

The

JULY 2021

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



Next Muster Friday 2nd July 2021 at 7pm at Wilson Community Hall 40 Braibrise Rd, Wilson, near Leach Hwy and Manning Road.

MC - Peter Nettleton 0407 770 053 stinger@inet.net.au

Our AGM will be held at the July Muster on Friday 2nd commencing at 7pm.

I'm Proud to be Australian

I'm proud to be Australian
I wear the Aussie gear
I wear it on Australia Day
And sometime through the year

The hat, the vest, the rubber thongs
And shorts that show me knees
There's just one little problem
They're all made overseas

As if that isn't bad enough
They also make the toys
Those cuddly Aussie animals
We give to girls and boys

There's Chinese Platypuses
Koalas from Taiwan
Kangaroos from Bangladesh
And wombats from Ceylon

And what about the souvenirs
The ones that traveller buys
Reminders of Australia
The beaches, sun and flies

The tea towels, spoons and postcards
That show the Harbour Bridge
You'd think they'd be made right here
That they'd be ridgely didge

But no, just like my clothing,
Most other Aussie gear
Is made in places overseas
It should be made right here

It should be true blue, dinkum stuff
There ought to be some laws
That says our Aussie icons
Must be made here on our shores

© Brian Langley 25/12/08



The Real Australian Language by Frank Heffernan 2021

Our language keeps evolving and you know it's simply true;
When a fight is called a "stoush" we will say you had a "blue".
If you greet a cheerful "fella" be careful what you say;
It may be good you call him "happy" but bad to call him "gay".

A greeting is a "thumbs up" or a, "ow you goin', mate"!
Can't pay for all your "grog"? So you'll put it on the "slate".
Your woman is your "filly", or your "sheila" or your "bird",
And a bloke who plays computer games is often called a "nerd".

Your motor car gets "written off" because you've had a "prang",
You quickly ring the dentist when you get an aching "fang".
If you went by "shank's pony" it meant you had to walk,
But to have a "shotgun wedding" means a visit from the "stork".

You get the "dreaded lurgi" and they say you've caught the "wog".
If you "bust a gut" at working then you're done a real "slog",
Your nose becomes your "snozzle" or your "hooter" or your "conk",
But to have a little "naughty" is to "shag" or have a "bonk".

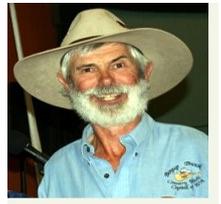
If you need a "Legal Eagle" you're in trouble with the Law,
But a bloke who won't stop "yapping" becomes a "shitty bore"!
When a Company "fires" a worker, they will say he "got the sack".
A "dunny" is the "thunder box" located out the back.

We describe a man from China as a "Chingman", or "Chow",
If we want a job done "pronto" it means we want it now.
You know one is a "legend" when he's called a real "Gun".
"Up the creek without a paddle", means there's nowhere left to run.

If a poet or a "wordsmith" you really "wannabe",
You'll need to do the "hard yards" and take a tip from me;
Buy "The Dinkum Aussie Dictionary" like as I once did;
You can learn to speak "Australian" and become the "real Quid".

This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of KATE DOUST MLC and posted with the generous assistance of Hannah Beazley MLA - Member for Victoria Park. Thanks to Greg Roberts for doing our printing.

President's Preamble July 2021



This preamble is my report for the AGM to be held on Friday 2nd July.

The last year has been quite a challenge with uncertainty and changes forced on us by Covid. We have continued to function although many of our regular events were cancelled. However the few musters we held on Zoom proved popular and the AGM was particularly well attended given the fact that we had to learn the new technology. It was not until October that we could meet in person at Wilson Community Hall. We have been unable to return to Bentley Park to date due to lockdowns and Swancare needing to protect their residents.

While Boyup Brook Country Music Festival and Bridgetown Downunder were Covid casualties, all our other regular events went ahead and were well supported by audiences. Bush Poetry on the Swan was again a great success with five shows this year at a much better time of 4.30 on Friday and Saturday of the first two weeks of Fringe. Crystal Swan have already agreed to continue this format next year. Australia Day at Wireless Hill was particularly popular with 200 attending. Maybe the mild weather helped! Bush Poetry continues to be well supported at Have A Go Day and also at Moondyne Festival.

The Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival maintained its popularity with poets and audience alike. The town, businesses and Shire of Toodyay make us welcome and give us great financial assistance to run this event. Popular winner after many years in the minor placings was John Hayes. Roger Cracknell was second with Christine Boulton in third place. New poet Peter Rudolf won the Yarnspinning.

We were greatly saddened by the passing of four members. Wally Williamson, Zan Mazanec, Geoff Bebb, and Judy Christensen have all played significant roles in WA Bush Poets and will be sadly missed.

I would like to express thanks to Deb McQuire for taking on the role of Editor. Deb has given the Bullytin a new look with several innovations and also good contributions to committee meetings. Meg has done a great job taking over the website and tackling the technology with dedication. At the same time she has continued as Secretary of the ABPA. All the other members of the committee have given me great support and selfless commitment to WA Bush Poets. I thank them each and every one. I also thank the members of the Association for the confidence they place in me as President

Bill Gordon



Webpage info

I have managed to get another three years of BT's on website (2004, 2005, 2006). Some are not available but think perhaps some months were not published. This has been thanks to Kerry Lee (past treasurer and editor) so I would like to acknowledge her help.

So history is taking shape! If anyone has Newsletters prior to 2004 it would be much appreciated. The name change for our publication came in April 2004 when Rod Lee thought it appropriate to do so.

Regards Meg

WA BUSH POETS AND YARNSPINNERS
ADVICE REGARDING MEMBERSHIP FEES AND THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE BULLY TIN

The following matters have been determined by the Committee of the Association, and the reasons are subsequently explained.

1. Annual Membership Fees 2021/22

These will be:

- * \$20.00 for Single membership, and \$30.00 for Dual Membership (as at present), and
- * the additional fee of \$5.00 for postage of the Bully Tin has been eliminated.

The Association is currently in a sound financial position, so an increase in the fees is unwarranted; the deletion of the Bully Tin postage fee is explained below.

2. Distribution of the Bully Tin

* Members who have access to email will be sent a copy in email format only - a printed copy will no longer be posted to them;

* Members who do not have access to email will receive a copy by standard post.

There are a number of reasons for this change, some which members may not be aware of, and they involve the whole process of producing and delivering, by standard post, the Bully Tin; as follows:

1. Our Editor receives and/or produces the articles, general information, and photographs which are to be included, sets them all up in the form in which it will appear in the finished product;

2. This pre-publication item is then forwarded, in electronic form, to the office of Kate Doust, MP, in Victoria Park;

3. The staff at Kate Doust's office print the number of copies we request, plus their addressed envelopes (about 70 of each - for posting) plus about 30 copies for us to have on hand to distribute at the next muster;

Note: the staff at this office put in their entire effort at no cost to the Association, and likewise all of the material they use is provided by their office.

4. A WABPYS person collects all of the above, and carries out the task of folding and enveloping those copies which are to be posted, and on completion delivers the envelopes to the office of Hannah Beazley, MP, in East Victoria Park.

5. The staff there affix the stamps on the envelopes, and post them.

Note: the staff there carry this out at no cost to us, and more importantly, the cost of the 70 \$1.10 stamps is borne by that office. (This is the reason for deletion of the previous annual charge of \$5.00 for members who receive a printed copy.

The proposed change will impact positively on items 3, 4, and 5, above, in reducing the staff time and materials used in Kate Doust's office, reducing the time taken to fold and envelope the items, reduce the time taken by staff in Hannah Beazley's office, and reduce the cost of postage incurred by that office. Members receiving an email Bully Tin, can if so desired, print one (or more) off at home.

Irish Lyrics for - The Wild Colonial Boy

There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Duggan was his name He was born and raised in Ireland, in a place called Castlemaine He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy and dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy	One morning on the prairie, as Jack rode along A-listening to the mocking bird, a-singing a cheerful song Up steeped a band of troopers: Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy They all set out to capture him, The wild colonial boy	He fired a shot at Kelly, which brought him to the ground and turning round to Davis He received a fatal wound A bullet pierced his proud young heart from the pistol of Fitzroy and that was how they captured him the wild colonial boy.
At the early age of sixteen years, he left his native home and to Australia sunny shore, He was inclined to roam He robbed the rich, he helped the poor, he shot James MacEvoy A terror to Australia was The wild colonial boy	Surrender now, Jack Duggan, for you see were three to one. Surrender in the Queens high name, you are a plundering son Jack drew two pistols from his belt, he proudly wave them high. "I'll fight but not surrender," said the wild colonial boy	<p>Reward £ 500</p> <p>WANTED</p>  <p>Dead or Alive</p>

THE BOSS COCKY

He's known as the big Boss Cocky,
From Perth to Kingdom Come.
At home with a glass of Chardonnay,
Or a meat tin, dripping rum.
He can mix with the high and mighty,
Break bread with the upper crust,
Or roll his swag by a boab tree,
Out in the far West Kimberley,
With battling bums like us.

One Friday night at the Raffles pub,
He told me: "Cobber old pal,
Get yourself up to Derby town,
For the Boab Festival.
We'll meet out mate, Bob Magor there,
The bush poet from Myponga,
Then after the Poets' Breakfast show,
We'll hang around for a day or so,
Or linger a little longer."

So up to that little Kimberley town,
Around about mid July,
We camped in Cheryl's horse paddock,
Under a starry sky,
And at the botanical gardens,
Where ferns and palm trees grow,
On Sunday morning we strolled along,
To join the gathering Derby throng,
For the Poets' Breakfast show.

Bob Magor strode to the microphone,
Right after the country singer;
He told us about old grandma,
With her boobs caught in the wringer,
And the sorry tale of an errant male,
Under women's liberation;
Then Cobber rattled a yarn or two,
Of Mother McQ and her camel stew,
At old Koodarie station.

Then the big Boss Cocky took his turn,
With a wave and a cheery smile;
He tackled "The Man From Ironbark",
And carried it off in style,
But into "The Geebung Polo Club",
His memory let him down,
So he changed the plot by a few degrees,
And Banjo's spirit can rest at ease,
In the heart of Derby town.



THE BOSS COCKY cont..

And late that night in the horse paddock,
With the children safe in bed,
Bob Magor grilled Myponga steak,
And produced a quart of red;
Then Wild Bill McAtee set the scene,
With a couple of banjo tunes,
And the big Boss Cocky led the way,
With a fine rendition of "Moonlight Bay",
While Cobber played the spoons.

Ah, those were the days we won't forget,
Though life pulls out the skids;
A few good mates and a camp-fire yarn ...
You wouldn't be dead for quids;
But now I've come to the end of the page,
And it's time to rest the pen.
Vale to the bloke who dared to dream;
The big Boss Cocky of the team,
Rusty Christensen.

'Cobber'
Derby. July 21, 1998

A Roadside Redgum

We may mark our lives in years
but counting's not for trees
they simply live until they die.
Here's a tale of one of these;
from seedling into sapling
then slowly grows a trunk so stout
yet sturdy and well anchored
one of many thereabout.
Amongst green clad spreading limbs
many native birds would feed
seeking nectar from the blossom
or safe nesting sites, to breed.
While within the shade created
by the leafy canopy
was ample shade and shelter
for the 'roo and wallaby.
But changes came, and other beasts
strange to the local ilk
sheep and cattle, from afar
producing wool, and meat, and milk.
Some also came that shouldn't
foxes, cats, and rabbits too
displacing native species
even the docile kangaroo.
Later still, and roads were formed
leaving less trees than before.
First came horses, then trucks
passing by, as their engines roar.
Yet still a few trees linger
un-noticed by the passing crowd.
Those remnants of a bygone time;
old Redgums, gnarled and weather worn, yet proud.



Pete. Stratford. 30.5.18

Bogged at Peelamudda

Bound for Peedamulla at the word from the great John Hayes
We stopped at Nanutarra to be robbed at the diesel gauge
Four intrepid poets on their trip to the Derby brunch
Eating on the roadside they had a hasty lunch.

Alan Aitken led the charge, he stopped at the Peedamulla sign
No road closed sign forewarned the danger they would find
Alan gave the thumbs up, Bill and Meg gave one too
Christine followed in their wake, hoping to make it through.

The road looked solid, scenic and inviting, what a laugh,
170mls of rain at Exmouth preceded our path
The caravans swished and swerved, red clay stuck like glue
Bill and Alan couldn't stop, they slid and slithered through.

But Christine sank in quicksand as the vans went o'er the lea
She prayed for mobile phone connection, to bring help was her plea
Her van was floundered in the red mud like a listing, sinking ship
She leapt out of the van on that muddy slippery dip

Bill threw Meg out to placate her plight and keep her company
She walked twenty miles to answer that crying, feeble plea
Personal safety was no question, fearless she trudged through the mud
To be greeted by the survivor with some water and a hug.

Alan texted, make a cup of tea and read a book a while
We'll be ages getting in, he smirked a cunning smile
With Meg and Hetty the wonder dog, Chris was cheering up,
Bill and Alan had yet to reach the homestead hoping to stop

Hours went by, they chatted, the tardy men had not returned
Meg said she'd walk to meet them, she was quite concerned
But then they saw a white sliding ute coming into view
The car horn tooted, Alan and Bill were coming through.

Bill grinned and slushed around the van, Alan raised his cup
Bill had a white snatch strap and a steel shackle to hook up
It took ages to pull out that beached and soggy van
Alan pushed gingerly from behind, what a super man!

Then he revealed he'd lost his electric van connector
They waded through the sludge looking for a black wire with flexion...
Bill kept pulling, Alan leapt in with Hetty by the wheel
The van lurched wildly out as it tipped on two wheels.

Bill unhitched and Alan steered the van anew
But a charging mob of cattle stampeded into view
More slipping and sliding as they dodged the charging bulls
If you believe this bullshit, you are so gullible.

But the truth is buried in the poem Chris really did get bogged
And we did retrieve the connector as a soggy red mud plug
And strength comes from adversity when travelling with poet mates
Because together they can handle any mess that's on their plate.

*A collaborative effort the 'Bogs Poets'
Article submitted by Meg Gordon*

Christine and Meg jamming with Terry Bennetts



STUCK FAST!



Celebrating Alan's Birthday

**Unusual catch
- Leopard Stingray
(Pardoo)**



The Famous Red Dog



The Rubaiyat of Yatungka Kyango

The tale is told of how true love can soar.
Cast out for breaking ancient tribal law
the couple fled their much loved desert lands –
rejection by their tribe the pain they bore.

From Mandildjarra land they fled in pain.
Their law was strong, so they could not remain.
A childhood friend was sent to bring them back,
but punishment was all they had to gain.

The Budidjarra people let them roam
through Moongooloo – those hills became their home –
far from their tribal Mandildjarra lands,
but still beneath their dreamtime's sacred dome.

They lived and loved in Budidjarra land
a place of spinifex and hot red sand,
but all the while the call of home was strong –
a call the desert people understand.

What pleasures could their outback homeland bring?
Cool water from a hidden, secret spring,
the moon, the stars, their dreaming in the sky,
the songs that tiny desert songbirds sing.

Soft sounds of home as dark-time birds take flight,
the frantic swish as hopping mice take fright –
they're all around these desert sounds abound.
So hush, Yatungka, listen to the night.

But listen well Yatungka – listen well –
for this is where your dreamtime spirits dwell.
The dreams you left are here, but don't forget,
that in the outback, dreams can turn to hell.

For climate change will bring a burning sky,
the rock pools and the gnamma holes will dry.
The malu and most desert life will flee
and Warri, your lone love, will surely die.

But hide your grief Yatungka and be strong,
in time your dust will rest where you belong.
The spirit of the desert will persist,
and you will live in legend and in song.

Your name and that of Warri will endure.
Your story is the perfect overture
to dreamtime legends that are yours to leave
to a new world that values their allure.

*The last of the nomads, Warri and Yatungka Kyango
saw the end of an ancient way of life but also lived
long enough to witness the first faint flickers of the
future, the recognition and documentation of their
remarkable culture.*

They are buried side by side in Wiluna WA.

Peter O'Shaughnessy

SPIDER



No one knows why her car took flight
On a lonely bend, in broad daylight.
A shadow on her hand, she took fright
Hit a tree, she failed to see,
As the Huntsman spider, caused her injury.
Sprinting over her hand, on to the dash
Eight legs, frightening her, she smashed
Her car, unexpectedly, hit a tree.

I am the great spider – but you do not see me
I am your car captive – but you will not free me.
Now you're my victim – fast car speeds away
I am the horror, that's – crashed you today

Kitty Niemann

THE BEE THAT STINGS ITSELF

I am the bee that stings itself
unable to be free, of its persistent, following me.
Buzzing about, round and round, as I walk,
circles my head, shoulders, legs, unafraid of me.

In the shade or sun, it is always invisible and deadly dangerous.
I take long walks, so it may tire of me and fly away.
Then it clings to my clothes, rides along waiting
for my journey's end, only to begin again,
in a lower drone, as I walk home.

Rush to change my clothes into stronger
longer, dark denim,
it's all *Beyond Blue*.
Depression causes me to fracture, then break into pieces
shaking, obsolete, old, unwanted, stung and dying.

Kitty Niemann

Panda

We have a mate called Panda; a Border Collie dog.
She's never seen a sheep or cow or been close to a hog.
Hair colours are not standard, a black mask 'cross her face;
The balance of soft fluffy coat is white most every place.

She has some funny habits that really make us smile,
Like yodelling for her dinner; slight smirk on canine dial.
Has never been a worker out on a rural site,
But works hard racing grandkids; will play both day and night.

Big heart is full to bursting with love for all who come,
Except those wearing *fluro*; it brings our girl undone.
For this we have no answer but maybe could construe
In former days, one dressed for *work*, directed angry view.

Best buddy is old 'Tigger'; they swap a sniff or two.
They both patrol the garden keeping family in view.
Delights in muddy puddles or swimming in the dam
Plays chasies with the hose spray, gets joy from 'vacuum jam'

We found her at '**SAFE**' rescue, sweet mutt not in her youth;
For us she is just perfect, I'm telling you the truth.
Her nick name is quite fitting; she's known as 'Panda Bear'
At home with us McQuire's; her joyful life we share.

© DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire) 4th June 2021

KEITH LETHBRIDGE RETURNS TO DERBY

Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge will lead a strong line-up of Bush Poets from the Kimberley and southern regions in Derby for the annual Bush Poetry event held the morning following the Derby Cup. Cobber will be supported by Peter (Stinger) Nettleton, Ivan Bridges and Dave Morrell while past WA Champion Christine Boulton, Alan Aitken and Bill and Meg Gordon are on the road north. Other Kimberley poets are welcome to take the stage.

In a departure from the traditional Bush Poets Breakfast, this year's event will be a brunch at the Sportsman's Club, starting at 10.30. Hopefully this will allow people more time to recover from the races the previous day. All are welcome to come and enjoy great poetry, yarns and music plus a recovery brunch provided by the gourmet chefs at the Sportsman's Club.

Award winning balladeer Terry Bennetts will be providing music accompanied by Derby identities Sam Lovell and Fred Russ. Terry has co-written several songs with Cobber. Terry will also be performing his music for two weeks at Kimberley Entrance Caravan Park.

The Derby Bush Poets Breakfast was started by Cheryl Holmes about 1998. Cheryl organised it for the next couple of years. Robyn Bowcock took over the reins when Cheryl left Derby and has done a sterling job until retiring in 2019. Elsie Archer and Diana Troup continue to support the WA Bush Poet Assn who have taken over the organising role. Thanks also to the Shire of Derby and local businesses also give valuable assistance to the event.

Bill Gordon

President, WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners



**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

Derby Bush Poet's Brunch

Derby Sportsmans Club
Entry:
\$25 Including Brunch
\$10 Poetry only

Derby Visitor Centre 9191 1426
Bill Gordon 0428 651 098
www.wabushpoets.asn.au

Sun 18th July 2021 10.30am - 1.30pm
following Derby Cup

POET'S ALERT

**WA BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS ASSOC
TOODYAY BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL**

**2021 STATE PERFORMANCE CHAMPIONSHIPS
FRIDAY 5TH – SUNDAY 7TH NOVEMBER**

The November Championships will be here before we know it and it would greatly help the Committee if entries came in early for administration purposes.

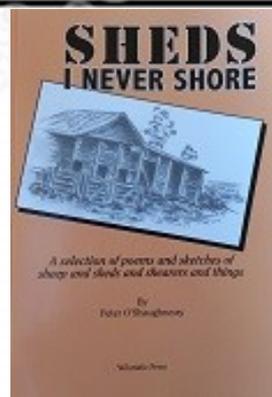
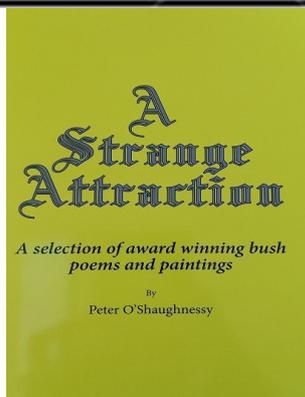
The Entry Form will be available soon so keep an eye on the website: www.wabushpoets.asn.au

Entry Forms will also be available at the next few Musters.

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

Shop Window

Author - Peter O'Shaughnessy

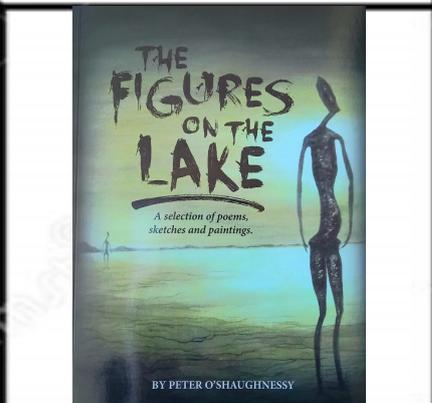


The Figures on the Lake
A Strange Attraction
Sheds I Never Shore

\$20 (\$25 posted)
\$15 (\$20 posted)
\$10 (\$15 posted)

Email: peter.oshughnessy@gmail.com

Ph: (08) 9725 1035



MUSTER WRITEUP JUNE 4TH

MC: Terry Piggott

Tess Earnshaw: Told us a great story called *The Lucky Escape*: The story of a young man bought here from Yorkshire, as a convict. Twice escaped the gallows. It was Tess' Great grand father. 'I'm lucky to be here she said.'

Rob Gunn: told a couple of jokes . Then shared *Scott of the Riverina* by Henry Lawson . A story of a father who rejects his son when he leaves home, the boy is killed at war, but when the father dies they see he has rewritten his son's name back into the family Bible.

Dot Langley: Presented a classic written by Edward George Dyson after relating to us a little about the author, who was a miner, farmer, bushman and writer working in a newspaper office, Dot then read to us *The Rescue*. About a goldmine rescue, the rescuers were released that the trapped and possibly dead miner was not married and not a father, but were told to work hard and fast because the boss was sure he would be found alive. Then his mother arrive and sits at the top of the shaft silently crying, when her son came up alive the tears turned to tears of joy. As hardened miners gently hold her steady.

Terry Piggott: Presented *A Bloke Called Basil*, a story about an old mate, with a hidden past, yet a good bloke just the same 'There's something extra special sitting quietly with a mate, out in some far of corner of this isolated state.'

Brian Langley: Shared some very interesting ideas about Australia Day or New South Wales day , he then led us in singing his version of the National anthem that laments the fact that almost everything Australian is made someplace else.

Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge: Firstly played on his "hurdy gurdy" , known to most others as a mouth organ the tune *Along the Navajo Trail*. He then shared *The Boss Cocky*; This poem describes our former President, Rusty Christensen, as he encouraged us to get to Derby for the first Derby Bush Poets' Breakfast, then led the way in promoting bush poetry and yarn-spinning with wonderful enthusiasm and good humour. Cobber also recited *The Man from Ironbark* by AB Banjo Patterson

Lorraine: Presented *A Football Game* with the inevitable sausage sizzle after the mayhem and *The Bums Rush*, which told us that many an expensive "cosmetic" treatment could be replaced with a good meal of real hot chilli.

Tess Earnshaw: The New Barmaid. Got a job at the Rose and Crown but had no idea what to do, to wear or to serve drinks, but she quickly learnt, and gave up the high heels and became very efficient, then she was moved to the saloon bar where the customers were "posh" but she soon conquered them, and met a well refined gentleman and became the solicitors wife.

Rob Gunn: Sang a poem by Cobber with music by Terry Bennett's *Not without you Old Mate* .
There's a little bush river that runs to the sea
And they tell me the yabbies taste great
By a blazing log fire with a billy of tea
But not without you old mate.
I'll tell St Peter at the gate I'm waiting for you old mate.

READING FROM THE CLASSICS Ray Jackson

Ray chose an anonymous poem rather than a poet. The supposed true story of Jack O'Donohoe - *The Wild Colonial Boy* and shared with us the Irish version, that was written about a Bush ranger in Australia, unfortunately it used the wrong term for things, as it tells us of the prairie and a mocking bird. Ray concluded the story, telling us that one of the people who had aided Jack was members of the Chalker family, among whom was his 4th great grandmother Elizabeth Shackle-Chalker..

Brian Langley: once again spoke about Australia and our ways . *Speaking Strine* It looks at how in the 1950s how the way we spoke changed dramatically because it was when we first seriously attacked the fly problem with bringing in the rubbish bins with lids and the introduction of FlyTox with a push pump handle .
Country Australians still speak in the old way, due to there still being flies there.

Rodger: Was next up with a couple of yarns one about *A Painter, a Porch and a Mercedes*. The other we learned about 3 old men and their lifespan.

Dot: Told us a bit of background about Ruth Bedford who wrote *The Witches Song* . Regarding the mischief they could get up to on a windy night. And then sail on her broomstick out of sight.

MUSTER WRITE-UP JUNE 4TH cont...

Cobber: *The Aussie Bush Mechanic*. We all know this bloke. He can fix anything ... eventually. His work might be rough, even dangerous, but he'll get you back on the road again ... at least for a while. The currency for his labour is generally "a carton". You might not like him, but one day he might save your shoe leather.

(From the recorder my favourite bit was)

If he spots a red light flashing on your dash-board, that's a breeze,
He'll whip the globe out straight away, to set your mind at ease,

Cobber: *The Stories never told*. This poem talks about the ordinary battlers, who are often forgotten in the stories of Australian achievement. They tried, they worked hard, and they often failed.

Lorraine: *The Story of a Rat* that turns on all the alarms in the house then drowns in the fish tank; and another called *a Fight to the Death*, the embarrassing story of shopping and trying a top on, in a shop change room then the long fight to get it of.

Terry Piggott: *Would You Say Hello To Dad*. A story about a young girl who has to look after her Dad after a severe stroke ' And then she almost whispered in a voice that seemed so sad, I wonder could you spare the time to say hello to dad.'

Rob Gunn: Brought us *The Ballad of Henry Lawson*. Music by Slim Dusty and lyrics by Bill Ryland
It extolled the life of Henry Lawson and ends with but he never made his name till he crossed the great divide.

The MC Terry Piggott thanked everyone for taking part and attending.

Muster write-up prepared by Heather Denholm - (Thankyou!)



Heather has asked if everyone who performs at musters could possibly
give her a synopsis on the night
or send one via email
h.e.denholm@gmail.com

Thanks in advance Heather.

August Muster MC - Frank and Mary Heffernan
9881 6652
muffenburg@westnet.com.au

Reading from the Classics: Frank and Mary Heffernan

Deadline for Aug's Bully Tin
Submissions 20th July 2021

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

JULY

2 July - Closing Date - Adelaide Plains Poetry Competition - Recovery, Redbanks SA.

18 July - Derby Bush Poets' Brunch. Derby Sportsman's Club 10:30 - 1:30. Derby WA.

23 July - Closing Date - Bronze Spur Award, Camooweal Queensland.

30 July - Closing Date - Nandewar Poetry Competition with new best first-time competitor award, Narrabri NSW.

AUGUST

25 August - Closing Date - King of the Ranges Written Bush Poetry Competition, Murrurundi NSW.

28 August - Closing Date - Logan's Muddy River Performance Bush Poetry Competition, Beenleigh Queensland.

30th August - Closing Date - Toolangi CJ Dennis Poetry Competition, Healesville Victoria.

31 August - Closing Date - Betty Olle Poetry Award, Kyabram Victoria.

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

SEPTEMBER

20 September 2021 - 50th Bronze Swagman Award For Bush Verse
Windermere Station, Winton.

24-25 September - King of the Ranges Bush Festival
with humorous and serious written competition. Murrurundi NSW.

OCTOBER

Oct 15 - 23 2021 Cervantes Art Festival

Art, Craft, Photography and **Bush Poetry**

All Entry Forms and payments must be received by 1st October 2021. -

Note change in conditions - WRITTEN BUSH POETRY require -- that the Font size be altered to **12 Point** (rather than **16 Font**)

and that the clause --

"Poems that have won a first prize in another bush poetry competition are not eligible." be added.

8 October - Closing Date - Silver Quill written competition, Bateman WA.

NOVEMBER

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

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.

Interest was shown in the hand towel given as a gift so I am offering to make them for any who wants them, with or without the 2021 included. - \$12 each.

If anyone wishes to contact me Messenger Heather Denholm with an ANZAC avatar.

or SMS 0429052900.



Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2020 - 2021

President	Bill Gordon	0428 651 098	billgordon1948@gmail.com
Vice President	Peter “Stinger” Nettleton	0407 7700 53	stinger@iinet.net.au
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Deb McQuire	- <i>Bully Tin editor</i>	0428 988 315	deb.mcquire@bigpond.com
Tony Hill	- <i>Supper</i>	0418 929 493	suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com

Regular Events

WA Bush Poets:	1st Friday each month <i>MC for July see front page</i> - 7pm Wilson Community Hall 40 Braibrise Rd, Wilson	
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.