

# The

March 2020

W.A. Bush Poets

# BULLY TIN



Next Muster Friday March 6th , 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park  
MC : Lorelie Tacoma 9365 2277 [tlorelie@gmail.com](mailto:tlorelie@gmail.com)

## DOWNUNDER COUNTRY Country Music Weekend BRIDGETOWN SHOWGROUNDS, PENINSULA RD. WA 20, 21 & 22 MARCH 2020

Grant Luhrs  
Wagga Wagga NSW



Bev Branson  
Cummins SA



Graeme Hugo  
Kadina SA

Hosted by  
Campfire Country



Sarah Broome  
Perth WA



Rozzi  
Bridgetown WA



Musical  
Co-ordinator  
Steve Hill  
Bunbury WA

Peter Nettleton  
Wilson WA



Bush Poet  
Co-Ordinator

Mike & Libby / Kevin & Dehlia Brown  
Bill Rowley / Terry Bennetts  
Kate Hindle / Lansdell Family  
and lots of other  
favourite  
local artists

FOOD AVAILABLE  
ALL WEEKEND

BYO LOW BACK  
CHAIRS

### CELEBRATING 10 YEARS OF TRADITIONAL COUNTRY MUSIC AND BUSH POETRY

Tickets available at the gate

Weekend Pass \$50pp

Friday \$20pp

Saturday \$30pp

Sunday \$15pp

Friday 12noon till 10pm

Walk-ups/Old Time Dance/Guest Artists

Saturday 10am till 10pm

Guest Artists/Line Dance/Old Time Dance

Sunday 8am till 3pm

Bush Poets/Guest Artists/Walk-ups

Contact: David & Therese 0429 109 334 or  
[downundercountry@westnet.com.au](mailto:downundercountry@westnet.com.au) or Coleen 08 9761 9055  
[www.downundercountry.com.au](http://www.downundercountry.com.au)

Camping on site - Unpowered \$10pp for weekend payable at gate  
Powered sites - Bookings 0429 109 334 (limited)  
For other accommodation contact the Visitor Centre 08 9761 1740

Sponsors: Cassandra Westphal 0448 992 094 | Timeout For Hair, Greenbushes 9764 3563  
Talisson Lithium Pty Ltd, Greenbushes 9782 5717



### CHASING Rainbows

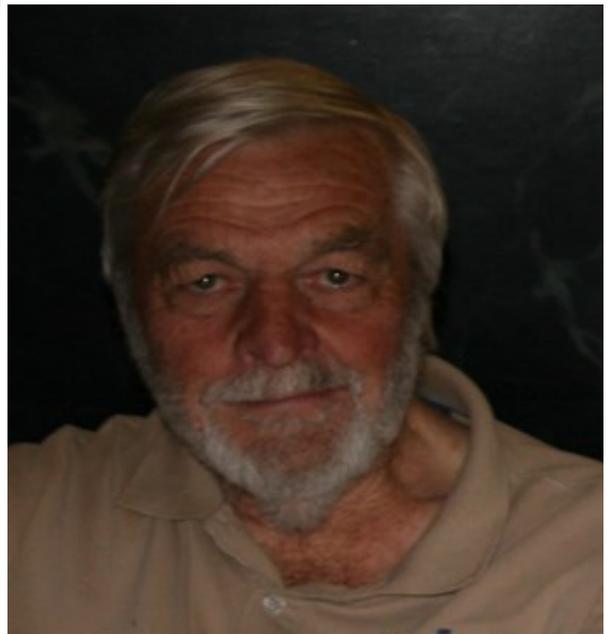
TERRENCE E. PIGGOTT

Join the Author

In reminisces of life on the Australian opal fields at Coober Pedy, in the Nineteen Sixties, and the excitement of finding precious opals. Then follow him to the vast gold fields of Western Australia, where he spent so much of his life searching for that precious metal, and share his love of the rugged beauty, of the Australian outback.

Told in a series of short stories (yarns) and poetry.

Terry will be launching his book at the March muster.  
Congratulations Terry, another wonderful book.



This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of KATE DOUST MLC  
and posted with the generous assistance of BEN WYATT, MLA - Member for Victoria Park.

## President's Preamble March 2020



Another Boyup Brook Festival has come and gone. Looking back over the fourteen years (time flies) I have been coordinator for this event, most of the best poets in the country have made an appearance at Boyup Brook. Local poets have benefitted greatly from the workshops and from sharing the stage with these top performers. I have had the added benefit of meeting and hearing them throughout the eastern states.

This year we had a poet with a difference. I met Irish Joe Lynch on my first trip to Gympie in 2009. Joe is more an Irish storyteller than a bush poet. He had the audience captivated throughout with his rich Irish accent enhancing his poetry and stories. Meg and I had a great time hosting Joe and his wife Rikki as well as all the poets and friends who made it to Boyup Brook and to Northlands for the festival.

The other recent highlight was the Bush Poetry on the Swan. This year we had four shows on the Crystal Swan as part of the Perth World Fringe Festival. Having a spot in this festival which features 700 shows and 150 venues over four weeks is truly awe inspiring. While we did not achieve the audiences of last year when we had a full house for each of two shows, we were well received and attracted much interest throughout the fringe artists and patrons.

Jem and Bev are on their way to Tasmania. We wish them an enjoyable trip and a safe return home. Meanwhile, the rest of us poets cannot consider a holiday. Coming events include Nannup Folk Festival with our old mate Peter Capp, Bridgetown Downunder and then Fairbridge Folk Festival. Contact Stinger if you are interested in these events. Other coming events are on the website. Look up the calendar for all details.

Bill Gordon President.



### Stop Press

Hello Man from Snowy River Bush Festival fans!

The communities of Corryong, Cudgewa and the Upper Murray have suffered emotionally and financially, and the land was decimated with horrendous loss of animals, fencing, fodder, sheds, pasture and for some - houses.

Many festival props and signs have been burnt, along with Banjo's outdoor stage, but busy and exhausted as we are, we will make the festival happen. DATE 2 - 5 April, 2020 at Corryong Jan Lewis

### RESULTS OF BOYUP BROOK WRITTEN COMPETITION

Held in conjunction with Boyup Brook Country Music Festival 2020

WINNER - Shelley Hansen (Maryborough QLD)  
"In Praise of the One Teacher School"

SECOND - Tom McIlveen (Port Macquarie NSW)  
"Fishing For A Gucci"

Equal THIRD - Peter O'Shaunessy (Bunbury WA)  
"I Came Across A Shearing Shed"  
-Tom McIlveen (Port Macquarie NSW) "From Galipoli"

Emerging Poet - Deb McQuire (Glen Forrest WA)  
"Bush Carpet"

Judge's Comment - Some interesting stories and great imagery. Quality writing but lack of punctuation often dictated final score.

Congratulations to the winners.



Bush Poetry on the Swan Photo 29/1/20 - Patricia Glasson & Lois Parsons with Bill Gordon and crew member. What a great night cruising the Swan River while the sun set...and all with fantastic bush poetry. Arthur Leggett, Paul Browning and Christine Boulton were on the night I attended. What a great audience and fabulous welcome by the crew and captain. Make sure to put this on your agenda for 2021. ED.

## BUNBURY BUSH POETS GROUP

Meeting notes for Monday 3<sup>rd</sup> February 2020

The Bunbury Group held their bi monthly get together on the 3<sup>rd</sup> February at the Rose Hotel in the centre of Bunbury. We had 17 people attend the night but only 6 reading/reciting including one poem from Meryl Gardiner. The other people getting up to the mic were Norm. Peter. Judy, Ray and myself.

Cheers

Alan Aitken

For email recipients

## BUSHFIRE VICTIMS FUNDRAISER

*Concert on the Green*

PROUDLY SPONSORED BY NORTH SHORE COUNTRY CLUB

SUNDAY 23<sup>rd</sup> FEBRUARY 2020 | 4pm - 7:30pm



A family concert for Bushfire Victims with a variety of multi award winning WA Country and other Artists.

**NO ENTRY FEE - PASS THE BUCKET DONATION!**

Bring along a blanket or low backed chair.

Performers with full band:

Connie Kis Andersen, Ginger Cox, Terry Bennetts, Billy Higginson, Mark Donohoe, Desert Road, Sarah Broome, Wayne Pride, Kevin and Tyson Lansdell, Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge, Lucy Leman, Rob Gunn, Allysha Cleeman, Ken Lindley, Ian Fletcher & Brian White.

Full bar facilities at members prices. Sausage sizzle available with all proceeds to the charity. Coffee & tea available.

Please bring cash for sizzle. EFTPOS available at bar. No BYO

All funds raised to [www.cfa.vic.gov.au/about/victorian-bushfire-relief/donate](http://www.cfa.vic.gov.au/about/victorian-bushfire-relief/donate)



**NSSC**  
19 Henderson Drive  
Kallaroo WA 6025

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## **BOYUP BROOK COUNTRY MUSIC AND BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL 2020**

This year's festival was one of the best. Headline musicians Adam Harvey, Graeme Connors and Amber Lawrence were well received as was story teller extraordinaire Joe Lynch with his wonderful Irish accent. Four days of poetry started at the Tennis Club where club members put on a great breakfast and the crowd was entertained by various poets. Walk ups were encouraged and new poets had the opportunity to present their poems. Joe Lynch was introduced to Boyup Brook and he gave us a taste of what was to come over the next few days. The rest of the day was devoted to workshops on writing and performing and the participants were encouraged to expand their minds and let imagination run wild before coming back to the topic. The writing purists would not like to hear that Joe encouraged writers to know the rules of rhyme and metre but it doesn't matter to occasionally break them, particularly for performance poetry. Friday afternoon, in very hot conditions, the audience at the Tourist Centre Park in the middle of town were given another two hours of poetry with a great lineup of WA Bush Poet members. At the Bowling Club on Saturday morning patrons were treated to two hours of very entertaining stories. This event included the Poet's Brawl and with our famous brawl winner, Peg Vickers from Albany, absent this year, the competition was fierce. 20 great lines were provided by Joe Lynch and much hilarity resulted from the contributions. WA State Champion, Roger Cracknell was the eventual winner with second place a tie between Bill Gordon and Greg Joass. The Ute and Truck Muster followed and poets were seen in the parade on an old WW11 jeep. There were markets stall and street theatre to observe until midday and then the music started in a magnificent bush setting at the Music Park on the banks of the Blackwood River. The music went on through the evening and only those who needed to be up early for the Poets Breakfast on Sunday morning reluctantly left before stumps. The Music Park setting amongst the trees by the river in the early morn provides a wonderful atmosphere for Bush Poetry. The crowd had the opportunity to hear (via the excellent sound equipment) the poetry from all corners of the park so no one has to be exposed to the sun when it gained intensity later in the morning. In summing up the event, Boyup Brook has a great following in the music and poetry world and we are confident that Australia wide it is one of the best festivals to put on everyone's travelling itinerary. By Meg Gordon

## COMPETITIONS AROUND

### AUSTRALIA

For more details and entry forms please go to the ABPA website [www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au)



### and Writing WA

MARCH 2020

Ethel Webb Bundell Literary Awards Poetry and Short Story Guidelines and entry forms are available from the Society's website [www.swwofwa.com.au](http://www.swwofwa.com.au)

For further information, call 0415 840 031, or email [swwofwa@gmail.com](mailto:swwofwa@gmail.com) Closing date 31 March 2020

1 March - King of the Ranges Australian Horsemanship Festival, Murrurundi NSW. Poet's Breakfast, Walk-up Comp. and Presentation of Written Competition Winners

7 March - Milton Show open performance poetry competition, Milton NSW.

14 March - Closing Date - Oracles of the Bush Festival, performance and written sections, Tenterfield NSW.

### APRIL

9 April - Closing Date - Laura Literary Awards, Laura SA.

10 April - Closing Date - Gulgong Henry Lawson Literary Awards, Gulgong NSW.

2-5 April - Man from Snowy River Bush Poetry & Music Competition, Corryong Victoria.

INFO See 21 February closing date for entry forms.

2-5 April - Oracles of the Bush Festival, performance and written sections, Tenterfield NSW.

See 14 March closing date for entry forms.

## Laura Literary Awards

### \$780 PRIZE MONEY

The Awards are co-ordinated by local writing group Rocky River 'Riters and proudly sponsored by The Flinders News and Rocky River 'Riters. Authors throughout Australia are invited to submit Prose and Poetry pieces for judging in 2020. The Awards presentations for 2020 will be held on Saturday 13th June 2020 in the Gilbert White Centre, Fifth Street, Gladstone, South Australia.

Entry forms available from [www.rockyriverriters.club](http://www.rockyriverriters.club)

Entries to be submitted by

**Friday April 10th, 2020 to:**

Laura Literary Awards Coordinator

P.O. Box 164

Crystal Brook SA 5523

For further information please contact

Laura Literary Award Coordinator

Phone (08) 8636 2491

Email [rockyriverriters@hotmail.com](mailto:rockyriverriters@hotmail.com)



### Old Gwen.

I wandered into Sandstone when I first commenced to roam  
and met an old bush lady who could call the town her home.  
She said she'd never left the bush, had never been to Perth  
she said, that she thought Sandstone was the greatest place on earth.  
She wasn't sure how old she was and didn't seem to care  
but she'd not met her father and her mum was never there.  
She came from Dandaraga, but nobody knew quite when  
so when she started school in town, the locals called her Gwen.

For years she herded cattle 'til she fell off from her horse  
so then she rounded stock up, on a motor bike, of course.  
She didn't have a mobile phone, had never caught a train,  
had never watched a telly, but could fly an aeroplane,  
a plane they used to muster their wild cattle way out West  
a trick that caused a fluster as she'd done no flying test.  
So when they stopped her flying, she retired from the scrub  
resigned to lazy, dozing, on a chair, outside the pub.

She looked just like a cowboy, in her battered Stetson hat  
her dusty moleskin trousers and her riding boots, worn flat.  
She spent the long days sitting, lazing, dozing in the shade  
so tourists took her photo, which was OK, ..... if they paid.  
The tourists with their cameras loved stories that she told  
and most of them, could not believe they'd met someone so bold  
for Gwen's tales of her childhood may have seemed to them uncouth  
with most yarns that she told them, only loosely based on truth.

For she had led the life she loved, a life they could not know  
and seen the magic places that the tourists could not go.  
She'd seen the purple ranges and the droughts and flooding rains  
and wandered with the cattle on the boundless sunlit plains.  
She'd seen the wondrous glory of the desert stars at night  
the twinkling, sparkling beauty of those icicles of light.  
But Gwen is gone and dead now and lies buried on the run  
out where she'd mustered cattle, out beyond the setting sun.

Peter O'Shaughnessy came second in the Kembla Flame for 2020 with this wonderful poem. Congratulations Peter.

## In Praise of the One Teacher School

© Shelley Hansen

All my learning was done in the city  
with a large school's competitive "push",  
and when I was a kid we felt sorry  
for the children who lived in the bush.  
We believed they were quite isolated,  
quite uncivilised too – as a rule;  
and we thought of the things they were missing  
being taught at a One Teacher School.



As the seasons passed by I grew older  
and the man that I love came along.  
When we shared recollections of school days  
he informed me my thinking was wrong.  
Then he spoke of the school he'd attended  
with a teaching staff numbering "one";  
and I gained quite a different viewpoint  
as he told how his schooling was done.

There were many grades sharing the classroom  
from beginners to graduate years,  
and the teaching would be supplemented  
by observing the tasks of their peers.  
For the big kids assisted the small ones  
with their reading, to help them advance.  
Being part of a mentoring system –  
comprehension was not left to chance.

They received their own special assignments  
to maintain the school's upkeep and care;  
and they lunched and they played all together  
there was no "generation gap" there!  
And the teacher would have to be ready  
for some duties he couldn't evade –  
like removing a snake from the toilets,  
or returning a cow that had strayed.

These lone teachers were faced with the chal-  
lenge  
of adapting the lessons to suit  
many ages at multiple levels  
so the seeds of instruction bore fruit.  
But with consummate skill they succeeded,  
though they often were single and young;  
sent to "toughen them up" after college  
to locations remote and far-flung.

But discouragement wasn't an option  
as a great range of subjects they taught;  
and with equal aplomb they expounded  
mathematics and sewing and sport –  
and the practical skills they imparted  
built foundations for many careers;  
as they nurtured both body and spirit –  
soothing gravel-rashed knees, drying tears.

So it was that my husband convinced me  
that I really had nothing to fear  
that his schooling had somehow been lack-  
ing –  
the reverse was true – it was quite clear.  
But I still thought perhaps he'd missed out on  
opportunities offered to me,  
till the day we returned to his schoolhouse  
for the seventy-fifth Jubilee.

Then I noticed the sense of belonging,  
and the comments that came to my ears  
brimmed with memories never forgotten  
and with bonds that transcended the years.  
And I saw something far more important  
than scholastic achievements to earn –  
The instilling of life's higher values  
gave those children a reason to learn.

Now the One Teacher Schools are far fewer  
than they were when my husband was  
young;  
and as families move to the cities  
schools are left with their praises unsung.  
As the doors close, one after another,  
we observe with the sadness of loss;  
and we sense that an era is passing  
as we burn every bridge that we cross.

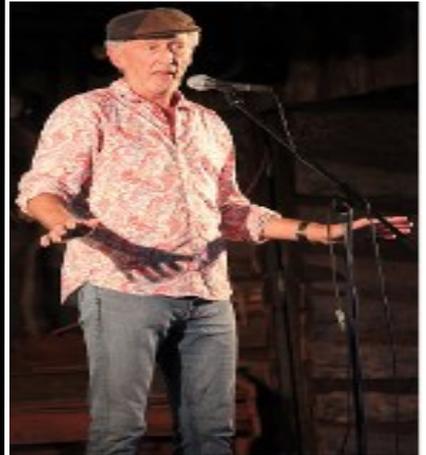
But in order to deal with the future  
it's important to look back in time;  
and the lessons we learn from successes  
are like footholds defining the climb.  
So let's never forget the example,  
shining forth as a faceted jewel  
in our spectrum of fine education –  
The Australian One Teacher School!

## **GETTING THE BOOT**

I spotted this young sheila and she looked real hot you know  
So I followed her along the street to see where she might go  
When she stepped into a dancehall, well I reckoned here's my chance  
Cause there's nothing like a dance or two to start off a romance  
And I can hoof it with the best, cause I've got a bit of skill  
When it comes to fancy footwork, I can give the girls a thrill  
And this girl was bloody gorgeous, so I thought it worth a try  
But nothing had prepared me for the sight that met my eye  
There were lots of people dancing, not together, but in lines  
And all wearing western clobber, so I should have read the signs  
If I hadn't been fixated I'd have recognised the sound  
Of their syncopated stomping as their RM's hit the ground  
Well I'd thought they might do old time, or country style quickstep  
But it seems that I had blundered on a keen boot scooting set  
While most of them were women, there were blokes and kids also  
All with frowns of concentration at the dance's ebb and flow  
I like getting close and personal when I take to the floor  
Still I thought I'd have a crack, cause it may lead to something more  
Sometimes it takes a bit of pain and a bit of sacrifice  
And believe me she was worth it, if it helped to crack the ice  
So I lined up right behind her just before the dance began  
Then I'd get to watch and copy her, at least that was my plan  
But I'd not allowed for the group move, which turned me to the right  
Just behind some bruiser's bum, which is not my favourite sight  
Shirt and pants had parted company and bared a strip of skin  
And I wished I'd had the nerve to shout to tuck his shirt back in  
Cause his plumber's crack was on display and covered in black hair  
With him dancing right in front of me, I couldn't look elsewhere  
But mercifully another turn had me facing right around  
At a grandma type whose rear view was in spandex tightly bound  
She was really grooving to the beat though not in real good time  
Cause I guess outlying regions were a little past their prime  
As she swung her body to the left some bits were going right  
I thought the sudden whiplash might catapult her from my sight  
Then another turn and I beheld yet one more horrid fright  
Why on earth are they called slacks I thought, when they are stretched so tight  
And I thought if she bends over surely something's got to give  
But if I had to witness it, I could lose the will to live  
So I prayed they'd make another turn and save me from the sight  
It took a while but when they did, things finally turned out right  
My love interest danced before me and I watched her mobile rear  
Then a predatory sort of grin broke out from ear to ear  
Well they stopped the dancing straight away, they called their biggest  
lout  
Who grabbed me by the neck and belt and then he chucked me out  
He said "You won't be welcome back with that look stuck on your dial"  
I'd broke their only cardinal rule, I'd gone and cracked a smile.  
Greg Joass  
28/05/2017

Boyup Brooke..Photos by Greg Joass

Irish Joe Lynch



Ray  
Jackson



Peter  
O'Shaunessy



Nancy Coe



Peter  
Rudolf



Roger  
Cracknell

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## **House keeping**

Dear Members,

Please could you make sure your details,(phone ,email, address etc) are correct and up to date for Sue Hill our treasurer (suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com ).

Feedback on the Christmas gift exchange is that it will remain the same. Bring a gift to receive a gift( Approx. value \$10.00)

Ed.

## GOODBYE FIVE CENT PIECE

Bob-a-job Scouting now seems a bit cheap,  
now that the Zack's to be thrown on the heap!  
How does one now calculate wages for Cubs,  
or souvenir change from the bar at the Clubs?  
Can the trey bit our younger folk even recall?  
So small that it weighs a bit less than stuff all.  
I vaguely remember the spendable deena,  
and happy I am with the fact that I seen her.  
The florin sounds foreign, but two bob sounds fine,  
named after Bob Menzies, also known as "Pig Iron".  
Fifty years ago, ten shillings was done,  
was devalued, divided, and became dollar one.  
In eighty-four then somewhat more was to foller,  
as the note was replaced by our big golden dollar.  
Paul Keating produced one about half the size  
of the dollar, but worth twice as much in his eyes.  
Ten bob to the dollar, two dollars a quid,  
and a fiver's ten dollars, and I dips me lid  
to the tossers in two up, who manage to win  
by throwing two heads when its their turn to spin.  
There's still lots of room for mates having a jar  
to make up the words for new notes at the bar.  
A dull yellow fifty now sports Edith Cohen,  
with an abbo out back, neither comin, nor goin.  
The hundred changed colour, from light grey to bright  
green,  
but from nowhere a name for its come on the scene.  
It stars our Dame Nellie, the belle of the ball.  
The reverse? Sir John Monash! The best of them all!  
Our most valuable coin, and I don't have any,  
nineteen thirty, six made. Face value - one penny.  
At Perth Mint. A coin. Face value? One million.  
One tonne. Solid gold. Real worth? One billion!

Jem Shorland

May 16



## Fashion Freaks

The young kids of today mate they just take  
the trick  
The clothes that they wear are so tight and so  
slick.  
Short skirts and small tank tops they look such  
a sight  
Boob tubes and long leggings, all so bloody  
tight.

Tops that are slinky they creep up when they  
bend  
And jeans cut so low you can see their rear  
end.  
They wear hats back to front or sometimes to  
the side  
They call it fashion but do they have no pride.

The boys baggy pants all loose and real slack  
Their undies hang out down to their bum  
crack.  
They must not own a mirror to check when  
they dress  
Nose rings and tongues studs they look such a  
mess.

You can't tell if they're female or a bloke with  
long hair.  
There are ways of checking but I don't want to  
go there.  
No respect for their elders and it's so easy to  
see!  
They just follow the fashions of what's on TV.

We never did that when we were all young  
Studs in their cheeks and rings though their  
tongue.  
Tattoos all over on their back or their neck  
They look like some creature from out of Star  
Trek.

Young girls with tank tops all loose at the side  
No modesty here they just don't try to hide  
Their boobs from the public it's all there to see  
Heart attack territory for an old bloke like me.

There are girls that are pregnant; their cloths  
bring on frowns  
What ever happened to maternity gowns.  
Perhaps I'm old fashioned with what they  
should wear  
But I really can't help but to stop and just  
stare.

The grandkids tell me it's fashion and to get  
with the trend  
But try as I might I just can't comprehend  
Why showing your privates would gain any  
fame.  
I really think it's all just one big posser game.

But now everyone's different and unique so  
they say  
Some follow trends and some go their own  
way.  
Individual people by birth, name or fame  
But I don't think they realise they all look the  
same.

Bob Pacey ( C )

**Poets Muster**

**SYNOPSIS by Bev Shorland Friday 7<sup>th</sup> February 2020**

M/C Tess Earnshaw

JACK MATHEWS "THE SENIOR CITS MEAT RAFFLE" by BILL KEARNS

Mayhem and battles between elderly combatants wielding Zimmer Frames and walking sticks fighting over legs of lamb, steaks and sausages, when the meat raffle ticket books are duplicated.

Some stray dogs smelling the meat that is being tossed around clean the mess.

CHRISTINE BOULT "THE WINGEN PUB" by COL WILSON "Blue the Shearer"

The folks at Wingen have formed a Wingen Club where anyone can whinge about anything. The publican decides to run a competition, only to be one by a stranger whose whinging overwhelms everyone.

JEM SHORLAND A COUPLE OF YARNS by JEM SHORLAND

Talking to a chap on a plane going to Rome, the fellow has a terrible stutter.....will he get the job?

A yarn about Eddie McGuire and the members of the Collingwood football club.

GRACE WILLIAMSON "THE WOMAN" by BIRDIE from Queensland

In this poem we hear how the woman supported the husband in the early days of the outback, making bread, salting the meat, milking cows, churning the butter, chopping wood to keep the home fire burning. Making the children's clothes from flour bags.

ROGER CRACKNELL "A RODENTS TALE" by ROGER CRACKNELL

A true tale about camping out on the Nullarbor Plane, when the van is invaded by hundreds of bush mice.

TESS EARNSHAW "MY DILEMMA" by TESS EARNSHAW

Sooner or later I will be at the Pearly Gates. What will it be like? Will I like it there?

RAY JACKSON "DEATH OF A BUSHBAN" by RAY JACKSON

Two brothers head outback to live a life of adventure, they are shearers on the way to a station. They are joined by a drover who is heading for the same station. After riding at night through the most terrible thunder storm, just as they reach the gate one of the brothers is struck dead by a lightening bolt. A true story of one of Rays relatives.

NANCY COE "BOYUP BROOK COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL 2013" by NANCY

Nancy has put to poetry her story of the first time she went to the Boyup Brook Music Festival

JOHN HAYES "MULLIGANS MOB" by GREG SCOTT

This poem won a Valentines Day Poetry Comp. Mulligan a tough old bushman marries late in life, his young wife is expecting, and is due. Mulligan calls his sister to come and help with the delivery.

After twin boys and then twin girls are delivered, he blows out the lamp, saying "it must be the light that attracts them"

MEG GORDON "FOR THE LOVE OF A DROVERS COOK" by PEG VICKERS

The daughter of very well to do parents goes outback to work on a cattle station, the despair of the parents when she falls in love with a drover's cook.... much below her station.... Oh Mother it's a poem by Tom Quilty..... sigh of relief from the parents and of they go back to the city...

PETER WILLIAMSON HMAS SYDNEY by PETER WILLIAMSON

Two bushmen meet at the pub, they talk of the war and decide to do their patriotic duty. They join the Australian Navy. One is consigned to a desk job the other crew on the HMAS Sydney, the ship lost off Geraldton.

This was Peters first time at our muster, he was most welcome.

Tea and chat break Thanks to Tony and Sue. Also, Lorraine for the cake.



READING OF THE CLASSICS:

JOHN HAYES "CLANCEY OF THE OVERFLOW" by BANJO PATTERSON

John gave a wonderful informative talk of the life of The Banjo then recited "Clancy of the Overflow"

MICHAEL DARBY "THE BARBERS SHOP" by CHARLEE MARSHALL

A chap tells his barber that he is going to Rome to meet with the Pope, the barber scoffs at the very idea, and gives the chap a dreadful haircut. But the chap does meet the Pope who is not at all impressed with the job the barber did.

LESLEY MCALPINE "CATASTROPHY" by BOB MAGOR

The neighbour's rotten tom cat is causing big problems in my back yard. But all my plans to do away with the cat always seem to fail.

PETER NETTLETON "A GENTLE HINT" by EDWARD HARRINGTON

A smelly unwashed bushman arrives outside the local hall, a dance is in progress, he enters with the hope of getting something to eat, he is thrown out, he enters again, only to be thrown out a second time..... he can take a gentle hint!

ELLA JACKSON a year 6 student at Armadale Primary School. Grand Daughter of Ray Jackson

"WHY DO YOU CRY" by RAY JACKSON

A young girl stops beside a lonely grave, she hears a soft and ghostly voice, 'why do you cry?'

She replies 'I cry for all those who want to war and never returned.

A beautiful poem and beautifully recited, thank you Ella for coming along with your Grandad.

RAY JACKSON

A poem written by a distant relative, written in 1916 by George R Hanbury

About the horses that were taken from the farms and stations and sent to the first world war never to return.

ROB GUNN "JOCK FROM BRUCE ROCK " by KEITH LETHBRIDGE

Jock, who is a bit stingy, decides not to marry the lady because she eats a lot, decides to marry the skinny one who only eats once a day. But in the end after giving birth to several kids she eats him 'out of house and home' and costs him quite a lot.

"WHO AM I" by KEITH LETHBRIDGE

A politician visits an old folks home, Grandpa offers to take the 'new comer' to the dining room,

'do you know who I am?' Asks the politician, 'No, if you're not sure yourself you had better ask the nurse' Grandpa replies.

GRACE WILLIAMSON GRANDMA'S LAUNDRY by ARCHIE GIBB

This nostalgic poem reminisces about the old washhouse, with its copper, concrete troughs, wash boards etc. And all that grand-ma used to have.

ROGER CRACKNELL THE SONG OF OLD JOE SWALLOW by HENRY LAWSON

Harkens back to the good old days, the bullock driving cattle droving days of long ago.

TESS EARNSHAW WE'ER GOING ON A DIET by TESS EARNSHAW

I am determined I'm going on a diet to fit into that dress.....what!!!cheesecake for morning tea.... The diet starts tomorrow.

JEM SHORLAND HE LOST HIS HAT by JEM SHORLAND

Pat lost his hat, but after a chat to the local priest remembers where he left it.

MY MATE FRED FROM BROOME by JEM SHORLAND

Fred goes out to his block to pick some fruit only to find the pond filled with girls frolicking in the water.

BILL GORDON SALTBUSH BILL by BANJO PATTERSON

Saltbush Bill featured in several of Banjo Patterson's poems. Bill was a drover and bush philosopher who

Believed in doing whatever was needed to get the job done, regardless of popular opinion and in spite of the law. His methods were never conventional but they were effective. In this poem he gets the best of the squatters grass during a severe drought at the expense of an unsuspecting jackaroo.

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2018—2019

|                           |                    |            |                           |
|---------------------------|--------------------|------------|---------------------------|
| Bill Gordon               | President          | 0428651098 | northlands@wn.com.au      |
| Peter “Stinger” Nettleton | Vice President     | 0407770053 | stinger@iinet.net.au      |
| Rodger Kohn               | Secretary 93320876 | 0419666168 | rodgershirley@bigpond.com |
| Sue Hill                  | Treasurer          | 0418941016 | suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com |

**Committee**

|                            |  |                       |                           |
|----------------------------|--|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| Irene Conner               | State Rep APBA                             | 0429652155            | iconner21@wn.com.au       |
| Meg Gordon                 | Toodyay Festival Secretary, ABPA committee | 0404075108            | meggordon4@bigpond.com.au |
| Bob Brackenbury            |  | 6250 0861 0418918884  | brack123@gmail.com        |
| Robert Gunn                | Sound gear set up                          | 0417099676            | gun.hink@hotmail.com      |
| Rhonda Hinkley             | Librarian                                  | 0417099676            | gun.hink@hotmail.com      |
| Bev Shorland /Jem Shorland |  | 61430127 0487 764 897 | shorland@iinet.net.au     |

**Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:**

|                   |                    |                     |                               |
|-------------------|--------------------|---------------------|-------------------------------|
| Christine Boulton | Bully Tin editor   | 0893648784          | christineboulton7@bigpond.com |
| Tony Hill         | Supper BT Mail out | 0418929493          |                               |
| Fleur Mead        | Webmistress        |                     |                               |
| Robert Gunn       | Sound gear set up  | 0417099676          | gun.hink@hotmail.com          |
| Rodger Kohn       | Bully Tin Mail Out | 93320876 0419666168 | rodgershirley@bigpond.com     |

**Regular Events**

**WA Bush Poets** 1st Friday of each month Bentley Park Auditorium

**Albany Bush Poetry group:** 4th Tuesday of each month Peter 9844 6606

**Bunbury Bush Poets:** First Monday of every second month Alan Aitken 0400249243 Ian Farrell 0408212636  
Rose Hotel cnr Wellington & Victoria Sts Bunbury

**Geraldton Bush Poets:** Second Tuesday of the month. Contacts: Roger & Jan Cracknell 0427 625 181  
or Irene Conner 0429 652 155. 6pm at Recreation room, Belair caravan park, Geraldton. Bring and share snacks for tea.

**Goldfields Bush Poetry Group:** First Wednesday of the month. Contact Paul Browning 0416 171 809  
Kalgoorlie Country Club, 108 Egan St. Kalgoorlie 6.30pm

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 [christineboulton7@bigpond.com](mailto:christineboulton7@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.

**Members' Poetic Products**

|               |            |                   |          |                  |            |
|---------------|------------|-------------------|----------|------------------|------------|
| Terry Piggott | Books      | Frank Heffernan   | Book     | Arthur Leggett   | Book       |
| Peter Blyth   | CDs, books | Christine Boulton | Book, CD | Keith Lethbridge | books      |
| John Hayes    | CDs books  | Pete Stratford    | Books    | Val Read         | books      |
| Tim Heffernan | book       | Roger Cracknell   | Book, CD | Peg Vickers      | books & CD |
| Brian Langley | CD's books | Bill Gordon       | CD       | Terry Bennetts   | Music CDs  |
|               |            |                   |          | Jach Bock        | book       |