

The

June 2026

BULLY TIN

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

**Next Muster: 5th June 2026 at 7pm at the Auditorium, SwanCare
26 Plantation Drive, Bentley**

MC: Tim Hefferan 0428 886 041 timlibheff@bigpond.com

Reading from the classics: Ellen MacKenzie

**WA poets –past and present Poets bring in your books/CDs to sell
Poems for Henry Lawson's birthday (17th June)**

After All

Henry Lawson

The brooding ghosts of Australian night have gone from the bush and town;
My spirit revives in the morning breeze, though it died when the sun went down;
The river is high and the stream is strong, and the grass is green and tall,
And I fain would think that this world of ours is a good world after all.

The light of passion in dreamy eyes, and a page of truth well read,
The glorious thrill in a heart grown cold of the spirit I thought was dead,
A song that goes to a comrade's heart, and a tear of pride let fall --
And my soul is strong! and the world to me is a grand world after all!

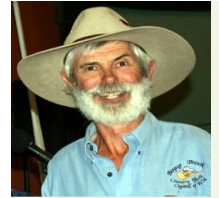
Let our enemies go by their old dull tracks, and theirs be the fault or shame
(The man is bitter against the world who has only himself to blame);
Let the darkest side of the past be dark, and only the good recall;
For I must believe that the world, my dear, is a kind world after all.

It well may be that I saw too plain, and it may be I was blind;
But I'll keep my face to the dawning light, though the devil may stand behind!
Though the devil may stand behind my back, I'll not see his shadow fall,
But read the signs in the morning stars of a good world after all.

Rest, for your eyes are weary, girl -- you have driven the worst away --
The ghost of the man that I might have been is gone from my heart to-day;
We'll live for life and the best it brings till our twilight shadows fall;
My heart grows brave, and the world, my girl, is a good world after all.

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

President's Ramblings June 2026



Winter is upon us and the Kimberley is calling. This means that I have to set to and get a lot more poems up to speed. We camp in the various Station Stays as we head north and every place is keen for us to do a one-hour show. As we are part of the mass migration we find the same people turn up at different venues and they want to hear different poems. Certainly keeps the old brain working! This year we have added three more stations to the tour. It is very different now to when we started this eight years ago staying at caravan parks in towns along the way.

A big thank you to the poets who made it to Toodyay for the Moondyne festival on 3rd May. With nine poets present the decision not to include a musician was fully justified. We had no trouble keeping the poetry going for the day although Rob Gunn gave some welcome musical items with his guitar which provided variety to the program. It is very much a case of performing to the passing parade but quite a few people sat and listened with great interest and inquired about our muster and other places we perform. Moondyne festival is a worthwhile venue for us to be seen in public and promote bush poetry and WABPYS.

Thank you also to Deb for her efforts trying to attract teachers to our last muster. It was very disappointing that only two turned up after all her efforts but the two were enthusiastic to include bush poetry in their school. I appreciate the challenges teachers have with the curriculum demands placed on them so I always accept an invitation if offered to stand up in the classroom. What's more, the students love to be included in performing or writing poems.

Greg North has finished his Banjo Paterson tour where he followed in the footsteps of Banjo's tour of eastern Australia and New Zealand 125 years to the day for each performance. Banjo was a war correspondent for the Boer War and his tour followed that commission. Greg had his show recorded at my suggestion and he has sent me the link to that recording. Email me if you are interested and I will send you the link. Greg would have to be the modern day authority on Banjo Paterson. He has published a comprehensive book on the bard and he performs a one hour Banjo Paterson show every evening at the North Gregory Hotel in Winton during the tourist season. That is in addition to his own show at the caravan park every night. Another good reason to visit the birthplace of Waltzing Matilda.

Unfortunately we will miss the next few musters but are planning to be back for the AGM in September. Meanwhile, Tim Heffernan is MC for the June muster. Tim is a welcome addition to our list of regular performing poets now that he is no longer spending endless hours on his tractor. I am happy that I managed to work it out some time ago that there is a life after farming.

Bill Gordon - President.

Moondyne Festival 2026

The Moondyne festival, in the lovely old town of Toodyay, occurred on Sunday the 3rd of May. While the weather can be a bit fickle at this time of year, we were blessed with a lovely sunny day, which, in true Goldilocks fashion, was neither too hot, nor too cold, but just right.

We set up in what has become our favourite spot, near the Anglican church, at the West end of town. The upside of this location is that it is quiet and far away from the noisy generators we used to have to compete with. The downside is that it is quiet, being right on the edge of the activities. We were very dependent on the passing parade for our audience and had to attract them off the street. The crowd numbers appeared to be a bit down on previous years, so like much of the rest of the world, we are blaming it on Donald Trump and the increased fuel prices and inflation.

We had a total of eight bush poets turn up to perform on the day (see photos below), which gave them plenty of opportunities to perform a range of material, both old and new. One of my personal highlights was seeing Rob Gunn's impression of the man with the air cooled teeth (Chad Morgan). When the audience numbers were down, we still had enough of our own to look like a small crowd. We did manage to entice a reasonable number of pedestrians to sit and listen for a while, or stand and listen in some cases. They all appeared to go away happy, so we're counting it as a success.

Cheers Greg Joass



Rob Gunn disguised as Chad Morgan



Meg Gordon



Bill Gordon



Bev Shorland



Greg Joass



Heather Joass



Peter Rudolph



Heather Denholm



Daniel Avery

Big W

While sitting watching telly, there was nothing else to do,
an ad flashed up before me that was too good to be true.

The latest Marvel comic book in stock and just released
with all the newest heroes, a comic lovers feast.

I grabbed my bike and hit the street as fast as you could blink,
I didn't tell my mum I'd gone, I knew what she would think.

I made it to Big W at half the speed of light
and found the comic straight away, imagine my delight.
I didn't have much money so I knew I couldn't buy it,
I'd have to read it in the shop, find somewhere nice and quiet.
I found the nearest fitting rooms for people fitting clothes,
I walked right in unnoticed and I pulled the curtain closed.

The story it was brilliant, Dr Doom had gone insane
and Spiderman and Wolverine had saved the world again.
I went to put the book back hoping no one there would see
but now the shop was almost dark and quiet as could be.
I felt a sudden chill of fear, I tried to stay composed
with bars across the entry gate, Big W had closed.

I realised I was locked inside with no way to get out
I'd need all those survival skills I'd learnt back as a scout.
I found a trolley near the front, a perfect place to start
and grabbed a heap of chocolate and tossed it in the cart.
Then next I found some fizzy drink enough to get me through,
some Monte Carlo biscuits and some chips and ice creams too.

Of all the meals I ever had that night was just the best,
if Bear Grylls had of seen me well, I'm sure he'd be impressed.
And next I found a sleeping bag and pillow for my head
Big W had everything, it even had a bed!
It must have been the Manager who found me there next day,
I woke to find him staring and not knowing what to say.

He offered an apology and comic book as well
as long as I went quickly home and promised not to tell.
But Mum was really angry when I wandered through the door
and said that I was lying 'bout my night inside a store.
So now I'm in my bedroom wishing Bear Grylls' was around
to help me with survival when my dad gets home from town.

by Tim Heffernan



The Lazy Old Wind

We don't mind the sun and dust and the flies
We don't mind the rain and the snow
But lazy wind blow's right through your bones
And freezes your marrow to stone

The life of a farmer is a life full of hardships
A series of highs and of lows
We know that the good times are mad up of bad times,
Depending which way the wind blows

I shall not cease to wonder how those city newsreaders
How do they live without brains
A cyclone's destructive and sometimes eruptive
But they also bring drought breaking rains

I find it amusing when they're abusing
A day that's not sunny and fine
Theres nothing more tragic that a weekend that's stormy
That dares to upset their good time

Oh! We don't mind the sun and the dust and the flies
We don't mind the rain and the snow
But that lazy old wind blows right through your bones
And freezes your marrow to stone

By Jack Bock
With permission from his book
'Time Flies & Bloody Blowflies

16 Line Challenge

Title - It's Done

(all that were
available to include)

It's Done

I've done it, it is finished I have finalised the lot
I don't know how I did it but it's done. I do know that.
I Galvanised the spigot I sealed the edges up
then I sewed some fancy stitch on a decorative touch
I don't know how I did it, but I do know that it's done.
It's finished and it's over. I am happy, no, not glum.
There's a line of fancy stitching on the edge around the thing
There's some staples and a glue gun that I used to hold the bling
It is done yes, I will tell you. I'm happy that it is.
I never ever want to see another one of these
It was so hard to finish that I wondered if I'd ever
Continue on and plug the holes to keep out all the weather
For I used a lot of spray on. I used a lotta glue
Of staples a whole packet and thread and tape. It's true.
But I've done it yes I finished now. I'll send it off to you.
and you can work out what it is because I don't have a clue. ...

Heather Denholm

GARDEN DELIGHTS

A month ago I thought I might prepare a garden bed
For vegie crops. Of course, I found it full of weeds instead!
Reticulation had to go, I needed room to dig.
I laid it out upon the grass. This task should not be big.

The barrow, when located, had a wheel that wasn't round,
The flat bit on the bottom, meant a new tube must be found.
So, off to town. The tyre place had nothing near that small,
And no-one in the hardware shops could give me help at all.

Next day I started weeding, the hoe handle had come loose.
That made me think I might indulge in alcohol abuse.
Of course with these distractions, the retic was "forgotted".
The roos had dragged it round the yard, all twisted up and
knotted.

By bucket loads manure and more soil filled the bed.
Retic replaced, "At last it's done, but so am I" I said.
Some weeks of physio now have me moving fairly freely.
I think that in the long run, buying food is cheaper, really!

Heather Joass

It' Done

A thousand sheep and they're all mixed up
And his only help his half-trained pup.
Knowing they couldn't manage alone,
is his wife to help despite her groan.

So, pushing up is his faithful mate
while he takes charge of the drafting gate.
The flies buzz round in their eyes and face,
while an old ewe falls and blocks the race.

The restless mob stir up clouds of dust,
but they work on through because they must.
When the sheep won't run she's in despair
but resists somehow the urge to swear!

Before they finish the dog shoots through.
They then swap jobs for the final few.
Drafting sheep out in the blazing sun
is a thankless task and not much fun.
But there's joy in knowing that this job, - it's done!

Frank Heffernan

It's Done

There's this poem that I wrote, about some happenings of note,
I thought it made a decent bit of verse.
Then I did a syllable count, but I found that each amount
Just didn't match, which really made me curse.
The shortest line was seven, while the longest was eleven,
I re-wrote it, to even up the score.
But things didn't go to plan, because the damn thing wouldn't scan,
Which made the problems mount up even more.
So I had to have another go, but then wouldn't you know,
I had some pseudo-rhymes I had to fix.
With thesaurus by my side, rhyming dictionary open wide,
I tried my whole array of writing tricks.
But that only made it worse, cause twisted English is a curse,
This process just keeps going on and on.
So at last I cried "It's done", though nothing like what I'd begun,
Another one I'll credit to 'Anon'.

Greg Joass

It's Done (wishful thinking)

We're waiting for these simple words 'The crisis now it's done'.
The tyrants they have lost control; we've quelled their savage run.
All parties now have ceased to fight, no more strike out in rage
And finally, strong words of peace announced across world's stage

The loss of calm, the senseless deaths and structures turned to dust.
All lives on earth are intertwined; we need to rebuild trust.
A place to live and food to eat and simple joys to share.
Feel free from threats, with time to dream, display more loving care.

Each day of war undoes the good that careful talks could gain.
These mad men and their friends have brought the planet so much pain.
Why do so many cede control and back despotic rule?
The bulk of their societies now facing times so cruel.

Do they not see the damage done has brought a poor outcome.
The costs immense, the loss intense and harmony undone.
It's time to stand as one against this autocratic trend;
Bring back more strong democracies and freedom all defend.

© *DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire)*

A Step Too Far

Terry Piggott

As his old camp starts to crumble ghostly voices seem to mumble,
in the rattle and the moans of tortured metal in the breeze.
As it stands there sad and battered, there are parts of it now scattered
all around the hillside, leaving little left there now to please.

And it's hard to hide the sadness for what seemed to me like madness,
when the old chap was coerced to leave and go and live in town.
Good intentions - but shortsighted - and perhaps the plan was blighted,
for he only lived a few months - and he never settled down.

After all those years of knowing just exactly where life's going,
to be suddenly uprooted from the lifestyle he knew well.
Surely was at best misguided when those plans had been decided
and I doubt old Jim had much input, although it's hard to tell.

With the sun now slowly setting once again I'm left regretting,
at the way he'd been enticed to up and leave his old bush home.
I still see him yarning joking sitting by his campfire smoking,
overlooking there the vastness that he daily used to roam.

Though his camp was old and battered, it was home and that's what mattered,
life out bush had suited him, for there, you really can be free.
And with early shadows falling, I now find myself recalling,
sitting with him round his campfire yarning with a mug of tea.

So, forget the old camp's roughness, it was planned and built for toughness,
to withstand the arid harshness that is always found out there.
And despite Jim's mild appearance he had grit and perseverance
and could face up to the worst of it found there or anywhere.

And the heat was unrelenting leaving most of us lamenting,
yet for sixty years he lived there uncomplaining till the end.
Though the weather's irritating, Jim would always be there waiting,
with a near cold beer or two, to welcome any passing friend.

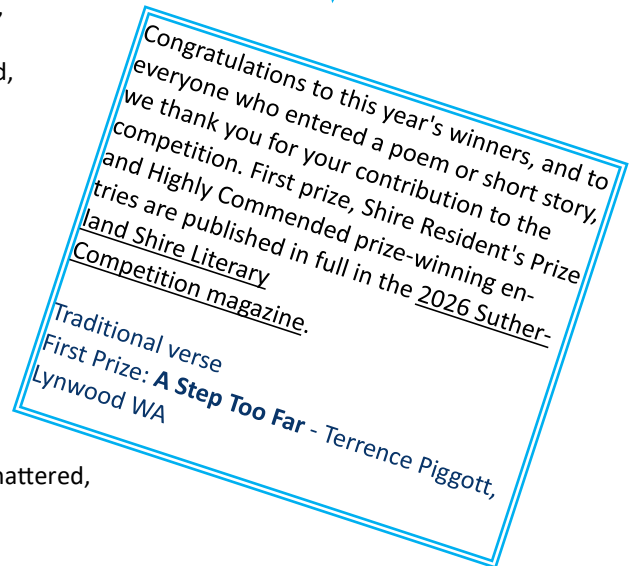
But his first love was prospecting, and he'd walk for miles collecting,
quartz like specimens, he hoped would lead him to a worthwhile find.
I can see him out there strolling over country rough and rolling,
picking up each thing of promise leaving blokes like me behind.

I remember our first meeting and his friendly smile and greeting,
out there near the Coronation on a warm day years ago.
There were old mines he'd been checking, in between a bit of specking,
for rich specimens were sometimes found below the big quartz blow.

Soon he had a campfire going then the stories started flowing,
telling yarns of prospecting and life out bush there long ago.
And from that day on I reckon lasting friendship seemed to beckon
and I'd call into his camp when passing, just to say hello.

And the kettle would be boiling, while old Jim was out there toiling,
crushing specimens collected way out where the eagles fly.
So, the Dolly would be ringing and the kettle also singing,
as I called in for a cuppa and a chat while passing by.

But those days are gone forever out there in the Never, Never,
where those old blokes helped to weave the stirring stories of our past.
And the dreams that they were chasing we are slowly now erasing,
for the old time Aussie's all but gone - with blokes like Jim the last.



The Grass Trees

Like battered little sentinels
They grow along the gravel path.
Bravely facing an unsure future
The keepers of the fragile past.

Like weary soldiers home from battle.
Worn down by fire, storm and drought.
Caught in man's hungry need for pasture,
They know what loss is all about.

Walk carefully down that gravel track,
Where grass trees made their stand.
We should join them in their 'last hurrah',
Lest we should fail this precious land.

They are the children of the Ozzy bush
The symbols of this ancient land.
So, walk carefully down that gravel track
Where the grass trees make their stand.

Robin Hollier



WEST AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS ASSOCIATION SILVER QUILL WRITTEN POETRY COMPETITION 2026

17 March 2026

Greetings

The WA Bush Poets Association is pleased to announce the opening of this year's Silver Quill competition, and is looking forward to receiving entries from the authors of poems or yarns – including those people who have put in items for earlier competitions, and also those folk who are yet to submit any items. This includes anyone who has not ever made a submission and is launching themselves into the world of written poetry. Also, prior applicants may re-submit items which they have submitted to this competition previously.

Attached to this letter are the Entry Form and the list of Conditions which apply to the 2026 competition. Information is, or will be soon, on the websites of:

1. WA Bush Poets Association wabushpoets.asn.au and
2. Australian Bush Poets Association abpa.org.au

Wishing you all the best

Rodger Kohn, Secretary
rodgershirley@bigpond.com



WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Association
SILVER QUILL WRITTEN COMPETITION

Winner announced

SATURDAY 7th NOVEMBER 2026

PINJARRA WA

WRITTEN COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

Entries Close Friday 9th Oct 2026

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

Categories—please tick categories entered

1. **Open Serious** }
2. **Open Humorous** } Highest total score in either category determines the winner
3. **Novice** Only for poets who have never won a Bush Poetry Written Competition
4. **Junior** (under 18yrs) _____ Age

Title/s of Poem/s	Category Entered	Entry Fee
1. _____	_____	_____
2. _____	_____	_____
3. _____	_____	_____
4. _____	_____	_____

Entry Fees: Adults \$10 per poem; All judging sheets will be returned with scores and comments. Juniors Free.

Payment by: **Cheque or Money Order:** OR

made out to "WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners Ass'n",

and posted to: The Silver Quill Entry

c/o Rodger Kohn,
16 Stoddart Way,
Bateman, WA, 6150,

Direct Bank Transfer:

BSB 633000 A/c 156989659

Name: W Bush Poets

Ref: (your name) Silver Quill 2026
then email suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com
informing of Direct Bank Transfer.

OR preferably emailed to Rodger Kohn: rodgershirley@bigpond.com

Declaration

I agree to the conditions on the reverse side of this application form:

Signature: _____ Date: _____ Guardian (if Junior) _____

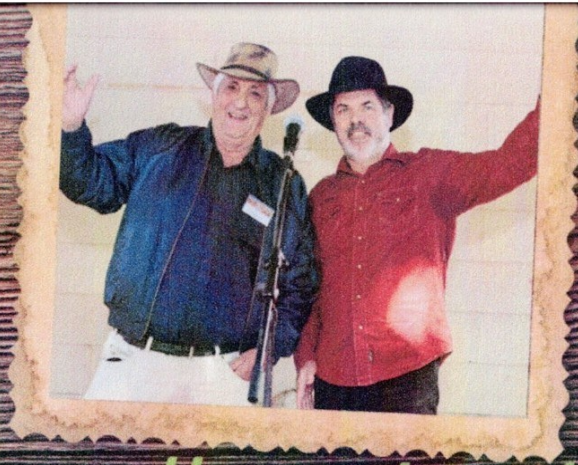
Conditions of Entry - Written Competition

1. Entry fee per poem: Adults: \$10.00; Juniors: Free; No refunds if disqualified.
2. No limit to number of entries and no line limit to poems
3. Poems must be the original work of the entrant and must not have been previously published for the profit of the author. **Author's name must NOT be stated on the poem page—on the Entry Form only.**
4. A poem which has come first in any open written competition category is not permitted. If a poem should win one competition prior to the closing date of another competition in which the same poem is entered, the onus is on the author to notify the second competition organisers that his/her poem has become ineligible due to the contravention of entry conditions.
5. Poems must have very good rhyme and meter/rhythm and be original with an Australian theme
6. A poem, which in the opinion of the judge contains offensive material, or is deemed to be AI orientated will be disqualified. Poems will be scanned to authenticate originality
7. The poem/s must be sent electronically, (unless the provisions in the Note below apply), with black printing in a plain font, size 10-12, with the name of the poem at the top of every page and each page numbered at either the top or foot of every page. .
8. All poems must be received by the due date
9. The competition is conducted in accordance with ABPA guideline recommendations (refer to www.abpa.org.au/competitions)
10. Judging will be by judges approved by the ABPA
11. The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Judges sheets will be forwarded to competitors after the event.
12. Entries may be displayed at the event in Pinjarra (Saturday 7th November 2026) and may be published in the WA Bush Poets monthly newsletter "The Bully Tin" and the ABPA Magazine and I hereby give my permission for such display and/or publication

Note: If electronic delivery is not possible, the poem/s must be printed on A4 size pages, in compliance with the other matters in Condition 7 and Condition 8 and sent to the Secretary, Rodger Kohn at: rodgershirley@bigpond.com 16 Stoddart Way, Bateman WA 6150
If you do not receive confirmation of receipt of your entry within a reasonable time, please phone Rodger on 0419 666 168.

Prizes

Monetary prizes will be awarded for the best poem in each of the 4 categories, provided sufficient entries are received.
Each winner, as well as those judged 'Highly Commended' or 'Commended', will receive a Certificate.



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from beginners to the experienced*

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1ST - \$500

2ND - \$250

3RD - \$100

Ekka Virtual Performer - Open

1ST - \$200

2ND - \$100

3RD - \$50

Ekka

ROYAL QUEENSLAND SHOW

Presented By:



Recite your favourite poem, either established or original, that showcases the Aussie way of life.

ENTRIES CLOSE - JULY 13, 2026

Find out more - Including Student Class Prize Pool at -

<https://www.ekka.com.au/competitions/agriculture/bush-poetry/>

- 17. Bill Gordon** *The Mr Whippy Rip Off* *by Marco Giori*
The kids get excited when they hear the Mr Whippy van music, given \$10 by their dad – later he realised they had been ripped off and he goes to sort out the situation.
- 18. John Hayes** *Artificial Intelligence* *by John Hayes*
John was encouraged to write this poem after hearing 1600 workers had been put off by a software company because AI had made their positions obsolete.
- 19. Heather Denholm** *The Spider by the Gwydir* *Annon*
A spider sleeping in an old tin near a drunken shearer takes an opportunity for a bite when two unscrupulous types try to steal his cash.
- 20. Jullian Illich** *Black Dog Syrup* *by Julian Illich*
During 2006 bushfires in Vic, a group of men drink the ‘clean’ water from the creek later during the night they all come down with gastro. They later bottle the stuff and sell it as a weight loss solution.
- 21. Lorraine Broun** *The A Team* *by Lorraine Broun*
A tale of the dog’s footy match starting at 8am each morning at the oval where dog’s come to exercise, practice with a football.
- 22. Shelley Johnson** *A yarn about her naming conventions*
Telling the story of a funny situation that arose. ‘Fiona Festiva’ ‘Jack the Jackaroo Ute’ and final ‘Spike the Cactus’
- 23. Deb McQuire** *Me Dad’s Bum* *by Peter Capp*
An interesting and worrying outcome from surgery when a surgeon offers to correct a fisherman’s strange belly button.
- 24. Heather Denholm** *A Little Aussie Quilter* *by Heather Denholm*
Her own story of being a little addicted to cutting up material and then stitching it together in amazing designs.
- 25. Frank Heffernan** *Merina Wool* *by Frank Heffernan*
Australia rode on the sheep’s back. Merino wool the best wool in the world for clothing and carpets etc. but now synthetic fibres have taken over in lots from lots of fabric types.
- 26. Tim Heffernan** *Jake and the Snake* *by Tim Heffernan*
While pumping up a tyre with his truck running in the shed, Jake gets a big surprise when a large carpet snake falls from the roof.
- 27. Greg Joass** *Herr Hare's hair'* *by Greg Joass*
A poem with a play on words.
- 28. David Sears** *'?? Title* *by Dixie Solly*
An out of work shear applies for a job at the Barber shop. His technique was not what the regulars were used to.
- Bill Gordon** thanked Lorraine and closed the meeting at 9.30 pm, after reminding everyone about the Moondyne Festival at Toodyay on 3rd May

Please note this performance was inadvertently not recorded in April’s Muster write up (apologies Fil & Robyn.)

Fil Allen *Grass Trees* *by Robyn Hollier*
Like little sentinels they line the gravel path The Grass trees stand. (poem on pg 7)

**Next Muster: 3rd July 2026 at 7pm Auditorium SwanCare,
26 Plantation Drive, Bentley**
MC: David Sears david.sears@bigpond.com ph. 0419 967 358
16-line challenge: She wore a..... and He a
Submissions for July’s Bully Tin due 22nd June 2026

Reminder: Could everyone who performs at Musters please have a synopsis available on the night for our scribe or send one via email to deb.mcquire@bigpond.com for the Muster Write Up. Thank you in advance

COMPETITIONS AND EVENTS AROUND AUSTRALIA

WRITTEN EVENTS are in PURPLE

For more details and entry forms please go to the ABPA website www.abpa.org.au and www.writingwa.org

Why not check out Writing WA
<info@writingwa.org>
Always something interesting
going on for WA Writers

June

4-8 June — [Henry Lawson Festival](#), Grenfell, NSW. See 3 May closing date for **written competition!**

ENTRY FORM **CONDITIONS** (online)

July

13 July — Closing Date — EKKA Bush Poetry Performance Competition, Brisbane, Queensland.

ENTRY FORM **CONDITIONS** (online)

August

9 August — EKKA Bush Poetry Performance Competition, Brisbane, Queensland. See 13 July closing date.

ENTRY FORM **CONDITIONS** (online)

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

ENTRY FORM **CONDITIONS** (online)

October

9 October — Closing Date — Silver Quill Written Poetry Competition, Pinjarra, WA.

ENTRY FORM **CONDITIONS** (online)

18 October — 'Around the Campfire' a Kyabram Bush Verse Group function to be held at the Kyabram Club, Victoria. The Betty Olle Poetry Award winners announced. See 31 August closing date.

November

7 November — Pinjarra Bush Poetry and Country Music Day, Pinjarra, WA.



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