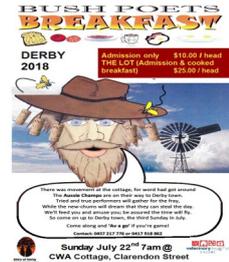




**Next Muster Friday 3rd August 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park
MC : Frank Heffernan: Muffenberg@westnet.com.au 9881 6652
(Please give your synopses to Rhonda Hinkley)**

SOUTHERN POETS DASH TO DERBY TO ESCAPE THE WINTER BLUES



There was a great line up of poets who were guests of **Derby Bush Poets** for their **Poets Breakfast on Sunday 22nd July**. Peg Vickers came up from Albany. Peter Nettleton, John Hayes and Bill Gordon made the trip along with their good ladies. Cobber Lethbridge made the trip also. Robyn Bowcock of Derby Bush Poets and her capable team, Elsie Archer, Margaret Thompson, Diana Troup made us all feel very welcome and organised our accommodation. They were wonderful hosts, providing opportunities for socialising at meals and attending events in Derby including the Races and Market Day, where a couple of poets performed. Bill and Meg Gordon were interviewed on ABC Kimberley Radio. James Fitzpatrick and Peg Vickers were interviewed by Radio 6DBY and were all able to promote the advantages of Bush Poetry as a time of enjoyment, brain stretching, and above all fun. Derby is a unique corner of remote northern Australia, the gateway to Horizontal Falls and Buccaneer Archipelago. Indigenous culture can be explored at Winjana Gorge, Tunnel Creek and the Gibb River Road.



Performing Poets. (L to R) James Fitzpatrick, David Morrell, Cobber Lethbridge, Peg Vickers, Ivan Bridge, Meg Gordon, Bill Gordon, John Hayes, Dianne Phillips-Zito, Stinger Nettleton and two visitors from Holland, Kimberley and Nienke who wrote a poem on experiences while travelling in the north and how helpful the locals had been when they experienced difficulties

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.



Greetings to all from sunny Derby where we have just enjoyed their 21st Bush Poets Breakfast. We came with high expectations, having heard glowing reports from poets returning in previous years. We were not disappointed. The enthusiastic local group headed by Robyn Bowcock looked after us in superb style, and the shady grounds of CWA Cottage was an excellent venue. More than 200 people enjoyed a varied program from outlandish humour to the thought provoking work of James Fitzpatrick reflecting on his achievements and challenges among the indigenous population.

Meg and I have had great responses from caravan parks we have performed at since leaving Perth in mid-June. We have been following Terry and Virginia Bennetts, caught up with them for one gig in Carnarvon, and then for a week in Broome. We have also enjoyed gigs with John and Anne Hayes who are about to head back south while we push on into the Territory and Queensland.

Thank you to committee members who have all renominated at the AGM. I am grateful to have such a supportive committee who are ever willing to keep the ship afloat while Meg and I enjoy our travels. Thanks to Shelley Johnson for the work she has done on the website. Do not be alarmed if you cannot find what you are looking for at the moment as Shelley is in the process of giving the website a complete overhaul and will be posting more pages as she gets them completed.

Thanks to Anne Chalmers, Rob Gunn and Craig Waterman for their efforts in Mandurah. Rob was left speechless by the outstanding performance of all the competitors. Congratulations to teachers, students, and all concerned and we hope more schools will take part next year.

No doubt a cold wet winter gives everyone something to look forward to – Spring. Bill Gordon

Bringing Bush Poetry to Mandurah and the Peel Region of WA

On Wednesday 20th June, two schools Halls Head and Falcon Primary year six students went head to head in a poetry competition. Ten students from each school all presenting their own work put on a display that blew judges Craig [Crackers] Waterman and Rob Gunn away. Banjo and Henry, the old masters are not dead! These students not only wrote their own poems but performed them in a very entertaining way. It was marvellous.

This competition was the brainchild of Anne Chalmers from the Falcon Lions Club who has a passion to promote poetry to the youngsters of today in the Mandurah area. Her love of Bush Poetry brings her down to Boyup Brook every year in February for the poetry at the Country Music Festival. Anne has worked tirelessly for twelve months to get this together. She approached the schools and was able to get the teachers on board. Anne provided the schools with the Jack Drake's Teachers Packages and it went from there. Halls Head and Falcon Primary year six students used Jack's packages extensively with great success.

WA Bush Poets and Rob Gunn and Bill Gordon went to the schools and presented workshops. The teachers were fantastic. The students were inspired. They went away and wrote their poems for the competition.

The judging was just done visually based on presentation and delivery. Rhyme and meter were factors but judging was purely for entertainment. Everyone just wanted the students to have fun and they did.

If any performers or writers have any spare CD's or books the schools would appreciate any donations.

Congratulations to Ann, Jack Drake, teaching staff and students for their contribution. We want this to be an annual event and the hard work has just begun.



Anne Chalmers from Falcon Lions Club



James Fitzpatrick in Derby

Poets and musos combine to entertain in the north west

With some poets being lucky enough to have their poetry put to music, it is not unusual to find poets and musicians on the same stage. This has been very evident as Bill and Meg Gordon, John and Anne Hayes travelled around the north west and met up occasionally with Terry and Virginia Bennetts.

Terry and Virginia left the WA Southwest winter behind in mid June and slowly worked their way up to the Kimberley playing to appreciative caravaners at places like Wooramel Station, Carnarvon through to Eighty Mile Beach, Barn Hill Station and Broome. They caught up with Bill and Meg Gordon and played some gigs together at Carnarvon and Broome and sat back and relaxed with a cold beer while watching Bill do his show at the Tarangau caravan park. Meg recited as well and they passed the hat around for the RFDS. A very entertaining show.

They will continue their tour through Derby and Darwin and work their way down the Stuart Highway and back home by mid September and the next big show will be Nambung CM Muster on the last weekend in October. One of the best Country Music and Bush Poetry Festivals in WA.

John Hayes sometimes played the mouth organ and also jammed with the guitar around the campfire. Once Derby Bush Poetry Festival was over John and Anne have headed for home.

Bill and Meg are off to Fitzroy Crossing, Kunnanurra and Katherine next on their way to Qld.



Stinger Nettleton in Derby



Anne Hayes in Derby



John Hayes



The crowd enjoyed the Bush Poets Breakfast at Derby

IT'S A GREAT WAY TO SPEND YOUR RETIREMENT



It's not all Poetry!



Bill and Meg Gordon, Virginia and Terry Bennetts In Broome

From Greg Joass

I recently competed in my first ever Poetry Slam, at Denmark's Festival of voice. They are quite different to Poet's Brawls. They give you a two minute time limit, not one and there is no time limit for composing your material and no lines issued for inclusion. Judges are selected randomly from the audience and the competition allows any subject matter and any style, including free verse. I decided to use the opportunity to strike a blow for the cause of real poetry. I didn't win and didn't expect to, but I escaped without being lynched, which to my mind is even better. When you read it you will see why lynching seemed like a real possibility.

POETRY OR PROSE

I come from a long tradition of bush poets from the west
You may think that we're old foggies and we're maybe past our best
But Henry and the Banjo wrote their poetry in rhyme
And it may not be your cup of tea but it's stood the test of time
For a century or more has passed and still it's in demand
Throughout the length and breadth of McKellar's 'Wide brown land'
These days a lot of people claim that they write poetry
But they go and leave the rhymes out so it's all just prose to me
They say it's too restrictive finding rhymes for every line
But the bush poets all do it and we seem to manage fine
So passing prose as poetry means they aim for second rate
But if they call it prose instead some could be classed as great
There's no end of subject matter, which will suit a rhythmic beat
Just present it with some panache and lots of metric feet
So why act all pretentious claim they're poets when their not
Why not take pride in writing prose if that's the skill they've got
I reckon it's about the name, it's sounds cool to be a poet
But there is no name for what they do, I reckon that they know it
And saying you write prose maybe sounds a little lame
So they're redefining poetry and hijacking the name
But why should they denigrate our art just cause they cannot cope
A poet should write poetry, that's not too much to hope
But if it doesn't rhyme then they can argue till they're blue
They'll be just another bunch of jumped up prozers in my view

Greg Joass
24/05/2018

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Peg Vickers from Albany wowed the crowd at Derby with her own special brand of humour!!

THE OLDEST MUM

A medical experiment
A miracle, a joy
When the oldest lady ever
Produced a baby boy.
The fact that she was eighty six
Led some to think that maybe
She wasn't capable of caring for a baby.

She scoffed at such suggestions
Treated them with scorn
And bade them come and visit
Now her little boy was born.
So the ladies came to see her
They chatted and they smiled
And asked her several times
If they could see the child.

In a minute, in a minute
Soon I'll let you see
Then she gave them all some biscuits
And a lovely cup of tea.
They tried not to be impatient
But it was hard to resist
Entertaining certain notions
That the child did not exist.

They asked once more to see it
As the hour was getting late
But the lady yet repeated
They still would have to wait.
We must wait until he cries
But ladies don't despair
I know I put him some place
I just can't remember where.

Peg Vickers

CONGRATULATION CHRIS TAYLOR
Highly Commended in Bronze Swagman 2018 for his poem



“Swampy”

Swampy is a mate of mine, in fact he's been a mate for years,
Since we started out a friendship over a coupla lukewarm beers.
I was camped out, trappin' rabbits, back when trapping' was ok.
Seems they think it's more humane if they just poison 'em today,
When this fella wandered into camp, his swag upon his back.
Asked if he could rest a bit after a hard day on the track.
Well we sat and shared our stories how we came to be out here
And I decided that I liked him, so I offered him a beer.
I had half a dozen bottles meant to last me out the week,
Had 'em in a big wet hessian bag slung up down by the creek.
So we sat and drank and cooked some tea and stoked the fire and talked
'Bout how many rabbits I had caught and just how far he'd walked.
So that's how our friendship started seemed we got along just great,
By the morning I'd decided I could call this man a mate.
Turns out he was pretty cluey when it came to getting by,
Sorta bloke that can do anything and doesn't need to try.
He was quite a decent shearer and by god that man could ride.
If I ever took to fighting I'd sure want Swampy at my side.
He was also quite the wingman when we both went out to dance,
We'd head into town for what we called some B and S romance.
That was where I met me missus, that was down to Swampy too.
He chatted to her then he said "Mate she's the one for you".
He was right of course she soon became the centre of my life.
Swear I won the bloody lottery when I made that girl me wife.
But she knows who I've been out with if I ever come home late.
I'd just blame it all on swampy cause, well, Swampy is my mate
Then conscription reared it's ugly head and Swampy had to go
So he headed off to Vietnam to fight some unknown foe.
As it always is with Swampy he gave it nothing but his best
But he never wore those medals they once pinned upon his chest
And the folks back home abused him as he stepped back on the quay.
Never heard him talk about that war and not a word to me
Swampy was a different man when he came back from over there,
Took to drinkin' more than he could take and didn't seem to care.
Had to bail him out a coupla times or three or maybe more.
I was more about the worrying than I was on keeping score.
Wifey told me keep an eye out, best I could at any rate.
She loved him just like I did and well, Swampy is me mate.
couldn't keep a job down long, what with the type of life he led,
And if given any choice he'd just head to the pub instead.
So we never knew the reason 'cause no note was ever found,
But I know that mongrel big black dog had run poor Swampy down.
Cause he never quite recovered from that hell we know as war
And so damaged as he was he couldn't fight it any more.
So now when I need to have a chat I head off back out west
To that spot where I first met him and to where his ashes rest.
Where the creek nearby is whispering its gentle lullaby
And the sun is just a colour in a distant western sky,
Where I set up camp and light a fire and try to recreate
When I shared that beer with Swampy well, 'cause Swampy's still me mate.

C.J.Taylor

MUSTER WRITE UP – 6TH JULY 2018

MC for the evening was **Bev Shorland** and commenced the entertainment at 7.15pm

Rob Gun – a poem by James Fitzpatrick “Outback”

A story about the first Australians “The Outback Pioneers”. This poem won the open serious section at The Australian Championships in Toodyay in 2017.

Barry Higgins – “Rain Gauge “

How the rain gauge must be read every day at the same time.

“Love They Dentist” By Syd Hopkinson – A tale of a client in the dentist chair having to make a decision on which way the dentist is to adjust the chair.

Peter Nettleton – “Ard Tack” by Anon

A story of a shearer who exaggerates his abilities shearing and many other abilities when he has to shear sheep in a vineyard, the shed had many wine casks all around and many samples for tasting, hence it was the hardest shed he had ever shorn.

Brian Langley - Brian’s poem “Migration”

A poem reflecting on the annual migration of retirees who travel north during winter, carrying their entire possessions crammed into a small space.

Loraine Broun – “Belling Blues”

Loraine’s poem describing her frustration regarding directions on cleaning the oven and the help she doesn’t get when contacting the service centre

Grace Williamson – “The Stockman’s Tale” by Anon

The stockmen are relaxing around the campfire, when the grog is passed around. When it comes to Ned he says “No thankyou boss”. He tells the boss of a story of how his brother Ben was persuaded by him to have only one drink which led to more, consequently Ben went on a wild horse ride and lost his life now Ned takes all the blame and now drink fills him with dread and fear.

Colin “Banjo” by Ted Harrington

A poem about Banjo who will always remain alive in our lives as he comes from where they breed them tough and as long as bushmen love their horses, and tales are told of droving days”Clancy of the Overflow”, “The Man from Snowy River” and many other stories told around campfires at night, with a Southern Cross in the sky Banjo will never die.

Nancy Coe - Sings a song her Dad used to sing to her as a child. “The Wibbly Wobbly Walk”

Driving to Boyup Brook - Nancy’s poem about her travelling to Boyup Brook to stay at Bill and Meg’s for the Music Festival and the enjoyment of the whole weekend.

Dave Smith – “Ode to a Dunny”

The stories of the old “Dunny” in the back yard.

Dave also tells us a humourous story about a taxi driver that used to drive a Herse! With almost serious ramifications.

Loralie Tacoma – “My Technology Lament” by Penny Stonestreet of Munster

A humorous poem about how technology can sometimes drive us crazy.

Keith Lethbridge - Keith plays a tune on his harmonica.

“Harry’s Mate” Keith’s poem describing mate Harry and the good and hard times they had shared.

Break for supper

Brian Langley – “Are You Catchin Any, Mate?”

Brian’s poem commenting on the fact that whenever he is fishing, he seems to be always plagued by someone asking the question “Are You Catchin Any Mate”.

Barry Robinson “I’ve Been Good”

His own poem about helping others trying to be good, but at the end of the week, still not able to pick a winner with lotto.

“Sacred Land” Describing his outback adventure while driving through the outback, the scenery the different animals, vegetation the billion stars at night.

Peter Nettleton – “Moreton Bay” by Anon

A poem depicting the frustrations of a convict, how he was taken from his loved ones and his harsh treatment.

Loraine Broun – “Dating Game”

Loraine’s poem about a friend who went on a dating site and the different ways in which he has to learn to entertain the ladies.

Dave Smith – “The Brickies lament”

A yarn describing to his boss, in exaggerated terms why the brickie isn’t at work today.

Jem Shorland – Colonoscopy Report

Jem’s humorous poem describing a visit to the Doctor and the subsequent outcome.

Jem also shares with us a few of his hilarious poems “Thoughts of Marriage” and ”Night Manoeuvres”

Nancy Coe - "The Wool Shed"

Nancy's poem describing the enjoyable times with friends, singing, and dancing
In Bill and Meg's Wool Shed.

Rob Gunn - "Promoted to Glory" by Keith Lethbridge

Keith suggested I learn his poem about a young bloke from the Murchison who did many jobs until he was promoted to Glory.

Keith Lethbridge - "6 Mile War"

Keith's poem describing the 6 Mile Pub and the local riot with Mother McQ causing trouble as usual.

Muster closed at 9.30pm

At the AGM of WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc. the following members took positions:

President Bill Gordon

Vice President: Peter "Stinger" Nettleton

Secretary: Rodger Kohn

Treasurer: Sue Hill

ABPA Rep: Irene Conner

Committee: Dave Smith, Bob Brackenbury, Bev Shorland, Jem Shorland, Meg Gordon



Jamming with Terry Bennetts in Broome — the "ukeladies" Virginia Bennetts and Meg Gordon

On a very sad note. Message received from Roby Bowcock as we left Derby: Margaret

Thompson passed away on Monday morning. So would be nice to acknowledge her in the next Bulletin as she has been on our committee since we took over in 2002 and quite a few of the membership, especially those who attended the Derby event, would know her.

Unfortunately due to ill-health she hasn't been quite as active in the last few years.

As well as being on the committee, she was the owner/editor of *The Muddy Waters*, a local newspaper for many years. In that role she both promoted the event for us and often sponsored a poet, usually either Peg Vickers or Ron Evans. She was one of the few on the committee who actually was a writer. She wrote her autobiography and has written some poetry. I have at least one of her works and another is being read at the Derby Writers' Festival on Friday night. I will get a copy of one or the other for a future edition.

Robyn Bowcock, PO Box 67, Derby WA 6728. 08 91911782

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Committee

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Dave Smith		0438 341 256	daveandelainesmith1@bigpond.com
Bob Brackenbury		0418 918 884	brack123@gmail.com

Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:

Tony Hill	Supper / Bully Tin mail out	0418 941 016	suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com
Rhonda Hinkley	Librarian	0417 099 676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Shelley Johnson	Webmaster	0438 339 896	shelleyturk@gmail.com
Robert Gunn	Sound gear set up	0417 099 676	gunpoet@hotmail.com

Regular Events

Albany Bush Poetry group	4th Tuesday of each month	Peter 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets	First Monday of every second month Rose Hotel cnr Wellington & Victoria Sts.	Alan Aitken 0400249243 Ian Farrell 0408212636
Geraldton Bush Poets	Second Tuesday of the month. Contacts: Roger & Jan Cracknell 0427 625 181 or Irene Conner 0429 652 155. 6pm at Recreation room, Belair caravan park, Geraldton. Bring and share snacks for tea.	
<p>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</p>		

Don't forget our website www.wabushpoets.asn.au

Please contact the Webmaster, Shelley Johnson: shelleyturk@gmail.com if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.

Country Poets -Is there anything poetic going on in your neck of the woods. If so, why not drop us a line and tell us about it

<p>Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list</p> <p>Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit our website www.wabushpoets.asn.au</p> <p>Go to the "Performance Poets" page</p>	<p>Members' Poetic Products</p> <table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr><td>Victoria Brown</td><td>CD</td></tr> <tr><td>Peter Blyth</td><td>CDs, books</td></tr> <tr><td>John Hayes</td><td>CDs & books</td></tr> <tr><td>Tim Heffernan</td><td>book</td></tr> <tr><td>Brian Langley</td><td>books, CD</td></tr> <tr><td>Arthur Leggett</td><td>books, inc autobiography</td></tr> <tr><td>Keith Lethbridge</td><td>books</td></tr> <tr><td>Corin Linch</td><td>books</td></tr> <tr><td>Val Read</td><td>books</td></tr> </table>	Victoria Brown	CD	Peter Blyth	CDs, books	John Hayes	CDs & books	Tim Heffernan	book	Brian Langley	books, CD	Arthur Leggett	books, inc autobiography	Keith Lethbridge	books	Corin Linch	books	Val Read	books	<table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr><td>Peg Vickers</td><td>books & CD</td></tr> <tr><td>Terry Bennets</td><td>Music CDs</td></tr> <tr><td>Terry Piggott</td><td>Book</td></tr> <tr><td>Frank Heffernan</td><td>Book</td></tr> <tr><td>Christine Boulton</td><td>Book, CD</td></tr> <tr><td>Pete Stratford</td><td>Book, CDs</td></tr> <tr><td>Roger Cracknell</td><td>Book, CD</td></tr> <tr><td>Bill Gordon</td><td>CD</td></tr> <tr><td>Jim Riches</td><td>Book, CD</td></tr> </table>	Peg Vickers	books & CD	Terry Bennets	Music CDs	Terry Piggott	Book	Frank Heffernan	Book	Christine Boulton	Book, CD	Pete Stratford	Book, CDs	Roger Cracknell	Book, CD	Bill Gordon	CD	Jim Riches	Book, CD
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