

# The Bully Tin

September, 2005

WA Bush Poets



& Yarn Spinners

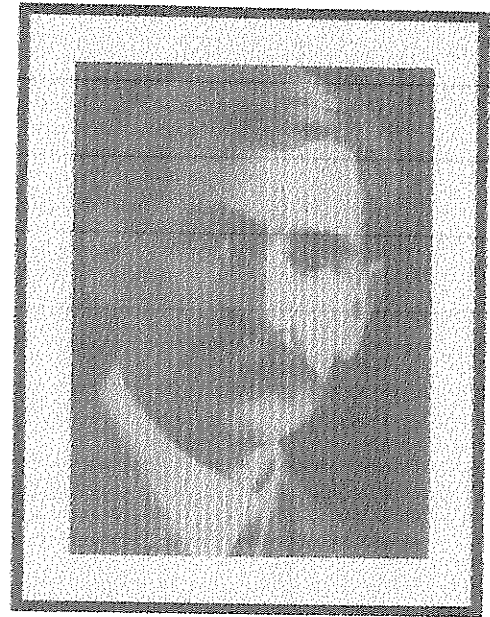
Monthly Muster at the Como Bowling & Recreation Club cnr Hensman & Sandgate Sts, South Perth  
Next meeting: Friday 2nd September 2005 at 7.00pm for 7.30pm start.  
[www.wabushpoets.com](http://www.wabushpoets.com)

## TRADITIONAL NIGHT

'BANJO' PATERSON



HENRY LAWSON



WA Bush Poetry

22-23 OCT 05

Championships!

# Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"



What a great group of people, the Bush Poetry mob are, at our last muster at the Como Camp I appealed to the audience for donations to supplement the \$100 .00 from the association for a fund to assist the cause of the unfortunate accident and subsequent hospitalising with a broken neck the young son of the now former editor of the A.B.P.A. magazine and bush poet, Leanne Jaycocke, on the basis that she, and her family were a part of the Bush Poetry network of friends which I have come to believe is an absolute truism .

You will be proud, as I am, to know that we had \$157 .40 donated and to those donors I offer a big 'Thank You' with a further request that before we send off the final cheque, it would be most satisfying to bump the total up to around \$300 .00 at the next muster on Sept. 2nd which of course will be our annual Traditional Night, so, let yourself go and come dressed accordingly.

The Trad night promises to be a bewdy, Brian Langley has put in a real big effort to make it so, with a scripted presentation of "Banjo' Paterson and Henry Lawson's, ' The Bush Poetry Controversy ' . It should be entertaining, tell your friends to tell their friends - and bring 'em along, they won't be disappointed .

Plans are being made for a State Championship event over the weekend of Oct. 22 - 23rd. at Tumblegum Farm, down Byford way .

Put it in your diary, it will be in conjunction with the Endurance Horse Riders Assoc. with a full blown Rodeo on the Sunday, the weather will be great - believe me. The champs. are an open event for anybody living in the western third of our lucky country. There is so much as yet, untapped talent out there and our Assoc. feels that we must do our utmost to bring them into the fold so they can enjoy the fellowship and support of other like minded folk . To do this effectively, we need help from the wider community and that means sponsors, and the best way to gain this support is by a personal approach, therefore, we would appreciate any of our supporters if they know of a potential sponsor, large or small, to have a word in their shell like, we will take it from there.

On a sad note, speaking to the ' Kimberly Kid ' aka 'Cobber', last week, who told me of the passing away of his Mother . On behalf of all your mates in Bush Poetry right around the country, we offer sincere condolences.

That's about your lot for now . If we don't see you at the Como Camp, keep readin' writin' and recitin' [ and breathin' ] -

They are all good for you. Regards to you all

Rusty C. The Boss Cocky . . .

## Attention Performance Poets - Spruikers for Royal Show

Expressions of interest are required from those poets interested in performing at the Royal Show this year. Poets will need to be able to spruik professionally for at least half an hour to one hour, depending on the number of interested poets.

The down side is coping with excessive noise and a fickle fluctuating audience.

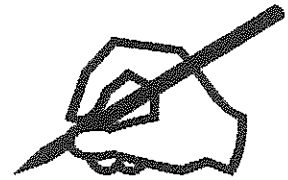
The up side is you will be paid (not well enough to fund that dream holiday) and you will receive free entry to the Show.

It is an interesting and challenging experience and can be a lot of fun.

To register your interest please phone me on 9397 0409.

Profiles and photos, if possible, are required asap.

# Letters to the Editor



## Dear Editor

I have recently received results from two Eastern States bush poetry competitions with judges' comments supplied on all entries and was dismayed to see that one of the two judges in the first competition had awarded me very high marks while the other had marked me 25 pnts lower (out of 100) for not using an apostrophe to demonstrate that a three-syllable word was to be pronounced in two syllables. E.g. every (ev'ry).

I know entrants agree to abide by the judge's decision, but it was very confusing to have lost marks in the other competition, held some weeks previously, for using the apostrophes in a poem that would have also been very highly marked had I used the entire word.

The judge in that competition suggested the complete word should be written because readers automatically adjusted the word to the rhythm set in the poem.

I once tried using the silent letter in italics, e.g. every in some entries, but this was not acceptable either.

While very much appreciating the judge's comments, (and they have given me some very helpful advice), there should be a list of rules for judges to follow and abide by, and this problem should certainly be taken into consideration.

There is a trend lately to omit punctuation at the end of lines, and in my opinion this shows the poets have no confidence on how punctuation should be used. It certainly looks amateurish. A well-placed comma or full stop adds to the quality of the work and, I'm sure, is appreciated by the reader. Poets should make every effort to make their work flow easily, and it is punctuation that helps the reader follow the rhythm.

I've noticed that the usage of a capital letter at the beginning of every line is being phased out in ballads, and that competition entrants are being penalised if they don't adhere to that rule. I now prefer this way of presenting my work, even though it means going back over years of work and making alterations.

The most maddening thing of all is to have entries returned showing typing errors that can lose the author 5 points. I cannot comprehend how often I've done this, as I am most pedantic in my editing. The solution is to ask someone else to read the poetry (or prose) before it is posted.

Although my entries received excellent comments and certificate, it really is disappointing to know they would have received higher accolades if all judges had to abide by the same set of rules.

## Val Read

### Dear Val

I can understand your frustrations at these inconsistencies. Have you taken the matter up with the APBA?

As I read your letter I wondered if too much attention is being focused on this area. Surely content, rhythm and rhyme should be the main factor with layout and punctuation, though important in the reading and overall understanding of the poem, being used as a minor decider in the scoring of a poem.

It would be a shame if an excellent poem was overlooked because the poet lacked the education or understanding required in the layout.

Kerry

## Dear Editor

Thank you for letting me interrupt your Saturday night (via phone call). Please find enclosed a poem to Cobber in appreciation of his Yakka Munga Man.

If you can use it please feel free, but would appreciate you forwarding a copy to Keith Lethbridge with my thanks for the inspiration.

Michael Ryan

Great effort, Michael. Thanks for sharing it with us. I will make sure Cobber receives his copy.

Kerry

## COBBER

I read his poem on Johnny James  
the Yakka Munga Man

I'd never seen his stuff before  
but Cobber truly can

take a man and write his life  
in pure and simple rhymes

it seems like Cobber Lethbridge mate  
hails from older times

he's up there with the Masters  
each line he wrote a gem

there'd be no overstatement in  
comparing him with them

you didn't need a photo  
to capture Johnny's face

the words just flowed upon the page  
and put it all in place

the Kimberley's the windmills  
the haircut teeth and feet

there's been a lot of poems writ  
but this one's hard to beat

he had the kindest words to say  
on Johnny James his mate

seemed to take the pain out of  
this bushmans tragic fate

it truly was a special gift  
to stumble on this rhyme

I've rarely had such pleasure  
and glad I took the time

there's been some great bush poets  
though mainly in our past

Cobber in their company  
would not have been outclassed

my regards to all at Bully Tin  
from your latest fan

send my thanks to Cobber please

# August Monthly Muster



The August Muster was preceded by the AGM which was well attended. This is probably not the most exciting event on the Bush Poetry calendar but very necessary and interesting if you have any concerns over how the club is run or how it is running. Rusty took on the job of MC inviting David Sears to kick off the show. Syd had very kindly passed on to David a 1920 Worsley shearing handpiece—a treasure and very timely considering David's poem was about a N/W shearer who came to the city and took a job as a hairdresser. Unfortunately he applied the same techniques to his human clients as used on the sheep, with a disastrous outcome and loss of his job. People were still settling in for the evening and I was unable to catch the title of the poem or the author.

Congratulations Brian on producing your first poetry book! Rod & I have had one almost finished for a year now so you put us to shame. I hope it goes well for you. Brian's poem *Waiting for the Tree Man* was an occurrence most could relate to. What is it with tradesmen? You'd think these days with mobile phones a courtesy call would be the norm.

Barry was tempting the censors again when he recited Bob Magor's poem *Ticklebelly Hill* which upset some people last time it was performed. As he said, it relates to almost all country towns except, of course, to the one that I grew up in! And then followed it up with Syd's *Mourning Pleasure*. I'm not explaining that one!

Now, we generally expect a funny poem with an amusing twist at the end from Syd but he surprised us all with a serious one. Fresh back from the Murchison he shared his poem *Magic in the Murchison*, a beautiful poem well delivered. Well done, Syd!

I then shared my story of the first time I took my granddaughter shopping and my battle with one of those wretched modern prams. By the reaction of the audience to *Grandma's Shopping Trip* I felt comforted to know I am not alone in my struggles here.

Then another "Kerry" took the mike, Kerry Voe, with her poem *Me Mother*. A very clever poem, performed brilliantly, of how the 1 1/2 stone her mum lost found its way to her. We'll look forward to some more of your funny yarns, Kerry. (P.S. Sorry if I have your name spelt wrong. Please correct me if it is)

Fresh back from Melbourne is a face we haven't seen for a while, Peter Nettleton. Great to see you back Peter and to hear you are still in good form with the boisterous delivery of *The Ballad of Freddy the Fleecer & Bale Filling Ben*.

Bob Chambers treated us to a medley of jokes and rhyme, one being a shortened version of *The Man From Snowy River*, written by T Chambers when he was in high school. We can't complain about not getting variety at our Musters!

Once again I must commend Grace Williamson on her delivery of James Hasten's *Corrugated Iron Tank*. For those of us who have experienced the stress of counting the rungs of water left and wistfully searching clear skies for rain clouds can empathise with this poem. Grace puts a lot of work and research into her poetry - effort which is appreciated by the audience.

And another poem I could relate to was *Secretary's Day* by Trish Joyce, the tale of how she became secretary by default the day her husband took on the job!

Lorelle was at it again with her "funnies" from the internet. Some of them were very clever and worth the sharing. Then Rusty closed the first half with an excellent delivery of *Sweeney* by Henry Lawson.

After watching our sheep being shorn David Sear's rendition of *Bill the Shearer (Anon)* had me squirming in my seat! I would not like to have been his wife!

Rosemary paid a tribute to her friend who is 89 with a poem she wrote begging extra years from the Lord. This was delivered in the usual Rosemary style - well prepared and laced with giggles.

A time to reflect once more on the serious side of life as Brian recited his poem *One Thousand Miles to Catch a Dream* - A wonderful poem of dreams gone wrong. Brian was moved to write this poem after reading a plaque at Quoiba (near Carnarvon) which told the story of a young man driving 1000 miles to the coast to realise his dream holiday only to be washed away by a king wave. I was particularly taken with the lines "rainbow in the spray and waves sighing gently". Beautiful imagery.

With the audience now in a reflective, sombre mood it seemed apt for me to make them even more miserable with Veronica Weal's *Gold Against the Grey* - a sad but lovely poem of wattle, a grey pony, a golden haired girl and death.

Just as well Syd and Barry were on next to cheer us up with another collection of funny poems and yarns. They seem to be endless!

Grace certainly throws herself into her poetry delivering this time *Wailing of Wait'n a While* by JW Gordon. She was very resourceful carrying a copy of the poem to help her through the bumpy bits. This can be a good idea to help build confidence and the audience isn't left in limbo. Well done. I think Trish is rivalling Syd with her clever little poems. They both have a unique ability to focus on the humour in a situation and turn it into a funny poem. This time it was *Literally Speaking*. In typical childlike fashion a little boy declares he will have to bath tonight, not shower, because the weather man said "No showers tonight"!

Then it was war on the crows with Bob Magor's *Bloody Crows* delivered by David Sears. My sympathies were with the poor crow tied to the dynamite and not with the bloke in the shed.

Rusty chose another Magor poem, *Who Gives the Bride Away*, to close the evening. He very magnanimously chose to forget part of it in a demonstration of how to cope with the mental block (every poet's nightmare). And he did it with style. Thanks Rusty.

And thanks to all, members & performers.

Kerry

**Membership Fees  
Due NOW!**

# Father's Day

September is special as it is the month we give thank for our Dads.  
A wonderful tribute to fathers is the following poem written by E Stevens.

There's a date that's on the calendar,  
A Sunday in September.  
It's a time we pause to honour  
A special family member.  
When God designed the family  
His wisdom he applied  
When he placed a Father at the head  
To love, protect and guide.

Though ev'ry member plays a part  
In family situation,  
We need someone to take command  
As we do to lead a nation.  
So, when there is a crisis  
It's comforting to know  
There's someone we can count on  
Who leadership will show.

He needs to be strong and sometimes hard  
For the task he has to do,  
But beneath all that you'll find a heart  
That's so soft and loving too.  
So, if at times his judgment errs -  
This father that we're seeing -  
It's a good thing to remember  
That he's only a human being.

He's often an unsung hero,  
With an unassuming way,  
So easy to take for granted  
And deserves a Father's Day.  
So, while he's giving of his best  
As a father and a man  
Let's show appreciation  
In any way we can.

Today we'll make him a V.I.P.  
A day he'll fondly recall  
And, as we do, give thanks to God -  
The greatest Father of all.  
These are memories we'll treasure  
Of happy times we've had  
And so I would propose a toast:  
"Here's to good old Dad!"



Elizabeth Stevens (c)

## Way out back of Perth!

A crisp winter's morning, misty, with the promise of more rain. Magpies sleepily carolling in the new day. Gold fingers of sunlight break through the clouds to shimmer on the lake where wild ducks skim silently across the glassy surface. Ripples vibrate the reflections of the gum trees. Sounds idyllic, doesn't it? How much would you expect to pay for a property enhanced by such a feature? Probably not a lot when the "feature" only last night was a horse paddock. Over night heavy rains have transformed it into a huge lake with trotting poles floating lazily around bumping against half submerged tyres and the occasional ball of horse manure.

The horses splash happily through the water, glad to be freed from their night yards, before gazing forlornly at the clover and lyke beckoning from the depths of this new water playground. Elmo, though, is not to be enticed from his yard. Donkeys don't do water! The chooks are likewise disgusted, electing to spend their day in the hen house.

But the ducks and the dogs are ecstatic. As are the grandkids as Grandma pulls them through the lake in the new blue trolley to picnic on the newly created "island". At the sight of food Elmo overcomes his water fetish to gatecrash the picnic, scoffing down all the mandarins and toppling drinks and sandwiches out of the cart. But the kids are too busy to care, helping me build bridges from the tyres and poles. So busy they are oblivious to tiny gum boots filling with icy water.

We are cold and wet and our lunch is ruined but my spirits soar as I watch birds, dogs and tiny tots delighting in their new water playground. The rain water tank is filling and nature is replenishing the depleted ground water. And the cycle of life continues.

Kerry

# 'Banjo' Paterson

## 1864 - 1941

### THE OLD AUSTRALIAN WAYS

The London lights are far abeam  
Behind a bank of cloud,  
Along the shore the gas lights gleam,  
The gale is piping loud;  
And down the Channel, groping blind,  
We drive her through the haze  
Towards the land we left behind —  
The good old land of "never mind",  
And old Australian ways.

The narrow ways of English folk  
Are not for such as we;  
They bear the long-accustomed yoke  
Of staid conservancy:  
But all our roads are new and strange  
And through our blood there runs  
The vagabonding love of change  
That drove us westward of the range  
And westward of the suns.

The city folk go to and fro  
Behind a prison's bars,  
They never feel the breezes blow  
And never see the stars;  
They never hear in blossomed trees  
The music low and sweet  
Of wild birds making melodies,  
Nor catch the little laughing breeze  
That whispers in the wheat.

Our fathers came of roving stock  
That could not fixed abide:  
And we have followed field and flock  
Since e'er we learnt to ride;  
By miner's camp and shearing shed,  
In land of heat and drought,  
We followed where our fortunes led,  
With fortune always on ahead  
And always further out.

The wind is in the barley grass,  
The wattles are in bloom;  
The breezes greet us as they pass  
With honey-sweet perfume;

The parakeets go screaming by  
With flash of golden wing,  
And from the swamp the wild ducks cry  
Their long-drawn note of revelry,  
Rejoicing at the spring.

So throw the weary pen aside  
And let the papers rest,  
For we must saddle up and ride  
Towards the blue hill's breast;  
And we must travel far and fast  
Across their rugged maze,  
To find the Spring of Youth at last,  
And call back from the buried past  
The old Australian ways.

When Clancy took the drover's track  
In years of long ago,  
He drifted to the outer back  
Beyond the Overflow;  
By rolling plain and rocky shelf,  
With stockwhip in his hand,  
He reached at last, oh lucky elf,  
The Town of Come-and-Help-Yourself  
In Rough-and-Ready Land.

And if it be that you would know  
The tracks he used to ride,  
Then you must saddle up and go  
Beyond the Queensland side —  
Beyond the reach of rule or law,  
To ride the long day through,  
In Nature's homestead — filled with awe:  
You then might see what Clancy saw  
And know what Clancy knew.



# Henry Lawson

## 1867 - 1922

### BILL

He shall live to the end of this mad old world as he's lived since the world began;

He never has done any good for himself, but was good to every man. He never has done any good for himself, and I'm sure that he never will;

He drinks, and he swears, and he fights at times, and his name is mostly Bill.

He carried a freezing mate to his cave, and nursed him, for all I know,

When Europe was mainly a sheet of ice, thousands of years ago. He has stuck to many a mate since then, he is with us everywhere

He has rowed to a wreck, when the lifeboat failed, with Jim in a crazy boat;

He has given his lifebelt many a time, and sunk that another might float.

He has 'stood 'em off' while others escaped, when the niggers rushed from the hill,

And rescue parties that came too late have found what was left of Bill.

He has thirsted on deserts that others might drink, he has given lest others should lack,

He has staggered half-blinded through fire or drought with a sick man on his back.

He is first to the rescue in tunnel or shaft, from Bulli to Broken Hill, When the water breaks in or the fire breaks out, a leader of men is Bill!

He wears no Humane Society's badge for the fearful deaths he braved;

He seems ashamed of the good he did, and ashamed of the lives he saved.

If you chance to know of a noble deed he has done, you had best keep still;

If you chance to know of a kindly act, you mustn't let on to Bill.

He is fierce at a wrong, he is firm in right, he is kind to the weak and mild;

He will slave all day and sit up all night by the side of a neighbour's child.

For a woman in trouble he'd lay down his life, nor think as another man will;

He's a man all through, and no other man's wife has ever been worse for Bill.



He is good for the noblest sacrifice, he can do what few men can; He will break his heart that the girl he loves may marry a better man. There's many a mother and wife tonight whose heart and eyes will fill

When she thinks of the days of the long-ago when she well might have stuck to Bill.

Maybe he's in trouble or hard up now, and travelling far for work, Or fighting a dead past down tonight in a lone camp west of Bourke. When he's happy and flush, take your sorrow to him and borrow as much as you will;

But when he's in trouble or stony-broke, you never will hear from Bill.

And when, because of its million sins, this earth is cracked like a shell,

He will stand by a mate at the Judgment Seat and comfort him down in—Well,—

I haven't much sentiment left to waste, but let cynics sneer as they will,

Perhaps God will fix up the world again for the sake of the likes of Bill.

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	Editor	9397 0409
Rae Dockery	Committee	9356 7426
June Bond	Treasurer /Schools Co-ord.	9354 5804
Edna Westall	Committee	9339 3028
Brian Langley	Committee	9361 3770

Members please note Please contact any of the above committee members if you have any queries or issues which you feel require attention.

Events Calendar

- Sept 2 **WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm**  
**Traditional Night Rusty 9364 4491**  
**Why not join in the spirit of the night and come in period costume?**
- Sept 9-11 Inverell "Celebration of the Outback" 02 67 2111 127
- Sept 10-18 Winton Bush Poetry Muster 07 4657 1296
- Sept 30 FAW Soapbox Written Comp M McGoldrick 32 Mackie St, W't Moorooka Q 4105
- Oct 7 **WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491**
- Oct 7-9 NSW State Championships 02 6657 2139
- Oct 20 Closing date Walla Walla Heritage Festival Written Comp PO Box 22 Walla Walla NSW 2659
- Oct 22-23 **WA Bush Poetry Championships and Country City Bush Poetry Challenge**  
**Tumblegum Farm - for details refer Page 3**
- 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**

★ **State Championships** ★

Closing date for entries in the championships  
**7th September 2005**

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