

# The

June 2022

W.A. Bush Poets

# BULLY TIN



**Next Muster: 3rd June MC: Ray Jackson 0419 902 116**  
**WA poets –past and present Poets bring in your books/CDs to sell**  
**Poems from Henry Lawson to celebrate his Birthday (17<sup>th</sup> June)**

## After All

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.

*By Henry Lawson*



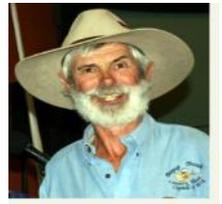
## A Backward Glance

It is well when you've lived in clover,  
To mourn for the days gone by—  
Would I live the same life over  
Could I live again? Not !!  
But, knowing the false from the real,  
I would strive to ascend:  
I would seek out my boyhood's ideal,  
And follow it to the end.

*By Henry Lawson*

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

## President's Preamble June 2022



Moondyne Festival was a challenge for poets this year as we were wedged between two large food vans with generators providing the background distractions for poets and audience alike. However, we battled on and managed to attract interest in our November Bush Poetry Festival and State Championships. One of the vans was an Indian Curry House, complete with turbaned chef. I just had to recite Proust's poem "Hot Revenge". We had a few new faces to Moondyne. It was good to see Chris Taylor, Peter Rudolf and Greg Joass who joined regulars Christine Boulton and Rob Gunn on the mike. Rob brought a busload of patrons from his village in Pinjarra. He is making a name for himself and attracting considerable interest in bush poetry in those parts. Our music this year was from "Bluegum" but unfortunately Jeff Swain was out with Covid so Stinger was on his own. He was up to the task and managed quite a following for his sessions.

It's been a while since Peter O'Shaughnessy has been able to attend a Bunbury meeting but he has been winning many awards in written competitions in recent months. Congratulations Peter on all your achievements. I tend to get lost with many poems that win written competitions but Peter's are all great stories that keep the reader's attention right to the end while maintaining strict adherence to rhyme and rhythm.

Bullytin editor Deb does a great job keeping up with Peter's awards via the ABPA website. Deb's editorial expertise is reflected in the quality of our publication and the variety of poetry presented therein. She is always looking for contributions from members, whether poems, local happenings or any interesting events on your patch. What about a few words about what kindled your interest in bush poetry whether as a writer, performer or audience member.

As I write this the rain is falling and I can feel the cold creeping in. It must be time to load the caravan and head to Derby for the Bush Poet's Breakfast. I am receiving inquiries from people who plan their northern journey around the date of this event. This year it is 17<sup>th</sup> July, always the day after the Derby Cup. I am also looking forward to a game of golf or two on a unique course among the boab trees. It is the only course I know that runs across the race track. Races Saturday, golf Sunday after the Bush Poets. It doesn't get much better than that!

We all know that light travels faster than sound. Maybe this is why some people appear bright until you hear them speak.

Bill Gordon President



### Moondyne 2022 Performers

(L-R) Greg Joass, Peter Rudolph

Christine Boulton,

Pete 'Stinger' Nettleton, Bill Gordon,

(Front) Rob 'Gunny' Gunn

*After a night plagued by writers block I dreamt of a campfire with several poets present and while the dream didn't quite go as follows it certainly inspired this poem.*

## **Campfire Dreaming**

I've invited you here with some questions in mind, as we sit by the campfire tonight.  
To ask for your help and to get some advice on improving these poems that I write.  
I know you've all written the odd poem or two and that most of them are pretty good.  
I now ask you to call upon your expertise and to give your advice if you could.

Mr Patterson, you know the lay of the land and you gave us great characters too;  
You told us of soldiers that fought in the war, how they fought as Australians do.  
You gave us Matilda our national song and you introduced Clancy of course.  
Then you took us along on that almighty ride with that young mountain man and his horse.

You went racing on horses headlong down the track and played polo at Geebung no less.  
You wrote about Saltbush and then Mulga Bill and of course that bush christening mess.  
We saw in your poems our identity true, how there was an Australian way.  
And the words from your pen and your songs of the bush are long lasting and ring true today.

C.J. Dennis your poems are a wonderful thing with your stories of fine city folk,  
like Doreen and Bill and our young Ginger Mick how you showed us the soul of the bloke.  
The silliness said in the Glugs of the Gosh and your poems for the children to read  
have all left a fine mark on our history's page and a fine nest of poetry indeed.

For your use of the language is second to none in the dazzling words of the day.  
The dropping of aitches and gees and the like make it easy to sound what they say,  
apostrophes left where the letters came from make the reading quite easy to see.  
All your tales of adventure and mateship and love are truly inspiring to me.

Miss MacKellar, your poetry sings to my soul as I rest my hand over my heart.  
My country displayed in the way that you write and your visions are clear from the start.  
The colours you see only Aussies can know for the land has her own special charm,  
from the mountain to desert and into the bush to our oceans ferocious or calm.

We all live beyond drought and the flood and the fire, yet our country fights back to the fore.  
You share all that beauty for others to see and that sends us out looking once more.  
Your love for the flora the bush puts on show comes so clearly through in every line.  
The pride in your country is shining and clear, makes me proud for this country of mine.

Henry Lawson your stories are legend you know and your poetry holds up quite well.  
Your image appears on our ten dollar note and there's statues with stories to tell.  
The wife of the drover broke all of our hearts and Past Carin' is hard to forget.  
Your praise to the flag of our own Southern Cross would become a great anthem I'll bet.

And you wrote about how hard they work on the land and how really tough bush life could be.  
Then told of the anguish and torment you lived as the inmate one hundred and three.  
You showed the whole country the truth in a shell without dressing it up for the show.  
Now performers line up just to retell your tales you're the best story teller I know.

So it's now that I come to the questions at hand can you help me discover the way  
to write a good poem with a story to tell that explains what I'm trying to say.  
I want to describe the Australian bush and the spirit we Aussies know well,  
How we always stand strong at the side of a mate like the wonderful stories you tell.

Now my guests with a smile in each others direction began with their answers in turn,  
I listened in wonder as each one replied, unaware as to what I might learn.  
T'was Banjo who ventured to try and explain, in a way that I might understand,  
Of the rules such as meter and rhythm and rhyme and the language all at my command.

*Continued next page...*



## Campfire Dreaming cont...

Then to add C.J. Dennis took over the reins to explain about story and flow,  
Creation of characters fit for the tale follow just where that story might go.  
Then Henry jumped in on the order of things with his thoughts on the strength of the tale.  
“Tell your stories as though you are living them all and the reader will join without fail”.

It was then Miss MacKellar decided to speak with the wisdom that one might expect.  
The guidance she gave me shows just why we hold her in gratitude, love and respect.  
“Our offer of help and advice on the rules may ensure its a poem that you write,  
But you must realise that your heart in the poem is what stirs up the readers delight.

“You have all the poems , the words are all there, but the art’s in which ones you collect.  
You must find the soul in the story you tell to ensure that the readers connect.  
Take the hand of that reader and lead them along, hold on tight to them all of the way.  
Just hold their attention right through to the end and you'll be a good writer one day”.

With the coals on the campfire just embers by now as the visions are fading away,  
the real and the dreaming collide once again and I wake to the breaking of day.  
I often still dream of the campfire that night but those writers have never returned.  
I think they are waiting to see if I find any secrets in all that I've learned.

C.J. Taylor

### \*\* 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 participate 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. Two examples adjoining were kindly submitted by Terry Piggott.

PS This idea was prompted by Terry.

### An unwritten Letter

I have walked back through the ages to the time it all began,  
and old memories come back to haunt, the way they often can.  
Lived again the rollercoaster of the life that I have had,  
Saw it as it really was back then, the good times and the bad.

Not the sanitised short version of mistakes along the way,  
or the oft selected memory we tend to now display,  
For I’ve lived again the heartaches that we all endure in life,  
balanced by life’s romance far away from mundane things and strife.

So, I need not write a letter now I’ve looked into the past,  
best to let the past remain the past and make this time my last.

© T.E. Piggott

Poem prompt – A Letter to Yourself

### Through a Dusty Windshield

Peering through the windshield at the lonely emptiness outback,  
as I wend my way through mulga trees along an ancient track.  
And ahead a blueish misty veil that shrouds the distant hills,  
then what seems like miles of nothingness but creaking station mills.

But it hasn’t always been like this, for tribes once roamed out here,  
till the coming of the Whiteman signalled that the end was near.  
And their dreamtime was diminished by the changes that took place,  
yet you sense their presence out here, though they seldom left a trace.

Though this country old and weathered any change is hard to see,  
yet it’s slowly happening today the way it’s meant to be.  
As the mountains wear away to craggy hills as time move on  
leaving shattered skeletons of earthly monoliths long gone.

Skies at least have never changed here as the eons have sped by,  
and ten thousand stars still twinkle in an outback darkened sky.  
Earthly problems are forgotten as you sip a mug of tea,  
sitting by a crackling campfire many miles here from the sea.

©T.E. Piggott

Poem prompt – Looking Through a Window

### \*\* Writing Prompts for June 2022

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

## News from The Goldfields Bush Poetry Group

The Goldfields Bush Poetry Group was blessed with visits from both Chris Taylor and John & Anne Hayes for our May meeting (first Wednesday) and managed to mobilise about 25 people to attend on a cold evening in Kal.

Paul Browning opened proceedings with a warm welcome to all, but especially to Chris, John & Anne and then recited John's wonderful poem "On The Londonderry Line." Locals Ken Ball, John Rees and Chris Potts joined John and Chris to provide a wonderful evening of bush poetry that enthralled and delighted those in attendance.

The crowd was particularly appreciative of Chris Taylor's 'Swampy', 'No More Letters Home' and 'How To Build A Billy Cart'.

John Hayes, despite pleading ill health and lack of practice could not be held back, with great recitations of "The Whole Hog," "Widow Maker," "Longing For My Homeland" and "Harry Swain's Scales," each introduced with a lovely little historical vignette of John's early days growing up in Kalgoorlie before and after WW2, before moving to Esperance. John finished up with a wonderful recital of "In the Droving Days" by Banjo Paterson.

John Rees and Paul Browning both contributed poems by Dryblower Murphy, Ken Ball gave us "A Grave Situation" by Claude Morris and Chris Potts produced a wonderful rendition of Mary Hannay Foott's "Where the Pelican Builds."

In wrapping the evening up Paul Browning recognized the wonderful efforts of veteran WA bush poet, Arthur Leggett who at age 103, had done such a great job reciting the ode at the footy on Anzac Day and invoked his policy of never finishing a bush poetry recital without doing "The Man from Snowy River."

We owe a great debt of gratitude to John Hayes and Chris Taylor for their magnificent contributions, and invite any visiting bush poets to join us on the first Wednesday of each month in Kalgoorlie.

Written by Paul Browning



John Hayes

*Photos courtesy of John Bowler*



Paul Browning



John Hayes and Chris Taylor



*It is with sadness that we  
advise WABP members of  
the passing of Nancy Coe*

**R.I.P. Nancy**

### **A GARDEN OF ROSES**

The roses in the garden are so beautiful to see  
As I smell the air so sweet, sitting beneath the tree.  
I can see their lovely colours  
In their full and sunny bed;  
Pink, white, orange and yellow  
Some deep red and mauve have fled.

For it is the end of summer, the roses time of the year  
And Autumn has arrived with cooling and good cheer.  
But the roses still keep blooming  
While the warmth is in the air.  
While I thank our wise Creator  
For the beauty he has shared.

Yes! Roses are my favourite flower to look upon and see,  
But to touch and feel their thorns? A very different story.  
Thorns rip and tear and hurt you,  
Then forlorn and all alone  
I put my chair on the verandah  
And return inside to home.

Oh! I love the summer garden when the flowers are in bloom,  
When the earth does look so beautiful  
And the air smells sweet in tune.  
With the blue sky up above me,  
The breeze so light and fair.  
All around the warm sweet sunshine,  
As I sit and breath the air.

Nancy Coe 20-3-18

### **THE RAINBOW SERPENT**

Once there was a Rainbow Serpent  
Who travelled throughout the land.  
Leaving love and light and laughter  
For the life of Human kind.

Human kind sort not to live it  
Leaving tracks of war, not peace.  
Of their own ambitious nature  
In the race of life and death.

In the days of "Rainbow Dreaming"  
The inhabitants of this dry land  
Tried to colour their believing  
With a helpful loving hand.

Helping of each other to live  
So we benefit by all.  
Testing our ways of adventure  
Then there is no need to fall.

We're so intent on making, keeping  
All possessions we have earned.  
Yet we seem to have forgotten  
All the "goodness" we once learned.

Let us then keep on remembering  
How to help and praise and sing.....  
Of the lives of other people  
And for ourselves....the forgetting.

In the days of love and laughter,  
Let us dream of "Rainbow ways"  
We can spread and help each other  
To enjoy our lasting days.

"Rainbow Serpent" is now returning  
To this fair and glorious place.  
Making days seem long with love  
And light, for this enduring race.

Nancy Coe 29-3-2018

## Ingvald Halvorsen

Ingvald Halvorsen – I wonder how you died?  
I've seen your little gravestone with two others by your side  
Your lonely little cemetery is wetted by the spray  
At that isolated resting place at Norwegian Bay

Way back in 1893 in that far off land of Norge  
A little baby boy was born with the blessing of the Lord  
Twenty years was all the time he spent upon this earth  
I'd like to know the life he had – what was it really worth?

What made you leave your homeland?  
What made you hoist the sails to travel half way round the world in search of mighty whales  
Was it the lure of sunshine or just your roving mind?  
I wonder if you went alone and left loved ones behind

I wonder if you die at sea, at the mercy of a whale  
Or perhaps caught in a violent storm lashed by a tropic gale  
Or did you suffer fever, I just can't understand  
What it's like to die alone in a foreign land

I can see the great Cetacean making fury in the wave  
As he vainly fights to free himself glory how he raves!  
You wouldn't stand the slightest chance crushed by that twisting tail  
There's nothing more ferocious than a wounded humpback whale

No flying doctor way back then to save a dying man  
The nearest help was three days ride on horseback through the sand  
Did you have appendicitis, pains in your side?  
Ingvald Halvorsen – I wonder how you died?

Ingvald Halvorsen – I know you're now at peace  
But I wonder on that day you died, did you planed for your release?  
Did you die in agony, I wonder if you cried  
Ingvald Halvorsen – I wonder how you died?

It's just about a hundred years since that tragic day  
When Ingvald lost his life at Norwegian Bay  
Yet today I wonder why I'm so mystified  
Ingvald Halvorsen I wonder how you died?

Ingvald Halvorsen – I wonder how you died  
I've seen your little gravestone with two others by your side  
You can watch those mighty mammals as years just roll away  
As you gaze upon their playground at Norwegian Bay

*Jack Bock*



*Jack's comment when submitting his poem "He would really like to know who Ingvald Halvorsen was."*



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](http://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 4<sup>th</sup> November – Sunday 6<sup>th</sup> 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](mailto: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.

***We would like to thank Heather Denholm for all her work preparing the Muster Write-ups over these past many months and welcome Bev Shorland who has agreed to take on this task in Heather's place.***

**Poets Muster May 6<sup>th</sup>** write up by Bev Shorland

President Bill Gordon welcomed everyone to the Muster and introduced

**MC Rob Gunn.**

**Tess Earnshaw** 'Married in 1919'

A poignant story of a country wedding. A young girl marries her soldier, soon after the honeymoon he is sent off to war, he never returns. All she has left is a pair of satin gloves he gave her to wear on her wedding day'

**Rob Gunn** 'The Radio Announcer' **by Sid Hopkinson**

He always wanted to work in radio, but the glamour soon wears off when he has to read the rain report with all the difficult to pronounce names of the outback stations.

**Meg Gordon** 'Louisa' **by Bev Stewart**

A sad end of a wonderful lady, Louisa Lawson, worked so hard throughout her life to get the vote and better conditions for all women. 'What happened to you Louisa after they locked you away', she was only ever known as 'the poet Henry's mother'.

**Heather Denholm** 'It was worth a thousand pounds' **by F.J. Owens of Gracetown**

Taken from a book 'A slice of Margaret' The council want to get a water scheme for Gracetown, was it worth a \$1000, when the towns folk believed their tank water tasted better and did not cost anything. FJ Owens rejection of the proposal.

**Bill Gordon** 'Scotty's Wild Stuff Stew' **by Francis Humphries Brown**

When the jackaroo requested "Wild Stuff Stew" he was not prepared for all the ingredients Scotty and his mates found around the shearing shed to include in the stew.

**Catharina Niemann** 'Jerusalem' **by William Blake**

Recited as a poem 'And did those feet in ancient times walk upon England's Pastures green.

'The Babies in the Bush' **by Henry Lawson**

What is it that leads toddlers away from the homestead, where the bush lost babies go, A mother awaits, will they be found.

**Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge** 'Show Day'

Its Show day at Kununurra, the animals, the rides the stalls, the smell of hot buttered scones. But the major attraction of the day is the Miss Kununurra Beauty contest. Mother McQ enters the Beauty contest. Naturally things don't run smoothly.

**Rob Gunn** 'The Ultimate Test' **by Mick Collis**

A soldier's letter home, he remembers his dad taking him to the Test at the SCG. But now he awaits the orders before going over the top to face his own Ultimate Test.

**Tess. Earnshaw** 'Ode to the Fitted sheet' **by Denise Lazenby**

The difficulties faced while trying single handedly to put a fitted sheet on to a bed, just as you get one corner fitted out pops the other corner.

'Barry the Breeze'

A delightful children's story of a frisky Breeze called Barry, When news arrives that Grandfather is coming, it will be a mighty strong stormy visit.

**Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge**

First a beautiful lilting tune on the mouth organ... 'Shrimp Boars'

'Old Rivers' **by Cliff Crawford**

This story was recorded by Walter Brennan, many years ago. It tells of an old farm worker with a mule and a single furrowed plow and a young lad who used to follow along. Time has passed, Old Rivers has died, and "I remember Old Rivers, the Mule and Me."

## Poets Muster May 6<sup>th</sup> cont..

### Heather Denholm                      Reading of the Classics

Heather first of all gave us the definition of a classic: judged over a period of time to be of the highest quality and outstanding of its kind. And so Heather introduced us to Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge giving us a summary of his poetry history and achievements.

### Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge                      'The Flying Dogma'

The story of flying with the Outback minister who was the pilot and a fire and brimstone preacher.

### Rodger Kohn                                      A Yarn

The Pope has to fly to New York to deliver a speech at the UN. The Pope gets into a Taxi, what happens when a traffic cop pulls them over?

### Lorraine Broun                                  'A waste of time'

Out on a camping trip, the portaloos are full; what to do; Where to empty it....

an interesting trip.....

### 'A Bourke Road adventure'

Nursing at an Old Folks Home, and what happens when a way-wood 90 year old goes wandering through the busy traffic....based on a true story.

### Jem Shorland                                  'He Lost His Hat'

The ten commandments mean different things to different people.

### Catharina Niemann                      'Funeral Blues'                                  by WH Alder

The feelings of loss and aloneness, there will be no more fun, no more glee, now that he is gone.

### Bill Gordon                                  'The day I shot the Telly'                      by Bob Magor

He was going rabbit shooting, the gun was loaded, everything was ready, but mum needed him to help in the garden, it was too late to go shooting. Later while watching the telly he got angry with the show and forgot the gun was loaded.

### 'Snakes Alive'

A ride on his ag bike took on a dramatic turn when a brown snake became tangled in the back wheel with unexpected results including a bushfire.

### Meg Gordon                                  'Louisa'    by Annon

The story of the printers and typographers boycott of Louisa Lawson's publication The Dawn.

### Colin Tyler

A wonderful play on words, spelt the same but used and sound different.

And a very funny yarn about the Pakistani invaders of England.

### Heather Denholm                      'Driving Instructions'

I got a lift into town, I'm in the back seat, the wife is driving and the husband is giving instructions which is causing quite a bit of tension... think I'll get a taxi back....

### Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge                      'MacArthur's Cabin'

MacArthur retired from various jobs on Kimberly stations. Now lives a simple life, he has a lazy dog some chooks and a veggie patch. Life takes an interesting turn as he gets to know the widow next door.

### Rob Gunn                                      'Tenth Light horse'                                  by John Dengate

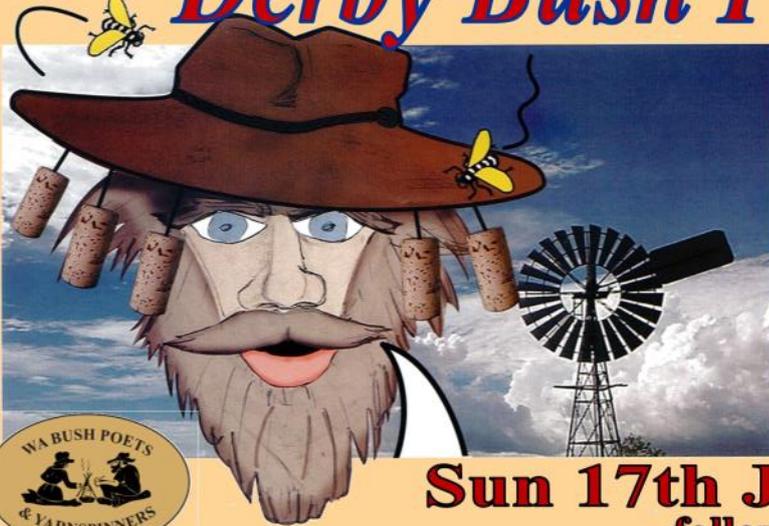
The men of Western Australia made up the 10<sup>th</sup> Light horse. They were shipped away to war to fight bravely wherever they were sent, they were an elite force, many to die betrayed and slaughtered at Suvla Bay.

### Bill Gordon                                  'Hot Revenge'    by Dave Proust

Don't upset the chef at a curry house if you are not prepared for the pain that can be inflicted by extra hot chillies and curry.

Bill thanked everyone for coming and closed the muster at 9.30pm.

# 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**

## Save the Date:

**WABP AGM 2nd September 2022**

**at 7pm at Bentley Auditorium, Bentley Park**

**followed by September's Muster**

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

**(No reading from the classics in July)**

**Deadline for July's Bully Tin Submissions 20th June 2022**

**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**

## **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

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

### JUNE

**1 June - Closing Date - Festival of the Fleeces Poets' Breakfast performance competition,**  
Merriwa NSW.

**12 June - Festival of the Fleeces Poets' Breakfast performance competition,**  
Merriwa NSW. See 1 June closing date.

### 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.

A reminder from Greg Joass to all our wonderful Yarnspinners to get your entries in for The West Australian's 'The Best Australian Yarn 2022 short story competition' closes on 31st May.

ABPA Victorian Bush Poetry Championships 2022

Congratulations to Peter O'Shaunessy

2nd Written Serious Poem 2022

- 'Mandildjarra Mourning'

HC Written Humorous Poem 2022

- 'In the Clean Bar'

Congratulations to Tom McIlveen

2nd Written Humorous Poem 2022

- 'Fishing for a Gucci'



#### 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 <u><i>MC for June see front page</i></u> - 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.