

BULLY TIN



Next Muster: 1st July 2022 MC Peter Nettleton 0407 770 053 stinger@inet.net.au

No reading from the Classics this month

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
But make allowance for their doubting too,
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream--and not make dreams your master,
If you can think--and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breath a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings--nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much,
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And--which is more--you'll be a Man, my son!

by Rudyard Kipling

START AGAIN

The chooks won't lay and the cow's gone dry,
Not a sign of rain in the clear blue sky,
The dog won't bark and the birds won't fly
And the ink's run out of my pen.
The bank's left town and the butcher too,
And we've got no salt for the rabbit stew,
But whatever we've got we'll share with you
Then we'll start all over again.

The battery's flat and the truck won't start,
We've got no horse for the horse and cart,
There's many a family torn apart
And we've lost a few good men.
This drought could drive a man insane,
With all our hopes going down the drain,
Now I'd sell my soul for a drop of rain,
Just to start all over again.

The ants are creeping through the door,
But there's nothing to eat in the pantry store,
The poor old rooster crows no more
And the pig died in the pen,
But brothers and sisters don't you fret,
We might be battling deep in debt,
But come the rain we'll be soaking wet,
Then we'll start all over again.

We came out here with a faith so strong,
A cheerful smile and a happy song,
We didn't believe it could all go wrong,
There was nothing to warn us then.
The crops were high and we had no doubt
The bank was willing to help us out,
And after the end of this five-year drought,
We'll start all over again.

Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge

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

President's Preamble July 2022



Congratulations to Terry Bennetts on the release of his latest album, "The Dinner Tree". The title song was written after Terry sat beside the ancient boab in Derby talking with his old mate Sam Lovell. Sam is an old aboriginal stockman who is a legend throughout the Kimberley. He is a regular performer at Nambung Country Music Muster and has also stayed with us for Boyup Brook Country Music Festival. Blessed with a great memory, Sam has a wealth of stories of station life in the early days. Meg and I spent a most interesting day with Sam a couple of years ago when we took him out to Mt Hart Station and heard some of his many experiences working and droving across the Kimberley.

We caught up with Terry last week at Bullara Station and heard many of the songs off this album including three co-written with Cobber. We will catch up with Terry again when we are in Derby for the Bush Poet's breakfast on 17th July. Alan Aitken has just caught us at Point Sampson and Chris Taylor is already in the Kimberley. Cobber and Stinger will complete the southern contingent of poets. Dave Morrell, Ivan Bridges, Cate Westlake and Paul Ellis will provide the local content and Derby identity Colin Pigram is set to bring his music to ensure a very entertaining program.

We have farewelled two good friends in the last month. Nancy Coe was a member of WA Bush Poets for many years and served a term on the committee in my early years as president. Nancy was a prolific writer of mostly humorous or nostalgic poetry but her greatest pleasure was to share her vast musical repertoire on her piano accordion. WA Bush Poets was well represented at her funeral which was a very informal event. Her son Andy told us much we did not know about a special lady who lived life to the full despite the many obstacles put in her way.

Then we said goodbye to John Best from Queensland. I met John at Gympie muster in 2009 and enjoyed his company many times in Tamworth, Brisbane and then in Boyup Brook in 2015 when he entertained alongside Suzie Carcary and Melanie Hall. It was something else to see John at six foot six with those two "short sheilas". But no one will forget the sight when he appeared at the Bowling Club in a blue leotard, two potatoes strategically placed, performing his poem about exercising at the Gym. We were able to share in John's funeral via the wonders of modern technology.

When Meg was writing a bio for me a few years back she asked me where I hoped to go with my poetry. My answer was that I didn't know, but I intended to enjoy the ride. With the friends I have made and the places poetry has taken me, I certainly am enjoying the ride.

Bill Gordon President.

Membership fees are due 1st July.

WABP Membership is JULY to JUNE (not January to December).

Our Treasurer - Sue Hill will be sending out Invoices at the beginning of July emailed and some posted.

Please pay promptly to ensure your continued membership and to continue receiving your monthly copy of WABP's Bully Tin.

AFGHAN ROCK

©ogrady

Along the corrugated track we slithered
The boys in the back of the mini-moke shivered
Everlastings flourished in the spring sunshine
Though the weather still held the winter clime

It was the Beringarra track we slithered on
Hearing the many bush birds in song
It was morning tea that we had planned
At a rock that was associated with the old Afghan

It was a mini monolith of sandstone
That reared above this mulga zone
In the middle of land Aborigines once roamed
This land that was really multihomed

The favourite place where Afghans camped
And where the sundowner often tramped
The stockman came to enjoy the shade
Joining the past bushmen's brigade

Bits of yesteryear could be found,
If one spent the time to look around.
Bits of leather and campfire remains
Bits of glass and yes, even chains

But Afghans left a special sight
That glowed in the spring sunlight
And very few would ever see
A sight that day that greeted me!

And this is what I was given to see
A sight that enthralled appreciative me
As we approached the rock, to my surprise
A swathe of moving green hit my eyes

As everyone knows, rocky outcrops weep
And I marvelled where green grew from the seep
But the green was moving - was this grass?
It moved and glistened like green glass.

Suddenly it rose in a swarming cloud,
A great green blanket, an unusual shroud
And as it rose with its noisy chittering
I was astonished at all the budgerigars fluttering!

And where the birds had risen I did see
The red and black of the Afghans Sturt Pea
Carried from South Australia in saddle bag
by camel dung and camel feed bag

And that great green swathe that filled the sky
Also filled the air with an outraged cry
It was nothing less than a flock of tiny birds
Wild Budgerigars in outrage is what we heard

Many flutterings and chitterings as they settled down
In the mulga trees all around.
Meekly my hubby drove carefully down the track
My boys watching from the window in the back

The budgerigars rose from their mulga refuge
Swarming around like a green deluge
They settled down over the red and black
As we continued along the old Beringarra track.

Humble apologies to those little birds
Whose delectable meal we had disturbed
A yearly event was this choice feed
The dining on the Sturt Pea seed



Afghan Rock is located just off the Beringarra Cue Road in west Western Australia a distance of about 560km north-northeast from Perth. Afghan Rock is at an elevation of approximately 447m above sea level. The nearest ocean is the Indian Ocean about 350km west-southwest of Afghan Rock. It's situated on Coodardy Station and found by travelling along the Cue to Beringarra Station Road

Colleen O'Grady

HENRY KENDALL

Prepared and presented by Meg Gordon at June's Muster

When a new born baby comes into the world there is a sense of wonder, hope and expectation for the parents. A wonder at what this person will do with their life, what hopes and dreams they will have and the expectations of their contribution to society.

Matilda and Basil Kendall must have had these thoughts twice over as Matilda delivered twins Thomas Henry and Basil on 18th April 1839 in Ulladulla NSW. The parents were struggling farmers living in misery when the twins were born. Both parents were well educated but had no idea of conducting a business. When Henry was 13 years old his father died. His mother supported her children by teaching and it was from this vivacious irresponsible Irish mother that he derived his poetic gifts. She encouraged his literary ambitions.

They moved to the Wollongong area and were helped by her father Patrick McNally who proved a hard task master, punishing Henry for not looking after the sheep efficiently. Things did not improve when he went to sea at age 16 as a cabin boy on a whaler captained by his uncle, Joseph Kendall. On his return he made a home for his mother, brother and three sisters in Sydney. He had various jobs and continued to write verse. His first poem was published at age 19. He became highly regarded in the literary world and was even offered a free course at Sydney University. This he had to decline because of family commitments but it gave him access to the university library. Struggling to support his family was a constant job for him and his employment as a clerk hardly met expenses so he turned to journalism in his spare time. In 1866 he described his life as "one of poverty, debt, ambition and (worse than all) super-sensitiveness". He appealed to Henry Parkes, then Colonial Secretary, who found him a clerkship of 200 pound a year.

On 7th June, 1868 he married Charlotte Rutter, daughter of a Government Medical Officer and ten years younger than Henry. Kendall's hopes of happiness upon his marriage were dashed by a succession of troubles. His sisters virtually dispossessed him of his home and furniture and he had to honour a cheque forged in his name by his brother, Basil. To escape the shame of this as well as his mother's drunkenness, he went with his wife and infant daughter to Melbourne to make a living by his pen. This was not a successful venture even though his second volume "Leaves From Australian Forests" reviewed well, it did not sell.

He made friends in high places, notably Adam Lindsay Gordon who was an admirer of his work. But tragically this friend was lost to suicide, and he was too poor to pay for a cab ride to the funeral. Poverty and despair drove him to drinking and was grief stricken and remorseful when his infant daughter died. A period of separation from his wife followed and he fell into melancholia and intemperance, wandering the streets of Sydney where they had returned following the death of their baby.

After a complete mental breakdown he entered Gladesville Mental Asylum. He recovered his sanity but, broken in spirit he resumed his wanderings.

In 1873 he sailed to Grafton to edit a local newspaper but left the boat in Newcastle and started to walk back to Sydney. At Gosford, weak and ill, he was rescued by farmers named Fagan, who took him in and treated him as one of their own. He in turn helped out by keeping the books for the family, recovered his health and conquered his drinking habits. He gave up writing altogether and continued to work for the Fagans near Port Macquarie.

Kendall and his wife were finally reconciled in 1876 and she went with her two sons to live in a comfortable home built for them in the settlement now called Kendall. Here Kendall enjoyed a happy family life and the peaceful beauty of the coastal forest. Although he worked long hours in Fagan's store he wrote satirical verse, political paragraphs and articles for the Sydney press. He became successful in light journalism – in ironical contrast to his previous failures.

With his confidence restored, Kendall resumed serious poetry in 1879.

His successes grew as did his family – he now had five children, three sons and two daughters and he sought a better position in order to provide for them. He appealed again to Henry Parkes who secured a new position as Inspector of Forests and the family moved to Cuddle town, on the Manning River. This was a demanding job with long hours of strenuous travel. This soon affected his health and he was hospitalised in Sydney, suffering from acute consumption. He moved to a house owned by the Fagan family and nursed by his wife until he died on 1st August 1882.

His diverse character meant that those who spoke of him and wrote about him saw much of this diversity. He has been described as shy, over-sensitive, fond of solitude, sometimes quick to take offence yet good natured and amiable. He had a "soul that burned his tongue and lightened through his eyes" but indulged in practical jokes.

Many of Kendall's poems and letters leave the impression of a pathetic figure, unequal to the burden of life, at times both pitiable and self-pitying which indicated a lack of stamina, just as his ill-treatment by his family showed a softness of character. He was a different person altogether when away from the city and living happily in the bush. The Fagans enjoyed having him as he was good company, a strong swimmer and excellent horseman. His son described him as "a man of striking intellectual appearance and gentle, courteous bearing....At times he had a reserved manner, due to abstraction or reflection, but was often a happy, expansive and interesting companion, joining keenly in bright or intellectual conversation. He was versed in forest lore, a lover of birds and animals, a good rider and fond of swimming and boating."

Kendall has been described as merely a transitional figure: "From Gordon, the Englishman writing about Australia in an English way; to Kendall the Australian writing about Australia in an English way; then to Lawson and Paterson the Australians writing about Australia in an Australian way, is the evolution of our indigenous culture."

Today we can distinguish clearly the nationalist, historical and literary criteria in judging the value of Kendall as a poet. Kendall was a man of his times and hence used the Victorian romantic diction then current. He was the first Australian to win recognition overseas.

He had studied many of the earlier poets and some of their styles comes through his work. He was a true poet who should hold an honourable place in our poetry, a born singer, a graphic painter of landscape and a versatile craftsman. He certainly did a lot with his life for his Mother to wonder about.

The poem "Araluen" is about his first born daughter that died in infancy while Kendall and his wife were living in Melbourne.

ARALUEN

Take this rose and very gently place it on the tender deep
Mosses where our little darling, Araluen, lies asleep.
Put the blossom close to baby - kneel with me, my love, and pray;
We must leave the bird we buried - say goodbye to her today
In the shadow of our trouble, we must go to other lands;
And the flowers we have fostered will be left to other hands.
Other eyes will watch them growing - other feet will softly tread.
Where two hearts are nearly breaking: where so many tears are shed.
Bitter is the world we live in: life and love are mixed with pain -
We will never see these daisies: never water them again.

Ah, the saddest thought in leaving baby in this bush alone
Is that we have not been able on her grave to place a stone!
We have been too poor to do it; but my darling never mind!
God is in the gracious heavens, and His sun and rain are kind.
They will dress the spot with beauty, they will make the grasses grow:
Many winds will lull our birdie - many songs will come and go.
Here the blue-eyed spring will linger - here the shining month will stay
Like a friend by Araluen, when we two are far away;
But beyond the wild wide waters, we will tread another shore:
We will never watch this blossom - never see it any more.

Girl, whose hand at God's high altar in the dear dead year I pressed,
Lean your stricken head upon me: this is still your lover's breast!
She who sleeps was first and sweetest - none we have to take her place!
Empty is the little cradle, absent is the little face.
Other children may be given; but this rose beyond recall -
this garland of your girlhood will be dearest of them all.
None will ever, Araluen, nestle where you used to be,
In my heart of hearts, you darling, when the world was new to me.
We were young when you were with us. Life and Love were happy things
To your father and your mother ere the angels gave you wings.

You that sit and sob beside me - you upon whose golden head
Many rains of many sorrows have from day to day been shed -
Who, because your love was noble, faced with me the lot austere
Ever pressing with its hardships on the man of letters here -
Let me feel that you are with me: lay your hand within mine own.
You are all I have to live for, now that we are left alone.
Three there were but one has vanished. Sins of mine have made you weep;
But forgive your baby's father now that baby is asleep.
Let us go, for night is falling - leave the darling with her flowers:
Other hands will come and tend them - other friends in other hours.

Henry Kendall

Save the Date:

**WABP AGM 2nd September 2022 at 7pm at Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park
followed by September's Muster**

THE PIONEERS

As the old days fade into the past and new ways make their stand,
there are some who now forget the toils of those who made this land.
Must we hide them in the shadows pleasing those who'd tear them down,
or to stand up and be counted when the topic comes around.
Look around you at the legacy the pioneers bestowed,
and remember too the debt, those early settlers are now owed.

As we bask today in opulence wrought from the sweat of those
who had dared to face the rigors of the stony paths they chose?
Where so many spent a lifetime as they tried to make a go,
on a barren block of sandy soil where crops refused to grow.
Yet they persevered and beat the odds the way true Aussies do,
while surviving on a pittance - they had somehow seen it through.

Though the lectures are still coming telling how things should have been
from the harping of these knockers who've come lately on the scene.

© T. E . Piggott
(Free Choice topic)

** Writing Prompts from June 2022

- *Misty veils*
- *Shattered skeletons of
skyscrapers*
- *View from my window*
- *Free choice*

Writing Challenge responses

** Who's up for a Writing Challenge?

Each month I will put up several writing prompts for all members
online (or you chose your own topic).

Those who wish to join in can submit their short poem (Max 20 lines)
via the Bully Tin Editor - deb.mcquire@bigpond.com - submission
date 2nd Friday each month.

All poems submitted will be shared with those who chose to partici-
pate for supportive, constructive feedback from their fellow online
Writing Challenge Group members.

Each month the group members indicate their personal favourites
by awarding a 'star' The top two or three poems each month will
appear in the Bully Tin the following month.

PS This idea was prompted by Terry.

***Feeling a little sad, only 2 responses to last month's
challenge please consider having a go this month***

** Writing Prompts for July 2022 **

- **A Farmer's Dilemma**
- **Plastic is not fantastic in the bush**
 - **My dog has 3 legs**
 - **Free choice**

**Please feel free to use the prompts as topics or line prompts
or as I did in combination, maybe get your creative juices
running with a topic of your own choice (20 lines max)**

My City's Dead

Misty veils float past my eyes
As I peruse the brooding skies.
Shattered shapes so dark and bleak,
Skeletal forms; lost buildings peek.
Strange and still, gaunt ghostly view
Dressed in shades of grey and blue;
Timber frame holds me in place.
The view from window, sad lost space.
My city's dead, destroyed by war,
But still I stay as oath I swore
To hold onto this land; stand tall,
Not let aggressors take it all.

© DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire) – 16th June 2022

(Combo of lines)



WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Association
SILVER QUILL WRITTEN COMPETITION

Conducted in conjunction with WA State Championships
FRIDAY 4th NOVEMBER – SUNDAY 6th NOVEMBER 2022

TOODYAY WA

WRITTEN COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

Entries Close Monday 10th Oct 2022

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 18ys) _____ Age
- 5. **Local** The best poem by a resident of the Avon Valley

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

Entry Fees: Adults \$10 per poem; \$5 per critique. 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 2021
then email suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com
informing of Direct Bank Transfer.

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. If a detailed critique from the judges is required, please add an extra \$5 per poem.
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
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 and be original with an Australian theme
6. A poem, which in the opinion of the judge contains offensive material, will be disqualified
7. The poem/s must be sent electronically, unless this is not available, in which case they must be presented as follows: typed on white A4 size paper, with black printing in a plain font, size 10-12, with the name of the poem headed on each subsequent page and be numbered and stapled (see note below)
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
12. Entries may be displayed at the State Championships at Toodyay (Friday 4th November – Sunday 6th November 2022 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: The new condition regarding electronic entry will avoid extra handling and cost by the entrant and avoid the possibility of a late entry due to a delay caused by Australia Post; we will print the number of copies required, at no extra cost. Email entries are to be sent to the Secretary, Rodger Kohn at:

rodgershirley@bigpond.com

If you do not receive confirmation within a few days please phone Rodger on 0419 666 168.

Prizes

Monetary prizes will be awarded for the best poem in each of the 6 categories. Each winner, as well as those judged 'Highly Commended' or 'Commended', will receive a Certificate.

WA Bush poets Muster 3 June 2022 write up by Bev Shorland

President Bill Gordon was MC for the evening.

Bill Gordon Started the with a **Bob Magor** poem

'The Day I shot the Telly'

Last month Bill had trouble with this poem. This time round he remembered the whole poem, well done Bill. A bloke wants to go rabbit shooting but gets side tracked and helps his mum weed the garden. Later that night he forgets the gun is loaded and shoots the telly.

John Hayes

Bob Magor

'Broome Dreaming'

Mention Broome and you think of Pearls. These days Broome has a high tech cultured pearl industry, but sit by the sea on a still humid night and listen , I swear you can hear the ghosts of the pearl divers of long ago when pearl diving was a life and death struggle.

Peter Nettleton

Anonymous.

'Holy Dan'

The tragic tale of the Bullocky whose faith was ultimately insufficient to save him and his team from the force of nature.

Lorraine Broun

'My very first Enema'

For the young nurse administering her first enema is a disaster, everything goes wrong and there is a lot to clean up afterward.

Imelda Smith

Seamus O'Sullivan

'A Piper'

The delightful music enchants all who hear, windows are flung open for the music to enter in and ' the feet of the children that were blue with cold went dancing back to the age of gold'

Catharina Niemann

William Ogilvie

'A Tell Tale Tryst'

Who was it that saddled White Star and rode him to the river to meet his lover at night when all were asleep?The signs are there for all to see, the tracks in the long grass.

Bev. Shorland

Peg Vickers

'Poetic Justice'

A drunk old poet is arrested and recites poems all night which drives the bandits crazy till the finally confess to the robbery. So beware of poets that drink.

Daniel Avery

Pam Ashdown

'Australia this land Downunder'

The wonder of Australia, the animals, the birds, the Southern Cross, and all the people of this land. We must teach our children to love her, Australia my home Downunder.

Anne Hayes

A.B. Banjo Patterson

'The First Surveyor'

There is a great celebration as the railway passes through the range. But the old widow knows that it was her husband who first discovered the way through the pass.

Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge

First a delightful tune on the mouth organ 'Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White'

Cobber Lethbridge

"The Flying Dogma"

Underneath the exaggerations and hyperbole of this poem lies a true story. The pilot was a 'man of the cloth 'preaching wherever he could find a listener in the wild western desert.

He was good enough to offer a lift, but knowing the passenger to be a Godless sinner, he figured out a sure pathway to reform. (Cobber's never been the same since.)

Cobber Lethbridge

'Play it again'

Late at night , far out in the bush, a ghost insists that a camper keeps playing a tune on the mouth organ again and again, Why? Is the tune a ghostly favourite? Fearing for his very life the camper plays on. Eventually the truth is revealed.

Supper break

Meg Gordon

Reading from the Classics Thomas Henry Kendall

Meg introduced us to Thomas Henry Kendall, Born in Ulladulla NSW in 1839, Died in Surrey Hills NSW of tuberculosis aged 43 in 1882. he was a Public Servant, a Poet, and Contemporary affairs commentator.

Meg read **Thomas Kendall's** poem

'Araluen'

A deep and emotional poem dedicated to to death of his infant daughter Araluen.

Poets Muster cont...

John Hayes

'The Talking Sheep'

If you work alone in the bush for long enough there is a fair chance that you might start talking to yourself. But it is OK if you have a dog, everyone talks to their dog. But when a shearer working alone begins to hear the sheep talking back.....I think he has a problem.

Peter Nettleton

Henry Lawson

'O'Hara JP'

A very upright pillar of society was O'Hara JP, until he himself inspected the premises owned by Sandy McFly 'The Axe and the Saw' which saw O'Hara's ultimate fall.

Imelda Smith

William Wordsworth

'Upon Westminster Bridge'

The first rays of the early morning sun shine beautifully over the city of London viewed from Westminster Bridge.

Catherina Niemann

William Wordsworth

'The Solitary Reaper'

A young woman alone in a field is singing and working while she reaps and bundles the grain unaware of the passer by who is enchanted by her song.

Bev Shorland

Charles Shaw

'The Warrumbungle Mare'

A wild and beautiful mare roams the ranges, no one is able to capture and tame her.

Jem Shorland

'A Mans Best Friend'

A story of Jock and his faithful dog.

'The McWhert Family Tree'

The story of the McWhert family and the disasters they faced through the generations.

Anne Hayes

John Hayes

'Dream Artist'

Having every thing she needs, brushes paints canvas, the beautiful landscape ,but still her canvas is empty, she dreams of being able to paint what she sees.

Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge

'Walk-About'

First written around 1963, this story tells about weekends in the East Kimberley, when Cobber often wandered off the beaten track and along the banks of the Ord River. Now another verse has been added bringing the story up to date.

Rudyard Kipling

'If'

A beautifully written poem of advice from a father to his son, with wisdom still relevant today.

Many of us consider Kipling to be *"an honorary Australian bush poet"* . His immaculate and consistent rhythm and rhyme, along with deceptively simple, yet profound conversational style, set a high standard for writers today to study and enjoy.

K. Lethbridge

At the close of the muster President Bill informed us of the passing of **John Best** a wonderful poet from Queensland.

Also of the passing of our own **Nancy Coe**, who will be remembered for her delightful poetry , humour and wonderful accordi-on playing, she will be missed by us all.

Reminder: Could everyone who performs at Musters please have a synopsis available on the night or send one via email to shorland@inet.net.au for the Muster write up. Thanks in advance Bev

Next Muster: 5th Aug 2022
MC Frank and Mary Heffernan and reading from the Classics
9881 6652 muffenburg@westnet.com.au
Deadline for July's Bully Tin Submissions 18th July 2022

COMPETITIONS AND EVENTS AROUND AUSTRALIA

WRITTEN EVENTS are in RED

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

JULY

30 July - Closing Date
- **Nandewar Poetry Competition,**
Narrabri NSW.

AUGUST

29 August - Closing Date
- **Toolangi CJ Dennis Poetry Competition,**
Toolangi, Victoria.

31 August - Closing Date
- **The Bette Olle Poetry Award,**
Kyabram Victoria.

SEPTEMBER

3 September - Closing Date - Muddy River Bush Poetry Festival
incorporating the Queensland Bush Poetry Performance Championships, Beenleigh Queensland.

9-11 September - Muddy River Bush Poetry Festival
incorporating the Queensland Bush Poetry Performance Championships, Beenleigh Queensland.

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

23-25 September - King of the Ranges Stockman's Challenge and Bush Festival.
Poets' Breakfast performance competition on Sunday 25 September.
See 11 September Closing Date. Murrurundi NSW.

OCTOBER

10 October - Closing Date
- **Silver Quill written bush poetry competition,**
Bateman WA.

NOVEMBER

4-6 November - WA State Championships for performance and written (See 10 October closing date) bush poetry,
Toodyay WA.



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 17th July 2022 8.00am
following Derby Cup

Please Note:

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

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2021 - 2022

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Regular Events

WA Bush Poets:	1st Friday each month <u><i>MC for July see front page</i></u> - 7pm Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park WA	
Albany Bush Poetry group:	Last Tuesday each month - 7.30pm 1426 Lower Denmark Rd, Elleker	Ph. Peter Blyth - 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets:	1st Monday every ‘even’ month - The Parade Hotel, 1 Austral Parade, East Bunbury.or Ian Farrell 0408 212 636	Ph. Alan Aitken - 0400 249 243
Goldfields Bush Poetry Group:	1st Wednesday each month. - 6.30pm 809 Kalgoorlie Country Club, 108 Egan St. Kalgoorlie	Ph. Paul Browning - 0416 171 809

If you would like to be part of a forum—post your poetry, see what other contemporary bush poets are writing, keep up to date with poetry events throughout Australia—visit www.abpa.org.au or www.bushverse.com

Address correspondence for the “Bully Tin” to: Bully Tin Editor, PO Box 364, Bentley 6982 or deb.mcquire@bigpond.com
Address correspondence for the Secretary to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Box 364 Bentley 6982
Correspondence re monetary payments for Treasurer to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Box 364 Bentley 6982
Bank Transfer: Bendigo Bank BSB 633 000 A/C#158764837
Please notify treasurer of payment : treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au

Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list
Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit website - Go to the “Performance Poets” page
Don’t forget our website www.wabushpoets.asn.au
Please contact the Webmaster, if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.