

# The

November 2020

W.A. Bush Poets

# BULLY TIN



**PLEASE NOTE: The October Muster Friday 6th Nov 2020 at 7pm.**

**Wilson Community Hall 40 Braibrise Rd, Wilson, near Leach Hwy and Manning Road.**

## MUSTERING

Sing me no song of the great outback  
Where the skies are not cloudy all day,  
Where the stockmen hum a haunting tune  
As they amble on their way.

No perfumes on the morning breeze  
That's cold as cold can be,  
It coats your grub with reddish dust  
And floats it on your tea.

The track's not lined by gumtrees  
With creeks aflowing past,  
It's miles and miles of mulga scrub  
In country harsh and vast.

The sun's climbed high by mid-day,  
It's heat the earth does straddle,  
The flies are in your eyes and mouth  
And your bum's sore in the saddle.

Dust-covered cattle up ahead  
All below and they stink,  
You reckon you smell much the same.  
It makes you stop and think

"N' ask, "What am I doing here?  
There must be some other way  
To earn a flamin' living!  
I'll take a look someday."

But when the day is over,  
The tough times you forget  
While the billy water's murmuring  
As you roll a cigarette

An' your dog curls up beside you  
It kind of makes you glad  
You're out here in the mulga  
Where the life is not too bad..

Arthur Leggett



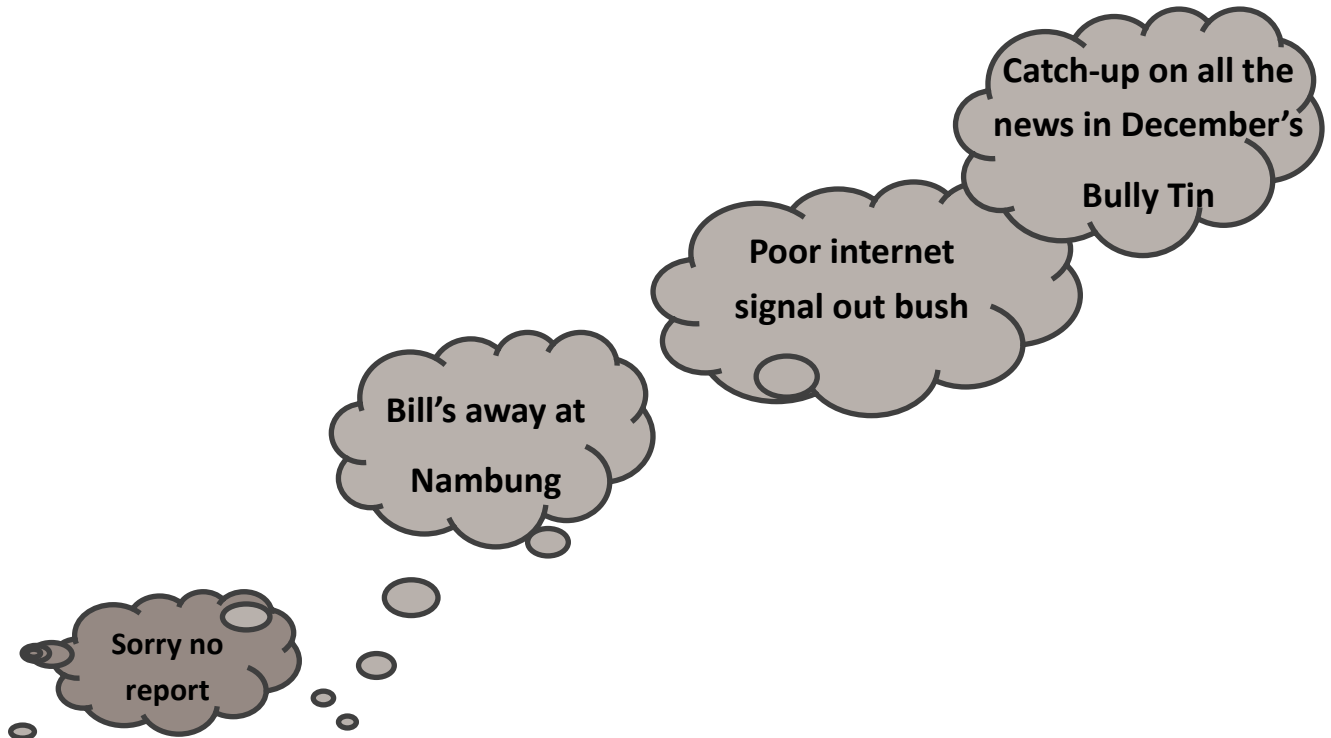
## ORIGAMI

A bunch of thuggish locals were drinking in the bar  
And abusing a young stranger who had come there from afar  
With a pregnant air of menace he strode into the room  
If anyone had challenged him it would have spelt his doom  
For he crashed his fists down on the bar and told them to beware  
He was a black belt in Origami, so they'd better all take care  
Then taking up a martial stance he gave them all a glare  
Though the odds were stacked against him, not one returned his stare  
They thought he was the master of some deadly martial art  
Like Kung Fu or Karate and he'd take them all apart  
Apologies were mumbled while they stared down at the floor  
And a huge sigh of relief went up when he strode back out the door  
Now the IQ in a bar room gets lowered by the drink  
And coherent cogitation takes a nosedive down the sink  
So they'd never cottoned on to this odd oriental caper  
That Origami is the art of folding bits of paper  
If anyone had known the truth they would have all gone nuts  
To know the only danger that they faced was vicious paper cuts.

© Greg Joass

**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.  
Thanks to Greg Roberts for doing our printing.**

## President's Preamble November 2020



**W.A. Bush Poets**



**& Yarnspinners Assn.**

Please note that some members have not yet renewed their membership.

[Is your membership current?](#) [Are your contact details up-to-date?](#)

Please contact Sue Hill - Treasurer  
[suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com](mailto:suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com)  
0418 941 016

Toodyay Festival is a great opportunity to catch up with Sue to ensure your membership and contact details are current and you are able to receive future copies of the Bully Tin.

Please consider updating your preference to receive your Bully Tin via email as this will alleviate any issues of late delivery due to issues with delayed postal delivery of hard copies.

## Lennie and Ginger Mick

It's 1932 and Australia is in the grip of the Great Depression.  
One in three workers are unemployed.  
Decrepit shanty towns hug the outskirts of the big cities.  
A scrawny rabbit caught in a trap will feed a family for a week.  
Country roads are filled with broken men walking from one farmhouse  
to another seeking menial jobs and food.

On the outskirts of the South Gippsland town of Leongatha, an injured farmer  
lies in bed unable to walk – or work.

World War 1 here Captain Leo Tennyson Gwyther is in hospital with a broken leg  
and the family farm is in danger of falling into ruins.

Up steps his some, nine-year-old Lennie. With the help of his pony Ginger Mick, Lennie ploughs the farm's 24 paddocks and  
keeps the place running until his father can get back on his feet.

How to reward him?

Lennie has been obsessively following one of the biggest engineering feats of the era – the construction of the Sydney Har-  
bour Bridge. He wants to attend its opening

With great reluctance, his parents agree he can go

So Lennie saddles up Ginger Mick, packs a toothbrush, pyjamas, spare clothes and a water bottle into a sack, and begins the  
1000+ kilometre (600+miles) trek to Sydney.

Alone. That's right.

A nine year old boy riding a pony from the deep south of Victoria to the biggest and roughest city in the nation.

Told you it was a different era.

No social media.

No mobile phones.

But even then it doesn't take long before word begins to spread about a boy, his horse and their epic trek.

The entire populations of small country towns gather on their outskirts to welcome his arrival.

He survives bushfires, is attacked by a 'vagabond' and endures rain and cold.

When he reaches Canberra he is welcomed by Prime Minister Joseph Lyons, who invites him into Parliament House for tea.

When he finally arrives in Sydney, more that 10,000 people line the streets to greet him.

He is besieged by autograph hunters. He comes a key part of the official parade at the bridge's opening. He a Ginger Mick are  
invited to make a starring appearance at the Royal Show. Even Donald Bradman, the biggest celebrity of the Depression era,  
requests a meeting and gives him a signed cricket bat.

A letter writer to the Sydney Morning herald at the time gushes that "just such an example as provided by a child of nine  
summers, Lennie Gwyther was, and is, need to raise the spirit of our people and to fire our youth and other to do things – not  
to talk only. "The sturdy pioneer spirit is not dead ... let it be remembered that this little lad, when hi father was in hospital,  
cultivated the far – a mere child."

When Lennie leave Sydney for home a moth later, he has become one of the  
most famous figures in a country craving uplifting news.

Large crowds wave handkerchiefs. Women weep and shout "goodbye".  
According to the Sun Newspaper, Lennie, being a casual Australian,  
swung into the saddle and called 'Toodleloo!'

He finally arrives home to a tumultuous reaction in Leongatha

He returns to school and soon life for Lennie  
and the country returns to normal.

But Australia has largely forgotten his remarkable feat – and how  
he inspired a struggling nation.. Never taught about him in school?

Never heard about him before? Spread the word.

We need to remember and celebrate Lennie Gwyther  
and his courageous journey.

It's a great story.

God know we need these stories now, more than ever.

*Story submitted by Jem Shorland*



## *Song of the Ruling Class* [SATIRE]

We hate all the fathers who think they have the right  
To spend time with their children and tuck them in at night.  
Fathers march for **Freedom**, but there is no debate  
The future of their offspring is a matter for the State.

We hate all the parents who try to break the rules  
Messing with the messages we teach to kids in schools  
Parents think that **Freedom** embraces family life  
We'll ensure that families suffer misery and strife.

The worst of the Victorians are those who plot and plan  
Inciting folks to disobey our dear dictator Dan.  
Don't dare talk of **Freedom**. We'll prove that might is right.  
First arrest the pregnant ones who can't put up a fight.

We hate each Victorian who rudely misbehaves  
Duke Daniel is the master, and all the rest are slaves.  
Victorians march for **Freedom** which only makes things worse  
Dan is gonna teach them that liberty's a curse

We hate all the doubters who won't take a Gates vaccine  
They think they have the right to choose, and that is so obscene.  
The doubters march for **Freedom** and then commit the sin  
Of asking doctors to prescribe hydroxychloroquine.

The world will be a better place when fossils all are gone  
We hate all old people, they should be moving on.  
The oldies march for **Freedom** and don't use bongos or ice  
In the New World Order, turning sixty is a vice.

We hate every racist who believes that all lives matter  
Heed our simple message to be heard above the clatter  
Forget about your **Freedom**, your task is to obey  
We're after reparations, and you will have to pay.

We hate commercial broadcasters who do it all for dough  
The not-for-profit A.B.C. is the proper way to go.  
Air time's not for **Freedom**, it's on our shut-down list  
Close all commercial stations, they'll none of them be missed.

We hate all you cretins who want to pay in cash  
We must go electronic or the world is gonna crash.  
Why should you have **Freedom** to decide what you can spend?  
Our smart surveillance system will get you in the end.

The Chinese Communist Party is our constant inspiration  
We're grateful to their virus for shutting down the nation.  
We'll wipe out the **Freedom** folk because they speak the truth  
Put ONE beside the Greens inside that polling booth.

We hate West Australians, they wear those wide-brimmed hats  
Their seas are full of great white sharks, their skies are full of  
bats.  
West Aussies march for **Freedom** and eat at Hungry Jack's  
We'll fix them by imposing a rent resources tax.

We hate anti-socialists, they've really lost the plot  
The Beijing Communistas are the best friends we have got.  
Pay-a-politician beats **Freedom** every time  
When Australians all are Maoist, that sure will be sublime.

We hate all the tourists, why should we aim to please?  
The majority of foreigners all come from overseas.  
If **Freedom**'s what they're wanting, we wish they'd go  
away  
Except those who hate Australia, whom we'll invite to stay.

We hate all the truckies, they roll their cigarettes  
Wear sweaty dark blue singlets and keep dogs or cats as  
pets.  
They're advocating **Freedom**, just hear their conversation  
If we can stop the truckies then we can stop the nation.

We hate all Queenslanders, they should stop eating beef  
The polar bears have all died out upon the Barrier Reef.  
They must not talk of **Freedom** in a State that's mining coal  
Eliminating fossil fuel is our righteous noble goal.

Lobsters, eels and oysters should all be swimming free  
We hate all the fishers; they think they own the sea.  
The fishers march for **Freedom** with zinc cream on their  
noses  
Life with no more fishing is a floating bed of roses.

We hate all the coppers, that high-paid mob of mugs  
Flag us down, test our breath and search our cars for  
drugs.  
Cops who crush our **Freedom** label lawbreakers as liars.  
We'll use them for arresting climate change deniers.

We hate all the military, who annoy Australia's foes  
They get trained to be killers and we want none of those.  
They make a show of **Freedom** when they march on Anzac  
Day  
To have a safe Australia, close the A.D.F. today.

We hate Local Councillors, those useless silly fools  
Take rates from mining companies and become their will-  
ing tools.  
They have to learn the lesson that **Freedom**'s on the slide  
When we have got the power, there'll be no place to hide.

Every extra human is polluting planet earth  
We hate all the women who insist on giving birth.  
They join in on **Freedom** Day and block the street with  
prams  
Then write letters to the papers asking for more dams.

Creatures should be roaming free but get shut in a pen  
We hate all livestockers, the women and the men.  
The cockies march for **Freedom** and steal the milk from  
cows  
And then offend our Moslem friends, with piglets and with  
sows.

## ***Song of the Ruling Class*** [SATIRE] *cont...*

Fertiliser, pesticide – they're worse than acid rain  
We hate all the farmers, who grow the nation's grain.  
The farmers march for **Freedom**, what could be more cruel?  
We'll put them down by slapping diesel excise on their fuel.

We hate all the tradies, the bogans crude and rude  
Who play rough sport and chew red meat instead of vegan food.  
Tradies stand for **Freedom** then hoon around in utes  
Wearing ghastly HiViz with dusty steel-capped boots.  
We hate all coal miners; they exhale polluted air  
Wear chauvinistic tattoos; don't shave their pubic hair.  
Miners moil for **Freedom** and sire too many kids  
Coal miners are the reason the world is on the skids.

We hate the geologists, like Professor Ian Plimer  
To stop them finding minerals, well nothing could be finer.  
You who march for **Freedom**, it's only fair to warn yer  
We're abolishing geology to protect the troglofauna.

We hate all the drillers; they never talk but shout  
Wear those ugly yellow hats; don't take their earplugs out.  
The drillers march for **Freedom** and pretend to earn their pay  
Get rid of all the drillers and the mines will fade away.  
We hate all gun owners, their daughters and their sons  
When we seize the reins of power, then we get all the guns.  
They think that having **Freedom** includes the right to shoot  
With no-one to oppose us, then we'll put in the boot.

We hate all you workers, why should you have jobs?  
You should be on the dole like us and hang out with the slobs.  
All you want is **Freedom** to save money for the future  
And join your Aussie unions. When we get the guns we'll shoot yer.

We hate all the bikies, they look so gauche in leather  
Their Harley carbon footprints make all this rotten weather.  
They turn out in their thousands to ride on **Freedom** Day  
Wait till we're the hunters and the bikies are our prey.

We hate all the filthy rich, we're gonna tax them blind  
The fact that we may let them live, just shows we can be kind.  
They rarely mention **Freedom** which may be their mistake  
We'll make the big decisions, when the nation comes awake.

We hate all you Christians; you think God made the Earth  
And claim that humans are alive before they're seen at birth.  
You lead prayers for **Freedom** and use words like "compassion".  
We'll make sure your foolish faith will soon go out of fashion.

We hate carbon dioxide; you can see it in the air  
It causes deadly climate change and messes up your hair.  
It triggers floods and bushfires, and too much icy snow  
Give us lots of billions and we'll pump it down below.

### OPTIONAL CHORUS

***Join the insurgency, climate emergency, join the insurgency now!***

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### **THE BETTY OLLE POETRY** **AWARD 2020 – RESULTS**



**1<sup>ST</sup>** David Campbell - Aireys Inlet VIC  
'The Heart of Darkness'

**2<sup>ND</sup>** Catherine Lee - Mona Vale NSW  
'Stolen'

#### **Highly Commended**

Brenda Joy - Charters Towers QLD  
'Imitation Eagles'

Max Merckenschlager - Murray Bridge SA  
'The Women Walkers of Hahndorf'

Terry Norwood - Bowral NSW  
'Currying Favour'

Ross Rolley - Cairns QLD  
'While we await the Rain'

#### **Commended**

Tom McIlveen - Port Macquarie NSW  
'Old Man Drought'

Terry Piggott - Lynwood WA  
'The Love of her Life'

Kevin Pye - Mudgee NSW  
'I Regret to Advise'

Brenda Joy - Charters Towers  
'Too Ancient to Bleed'

Peter O'Shaughnessy - Eaton WA  
'I Came Across a Shearing Shed'

### **THE BETTY OLLE JUNIOR POETRY** **AWARD 2020 – RESULTS**

**1<sup>ST</sup>** Penny Mason - Kyabram VIC  
'Who I become in the Bush'

**2<sup>ND</sup>** Evelyn Browne - Kyabram VIC  
'Six States and Two Territories'

#### **Highly Commended**

Layne Warde - Kyabram VIC  
'My Australian Place'

## The Price of Water

"Two dollars a litre for water says I.  
I thought water was free as it fell from the sky".  
"That's much dearer than petrol or diesel", I said  
"no wonder folks prefer to drink beer instead".

"This water's fresh sir, from an underground spring,  
it has minerals and salts it has everything  
It is best for human consumption they say  
and each person should drink three litres a day."

"Three litres a day," said I as I frowned.  
"If I drank three litres I'd surely be drowned  
So if a family of six drink three litres a day  
how can a man afford all that money to pay"

I was so stunned that I barely could speak.  
"That's one hundred and twenty six dollars a week  
which is more than six thousand dollars a year,  
we really can not afford to drink water I fear"

"But sir, the water itself cost only five cents  
the containers though are quite an expense  
Then marketing, freight, and also impost  
is the hidden outlay that drives up the cost".

"When bottles are empty, asked I, where do they go?"  
And he freely admitted that he didn't know.  
"It didn't matter," said he and why should he care,  
he supposed they could end up just anywhere.

He was right; anywhere's the place things seem to go  
when disposed of, and there's few who want to know  
or care about earth and our world wide pollution  
So there's an urgent need now to find a solution.

Seven litres of water it takes to make one bottle I fear  
and three million tons of plastic we are using each year  
Just ten per cent is recycled and that's not enough;  
Is there no way to safely dispose of this stuff?

Some is dumped in the ocean, or for filling in land  
It's microscopic pollution, folks don't understand  
It will choke fish and dolphins, get in the food chain.  
it's noxious to humans and could damage our brain.

Ban plastic bottles I say let's not make any more,  
go back the waterbags that we used before.  
When it is empty, fill it time and time again  
from your kitchen tap or a tank-full of rain.

## John Hayes



## The Inaugural Muddy River Written Competition Results

Logan Performance Bush Poets

judged by Tom McIlveen

### **Winner -**

'In a Mangrove World' by Brenda Joy

### **Highly Commended -**

'Sun Goddess' by Shelley Hansen

'The Spirit that we Share by Brenda Joy

'Mandiljarra Mourning' by Peter O'Shaughnessy

### **Commended -**

'The Weebo Sailing Club and The Agnew Pub' by  
Peter O'Shaughnessy

'Eureka Yields to Bingo' by Robyn Sykes



Jem Shorland at Bullara



Christine Boulton performing at Bullara

## Firin' on the Eight

He has his poky workshop at the far end of the town,  
A shabby sort of pocket thing that's frail and tumbledown;  
'Twill hold a one-twelve wheel-base, but if it measures more  
The lamps are hard up to the wall- — he cannot shut the door.  
On the vacant block beside him are wrecked cars on the dump,  
With thistles growing through the wheels and spiders in the sump;  
And over all's the shingle, with the obvious written clear:  
"Spare parts for every make of car. Chas Butson, Engineer".  
You never see a job about except the old affair,  
He drives for hire round the town in chronic disrepair.  
She's had it, truly had it — still, she earns the bite and sup,  
And while she waits outside the door the bonnet's always up,  
While swallowed to the pockets, liquidated to his rear,  
And tinkering with her innards is Chas Butson, Engineer.  
An artist he in overalls with grease upon the same  
So wastefully abundant you could tell the maker's name.  
Withal he is a cheery soul and grins at passers-by,  
Blacked out with grime and engine-oil save teeth and whites of eye;  
As to the curt but friendly-meant, "How's things," he answers "Great —  
Everything's in order, son, and firing on the eight.  
"Firin' on the eight of them, hittin' on the lot,  
Never let the other fellow know she's not too hot.  
Don't squeal about your troubles, always keep them out of sight  
Beneath the little bonnet, son, and clip the bonnet tight.  
There's no one interested, no one wants to hear you moan  
About your private aches and pains — they want to tell their own.  
You got to get your ups and downs, you got to hump the load,  
The same as what you've got to face your punctures on the road;  
You've got to get your issue, and you'll get it, don't forget,  
So get them all together, get it over, then you're set.  
That's common sense, now ain't it? — Wipe the whole thing off the slate,  
Maintain your rubber healthy and keep firin' on the eight.  
"Firin' on the eight of them and sparking fair and square,  
A sticking piston now and then is neither here nor there;  
You got to get your bother, that is fate, so there you are,  
There's something wrong with every man and every motor-car.  
And that don't go for common jobs the likes of me and you —  
The jokers in the pricey class they get their troubles too;  
They get them or they think they do: a nut that won't behave,  
A knock they only think they hear which drives them to the grave,  
A songbird in the body work which gets across their souls.  
Ask the cove that drives the Cadillac, the guy that runs the Rolls —  
There's something wrong with all of 'em, they're only human, see,  
And they can do their big end in the same as you and me.  
Then what's the use of fretting for a knock you can't locate,  
So while you hang together, son, keep firing on the eight.

## WA POETS TAKE TIME TO TRAVEL IN THE NORTH



Christine Boulton, Jem Shorland, Bev Shorland, Maxine Richter, Meg Gordon enjoying time together on the Ashburton River Onslow. We fished, we zoomed, we saw the sights from Geraldton to Onslow including Quobba and Exmouth. We then parted, Jem, Bev, Christine and Maxine headed south while Bill and Meg headed north.



Bev Shorland zooming in to Muster at Onslow



(Mulla Mulla

## Firin' on the Eight *cont...*

"Firin' on the eight of 'em, ticking over nice,  
A spot of bother now and then is always worth the price;  
It keeps you sort of used to having everything go wrong,  
And don't you just appreciate the break that comes along.  
Here's me aboard the old 'un with snooty sort of fare  
When phut she goes, shuts up, konks out ten miles from anywhere.  
I'm tinkering here and tinkering there and tinkering out of luck  
And listening to the silly cove inquiring am I stuck,  
And giving out his crook advice: it's hard to take, but, see,  
I never go the language more'n 'solutely necessary —  
You can't get booked for thinking things 'twould never do to speak.  
You feel inclined to scrap the junk and push it in the creek  
With snooty underneath it, then you fluke upon the spot;  
You never know just what you did, but bang! she's on the lot,  
Firin' on the eight again, she's only got the four,  
But eight it sounds more classy when you're talking motor-lore.  
"So firin' on the eight she is and just touching forty-five  
And pulling like a thirty horse, she's fun to be alive;  
You never felt your heart so gay, your spirits half as bright,  
The scenery is crack-jack and everything is right,  
Half throttle out across the flats and coasting down the drop,  
The boot shoved through the floorboard and she takes her hills on top.  
You never knew her run so sweet-no, never, s'elp me bob —  
With all she's got stuck into it and singing on the job.  
'She's runnin' nice,' you tell the bloke, but all he does is grunt —  
He ain't got the remotest of what's going on in front.  
"Yes, half these coves who drive around they don't know what is what,  
Three thousand sparks a minute, son, delivered on the dot.  
Them's figures, ain't they? Spare me days, you don't know where you are:  
It's split split seconds split again that times a motor-car.  
To blokes like them it's nuts and bolts and gears that make the whole;  
Not on your life, for I maintain a motor's got a soul.  
She's got a soul, too right she has, and, what is evident,  
She's got the box of tricks they call a woman's temperament;  
She's got the lot, and listen, boy, if I'd a singer's tongue  
I'd sing the song of motor-car which no one yet has sung —  
I'd pep it up a coupla thou, hone polished on the note  
With orchestra of moving parts that makes the motor mote.  
See what I mean? Wha's that? — You're afraid you're running late;  
I'm busy too meself. So long! But keep her on the eight."

### Published in:

John O'Brien. *The Parish of St Mel's and Other Verses*, Angus & Robertson, Sydney, 1954  
Filed Under: [poetry](#) · Tagged: [John O'Brien](#), [poem](#), [The Parish of St Mel's and Other Verses](#)  
[\(John O'Brien 1954\)](#)



Broome Poet Dave Morrell and Bill Gordon enjoying sunset at Dave's house overlooking Cable Beach



Bev's catch at Onslow



Christine Boulton saying hello to Quobba at last! with Meg Gordon



## October's topic 'Vehicles'

### The car owners lament

My car went in for service some bad news I've been told.  
Some vital parts were cactus, Bertha bus is getting old.  
The bits that need replacing have made the bill a fright.  
I'll need to bend the plastic my budget being tight.

I know she is an old car, big numbers on the clock,  
But I'm not really ready to put her on sale block.  
I'm tempted to just trade her, I've had this car a while,  
But don't know what best choice is, what is the current style?

New cars they all sit waiting long rows for me to see.  
It's just four wheels and motor how tricky can this be?  
This car's been part of our life, has served us many years.  
I hope she'll hold together delay new purchase fears.

© DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire) – 11<sup>th</sup> Set 2020



**WA Bush Poets  
& Yarnspinnners**

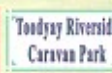
# Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival

**Fri 30th Oct - Sun 1st Nov 2020**

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

**FREE ENTRY TO ALL EVENTS**

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For more information, visit

**[www.wabushpoets.asn.au](http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au)**



### Updating the website...are you on

G'day to all members and performers

Now that we are back from our travels I am liaising with our webmaster to get the outstanding matters addressed on the website.

We would like to feature as many poets as possible on the "Performance Poets" page. This has not been updated for some time and many of the photos are quite small and scratchy. Our webmaster (Fleur Mead) would like to list poets on this page with a link each to a bio page for each poet, plus a bigger photo. We will be working on this next week.

Could performing poets, particularly those who are available for gigs, please send me a bio plus photo (jpeg preferred) asap.

Also, if you have any photos of groups of poets that would be suitable for the gallery they would be appreciated.

Catchya Bill

## Muster Write-up Friday 2<sup>nd</sup> October 2020 at Wilson Community Hall

**MC Terry Piggott** opened the show at 7.10pm

**Lorraine Broun** – ‘The Third Dog’. When two pet dachshunds were separated by the death of one, a companion (a kelpie) soon appeared and all was well. Then another dachshund was obtained. This did not go down too well as he was more interested in the chooks, resulting in him getting his marching orders.

**Bill Gordon** – ‘The Melbourne Cup’. History of this iconic event put in verse. Will the Cup as we know it be run this year?

**Grace Williamson** – ‘An Old Mate’ (Paul Harrower) A poem about a cattle dog and his faithfulness to his master. He stood up to a wild bull.

**Rob Gunn** – ‘The Short Arm of The Law’ (Bob Magor). Farmer driving in to town, breaking all the rules including not stopping at the railway crossing stop sign because there was no train due that day. Suggested that the officer put the fines with all his others as the sergeant was his son!

**Heather Denham** – ‘Annie’. The overprotective cat!

**Christine Boulton** – ‘Sticking to Bill’. (Henry Lawson) The devotion of a prisoner’s friend as she waits at the gate for his return.

**Nancy Coe** – ‘Dear Dinninup’. Reminiscences of time spent in the country in peace and solitude away from CoVid.

**John Hayes** – ‘The Wool Buyer’. Jack Wende was a wool merchant who travelled through the Shires of Wongan Hills, Ballidu, Dalwallinu and Koorda. During the 1960’s Jack bought John’s wool every year. It was quite uncanny how he knew the exact day the shearing was completed. That is when he arrived, spending most of the day haggling over a fair price and being fed all the while. He always showed appreciation for the hospitality, with extra for the little woman.

**Lesley McAlpine** – ‘Scotty’s Wild Stuff Stew’ (Francis Humphris Brown). It was surprising what the *rousies* found to put into the stew.

**Meg Gordon** – ‘The Useless Kelpie Sheep Dog’ (Peg Vickers). There was a very good reason why the master kept his faithful companion, he could drive the truck.

**Stinger Nettleton** – ‘The Ballad of Bollicky Joe’. How the infamous Qld Premier brought laws in to suit himself, including outlawing street marches, but he soon came undone.

**Supper** – Nancy provided some music while we supped.

**Deb McQuire** – ‘The Car Owners Lament’. Bending the plastic to get the car back on the road.

**Barry Higgins** – ‘Till The Cows Come Home’ (Peg Vickers) Teaching cows to cross the road.

**Barrie Blakeway** – ‘Nugget Malone Down By The River’

**John Hayes** – ‘Washing Day’ (CJ Dennis). Looking at the beauty of the flowers was more important than getting in the fire wood for the cooking stove.

**Michelle Dennis** - ‘Ron Evan’s Funeral’ (Geoff Bebb). This is based on a true story. One of the Peters (Nettleton or Capp) mentioned in the poem, seeing a funeral notice for Ron Evans from Wooroloo where ‘our’ Ron lived at the time. Opportunity too good to miss for Geoff as two Ron Evans’ lived in Wooroloo.

**Tony Hill** – ‘How We Cashed The Pig’ (Jack Sorrenson). Two shearers were paid with a pig and had fun cashing it at the pub.

**Christine Boulton** – ‘Bazil’s Irish Stew’ (Peter Blyth). It contained a magic ingredient.

**Rob Gunn** – ‘The Huntsman’ (Harry Bowers). How to remove a scary monster.

**Stinger Nettleton** – ‘The Wongans’ (Peter Capp). The mythical fruit from Wongan Hills.

**Barry Higgins** – ‘The Rain Gauge Man’ (Geoff Bebb) Nothing interrupts the reading of the rain gauge, except a good reason for sleeping in.

**Bill Gordon** – ‘The Call of The Outback’ (Terry Piggott) Why the outback has a strong pull to return.

Muster closed with President Bill informing us that we will again meet face to face for Muster next month  
6th November at Wilson Community Hall.

## COMPETITIONS AROUND AUSTRALIA 2020—2021

For more details and entry forms please go to the ABPA website [www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au) and [www.writingwa.org](http://www.writingwa.org)



WRITTEN EVENTS are in RED

### Road Wise Poem Competition

(for Toodyay 2020):

*This year's topic/theme will be*

*'Safely Restraining Children In Vehicles',*

*Note: competition entrants can choose their own wording as a specific heading for their poem.*

### NOVEMBER

**1 November (from 30 October)**  
- **WA State Championships.** Performance and **Silver Quill written.** Toodyay WA.

#### 30 November - Closing Date

- **Dusty Swag Awards.** Poetry, short stories; adults and children; online or mailed. Portarlington Victoria.

#### 30 November - Closing Date -

- **Blackened Billy Verse Competition.** Gladstone Qld.

### 2021

### FEBRUARY

**5 February - Closing Date**  
- **Milton Show Society Bush Poetry.** Milton NSW.

### MARCH

**6 March - Milton Show Society Bush Poetry.** 8 am Poets' Breakfast and 11 am competition. See 5 February Closing Date. Milton NSW.

### APRIL

**30 April 2021 - Closing Date**  
- **50th Bronze Swagman Award for Bush Verse.** Winton, Queensland.

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E-Mail: [wmbear1@bigpond.com](mailto:wmbear1@bigpond.com)



### *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) – 21<sup>st</sup> July 2020

#### **Bully Tin monthly writing theme:**

**November's topic I've selected 'Resilience'**

**This is only a suggested title but speaks to the theme of the poem.**

**Please submit a poem of 8 - 20 lines for inclusion in**

**November's Bully Tin - no prizes just for fun.**

**(available space being a limiting factor).**

Do you want to be part of the  
National Scene —  
Then you might consider  
joining the  
Australian Bush Poets Assn  
[www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au)

**Stay up to date with events  
and competitions right across  
Australia**

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forum, tips for writing and reciting,  
competition dates....**



## Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2019- 2020

<b>President</b>	Bill Gordon	0428 651 098	billgordon1948@gmail.com
<b>Vice President</b>	Peter “Stinger” Nettleton	0407 7700 53	stinger@iinet.net.au
<b>Secretary</b>	Rodger Kohn - <i>Bully Tin Mail Out</i>	0419 666 168	rodgershirley@bigpond.com
<b>Treasurer</b>	Sue Hill	0418 941 016	suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com

### **Committee**

Irene Conner	- <i>State Rep APBA</i>	0429 652 155	iconner21@wn.com.au
Meg Gordon	- <i>Toodyay Festival Sec.</i> - <i>ABPA committee</i>	0404 075 108	meggordon4@bigpond.com
Bev Shorland		0487 764 897	shorland@iinet.net.au
Bob Brackenbury		0418 918 884	brack123@gmail.com
Robert Gunn	- <i>Sound gear set up</i>	0417 099 676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Rhonda Hinkley	- <i>Librarian</i>	0417 099 676	gun.hink@hotmail.com

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

Deb McQuire	- <i>Bully Tin editor</i>	0428 988 315	deb.mcquire@bigpond.com
Tony Hill	- <i>Supper &amp; BT Mail out</i>	0418 929 493	suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com
Fleur Mead	- <i>Web Master contact c/- Pres</i>	0428 651 098	northlands@wn.com.au

## **Regular Events**

<b>WA Bush Poets:</b>	1st Friday each month <u>MC for Nov</u> Alan Aitken 0400 249 243 <a href="mailto:aaiken@live.com.au">aaiken@live.com.au</a> - 7pm Wilson Community Hall 40 Braibrise Rd, Wilson	
<b>Albany Bush Poetry group:</b>	Last Tuesday each month - 7.30pm 1426 Lower Denmark Rd, Elleker	Ph. Peter Blyth - 9844 6606
<b>Bunbury Bush Poets:</b>	1st Monday every 2nd month - Rose Hotel Cnr. Wellington & Victoria St Bunbury or Ian Farrell 0408 212 636	Ph. Alan Aitken - 0400 249 243
<b>Geraldton Bush Poets:</b>	2nd Tuesday each month - 6pm Rec. Rm, Belair Caravan Park, Geraldton. or Irene Conner - 0429 652 155. * Bring and share snacks for tea.	Ph. Roger & Jan Cracknell - 0427 625 181
<b>Goldfields Bush Poetry Group:</b>	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](http://www.abpa.org.au) or [www.bushverse.com](http://www.bushverse.com)

Address correspondence for the “Bully Tin” to: Bully Tin Editor, PO Box 364, Bentley 6982 or [deb.mcquire@bigpond.com](mailto: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  
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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](http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au)**  
Please contact the Webmaster, if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.

<b>Members' Poetic Products</b>					
Terry Piggott	Books		Arthur Leggett	Book	
Peter Blyth	Books, CDs		Keith Lethbridge	Books	
John Hayes	Books, CDs	Christine Boulton	Book, CD	Val Read	Books
Tim Heffernan	Book	Pete Stratford	Books	Peg Vickers	Books, CD
Brian Langley	Books, CDs	Roger Cracknell	Book, CD	Terry Bennetts	Music, CDs
Frank Heffernan	Book	Bill Gordon	CD	Jack Bock	Book