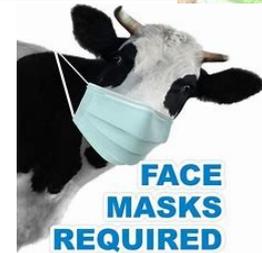


BULLY TIN



1st April Muster at 7pm at Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park
MC: Heather Denholm 0429 052 900 h.e.denholm@gmail.com
Reader from the Classics: Bev Shorland



You're Getting Warmer *W Gordon 20.2.2022*

You know you're getting warmer when you can feel your toes,
And your fingers started moving and a drip hangs from your nose.

As you open bleary eyes and strain to peer around
The snow is several inches deep where you lie on the ground.

Perhaps you stayed a little long down at O'Reilly's pub.
You're wisest move might not have been that short cut through the scrub.

The moon was bright but you were not, you didn't see the log,
But as you fell across it you landed in a bog.

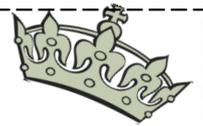
Unaware of your surroundings and oblivious to pain,
You settled down to rest a while despite the snow and rain.

Now as the first bright rays of dawn bring promise of new day
You search your addled brain to think how you ended up this way.

The thumping in between your ears gives cause to stop and think
How long it's going to be before you touch another drink.

March challenge - Line given was

Chaos reigned - *Heather Denholm*



A couple had a baby and they named her Kay
She was named in a hurry for their 8th they thought a boy
For 7 girls they had before young Kay came along
She forever was their youngest and young Kay was strong

She could ride a horse and rope a bull she had practiced with the dogs
By 10 she was the champion of dressage and roping hogs
She had entered in the royal show at the tender age of 4
But the thing she liked the best was telling people there's the door

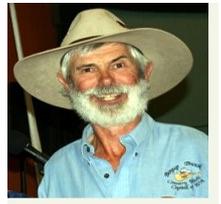
It's fun I like so there she said she was clever above the rest
She went to England and convinced the queen her throne to pass
For Charlie's old and dottery I'm young I'll be the best
And Queen Liz said yea what the heck I have nothing much to loose

So the child of John and Mabel OSS as Aussie as her name
Became the queen of England and people bowed and feigned
Her coronation splendid was a day they can't forget
For from that day in England they found that Kay Oss reigned.



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

President's Preamble April 2022



As with Boyup Brook in February, several of our members did not let the cancellation of Downunder Country Music in Bridgetown deter them. They still came to Bridgetown, this time for a camp over at Greenbushes with Green Herring and their friends who meet as Greenbushes Acoustic. A full weekend of folk music and bush poetry plus a workshop on circle dancing and another on music theory made for a most enjoyable weekend even if our ukulele players struggled with the technical aspect of it all. Those who were at Wireless Hill will remember Lee and Irma of Green Herring.

Boyup Brook CRC celebrated World Poetry Day the following Monday, 2nd, with a poetry session. Numbers were greatly boosted by WABPYS members who stayed at Northlands following the Greenbushes weekend. It was interesting to hear poetry from Boyup residents who are not regular presenters but write engaging verse and with correct rhyme and rhythm. We hope to bring you some of these poems in future editions.

Attendance at musters has been disappointing lately. It appears we have been more severely impacted by Covid and the associated restrictions than was anticipated. There is still a good number of poets presenting very good poetry and it is pleasing to see some newer poets coming up with new poems and doing them very well.

Alan Aitken is camping at Dryandra later this month (Tuesday 26th to Friday 29th). With the arrival of cooler weather this is a very welcoming bush campsite for anyone who enjoys walking or just sitting and taking in the beauty of Australian bush. Anyone interested can contact Alan on 0400 249 243.

Word of wisdom in these challenging times – We cannot change the wind but we can adjust our sails.

Bill Gordon - President.



2022 CAMP AT DRYANDRA WOODLAND

I will be camping at the Congelin Camp ground Dryandra Woodland National Park (no dogs please) from Tuesday 26 to Friday 29 April this year, this is just after the school holidays. If anybody from the WA Bush Poets is interested in joining me they would be most welcome.

Dryandra is located about 160km south east of Perth off the Albany Hwy. There are bays for caravans as well as a tenting area close together. This area has long drop toilets, water (boil before drinking) BBQ's, tables and chairs. There are also cabins in a village which is located about 10 to 12km's away on gravel roads. For more information on the cabins ring (08) 9884 5231. The camp ground is on Google maps or contact me for directions. There is very very limited phone signal at this spot.

What do we do there I hear you ask. If you want too you can do nothing. I love bush walking through the bush during the day, there are about 7 walks you can do of various lengths. There are also 2 drives you can also do

For more information about this event

please contact Alan Aitken on 0400 249 243 or aaiken@live.com.au.

The Weebo Sailing Club

Peter O'Shaunassey

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.



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.



Invaders

How do you explain to the children you love
Why fiery destruction now rains from above.
What words could be used to bring ease to their mind?
Have grievous atrocities simply defined.

Invaders have entered, they're scorching the land
Destroying and razing with sickle in hand.
No thought for the people and children that live
In own sovereign country; their lives many give.

This presence unwelcome, the logic is flawed.
There's no one stood welcome; Red leader's a fraud.
He thinks that his purpose is just and profound
But he is seen wanting, to hell should be bound.

The world stands by watching not daring to jump
Send weapons, set sanctions scared of the next hump.
All stood with breathe bated, fear Ukraine may fall;
The threat of world conflict is daunting for all.

© DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire) 10th March 2022

WA BUSH POETS ARE SPREADING THE WORD

WA Bush Poets accepted an invitation from **Green bushes Acoustic Group** to spend a weekend sharing poetry and music at the historic football/cricket headquarters in Greenbushes, home of the Talison mining company south of Donnybrook WA.

15 poets and members enjoyed many hours of poetry and music (night time events were held under torch/lamp light) and also a workshop relating to the theory of the formation of chords which the musicians could follow but left the poets a bit puzzled.

The bond between the two groups (which started months ago with Sunday get togethers in the park) has become stronger and this is a great outcome as it highlights the importance of both genres of entertainment. We look forward to further collaborations in the future.

There were other campers at the site (free entry granted by the local shire) and some took up the invitation to gate crash our events. From comments received in discussion afterwards, it appears we have a few new converts to bush poetry. They were amazed at the stories and the skill in presentation.

Poets who performed were Christine Boulton, Bev and Jen Shortland, Rob Gunn, Roger Cracknell, Alan Aitken, Chris Taylor, Bill and Meg Gordon, Stinger Nettleton.

Our next gathering in the park at green bushes is scheduled for Easter Sunday 17th April.

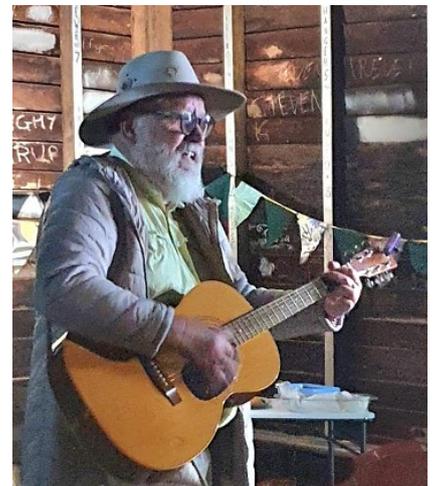


Bev Shortland

Poets Performing at Greenbushes



Greg Joass



Stinger Nettleton



Christine Boulton

*Photos courtesy of
Greg Joass
and
Jane Cochrane*



Roger Cracknell

The Farmer's Wife

Oh to be a farmer's wife
To live a life on the land
A life that's full of challenges
A life of lending a hand.

I stood in the church
In a long white dress
And blindly said "I do"
My soul mate smiling to himself
Thinking "If she only knew"
How important those words would be
In the years that lay ahead
Those two little words "I do"
That were so lovingly said.

With the honeymoon barely over
There's a visit to the local store
There's a brand new pair of work boots
Waiting outside the door.

Farming is a way of life
A commitment to the land
Something that the farmer's wife
Will quickly understand

She may wish she's married someone else
With a job from nine to five
Instead of working seven days a week
In order to survive.

It's summer and the harvesters
Are out in the crops again
The silos that were empty
Are filling up with grain

I could be making Christmas cakes
Or visiting my mother
Instead of towing the header front
From one farm to the other.

When the sheep are in the yards
And drenching has begun
We can do without the wretched flies
The dust and the sun

When winter comes, the grass is green
And the frost is on the ground
The dams are filling up
And the lambs are running around
We need to get their tails off
And tags put in their ears
Earmarks, drench and vaccine
We've done it all for years.

We've done our share of fencing
And swung a gate or two
We've cleared away the mess
After a storm has gone through

We've done our time in the shearing shed,
For twenty years or more
We've seen the shearers come and go
And the bales of wool on the floor.
Sometimes there is a bumper year
And the farmer's think they are set
It will make up for the leaner times
They wish they could forget.

By springtime the lambs are looking good
They are ready to be sold
The agent has a contract
And the carrier has been told.
When the last lamb is loaded on the truck
And the Kenworth rolls away
It's back to the house for a coffee
To plan the rest of the day

If you are planning to marry a farmer
Here is my advice to you
Think carefully
Before you stand in a long white dress
And say the words "I do"

Coda:
The city girls can keep their shops
And traffic all day long
A house surrounded by paddocks
Is the place where I belong.

Robin Gibbs Boyup Brook, WA

MUSTER MARCH write up by Heather Denholm

Bill Gordon introduced the **MC for the evening Lorelie Tacoma**

Bill also told a few stories about the Boyup Brook Weekend and it being held on Banjos Birthday
President Bill Gordon then brought us *Saltbush Bill on the Patriarchs* by *Banjo Paterson*. Saltbush Bill had a slightly different version of the Bible story of Jacob's travels. It closely resembled the lifestyle of a Queensland drover.

Christine Boulton - *Franks gone mad for Maccas* by *Christine Boulton*

Frank hurries to Maccas each Sunday morning, he wants to travel and discover Australia as Frank.Au .Macca.

Daniel Avery a relatively new poet presented a poem called *Australia the land down under* by *Pam Ashdown* who wrote it as a song. A beautiful description of Australia and how we are to teach our kids how wonderful Australia is.

Meg Gordon recited a clever poem *My Granny* written by *four Allwood grandchildren from Queensland*. Tales about their Granny prove that senior years can be looked forward to if one has the right attitude.

Heather Denholm *No plaque to Bear a Name*. This was a one minute poem from Boyup Brook, but the full poem is much longer than 1 minute. Was it a bush poet dressed as a yowie or a yowie dressed as a bush poet.

Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge. He played *The Indian Pacific* written by *Joy McKean* for her husband *Slim*. Then recited *The day I met Prince Phillip*

In 1963 the Queen and Prince Phillip visited Kununurra, to look at the nearly completed diversion dam and the emerging irrigation project. Several farm-hands, including Cobber, were sent out to greet them. This poem describes the meeting, from Cobber's point of view. (Prince Phillip's point of view has never been revealed.)

John Hayes *Who gives the Bride Away* by *Bob Magor*

The humorous story of a country wedding when the brides father is counting up the cost of his daughters wedding, it included his annual wool clip it increased his overdraft, and the only thing he has to give away is his daughter.

Anne Hayes *Dream Artist* by *John Hayes*

Show me how master painter how to paint all the wonderful things of the morning and night, like sunrise and sunset. And no matter how wonderfully they are painted they can never be better than they were then

Writing challenge entitled Chaos Reigned 2 entries

- **Christine Boulton** featured a garbage pick up and the end consequence that Chaos Reigned
- **Heather Denholm** included a young girl named Kay who became queen of England and Chaos Reigned

Bev Shorland brought us *The Warramungal Mare* by *Charles Shaw*. The story of a wild mare who roamed the mountains and the bushman who tried to capture her. And still she roams.

Tea break

Roger Kohn shared a tall story about Jonah

Lorraine The Classics *Henry Lawson's Up Country*

Henry Lawson's mother was the owner of the newspaper the Republican he had the poem Up Country published in it where he says the country is not as romantic as he was told in fact he didn't like it at all. It was disparaging of what others said was beautiful and grand. So Banjo Patterson sent a reply poem called in Defence of the Bush. Henry Lawson was given a state funeral which was attended by the PM of the day Hughes.

Daniel Avery shared a poem written by himself, it was his story of the challenges of living with Cerebral Palsy. His parents pushed him to go to school and achieve his best. He wonders now who is normal and what is normal.

MUSTER MARCH write up cont...

Cobber Lethbridge. *The Trainee Ringer*

Rusty & Cobber met this young bloke at a bus-stop on the way to Winton, in 1997 (?). He told them he was a "trainee ringer", sent out by the Commonwealth Employment Service ("CES"). Rusty was very good at getting people to open up and chat, so after a while they heard his story. He wasn't quite a ringer but he looked the part!

Anne Hayes *The first Surveyor by Banjo Patterson*

How a husband finds a route through the mountains and blazes the trail for others to follow but many years later a young engineer gets all the credit for finding a place that the train line can go. The wife refuses an invitation to dine with the dignitaries because she is dining out tonight near where her husband is buried.

Jem Shortland. *Reedy River by Henry Lawson*

This is the story of a man who courted married and buried his Mary near Reedy River .

Meg Gordon gave us a reminder of the progress of the web site and then shared *The Oldest Mum written by Peg Vickers*. Alzheimer's can be amusing if you let it. When an 86 year old woman has a baby there was serious doubt whether she was able to take care of the child. And she did have to wait until the baby cried to find him!

???? ????? *The rain maker by Bob Magor* Archie wanted to make it rain, but his idea of an exploding kite did not work , but a day or two later it did rain and Archie got the credit as the one who broke the drought.

John Hayes *The Widow Maker by John Hayes* it tells the story of the many miners who died from what was called dust on the lungs caused by the dust they inhaled in the mine they called the Widow Maker.

Lorelie. *Someone under the Bed.* A lady was seeming a psychiatrist at \$80 a time because she thought there was someone under her bed. But she didn't return one day he saw her and asked why she never came back she said she found a free solution I cut the legs of the bed there's no one under there now!

Bill Gordon thanked Lorelie for the capable manner she performed the role of MC. He then paid tribute to Rod Marsh who died during the week. He then recited a cricket poem *How MacDougal Topped the Score by Thomas E Spencer*. When a wily Scotsman was enlisted to make up numbers for a cricket team he trained his sheepdog to fetch the ball. The dog stole the ball during the game, allowing MacDougal to score the 50 runs needed for his team to win.

Reminder: Could everyone who performs at Musters please have a synopsis available on the night or send one via email to h.e.denholm@gmail.com for the Muster write up. Thanks in advance Heather

The BT Editor's Monthly Call

I'm editor, compiler so I am on the trail; Each month to track down poems, set sight on quirky tale
Of days of old and current times some good or sometimes grim. For members all sat waiting to read next Bully Tin.

I'm editor, compiler please send me an email Your efforts on computer; perhaps use old snail mail.
There's little point me poaching old words just off a 'page' This information munching in time will show its age.

I'm editor, compiler, I'm at your beck and call. Please save me from the danger of hitting head on wall.
Write some verse; send it in by 'puter or postie's bike. Poems past and present: Aussie bush style that we like.

© DM-In Verse (Deb McQuire) – 21st July 2020

Next Muster: 6th May MC: Robert Gunn 0417 099 676 gunnpoet@hotmail.com

Reader from the Classics: Heather Denholm

Deadline for May's Bully Tin Submissions 26th April 2022

COMPETITIONS AND EVENTS AROUND AUSTRALIA

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



APRIL

31 March - 3 April

- **Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush Festival.** Performance and **written** competitions. Tenterfield NSW. See 18 March closing date.

7-10 April

- **Man from Snowy River Bush Festival**
- **Incorporating the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships.**
Corryong Victoria.
See 18 February Closing Date.

21 April

- **Parkes Elvis Festival Poets' Breakfast Competition,** Parkes NSW.
See 14 April closing date.

18-24 April

- **Tamworth Country Music Festival**
(postponed from January), Tamworth NSW.

30 April - Closing Date

- **Bronze Swagman Award for Bush Verse,** Winton Qld.

MAY

18 May - Closing Date

- **Eastwood/Hills FAW Boree Log Award for written bush poetry.**
Sydney NSW.

JULY

30 July - Closing Date

- **Nandewar Poetry Competition,**
Narrabri NSW.

SEPTEMBER

11 September - Closing Date - King of the Ranges Performance Bush Poetry Competition,
Murrurundi NSW.

23-25 September - King of the Ranges Stockman's Challenge and Bush Festival.

Poets' Breakfast performance competition on Sunday 25 September. See 11 September Closing Date.
Murrurundi NSW.

BOYUP BROOK WRITTEN COMPETITION RESULTS

WINNER - TOM MCILVEEN - "THE WILD ONE"

2nd Tom McIlveen - "A Simple Epitaph"

3rd Brenda Joy - "Lure of the Deep"

Highly Commended - Shelley Hansen - "The Old Bush Hall"

Commended - Tom McIlveen - "Fishing For a Gucci"

Commended - Tom McIlveen - "The Old Man and The Dairy"

Congratulations to Tom and other placegetters.

The Committee would like to thank all those who participated.

The Country Music Festival was cancelled and the winners were announced at our March Muster.

WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners Association

Please Note:

Upcoming events may be altered due to ongoing Covid restrictions across Australia, please check on relevant websites and with contacts for confirmation as the year progresses

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

Regular Events

WA Bush Poets:	1st Friday each month <i>MC for April see front page</i> - 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.