

# The

February 2022

W.A. Bush Poets

# BULLY TIN



Muster Friday 4th Feb 2022 at 7pm at [Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park](#)  
Muster MC Tess Earnshaw 0407 385 872 [fmlady@westnet.com](mailto:fmlady@westnet.com)  
*Reader from the Classics Ann Hayes*  
**Banjo Paterson's Birthday**



## A Bush Lawyer by Andrew Barton Paterson

When Ironbark the turtle came to Anthony's lagoon  
The hills were hid behind a mist of equinoctial rain,  
The ripple of the rivulets was like a cheerful tune  
And wild companions waltzed among the grass as tall as grain.

But Ironbark the turtle cared no whit for all of these;  
The ripple of the rivulets, the rustle of the trees  
Were only apple sauce to him, or just a piece of cheese.

Now, Dan-di-dan the water rat was exquisitely dressed,  
For not a seal in Bass's Straits had half as fine a coat,  
And every day he combed and brushed his golden-yellow vest,  
A contrast with the white cravat he wore beneath his throat.

And Dan-di-dan the water rat could move with ease and grace,  
So Ironbark appeared to him a creature out of place,  
With iron-plated overcoat and dirty little face.

A crawfish at the point of death came drifting down the drains.  
Said he, "I'm scalded to the heart with bathing near the bore."  
The turtle and the water rat disputed his remains,  
For crawfish meat all day they'd eat, and then they'd ask for more.

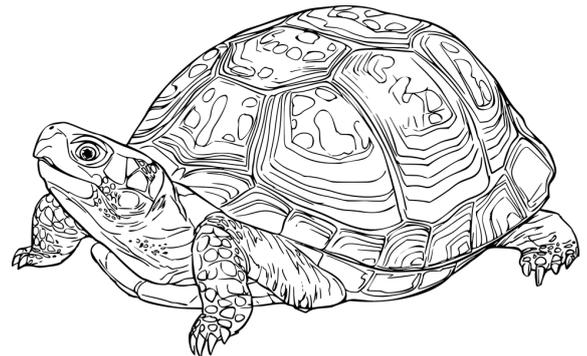
Said Dan-di-dan, "The prize is mine, for I was fishing here  
Before you tumbled down the bank and landed on your ear."  
"I wouldn't care," the turtle said, "if you'd have fished a year."

So Baggy-beak the Pelican was asked to arbitrate;  
The scales of justice seemed to hang beneath his noble beak.  
He said, "I'll take possession of the subject of debate";  
He stowed the fish inside his pouch and then began to speak.

"The case is far from clear," he said, "and justices of note" --  
But here he snapped his beak and flapped his piebald overcoat --  
"Oh dear," he said, "that wretched fish has slithered down my throat."

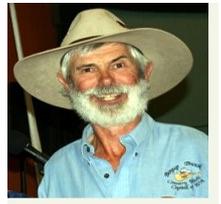
"But still," he said, "the point involved requires a full debate.  
I'll have to get the lawyer birds and fix a special day.  
Ad interim I rule that costs come out of the estate."  
And Baggy-beak the Pelican got up and flew away.

So both the pair who went to law were feeling very small.  
Said they, "We might have halved the fish and saved a nasty brawl;  
For half a crawfish isn't much, but more than none at all."



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

## President's Preamble February 2022



With the recent Covid outbreaks in Perth and the south-west the committee of the Boyup Brook Country Music Club have been forced to cancel this year's festival. Poets, musicians and patrons are all extremely disappointed at this decision, particularly at this late stage when all the plans were in place but it was the only responsible action they could take given the circumstances. We all share the pain. (See separate article.)

The Wireless Hill Showcase was again a great success although the crowd was well down on last year despite the mild temperatures after a week of scorchers. I received many compliments on the standard of poetry presented. Stinger did an excellent job as MC and made sure the day ran smoothly. Green Herring (Irma and Lee) provided very appropriate music for the day and wove a very interesting story into their first bracket.

Perth Fringe Festival is proceeding well with patrons accepting the need for masks and proof of double vaccination. Our shows on Crystal Swan are about to get underway and all the poets on board relish the opportunity to perform in such a unique venue for bush poetry.

On the national scene, the 2022 Australian Bush Poetry Championship has been cancelled. This was to have been held at the Banjo Paterson Festival in Orange in mid-February. Although state borders have been opened in the east, there has been a reluctance for people to commit to travel. The good news is that Cobber retains the title he won in Toodyay in 2017 for yet another year.



**Our musters will proceed as normal on the first Friday of each month at Bentley Park. As they are small events, we are not exposed to the risks presented by large crowds such as at Boyup Brook.**

**As the majority of people are double vaccinated Swan Care are not imposing extra restrictions on**

**public events, but we will now need to be able to show proof of being double vaccinated to attend the**

**muster.** The only time this is likely to change is in the event of a general lockdown. If this happens members will be notified by email. We are still obliged to wear masks as per State Government rules.

Meanwhile we will continue to do what we can do when we can.

Stay safe and keep living life to the best in these trying times.

Bill Gordon President



### NEWS FLASH .....

#### 2022 Boyup Brook Country Music Festival Cancelled

The *Country Music Club* of Boyup Brook in consultation with the Shire of Boyup Brook has cancelled the 2022 Boyup Brook Country Music Festival due to the ongoing risks posed by COVID-19.

Whilst proudly the heart of country music in Western Australia, Boyup Brook is also a small regional town. Recent community spread of COVID-19 in Perth, and neighbouring regional areas has elevated the risk posed by holding a large-scale event in the region to an unacceptable level.

Country Music Club of Boyup Brook President Jason Forsyth believes whilst a difficult decision, it is the right one.

"Despite thorough planning and strict COVID-19 health and safety protocols, the emergence of the Omicron variant and the uncertainty surrounding its spread, have meant holding this event simply contains too many risks," he said.

"We understand the cancellation of the festival will be incredibly disappointing for our local community, our line-up of all Western Australian artists, staff, passionate volunteers, and funding partners who have worked tirelessly over the past year on the event.

"However, we have the responsibility to ensure to the best of our ability the health and safety of not only our attendees, but also the greater Boyup Brook community which play host each year to our festival.

"We have made this decision out of an abundance of caution, and it will allow our team to focus on bringing our much-loved event back in due course when guests, volunteers, staff, and artists can all feel confident about the holding of the event,"

## WA BUSH POETS CELEBRATE AUSTRALIA DAY AT WIRELESS HILL 2022



Thirteen poets entertained an appreciative crowd at the 27th Annual Australia Day event at Wireless Hill in Ardross Perth. Most of the themes in the poems centred around things Australian. From 'My Country' (Dorothea Mackellar) to stories of the drovers, 'Clancy' and 'Song of The Wheat' and everything else that in between.'

( l to r) Bill Gordon, Bev Shorland, John Hayes, Christine Boulton, Alan Aitken, Meg Gordon, Cobber Lethbridge, Chris Taylor, Roger Cracknell, Stinger Nettleton and in front Rob Gunn

Foundation members Jeff Swain, Lorelie Tacoma and Stinger Nettleton enjoyed reminiscing about the years at Wireless Hill. The late Rusty Christensen (who was the instigator of the formation of the WA Bush Poets) would have been 95 today.

The ever popular 103yo Arthur Leggett wowed the crowd with his popular poems including 'Rose Marie'



Greenbushes group 'Green Herring' (right) provided a musical interlude for the WA Bush Poets Australia Day event. Irma and her partner Lee provided a range of folk music that always tells a story and this fact fits in very well with Bush Poetry.



Cobber Lethbridge and his wife Maricor (above) enjoyed the sunshine and gentle breeze that made the day so perfect for a picnic under the trees and amongst the lorikeets at one of the best outdoor venues in Perth.

Our thanks goes to the support of Melville City Council for putting on this free event for the public

WA poet Chris Taylor performed his poem "Never Been" to the audience at Wireless Hill on Australia Day. It epitomises the situation and feelings we have in Australia today.

WA poet Chris Taylor performed his poem "Never Been" to the audience at Wireless Hill on Australia Day. It epitomises the situation and feelings we have in Australia today.



## NEVER BEEN

Y'know, I've never been to China where they walk upon the wall,  
But I've walked our own Blue Mountains 'neath her eucalyptus tall.  
You'll never want for fresher air or clearer running streams;  
And that view to the horizon lasts forever so it seems.

I've never been to Switzerland where the mountains touch the sky,  
but I've been up by Kosciusko, her rugged battlements on high.  
I've walked her snow-capped reaches where the Billy Buttons grow  
And down below her ridge and valleys where the snowy waters flow.

To Italy I've never been to try their coffee while in Rome  
but I've tried it down in Melbourne where the hipsters make their home.  
With a latte or a mocha or espresso late at night.  
Baristas all with funny beards, gor'blimey what a sight.

I've not been down to New York town, they say it feels like hell  
but I've walked around in Sydney town and up through the Cross as well.  
I've sailed beneath the Harbour bridge, I've soaked up sun on Bondi sand,  
I've suited up at the Opera House to see that philharmonic band.

I've never been to Wembley where they decide the F.A. cup  
but I've been inside the MCG where Roy Cazaly once went up.  
I've heard that God Almighty roar when Jezza took a mark;  
even watched young Dougie Walters tonkin' sixers out the park.

I've never flown to Paris to try their fancy French cuisine  
but I've been to Harry's Café, yes, you know the one I mean.  
Café De Wheels he calls it no bloody fancy names for us.  
No Maître d' or tables, just form a line out at the bus.

I've never been to no Greek islands where the rich folk like to go  
but I've been up along the Queensland coast, they've got islands too y'know  
There's Heron, Dunk and Daydream and I know Straddys up that way  
There's Frazer and Magnetic, God I could rattle on all day.

Then they've got the Sunshine coast and there's that one that's made of gold;  
where if you don't allow for schoolies the average age is bloody old.  
They've got a little bit of coral runs up north along the coast  
That's what they're like in Queensland, they don't really like to boast.

Have I been surfing in Hawaii on waves two stories high?  
Nah, never tried it, but let me tell you why.  
We like real danger when we're surfin' out where the great whites lie in wait,  
And the locals get a giggle sending tourists out as bait.

**NEVER BEEN** cont'd

Have I been across to Africa where the animals are king  
Well no, I have never been but see that's the funny thing.  
While their beasts are big and scary and will eat you when they're done  
Ours are small and sneaky and will kill ya, just for fun

There's creepy little spiders and heaps of snakes with lethal strikes,  
Or horny magpies slashing ears of riders on their bikes.  
There is of course the drop bear and while these tales are rarely true  
I like to warn the foreign tourists, for their own good, wouldn't you?

I've seen the beauty of the Kimberley, been round Kalgoorlie chasing gold.  
Went to Tassie for the summer, God that place is bloody cold.  
I've even seen the twelve apostles, although four must have been away;  
Called into Adelaide when I found out it was open for the day.

Lived underground in Coober Pedy, Walked the Daintree in the rain.  
Stopped to watch the Melbourne Cup and saw the Diva win again.  
I've done a lap around the mountain where Brocky was the king;  
Stared in wonder at the sight of wedge tailed eagles on the wing.

So no I've never been to London to stroll upon the strand;  
But I've lived and worked and strolled about in Kakadu and Arnhem Land.  
I've never been to Timbuctoo or other places you could name,  
But I've been way out past the back of Bourke and loved it just the same.

I've seen sunsets out at Uluru and hoped to see the Min Min lights.  
I've hitched across the Nullarbor and I've spent some awesome nights  
just laying back and counting stars, waiting for the break of day;  
The morning star, the Southern Cross, that glorious Milky Way.

Think about it, all this stuff is in your own backyard,  
Get off ya bum and go and see it all, it's really not that hard.  
Get a four wheel drive and a caravan or like me a coaster bus.  
It's not that hard to organise with very little fuss.

Then head out and see the country, meet the people in the towns.  
Get back near to nature, see the sights and hear the sounds.  
There's so much country out there for you to come and see.  
Keep an eye out, I'll be out there, you might run into me.

We've got the Great Dividing range and the Great Australian Bight.  
We've got the Great big Barrier Reef although it's slowly turning white.  
We've got the Greatest Island nation for the whole damn world to see,  
So in the words of Miss McKellar "It's this wide brown land for me".

***C.J. Taylor***



## **SONNET - Dawn**

There's something magic with the dawn each day,  
as though the sins of yesterday are gone.  
And now the world can seek another way,  
to right past wrongs at last and then move on.

Then as the first flush paints the sleeping sky  
it lifts the veil of darkness each new morn,  
and brings a freshness now to catch the eye,  
and so once more another day is born.

And as the threads of darkness melt away,  
we see the pristine beauty then unfold.  
A special place where golden sunbeams play,  
God's gift to man for all to now behold.

A fragile earth entrusted to our care,  
and yet the warning signs are also there

© T.E. Piggott



## **The Passing of a Life**

Sweet loved one has passed on; the sadness intense.

It's so hard to hold strong; to make any sense.

Why should they be taken from life amongst us?

They're gone in an instant; pain hits like a bus.

Great value of lives of all those who we love;

They're held in our hearts like a hand in a glove.

But time waits for no man, the clock hands move on.

We've scarcely begun before our time here's done.

Reality checks fail to hold off our grief;

They gnaw at our soul like an unwelcome thief.

Then platitudes uttered may drift through our heads

Those well-meaning phrases help draw in the threads

Of feelings in tatters still hanging in shreds,

Our family bonds; love will heal broken hearts

Remind those remaining keep playing their parts;

Can pass on life's knowledge and support our young ones.

To live their best lives in the years still to come.

© DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire)



## **SONNET – The Shy Suitor**

The golden flush of dawn awaits the day  
With promise in the many gift's it gives  
To brighten lover's hearts along the way  
Then smile upon the town where Annette lives.

He feels its early warmth upon his back  
And hears the distant birds who sing with joy  
Along the tree lined winding old bush track  
To serenade a smitten farmers boy.

But will she notice him as he goes past  
Or is her heart already spoken for  
Or is she only waiting to be asked  
By him now as he passes by her door.

Will he as usual once more pass on by  
Or will he find new courage, not be shy?

© T.E. Piggott



# Shop Window

Author - Pete 'Stinger' Nettleton

### Back Tracks

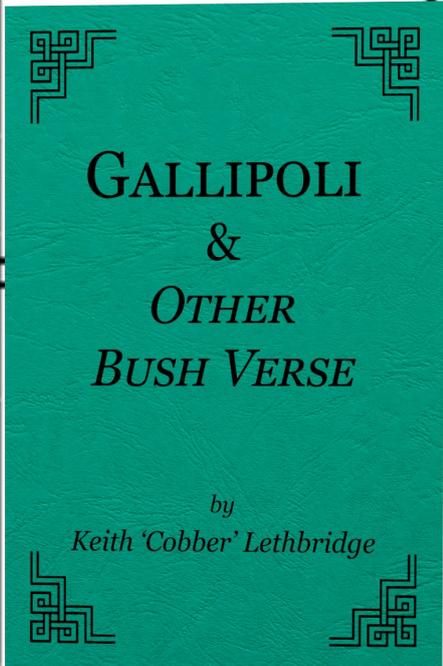
The CD contains 18 tracks, mostly songs, but includes some of my original poems set to music.

I am selling copies for \$18 and will bring some along to Wireless Hill on 26th Jan.2022

Cheers, *Stinger*



Pete Nettleton  
0407770053



### Gallipoli & Other Bush Verse

*Keith's 7th book*

Other titles and his CD  
still available

All available for sale

\$20

can be ordered by email at  
[keithlethbridge@hotmail.com](mailto:keithlethbridge@hotmail.com)

Author - Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge

## DEAL OF A LIFETIME

This pandemics been a boon for long time pushers such as me  
It provides an opportunity, to go legit you see  
Instead of pushing hard stuff like meth, heroin or coke  
Or even Mary Jane, which is illegal still to smoke  
I have found a whole new market, which just opened up for me  
Among the vaccine hesitant, lies my opportunity  
Cause they will swallow anything on an anti-vaxxer site  
If it's not been government approved they think that it's alright  
So I've given up on meth labs, they cost far too much to build  
And they're a pain when they explode and your chemist has been killed  
And importing dope or coke these days, or even ecstasy  
At the price the cartels charge, it's simply criminal to me  
So no more I'll have to dodge the law or risk a term in gaol  
Or try to find someone who's got the dosh to pay my bail  
No it's opened whole new markets and they are not contraband  
And if I use the internet, I can build a huge demand  
If I need to boost my sales and help improve my bottom line  
Some comments on social media will do the job just fine  
I just find an anti-vax website and make a few false claims  
Throw in some testimonials from important sounding names  
Then mention that our government has tried to suppress the truth  
They'll swallow it without thinking and without a need for proof  
No matter if it's all made up no one checks it anyway  
And they'll copy and distribute it, a zillion times a day  
I'll say my treatment is well known for some sterling property  
But 'They' want to keep it secret, hide the truth from you and me  
Say big Pharma knows the story, but they will not let it out  
Cause it eats into their profits, so they sow the world with doubt  
And they really want that virus to spread and proliferate  
While they're keeping up the fiction that their vaccines work just great  
Alongside all the hints about the government suppression  
Don't forget to drop in Bill Gates name and the word 'oppression'  
Anti-vaxxers will love anyone who feeds their loony theory  
And conspiracies play well, though you'd think they'd be more leery  
If they have a mate who heard it from some fellow down the pub  
Whose contact claims he found it on some black website or hub  
They'll buy up by the bucketful and believe you are for real  
Is there anywhere on earth where you will find a sweeter deal  
It is like an echo chamber, it will amplify itself  
And then as the word gets round my gear will fly right off the shelf  
So why pay for advertising when they'll do it all for free  
Then it's all just money in the bank as far as I can see  
And soon every anti-vaxxer will believe it is the truth  
And then my sales of product X will go right through the roof  
And who knows maybe the stuff will work and maybe cure a few  
Because after all that is the sort of thing placebos do  
So I hope they keep Covid at bay, till I can make a killing  
Selling my patent remedies to the ignorant, but willing  
I missed out on toilet paper, who predicted that demand  
I'm a dealer not a user, why get caught with stock in hand  
I looked at hydrochloroquin, but the margins were too small  
Though there were some big names touting it, they did no good at all  
And I draw the line at bleach, no matter what the POTUS said  
You won't get much repeat custom if your clients drop down dead  
But then I got my big idea and the riches it would bring  
If people take horse worming pills they will swallow anything  
So I researched on the internet, the bogus cures they claim  
I then set out to create generic versions of the same  
Now I'm making a huge profit out of anti-worming pills  
Though they won't stop the pandemic or help cure the Covid ills  
But they're selling by the truckload and it's hard to meet demand  
Sometimes I have to substitute with whatever comes to hand  
It's amazing the materials and treatments I can sell  
Like my saline nasal sprays, they are now doing rather well  
Mine are made from seawater, to help keep the prices down  
And supply is not a problem, unless I fall in and drown

*continued on next page...*

## DEAL OF A LIFETIME cont..

There's homeopathic remedies, I'm selling lots of those  
 But I cut out the middleman and take mine from the hose  
 I've 'Miracle mineral supplements', or table salt to you  
 And anything that's 'herbal' sells, either straight or in a brew  
 I like the look of tea tree leaves, they grow wild in the park  
 So I harvest a few branches when I sneak in after dark  
 I can market it as 'Green tea', and it's true enough you know  
 And no one will check the provenance of where it used to grow  
 If I claim that it is 'herbal', well that really is no lie  
 And if it's labelled 'organic', there is nothing they won't buy  
 My overheads are so low now they are almost underground  
 While profits head for the stratosphere and higher still I'm bound  
 But like my former customers, evolution's in control  
 And ignorance bears its own reward and takes its deadly toll  
 For sadly they're a dying breed, but that's evolution's way  
 If you choose to live in ignorance, that's the price you often pay  
 For some will get the virus and sadly some of them will die  
 And that will cost me future sales, it's enough to make you cry

**Greg Joass**  
 27/10/2021

**2022 Muster roster Current – Hi Folks can you please let me know if you would like to be deleted/included/date changed...Christine 9364 8784 [christineboul7@bigpond.com](mailto:christineboul7@bigpond.com)**

Date 2022	Master/mistress of ceremonies	Reader from the classics	Extra information
March	Lorelie Tacoma 9365 2277 <a href="mailto:tlorelie@ymail.com">tlorelie@ymail.com</a>	Lorraine Broun (swapped by request)	
April	Rodger Kohn 0419 666 168 <a href="mailto:rodgershirley@bigpond.com">rodgershirley@bigpond.com</a>	Bev Shorland	16 line poem: Chaos reigned
May	Robert Gunn 0417 099 676	Heather Denholm	
June	Terry Piggott <a href="mailto:terrence.piggott@bigpond.com">terrence.piggott@bigpond.com</a> 9458 8887	Ray Jackson 0419 902 116	WA poets –past and present Poets bring in your books/ CDs to sell Poems - Henry Lawson's Birthday (17 <sup>th</sup> June)
July	Peter Nettleton 0407 770 053 <a href="mailto:stinger@iinet.net.au">stinger@iinet.net.au</a>	No reading from the classics	AGM :6.30 meeting first & muster to start at 7.30pm
August	Frank and Mary Heffernan 9881 6652 <a href="mailto:muffenburg@westnet.com.au">muffenburg@westnet.com.au</a>	Frank and Mary Heffernan	
September	Robert Asplin 0448 150 757 <a href="mailto:robert.47@optusnet.com.au">robert.47@optusnet.com.au</a>	Deb McQuire	Traditional night/ CJ Dennis's birthday
October	Anne Hayes 0428 542 418 <a href="mailto:hayseed1@optusnet.com.au">hayseed1@optusnet.com.au</a>	Tess Earnshaw	16 line challenge: Here we go again
November	Alan Aitken 0400 249 243 <a href="mailto:aaiken@live.com.au">aaiken@live.com.au</a>	Brian Langley	Haiku challenge: Poetry
December	Robert Gunn 0417 099 676 <a href="mailto:gunnpoet@hotmail.com">gunnpoet@hotmail.com</a>		Christmas poems if Possible - first half. Christ- mas cake and port.
	Stand by MC's Rob Gunn, Heather Denholm, Terry Piggott, Grace Williamson		

## MUSTER WRITE UP MUSTER HELD Jan 7th 2022 by Heather Denholm

Bill Gordon President introduced **Lorraine Broun as the Muster MC**

**Bill Gordon** *My Teddy Bear* by Don Lloyd

A small boy longs to spend time with his father but his daddy is always away working. So his teddy bear is his only companion to play with and to confide in. He undergoes bullying at school and has no friends. When he grows up he expects to follow his father's example.

**Robert Gunn** *Turbulence* by Murray Hartin. A true story about a man named Bill Hayes, station owner in Alice Springs, who would ride on anything but aeroplanes spooked him eventually he caught a lane but on his first plane ride how when they hit an air pocket he rode his seat as if it was a bucking bull.

**8 line poem challenge title : - Time Flies undertaken by \* Jack Bock and \* Heather Denholm**

Deb McQuire read the first verse of a poem by a member who lives down south and is unable to attend musters but wanted to be involved in the 8 line challenge, - \* **Jack Bock's** poem titled *Time Flies, Mud Flies and Bloody Blow Flies* from his book *Time Flies, Mud Flies and Bloody Blow Flies*.

\* **Heather Denholm's** 8 line poem about living at Narrogin where they sold a T-shirt that said Narrogin is a lovely town 40.000 blowflies cant be wrong. She found that saying true, time flies and blow Flies.

**John Hayes** *From The Lanterns* was written and published by Richard Magoffin in 1970. Richard lived in Kyaguna in Queensland. 'We Bushies ' may be the only book of verse he wrote, but he wrote many other articles including the "true Story of Waltzing Matilda" He died in May 2006 at the age of 69.

**Meg Gordon** *Grandpas Hat* by Peg Vickers how grandma bought a hat for way more than she should have and gave it to grandpa he asked how much it was she told him it was under 50 then grandpa sold the hat for 50 and figured he had made a profit!

**Cobber Lethbridge** Played for us Londonderry Air also known as Danny boy and recited *Diggers Mule* a poem from his new book titled 'Gallipoli and Other Bush Verse' where a man decided to raffle off his very old mule but just as the raffle is drawn the mule dies. After a bit of a complaint from the winner he gives him back his money and an extra 50 cents, but the owner is still very well off with a good heavy pocket.

**Lorraine Broun** recited her own poem inspired by a neighbour's story of rolling tyres down a hill and creating havoc

**Bill Gordon** *The Call of the Outback* by Terry Piggott. The West Australian goldfield offers a lifestyle that city people cannot understand. The freedom, pace of life and natural beauty are abundant for those who are attracted to the bush.

**Heather Denholm** *An Avid Aussie Quilter* - her own poem. Quilting Australia onto a wall hanging and finding that she is really addicted to quilting and is kidding if she thinks she could stop.

**Deb McQuire** brought 2 of her New Year's poems - *Resolutions* – a reality check as to how easily New Year's resolutions are made but best not to let them slip away and be forgotten. *Welcoming the New Year 2022* – about pleasant evening spent on the beach fishing as she and her husband welcomed the New Year

**Gunny Told** us how they downsized but perhaps it was a bit quick

**Supper Break**

**Cobber** commenced with *Rosin the Bow* on the mouth organ then *Not without me old mate* . This poem by Cobber has also been recorded as a song by Terri Bennetts. Cobber presented it beautifully, a very moving story of mate ship.

**Heather Denholm** stood in to do the reading from the Classics and chose Adam Lindsay Gordon spoke mostly about his death and his headstone how it so carefully reflected what it seemed he had wished for himself in the poem *The Sick Stock Rider* where he said Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blossoms wave, with never stone or rail to fence my bed, should the sturdy station children pull the bush flowers on my grave, I may chance to hear them romping over head.

**Ann Hayes** read a poem called *the Raffles* written by our very own centenarian Arthur Leggett how life will never be the same now that they have pulled the Raffles Hotel down.

**Meg Gordon** *The useless Kelpie sheepdog* by Peg Vickers a very funny story of how the sheep dog did not have any interest in rounding up the sheep , the farmer had to do that, but the sheep dog did learn to drive the truck.

**John Hayes** *The Quangdong Cafe* On one of many sojourns around Australia, Anne and I were returning home from the Eastern States to Western Australia. ,We had heard of the Quangdong Café and stopped there to sample the fare. As we walked into the Café, there was an aborigine named Kenny McKenzie, playing his guitar. As we dined Kenny told us he was a “born again” Christian, revealing much of his life’s history to us. I thought he was an interesting character, so I penned a poem about our chance meeting.

*With a battered guitar that was perched on his knees he offered to play one of is melodies  
And the lyrics he voiced reflected the pride of the great love he has for his country wide.  
No more penance does Kenny for joy he has found by singing the gospel and spreading it round.  
So if you are weary and your journey is long spend a moment with Kenny and join in his song*

**Gunny** commenced with a yarn about a man crawling toward what he thought was a bacon tree but as he was shot at, he called out it’s not a bacon tree it’s a ham bush! Then recited the story of *Sinbad Smith* by Dixie Solly and his disastrous test ride of a tractor he was cornered into buying when he ventured to the city show. He had never driven in his life. After a wild ride and a bonus of a run in with a stripper, at the show, he returned to his farm in Fly Speck Flat content to be with his horses.

**Deb McQuire** *Missed chances* – a story from her recent sad experience of Doctors ignoring a close family members complaints and dismissing them as ageing, finally culminating in a very late diagnosis of terminal cancer leaving no time for family to visit/connect across borders due to Covid.

**Bill Gordon** *The Cattle Dog’s Revenge* by Jack Drake

When city relatives arrive at the farm their Rottweiler causes chaos among the farm animals. Woody takes control. He bit the Rottweiler on his private parts and refused to let go. The freeloaders made a hasty return to the city with their castrated pup.

**Tony Hill** recited *I wish* by Grahame Watt

I wish that I was wealthy I wish that I could fly, Away to far off places ...  
I wish that I could travel ... where I am allowed to speak whats on my mind  
and it goes on in the same vein but finishes with where is this land this dream  
It’s where we are right here!

**Lorraine Broun** a poem from her own experience *Laughing Gas* how after having a large puff found herself totally unable to work then reminded us that toothpaste is not always tooth paste in the dark’

**Cobber** *The Happiest Days of my Life*” was written by Jimmie Webster. The story of a man who said the happiest days of his life were as a child even though the family were dirt poor, and he would not wish to change the past because of the happy memories.

For a night that had a small attendance it was a good night together, where most stepped up to the mike.

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

### The BT Editor’s Monthly Call

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

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

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

© DM-In Verse (Deb McQuire) – 21<sup>st</sup> July 2020

**Next Muster: 4th March 2022 Muster MC Lorelie Tacoma 9365 2277 [tlorelie@ymail.com](mailto:tlorelie@ymail.com)  
Reader from the Classics: Lorraine Broun  
Deadline for March’s Bully Tin Submissions 21st Feb 2022**

## 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](http://www.abpa.org.au) and [www.writingwa.org](http://www.writingwa.org)

**2022**



**14-23 January - Tamworth Country Music Festival.**  
**POSTPONED**  
rescheduled for **18-24 April.**

### **FEBRUARY**

**1 February - Closing Date - Silver Tree Poetry Competition,**  
Broken Hill NSW.

**7 February - Closing Date - Milton Show Bush Poetry Performance Competition,**  
Milton NSW.

**12-20 February - Banjo Paterson Australian Bush Poetry Festival,**  
Orange NSW. (N.B. the ABPA National Bush Poetry Championships have been cancelled.)



**17th - 20th February -- Boyup Brook Country Music Festival and Bush Poetry**  
Boyup Brook WA. **has been cancelled**



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

### **MARCH**

**5 March - Milton Show Bush Poetry Performance Competition,**  
Milton NSW. See 7 February Closing Date.

**18 March - Closing Date - Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush Festival.** See 31 March. Performance and **written** competitions. Tenterfield NSW.

**31 March - 3 April - Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush Festival.**  
Performance and **written** competitions. Tenterfield NSW. See 18 March closing date.

### **APRIL**

**7-10 April - Man from Snowy River Bush Festival**  
- Incorporating the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships.  
Corryong Victoria. See 18 February Closing Date.

**18-24 April - Tamworth Country Music Festival**  
(postponed from January), Tamworth NSW.

#### **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

<b>President</b>	Bill Gordon	0428 651 098	billgordon1948@gmail.com
<b>Vice President</b>	Peter “Stinger” Nettleton	0407 7700 53	stinger@iinet.net.au
<b>Secretary</b>	Rodger Kohn - <i>Bully Tin Mail Out</i>	0419 666 168	rodgershirley@bigpond.com
<b>Treasurer</b>	Sue Hill	0418 941 016	suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com
<b>Committee</b>			
Meg Gordon	- <i>Toodyay Festival Sec.</i> - <i>Web Control</i> - <i>Secretary of the ABPA</i>	0404 075 108	meggordon4@bigpond.com
Bev Shorland		0487 764 897	shorland@iinet.net.au
Jem Shorland		0487 764 897	shorland@iinet.net.au
Anne Hayes		0428 542 418	hayseed1@optusnet.com.au
Deb McQuire	- <i>Bully Tin editor</i>	0428 988 315	deb.mcquire@bigpond.com
Irene Conner	- <i>State Rep APBA</i>	0429 652 155	iconner21@wn.com.au

## Regular Events

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

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

Address correspondence for the “Bully Tin” to: Bully Tin Editor, PO Box 364, Bentley 6982 or [deb.mcquire@bigpond.com](mailto:deb.mcquire@bigpond.com)  
Address correspondence for the Secretary to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Box 364 Bentley 6982  
Correspondence re monetary payments for Treasurer to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Box 364 Bentley 6982  
Bank Transfer: Bendigo Bank BSB 633 000 A/C#158764837  
Please notify treasurer of payment : [treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au](mailto: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](http://www.wabushpoets.asn.au)**  
Please contact the Webmaster, if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.