'm not too bad, but haven't had a cough like this since I was just a lad. We used to get the flu a bit, when I was still at school, but no one used to grizzle much – they'd call a bloke a fool." It wasn't very long before they said he'd caught a cold which can be quite a problem when a bloke is getting old. But Bert just kept on working, doing odd jobs round the yard and moaned a bit, as most blokes do, "that things were getting hard."

Bert tried the recommended cures – some dodgy ones as well, but then he got the headaches and he lost his sense of smell. And then the thing he hated most, it caused him real fear, he'd lost his taste for anything. He couldn't taste his beer. We took him to a clinic where the doctor that he chose was quick to swab the old bloke's throat and also up his nose. This sample was sent down to Perth to have some strange tests done that came back bloody positive – no good results – not one.

By now old Bert was pretty crook. He spent most days in bed just dreaming of his golden years and of the life he'd led. We knew his tests were awful, but it still came like a shock to see him intubated – being held down by the Doc. The old bloke tried to fight it. We all hoped that he might win. He huffed and puffed for oxygen. They called his doctor in. The medico assured him that *'the dust'* was not his curse and made him lie there quietly. The cough got even worse.

But then his doctor said to him, "It's not *'the dust'* you've got. We've tested you for Covid mate and you are bloody hot. We'll have to isolate you Bert. It's all that we can do, or you'll infect the lot of us. No visitors for you." An eerie, pale, blue, sterile light suffused his craggy face while gowned and hooded gentle forms patrolled his silent space; a silence filled with muffled clicks and slowly pulsing lines, a maze of wires and monitors, with **'Danger-Covid'** signs.

It's still the good old Aussie way – you look after your mate, but with this rotten Covid thing you're made to isolate. And though I think they've got a cure – a vaccine's looking good – it came too late, for my old mate. I hope he understood. He'd done his bit. He'd made his mark. He'd played the Aussie game and left a world where mateship meant much more than fleeting fame. He viewed the world of Lawson – and the Banjo – from afar and lived their outback spirit – that's what makes us who we are.



The Weebo Sailing Club

Way out past Yackabindie where there are no posh resorts
the boys on Weebo Station formed a sailing club of sorts.
The workers at the homestead suffered boredom and they knew
that if they didn't sort it out they'd lose a bloke or two.
So in their outback wisdom, with some cold beer rhetoric,
they found an odd solution that they thought might do the trick.

The station had a salt-lake that just happened to be dry,
so one bright spark suggested they give dry-land boats a try.
He'd seen them racing land yachts on the flats at Lake Lefroy
and thought it might be just the sport their young blokes might enjoy.
Though few had seen this sort of stuff, all thought it might be fun
to have a go and give this dry lake sailing thing a run.

They then set out and formed a club, so they could do things right,
with members and committees, from the drunks on Friday night.
Then from this mob they picked a bloke – a squatter out of work –
for Commodore because he said he'd done this sort of lurk.
And Captain of this motley crew was chosen for his hat.
A sailor's hat, he'd pinched it. It was white, and peaked, and flat.

One Friday night it was discussed, as beer began to flow,
how they could make some sort of yacht and how the thing might go.
A team was formed to sort it out. They made a proper plan.
They didn't want just any boat – they needed one that ran.
The boys then went and made one with some bits of tin and stuff,
it had a seat, some wooden wheels, but strewth the ride was rough.

As now the yacht-club had a boat they hoped that they might find
someone of note to launch the thing. The Queen of course declined.
But then they thought that smashing grog on boats might cause distaste,
so captain and committee thought a race might be embraced.
They sent out invitations to the towns and to the pub
to race against the flagship of the Weebo Sailing Club.

The rules were fairly simple. All the teams would need a boat,
but craft that have no water do not have a need to float,
so as there'd been a drought round here – for seven years or more
–the yacht club had decided their boats need not have a floor,
but each must have a pointy end and one end that is not
and each must have a sail of sorts, just like a proper yacht.

By now the word had got around, the news was commonplace,
about the Weebo Sailing Club's bold plan to stage the race.
A racing date decided. Entries came from near and far.
They hired a huge, enormous, tent and fitted out a bar.
The entries came, in formal form, from little outback pubs,
from out-camps and from shearing sheds
– all promised home-made tubs.

One boat was made in Alice Springs. It ran on legs alone
and though it won the great Todd race, it didn't set the tone.
For most boats here were made to run on Weebo's dry salt lake,
so all had wheels and most of them would make real sailors quake.
One 'sailed' down from Carnegie, on the gravel road no less,
and how the mob from Meeka. came, the club could only guess.



King Of The Ranges 2021 Written Poetry Competition Results

Serious

1. Where the Curlews Nest Helen Harvey,
Coonamble, NSW
2. Freddy K Tom McIlveen, Port Macquarie, NSW
3. The Master Helen Harvey
HC: The Ballad of Billy Mateer Tony Hammill, Qld.
C: Henry David Judge

Humorous

1. The Weebo Sailing Club Peter O'Shaughnessy,
W.A.
2. Revenge of the Chooks Catherine Lee,
(Indonesia)/ Mona Vale, NSW
3. Dear Sir Helen Harvey
HC: The Bandywallop Ball Tony Hammill
C: How Bill Cured his Stutter Helen Harvey



The Weebo Sailing Club cont...

The outfits that the teams all wore were varied, some obscene,
as crewmen sought to win a prize and show that they were keen.
Mankini's made a fearsome sight as some were fairly spare
and judging was made difficult by tufts of ginger hair.
But one young lass would win the prize, on this they all agreed.
She wore no more than high heeled shoes and nothing else, indeed!

These motley crews were lined up on the dry, parched Weebo salt
by several half drunk shearers, who were stewards, by default.
The Commodore and Captain then said welcome to the crews
and kindly showed the ladies the bush dunnies they should use.
But then a note of menace as the speakers rambled on –
the rumbling sound of thunder spoiled their verbal marathon.
The start was set. One yacht collapsed. Recovery – in vain,
for as the starter fired his gun down came the pouring rain.
At this the racing teams took off. Their craft all rolled along,
but as the muddy waters rose things started going wrong.
The boats they made weren't built to float and soon got waterlogged.
And stockmen laughed – as most blokes would – when Weebo's boat got
bogged.

By now the lake was three feet deep and still the rain came down.
From Cunyu Creek the waters flowed right down through Menzies Town.
Some boats were sunk. The crews escaped. They swam to higher ground.
The squatter lost a thousand sheep. A kelpie dog was drowned.
Some drinkers charged into the fray and joined the muddy mess.
They sank some boats. They had some fun and that's what spelled success.

Now round the outback camps at night, yarns of the race are told,
of how they sank the stockmen's boats and Weebo's boys got rolled.
They tell tall tales of mischief and of mud and what they drank
as they got drunk and cheered like mad while yachts got bogged or sank.
And now, at night, some see strange sights, there's spectres in the scrub –
the muddy ghosts and wreckage of the Weebo Sailing Club.

Reminder: Heather has asked if everyone who performs at Musters could give her a synopsis on the night or send one via email h.e.denholm@gmail.com Thanks in advance Heather.

Get Well Soon

It would seem that gardening is now on the list of dangerous hobbies. Sadly our wonderful Brian Langley slipped and broke several ribs while carting branches. We wish you a speedy recovery Brian and hope you are back with us soon.
Grace has stepped into the breach and is doing the reading from the classics for November.
Best wishes from all the Bush Poets.

**December Muster MC Robert Gunn 0417 099 676 gunnpoet@hotmail.com
Christmas poems if possible...first half. Christmas cake and port.
Deadline for Dec's Bully Tin Submissions 22nd Nov 2021**

October Muster Write Up by Heather Denholm

MC Anne Hayes - welcomed Bill and Meg back and then Anne was welcomed onto the committee
Bill started the evening by saying he didn't know anything about footy, he even wondered where the crossbar was..

Bill Gordon recited *Rupert McCall's poem Why we Play the Game*, rugby players and ex players have a passion for the Game that is played in heaven "that it is hard for anyone else to comprehend. What is more the older they get the better they were. Then there was the *16 line challenge "If you must go"* this time only the ladies had taken up the challenge with, Tess Earnshaw, Meg Gordon, Grace Williams, Deb McQuire and Heather Denholm bringing their challenge pieces.

John Hayes recited *Droving Days by Banjo Patterson*, first published in the Bulletin in June 1891..

This tells the story of an old drover who goes to an auction of old horses and recalls the memories of the good old days. While an old grey horse goes down for a pound.

Lorraine Broun explained to us protons and neutrons in the poem Quantum Thoughts, but I'm still confused!

Meg Gordon commenced by letting all know that the past editions of the Bully Tin that were available are now on the web page. There are just a few missing. And to check the web site. Also the Derby Bush POETS day paid for its self, a good success. Meg then told the story **The Cruise**, it told of looking for a partner, didn't care what he looked like so long as he was rich, but trying to find a husband on a cruise is not always a good idea.

Rob "Gunny" Gunn's poem *Cobber*

Christine Boulton. Recited *The Rain Man*, the story of how a kite and way too much gelignite instead of breaking the drought just made a huge hole in the ground. But when it rained the next day Archie too all the credit for breaking the drought.

Peter "Stinger" Nettleton. - presented *O'Hara JP by Henry Lawson*.

A country justice of the peace regards himself as a pillar of society, is seduced by a pretty young barmaid, and gets his come-uppance accordingly.

Heather Denholm read a newly written piece about the trouble we can get into if our home is controlled electronically

Keith Cobber Lethbridge Performed the mouth-organ tune *"Rosin the Bow"*. There is also a version called "Old Rosin the Beau", and a West Australian song with very similar tune called "The Catalpa", a story about the escape of Irish Fenian prisoners from Fremantle. Followed by *Mildrew's Dilemma* - As a young bloke, Mildew was just as pig-headed, single-minded and annoying as he was in later life. While he was being lined up for romance by the boss's wife, Archibald Mildew only had eyes for a bowl of succulent, ripe figs.

Refreshment Break

Classics reading was bought to us by Tess Earnshaw, she chose John O'Brien, who was really Monsieur John Patrick O'Callaghan

Grace Williamson - *The Old Pepper Tree by Evelyn Cull*. The author of this poem went to see her sister in Kalgoorlie, they went to see some of the old deserted gold towns, there she saw a pepper tree that inspired her to write this poem. She wrote it in 1968.

Deb McQuire. - presented her poem 'Camping'. A tale about the friendlier nature of people while out camping and followed it with 'Word of Mouth' her take on a great place to camp out at Linga Longa.

Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge recited his poem *McCarthy*

At the dusty Wyndham race-course back in 1963, a pretty little brown-eyed girl had cast a spell on me. At that time, I'd never met Jack McCarthy, but he took exception and decided I needed taking down a peg or two. In the fight that followed, I was saved by his own horse kicking him, twice. Then McCarthy introduced himself and we became good friends for many years.

Meg Gordon. Presented *Grandpa and the Bobtailed Lizard*

Grandpa thought he would visit the city and would go to the races, while there he found a Bob tailed lizard, as he was very interested in the races he put the bobtail in his pocket, he bet on a winning horse called bobtail. But in the end decided that life was much better on the farm.

Peter "Stinger" Nettleton - *A Gentle Hint by Edward Harrington*, a swaggie tries to watch a dance in a small country town, but comes sadly *unstuck and hurt of pride*.

Lorraine Broun : *A Tale of a Dying Soldier* The poem she chose was based on an event that occurred early in her nursing years. The story of an old alcoholic man who was dying alone in the hospital.

John Hayes recited *Mulligans Shack by Cobber Lethbridge*

Mulligans wife was expecting a baby, but she went into labour in the kitchen one night so Mulligan lit the lamp and a boy was born, then another boy, then 2 girls in quick succession, Mulligan quickly turned the out. That was enough!!

Christine Boulton - performed *The Bush Christening by Banjo Patterson* the story of how McGuinness McGee received his unusual name.

Rob Gunn - recited *The Martian by Bobby Miller*

Bill Gordon: In 15 years farming Bill has seen a lot of silly thing done. He confesses that maybe he has been guilty of a few himself. He combined some of these into a poem called *Fifteen Bob*.. because if it had been just one person he would not have been the full quid.

Bill closed the evening and reminded everyone that the Nov muster is on the 12th not the 5th.

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 and www.writingwa.org

NOVEMBER

5-7 November - WA State Championships,
performance and **written competitions**
(see 8 October 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

21 November - Closing Date - Creative celebration of the International Year of Caves and Karst – Australasia.

Write a story, rhyme, poem, song, sketch, paint, sculpt, photograph or create a video

DECEMBER

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

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

Please note - Poetry competitions - Christine Boulton

Despite Covid the written competitions in the Bush Poetry community have kept going. If you are interested in entering go on the ABPA website. There is a comprehensive list of both written and performance competitions in Australia. The ABPA website has much to offer emerging bush poets. It has a forum with weekly challenges and comprehensive notes by Milton Taylor on writing and performing bush verse.

It was pleasing to see WA well represented in the recent Betty Olle Poetry Awards. Congratulations to Terry Piggott , Brenda Joy , Peter O'Shaunassey and all the other poets who received a thumbs up. Terry also won the written Cervantes Art Festival Bush Poetry Competition in the same week.

Competitions for Bush Poetry help us to hone our skills in both written and performance. It really isn't just about winning, it's about developing conversations and improving our techniques.

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

President	Bill Gordon	0428 651 098	billgordon1948@gmail.com
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			
Meg Gordon	- <i>Toodyay Festival Sec.</i> - <i>Web Control</i> - <i>Secretary of the ABPA</i>	0404 075 108	meggordon4@bigpond.com
Bev Shorland		0487 764 897	shorland@iinet.net.au
Jem Shorland		0487 764 897	shorland@iinet.net.au
Anne Hayes		0428 542 418	hayseed1@optusnet.com.au
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
Tony Hill	- provides supper for Musters	0418 929 493	suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com

Regular Events

WA Bush Poets:	1st Friday each month <i>MC for Nov see front page</i> Nov's Muster 12th Nov 2021 - 7pm Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park WA	
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 'even' month - The Parade Hotel, 1 Austral Parade, East Bunbury.or Ian Farrell 0408 212 636	Ph. Alan Aitken - 0400 249 243
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
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.