

# The Bully Tin

May 2004

WA Bush Poets



& Yarn Spinners

Monthly Muster at the Como Bowling & Recreation Club cnr Hensman & Sandgate Sts, Sth Perth  
Next meeting: Friday 7<sup>th</sup> May 2004 at 7.00pm for 7.30pm start.



## Lest we forget!



ANZAC Day is a time to remember & reflect on the enormous sacrifices made for us at Gallipoli & on the horror and pain of war fare.

This is graphically portrayed in the following poems by an Old Master, Banjo Paterson, and a Contemporary Master, our own Arthur Leggett.

### 6<sup>th</sup> August

Some of you young folk sicken me when you survey the past from here – today.

Ignoring history as it was, the part us old blokes had to play.

Have you not heard of nurses herded out into the water  
Then machine-gunned for no reason but indifferent, callous slaughter?

Have you all forgotten scenes from The Railroads murderous toil?  
The starving mob in Changi Gao! The dead on Ambon's soil?

Let me tell you who they were these wicer-ridden shapes.  
Kicked and tortured – bashed to death. They were my teenage mates!

The chaps I played cricket with or swelled the football's cheers.  
We sailed our yacht upon the Swan, laughed together, drank our beers.

Have you forgotten Darwin Town was bombed? Broome and Wyndham wrecked?  
New Guinea nearly over-run? Forgotten who was next?

The invader pounded at the door! Reached out with yellow hand  
To raze my city, rape my kin and take my native land!

Now you cry for the vanquished! Shout "Shame" with great aplomb.  
Condemn my generation and its immoral atom bomb.

A war's a bloody awful thing in which Man murders Man.  
Yet, fifty years along Life's Track no one gives a damn!

But before you weep for the enemy and mourn his tragic cost,  
Sit down and quietly ask yourself "My God! What if we'd lost!"

Arthur Leggett

### The Last Parade

With never a sound of trumpet, with never a flag displayed,  
The last of the old campaigners lined up for the last parade.

Weary they were and battered, shoeless, and knocked about  
From under their ragged forelocks their hungry eyes looked out.

And they watched as the old commander read out, to the cheering men,  
The Nation's thanks and the orders to carry them home again.

And the last of the old campaigners, sinewy, lean and spare –  
He spoke for his hungry comrades: "Have we not done our share?"

Starving and tired and thirsty we limped on the blazing plain:  
And after a long night's picket you saddled us up again.

We froze on the windswept kopjes when the frost lay snowy white.  
Never a halt in the daytime, never a rest at night!

We knew when the rifles rattled from the hillside bare and brown,  
And over our weary shoulders we felt warm blood run down.

As we turned for the stretching gallop, crushed to the earth with weigh:  
But we carried our riders through it – carried them p'raps too late.

Steel! We were steel to stand it – we that have lasted through,  
We that are old campaigners pitiful, poor and few.

Over the sea you brought us, over the leagues of foam;  
Now we have served you fairly will you not take us home?

Home to the Hunter River, to the flats where the lucerne grows;  
Home where the Murrumbidgee runs white with the melted snows.

This is a small thing, surely! Will not you give command  
That the last of the old campaigners go back to their native land?"

They looked at the grim commander, but never a sign he made.  
"Dismiss!" and the old campaigners moved off from their last parade.

B. Paterson

## Why We Remember

"There's a generation round, now lad, who don't dig Anzac Day-  
Don't have a clue what it was like shipped half the world away  
To Egypt out to Palestine, France or Gallipoli  
To fight a war no fool could want – to keep the Empire free."

"Yes. Look at my lot now then Dad. They all think I was mad  
Bombing over Germany when I was just a lad.  
Take Wally down the street a bit, who fought Kokoda Track.  
His "peacenik" grandson seems to think Wal's right out of whack!

It's hard for them to understand – when I was eighteen on  
What a different world it was – no one was "on the con".  
No drunks, de factos just weren't know- No DRUGS! And no  
TV, And half the lads I'd known were dead when I was twenty  
three!"

"I hope they never have to know – we did both you and me.  
Perhaps it made us better men than we were born to be!  
It's just, when Anzac comes around I'd really love to know  
These kids could "sense" what we went through –  
**Why we remember so!"**

Silvia Rowell

## 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 heard her crying. I've watched her kneel and pray  
For the soldier she had loved and lost to God at Suvula Bay.

Ron Gill (83yo)

Tamworth, NSW.  
Ex drover, horse breaker & inter-service welter weight boxing  
champion.  
Travelled with Sharmon's boxing troop.

## Letters to the Editor

### Keep it clean!

"Banjo" Paterson and Henry Lawson are Australian  
icons in Bush Poetry and their legacy will live on for  
years to come.

They did not need to resort to smut or coarse language in  
their poems. They drew a very clean picture with their  
words which did not require enhancement by suspect  
adjectives or nouns!

So, let us maintain our Western Australian standard of  
"cleanest around" and let the uneducated seek  
amusement elsewhere.

Sincerely

Evie Perrins

### From the Editor

Thank you for sharing your concerns with us Evie.

While I do not disagree with you I am, however, of the  
opinion that if at our monthly muster we only focused on  
the traditional and wholesome poems our numbers could  
soon diminish.

Even when Kerry and I go to the High Schools the  
interest of the senior students soon wanes when we  
deliver serious poems. When we include a bit of spice  
and innuendo we recapture their interest.

Back in the eighteen hundreds poets did not even use  
"bloody". Instead, it was the "blood red oath" or the  
"crimson oath".

I wonder what they thought when Paterson wrote  
"murder, bloody murder" and his poem "They Met at the  
Charity Ball"?

Rod Lee

# Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"



## A TRIP BACK IN TIME

Emanating from a request in an earlier 'mail out', Ron Evans and your's truly journeyed out into the wilds of the Nullarbor Plain to down town Rawlinna for the holding of their 21st. annual Nullarbor Muster.

Arriving in Kalgoorlie via the Prospector, we were met and driven 380 kms on gravel alongside the railway line to Rawlinna Station, the second largest sheep station in W.A. which is managed by our hospitable hosts, Ross and Jo Wood.

To describe the experience in detail would be not only impossible but pointless as one could not recapture the atmosphere, the camaraderie and the sheer down to earth approach to life of these 21st. century fair dinkum Aussies which to me is the spirit of Australia that we in the Bush Poetry movement are about. A German film crew were also trying to record the action for a documentary to be shown to the Krauts.

There would have been about 200 attendees/ revellers at the event which included most of the local station folk within a radius of 200 kms visitors from Kalgoorlie, Esperance, Eucla, even Toodyay plus a convoy of 3 vehicles on their way back from the Gun Barrel Highway.

On Friday the visitors began arriving and setting up camp in an area behind the aircraft hangar type venue and by Saturday A.M. the bush was sprinkled with vehicles, tents and camps of all shapes and forms.

Saturday was the big events day for the gymkhana and race meeting, followed by a gala 'dress up' presentation in the evening where the ribbons and trophies for the events were handed out. The dress was mostly 'as you are informal' though our hostess Jo Wood appeared resplendent, well groomed, in an attractive ankle length dress, capped off with — woollen socks and dusty elastic sided boots — the conditions and terrain demand such sacrifices.

The revelry continued into the wee hours of Sunday when the iron man and iron women's events were held which concluded an action packed 24 hours plus, annual event with some of the main activities being eating, drinking and talking as friends and neighbours [ same thing ] caught up in a spirit of total togetherness and I would venture to say that if not unique, certainly a rare event on the social calendar of outback Australia.

This country was opened up for stations in the 1960s and as the locals told us, the main spare time hobbies were playing chess or writing verse. There is an excellent publication, 'Verses From The Nullarbor' in its fourth print, that captures some of that era. The words of the accompanying song written by the author of a lot of the poems in the book will sum up the event much better than I can do justice to it.

Oh yes! we did get around to regaling the multitude with some verse, mostly under adverse conditions as many of the potential audience had more pressing activities— such as drinking — but I am sure we left an impression of Australian Rhyming Verse.

### Nullarbor Muster Song

Now there's movement at Rawlinna and we've shifted all the stones  
To make room for the beer kegs and avoid the broken bones.  
You can talk about Mount Isa and the rodeos you've seen  
But when you've seen this muster you'll know that you have been...

*Chorus*

*Out on the western fringes of the mighty Nullarbor  
Where there's going to be a muster like you've never seen before  
From Norseman to the border, from Cook to Kalgoorlie  
They're catching trains and flying planes to join our jamboree!*

We're looking for bush horses that can do a Nullarbor mile  
So come on all you ringers, don't stand around and smile.  
Buckle up your saddles and give the race a fling  
With an equal start and lots of heart we'll make the lime stones ring!

*Chorus*

So we'll see you at the muster and you will cheer I'm sure  
When the ladies hitch their skirts up for the knees up tug-of-war.  
And when the daylights faded there'll be no time to snooze  
We'll ease our aches with barbecue steaks and lots of Nullarbor booze!

By Rod Campbell

## Editor's Report

Well, it has been a busy month for our band of roving Bush Poets. Kerry & I did shows at Dawesville and Moora as well as entertaining a group of English tourists on our property. As this edition goes to press we are heading out to Mangowine. Where, you say? Out near Mukunbudin. I'll tell you how that went in the next edition.

John Hayes did a session at the pub at Rottnest.

Peter Nettleton performed at the Fairbridge Poet's Breakfast.

Rusty introduced the children at Pickering Brook Primary School to Bush Poetry, then teamed up with Ron Evans and tripped out to Rawlina for their annual Muster.

Rusty and I have both made mention in the past of what a great fraternity the Australian Bush Poets are. This surfaced again in April when we had a surprise visit from a Queensland poet, Trevor Shaw. I had not met Trevor before but this doesn't worry Bush Poets. Trevor is a retired high school principal. He has written two books of Bush Poetry "A Valid Excuse" and "Thank You...Too". We will feature some of his work in future editions. After a few yarns over a few beers he and his wife headed off to see some more of WA. No doubt we will see him again one day.

I am also proud to announce that Kerry has been nominated for a Western Australian Citizenship Award in the category of "The Arts". June Bond, Rusty and myself were telling staff of "Celebrate WA" about Kerry's achievements and they felt she would be a worthy nominee. A big thank you to June Bond and Jean Ritchie for submitting the necessary paper work. GO KERRY!

## Way Out Back - of Perth!

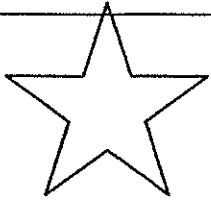
It was wedding bells at Diggers Camp in April. We were thrilled when our son, David, and his wife, Di, decided to hold the ceremony out here. Naturally, we both underestimated what it would mean in the outlay of time, effort and energy (we won't mention \$\$\$\$!) Just organising perfect weather was difficult enough! The "Few Clouds" were okay but we certainly didn't book "Gusty Winds". I love balloons and decided to fill the shed, where the afternoon tea was held, with them as well as tying them out in the street. But "Gusty Winds" played havoc with that idea and almost caused a cancellation of the wedding! We blew up over 200 balloons. By the time the ceremony had started about 100 remained. All the popping and banging terrified the Bride's little dog, Chloe (who was to play a part in the ceremony) and she vanished. Best men and helpers were scattered all over Oakford as a massive search was undertaken. We were just preparing to call in the SES, Police and Fire brigade when she was found shivering under the horse float. Hallelujah!! The wedding was on again!

The Bride made a dramatic entrance in a carriage drawn by two smart little greys. Four tiny little flower girls preceded her down the aisle scattering rose petals. That was the plan, anyway. One took fright when she saw all the people, two loitered and lingered and one stayed focussed on the job. So focussed in fact that when her basket was empty she climbed on my lap and scattered the petals off my corsage. That corsage was causing me grief anyway. I couldn't seem to pin it on right and every time someone hugged me I got stabbed. It is very hard to smile and gush when 2" of pin is penetrating your flesh!

Friends from the "mysterious East" (NSW) flew in several days prior to the wedding. Too bad they didn't snuggle into their beds until 2am as Elmo, our little donkey, likes to greet each sunrise with a rousing, raucous bray. "Slumbering Guests" were not too impressed but I think Elmo has a point. Out here, mornings are the best time of day with carolling maggies and squawking cockies calling in the soft sunrises. I ought to know as the animals all feel I need to be out attending to their needs at first light every morning, everyday, rain or shine! They've trained me well!

On a serious note I want to extend a *huge* thankyou to two of my Earth Angels, Edna and Maxine, for stepping in and taking over the afternoon tea responsibilities on the day. I didn't realise what a massive blessing this was until I found myself caught up in all the festivities. Thank you!!

Kerry



# Special Coming Events

The following are events which you can all be a part of, from writing and competing to coming along and enjoying yourselves.

**State Championship Concert**  
**Saturday 15<sup>th</sup> May 2004 7.30pm – 10.30pm**  
**Fremantle Arts Centre**  
1 Finnerty Street, Fremantle

A performance by the best West Australian Bush Poets and Australian Folk Musicians.  
Supper and Bar facilities available.  
Entry Fee: \$10.00 per head

**\*Weekend 15<sup>th</sup> -16<sup>th</sup> May 2004 Western Australian Bush Poetry Championships.**

The Championships will be held over the whole weekend at the Fremantle Arts Centre. The Arts Centre is very keen to have it as part of their programme and plan to assist in attracting local people to the event.

For those needing to stay over night powered and unpowered sites for tents, caravans & campers are available at Digger's Camp for \$5.00 per night. Contact Rod or Kerry on 9397 0409.

To win the Championships poets will have to recite an original humorous poem, an original serious poem and an Australian Classic. Original works must be new works never previously used in competition. (See competition add for more detail). There will also be a Contemporary section, Yarn Spinning and Novice and Junior Competition.

**The response so far has been disappointing. Come on Poets!**  
**Support your club & Bush Poetry in W A!**  
**Have a go!**

**Australian Bush Poetry Championships Fund Raiser**  
**Traditional Night**  
**Friday 18<sup>th</sup> June 2004 7.30pm – 10.00pm**  
**Como Bowling Club**

As part of the Fund Raiser you may request your favourite Classic poem be performed by your choice of poet.

The fee is only limited by your generosity.

If it is a new poem you will need to give the performer at least a month to learn it.

Entry fee \$10.00 – supper supplied

Nominations taken at the Monthly Muster May or June 2004 or by contacting Rod or Kerry Lee.

Other novelty events will be arranged to ensure a good night.

Any clever ideas – contact a committee member

**Australian Bush Poetry Championship Fund Raiser**  
**Comedy Night**  
**Friday 20<sup>th</sup> August 2004 7.30pm – 10.00pm**  
**Como Bowling Club**  
Entry Fee \$10.00 – supper supplied

# One Minute Poems

Entries for the Moora Camp-Out Poet's Brawl were very encouraging, with a number of new writers coming onto the scene. As reported in Edna's Campout Review Chris Sadler won the competition. We would like to give special thanks to Chris and the other entrants for making this, our first Poet's Brawl in WA, a success.

Sylvia Rowell, one of our Monthly Muster stalwarts, submitted an Anzac poem which features on the second page. In trying to give the poem the feeling it deserved unfortunately Rod went a fraction overtime. Sorry Sylvia!

Two of the poems submitted by Terry Ackland (Moora) and Erica Lumsden (Rosa Glen) would tend to indicate that there is a little more goes on at the farm than farming!

## Tomfoolery

Young Bill the farmer, hailed from over the hill  
Wedded, bedded, his sheila, who answered to Lill.  
Bill, a prankster renown, in his neck of the wood  
Snared a mouse in the haystack, with intent of no good.

Now while Lill helped Bill with stacking the hay  
Bill released vermin, up Lill's pants, on that day  
Lill screamed as she leapt, from one bale to the next  
Her knickers she dropped, to be rid of the pest.

Larrikan Bill, laughed his gag, at poor Lill  
Pale of complexion, now was Lill, feeling ill  
Words of advice, when next winding up bride  
Lill's revenge will be sweet, so Bill, woe betide!

Erica Lumsden



## And She, No Sow On Heat

She met him in the shearing shed  
He set her heart a-flutter.  
His eyes were blue, his smile was true,  
His tongue was smooth, like butter.

"Come down with me to see the pigs,  
They are about to litter."  
"Oh yes!" she said. "We'll run the way,  
I bet I'll be the fitter!"

The pigs were there all big and fat.  
The shed was long and dark.  
She felt long arms, like tentacles...  
His eyes were full of spark!

"I want to see the pigs." She said.  
"I want to have a look."  
"We do not have a light down here."  
His arm, her waist, he took.

She stepped away and side stepped back.  
He did not lose a beat.  
He quite forgot he was NO boar...  
And she NO sow on heat!

Terry Ackland

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## Congratulations, Val!

Val Read has done it again, not only winning the Scribblers Mandurah Competition with her poem "Song of the Crows" but also scoring a highly commended with "Rain in the Bush". Hopefully we can share these poems with you in the next edition.

## March Monthly Muster

Many thanks to David Seares for standing up as our MC for the evening.

Our poets for the evening were a little down on numbers and they were missed by both performers and audience, especially the "Old Boss Cocky" himself, Rusty. We still managed to fill the programme and enjoy another great Monthly Muster. Thanks to all who attended.

The old (????) stalwarts - Barry; Sid, Arthur, Margaret, David, Rod & Kerry were admirably supported by Terry Ackland, Bob Stace, Ann, Rosa and Val Reid. Poor Rosa arrived with her arm trussed up in a sling. I hope it is back in action by now. Her graphic descriptions of the trials of coping with life's little rituals with an injured wing were highly amusing - though I'm sure she wasn't amused at the time.

Sid and Barry gave a hilarious rendition of "The Dunny Man From Que" when they performed it as a duet. Could this be the beginning of a new career in show bizz? And Arthur could make up the trio after breaking into song in the second set.

Val's poem on "Uluru", about preserving the sacredness of the Rock, was thought provoking. Personally, I feel there is a shift in attitudes developing here. It is nine years since Rod and I were there. When I looked at the Rock I felt I had found the heart of Australia so we were easily persuaded to enjoy it but not climb it after reading the available information and talking with those involved in its presentation.

Unfortunately I had to rush off to the airport before the evening finished so I hope I haven't excluded any one.

See you at the next Muster

Kerry

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## Moora Country Camp Out Review by our Happy Wander - Edna Westall

Easter has come and gone with so many events it was hard to choose.

The Moora Country Camp Out was a huge success and the weather was perfect.

On Friday night there was the choice of out door movies or the speedway. Saturday morning the town was full of buskers and street stalls with a free sausage sizzle at Supa Value. The high light of the afternoon was the spectacular "Beaut Ute" Competition through the streets of Moora. In the evening the Camp Out Concert was held at the Showgrounds with top entertainers from the recent Tamworth Festival, Lee & Tania Kernaghan, Carter & Carter, the Top Twins & Damien Cripps from Northampton. A spectacular fireworks display finished off a great evening enjoyed by about 7000 people.

Sunday dawned another perfect day. The Lions Club catered for a breakfast in Apex Park & Rod & Kerry Lee, along with Chris Sadler, entertained the crowd with some excellent Bush Poetry as well as a One Minute Poem Competition with some very talented local poets participating. Chris Sadler from Wongan Hills was the winner of the \$100 prize. Thank you to all those who made the effort to write and learn a poem. It was very much appreciated.

Sunday afternoon there was a choice of lawn bowls or the Bush Races at the Moora Race Course. What a great time we had especially with a small collect on each race. Lots to look back on. It was a full weekend & we look forward to doing it again next year, all being well.

Many varied types of accommodation were available. We felt our choice of the High School was the best as it was spacious, clean and quiet with shuttle buses available all weekend.

Monday we broke camp and moved on up to Geraldton for a few days to recuperate.

Edna Westall

# Junior Poetry Section

poem by

Pupils from Winthrop Baptist College

## Short Lived Freedom

My school bell rings at last, at last!  
Get on my bike and peddle fast.  
Two days of fun. Two days for me.  
The weekends here and I am free!

School shirt off and t-shirt on.  
Jeans come out and school shorts gone.  
No longer matters what I wear.  
Don't even need to comb my hair!

I hear Dad's car. It's on the drive.  
It's no longer fun to be alive.  
"Do your homework, boy" says he  
No longer happier, no longer free.  
(No name supplied)

## Surfing

One early winter day  
When everyone else was snoring  
I was up surfing the bay  
I drifted to a sign saying "warning!"  
It was getting to that time of a surfer's day  
When the waves were getting really boring.  
Sitting, waiting for a wave I got stung by a sting-ray  
And then pooped on by a bird soaring.  
It really wasn't my day to surf this bay.  
So I got out and started adoring  
The surfers in the pub eating Cray.  
So I thought "What the Hay!"  
Let's go in and join them!

Nate DiSovich

In the April Newsletter we featured a children's poem Marco Gliori wrote with the children. He has produced two books for children "The Kitchen Revolt" and "Sparky and Other Live Wires". These books are filled with light hearted poems, performance poems for individuals or groups and examples of works created while conducting children's workshops. These books would make excellent gifts for any child interested in writing verse or stories. Books can be purchased from Rod & Kerry Lee at \$10.00 each.

## Max the Alien

In his rocket flying fast  
Max the Alien shoots past.  
Past the planets, past the stars,  
Here he comes - Max from Mars.

Wiggly arms and wobbly legs,  
Googly eyes and two small heads.  
A real cool dude! There he goes  
With warts upon his big long nose!

He heard that when on holiday  
Australia is the place to stay.  
The fishing's great, the beach is near,  
And all the cool dudes live down here!

Written with Clermont SPS

It is exciting to receive these poetic works from the Juniors. It would appear there is no shortage of aspiring poets out there. If you have any children, grandchild or friends penning verse and would like to see their works presented in the newsletter please forward them on to the Editor.

And keep in mind the Australian Bush Poetry Championships in October, 2004. There is a Performance category - Junior Original and Junior Others - and a Written category - Junior under 13yo & Junior 13-17yo.

We will be making a special effort, mostly through the schools, to encourage the young people to compete.



# "A walk with the Masters"

Will Ogilvie

1869 - 1964

Banjo Paterson and Henry Lawson are recognised as the "Founding Fathers" of Australian Bush Poetry. However, there are other poets whose contributions are equally as impressive. Will Ogilvie is one of these poets. Born in Scotland he only spent twelve years in Australia. From 1889 to 1901 he knocked around in the outback as stationhand, drover and horse-breaker.

As with Paterson and Lawson his poetic works were published in the *Bulletin*.

His poems were of camp-fires and moonlight, fair maids and fine horses. He was a gentle, quiet spoken man who held a deep love and respect for the horse and didn't adhere to traditional *breaking in* methods.

In the stout masculine world of the bush he was unafraid to express his adoration of girls and to give them credence in verse not touched on by other poets of his time.

As a balladist he is considered superior in talent to Paterson and Lawson.

## The Pack Horse

My hooves were hid by the dew-wet clover,  
The tops of the blue-grass touched my girth,  
From the river-timber a wind came over,  
Sweet with the scents of the warm, wet earth-  
The day that our team to the Westward started,  
And the plains like an ocean of hope unrolled  
To the gaze of the youthful, happy-hearted  
Riders bent on a road uncharted  
Into the land of gold.

The way was glad with their careless laughter,  
The Bush was gay with our camp-bell's call;  
The blue of the sky was our nearest rafter,  
The edge of the world was our nearest wall.  
I tugged, as I went, at the tall swamp-grasses:  
The hobbles clinked and the tin-ware rang.  
Youth's are the eyes with the rose-hued glasses:  
Youth's is the faith that never passes;  
Blithely the riders sang.

Sang of the girls they had left behind them:  
Sang of the gold that their toil would win:  
Of the arms of the Bush flung wide to wind them,  
Of the sky and the stars that would gather them in.  
Tossing their bits, the hacks went swinging:  
And proud I stepped 'neath the picks and pans,  
Glad of the help my strength was bringing,  
Glad as I heard my masters singing'  
Every word was a man's.

The way was long to the western ridges:  
Summer was swifter than horses' feet;  
Behind us, we knew, were our broken bridges  
Where the pools had dried in the dust and heat.  
Sick for the sun like a blood fed spider  
Over the web of the world to pass,  
Slower we stepped with the pack and the rider,  
And every night our bells went wider,  
Searching in vain for grass.

We came at last to the sand-swept spaces:  
A mountain of quartz stood rugged and white,  
The men were famished with drawn grey faces;  
Our ribs were lean and our flanks were light:  
But there - all pink at the day's beginning-  
Was the spot where the rose-hued glass had shown:  
There, at their feet for its worthless wining,  
Heart of sorrow and soul of sinning,  
Gold, they might take and own.

They left their picks to the wind and weather,  
Yet I carried more than my back could bear,  
And I was their hope, for my mates together  
Lay lean and dead on the drift out there.  
Bravely I staggered beneath my loading,  
But drought had stolen my strength away.  
I could not travel for all their goading;  
At night I knew with a grim foreboding  
Death would come with the day.

The dawn looked down on a pack horse dying,  
And a load that lay in the grey-white dust,  
And a haggard horseman, "He cannot," crying,  
And another cursing, "He must. He must."  
One struck with a rope. The sky went reeling:  
A tiny cloud in the East turned red.  
When sense to my stricken brain came stealing,  
I knew that one on the sand was kneeling,  
And that one lay dead.

I did not die. When I saw him going,  
I rose to my feet and, faint and weak,  
Followed; and so, untold, unknowing,  
We came at last to the one full creek.  
And so through the windswept desert spaces  
Back to the pasture lands of pine,  
Back to the world of girths and traces,  
With a secret hid from the searching faces-  
His secret and mine.

Committee Members – WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2003-2004

Rusty Christensen	President	9364 4491
Peter Nettleton	Vice-President	9417 8663
Jean Ritchie	Minutes Secretary	9450 3111
Kerry Lee	Treasurer	9397 0409
Rod Lee	Editor-Newsletter	9397 0409
Rae Dockery	Committee	9356 7426
June Bond	Committee	9354 5804
Edna Westall	Committee	9339 3028
Lorelie Tacoma	Immediate Past President	9310 1500

Written Verse Competitions

14<sup>th</sup> May 2004 closing date Monto Cream Can Awards – B Chape (07) 4166 1430

20<sup>th</sup> May 2004 closing date. Golden Horseshoe Written Awards – K Lee (08) 9397 0409 entry forms

28<sup>th</sup> May 2004 closing date. Bush Lantern Awards (Written) SAE-L Beavis – 232 Walker St. Bundaburg 4670

Sponsors

**Collins Craft & School Supplies**  
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See Justine for a complete range of craft supplies and wonderful friendly service & Crafty tips.

Rod, Kerry & Dave Lee will entertain you with Australian Bush Verse & Song at your venue or ours.

WA Bush Poetry Championships Show Night

Fremantle Arts Centre – Saturday 15<sup>th</sup> May 2004 7.30pm – 10.30pm

**Remember -**

**A great way to introduce friends to Bush Poetry**

Australian Bush Poetry Championships Report

Last month we had a good article in the Australian Bush Poets Newsletter giving details of the competition. This has resulted in a very good response from people requesting entry forms.

The competition itself has been formalised and the changes we have made to the previous format have been well received. A HUGE thank you to Phil Strut who recommended us to his niece who works for the Sunday Times. Hopefully an article will appear in the next few weeks promoting Bush Poetry, the State Championships and the National Championships. This should be the start of a few articles leading up to October. This is a great example of how a member has been able to help our National Championship effort.

We are assessing the prospect of forming a partnership with several Rotary Clubs to assist us with the running of the Championships. Only very preliminary discussions have taken place so far. We will keep you posted.