

The

August 2019

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



Next Muster Friday 5th August 7pm - Bentley Park Auditorium, Bentley Park
MC : Frank Heffernan muffenberg@westnet.com.au 98816652 or 0478 600 112



Toodyay :
Road Safety Commission
Poetry Competition

Theme for the Roadwise Challenge this year is: SAFER VEHICLES

This topic is very open and it will be interesting to see what angle poets take. Eg: Tyre blowouts, defective lights, worn brake pads and (Bill's take – the nut behind the wheel! NB: There is a monetary reward. However, we do send the poems to Road Safety Commission to assist in their advertising. This is why we obtain the grant from them.

Poems must be a maximum of 16 lines and be presented by the author at the Toodyay competitions.

**Do you want to be part of the National Scene –
Then you might consider joining the Australian
Bush Poets Assn**

www.abpa.org.au

**Stay up to date with events and competitions
right across
Australia**



August challenge: Write a poem about cups. When these poems are submitted, they will be published in the August Bully Tin. All poets who submit poems will receive a complimentary cuppa in their cup at the August muster. Poets are invited to present their cup poems at the August Muster.

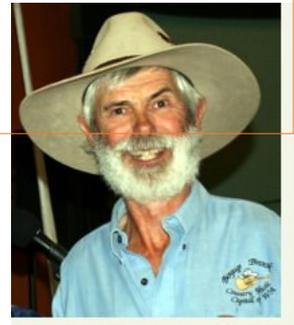
Please bring a cup to use at the muster. We are keen to keep our footprint as minimal as possible. If you bring your own cup this reduces the amount of rubbish we send to land fill. Please send poems to christineboul7@bigpond.com



**Memberships are due July 1st 2019.
Just a gentle reminder to renew your memberships. They can be registered with Sue or Tony at the door, via email or snail mail. Please can renewing members make sure your contact details are correct. Thanks, Ed.**

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 August 2019



Derby Bush Poet's Breakfast was again a great success although a few local factors caused the numbers to be down on last year. We were treated to wonderful hospitality from Robyn Bowcock and her willing helpers, as well as the management of the Kimberley Entrance Caravan Park who did a great job promoting our show there. Talk of this being the last year of Derby Bush Poets was put aside when James Fitzpatrick volunteered to take over organising future events. James has a clinic in Broome and is well positioned to ensure the continued success of this long standing event.

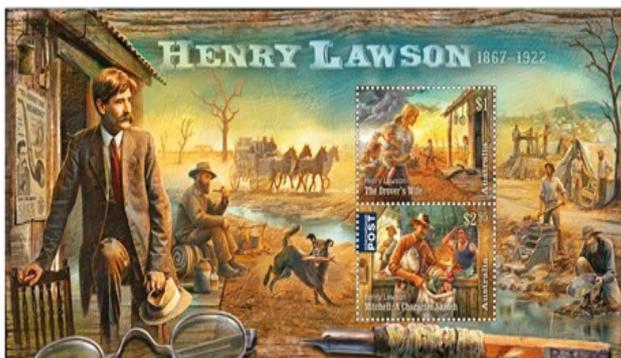
It is with much sadness that I write of the passing of Anne Chalmers from Mandurah. Although not a member of our association, Anne was a keen supporter of bush poetry and brought several of her friends down to stay at Northlands for the Boyup Brook Country Music Festival. Wanting to promote bush poetry in the Mandurah region, Anne successfully coordinated a Bush Poetry Breakfast at Port Bouvard for the last three years. She went on to get us into two of the schools, culminating in a performance competition among the students. Anne will be sorely missed, but her friends in the Falcon Lions Club are determined that her legacy to Bush Poetry in the Mandurah region will continue.

Meg and I decided to test the dust proofing on the Cub Camper by tackling the Gibb River Road. I think it was a good idea although a big clean-up was the order of the day at Kununurra. Definitely a trip to remember! We were well received by management and patrons at Home Valley Station and had good gigs there and in Kununurra. We are now in Katherine and in the park with Bob and Beryl Magor. Most will know Bob from his books and poems, and many of our members will have met him either at Boyup Brook in 2012 or at Toodyay last year. Bob was the guest poet at the first two bush poetry breakfasts in Derby along with Cobber and Rusty.

Cheryl Holmes was the coordinator in Derby in the early days. She is now in Tasmania and about to start a new event there in early February next year. Anyone intending to head to Tassie early 2020 let Meg know and she will put you in touch with Cheryl.

We are heading for Darwin, then Camooweal, and are quite contented to stay this far north for a while. But we will come home eventually.

Bill Gordon. President



Stop Press: We'll keep you in the loop

Due to the Toodyay event taking place in early November, and the fact that Swan Care cannot allocate Friday 8th November (it is taken for a residents' event), it is most likely that there will not be a November Muster - this will be confirmed asap;Rodger Kohn

My Cup Overfloweth

"May I please have a larger cup?"
she smiled and sweetly said.
"This one you've offered is too small
have you a bigger one instead?
I really want a larger one
it's not just some fad, you see.
A while ago this would have done
but I'm unlike I used to be.
This smaller cup, I would have said
would suit me to a T
but now I'm a nursing mother
and I really do need a C "

Pete. Stratford. 21.6.19



www.shutterstock.com · 516763801

The Cup

A wonderful custom that once used to be,
Was starting each day with a fresh pot of
tea.
Served up in fine style with a saucer and
cup,
To finish off breakfast soon after you're up.
But sadly tradition has now given way,
It's not how the family does things today.
A coffee for many is preferred over tea,
Freeze dried in granules and caffeine quite
free.
A carton of milk now replaces the jug,
The cup's given way to a chunky old mug.
But whenever you go to places of work,
The coffee they offer is mostly a 'perc';
Served in a throw away thin plastic cup,
Then thrown in the bin to save washing up.
But whether you choose a coffee or tea,
Disposable cups are polluting the sea.
I reckon it's time we all took a stand,
To declare plastic cups forever be banned!
By Frank Heffernan



THIS OLD MUG OF MINE

John Hayes

Some folk sip from fine bone china when they
have a cup of tea,
but I prefer my old mug it's quite unique as you
will see.

It's not the product of a factory with some mone-
tary worth;

This mug was made especially from good old
Aussie earth.

Its pipe clay from Kalannie; sandy loam from
Ballidu;

Turned and moulded skilfully, from this terra fir-
ma stew.

Then furnace fired for seven hours with a mulga
log stoked blaze,

then brushed with love when it was cool to com-
plete the final phase.

It has a graphical inscriptions to display the dis-
trict name

So all the people that I meet will know from
where it came

When I'm sharing with a gathering of nomads
roaming free

on the road to anywhere, or nowhere, with a cup
of tea;

It was gift from Kalannie farm folk for reciting po-
etry

I've had it now for twenty years; it maybe twenty
three

So when a brew we're sharing as life wanders to
and fro'

friendly faces come to life from those years of
long ago

**Great free Poetry newsletter: especially
good for Queensland events**

**eMuse: Independent Bush Poets Newslet-
ter.** 2000 plus subscribers (on-line free!) Australia-
Wide! Through his free distribution of this most in-
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newsletter*) Editor: Wally "The Bear" Finch. P. O. Box
68, Morayfield, 4506, Qld. Phone: (07) 54 955 110. E-
Mail: wmbear1@bigpond.com

Annette

Could it be so long ago? - Yet still it lingers
in my mind;
surely for the briefest moment then, the
stars had all aligned.
I can see it as it was that night, for how
could I forget,
rare are moments such as this, although
we'd only recent met.

There was music in the air that night just
drifting on the breeze,
that had stirred the Chinese lantern's, so
they flickered through the trees.
While the fading flush across the bay
showed where the sun had set
and my heart was beating wildly, as I
walked with you Annette.

Far too young to know of love; or heed a
poet's sound advice;
Just a boy of twenty-two, my knowledge
never would suffice.
Looking back, I now suspect, you too like
me, were much the same,
two young innocents in worldly ways; two
hearts that night aflame.

There beneath the stirring palms we
strolled contented hand in hand;
all those years ago, along a tropic beach of
silver sand.
Once I dreamt of fortunes vast, that surely
one day I would get,
now my dreams are of more precious
things, I dream of you Annette.

© T. E. Piggott

PERTH POETRY CLUB



www.perthpoetryclub.com/

Some of our members have been attending the
Perth Poetry Club. We were thrilled to have
their Ann Gilchrist read for us at the June
muster.

Birthday Gift ©

By John Hayes 2019

This mug I have with me today
was made from Hyden's sand and clay.

A birthday gift from friends of ours
with whom, we had spent so many hours

Scaling Wave Rocks formation grand
that over looks the broad wheat land.

It was spring if I remember right
with the air now cold and stars so bright.

There we gathered by the campfire's glow
reciting poetry verses that we know.

Then we hung the billy o'er the fire
when a brew of tea we did desire.

The moon came up the stars rolled round
we spread our swags upon the ground.



My Mug

I carry my mug in a mug bag
It was made for me by Maureen
I have carried a mug in that mug bag
For the last 7 years good or lean

My mug goes with me to quilting,
To the library, Bush poets and Band
In fact anywhere I drink coffee
It has travelled the length of the land

I needed to carry a mug in the bag
To save water, time and rubbish foam
But also I like to use my own mug
It has a lid to bring coffee from home!

Heather Denholm

COMPETITIONS AROUND AUSTRALIA

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

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

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

2 August - Closing Date - Ipswich Poetry Feast written competition, Ipswich Qld.

6-8 September - Queensland Bush Poetry Championships, Beenleigh Queensland (just south of Brisbane). All Welcome. Performance and written competitions. Ring Jim 0403 871 325 or Gerry 0499 942 922 Children, Adult, Written sections

7 September - Closing Date - Toolangi C J Dennis Poetry Competition, Healesville Victoria. Open poetry, short story, poem by adult of children, primary students, secondary students.

5 October - Closing Date - WA Bush Poetry Championships Silver Quill written competition. Toodyay WA

FEBRUARY 2020

16-23 February - Orange Banjo Paterson Festival, Orange NSW. Yeoval Poets Brunch, Banjo's Birthday Breakfast, Night Market,

12 February - Closing Date - Orange Banjo Paterson Performance Poetry Competition, Orange NSW. Performance Poetry Competition, Festival Dinner on the Village Green in Molong, Emmaville Family Market Day.



The Cup

There's a ledge around the club house where trophies congregate,

There are cups and plaques, all shapes and sizes. Some, would hardly rate.

Those who've won a Club award, their names on silver plate,

but now and then a trophy seems to me, perhaps, second rate.

My daughters all played netball. Back in Warrnambool they'd play,
and each received their just rewards for skills displayed that day.

Bright gold trophies, crowned with net-balls, hoops, and names
engraved thereon commemorating deeds from famous games.

They gathered dust on shelves at home between our family snaps.

I took four to the Bowling Club to help fill in some gaps.

They did not look too out of place, as all did brightly shine

amongst the older trophies. But to me they looked just fine.

As bowling years each reach their end, all trophies are removed

from their allocated spaces, names added, and improved.

Presented to this year's stars, then put back on display,

but one by one my trophies have been sent to 'far away'.

It took five years for all my fakes too meet their disapproval.

Did the Bowls Committee meet, and vote for their removal?

My playful actions if found out, should I remain a member?

When another one arrives, will my body they dismember?



A Bush House Warming By "Martingale"

Merry voices full of laughter, sounding o'er the moonlit road;
There's to be a gay "house-warming" at the Jackson's new abode.
Down the bush track guests are streaming, singing as they jolt along:
Springs a-squeaking, harness' creaking, voices raised in merry song.

Sulkies, buggies, ancient spring carts, saddle-horses large and small;
Bachelors, be-wiskered hubbies, damsels short and damsels tall;
Maidens coy, with eyes-a-sparkle guarded by their fond mamas,
Watch their bashful swains discussing crops and cows with stern papas.

At the house a scene of bustle: horses tied to every post;
Lights a-gleaming; happy voices shouting greetings to the host.
In a suit of brand-new raiment, Jackson stands within the hall,
Tugging at a snowy collar, very stiff and rather small.

Mrs. J., in gown entrancing, meets the ladies at the door,
Ushers them into the bedroom, parks the babies on the floor.
Then the fiddle starts a-lit'ing; feet are itching for the dance;
"Come on, gents, select yer partners! Buck up there and take a chance!"

JOHN ARNOLD MALLET

John Arnold was born in Yorkshire, UK in 1897. He joined the British Army at the outbreak of World War 1, and was awarded the military medal for heroism.

Mallet emigrated to Australia in 1922 and pioneered a 1400-acre property at lake Bidby, later moving to a property at North Nippering. He became well known for his first-hand knowledge of farming. In 1935 Mallett was invited to join the staff of the *Western Mail*, where he offered information and advice to the readers under the pen-name "Martingale." The popular column was used as the basis of a weekly radio programme conducted by Mallett. In 1951 he became editor of the Department of Agriculture's *Journal of Agriculture*.

Mallett also contributed greatly to the community, becoming president of Perth Legacy and the WA Guide Dogs for the Blind Association. He was a member of the Voluntary Defence Corps during World War 11 and acted as honorary ADC to Lieutenant-Governor, Sir James Mitchell.

Mallett died in 1960.

Source "West Australian", 1960

The Papers: The records were lent for copying by Trevor Mallett on 29th July 2009.

Thanks to John and Anne Hayes for passing on this poem and information. We do miss Brian's input and research into past poets. ED.



Round the room they're gaily whirling: matrons plump and maidens slim,
 Youths who glide with mien unruffled, youths who plunge with faces grim;
 Dicky Brown, who's fifty-seven, dancing with the widow Bligh.
 See him whisper; watch her blushing; twig the twinkle in her eye.



Then the M.C., stepping forward, sternly frowns upon the throng:
 "Order, please, for Mister Walker, who'll oblige us with a song."
 Walker, looking rather nervous, leaves his "possie" by the wall,
 Warbles in a rumbling basso, "Let me Like a Soldier Fall."



Miss O'Reilly then "obliges," carolling "That Swannee Shore;"
 Wilkens raised a row of grins with "How McDougall Topped the Score;"
 Then a set of lancers followed; fun was furious and fast.
 Jackson soon discards his collar; murmurs softly "Peace at Last."

Supper! Ah! A sigh of rapture comes from the single hearts;
 Jellies, trifles and blanchmanges, pastries, cakes and flaky tarts.
 "Dog" and damper-sated bushmen murmur: "Wot a luvly life!
 Cripes, Bill! Don't this sorter tucker make yer wish yer'd got a wife?"



Old man Tompkins called for silence whilst he made a little speech;
 Voiced, in accents gruff and hearty, sentiments of all and each:
 "The Jacksons wuz a bonzer couple and the grub wuz just immense;
 Might Dame Fortune smile upon 'em, and their crops o'er-top the fence."

Then he called for cheers—and got 'em—cheers that seemed to shake the walls,
 Till the babies in the bedroom woke and filled the air with squalls.
 Dance and song beguiled the hours almost till the break of day;
 Auld Lang Syne with hand clasps hearty, lusty cheers and then—away.



Guests are jogging slowly homewards, slumb'ring forms beneath the seat.
 See the driver's head a-nodding, eyelids heavy—"Git up, Pete!"
 Fainter grows the sound of hoof-beats and the rumble of the wheels.
 O'er the east a rosy flush, the herald of the morning, steals.

The Pannikin

When you're worn out from hard Yakka and your rear end drags the ground
 and you've tramped all days for miles, and not a flam'en things been found
 Then you stagger to your campsite that you're really pleased to see,
 though you barely have the energy to make a cup of tea.
 But your pannikin is waiting hanging from a nearby tree
 and although it's old and battered, it's still good enough for me.

It's now scarred and chipped from wear and tear that some may call abuse
 and it's blackened on the inside after years of constant use.
 But it seems to add a flavour that no other mug can do
 and for thirty years I've used it from the day that it was new
 There's no way I'd come without it for it's almost next of kin,
 but I need to watch the missus doesn't throw it in the bin.
 ©T.E. Piggott



YAKKA MUNGA MAN

They miss him in the Kimberley at Yakka Munga Station,
And every now and then they hold a special celebration.
They miss him at the muster when the going's getting tough,
And yarning at the dinner camps, they miss him sure enough,
And then of course at Derby there's the poets' breakfast show,
Where spruikers from the outback and the city have a go.
They've got some great bush poets and a lot of famous names,
But there'll never be another Johnny James.

His voice was rough as gravel and he lacked a tooth or three,
And the fashion of his haircut was a total mystery.
He strode across the Kimberley, no boots upon his feet,
The wildest looking character you'd ever care to meet.
His eyes were fired with passion and his jaw was firmly set,
Just itching for some idiot to pick a fight, and yet,
They've got some great bush poets and a lot of famous names,
But there'll never be another Johnny James.

He couldn't match the masters with his rhythm or his rhyme,
And his onomatopoeia didn't matter half the time,
He held some strong opinions and he wrote the way he spoke,
So you couldn't help admiring the courage of the bloke.
He wrote of situations every bushman understood,
And even Rusty Christensen conceded he was good,
And of all the great bush poets and of all the famous names,
There'll never be another Johnny James.

So now he's with his maker, *"shuffled off his mortal coil"*,
No more he'll roll a scrubber, nor watch the billy boil,
No more he'll work from dawn to dusk then half way through the night,
To muster one more gully run or set a windmill right,
No more he'll stir an audience with passion in his eyes.
His spruiking days are over, but a legend never dies,
And for all your great bush poets and those fancy, famous names,
There'll never (no, there'll never!) be another Johnny James.

Cobber Lethbridge
Old Town, Halls Creek. October 17, 2004

JOHNNY JAMES

Rest up Johnny James; you've done
your share

To keep this mighty country on the
square.

Rough rider, cattle man, patriot,
Larrikin, bush poet, you've done the
lot!

You made your mark Johnny, you
left your stamp,

It's time to find that shady dinner
camp

And let the cool breeze rustle
through your hair.

Rest up Johnny James; you've done
your share.

Cobber Lethbridge

Halls Creek. October 01, 2003

Dear Ed,
At the June muster, I referred to a
Henry Lawson short story called
'The Splinter,' that had enthralled
my young sons as kids. Digging it
out was considerably harder than
anticipated, not the least reason
for which was that it is actually ti-
tled 'The Ironbark Chip.'

Anyway, having overcome that ob-
stacle, I thought I should share it
with you and members. It's from
Lawson's 1900 anthology 'One the
Track' which can be found online
here: [https://www.telelib.com/
authors/L/LawsonHenry/prose/
onthetrack/ironbarkchip.html](https://www.telelib.com/authors/L/LawsonHenry/prose/onthetrack/ironbarkchip.html)

Enjoy!
Paul Browning

Thanks Paul, sadly it is too long to
include in The Bully Tin but I have
printed a copy for members to bor-
row from the library. Ed.

WA BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS ASSOC.

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

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E Mail -----
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Date -----

Please tick appropriate boxes below and fill in total owing

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Family \$30.00

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(Snail Mail)

TOTAL Owing \$ -----

To a committee member at the muster or post to The Treasurer

WA BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS ASSOC.
P.O. Box 364
BENTLEY, 6982

If you have not received your membership card and receipt within 4 weeks please contact the Treasurer on 0418 941016

Assoc. Inc



Aims of the Association:

- To Conserve Traditional Australian Bush Poetry
- To keep Australian People in touch with their heritage
- To maintain the Australian idiom
- To Promote Bush Poetry and Yarnspinning writing and performance in the wider community

Public meetings / Performances (Musters)

Are held Monthly on the 1st Friday

7.00 - 9.30pm at:

**Auditorium,
26 Plantation St.
Bentley Park Retirement Village.
Bentley Park 6102**

Info & Contact details
wabushpoets.asn.au
or wabushpoets.com

**WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinnners
Assoc. Inc.**

You should receive your personal copy of the Monthly Newsletter "The Bully Tin" a few days prior to the next "first Friday. Receipt and membership card should follow shortly after

Muster entry prices:
Members \$6, Public \$8
Supper Gold Coin Donation



Today

/ / 2019

I applied for (or renewed) Membership,
and paid my dues to the above Assoc.

I paid by _____

Membership fees can be paid by direct
Bank Transfer : Bendigo Bank

BSB 633 000 A/C#158764837 **Please**

Email notification of payment to :
treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au

MC: Terry Piggott

Terry started the muster at 7.00 pm and began proceedings with a reprise of 'DAVE', a poem he wrote and presented at the recent funeral of poet Dave Smith. It was a beautiful and fitting tribute to a bloke who we all adored for his wonderful sense of humour, poems, and yarns. A worthy first contribution to a great evening of excellent bush poetry interspersed with the odd yarn.

Tess Earnshaw recited her poem 'Man Flu', the tale of a husband who suffered the consequences of a most severe case of Man Flu.

Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge played his mouth organ and recited his poem, 'The Aussie Bush Mechanic', who will fix any car problems for a box of tinnies.

Anne Hayes recited 'Merino's Revenge' by Vince Malone, wherein a Merino Ewe tells us of her 'Master Plan'.

Christine Boulton recited 'The Christmas Gift', by Terry Piggott, a true story of opal miners facing a very bleak Christmas who have a change of luck.

Lorraine Broun presented her poem 'One Terrifying Night' - two nurses try to hide the evidence of burnt toast. Lorraine also gave us 'Revenge is a Dish Best Served Cold', whereby a difficult case is given to a 'superior' doctor.

John Hayes recited his 'Gourmet Bunny', where a butcher sells rabbits at \$25 per kilo, and the responses of both a father and his son.

Jem Shorland told a yarn of a traffic cop stopping an old lady and her passengers for driving too slowly. Jem then presented the second instalment of 'Man's Best Friend', a tale of the McWhirt family and a disastrous history.

Barry Robinson presented his poem 'Black Jack', about crows playing dodge on the road while enjoying some roadkill.

Barry Higgins recited 'The GST', a poem by Sid Hopkinson, of a busker who swallows money and is saved by a stranger who works at the ATO

After supper, three 'Mug' poems were presented, by **Christine Boulton, Anne Hayes, and John Hayes.**

Terry Piggott presented his poem, 'A Time For Healing'. The deep sadness and grieving felt after the loss of a child hidden for many years is soothed when they go to the outback and find peace and healing.

Tess Earnshaw recited her poem, 'Bus Driver's Point of View'. A coach driver's view of badly behaved wedding guests.

Anne Hayes recited Henry Lawson's, 'The Bush Girl', the story of a young country lass waiting at the front gate for a young man who never returns.

Cobber Lethbridge recited his poem, 'Name on a Boab Tree', wherein he ponders about the man who carved it.

Lorraine Broun presented her poem 'The Ring of Confidence'. Confusion arises about toothpaste, haemorrhoid cream, and feeling frisky.

John Hayes recited his poem 'The Whole Hog', about his holidays on his uncle's farm as a lad, and lots of pig.

Jem Shorland presented 'Down the Aisle', about his wife and her habits of walking down aisles.

Tony Hill recited 'Gladys' by Grahame Watt. A shy young man develops a proprietary interest in a young lass he hopes to meet again.

Barry Robinson read his poem, 'Fishing at 80 Mile Beach', about fishing from the beach with lots of company.

Cobber Lethbridge gave us another of his wonderful tales about the legendary and talented Mother McQue.

Christine Boulton recited her poem, 'Running The Dog'. The effects on James of a companion dog from the pound.

John Hayes gave us 'Corkscrew Jack', his poem of a water diviner who drills bores and cuts hardwood with his Kelly and Plumb axes.

DERBY BUSH POET'S BREAKFAST 2019 by Meg Gordon

Derby Bush Poet's Breakfast was started in 1998 by Cheryle Holmes who was a resident at the time. She was a member of the Country Music Club which ran this event for about 3 years. She heard a South Australian poet, Bob Magor, while listening to Macca one Sunday morning and the gem of an idea to have poet's breakfast was formed. He was the first poet that Cheryle contacted, then the late Rusty Christensen and eventually Cobber Lethbridge. With these eminent poets participating, Derby Bush Poet's Breakfast was born. The Country Music Club folded and Cheryle moved on. Robyn Bowcock and Elsie Archer ran this event with the aid of a willing band of helpers for the next 18 years. Cobber (who is the current Australian Bush Poetry Male Champion) has continued to come up to Derby each year (only missing once) and will no doubt be back again next year.

Local sponsors very generously supported this event and the community was rewarded each year by travelers who made their way up to this remote area of Australia and consequently boosted the local economy.

Derby has a rich history and was very important to the pastoral industry, as a way of providing a port for the export of wool and livestock to feed the southern part of the state.

Today it is a very friendly, welcoming community with tourism the main industry and well worth the effort to visit as it is a staging point for trips to Horizontal Falls, Gibb River Road and all its attractions including Windjana and Emma Gorges.

Derby Bush Poets is now entering a new phase with another one of WA's best poets, James Fitzpatrick, who is a pediatrician in Perth and has an office in Broome. James has been a performer for some years at Derby and it is great that he feels that this event is important to the Community. James won both the Original Serious and the Original Humorous sections at the Australian and WA Championships in 2017. He is inspired by the people and places of the outback and the wild reaches of the open sea. He was coaxed back to the Derby stage in 2018 and now it's hard to keep him away.

Indigenous artists, Sam Lovell AM and Ivan Bridge are much appreciated by the locals and visitors alike. Sam is a great singer and a very popular busker in Tamworth for the last 21 years. He was born in Calwynada (between Fitzroy Crossing and Derby) in 1933 and known affectionately as "Mr Kimberley" and recently has been acknowledged for his commitment to Indigenous Tourism. Ivan is a great yarnspinner and is a regular attendee at DBPB thanks to his good mate Cobber. Ivan learnt how to spin yarns from his father and is often seen entertaining visitors and locals in the main street of Halls Creek.

Ron Evans from Boyup Brook (SW WA) has been a regular for over 15 years and he was very much a part of the Derby community when he arrived in 1961 where he worked at the local hotel and also looked after Rusty Birch's butcher's shop.

Another regular performer at Derby, was Joss Dunster who came to town while working for the RFDS, married a local and had a daughter Isobel, who accompanied her as she performed her poetry at any opportunity. Isobel must have picked up on the happy atmosphere surrounding Bush Poetry events as she now performs without any anxiety in front of an audience. Her recitation of "The Tram Man" and "The Postman" by CJ Dennis and "Puddin" from The Magic Pudding by Norman Lindsay, was flawless and she is eager to continue performing.

Linda Parrant from New Zealand performed as well as did Robin Maher another local and gave a great rendition of "The Play" by CJ Dennis. A challenging feat but it was very well performed and much applauded.

Bill Gordon from Boyup Brook made the journey again this year (it is going to be hard to keep him away in the future also!) and his wife, Meg, was asked to be MC.

Being able to critique while sitting in many audiences over the years while Meg has been travelling around the poetry scene, she is aware of what audiences like from MC's and what they don't want to hear. Nevertheless she was a bit daunted but received much appreciation for her effort.

The poetry world has been greatly blessed to have had the organizational skills of Robyn Bowcock and her support crew and we wish her well in retirement.



Back row left to right—Cobber Lethbridge, Sam Lovell AM, Joss Dunstan, Ivan Bridge, Ron Evans

Front Row—Robin Maher, Isobel Dunstan, Meg Gordon, Robyn Bowcock, James

Fitzpatrick (holding daughter Milla), Bill Gordon

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

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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: Third 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 or www.bushverse.com

Address correspondence for the “Bully Tin” to: Bully Tin Editor, PO Box 364, Bentley 6982 or 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

Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list

Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit website -Go to the “Performance Poets” page

Don't forget our website www.wabushpoets.asn.au

Please contact the Webmaster, if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.

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	Book, CDs	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