

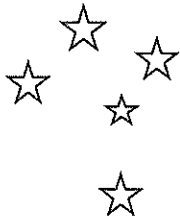
The Bully Tin

May, 2005

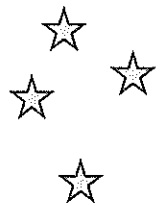


& Yarn Spinners

Monthly Muster at the Como Bowling & Recreation Club cnr Hensman & Sandgate Sts, South Perth
Next meeting: Friday 6th May, 2005 at 7.00pm for 7.30pm start.



ANZAC DAY



25th April

1915



*They shall not grow old
As we who are left grow old
Age shall not weary them
Nor the years condemn
At the going down of the sun
And in the morning
We shall remember them
LEST WE FORGET*



Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"



Yes! What a night it was? Friday, April Fool's Day, which could have been Fool's Night. It simply bucketed down after a long dry humid spell. Not a night to be out, a sentiment lost on the thirty plus devotees of Bush Poetry who turned up at the Como Camp for our regular Muster.

As I drove through the rain to Como, I mused to myself, who might brave such a night?, to be pleasantly surprised on arrival to see hardy enthusiasts settling in for their monthly fix of good old Aussie humour and mateship, which of course are two essential ingredients of Bush Poetry.

Our compare co-ordinator, June Bond, was unusually apprehensive as she expressed her fear that we were light on for performers, but in the spirit of showmanship we agreed that 'the show must go on' - and it did.

Under June's competent comparing, the first half went off very well, it was the second half when she had to resort to her artistic ingenuity to call for, and encourage, members of the audience to 'have a go'. This was to me, the highlight of an informal and pleasant evening as a few of the regulars who had been reluctant to come forward for whatever reason, stepped up to the microphone and 'had a go' and to their credit, performed very well.

Which brings me to the point of my message here. How many of our mates are hiding their light under the proverbial bushel? (whatever a bushel is—a bush, I think) - as an almost famous Australian once said 'Please explain' - and are hesitant to front up to, have a go (that term again).

There are all sorts of reasons for their reticence, and I agree with them 'It ain't easy', as no matter how many times one stands up or how confident you appear to your audience, you will always (and I mean always) experience those butterflies in your stomach and your hands will sweat as you wonder if you will remember the words, the preamble or use the correct gesture, etc.

I thought how the Muster on April Fool's Day night, when the rain tumbled down, brought back to me and reinforced one of the reasons why the true believers formed our Association, which was to give the performers and would be performers the opportunity and incentive to write, read, practise and perform the unique Australian art form, and above all—HAVE A GO!

THE BOSS COCKY Rusty C.

WA Bush Poetry

Championships!

*Time for the Writers to be Writing and
the Spruikers to be Spruiking.*

Written Competition

While details have not been finalised there will be Junior and Open Sections in the Written Competition.

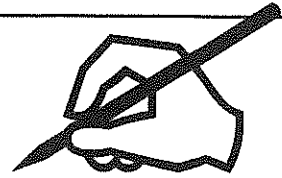
Entry Forms are available by sending a SAE to: The Secretary
5A Bruning Road
Manning WA 6152

Closing date : 30th July 2005

Performance Competition

As negotiations are still underway date and venue are yet to be finalised.

Letters to the Editor



Dear Editor

I've just received notification that I have won **First Prize** in The Eaglehawk Dahlia & Arts Festival Inc 2005—The Allan Llewellyn Award for my poem (maximum 52 lines) *The Ananyu Man*.

Judges Comment:

Very few poems in this section had a regular metre. In performance the voice can even our irregular rhyme, story and rhythm. The award went to the poet who fulfilled all these requirements (Me!!)

Judge: Alexander Del Sol

I also missed the Dunedoo Literary Competition (owing to incorrect date advertised) but Milton Taylor read my two submissions and wrote that he had no doubts what so ever that I would have been very high on the list.

These two efforts have been very good for my ego as I haven't been writing as much as I have in the past years and was thinking the grey cells were packing up.

The Ananyu Man was written in minutes and I'm very fond of that poem.

Regards

Val Reid

Congratulations Val!

We were thrilled to read of your win and it is comforting to know the brain cells aren't on the way out and that more prize winning poetry is yet to come.

Kerry

Hi Kerry

If you are chasing submissions of Junior Poetry for the Bully Tin here is a totally unaided poem from my 8 year old grand daughter. She wrote it a day after attending a small gig I did for a caravan club at Guilderton.

Okay—there's a couple of 'out of context' bits but her rhyme and rhythm are pretty good.

If (and/ or when) you use it, is there any possibility of sending her a copy of the Bully Tin?

Brian Langley

Poem presented Page 5

Hey, steady on Grandad! Don't get too critical. I think we can all forgive any 'out of context' bits. It is a good little poem, well constructed and interesting. Some of us *Oldies* might learn a thing or two from her!

You have a right to be proud.

Kerry

Wanted!

All you wonderful members of the WABP&YS Association. This is your newsletter. You must have thoughts, ideas, poems or yarns you could share with us?

How about you Happy Wanderers—drop us a line and let us know where you are and what you are up to. It needn't be in rhyme. A yarn is just a story after all, serious, funny or reflective.

Dear Editor

My poetic response to Val Read's crusade was not intended to be a personal affront to C.J. Dennis, or to any who, like her, can produce credible imitations of his style. Her claim that "slang is abomination" in an earlier issue made me wonder if there were exceptions i.e. Her lines "I'd done time on 'orses that 'ad nivver 'ad a peer" contains only 3 words which are not slang in actuality or phraseology. The words *on*, *a* and *peer* escape her own condemnation, and the rest is slang!

Meanwhile I found a copy of my poem performed at the last Raffles meeting which amused the gathering no end. I will accept your censorship if you feel it will offend anyone in particular.

Yours faithfully

Phil Strutt

Phil's letter is in reply to an ongoing debate earlier in the year. We appreciate people taking the time to put their thoughts on paper. At the very least it encourages us to analyse and think about what we are reading and how important the topic may be to us and poetry in general.

I included Phil's poem as it was written as a light hearted dig.

We all get targeted at some time.

Beware the poet's pen!

The Longest Thing In The World

You've heard of the Long and Winding Road,
And of the Yellow Brick Road too,
Of the Road out to the Back of Beyond
And of the Road to Gundagai it's true.

But the Longest Thing in the World?

-How do I begin?

It's longer than the last 37 minutes at work
Or the appendage of Errol Flynn!

It's longer than the wait for a Groom
As he stands and waits for his Bride.

It's longer than the big ship Titanic
And the Ten Mile Beach at low tide!

It's longer than the marathon runner
Has to pant and stagger to the tape.

It's longer than the voyage to Europe
A-Sailing round either cape!

If this riddle now baffles you here at the Raffles
For our Yarn/ Poetry Celebratory Wake
I will reveal the Longest Thing in the World—
A small moment the revelation will take.

The longest thing in the World Record Book
Published by Guinness each year 3
Is the time our old mate Rusty takes
To make a speech as he did again here!

March Monthly Muster



After a long hot humid summer the weather on Friday was a huge contrast. The very cold 15 degree day and torrential rain, (which I know we needed) was a bit of a shock but about 40 people braved the elements and turned up at Como Camp for the April Muster.

I was *nominated* to be MC for the evening and we got underway at 7.40pm. Rusty started by giving us a rundown on his 2 days at the All Saints College Literacy Festival, where he performed three sessions on the Thursday and Friday. It sounds like he enjoyed the challenge and the kids kept him on his toes also.

He then recited *Small White Crosses* by Zeta Horton, a moving story about all those crosses we all see on the roadside which not only reminds us of some ones loss, but a reminder to slow down and be safe on our roads.

David Sears who was just back from a trip East, recited *The Man from Marble Bar* by Victor Courtney, more wonderful tales of what happens in the outback.

The spritely 'young' Beth Scott gave us a gem called *Empty Nest*, and many of us can relate to this story of kids who leave home then they keep coming back again and again an disrupting our 'new' life.

Brian Langley told us about Cpl George Smith who had tried to join up at the beginning of WW1 at the age of 15 yrs. He finally did serve his country in that war and a few others that followed. His poem *My Anzac Home* written about his time in Gallipoli, was both funny and sad and very tongue in cheek about the hardships of living in a dugout, with a war raging around him.

Then we had a tear jerker called *There's a Worn Out Little Pony* (Anon), which was well delivered by Grace Williamson, with great feeling and understanding of the story-line. Val Read who is ever ready to read some of her many poems, announced she has been invited to the East for the launch of her poetry book. You go girl and enjoy the honour. Her reading for the night were *Don't take the Porsche & Last Will and Testament*, great poems in the unique Read style.

Hadley Probus dropped in a little surprise with his own bit of nonsense called *Nonsense* that got us chuckling and warmed the cockles of our hearts and feet.

Peter Drayton loves the Classics and delivers them with much passion. Tonight rendition *Where the Dead Men Lie* brought us all to life, nearly blew the mike to pieces, and took us to the break.

Despite David Sears saying he was still tired from his trip, I managed to get him behind the mike again and he recited *The Shearer's Nightmare* (Anon). Talk about a bad nightmare and his poor wife certainly felt the worse for being 'shorn'.

The well travelled Beth Scott returned to the mike and struggled through *Full House*, so she made amends and told us a couple of rippers including The Irish Joke.

On a more serious note Vale Read recited *The Grieving of the Curlews*, another well written poem in her new book.

I then invited Peter Drayton back to the mike, but suggested maybe he didn't need it, so he promised to contain himself and gave us a great rendition of Banjo's *The Swagman's Rest*. Hadley Provis certainly had the devil in him tonight, as he 'propositioned' a lady in the front row with a very cheeky poem. Jill tells me she will never sit in the front row again!!

Brian Langley brought us back to some sobriety when he recited *Boxing Day 2004*, his own poem about the devastating Asian Tsunami, a terrible day which most of us will never forget. On the happier side, Brian and good lady Dot, obviously lead very interesting lives, and his poems reflect this. *The Sewing Room* sounds quite chaotic, and *Dink'em Dan* rounded off his offering.

Calling for volunteers to fill the rest of the program Ben White rose to the challenge, and performed *The Man in the Glass* by Dale Wimbrow, a poem we could all identify with. *The Silent Shearers* was well received by the audience.

By special request Beth Scott returned and gave us an oldie but a goody *Great Grandma's Lament*. It never fails to send the audience into peels of laughter. Oh, wicked, wicked!

Oh yes. We dragged David Sears back up again and he did not disappoint and gave us *The Lonely Bushman*.

Well done David for performing under such pressure.

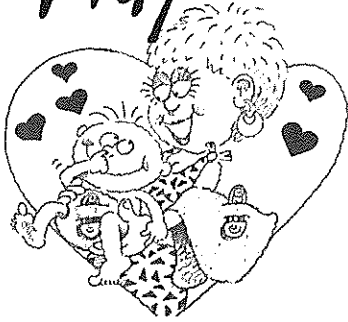
Rusty was left to finalise the night. A very thought provoking poem called *The Dash* by Anon left us all with many thoughts of our own. Next came *Sweeny*, a true Henry Lawson poem, once heard never forgotten, and, just to make sure we were all still awake, a rousing rendition of Murray Hartin's poem *Turbulence*, finally took us to the end of the night.

The Rooky MC—June

Thank you June for not only being MC but for doing such a fantastic write up. I appreciate the effort you put into this. I was sorry I couldn't attend. The weather did not deter me but time, energy and commitments certainly did. Sounds like I missed another good night.

*Life is easier than you think.
All you have to do is accept the impossible,
Do without the indispensable
And bear the intolerable!*

Way out back of Perth!



It's babies, babies, babies and, as the besotted Grandma of our son's (David) first baby, it is hard to focus on the routine and every day life here on the funny farm.

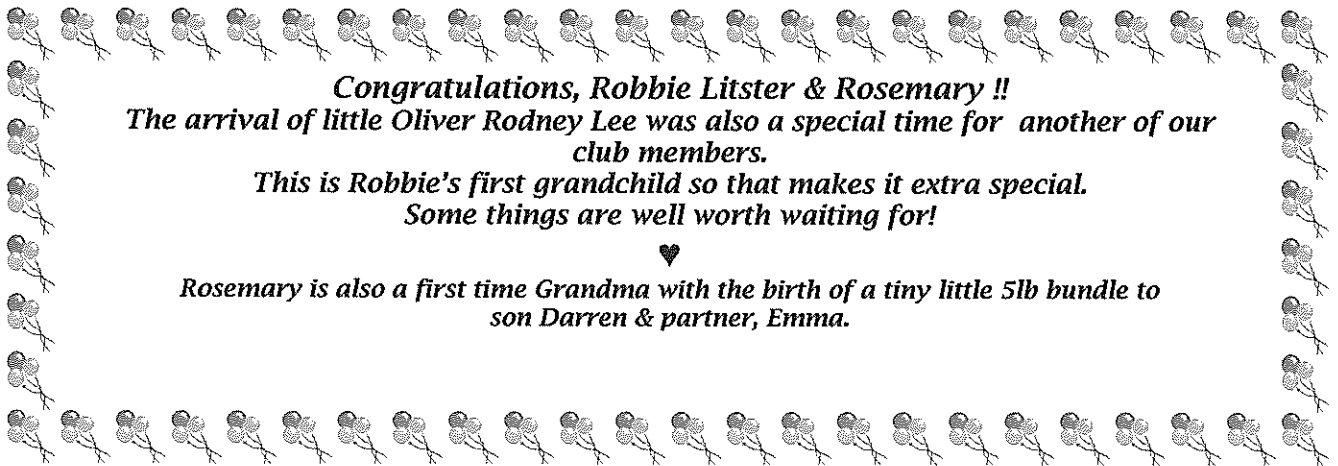
When our first grandchild was born I wasn't prepared to be spun out the way I was—the joy, the despair, the elation, the exhaustion and, best of all—the love, love, love! And it didn't diminish with Grandchild No.2 and has resurfaced just as strong with the newest addition. I suspect good old Pop is a bit besotted too.

Oliver wasn't as eager to meet us all as we were to meet him (Could you blame the little mite?) His poor mum, Di, had to endure being induced into labour, then an epidural followed by an emergency caesar on 15th April. However, after a dramatic entrance he is very content and unfazed by all the fuss.

As I watched the new parents-to-be I pondered on how different it all is now. Okay, so the actual giving birth bit is the same - Science hasn't bypassed that yet! But the hospitals are almost like hotels with dad rooming in and menus for all three meals. Cripes! When I had David we were served stew for every meal with two choices—eat it or leave it. It is amazing how many creative ways there are to dish stew out and they all tasted foul! And now the dad's are supportive and involved right through the pregnancy and beyond. Amazing! Though, to be honest, I think Rod would have been more of a hindrance than a help and was better off waiting outside with his mates. And he just couldn't comprehend, at the time, why the hospital wouldn't let all his mates in to see the baby at 1am in the morning!

Yes, there have been a lot of changes but some things never change. The sleepless nights, the smelly nappies, the baby who won't sleep, the baby who won't wake. The problem is so few babies are born who have actually read *THE BOOK!* I'm hoping Science can sort that out soon as our next grandchild is just around the corner!

Kerry



Congratulations, Robbie Litster & Rosemary !!

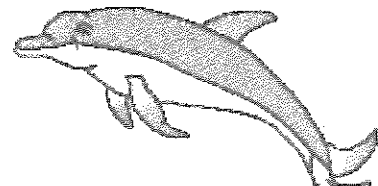
The arrival of little Oliver Rodney Lee was also a special time for another of our club members.

***This is Robbie's first grandchild so that makes it extra special.
Some things are well worth waiting for!***



Rosemary is also a first time Grandma with the birth of a tiny little 5lb bundle to son Darren & partner, Emma.

Dolphins



Dolphins are neat, Dolphins are cool
They can swim in a giant pool

Dolphins surf waves, Dolphins chase ships
They like to eat our fish and chips

Dolphins are fun, Dolphins are smart
Do you know a dolphin whose name is Bart?

Dolphins can dive, Dolphins can breach
They can wash themselves up on the beach

Dolphins eat fish, Dolphins have friends
They stay together until their life ends

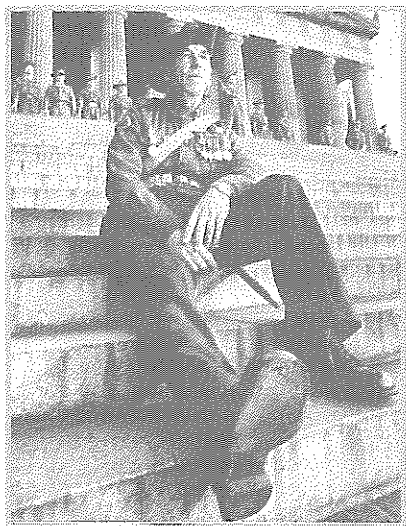
Male dolphins are bulls and a female's a cow
And that is the end of my poem now.



We Shall Remember Them



On ANZAC Day we pause to remember the sacrifice and suffering of those who fought for our freedom.
This is also a time to reflect on the suffering of those who loved them
And the horses who served them.



The Waler

There goes a buckler, wherever they bread him,
By the lift of his loin and the white of his eye;
Wide were the paddocks, I'll wager, that fed him;
Red were the ridges that ran to the sky!
See how those sensitive eyes of his quiver!
See how high-headed, the crowd he disdains,
Full of the pride of the Warrego River,
Full of the scorn of the Irrara Plains.

Bit of a rogue and a renegade is he?
Bad to get onto and hang to and hold?
Bent like a bow does he buck till you're dizzy?
Thus they behave where his lordship was foaled.
Send for that chap in the tilted sombrero,
Cleaning a chestnut and chewing a string;
No one it maybe, looks less like a hero,
But once in the saddle he sits like a king.

The day will arrive when the war front is wider,
And swifter the squadrons will gallop and form;
Then give his lean visaged, light handed rider
And launch him away on the leagues of the storm
Give him his head to the stars going paler
That mark when the dawn is a symbol and sign,
And first of them all before night will the Waler
With foam on his lips drink first from the Rhine.

Will Ogilvie

The Australian Stock Horse—Waler—was bred to work sheep and cattle on outback stations. Training them for war was a hazardous and exciting undertaking for horse and rider.

This horse breaking story indicates the troops were expecting to be sent to France to fight the Germans, when in fact they were disembarked in Egypt in preparation for the attack on the Gallipoli Peninsula in April 1915.

The day of the war horse is over But they should never be forgotten.

The Soul of Australia

In the light of dawn, the break of day,
Through the waters chill they fought their way;
Like their sires of old, to the Motherland
They came o'er the sea, and they sprang to the strand;
And the blood of the Angles, the Scot, and the Celt
Grew hot in their veins as the war fire they felt.

In the light of noon, in the bright sunlight,
They fought up the cliffs from height to height;
And the sun shone down on that scene of strife
Where the 'Soul of Australia' came to life,
As the blood of Australians was shed on the sod,
For Australia, for Britain, Humanity, God.

Shall Australia mourn for the sons she has lost-
Should Australians weep? Nay! Great though the cost,
Joy mingles with grief, and pride mingles with pain,
For our boys died like heroes, and died not in vain.
And the 'Soul of Australia', new-born on that day
When her sons died at ANZAC, shall never decay.

J.H.M.

The Brisbane Courier 25 April 1916

The Orphan Child

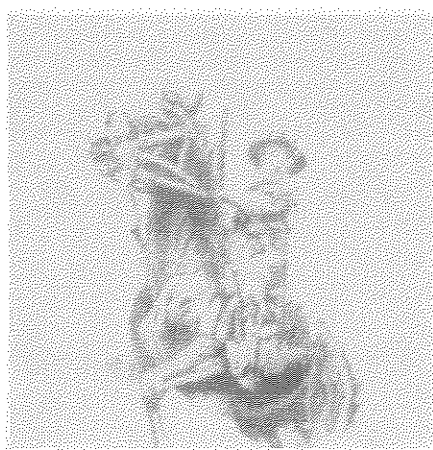
When I was just a little girl, five years old or so,
My Mother told me stories of her pleasures and her woes.
She told me of the good times, and told me of the bad,
Of the things she's like to own and the things she never had.

She never owned a party dress nor polka dotted gowns,
And only had one pair of shoes, and they were hand me downs.
When invited to a party, which was very rare,
She would refuse politely. She had nothing nice to wear.

She told me of my Daddy, who I will see no more;
The man she loved and lost through the horrors of a war.
At night I hear her crying. I've watched her kneel and pray
For the soldier who she loved and lost, to God, at Suvula Bay.

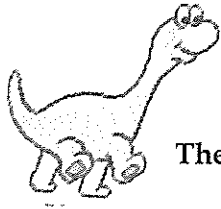
Written by Ron Gill

Ron was a drover and horse breaker.
Inter service Welter Weight Champion while serving in the Army.



Junior Poetry Section

Mt Pleasant Primary School



The Green Polka-Dotted Dragon

If I had a dragon
I would fly it to Fiji.
I'd make him get the food
for me and Kuge.
He would be polka-dotted green.
He would watch his TV.
He would have a couch
Full of great big beans.
We would never come home
by any, any means.

Marissa, Amy-Lee, Alexandra,
Theo & Eleanor

Barbies

We hate Barbies
They are dumb.
We pull off their heads
And think it's fun.
We laugh out loud
To have such fun
But then our Mums
Spank our bums!

Emma, Georgia Natasja
Rachel & Cherry

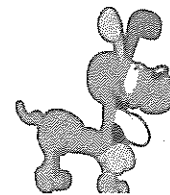
Sprouts!

Mom makes me have sprouts for tea.
They really are quite yukky!
I'd rather throw them in the sea
Than have them in my tummy!

Alkira & Tessa

The lady from Dover

There was a lady from Dover
Who needed an extreme make-over.
She was covered with hair
That made everyone stare
And never changed her under wear!



My Dog From Hell!

My dog from hell
Has an awful smell,
As bad as bad can be.
"Can't you see you're killing me?"
I yelled from the dog house door.
His dog house stunk like smelly gunk
And I toppled on the floor.

Chelsea, Jessica, Jess, Ness
Joe & Saul

More poems from Year 6 & Year 7.

After a quick introduction to the use of rhythm and rhyme
they had 20 minutes to write and then present their poems.

I think their grasp of the basic concepts and imagination shown is highly
commendable.

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2004-2005

Rusty Christensen	President	9364 4491
Tom Conway	Vice-President	9339 2802
Jean Ritchie	Secretary	9450 3111
Kerry Lee	Treasurer / Editor	9397 0409
Rae Dockery	Committee	9356 7426
June Bond	Schools Coordinator	9354 5804
Edna Westall	Committee	9339 3028
Lorelie Tacoma	Immediate Past President	9310 1500
Brian Langley	Committee	9361 3770

Events Calendar

May 6 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491

May 26-29 Casino Beef Week 02 6644 8285

May 27 Bush Lantern Award for written verse closing date PO Box 4281 Sth Bundaberg QL 4670

June 3 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club Rusty 9364 4491

July 1 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club Rusty 9364 4491

July 1-3 Bundy Bush Poetry Muster Written Comp closing date 27.05.05 (07) 4153 5397

July 29-31 Far North Queensland Bush Poetry Festival—Written Competition 07 4159 1868

July 30 WA Bush Poetry Championships Written Competition closing date (refer p2)

Aug 5 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491

Sept 2 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491

Sept 10-18 Winton Bush Poetry Muster 07 4657 1296

Oct 7 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491

Nov 4 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491

Dec 2 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491

I apologise to those members who were confused by the non-inclusion of the Monthly Muster dates on this page.

This page was originally intended to advise of coming events of interest with the date of the next Muster on the front page. I have now included all Musters for the year on this page to avoid any further confusion.

If you are aware of any events which may be of interest to poets or poetry lovers which are not listed above please advise me by phoning 08 9397 0409 or posting to 160 Blair Road, Oakford WA 6121