

# The Bully Tin

September, 2004

WA Bush Poets



& Yarn Spinners

Monthly Muster at the Como Bowling & Recreation Club cnr Hensman & Sandgate Sts, South Perth  
Next meeting: Friday 3<sup>rd</sup> September, 2004 at 7.00pm for 7.30pm start.

## Australian Bush Poetry Championships

# Tickets available now!!!

### Australian Music Concert

Wed Oct 27<sup>th</sup>  
At Wattle Grove Camp  
59 Kelvin Road Wattle Grove 7.30pm

**Sensitive New Age Cow Persons**  
Hilarious Blue Grass Style

**Peter Capp**  
Bush Poet & Yarn Spinner

**David Lee**  
Singer/ Songwriter

**Pat Drummond**  
Singer/ Songwriter

Tickets \$20.00

Buy tickets for  
Both shows for \$40.00  
Save \$5.00

### The Naked Poets Show

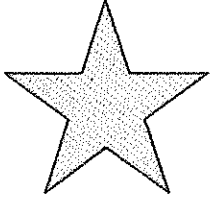
at The Regal Theatre  
Subiaco

Fri Oct 29<sup>th</sup>  
Featuring Lady Competitors &  
Selection of National Female Champion

Sat Oct 29<sup>th</sup>  
Featuring Male Competitors &  
Selection of National Champion

Tickets \$25.00  
Pensioner & Bulk Purchases 10% Discount

Ticket Purchase Information: Ph (08) 9397 0409 email [diggers\\_camp@yahoo.com.au](mailto:diggers_camp@yahoo.com.au)



# National Championship Update

We now have tickets available to all the major events which will make up the WA Festival of Australian Bush Verse so I will give you a detailed outline of these events in the hope that you will attend some and encourage others to do like wise.

**Tuesday 26<sup>th</sup> October – 5.00pm Onwards**

**Venue: Rod & Kerry's Diggers Camp  
160 Blair Road, Oakford**

This will be an informal Meet the Poets evening. Many of the competitors and professional performers will be in town by this date so this will be an opportunity to get to know them. We will probably have both the indoor and outdoor stages operating so every one will have a chance to strut their stuff. There will be a sausage sizzle operating or bring your own picnic or barbie and enjoy a fun night under the stars.  
**Price: \$10.00 per head**

**Wednesday 27<sup>th</sup> October 7.30pm – 10.30pm**

**Venue: Camp Wattle Grove  
59 Kelvin Road, Wattle Grove**

A variety of Aussie Bush verse has been put to music. Pat Drummond and Dave Lee are wonderful examples of this style of music. Along with the mad cap antics of Peter Capp and the Sensitive New Age Cow Persons this will be a night of music merriment and mayhem!

The Wattle Grove Camp will be the social hub for our visitors from the East so this will be another opportunity to meet up with them.  
**Price: \$20.00 per head**

**Friday 29<sup>th</sup> October**

**Venue: Regal Theatre – Subiaco**

**Women's Competition Day**

The women's competition will commence at 9.30am and will run all day. Depending on the number of entries it is hoped that we will be able to run the mixed Contemporary Category at the end of this day.

A day pass will be \$10.00. What a way to spend a day, enjoying the atmosphere that Subiaco has to offer while taking in the performances of Australia's best lady Bush Poets including Kerry Lee, WA & National Champion, Carol Heuchan, NSW Champion and Melanie Hall, 2004 Winton and Tamworth winner.

**Friday night at the Regal Theatre will be The Naked Poets Show which will incorporate the Women's Final.** The top five women will carry the points they have scored during the day into the night final. They will

have six minutes to perform a poem of their own, serious or funny, not previously performed in the competition. A judge from the Perth Theatre Arts community will give them a score which will be added to their competition score to select the National Champion. The National Champion will be announced after interval.

**Price: \$10.00 Day Pass**

**\$30.00 Day Pass & Evening Show**

**\$25.00 Evening Show**

**Saturday 30<sup>th</sup> October**

**Venue: Regal Theatre - Subiaco**

**Men's Competition Day**

Entries from the men have been strong so a 9.00am start may be required. This will be a wonderful day of competition. Entries received so far include Milton Taylor, winner of many major competitions, John Best, Queensland Champion, Noel Stallard, Australian Champion, Colin Milligan, Victorian Champion and Jim Brown, TV presenter best known as the travel presenter on Healthy, Wealthy & Wise.

A day pass will be \$10.00 or a Two day Pass for Friday and Saturday night will be \$15.00.

**Saturday night at the Regal Theatre will be the Naked Poets Show which will incorporate the Men's Final.**

For the avid enthusiasts who attend both Friday and Saturday night The Naked Poets will vary some of their material.

The top six men will carry their points forward, as with the women's competition and judging will be the same as the previous night.

This should be a wonderful night as this is the strongest men's field ever to come together in the one competition.

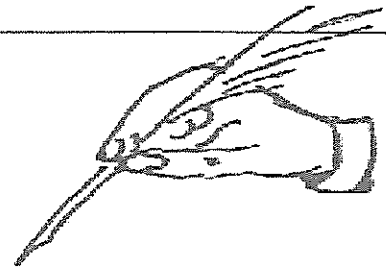
**Tickets: \$30.00 Day Pass and Evening Show  
\$25.00 Evening Show**

Kerry and I, your Bush Poets committee and the members of the Kenwick Rotary Club are working feverishly to make this event a success. The shows which are being presented will be of an extremely high entertainment standard.

**By supporting your club and attending you will enjoy a very rare entertainment experience.**

## See you there!

# Letters to the Editor



## The Editor

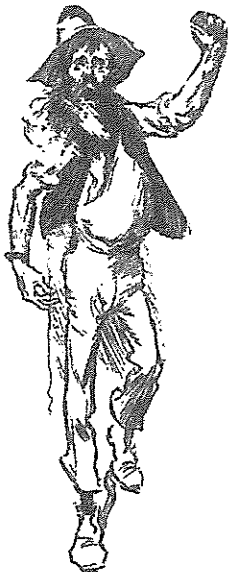
Well, it happened again. A few days after the Bully Tin went out Val's response was in my mail box. She is a hard task master. This time she did an assessment of my poem and it didn't come out all that bad allowing for the fact that I realised it was technically flawed and would never have considered entering it in a written competition. I have no problem with one as technically correct as Val giving me tips and it raises another issue for discussion.

I liken my journey through bush poetry to going back to primary school. Firstly you are taught the basics. And the most basic rule of rhyming verse is that the rhyming pattern you choose for the first stanza is maintained throughout the on going stanzas. Even in the early stages of basic education we are encouraged to think outside the square and develop our imaginations. So my first poems had correct rhyming patterns and good stories but the rhythm was lacking. As others have said, I wasn't using metre, I was using feet and inches. As the years have moved on I have attempted more difficult rhyming patterns and improved my metre. However, I write to recite not to be read. Therefore, while I strive for greater technical correctness I will not let it get in the way of a creative story – a balance which varies with each individual.

Chris Sadler sent down several poems from children at Wongan Hills High School. Because she disagreed with the poems I chose for the news letter I asked Glenny Palmer to assess these poems. Glenny selected the poems I had chosen because they maintained the rhyming pattern and made a good attempt at the rhythm. She did, however, make the point that other poems showed better story development and greater imagination. So, what comes first? I invite your comments.

John Hayes poem has a go at all three topics discussed in the Letters to the Editor.

## Rod



## Setting the Standard

I heard a whisper, no a rumour laced with a touch of humour  
How Val and Rod have kept the verses flowing.  
Rod's reposed in bed with optic phrases in his head  
And Kerry's in the backyard busy mowing.  
While poetry he was making he called for eggs and bacon  
And it's time the little woman realised  
She must forget the mower and the vacuum blower  
As mental faculties must be fertilised.

Meanwhile, Valerie Read, with ultrasonic speed  
Fired up her imagination  
And skipped through every line perfect rhythm and with rhyme  
Ready for instant recitation.  
There was some consternation of correct interpretation  
What the term of *Silver Tail* might be.  
I thought it was a shiny bum that graced the office chair  
And through his window everything could see.

But pardon if you will my ignorance, for I'm just a country boy  
And there's just a grain of wheat between the ears.  
The cogs are rather rusty and my book of ages dusty  
As I flit back through the pages of my years.  
While the battler of the outback is living in a tin shack  
And struggling with a feather dipped in tar  
Scribes upon a jam tin label the facts and not the fable  
How it was and how it really are.

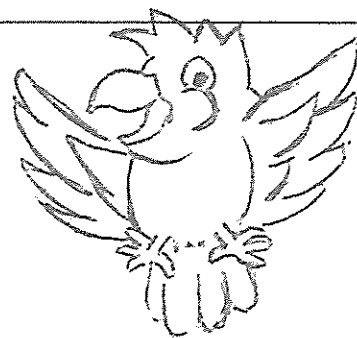
Yarns exaggerated often leave me constipated  
And other times it gives me dysentery  
For there's simply no accountin' how an anthill is a mountain  
But I guess that is poetic imagery.  
It fairly makes me quiver when you write of flowing river  
When sitting down beside a dried up creek  
And the sun is beating down where all the earth is brown-  
You should have been there only just last week.

But whether true or fake its history that you make  
And nothing has changed throughout the ages.  
But instead of minstrel singers we have poetic ringers  
Or printed word on illustrated pages.  
So, whatever is your yen, I say pick up the pen  
And scribe your name in history if you dare.  
You can laugh until you cry or cry until you laugh  
And show with your emotions that you care.

And it's true we need a censor for those who may be denser  
And haven't learnt how to toe the line.  
We encourage verse that is gritty, rise above the dirty ditty  
And be a classic poet of your time.  
It's essential it is wise so open up your eyes  
And the door to your ripe imagination,  
And then you will concede that our Valerie Read  
Sets the standard in scribe for recitation.

John Hayes ©

# Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"



## President's Annual Report

The year began with a shaky start with some resignations and the usual arm twisting to fill positions on the Executive Committee.

With such a momentous year in the offing it was important to get the correct mix of enthusiastic, clear thinking persons to make the dream of holding the National Championships a reality.

Plenty of interest was shown in the early group meetings and from them, a small, dedicated and intelligent band emerged – Vice President Peter Nettleton, Treasurer Kerry Lee, Rod Lee Secretary/Championship Coordinator, IPP Lorelie Tacoma, Jean Ritchie, who took over as Secretary when Rod's work load increased, June Bond Schools Liaison, Edna Westall, the type of person no volunteer organisation could survive without and the Hostess Extraordinaire Rae Dockery (the committee meets at Rae's house each month). Unfortunately, Peter Nettleton had to resign due to shifting to Melbourne employment. Following the resignation of the editor of the mail out, the Lees took over this important function and since produced an excellent and more economical publication of the "Bully Tin".

Having previously expressed it publicly I reiterate that this committee is about the best group of people it has been my pleasure to work with. Should any other member be thinking of joining this merry band please do so as there is always room for more, but do come with a commitment to work, if not hard and fast, with diligence, integrity and above all, enthusiasm for what our Association is about.

The year has had changes in its usual format. Australia Day changed from a competition after heats in October, November and December, to a successful Showcase of Bush Poetry on Wireless Hill, where it all began – the spot is known across Australia. The first State Championship was held at the Fremantle Arts Centre and for a first up it was successful. The objective is to hold these at a different location each year – preferably in one of the regions or major country towns and offers are invited.

One of the highlights of the year was Kerry Lee's success in the Australian Female Championships at Mulwalla, NSW and Rod finished fourth of a strong field in the Male section. Chris Sadler & Rod were creditable finalists at Tamworth. The depth of talent in our state was reinforced when yours truly went to Winton, Queensland, where I won the prestigious Waltzing Matilda Championship with its imposing trophy and trip to the USA in January, 2005 as prizes.

Add to the above, members exhibiting our art in the Kimberleys, the Rawlina Muster, Boyup Brook (500 at the Poet's Breakfast), the Royal Agricultural Show, Schools, Corporate Functions and Val Read's writing success. In all these situations it has been well received – Bush Poetry is alive and well in WA.

One of our staunch members, Arthur Leggett, was awarded an Order of Australia which was well deserved. We all love and respect Arthur and I enjoy it tremendously when I appear with him at any show and it has been

suggested that he be nominated as a "National Treasure".

Numbers continue to increase at the Monthly Muster, not only in the important audience but the performers. There is still an untapped source of material and talent out there. Not every one is comfortable in front of an audience which is why it is so important that we foster written competitions. I see that as an opportunity for a couple of other willing workers.

Last, but certainly no least, is the lead up to the National Championships – the first in a capital city. With the help and enthusiasm of the Rotary Club of Kenwick, Rod Lee, whose new title "Events Coordinator" sits well with him, has got this ball rolling. Tickets are printed and being sold, promotional functions arranged and enquiries are being received from our mates in the East. Rotary will receive the excess profit for its Cord Blood project and our Association gets good exposure to a wider variety of venues and audiences.

The year 2003-2004 has been a watershed for our Association. We now have a robust organisation with over 120 members, regular well attended Musters, performers and writers waiting in the wings and a dedicated committee working cohesively toward a common goal – the successful conduct of the National Championships of the Australian Bush Poets Association.

Thank you all for your support during the year and I offer myself as President for the year 2004-2005.

Rusty Christensen

# Member's Contributions

## The Legend of Moondyne Joe

Most places had their heroes whether bad or good.  
Victoria had Ned Kelly and England, Robin Hood.

Here in the West was one they learnt to know.  
A real legend by the name of Moondyne Joe.

Joseph Belitho Johns was his real name,  
Later known as Moondyne Joe when he lived a life of fame.

He arrived in eighteen-fifty-three horse stealing was all the go.  
"Easy way to make a living" thought Moondyne Joe.

Safe in stables or corals Joe would set them free  
And return them to their owners for a nice fat fee.

He roamed the Avon Valley up around Toodyay  
Making trap yards so they wouldn't get away.

In eighteen-sixty the police were on his track  
Demolishing his yards but Joe kept coming back.

He put up new traps - by now a wanted man,  
Finally was captured and locked up in the can.

Escaping was easy - headed for Glenavon Farm,  
Broke into Dodd's cottage and stole a fire-arm.

Sent to Fremantle prison where he escaped once more;  
Went back to the Avon, escaping from the law.

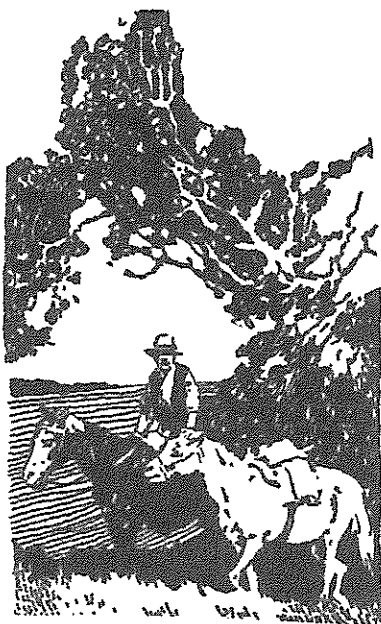
Bought a dray and horses for which he didn't pay  
Although no Bill of Sale once more got away.

Moondyne finally married. Set up a boarding house  
On the goldfield's railway. A good cook was his spouse.

Making counterfeit shillings Again outside the law.  
Once more committed- A free man no more.

Ending his day in an old man's home  
At a place called "Sunset" No more did he roam.

Jack Mock



## This Village That Is Ours – Swan Village Bentley

You never need be lonely; It's really up to you.  
You never need be bored; There's so many things to do.  
There's snooker, bowls or dancing for the energetic lot,  
A library and some super books with authors you'd forgot.  
There's bingo, cards and outings to regions near and far,  
For people without transport its here, no need a car.  
There's pottery, arts and crafts, beautiful things they do.  
The museum holds displays especially for you.  
There's concerts, talks and Tai-Chi for others if they wish.  
And drama, also writers – please don't give us a miss.  
There's very gentle exercise for those who can't do much,  
For poor old limbs which hurt but do benefit by such.  
A shop for all your needs – they'll deliver if you're ill  
And a doctor is on hand to dish out advice and a pill.  
The hairdresser will call if your legs can't face the walk  
A workshop for the men who just yearn for cobblers talk.  
Plus welfare if you're sick, any time, both day and night;  
Security, and men who see the maintenance put right.  
If you ever need a friend then many will be there  
To listen help and comfort. Any problem they will share.  
The chapel's in the village where there's quiet to reflect  
A bus to your favourite church so spiritual needs are met  
Yes, you'll find it all in here, this village that is ours.  
No hassles, just real kindness as we while away the hours.  
I feel so very lucky that we've settled now in here  
To live out life, contented, in our few remaining years.

Jan Tucker (Submitted by Maxine Richter)

## The City Visitors

They are coming today – they are going to stay,  
Auntie Jean with her husband and daughter.  
Dad's going insane and hopes it will rain  
Or there's not going to be enough water.  
For according to Jean one needs to be clean.  
Cleanliness has to come first.  
Says Dad "Strike me pink! I would much rather drink  
Than be spotless and dying of thirst!!  
Indeed it's a pity that folk from the city  
Have got such an audacious cheek  
To bathe when they're clean when the practice has been  
To shower but one day a week."  
But Dad has a plan – He's a devious man,  
Possessing remarkable powers.  
He fiddles around until it is found  
There is only cold water for showers.  
And it's only the bold who endure the cold  
Of water that hasn't been heated.  
The water supply is not going to run dry.  
In fact it's been scarcely depleted.  
The immaculate Jean will be leaving the scene  
Along with her husband and daughter.  
And one has to report their stay was quite short-  
In fact it could not have been shorter!  
If you're seeking the charm of a stay on a farm  
And you wish to remain clean and pretty  
Then go when its wet, or I'll hazard a bet  
You'll find yourself back in the city!

Peg Vickers ©

Peg is one of our country members from Albany.  
She has received several Highly Commended for  
her poetry.

# Way Out Back - of Perth!

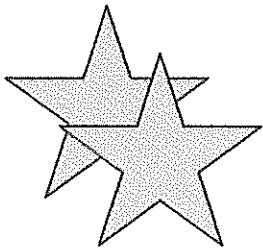
Help! We are now the proud owners of a seriously confused sheep. Baa-Lee has doubled her height and tripled her girth and is suffering an identity crisis. She considers herself a *pernine* which, for those not blessed with her high level of intelligence, is a cross between a *person* and a *canine*. She is definitely not a sheep! In fact she finds the other sheep quite terrifying. No way could she be one of those!

She chases after the car with the dogs, baaing when they bark, and even tries to leap inside onto my lap. She has also been very busy helping Rod with his renovations in the humpy – eating screws, knocking ladders over and snapping precious pieces of timber in two. Not to mention the odd puddle or dropping. Rod would be devastated if she didn't show up to work each day! As for me, I am constantly admiring the creative ways she has pruned my shrubs and pot plants. Move over Peter Cundle!

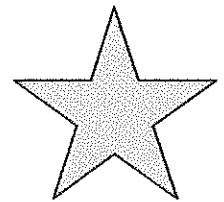
While she was trotting beside the ride-on mower as I meandered up and down the front paddock I reflected on a time when I was not trotting, but flat out racing, beside our old mower. This old warrior was built like a tank with none of the fancy cut-out gadgets the new one sports. So, when I crashed into a hidden stump the mower mounted the stump, ejected me out of the seat and onto the engine..... and the motor kept running – a minor technical detail I should have attended to! After much grunting and straining I pulled the mower off the stump and it took off in top gear, blades thrashing. I was off and running beside it clinging to the steering wheel. We were in amongst the paper bark trees at the time and a nasty crash was eminent unless I could maintain some degree of direction control. My athletic prowess was truly awesome as I heroically steered round trees and leapt logs with a full extension of flailing legs. Jana Pittman eat your heart out! With a full tank of petrol I calculated the mower had around two hours of action in it. With a weetbix and a slice of toast in me I doubted I had five minutes. I couldn't reach the controls without climbing aboard and I lacked the agility to perform such a feat at speed. Eventually the inevitable happened – I went flat and the mower went crash!!!! Straight into a big tree. And the motor obligingly cut out! Such is life on the *funny farm*.

Kerry

## Fund Raiser Night



a



## Huge success!

Many thanks to all who contributed to making our Fund Raiser night on Friday 20<sup>th</sup> August such a great evening – performers, supporters, helpers! We were thrilled so many of you braved the cold wet night and hope you felt rewarded for your efforts.

The enthusiasm with which everyone joined in with the auctioning and audience participation was tremendous and bodes well for club support for the Nationals.

With many expenses still to be finalised almost \$1000.00 was raised! A terrific boost to funds so desperately needed to run a competition of this calibre.

Thank you club members, family and friends!

# July Monthly Muster

Three days before the August Muster we realised that Rusty, Rod and I would not be there.

A few phone calls to make sure all the essentials would be attended to and that a few of the regulars would be there and we need not have worried. By all reports the evening flowed well and was its usual entertaining success. The number and standard of reciters is increasing all the time. What a great club we have!

As I was not there I cannot comment on the evening but was told there were varied and entertaining performances by John Hayes, Barry Higgins (always sure to produce a laugh), Brian Langley, Rod Chambers, our special man Arthur Leggett, Trish, Margaret, Syd, Frank Harrison, Rosemary and a new-comer – Mick Arthur. And last but not least our fellow poet from Wongan Hills, Chris Saddler, who has not lost any of her sparkle. Sorry we missed you Chris but we were glad you were there.

Many thanks to Lorelie for being the MC for the evening and to Beryl for supplying me with a list of performers.

Kerry

If any of the non performers would like to tackle the job of writing up the Monthly Muster please see me on Friday night. I'm sure there must be some creative writers who don't feel inclined to pen verse but would love to have an involvement.

## September "Recitalong"

### Billy of Tea

#### *Chorus:*

You can talk of your whisky, talk of your beer,  
There's something much nicer that's waiting us here,  
It sits on the fire beneath the gum tree.  
There's nothing much nicer than a billy of tea.

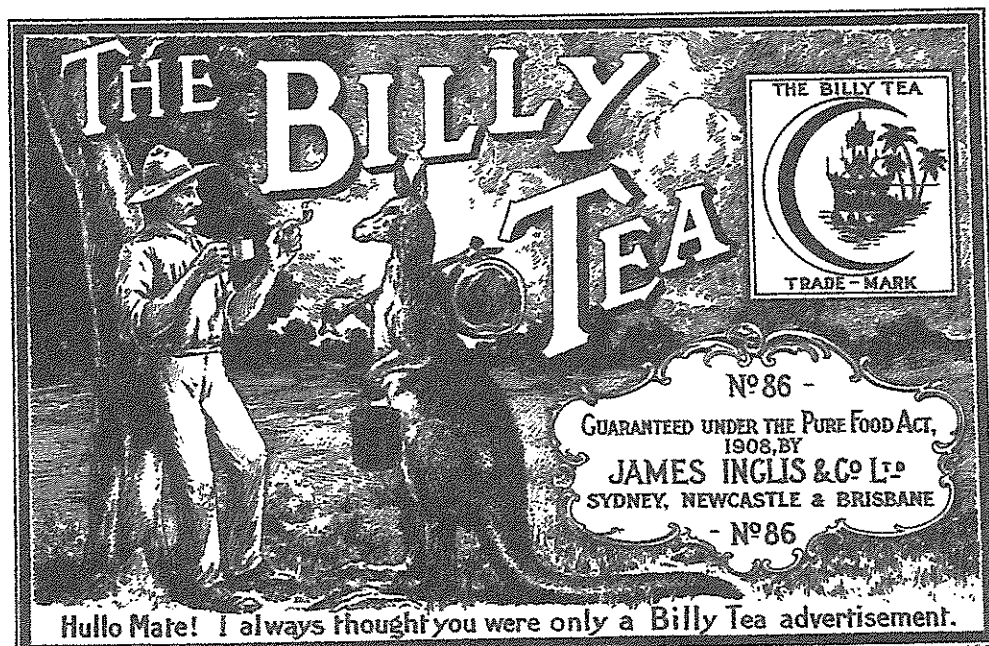
So fill up your tumbler as high as you can  
And don't you dare tell me it's not the best plan,  
You can let all your beer and your spirits go free –  
I'll stick to my darling old billy of tea.

I rise in the morning as soon as it's light  
And go to the nose bag to see it's alright,  
That the ants on the sugar no mortgage have got  
And straight away sling my old black billy-pot.

And while it is boiling the horses I seek  
And follow them down, as far as the creek,  
I take off their hobbles and let them run free  
Then haste to tuck into my billy of tea.

And at night when I camp if the day has been warm  
I give to my horses their tucker of corn,  
From the two in the pole to the one in the lead  
A billy for each holds a comfortable feed.

Then the fire I make and the water I get  
And corned beef and damper, in order, I set,  
But I don't touch the grub though so hungry I be –  
I wait till it's ready – the billy of tea.



# "A walk with the Masters"

## C J Dennis

1876-1938



Born in Auburn, South Australia he was brought up with his maiden aunts and his Irish father, a mariner turned publican.

He is described as Australia's "Laureate of the Larrikin" whose style of writing helped change the writing of poetry from formal language to informal speech.

During his lifetime he wrote over 4000 items of prose and poetry, the best known being *Songs of a Sentimental Bloke*, *The Moods of Ginger Mick & Digger Smith*.

### The Boys Out There

"Why do they do it? I dunno,"  
Sez Digger Smith. "Yeh got me beat.  
Some uv the yarns yeh 'ear is true,  
An' some is rather umptydoo,  
An' some is – indiscreet.  
But them that don't get to the crowd,  
Them is the ones would make yeh  
proud."

With Digger Smith an' other blokes  
'Oo 'ave returned it's much the same:  
They'll talk uv wot they've seen an'  
done  
When they've been out to 'ave their  
fun;  
But no word uv the game.  
On fights and all the tale uv blood  
Their talk, as they remark, is dud.

It's so with soldiers, I 'ave 'eard,  
All times. The things that they 'ave  
done,  
War-mad, with blood before their eyes,  
An' their ears wild fightin' cries,  
They ever after shun.  
P'r'aps they forget; or find it well  
Not to recall too much uv "Eil.

An' when they won't loose up their talk  
It's 'ard for us to understand  
'Ow all those blokes we used to know,  
Ole Billo, Jim an' Tom an' Joe,  
Done things to beat the band.  
We knoo they'd fight: but they've  
became  
'Ead ringers at the fightin' game.

Well, wot I've 'eard from Digger Smith  
An' chewed a long time over it:

An' now I've got a dim  
An; 'azy notion in me 'ead  
'Ow they is battlers, born an' bred.

Wot did they know uv war first off,  
When they joined up? Wot did I know  
When I was tossed out on me neck  
As if I was a shattered wreck  
The time I tried to go?  
Flat feet! Me feet 'as len'th an' breath  
Enough to kick a 'Un to death!

They don't know nothin', bein' reared  
Out 'ere where war 'as never spread-  
"A land by bloodless conquest won,"  
As some son uv a writin' gun  
Sez in a book I read-  
They don't know nix but wot they're  
told  
At school: an' that sticks till they're old.

Yeh've got to take the kid at school  
Gettin' 'is 'istry lesson learned-  
Then tale uv Nelson an' uv Drake,  
Uv Wellin'ton an' Fightin' Blake.  
'Is little 'ear 'as burned  
To get right out an' 'ave a go,  
An' sock it into some base foe.

Nothin' but glory fills 'is mind;  
The British charge is somethin' grand;  
The soldier that 'e reads about  
Don't 'ave no time for fear an' doubt;  
'E's the 'eroic brand.  
So, when that boy gets in the game,  
'E just wades in an' does the same.

Not bein' old 'ands at the stunt'  
They simply does as they are told;

But, bein' Aussies – Spare me days!-  
They never think uv other ways,  
But does it brave an' bold.  
That's 'arf; an' for the other part  
Yeh got to go back to the start.

Yeh've got to go right back to Dad,  
To Gran'dad and the pioneers,  
'Oo packed up all their bag uv tricks  
An' come out 'ere in sixty-six,  
An' battled thro' the years;  
Our Gran'dads; and their women, too,  
That 'ad the grit to face the new.

It's that old stock; an', more than that,  
It's Bill an' Jim an' ev'ry son  
Gettin' three good meat meals a day  
An' 'eaps uv chance to go an' play  
Out in the bonzer sun.  
It's partly that; but, don't forget,  
When it's all said, there's somethin'  
yet.

There's somethin' yet; an' there I'm  
beat.  
Crowds uv these lads I've known, but  
then,  
They 'ave got somethin' from this war,  
Somethin' they never 'ad before,  
That makes 'em better men.  
Better? There's no word I can get  
To name it right. There's somethin'  
yet.

We 'ear a lot about reward;  
We praise, an' sling the cheers about;  
But there was a debts we can't repay  
Piled up on us one'single day-  
When that first list come out.  
There ain't no way to pay that debt.  
Do wot we can – there's somethin' yet.



# Junior Poetry Section

poems from

## Canning Vale Primary School

### Mothers Day

"Mum, thank you for giving me a home.  
That is why I am writing this Mother's Day poem  
From the day I was born you changed my nappy.  
Mum, you make me very happy.  
You are a gift from up above.  
I always feel your Mothers' love.  
Mum, you'll always be in my heart  
Because I've loved you from the very start.  
You are like my best friend  
And I will love you to the end.  
You are so kind  
That people like you are hard to find.  
I love you Mum  
Because you are NUMBER ONE!

Katelyn

### Class M3

They're a-

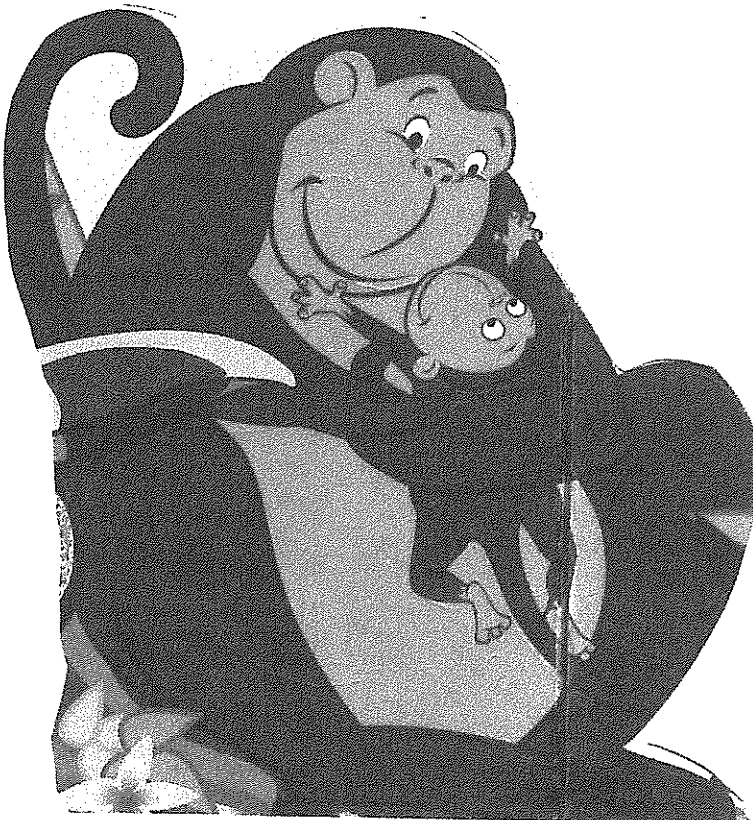
Nose picking  
Bum scratching  
Brain itching  
Freedom fighting  
Pressure carrying  
Intriguing writing  
Crazy laughing  
Always changing  
Mostly singing  
Always willing to give a shilling  
Never chilling  
Pencil sucking  
Eraser flinging  
Brilliant working  
Kind of class.

Anantha

### Mother's day Poem

Mum, you're so sweet like cherry pie,  
I'll love you till the day I die.  
I love the way you care  
And when you call me Lanie Bear.  
Mum, you are full of power.  
You remind me of a blooming flower.  
I love all your good advice  
And your yummy chicken spice.  
You don't put up with my nonsense  
"Cause you are my loving conscience.  
After all these years  
You rid me of my worst fears.  
You're the mum I'll always love.  
You're so soft like a little white dove.  
Mum, you are the caring voice inside my head.  
You always tuck me into bed.

Alana



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***Poems – Adult & Children***

***Letters***

***Comments***

***Requests***

***Contributions***

This is your magazine and we would love to hear from you.

Keep in touch when you're travelling. Share special moments –  
funny, sad, nostalgic, ideas, suggestions.

Drop *The Editor* a line and make this your magazine.

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