

The Bully Tin



October, 2004

& Yarn Spinners

Monthly Muster at the Como Bowling & Recreation Club cnr Hensman & Sandgate Sts, South Perth
Next meeting: Friday 1st October, 2004 at 7.00pm for 7.30pm start.



NO "BULLY TIN" IN NOVEMBER, 2004 DUE TO NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS
November Monthly Muster Friday 5th November, 2004 at 7.00pm for 7.30pm start.



Australian Bush Poetry Championships

Regal Theatre Subiaco
Friday 29th, Saturday 30th October

Competition All Day Passes

Come and experience the atmosphere that is Subiaco, while being entertained by the best Australian Bush Poets from all over the country.

Australian Womens Championships.

Friday 29th October 9:30am to 4pm

Featuring

Kerry Lee

Current W.A. and Australian champion

Melanie Hall

2004 Winton and Tamworth Winner

Carol Heuchan

Current N.S.W Champion
and Many others.



Australian Mens Championships.

Saturday 30th October.

9am to 4:30pm

Featuring

Milton Taylor

Multiple award winning Bush Poet

John Best

Current Q.L.D. Champion

Noel Stollard

Current Australian Champion

Col Milligan

Current Victorian Champion

Dave Proust

N.S.W. Champion

Jim Brown

Healthy, Wealthy and Wise T.V. Presenter

And many others!!!

A Day Pass will allow you to come in
and out of the theatre as you wish.

Single Day Pass = \$10

Two Day Pass = \$15

Seniors Concessions less 10%

For more Information Contact
Rod or Kerry Lee.
Diggers Camp Promotions on
Phone (08) 93970409
0429970409

Email: rod@digcamp.com.au

Drummings from "The Boss Cocky"



Hi, you wonderful people.

What an exciting time for Bush Poetry and its supporters here in WA. In less than a month the National Titles will be held in the Regal Theatre, in down town Subiaco, the first time in a capital city—we have come a long way in a short time.

The organisers have been busy putting together a first class show, with huge help from the Rotary Club of Kenwick which is promoting ticket sales for a most worthy project, i.e. A contribution to a \$5 million gift to the State of a cord blood bank in Rotary's Centenary year 2005.

Coincidentally, the Nationals are just after the centenary date of WA being proclaimed an independent state. Our friends at Celebrate WA have some of our poets performing at a lunch time event in the city on October 21st which is the date, and have contacted some fifteen regional libraries to assist in promoting Bush Poetry via our member poets in the area both in performing and writing.

This highlights the fact that we need a volunteer to help organise written

verse as distinct from recited verse. There are three types of poets. The many anonymous ones whose work never sees the light of day, performance poets, who select good writers' work, commits it to memory (not easy) and performs it for an audience. Then there are the real talents who write and present—NOT READ—their work—good poetry and performance go together.

Back to the Nationals! - The organisers are concerned about ticket sales from our own association. In these last few weeks I appeal to ALL members to make a conscious effort to interest as many friend and rellies to obtain tickets for the top shows at the Regal on Friday 29th or Saturday 30th October and/ or Australian poetry/ music concert at Wattle Grove Wednesday 27th. They will all be quality shows, so do them a favour, don't keep the fun and enjoyment of Bush Poetry to yourself—share it with them.

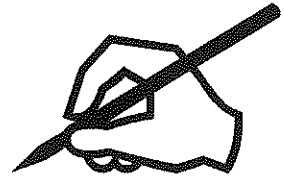
October will be a watershed time for Australian Rhyming Verse in Western Australia—

Be a part of it!

The Boss Cocky

Whether you think you can or you think you can't—you're right!

Letters to the Editor



The editor

Enclosed is Val Read's letter to the organisers of the Bronze Swagman Bush Poetry Competition. I hope the thought provoking discussions in our newsletter have helped give Val the motivation to take on others who are flirting with the integrity of our art form by allowing standards to slip.

I copped some flack years ago for criticising people who present themselves before audiences, ill prepared and lacking in ability, calling themselves "bush poets".

If you want to see folk who have the right to use the title "Bush Poet" come to the Regal Theatre during the day competition on Friday and Saturday. From the list of entries received you will see Australia's best on display.

The Importance of Rhyme & Rhythm

If you write for fame and glory, you must write a perfect story
Do not let rhyme and meter go amiss along the way.
Please use perfect punctuation; slang words are abomination,
And assure that your spelling is correct in every way.

If you go for mediocre—if you do I'd like to poke yer -
And say that you write poetry for pleasure not again.
Then this writer quite pedantic *gets absolutely* frantic,
When seeing good yarns treated with absolute disdain.

Why should rules for a reciter be regarded so much lighter,
We must all keep up the *standards, especially* today.
Yes, you can skip the rhythm if just laughs you want to give 'em
But why not be word perfect in the things you want to say?

If in Elvis Presley's singing some bad notes were always ring-
ing,
Do you honestly believe he'd be remembered for so long?
If our old poets didn't care there'd be rubbish everywhere,
So, to those who discount rhyme and meter -

YOU ARE WRONG!

Val Read ©

Dear Editor

Following is a letter sent to the Winton Tourist Promotion Association & to ABP Association.

Dear Sir/Ms

I am absolutely dumbfounded after reading the winning entry of the Bronze Swagman Award (2004) titled "The Scobie Whip" as the poem is very badly crafted from beginning to end.

In every stanza metre and rhythm are haphazard and rhyming, from the 3rd—12th stanzas leaves much to be desired. E.g. Strips/Whip, Flick/whip, horse-back/cracked, toll/rolled, tricks/whips, flick/whip, nick/whip.

"The" is used to the detriment of meter, and could have easily been left out in many places.

Construction of verse was quite amateurish in places.

Punctuation also needs revision.

This could have been a good poem as the story is a good one, but it certainly has not been professionally presented, and is definitely not up to competition standard. That it won is an indication that professionalism in our bush poetry is definitely slipping.

I've always considered the Bronze Swagman Competition to be a prestigious one, but it has let all bush poets down very badly in considering "The Scobie Whip" as worthy of first place. As it is, it should not have made it to the final selection.

There is no comparison between "The Scobie Whip" and Ellis Campbell's poem "The Memo Burns" (winner of the Southern Highlands Festival of Australian Bush Poetry), which is a perfect example, in every way, of how our bush poetry should be presented, whether it be for written competition or recitation. Many well-known poets are advocating that the old principles no longer apply, (especially in recitation) and if new writers heed this advice, God help bush poetry.

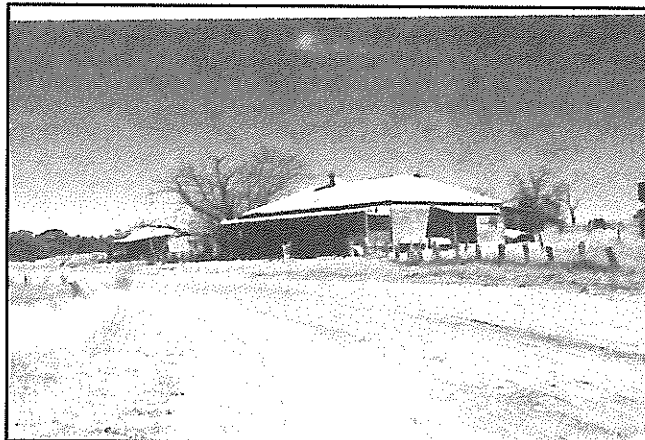
Val Read

Member's Contributions

The Farm

She contacted me from the city-
She's got a good job in the bar.
She'll send me some money next week
Which means we will not loose the car.
They tell us to be more efficient.
Well, haven't we heard that before?
While buyers are paying us less
The banks have been charging us more!
And how can we get more efficient?
That seems to be anyone's guess.
Why can't someone else be efficient-
Produce more and manage on less?
We are told to be careful with water
But if only they'd walk in our shoes,
They would know if it soon doesn't rain
There won't be much water to use.
We have great advice on computers
And all of that internet gear
But technology isn't the answer -
No satellite coverage here!
Sometimes, alone in the evening,
I wonder why ever I stay.
I'd earn a lot more in the city
If I gave all this farming away.
Perhaps it's the great country air
Perhaps it's the friends we all know -
Perhaps it's a hope for the future
The pleasure of making things grow.
Should life take a turn for the better -
(There's always a chance that it might)
With the stock looking fat and contented,
The paddocks a wonderful sight,
As you drive through the beautiful country
Don't ever say as you go
"Will you look at that prosperous farm -
That bloke must be rolling in dough!"

© Peg Vickers



When The Drought Broke

The sky was dark and stormy
The wind was rising fast.
I couldn't see the sunset
The sky was too overcast.
I longed for my family to return
From their jobs out on the farm
And silently prayed that they
Would all be safe from harm.
Faster the leaves and branches flew,
Rain and hail beat on the ground
Until I seemed to be surrounded
By nothing but surging sound.
The lightning flashed, the thunder roared,
The storm was at its worst.
So much water tumbled down
I thought the sky had burst.
My family were in the paddocks.
They would be safe, I knew;
But would the creek in the valley
Be too deep to get through?
The wind had dropped to a breeze,
The storm was almost past.
I looked across the hill side -
There was plenty of water at last!
I looked out towards the sheds.
Then I looked and looked again-
There were three full grown men
All dancing in the rain!
Their arms were around each other
And I heard them yell and shout
For people sure do crazy things
At the breaking of the drought!

© Emily Trimble

Emily Trimble is the mother of Verona Daniels, an ABP & YS member.

She now lives in Agmaroy Nursing Home and will be 100 years old in January, 2005.

Emily was born in a spring cart on a property between Brookton and Beverley in 1905.

Though she only received two & a half years formal education she continued her learning by reading anything and everything she could and by writing letters to friends and relatives.

She always loved poetry, especially Australian ballads and began writing poetry at the age of 52.

A remarkable woman.

Verona

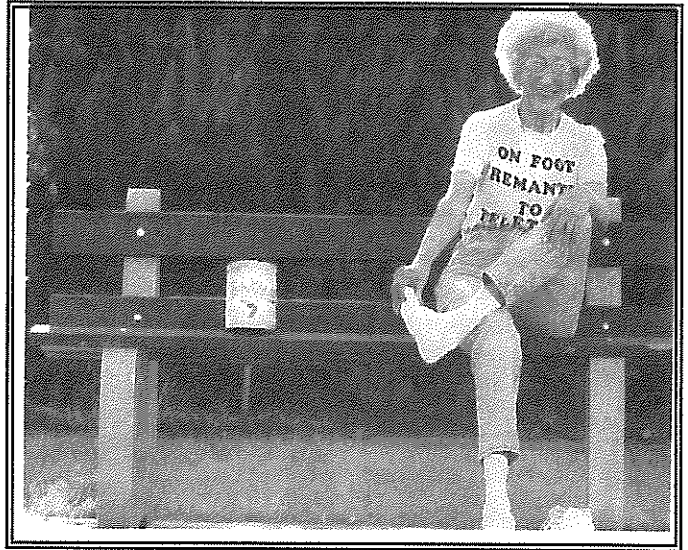
Beth puts her best foot forward!

Beth Scott is a long standing and treasured member of the Bush Poets. She was a regular attendee at the Monthly Musters until the move from the Raffles to Como Bowling Club. Unfortunately Beth doesn't drive so is unable to attend. Those who know her miss her lively presence.

A vibrant bubbly lady, Beth is 73 year young. She has written some hilarious poetry—probably most renown being on "grandad" & Viagra.

Beth has a heart as big as her smile and has made it her mission each year to walk from Fremantle to Channel 7, in Dianella collecting for Telethon. This began as a dare 30 years ago and she has not missed a year since, though she does admit to catching the occasional bus between stops since she turned 70.

Over the years she has collected around \$150,000 for children's charities. We have some amazing people in our club.



The Dunny Down The Back

Bill bought himself a property out back of Gundagai. He'd never done no farming but thought he'd like to try. He bought him self some heifers and a handsome bull or two. Then branding time came round and he didn't know what to do.

He'd push them to the ground but he couldn't keep them still.

But Bill was a resourceful bloke—there's a way if there's a will.

Outside there was a dunny with a flap door on the back. Bill had a bright idea and called his old mate Jack.

"I'll back them on the dunny and you can brand them from the rear.

And when they all are finished we'll go and have a beer. One by one he backed them in. The idea worked a treat. Though the cattle weren't too happy and sometimes stamped their feet.

Something happened on that day that caused a big sensation.

Bill's missus had a visit from the Country Women's Association.

She gave them all a cuppa and served biscuits on a tray. Then one asked to use the dunny because she'd been holding on all day.

She went in through the doorway and sat down with a plop. "Cause old Bill wasn't looking Jack didn't know to stop! He lifted up the flap and thought "This one looks mighty pale" And he didn't seem to notice that it didn't have a tail.

He picked up the branding iron and gave her his best poke
And she shot up in the air as her bum went up in smoke.

The screams which filled the air would cause your blood to freeze
As she took off over yonder with her knickers round her knees.

As she jumped into the watering hole her brain was in a frizzle.

Her face was black as thunder as her bottom gave a sizzle.

Now, Bill was a resourceful bloke as mentioned once before.

He'd been breeding yabbies. He'd a hundred now or more.

"Cor she looked a sorry sight—that poor damsel in distress

With them nipping round her ankles and clinging to her dress.

Bill's missus up and left him because she couldn't join that ladies club

And Bill's a lonely bloke who spends his evenings a the pub.

And that woman from the ladies club—Jack got her so darn hot

She's hanging round the dunny 'cause she wants another shot.

And, still when Bill goes into town his mates all give him flak

When he tells them all the story 'bout the dunny down the back!

© Beth Scott

Monthly Muster

A huge attendance at the September Muster with a full programme from the performers. The numbers seem to be increasing each month. Rusty had his hands full fitting everyone in and it turned out an entertaining and varied night.

Rusty kicked the evening off with Bob Magor's "Caravanning Bliss" which always strikes a cord with those who frequent caravan parks. He followed this up with reading some of Cobber's poems written while pushing a wheelbarrow from Fitzroy Crossing to Halls Creek—a journey of six days. Not everyone's preferred mode of transport but Cobber isn't "everyone".

The evening took a "Val Read" theme with Val reading several of her poems, followed up by a reading from Evie Perrin of "Smut in Bush Poetry", along with a tribute to Evie's hairdresser.

The regulars were there to entertain us again in admirable style—Peter Drayton, Ron Ingham, David Seares, Margaret Taylor, Barry Higgins, Trish Joyce, Rosemary Sharland, Rod & myself. It was also great to hear from Brian Langley, Bob Philpot and Jim Shawn. The range and variety of poems is staggering.

Poor Rusty found the women *revolting* in the beginning, ignoring his request to keep the evening funny, but the mood lightened with Margaret, Trish & Rosemary.

My apologies for my assault on your eardrums with my knuckles and thumbs rendition on the piano of "A Billy of Tea". At least you all seemed to get the general jist of the tune. No need to tell you I haven't touched the piano for years! It was fun anyway!

There were a lot poetry "readings" this Muster, which is a good way to start with performance poetry until you feel confident enough to recite unaided. However, the Club encourages performers to learn their poems to develop their delivery skills and to make the poems more interesting for the audience. I've also been told it keeps the Alzheimer's at bay! Will keep you informed on that one!

It is fantastic to see the club growing with new faces taking the mike, so keep on writing and reciting.

Kerry

Way outback of Perth

The *funny farm* has turned into a health farm complete with private rooms and with special diets catered for. While I hide inside three sets of soulful pleading eyes are begging to be freed from confinement in empty yards. I can block out the eyes but it is impossible to block out the pathetic braying from Elmo. As Spring burst into life so did the girths of Elmo, CJ & Baa-Lee. Protruding from the colourful sea of flowering weeds are three fat bottoms in varying hues—grey, gold and white. And this is not a good sight. "Fat" is bad for donkeys and horses and it is very, very bad for little sheep, especially when that little sheep is a meat sheep! Rod has warned Baa-Lee not to wander too far on her own or she might turn into a Sunday roast.

Actually, I entertained thoughts along those lines last week when she redecorated the bathroom attached to the shed. With a group coming in for lunch I had it all spick and span then Baa-Lee wandered in, shutting the door behind her. By the time I tracked down her pathetic cries for help she had covered shower, toilet and hand basin with muddy footprints and draped the toilet roll through all the mess. For a plump little sheep she is very agile! Sight of the week would have to be Baa-Lee bounding beside me through the paddock leaping over the horse jumps. I wonder who looks the most ridiculous?

Kerry

A Walk With The Masters

Thomas E Spencer

1845—1911

Thomas E Spencer produced two books of poetry late in life, the first, "How MacDougal Topped the Score", when he was 61. During the 1890's he submitted poems to *The Bulletin*. Archibald, who was editor at this time, declared Spencer's works were like "a breath of fresh air from the bush", saying that it was a pleasure to read about something other than wattle and dead men!

Why Doherty Died

It was out on the Bogan near Billabong Creek
Where the sky shines like brass seven days in the week
Where the buzzin' mosquitoes annoy you all night
And the blowflies come wakin' you up at day light;
Where the people get weary and sad and forlorn
Till they wish they had died long before they were born;
There's a flat near the river, I knew the place well,
For 'twas there Dinny Doherty kept the hotel.

Dinny Doherty died. "Twasn't aisy to say
Just the cause of the trouble that tuk him away.
If 'twas measles or whoopin' cough, croup or catarrh,
Or the things docthers pickle and put in a jar.
Not docther was nigh when he come by his death
So we reckoned he died just through shortage of
breath—
We didn't know how these fine points to decide;
What we did know for certain was: Doherty died.

The coroner came up from Bottle-nose Flat,
And twelve of us with him on Doherty sat.
The hate was intense; There was whiskey galore—
When we finished we weren't as wise as before.
We were roasin'; yet there, wid a shmile on his face,
Lay poor Dinny, the only cool man in the place.
Yet devil a one in the crowd could decide
Or even imagine why Doherty died.

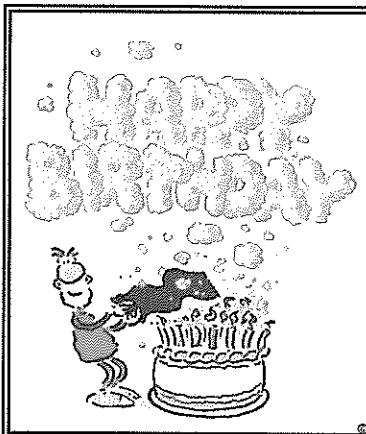
The old pub it seemed lonesome win Dinny was gone
Lavin' poor Kitty Doherty grieving' alone.
Every time that I called she cried: "Phwat will I do?
Darlin' Dinny, come back to me, Cushla! Wirroo!
Faith it's lonely I am today, Dinny, ashore!
Don't be saying your dead, that I'll see you no more."
Whin I thried to console her, she bitterly cried,
"I have no one to love me since Doherty died."

"I kape pinin'", says she, "Till I'm shkin and bone."
(Poor Kitty! She only weighed seventeen shtone.)
"Sure, life widhout love is like bread widhout yaste."
Poor Kitty! Her heart was as big as her waist.
And what is the pain? - 'tishn't iverone knows
Whin a big heart like Kitty's wid love overflows.
Kitty's love was as broad as the ocean is wide,
But she'd no one to share it since Doherty died.

'Twas a hot summer's day when a visit I paid,
For the hate was a hundhred and tin in the shade;
Poor Kitty looked sad as I inthered the gate,
And her cheeks were quite moist wid her tears (and the hate);
But 'twas cosy she looked as she sat in the bar,
And I whispered, "Poor girl, is it lonely ye are?"
"Bedad! Lonely's no name for it," Kitty replied
"I'm just frettin' me heart out since Doherty died."

Then, says I, "Faith, this isn't the weather to fret!"
And I wiped her plump cheeks which were clammy and wet;
"Sure, Kitty," says I, "you must hold up your head,
For the world isn't impty if one man is dead.
To be livin' and pinin' alone's a disgrace;
Can you find no good man to take Doherty's place?"
Then she smiled through her tears and she said as she
sighed:
"Ah! The good men are scarce since poor Doherty died."

"Och," says I, "to talk that way is fiddle-de-dee:
There are good men left yet, Kitty—what about me?"
Then, before you'd say "Jack", o'er the bar she had leapt,
And she flung herself onto me bosom and wept.
"Twas in vain that I thried to get out to get cool,
She was harder to shift than a big bag of wool.
And I thought as she lay on me bosom and cried:
"Faith! 'Tis *now* that I *know* why poor Doherty died!"



Syd
-80 years young!

A Nice Bit of Mutton

At first it was up on the Fortescue
 Old Pannikin said to me
 "Y'know if there's fifty ways to cook mutton
 Our Charlie knows eighty-three.

He roast it in twenty-eight different styles
 And stews it in forty more
 And if ever he's short of a name for the dish
 He grabs one he's made up before.

He should cook something else for us shearers
 Who've been clipping the woollies all day-
 Like partridge or goose or pork dumplings
 Or a schnappers fresh out of Shark Bay."

He growled much the same on the Gascoyne
 And grumbled along the De Grey
 "Till the time the Ashburton flooded
 While the sheep were far, far away.

We just moped in the damp shearers' quarters
 Watching the rain cascade down;
 There wasn't a skerrick of mutton,
 Just damper and old Charlie's frown.

We lived on a tough bit of emu
 And a biggeter down from the hills,
 Then damper and jam- then
 Damper without any frills.

For three weeks we chewed Charlie's damper
 'Till Pannikan changed his refrain-
 "Gawd, send us a nice bit of mutton, amen
 And I'll never curse Charlie again!"

Bob Chambers (c)



walking

*A stroll on the beach
 Or a stroll in the bush,
 Just amble along
 And go with the push.*

*You'll meet many kinds
 From "silents" to "lounds",
 But to really be happy
 TRY WALKING ON CLOUDS!*

Clyde Adams (c)

Junior Poetry Section

Marco Gliori is a member of The Naked Poets, but he is more than a comedian. He works extensively with children through schools in Queensland and interstate, running motivational workshops to promote poetry and creative writing.

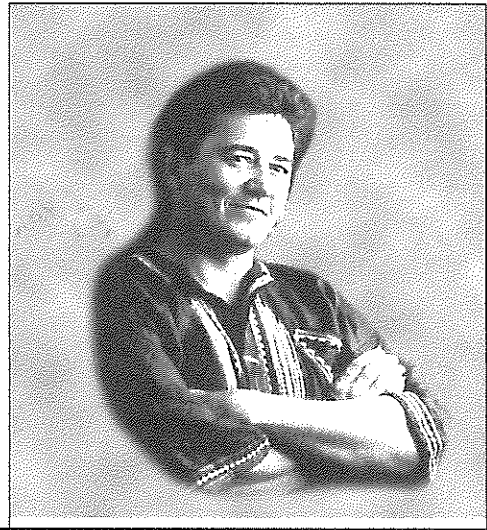
“His performances at schools and festivals have earned him a reputation as a mischievous and masterful story-teller and a popular poet for all ages.

“A rather unlikely entertainer, the former Rugby League playing Queensland Detective of Italian extraction has produced several children’s books of poetry” (quote)

Marco will be in Perth performing and judging during the National Championships.

A man of great warmth and character he is happily married with three gorgeous daughters.

Treat yourself and be entertained by this talented man.



The Convent Walls

Look! Someone’s bouncing tennis balls
Hard up against the Convent walls!
And that’s against the rules you know -
Mother Margaret told us so!

Bouncing, bouncing. Ooh! This is wild!
The word has spread... It’s that new child!
He doesn’t know. Is he a fool?
Has he not read the CONVENT RULES!

Then, striding through the growing crowd,
Descending like a black storm cloud
Comes Mother Margaret, striding out....
“Just stop that now, you roustabout!!!”

He did not look... He did not hear...
She reached and grabbed him by the ear,
But as she did he threw the ball!
It put him off... he missed the wall!

It went astray so hard and fast
It smashed the staffroom window glass!
Then, twenty nuns we all could see
Now eating cake and sipping tea.

Well, that new child is still with us,
And since he caused that staffroom fuss,
He knows the convent rules just fine -
He wrote them out one thousand times.



The Butterfly

I could not bring myself to cry
When I did spy a Butterfly
Settling on the ground to die
Exhausted from a life gone by.

She gave no painful ghastly throe,
But simply sat there dying slow.
Perhaps the Butterfly did know
There’s somewhere sweeter she should go.

Pretty Crook

Just go to bed and read a book-
Your belly’s sore, you’re pretty crook-
You’ll lay there thinking, feeling glum,
But still not game to tell your Mum.

“What is the matter, love?” she’ll ask.
“Your tummy aches? The pain will pass!”
She’ll hold your hand and feel your skin,
Then kiss your head and tuck you in.

Go off to sleep you cheeky kid!
Don’t tell your mother what you did!
But you can bet before you wake
She’ll know you ate that chocolate cake!

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

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