

The Bully Tin

February 2006



& Yarn Spinners

Monthly Muster at the Como Bowling & Recreation Club cnr Hensman & Sandgate Sts, South Perth
 Next meeting Friday 3rd February, 2006 at 7.00pm for 7.30pm start.
www.wabushpoets.com

A Word to Texas Jack by Henry Lawson

Texas Jack, you are amusin', Great Lord Harry how I laughed
 When I seen your rig and saddle with its bulwarks fore-and aft;
 Holy smoke! From such a saddle how the dickens can you fall?
 Why, I've seen a gal ride bareback with no bridle on at all!

Gosh! so help me! strike me balmy! if a bit o' scenery
 Like of you in all your rig-out on this earth I ever see!
 How I'd like to see a bushman use your fixings, Texas Jack -
 On the remnant of a saddle he could ride to hell and back.
 Why, I've heerd a mother cheerin' when her kid went tossin'
 by,
 Ridin' bareback on a buckler that had murder in his eye.

What? you've come to learn the natives how to sit a horse's
 back!

Learn the bloomin' cornstalk ridin'? W'at yer giv'n us,
 Texas Jack?

Learn the cornstalk! Flamin' jumtup! now where has my
 country gone?

Why, the cornstalk's mother often rides the day afore he's
 born!

You may talk about your ridin' in the city, bold an' free,
 Talk o' ridin' in the city, Texas Jack; but where'd you be
 When the stock-horse snorts an' bunches all 'is quarters in a
 hump,

And the saddle climbs a sapling, an' the horseshoes split a
 stump?

No, before you teach the native you must ride without a fall
 Up a gum, or down a gully, nigh as steep as any wall -

You must swim the roarin' Darlin' when the flood is at its
 height

Bearin' down the stock an' stations to the great Australian
 Bight.

You can't count the bulls an' bisons that you copped with
 your lasso -

But a stout old myall bullock p'raps ud learn you somethin'
 new;

You had better make your will an' leave your papers neat an'
 trim

Before you make arrangements for the lassooin' of *him*;

Ere your horse and you is cat's-meat - fittin' fate for sich
 galoots -

And your saddle's turned to laces like we put in blucher boots.

And you say you're death on Injins! We've got somethin' in
 your line -

If you think your fightin's ekal to the likes of Tommy Ryan.
 Take your carcass up to Queensland where the alligators chew
 And the carpet-snake is handy with his tail for a lasso;

Ride across the hazy regions where the lonely emus wail
 An' you'll find the black'll track you while you're lookin' for
 his trail;

He can track you without stoppin' for a thousand miles or
 more -

Come again, and he will show you where you spit the year
 before.

But you'd best be mighty careful - you'll be sorry you kem here
 When you're skewered to the fakements of your saddle with
 a spear;

When the boomerang is sailin' in the air, then Heaven help
 you.

It will cut your head off goin', an' come back again to scalp you

P.S. - As poet and as Yankee I will greet you, Texas Jack,
 For it isn't no ill-feelin' that is gettin' up my back;
 But I won't see this land crowded by each Yank and British
 cuss

Who takes it in his head to come a-civilizin' us.

Though on your own great continent there's misery in the
 towns

An' not a few untitled lords, and kings without their crowns,
 I will admit your countrymen is busted big, an' free,

An' great on ekal rites of men and great on liberty;

I will admit your fathers punched the gory tyrant's head -

But then we've got our heroes, too, the diggers that is dead,
 The plucky men of Ballarat, who toed the scratch so well,

And broke the nose of Tyranny and made his peepers swell,
 For yankin' Lib.'s gold tresses in the roarin' days gone by,

An' doublin' up his dirty fist to black her bonny eye;

So when it comes to ridin' mokes, or hoistin' out the Chow,
 Or stickin' up for labour's rights, we don't want showin' how.

They came to learn us cricket in the days of long ago,

An' Hanlan came from Canada to learn us how to row,

An' 'doctors' come from Frisco just to learn us how to skite,

An' pugs from all the lands on earth to learn us how to fight;

An' when they go, as like as not, we find we're taken in,

They've left behind no learnin' - but they've carried off our tin.

With the eagerly anticipated visit from the "Cowboy Poet" imminent an Aussie poem with a Yankee flavour seemed called for. This, however, proved a challenge until 'A Word to Texas Jack' came to light.

Thankfully, our poet is not a Texan as it would appear Lawson was not impressed by Texas Jack!

A interesting poem never the less and one I expect not many of us are familiar with.

Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"



DROPPINGS FROM THE BOSS COCKY.

There have been some top Bush Poetry shows at Wireless Hill on Aust. Day. This year's [the eleventh], was, in most regular's opinion, the best yet, and I definitely agree. The over 250 folk attending were treated to an afternoon of top class poetry and excellent music supplied by our own Stinger Nettleton, a banjo strumming Ardross Assassin - the inimitable Jeffrey Swain- plus the other two very good muso members of the Up Side Down group. Their contribution to the success of the event was considered by most to be 'The icing on a very enjoyable cake'.

What impressed me most is the emerging talent, confidence and repertoire of some of our performers, David Sears, Barry Higgins, Grace Williamson, Brian Langley, who in racing parlance, has grown an extra leg. Veterans Syd Hopkinson and the perennial Arthur Leggett, plus the essence of enthusiasm, Wayne Pantell. Add to this line up, the well organised and efficient compare, Tom Conway, as well as our diligent committee members, June, Jean, the indomitable Edna with her mate Joan, all made for a really top class event.

Another portion of icing on the cake was the award, presented by the City of Melville for a group which has contributed to the community. Our Association was chosen as one of the winners, we now have another framed award to hang at the Como Camp - we go from strength to strength, and it is all a credit to you blokes - our members.

The weather was kind to us. A big Thankyou to the City of Melville for supplying the large marquee, the seating, the stage, and as a special favour, a PA system to accommodate the needs of the musos. Not to forget the company of the mayor Katherine Jackson, who, in her usual supportive style came along to wrap up the proceedings. One can always tell if an event has been a success or not, if the mob stick around talking after, there were still groups doing just that when we left- says it all.

There will be further icing on the Bush Poetry cake when our visiting US Cowboy Poet, Dick Warwick appears at the March 3 muster and as a featured artist for the Festival of Melville on Sat. March 11 at the Limestone Theatre by the main library - watch this space - Dick is a very talented performer whom I travelled and performed with during my sojourn in the states last year, he is making it to Perth after some lengthy negotiations with the US Consul both in Perth and Canberra. Let's make it all worth while by turning up and supporting the venture - you will not be disappointed, tell your mates to tell their mates to - NOT MISS DICK.

That's all for now, see you at the muster or around the traps.

The Boss Cocky. Rusty C.

Guidelines for Performers at Monthly Musters

1. Poems selected should Australian Bush poems conforming to the structure of rhythm and rhyme with content pertaining to the Australian way of life.
2. Reading is allowed but not encouraged.
3. The performer should keep each presentation limited to no more than six minutes. There is usually the opportunity to perform at least twice each Muster.
4. Inappropriate jokes are not welcome.

The aim of the Club is to develop accomplished performers
and to entertain the audience.

Letters to the Editor



Dear Editor

I am writing to suggest that, in order for the Association to retain members and to grow, there needs to be a more tolerant approach to peoples' varying ways of contributing.

Since joining I have presented over twenty of my own poems—(reciting all but the first and the last) - and have often received appreciative remarks from folk who found them entertaining.

Perhaps you might be willing to add to my suggestion (above) the following, which I wrote after last month's Muster.

*It seems I erred most dreadfully
by reading—(not reciting).
The comment made gave no
encouragement to keep on writing.
Regarding what's important
there are different points of view
And in certain circumstances
a few kind words would do.*

Of course I'm not the only person who has "just stood there and read" a poem at Bush Poets' gatherings, and as my poem described something which had been reported in the media just a few days earlier this seemed a good time to present it.

Margaret Taylor

The Editor

Thank you Margaret for your letter. As I have expressed my opinions on this matter previously I will leave further comments to the members.

However, I do owe the women of Australia and, particularly those in the club, a sincere and deep apology. On receiving her January copy of the *Bully Tin* Beth Scott made a tongue-in-cheek call to take me to task for setting the cause of women in Australia back twenty years or more! Oh, no! Whatever had I done! And who else noticed this unforgivable error? I had used the *old* version of 'Advance Australia Fair' and printed -

'Australia's SONS let us rejoice'
instead of
'Australians ALL let us rejoice'.

Thank you Beth for pointing out this dreadful discrepancy and I most humbly apologise to all the female members of the WABP&YS Association. I am sure few of the men would have had a problem with the wording!

No doubt there are member who have not heard Beth's poetry as she does not drive and finds it difficult to attend the Musters. This is a pity as her poetry is as delightful as she is.

Kerry

Written Competition!

Mandurah Scribblers

Literary Competition 2006

Four Categories -

Open Poetry Under 16 Poetry
Open Prose Under 16 Prose

Entry fee: \$5.00 Entry fee: \$2.00



Prize Money

	Open	Under 16
1st	\$100.00	\$50.00
2nd	\$60.00	\$30.00
3rd	\$40.00	\$20.00

Entries close: 31st March 2006

Further information:

Scribblers
PO Box 580
Mandurah WA 6210
Or

Jean Ritchie
Secretary WABP&YS Assoc (page 8)

Friendship

There is a miracle called 'Friendship'
That dwells within the heart
You don't know how it happens
Or how it gets to start,
But the happiness it brings you,
Always gives a special lift,
And you realise that one's Friendship
Is life's most precious gift.

Anon

January Monthly Muster



A new year begins and the WABP&YS keeps rolling along with it. Attendance at the January Muster was good, especially considering people were still digesting the Christmas pudding and clearing up the last scrap of wrapping paper.

The good news on Friday night was the sight of the soon to be fitted air conditioner. Well, it will be good news when summer finally hits!

Once again June took centre stage as our MC - a job she is becoming very proficient at.

I drew the short straw and was first to front the mike with *The Day I Caught the Rat* by Veronica Weal. Since we moved to Oakford I have had to deal with more rats than I care to mention and with kids who are now environmentally focused this poem strikes a cord.

It was interesting to hear some fresh material when Grace Williamson recited *The Woman* by Birdie. Grace is extremely dedicated to her poetry and her efforts are producing terrific results.

Barry once more shared some of his extensive repertoire of jokes with us before reciting one of Syd Hopkinson's poems, *Mounting Pleasure*, the title pretty well describing the poem in Syd's cunning way.

Margaret Taylor's poem *Holiday by the Sea* related a holiday few of us would wish for. It was very topical considering the time of year and the bush fires. I am glad she and her family survived unscathed and hope the next holiday is more relaxing.

Rusty is on an admirable mission to keep the classical poems in the forefront. Tonight he recited *Salt Bush Bill* by Banjo Paterson, which is a bit of an epic. Well done, Rusty.

Then David Seares entertained us with Frank Daniel's *Wife Swap* (a greyhound for a wife?!) and Bobby Miller's *Bachelor Returns*.

Bob Chamber's then treated to his own poem *The Ballad of Bodgons Belly Brook*. It certainly was a ballad too, going for almost 10 minutes! A huge effort.

I made no new year's resolutions this year for the very reason Brian Langley sprouted in his poem *Christmas Time*, when he realised his new resolutions were the same as last years! He then shared his one minute poem from the Country/ City Muster about the grey haired nomads, *Migration*.

Kerry Bowe's poem *Ode to Clayton* over the loss of a much loved canine friend struck a cord with many of us animal lovers.

Bob Philpot lead us into the break with an interesting story - *Santa Claus and the International Court*. Let's hope this never happens.

Our "Guest Reader", Jean Ritchie shared some background on my favourite poet, Will Ogilvie, before reading *From the Gulf*, a fabulous poem well worth the hearing.

Thank you Jean.

Staying topical with the cyclones blowing up north, Barry Higgins shared another poem of Syd's *Gale Force Wind*, a painful tale of chooks laying eggs into the strong winds. Trust Syd to come up with that one!

Then we had a touch of Pam Ayres with Rosemary reciting her funny poem *No More Barbeques*.

I had prepared another Will Ogilvie poem, *He Alwas Rod to Win*.

This was followed by Brian with his winning poem *Old Hector* which was enjoyed by all. A well written piece.

It was back to Bob then with a true story about things that bite, namely the black and yellow paper wasp in *Swimming in the Throne*.

And then we had a short, and probably much needed, history lesson from Grace on the story behind Australia Day. She followed this up with another Val Read poem *What Grandad Had to Say*, a sad but true statement on life and attitudes.

David Seare's gave us a light funny poem by Col Wilson, *The Cross Eyed Bull*.

Rusty then brought the evening to a conclusion with Bob Magor's *Snakes Alive*.

The evening finished right on time.

Well done, June!

Thanks to all who attended, both listeners and reciters.

Kerry

The Written Verse

There's been some controversy
About the written verse
Improper punctuation
And other things much worse

The rules have not been followed
Or so some critics say
There's inconsistent judging
In every kind of way.

There's syllables not counted
There's accents out of sync
The judges they have got it wrong
Or so some people think

Are rules so set in concrete?
That there's no room to move
Should each and every poem
Fit in a common groove.

If so, we'd find them boring
They'd all read just the same
We wouldn't care who wrote them
They wouldn't need a name

Who sets these rules for poems?
Please show me where they're writ
Perhaps on stony tablets
Inscribed where lightning hit

But fortunately for us
There is another rule
The one we all should follow
The one we learned at school

The over-riding rule of all
The one we cannot shake
Is that, in every walk of life
Some rules are made to break



Australia Day

Wireless Hill

AUSTRALIA DAY 2006

What a glorious day to celebrate the most important day on our calendar, the sun was shining, but not too hot, and about 300 people turned up with picnic baskets and drinks to enjoy our presentation at 1 o'clock.

The City of Melville once again allowed us the use of their marque and chairs, following their morning ceremonies, and the birthday boy Rusty with wife Judy, plus Edna and other friends were on hand during the morning to receive an award on behalf of the Bush Poets. The presentation was a 'Comendation Award' for "Stimulating national pride and interest in the written and performance art form, with local schools and Showcase of Bush Poets at Wireless Hill Park." Check out this Award at the next Muster.

Our performing poets on the day were; Rusty Christenson, David Sears, Barry Higgins, Grace Williamson, Syd Hopkinson, Brian Langley, Arthur Leggett and Wayne Pantell. Thank you one and all for making this day a wonderful experience for all who were present. Our thanks also to Peter Nettleton and his "Down Under Band. The music and songs blended so well with our poems and lots of people joined in the singing, especially the opening number "Advance Australia Fair" and yes we sang the second verse with great pride.

The Mayor of Melville, Mrs Katherine Jackson was on hand to close the afternoon and offered many words of encouragement for our future both at Wireless Hill Park and in our continuing success for the Club.

Thank you to Tom Conway for all the planning and organising before the event. He was also our MC for the day. Thank you to Brian Langley who made sure the sound system was operating as it should. Also a big thank to Edna and the rest of the committee for making the day run so smoothly.

Finally, thank you to all who attended and contributed so generously when we carried round the donation tins, and I am pleased to advise the amount raised to cover our costs for the day was \$466.15.

Regards June

Diggers Camp's - EVENING CONCERT

Saturday 25th March 2006

Concert: 7.30pm-10.30pm Gate open for picnic + barbeque 5.00pm



Bernard Carney

Songwriter / Entertainer

Artist of the Year 2003
Port Fairy Festival



Winner 'Lawson Paterson Songwriting Competition'
2003

Cost
\$15.00pp

plus "We're okay here in the Bush
Featuring- just ask us!"

Tales from three of WA's funniest Country Bush Poets

★ Chris Sadler 'Kitchen Chris'
From Wongan Hills

The Bloke
from
Bugga Up Downs, Albany

★ Peter Blyth

★ Peg Vickers

Quirky Poet from
Albany

Ticket Bookings: 9397 0409



Member's Contributions

AUSTRALIA—2005

Poems by

John W Putland, Darkan

Farewell our big bronze Aussies
Who rallied to the call,
To save the Mother country,
When her back was 'gainst the wall.

We see them now, on sporting fields,
Each paid a princely sum –
Reduced for some by massive fines,
So someone must be dumb.

Our forces too, are fit and true,
And worthy of our name –
Although there's often one or two,
Who are always "on the game."

We're a great consumer nation
And our garbage dumps are full.
We do not need and should not heed
The advertising "bull."

Corporate greed has sown the seed,
Equality, is just a joke.
It's "gimme, gimme, gimme,
And blow the other bloke."

We see the bleating Union sheep
With Judas goats up front,
Parading down the thoroughfare –
Replacing sense with grunt.

We owe our sunburnt country,
Or the government or bank.
We must have what others have,
Regardless of our rank.

Charge cards are a tempter's trap,
Along with mobile phones.
We're beholden to computers,
And becoming robot clones.

The media's out to sell their wares,
And bad news sells the most,
But it rallied us to helping --
Tsunami victims on the coast.

Religion's out of favour now --
Folk have voted with their feet.
Some leaders let the Churches down,
And they will their Maker meet.

For many people now believe
In things they see or touch.
They have no faith in Spirit,
And see religion as a crutch.

Our education system prompts
The pupils leaving school,
To expect a job three days a week,
And two beside the pool.

And they must start up near the top --
Their skills will be sought after.
Whilst old hands do the dirty work,
And be the butt of laughter.

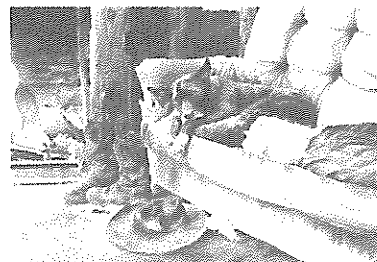
Thank God we still have decent folk
Who work an honest day,
And give their mates a bit of a go,
The old Australian way.

Sounds of Old

When the noisy clamour of the day is done
I lay back quiet and take my ease,
Recalling sounds of the bygone years
That rarely now, delight my ears.
The short, sharp bark of the fox at night,
And the moan of the wind, in the Bullock trees.

Fresh milk, squirting an empty pail
The whistle, that delivers the mail.
A steam train, puffing up a grade,
Sounds of butter being made.
A ringing anvil in a blacksmith's shop,
Sheaves of hay, that swish and plop.

Saw mills at work, ducks in flight;
An axe in the forest, plovers at night.
Horses eating and blowing their feed,
Sounds of a combine, sowing the seed.
Happy workers, singing a song;
The voices and laughter, of people long gone.



more

Member's Contributions



Lawyer

The Price of Justice by Tim Hefferman

I had taken some time off from study
On the eve of Australia day
To go down to the Perth city foreshore
And watch the fireworks display
I took down my esky and blanket
In the time honoured way that you do
I knocked back a beer and let out a cheer
As the first of the fire crackers blew.

I ran into a mate from my high school days
And was standing there having a chat
When a burning hot spark drifted down from the
And landed on top of my hat.
Well I assure you its not the best feeling
With a fire on top of your head
And I yipped and I yelled and I yoddled
As the people around me just fled.

I knew that I had to act quickly
I knew that I had to think clear
As the flames lept higher I put out that fire
With my second last stubbie of beer .
Well my hair of course was a little bit singed
But it hadn't burnt down to the skin.
And I felt a little embarrassed
As I chucked my hat in the bin.

But it was then of course that I realised
That if I was smart and was clever,
And tracked down a really good lawyer
It could change my fortunes forever.
So I found this address in the phone book
Someone Stinger I think was his name
To his office I went, with determined intent
To demand he file me a claim.

"I am suing the Perth city council"
I said with an icy cold stare
'Cos they bugged my hat, and cost me a beer
And burned a great chunk of my hair.
Well this stinger bloke heard my sad story
And his face it just filled up with greif
The liability here, he said with a sneer
Well it just about beggers belief.

'The people who set of those fireworks
We'll take to the cleaners alright
And the council he said didn't warn you
Of the risk you were taking that night.

And the shop that sold you that flammable hat
Are partly to blame I am sure.
Add to that stress and I'm willing to guess
It's a million dollars or more.

So Stinger went out on the war path
And he sued like a devil possessed
And the money rolled in by the thousands
I'll admit I was very impressed.
Now there're people who tell us that money
Is the root of all evil and worse
But I'd like to declare for the record
I felt blessed by this terrible curse.

I bought a new house down at Applecross
With magnificent riverfront views,
And when driving the Merc started feeling like work
I'd take the new boat for a cruise.
Yes I mixed with the rich and the famous,
Lived life to the absolute most
Till one tragic day, it was sometime in May,
Stinger's bill arrived in the post.

I remember I read it in horror,
I remember I cursed and I swore,
I remember the bit at the bottom,
Said a million dollars or more.
It was Stinger who came to my rescue,
When he heard of my terrible plight
He said with a grin 'put that bill in the bin,
We'll deal with this problem forthright.'

He said "give me your house and the boat and the car,
And I'll waive the rest of my fee
If it wasn't for negative gearing" he cried
I'd be practically working for free.
So I gave him the keys to my riches
And I headed away down the track
I suppose I felt rather grateful,
I still had the shirt on my back.

So now I am back at the Uni
Working harder that ever before
I have dropped the subject of Commerce,
And now I am studying law.
'Cos the one thing I've learnt from misfortune
And the many mistakes I have made
Is that people will always seek justice,
And justice is very well paid !!!

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
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

- Feb 3 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- Feb 12 Marybrook Winery (Busselton Health Survey Fund Raiser) Peter Capp Rod & Kerry Lee Phil Strutt
Tickets: Marybrook Winery 9755 1143
- Feb 18/19 Boyup Brook Country Music Festival & Bush Poet's Breakfast
- Feb 24 Closing date Dunedoo NSW Written Competition Sue Stoddart 02 6375 1975
- Feb 28 Closing date Midlands Literary Competition SSAE PO Box 1563 Ballarat Vic 3354
- Mar 3 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111
featuring US Cowboy Poet.**
- Mar 5 Closing date Ipswich Poetry Feast—\$2,600 Written Competition 07 3810 6761
- Mar 10 Closing date Grenfell NSW Short Story & Verse Written competitions SSAE PO Box 77 Grenfell 2810
- Mar 10 Closing date Henry Kendall Poetry Award SSAE Central Coast Poets PO Box 276 Gosford 2250
- Mar 11 US Cowboy Poet Festival of Melville Limestone Theatre**
- Mar 15-19 Narrandera NSW John O'Brien Bush Festival & Competition 1800 672 392
- Mar 25 Bernard Carney Concert—Diggers Camp
- Mar 31 Closing date Bronze Swagman Award PO Box 120 Winton Q 4753
- Apr 1 Closing date Katherine CM Muster Written Competition SSAE PO Box 8211 Bargara Q
- Apr 7 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- Apr 24-28 Charters Tower's Australian Championships 07 4787 3211
- May 6/7 Moondyne Festival Toodyay Bush Dance Sat Night Kim Watts 9574 5009 moondyne_joe2005@yahoo.com.au

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